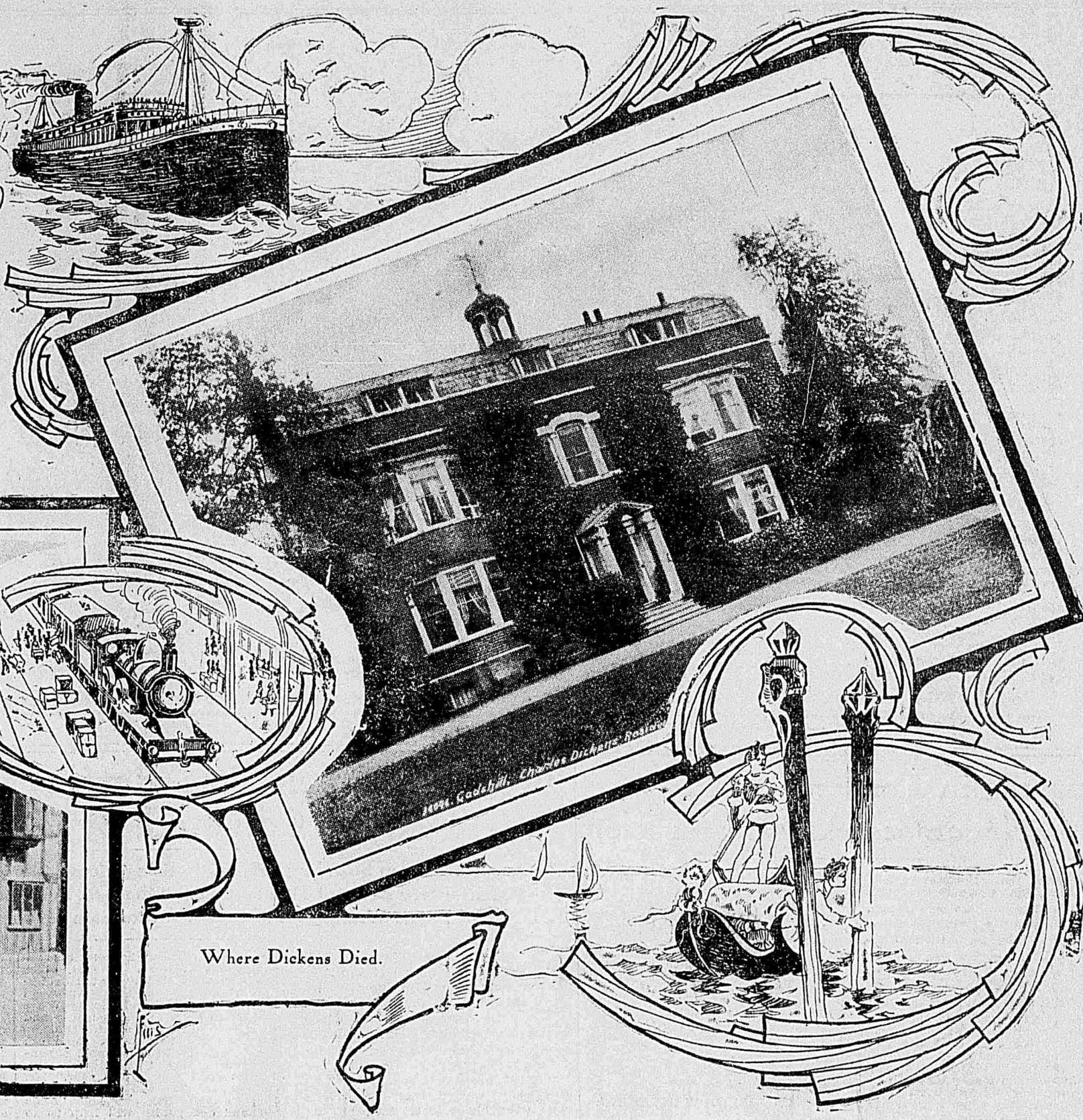


Journal of a Salt Lake Pilgrimage



Where Shakespeare Was Born



Where Dickens Died.

(Special Correspondence.)
LONDON, May 20.—Fourteen days, in perching out their European dates, differ the pilgrims alight to London, and now that the time has come to bid farewell to the wonderful city, we become painfully conscious that the time was all too brief. Still we feel that we have made the best of it, and the only thing remaining is to decide on which of the 10,000 themes that flood the mind shall be selected to form this letter.

It fairly makes the imagination ache, to try to realize that London has 7,000,000 inhabitants, nearly as many as New York and Paris combined. As one traverses the bewildering net work of the streets, rides atop the buses, or in the bowels of the earth through the "tubes," to which he is shot by elevators, he finds his mind growing bewildered wondering where all the teeming inhabitants live, where sufficient ground can be found to bury them when they die, how such a number can be governed, how the appalling number of poor are looked after, where the water supply comes from, how the city is sewered, and a hundred kindred reflections. The population pours through the streets literally in swarms, living rivers of humanity, more reminding of the inhabitants of a monster ant-bed than in any other European city we have seen. To look up and down the Strand, Fleet street, Piccadilly, at any hour of the day, is a spectacle surely not to be beheld elsewhere in the world. London, from the top of a bus! We appreciate for the first time what the memory must be to an Englishman who has been in exile, and understand how the "Squawman," on being informed that he was free to return to his native land, exclaimed that his first act would be to mount a bus and ride again through the old streets of London.

A BREATHELESS DAY.

The customary rounds of the American sight seers of course absorb the usual delighted hours and days. The trip to Westminster abbey, the English Waltham, we enter in the journal as "our breathless day." Certainly nothing we experience in all London, approaches in intensity of interest that visit to the tombs of the departed great, who lie in all parts of the abbey so thickly, that now they are beginning to be puzzled to find room for the next. The old battered coronation chair which has been used on every coronation from William the Conqueror down to the present Edward is an object that rests in an honored place, even Cromwell left it untouched, though its back is hacked and nicked with initials like a country school desk. The tombs of the kings and queens, especially those of Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, Richard, Edward the Confessor, the two murdered princes and others that shine in history, are tarried over as long as the guide will allow, while Poets Corner, we like other tourists, visit a second and a third time, to gaze again and again upon the memorable treasures it holds. There is clustered together such a galaxy of departed greatness that it almost overwhelms one to stand and contemplate the names. We walk down the aisle to the right of the choir, and are almost

startled to find ourselves treading on a stone bearing the words "Charles Dickens." On other slabs immediately surrounding this are these inscriptions: "Handel," "Richard Binsley, Sheridan," "David Garrick" and "Samuel Johnson." We had hardly expected to find the famous graves directly in our path, forming the ordinary pavement of the church, but such has been the custom here for centuries. Not far off, you walk over slabs inscribed with the names of Chaucer and Dryden, who lie side by side, Gladstone, Tennyson and Sir Henry Irving, the last interment, (1905). Farther off are Pitt, Fox, Disraeli, etc. On the walls every inch of Poets Corner, is occupied by statues and busts of the great poets, whose remains lie elsewhere, such as Shakespeare, Addison, Burns, Southey, Campbell, Thompson and others, all seeming to form a guard of honor to the illustrious ones whose ashes mingle in the earth below.

GRIM TOWER OF LONDON.

The gloomy Tower of London, full of historical associations and crowded with relics of the past, oppresses you so that you are not sorry to have it over with; the 20-mile trip to Windsor Castle, where the vast parks are at their loveliest, where the unmolested deer crowd the forests and where you suddenly come upon a slab in a little chapel, announcing that the remains of Henry VIII, Charles I and Lady Jane Seymour lie together below, is of most absorbing interest. Frognore, which you see through the trees, a short distance off, but where visitors are never allowed, is the last resting place of Queen Victoria and her husband, Prince Albert, as well as the home where the young queen was reared 50 years ago; a visit to Hampton Court, the favorite country seat of the royalty; of the past 400 years, built by Cardinal Wolsey and given by him to Henry VIII, takes you through a section of "the green lanes of England," when they are at their loveliest, past the gardens of Kew, through Richmond, along stretches of the Thames, crowded with pleasure boats, and gives you the delight of gazing upon villas, cottages, and lodges bearing some of the most quaint and charming names imaginable on the gate posts—the country houses are named as religiously (the children); the royal chestnut trees at Richmond, planted by William III, impress us even more than the paintings of the beauties of the court of Charles I, which hang on the palace walls; St. Paul's cathedral, where Wellington and Nelson lie, is hardly less interesting than Westminster; we pause especially at the tomb of Sir Arthur Sullivan, and recall with melancholy pleasure the delights his genius have given us in past days; a daily organ recital is given in St. Paul's on the instrument, said to be one of the greatest in England, but as we listen to it, we do not find it any more impressive than our own great organ at home; the houses of parliament, the spot at Smithfield, where the martyrs were burned, the church where Dr. Johnson worshipped (where we hear a very indifferent organ recital); the homes of Tennyson and Bulwer, Reade, Thackeray, George Eliot, and many others, all have to be "done on the wing," as it were.

The British Museum calls for a long and never-to-be-forgotten visit; the autograph letters of dead and gone kings and queens from Richard II down to Victoria, the original manuscript of Scott's "Kenilworth," a page in George Eliot's handwriting, the last letter written by Dickens, Byron's red hot misanthropic acknowledging himself ruined, but refusing to sell Newstead, a page of Thackeray's handwriting, letters written by Tennyson, Charlotte Bronte, Dryden, Pope, Addison, Steele, Goldsmith and a hundred others—all are regarded with a veneration mixed with a sympathy for the unfortunate printers of those days. One of the few instances of clear penmanship is the original manuscript of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Church Yard," the poem which Wolfe said he would rather have written than to conquer Quebec. It is all on one page and the letters are as clear as type, though it dates back to 1750. Some of the immortal verses, by the way, are carved on Gray's tomb, which is at Stoke Poges, on the way to Windsor.

IN DICKENS'S LAND.

But the pursuit which engages our fancy longest in London, is in "chasing about" the Dickens landmarks. Though it is 23 years since he died (the date was June 9, 1870, and this letter ought to be printed very near the anniversary) the great novelist is as widely read and as widely quoted as ever, and Cooks (another of the marvels of England that deserves a chapter by itself) runs regular Dickens excursions, not only through the city but through England as well. Unfortunately, it is early as yet for these, and we must do the best we can with guide books, and our own recollection of names and places in the master's works. A piece of good fortune, at the outset, gives us some valuable assistance. In passing down Tavistock street, a dingy corner back of the departed Irving's Lyceum theater, our gaze encounters a little sign on an old building—"Miss Dickens, Typewriter." On inquiry, we find that the proprietor is a granddaughter of the great author, and that her father was Charles Dickens, Jr., who gave readings from his father's books in America, and visited Salt Lake about 15 years ago. He died in 1900. Miss Dickens conducts a public typewriting establishment and a stenographic school combined; she has several rapid operators under her, and during our stay in London, we arrange to have much of our correspondence attended to there, which gives us good opportunity to obtain our Dickensian data first hand. Miss Dickens is a dark, bright, cheerful, little body, all business to the finger tips, and she is glad to help us in making locations of the Dickens localities and in clearing up disputed points. She confirms the truth of the statement that the "Old Curiosity Shop," near Lincoln's Inn Fields, so largely visited by tourists, is purely a latter-day invention, though she says the original home of Little Nell was somewhere in that locality. At the same time, though it is in bad condition, having lately been sold, it is the repository of many interesting pictures of Dickens and of characters in his novels. Furnival's Inn, the starting

point in Dickens's career, when he began "Pickwick," has lately been demolished and the site is now occupied by the Prudential Assurance Co.; Dickens married Miss Hogarth there in 1836. Quilp's house, facing the Tower of London, a queer looking little habitation "squeezed in between two other houses," still stands as it stood when Dickens chose it as the dwarf's abiding place. Lincoln's Inn Fields, so often mentioned by Dickens, a green oasis hid away inside several busy squares, is chiefly interesting to us, because the house of Trevelyan, the great lawyer in Bleak House, still stands there, fronting on the square. It is in the hands of refurbishers, this week, and they are demolishing the interior so tellingly described in the book, "The White Hart Inn," where Pickwick first met Sam Weller, when he had chased Jingle and Rachel Wardle after the elopement from Dingley Dell, is represented now only by the old gateway. The Inn, long since disappeared. On London bridge, you can identify almost the spot from Dickens's description, where Nancy Sikes held the interview with Mr. Brownlow and Rose which was reported to Fagin by the spy, and which Fagin in turn reported to Bill Sikes, leading to Nancy's murder. On Queen Anne street, the house chosen by Dickens as the austere habitation of the austere Dombey, where little Paul died and where charming Florence grew up, is still easily identified. No. 1 Devonshire Terrace, for 12 years the London home of Dickens, the birthplace of David Copperfield, is now a law office. The house with the dreary attic where Ralph Nickleby committed suicide, is still to be seen on Golden Square, not far from Piccadilly circus. The Old Bailey, where was located the hall in which Darnay, in "A Tale of Two Cities" had his trial, and where we meet with Sidney Carton, has gone down in the march of progress, but the site is still pointed out. Lent street, where Dickens lived as a boy while his father was in prison, and the exact place where in later years he established Bob Sawyer in Pickwick remains with but few changes. St. Dunstan's church, where changes inspired the great Christmas story, still sends forth its musical peals. The Daily News, which Dickens founded in 1846, is still prosperous, as are the magazines in which his stories used to be printed in monthly installments and to secure which people used to form in lines before the booksellers' stalls the night before, as they do now days at box offices for great theatrical events.

WHERE DICKENS DIED.

Another most interesting part of Dickensia is found a few miles outside of London, down into the Rochester country, always famed for its cathedral and its hoos, and now newly famed as the place chosen by the great novelist in which to end his days. The house is located at Gad's Hill Place, in Gad's Hill, made notable by Shakespeare, who has Falstaff set it as the meeting place for his rogues; it is an old mansion, high, roomy and sun shiny, with a little portico in front, and looking out upon a great sweep of beautiful farmland, bushes and trees, such as always appealed to Dickens in his

rambles. It is interesting to know that he used to admire the house where as a boy he traveled that road with his father, and that he once said he "might some day live in it, or one like it, if he worked hard enough." His dream was realized in 1856, when he paid £1,750 for the property, and there he lived the remainder of his life. We found the house, almost hidden by a hedge, and flowering trees after a three miles drive out into a lovely country district, and although it was not exhibition day the present owner of the place (an old gentleman named Latham, sets apart one day a week to allow visitors to go over the place), we were given the privilege of looking into the famous study, which has been kept just as it was thirty-nine years ago when Dickens was stricken with apoplexy. The novel he left uncompleted, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," is laid in and about Rochester and its cathedral, and the old-timers can identify with ease the many places described in the novel, but disguised by other names. But Rochester itself is most delightful to the Dickens lover, from the fact that it figures so largely in the experiences of the undying Pickwick, and that so many of the Pickwickian landmarks still remain. Thus, the "Bull Inn," where we enjoy a delightful lunch, is the place where Alfred Jingle attends the ball in Mr. Winkle's club costume, where he has his encounter with Dr. Slammer on the stair case, the stair case remains just as Dickens described it, and the coffee room, where the lunch is partaken, is that in which the unhappy Winkle receives the challenge from Dr. Slammer's second. The ball room, too, is intact. Port Pitt, the scene of the duel, is only a short distance away. How fond Dickens was of Rochester is shown by the fact that he laid another of his stories "Great Expectations," in that locality, and we are shown the house "Restoration House," in which Charles II slept the night before he entered London after his restoration, wherein Dickens also planted Miss Havisham. He was president of the Owls club of Rochester for many years, and he had often expressed a desire that he might be buried in the grassy moat that surrounds the castle; it was by the command of Queen Victoria, his remains were interred in Westminster Abbey.

At "The Bull," Dickens had a favorite bed room, in the rear of the house, a quiet chamber overlooking the court. The bed, a high, old-fashioned piece with an imposing canopy, is kept in the room just as it was in Dickens's day. Rochester feels a great pride in its Dickens associations, and souvenir spoons bearing the head of the author, postal cards, showing his house, etc., are seen in nearly every window. A Rochester antiquarian, and printer, Mr. Edwin Harris, who entertained us delightfully, when he learned that we were ardent lovers of Dickens, has prepared a most interesting little pamphlet entitled "Illustrated Guide to Dickensian Rochester," of which we made good use in our rambles about the city. Cobham, which lies several miles beyond Gad's Hill, is also rich in Dickens associations and contains the "Leather

Bottle Inn," to which he used to tramp so often, but our time does not allow us to visit it.

A MEMORIAL SERVICE.

We had the rare privilege of attending the memorial service of the great novelist and man of letters, George Meredith, held in Westminster abbey on May 22. His death brought up once more, the long vexed question as to just how great a man must become to entitle him to interment in Westminster, and for several days the papers have been full of a discussion as to whether or not Meredith should receive the honor. The matter lies absolutely in the hands of the dean of Westminster who need give no reasons for his decision. So he said no to an appeal from all the literary men of London, and that settled it. The body was cremated and the ashes interred at the novelist's country home near Dorking, but to soften the effect of his refusal, the dean announced the memorial service in the abbey. The great old building was well filled, though not crowded, and very impressive it was to watch the procession of clergy and choir boys, the lovely voices of the latter singing the soprano parts, the alto, tenor and bass being rendered by men. They marched as they sang, traversing the whole length of the cathedral. The service was largely musical, and we could not help noticing how strange it seemed that the name of Meredith was not once uttered. In fact, there were no extemporaneous remarks of any kind, despite the fine opportunity that existed for some one of his brethren in letters to pay a tribute to his life and works. The part of the cathedral reserved for special guests was occupied by some very distinguished people among others in the gathering being Prime Minister Asquith, Mr. and Mrs. Whitlaw Reid, Sir A. Conan Doyle, Rudyard Kipling, Alfred Austin, Israel Zangwill, Rider Haggard, Pinero, the playwright, Anthony Hope, Beerbohm Tree, Ellen Terry, Maxine Elliott, and a large number of titled personages. Miss Elliott, by the way, is here resting, after a very severe failure of the play with which she had expected to set the Thames afire. The river, however, was slow in lighting, and the season came to an abrupt end.

AT SHAKESPEARE'S HOME.

We travel the 129 miles to Stratford-on-Avon, to spend a few hours in a part of old rural England, where Shakespeare lived and died, where his remains lie in the Trinity church, side by side with hers. The old house where he was born April 23, 1564, and where he lived till he married (at the age of 18) is carefully kept up by the nation. So is Anne Hathaway's cottage, and both are now national property. It costs a shilling to enter the house, 6 pence for the cottage, and 6 pence for the church; the pretty girl in charge of the cottage told us that 23,000 people visited the place annually, so that the receipts are more than ample for all needs. The lovely garden, heavy with the perfume of the flowers that fill it, is in full bloom; the door stands open and looking inside, you can see the great fire place, with the old oak settee

on which Shakespeare and his sweet heart used to sit and gaze into the coals. At the church we were told 4,000 people would attend the services next day (Whitsunday) and all would doubtless tarry to gaze at the two graves. The famous inscription containing the line "Accurst be he who moves my bones," is still plainly legible, with the death date April 23, 1616. As is well known, the great bard died on his birthday.

The population of Stratford on Avon is today 8,000, and the place is kept alive by the big breweries and by tourist traffic. Shakespeare's memorial theater, a small but handsome building, erected by the city, is occupied but once a year, in the month of April, when a company from London gives a round of Shakespeare's plays. The town contains many of the old houses of the master's day, and retains much of the old time quietness and simplicity. It was for that reason that Marie Corelli sought it out, and we passed the house where she still lives and writes on our way to the Hathaway home.

CARLYLE'S HOME.

If space in the "News" were less valuable, we might take time to describe our visit to Thomas Carlyle's house in Chelsea, where he lived for 47 years, where Tennyson and Emerson visited him, where the Carlyle Trust has brought together many family relics, where the rooms are shown in which "Frederick the Great" and "The French Revolution" were written and where Carlyle and his wife died; also a trip never to be forgotten, to the English Derby, where 50,000 people go wild when the king's horse wins the \$2,000 purse, where the gipsies who own the rights to sell locations to the autos, carriages, coaches and brakes, are seen in all their glory, and where the sights along the road, coming and going, surpass in interest even the great race itself; also a Sunday morning passed in White-chapel and Petticoat lane, where the teeming Jewish population buys and sells the daily needs of life in the streets—but this letter has already spun out to inconceivable length, and the mails wait for no man. H. G. W.

DIDN'T NEED A SELECTION.

A Kansas man tells of a music hall in a town of that state which bore the unenviable reputation of possessing absolutely the worst band anywhere. On one occasion a "headliner" from Chicago had been promised for the management for a "turn," and consequently the hall was packed to the doors. When, however, the time had come for the "headliner" to appear, instead of that eagerly awaited attraction, the audience was astounded to see the agitated manager come before the curtain holding a telegram in his hand. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "I very much regret to inform you that the 'Great Stewart' cannot (hisses and catcalls) possibly arrive for at least another half hour. (Great applause.) In the meantime the band will play you a selection." At this a dead silence followed, which was finally broken by a man in the gallery. "Smitty, Smitty," he shrieked. "Don't let the band play. We'll be quiet; honest, we will."—Philadelphia Record.