THE BOOK OF THE WEEK.

Some Adelphi Characters.

There is many an unmarked house in London on which a well-read man would look with interest if he knew its history. Such a house can be seen from the Strand by turning one's head in passing theawnd of Adam Street, close to the Tivoli Music Hall. At the end of this street, but facing the Strand, is the old pilastered and decorated front of the Adelphi Hotel, sometimes called Osborne's. To this hotel Gibbon brought from Switzerland the finished manuscript of his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

I.

That is one of a thousand interesting facts about the down street, red-bricked streets which here compose a kind of Bloomsbury-on-Thames, and are known vaguely as the Adelphi. The pick of the neighbourhood is Adelphi Terrace, once the home of Garrick, and now of the Savage Club, overlooking the Embankment Gardens, the river, and the towers of Westminster. The enormous mass of the Hotel Cecil has disastrously curtailed a view which a few years ago swept round to St. Paul's. This interesting region has now found a separate historian in Mr. Austin Brereton.

II.

Mr. Brereton has done his work well, and students of London will gladly put his volume on their shelves. The only fault I find may to others appear a merit. I could wish that Mr. Bre­ereton had limited his view to the Adelphi as we now see it, and as we owe it to helpful, and generous parts.

Take Dr. Monro, Mr. Brereton by the way, spells his name Munro, following most of the books, but Monro, Mr. Brereton has done his work well, is correct.

Mr. Brereton disappoints me, he has not to yield an Adelphi Terrace. Here, once a week abundance of human material. By or oftener, he turned his house into a kind of little London. He made the practice and encouragement of art his hobby. In his topographers. They seldom realise that London's story is literally to be measured on its surface by the yard, and that no limits of time and space can be so small as not to yield an abundance of human material. By taking in a little territory here and a studio-an embryo Langham Club-in which young fellows like Turner and Girtin found desks and candles provided, and an atmosphere of art and good fellowship in which to work. For each there was a and about Pepys and the way, spells his name Munro, following most of the books, but Monro, Mr. Brereton has done his work well, is correct. Too often...

III.

Wherefore I can cheerfully have sacrificed all that the brothers Adam. As it is, he de­spair whole centuries and streets if only what is given has the minuteness of gusto and the gusto of minuteness.

Take Dr. Monro, Mr. Brereton by the way, spells his name Munro, following most of the books, but Monro, Mr. Brereton has done his work well, is correct.

Mr. Brereton disappoints me, he has not...

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THE LITERARY HISTORY OF THE ADELPHI AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD. By Austin Brereton. (T. Fisher Unwin, 1s. 6d. net.)

A large and half a crowd to close the evening.

Monro bought many of Turner's casts.

I should say my bad.
I am afraid that when he wrote these lines Henderson forgot that it was the night of Garrick in Mr. Becker’s book shop at the corner of Adam Street and the Strand (over a large alms-box) that first fixed him with the ambition to be an artist. He was so much interested in the little club in Maiden Lane, Charlotte, don’t look, it’s too much to bear!” was the exclamation of George Smith, given by Henderson in a similarity passage in “The Mysteries of Udolpho, Husband,” and by the royal request this play was never repeated. It counts John Henderson as a conspicuous niche in the Adelphi gallery.

VII.

I began with the mention of the good old hotel in John Street, Gibson came to it in 1767, and wrote facetiously to Lord Sheffield: “Intelligence Extraordinary: This day (August the seventh) the celebrated Mr. Garrick arrived with a numerous retinue (one servant). We hear he has brought over from Lamsam the remainder of his ‘History’ for immediate publication.” This is not the only literary mention to Gibson’s Adelphi Hotel. In 1813, George Crabbe stayed with his wife and was taken to the hotel. In 1800, during a tour to the Rhine of the Sandusky Islands, where his wife, Queen, came back to the hotel. Mr. Brereton gives an interesting account of these royalties, who, on doing duty, both died here of small-pox within a period of a few weeks. And thus it is that the hotel you see from the top of the Strand inns is associated with that great standard work, “The Decline and Fall.”

The last chance to refer to this is the once popular song, “The King of the Camouflaged Islands.”

JOHN O’LONDON.

NIGHT ON THE RIVIERA

By Arnold Bennett.

Out of the blind disorder and the plague Of reviled dreams that cool the pillow round. Reluctantly I rise. Across a land Spectoral and unfamiliar, and vast With mystic glimpses of infinity— The plain that ravelled dreams that coil the round— Between the moonstruck Arabian and the sky—A death-bed utterance, of which was said, by a tragical mistake, who at all times took a keen, but harmless, interest in other people’s business. It was said that if Hill stood at Charing Cross he could tell the names of all the men who had all their appearances—be George attend, these were to be seen at the Adelphi’s.

“Reluctantly I rise. Across a land Spectoral and unfamiliar, and vast...”

As a glimpse of infinity, the plain that ravelled dreams that coil the round—Between the moonstruck Arabian and the sky...