Basic Detail Report

SUPPLEMENT, OCTOBER 5, 1872.] HARPER'S WEEKLY. 777

LONDON: A PILGRIMAGE.

BY GUSTAVE DORÉ AND BLANCHARD JERROLD.

To be Completed in Twelve Parts.—Part 7.

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CHAPTER XII.

LONDON UNDER GREEN LEAVES.

The general view of London in the time of Charles the Second, that Macaulay has included in the famous third chapter of his history, and which was the result of laborious days in the British Museum, and a vast stretch of reading through obscure pamphlets and correspondence, is of the kind we contemplated—only of the London that was living and toiling under our eyes. "Whoever examines the maps of London," Macaulay writes, "which were published toward the close of the reign of Charles the Second, will see that only the nucleus of the present capital then existed. The town did not, as now, fade by imperceptible degrees into the country. No long avenues of villas, embowered in lilacs and laburnums, extended from the great centre of wealth and civilization almost to the boundaries of Middlesex, and far into the heart of Kent and Surrey. In the east, no part of the immense line of warehouses and artificial lakes which now stretches from the Tower to Blackwall had even been projected. On the west, scarcely one of those stately piles of building which are inhabited by

SURELY the most obstinate and prejudiced tradueer of London must admit that the Cockney is well provided with greenery. The picturesqueness of the St. James's and Regent's Parks, and of Kensington Gardens, is not to be matched by any capital with which I am familiar, or of which I have heard. In these open places there are sylvan recesses and sylvan views that carry the mind and heart hundreds of miles from the noise and dirt of Cheapside. The scene which my fellow-pilgrim drew, lying upon the grass in the Regent's Park, one summer afternoon, would suggest a view cut out of the bosom of the Royal county, but for the peopling of it by nursery-maids, children, idlers, and the inevitable Life-Guardsman. There are corners in Kensington Gardens, and there is timber there, not surpassed by all the wealth in beauty of Windsor. Nay, in some of our London squares—in Lincoln's Inn Fields, for instance, which is barbarously fenced off from the Londoner's tread—there are scenes ready to the landscape painter's hand.

London under green leaves presents, in short, to the foreigner, a constant source of wonder and delight.

There, again, the suburbs of London are renowned, wherever traveled people abide, for their rich and rare natural beauties. The sylvan glories of the English home counties have attracted all who, having business in London, can afford its escape well away from the sound of Bow Bells (except that many a Cockney never hears) and enjoy a sleep within sight of the hartscorps. Having finished our labors for the day among all classes, and shades of classes, of the metropolis, and had more than our share of fog and smoke, we have often lived in the outskirts. In this way, bit by bit, we have made a journey round the world of London—watching the great city, upon the ruins of which Lord Macaulay's New Zealander is to gaze, from every height; from Muswell Hill on the north, and Sydenham on the south; from Highgate and Hampstead; and, lastly, from the hill of Richmond.

THE SANDWICH MAN.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS—THE MONKEY HOUSE.

the noble and wealthy was in existence; and Chelsea, which is now peopled by more than forty thousand human beings, was a quiet country village with about a thousand inhabitants. On the north, cattle-fed, and sportsmen wandered with dogs and guns, over the site of the borough of Marylebone, and over far the greater part of the space now covered by the boroughs of Finsbury and of the Tower Hamlets. Islington was almost a solitude; and pools level to contrast its silence and repose with the din and turmoil of the monster London. On the north, the capital is now connected with its suburb by several bridges, not inferior in magnificence and solidity to the noblest works of the Cæsars. In 1685 a single line of irregular arches, overhung by piles of mean and crazy houses, and garnished, after a fashion worthy of the naked barbarians of Dahomey, with scores of mouldering heads, impeded the navigation of the river."

No title, from "London: A Pilgrimage"

Date

October 5, 1872

Primary Maker

Gustave Doré

Medium

Electrotype from wood engraving and text on paper

Dimensions

Sheet: 15 1/2 × 11 in. (39.4 × 27.9 cm) Image (a): 4 1/2 × 2 7/8 in. (11.4 × 7.3 cm) Image (b): 6 1/2 × 5 5/16 in. (16.5 × 13.5 cm) Image (c): 3 3/8 × 2 1/4 in. (8.6 × 5.7 cm)

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