

WALTER'S WALK

Walter Hartright meets the woman in white

Monday 6 August 1849

**by
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Introduction

Wilkie Collins's novel *The Woman in White* begins with the most dramatic passage in English fiction. That was the assessment of Charles Dickens reported by his son Henry in 1934.¹ He was referring to Walter Hartright's meeting with Anne Catherick – the woman in white – on the high-road from Hampstead to London.

This scene concluded part 1 of the story in its original periodical publication². Every step of the walk is set in real roads passing real buildings. The detail is so carefully given that Collins clearly was familiar with the walk and analysis of the available texts indicates he took the route himself close to the publication of the first part of the story in Dickens's weekly periodical *All The Year Round*.

On Sunday 13 September 2009 the Wilkie Collins Society reconstructed this walk to celebrate the 150th anniversary events of the publication of the story.

This paper describes the route of Walter's walk in the context of the opening part of *The Woman in White*. It is supported by an annotated Google map at <http://maps.google.com/maps/ms?hl=en&ie=UTF8&msa=0&msid=106483295269321102068.00048dec49fb3a0ba08e6&z=14>

There is a link to the map at womaninwhite.co.uk – click on 'background' and follow the menu Walter's Walk.

Where four roads met

Just before midnight on Sunday 5 August 1849 Walter Hartright said goodbye to his mother and sister at their cottage in Hampstead. The next day he was travelling to Cumberland to take a position as drawing master to two young ladies for the generous fee of four guineas a week. And he had to return to his lodgings in London that night.

We do not know where in Hampstead the cottage was. It is possible that Collins had in mind Elm Tree House, Pond Street where his parents lived from 1826-1829 when he was a child. The Royal Free Hospital is now built on that site. It is clear from the text that the Hartright cottage was close to Hampstead Heath rather than among the many houses in the village. Earlier in the story Walter describes his arrival there.

The quiet twilight was still trembling on the topmost ridges of the heath; and the view of London below me had sunk into a black gulf in the shadow of the cloudy night, when I stood before the gate of my mother's cottage.³

Pond Street was in a part of Hampstead known as South End, south of the Heath but close to the paths which cross it. When Hartright leaves the cottage on that Sunday night he decides not to take 'the shortest way back to London' which would have been down what is now Haverstock Hill, Chalk Farm Road, and Camden Road, past Euston station, into Southampton Row, Strand and down to Clement's Inn in the City – a walk of less than an hour and a half. Instead, after he had 'walked forward a few paces' he 'stopped and hesitated'.

The moon was full and broad in the dark blue starless sky; and the broken ground of the heath looked wild enough in the mysterious light to be hundreds of miles away from the great city that lay beneath it. The idea of descending any sooner than I could help into the heat and gloom of London repelled me. The prospect of going to bed in my airless chambers, and the prospect of gradual suffocation, seemed, in my present restless frame of mind and body, to be one and the same thing. I determined to stroll home in the purer air by the most roundabout way I could take; to follow the white winding paths across the lonely heath; and to approach London through its most open suburb by striking into the Finchley-road, and so getting back, in the cool of the new morning, by the western side of the Regent's Park.

The 'most roundabout route' took Walter west across the Heath until he came to a lane which led to Finchley Road. In the mid 19th century the western paths from the Heath led to Pratts Lane (now called Platt's Lane). As Walter 'turned into the by-road' he was 'completely absorbed' in 'fanciful visions' of his new job. But then he came to Finchley Road, a broad high-road built in the last twenty years with a stone surface, leading to London.

I had now arrived at that particular point of my walk where four roads met—the road to Hampstead, along which I had returned; the road to Finchley; the road to West End; and the road back to London.

The road to Finchley was north, that to West End (a village now known as West Hampstead) straight on and the road back to London meant a left turn to walk south. The first person to suggest the real location of this junction was Harvey Peter Sucksmith who edited the Oxford University Press edition of *The Woman in White* in 1973. He placed the ‘particular point’ at “the junction where Frogna Lane to the east and West End Lane to the west meet Finchley Road”.⁴

His identification has been accepted by other editors and commentators since. However, a careful look at the map shows that this junction does not fit the details in the story. Frogna Lane leads to the south of Hampstead village not to Hampstead Heath and Walter would not have come to it after his walk down the ‘white winding paths across the lonely heath’. In the middle of the 19th century Frogna Lane was in fact called West End Lane and barely crossed Finchley Road before reaching West End⁵ itself, the name of which echoed North End on the northern side of Hampstead Heath and South End where Pond Street was. It is now known as West Hampstead.

In fact Collins himself changed his mind about the location of this crossroads. In the manuscript, which was sent to the printers on 15 August 1859,⁶ he describes it thus

I had now arrived at that particular point of my walk where four roads met—the road to Hampstead, along which I had returned; the road to Finchley and Barnet; the road to Hendon; and the road back to London.⁷

Three months later in the published version Barnet has gone and Hendon has become West End. But the evidence shows that the change was made right at the end of that time, very close to publication.

Collins had sold the story to Harper and Brothers in New York who claimed to have paid him £750 – not for the rights to the story as there was no copyright agreement between the UK and America, but just for the facility to publish it first before the pirates got hold of it.⁸ This advantage was explained in the lines which preceded every instalment of the story in *Harper’s Weekly*. It was taken “From Advance Sheets, purchased direct from the Author.” Harper published the story in New York simultaneously with the London publication which meant Collins had to send final proofs by sea. It took ten days for them to cross the Atlantic and then Harper reset them into the format of its own periodical and added illustrations.

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Harper's Weekly, 26 November 1859, p. 754

I had now arrived at that particular point of my walk where four roads met—the road to Hampstead, along which I had returned; the road to Finchley; the road to West End; and the road back to London. I had mechanically turned in this latter direction, and

All The Year Round, 26 November 1859, p. 101

So Collins must have decided to make the change after the final proofs were sent to New York, making the amendment on the printer's slips close to publication in the last week of November.

Collins himself explained the process

where there is any important difference between the printed copy and the original manuscript, the additions and alterations (Miss Halcombe's Dream, for example, among the number) were made, on the spur of the moment, upon the proofs – which I have not preserved.⁹

The original description persisted in the US when Harper published the story in book form and was, of course, taken up by the many pirates who stole it and published it without permission. It was not changed by Harper until the uniform edition of Wilkie's work was published in 1873.

The timetable shows that Collins considered the change to be important. And a study of contemporary maps shows that the crossroads described in the manuscript does not work with the story. The manuscript description best fits a crossroads about a mile north from Frognal Lane where Finchley Road was crossed in 1860 by Child's Hill Lane – now called Cricklewood Lane – to the west and Hermitage Lane to the east. Hermitage Lane led back to Pratts Lane

and the Heath. But to get there Walter would have had to fork off Pratts Lane heading north, away from London. It is much more natural for Walter to continue on Pratts Lane until it meets Finchley Road. If he does that he then comes to another crossroads further south but still about half a mile north of the Froggnal Lane junction identified by Sucksmith.

This is the junction where Pratts Lane (now called Platt's Lane) meets Finchley Road itself which runs north-west to Finchley and south-east down, as Walter says, to the west side of Regent's Park. Opposite Pratts Lane was Fortune Green Lane which led, via Fortune Green, to West End.

So it seems certain that it was this junction which Collins finally decided best suited his story. Perhaps he did the walk again close to publication and realised that the original description needed changing.

The touch

This junction today is shown on the images below with north at the top. The image overleaf shows the street names. Finchley Road runs top left to bottom right, Platt's Lane is the narrow road running top right to the crossroads and Fortune Green Road from there to the bottom left.





Junction of Finchley Road, Platt's Lane and Fortune Green Road
from Google Earth

This view clearly shows that Walter comes out from the muddy Pratts Lane and heads left for London on the broad paved high-road. Today, from the right side of Platt's Lane he would see the scene below, with the late Victorian parade on the corner of Fortune Green Road. None of those buildings was there in 1849 when the story is set.



Junction of Finchley Road, Platt's Lane and Fortune Green Road,
looking southwest in 2009

....I had mechanically turned in this latter direction, and was strolling along the lonely high-road—idly wondering, I remember, what the Cumberland young ladies would look like—when, in one moment, every drop of blood in my body was brought to a stop by the touch of a hand laid lightly and suddenly on my shoulder from behind me.

I turned on the instant, with my fingers tightening round the handle of my stick.

There, in the middle of the broad bright high-road—there, as if it had that moment sprung out of the earth or dropped from the heaven—stood the figure of a solitary Woman, dressed from head to foot in white garments, her face bent in grave inquiry on mine, her hand pointing to the dark cloud over London, as I faced her.

I was far too seriously startled by the suddenness with which this extraordinary apparition stood before me, in the

dead of night and in that lonely place, to ask what she wanted. The strange woman spoke first.

“Is that the road to London?” she said.



Engraving by John McLenan,
Harper's Weekly, 26 November 1859, p. 753

The moonlight correctly comes from the direction in which she is pointing

In the nineteenth century a respectable woman did not walk out alone – in London or anywhere else – especially after midnight. So having shocked his readers Collins devotes the next paragraph to reassuring them that she is not a prostitute.

I looked attentively at her, as she put that singular question to me. It was then nearly one o'clock. All I could discern distinctly by the moonlight was a colourless, youthful face, meagre and sharp to look at about the cheeks and chin; large, grave, wistfully-attentive eyes; nervous, uncertain

lips; and light hair of a pale, brownish-yellow hue. There was nothing wild, nothing immodest in her manner: it was quiet and self-controlled, a little melancholy and a little touched by suspicion; not exactly the manner of a lady, and, at the same time, not the manner of a woman in the humblest rank of life. The voice, little as I had yet heard of it, had something curiously still and mechanical in its tones, and the utterance was remarkably rapid.



Moon 97% full at 0100 6 August 1849

Collins mentions the moon again. True to his meticulous research – he was writing ten years later– the moon was just past full.¹⁰ It enables Walter to see the woman's eccentric clothing.

She held a small bag in her hand: and her dress—bonnet, shawl, and gown all of white—was, so far as I could guess, certainly not composed of very delicate or very expensive materials. Her figure was slight, and rather above the average height—her gait and actions free from the slightest approach to extravagance. This was all that I could observe of her, in the dim light and under the perplexingly-strange circumstances of our meeting. What sort of woman she was, and how she came to be out alone in the high-road, an hour after midnight, I altogether failed to guess. The one thing of which I felt certain was, that the grossest of mankind could not have misconstrued her motive in speaking, even at that suspiciously late hour and in that suspiciously lonely place.

Her next exchange makes clear that this famous encounter took place just a short distance after Walter turned left into Finchley Road.

“Did you hear me?” she said, still quietly and rapidly, and without the least fretfulness or impatience. “I asked if that was the way to London.”

“Yes,” I replied, “that is the way: it leads to St. John’s Wood and the Regent’s Park. You must excuse my not answering you before. I was rather startled by your sudden appearance in the road; and I am, even now, quite unable to account for it.”

“You don’t suspect me of doing anything wrong, do you? I have done nothing wrong. I have met with an accident—I am very unfortunate in being here alone so late. Why do you suspect me of doing wrong?”

She spoke with unnecessary earnestness and agitation, and shrank back from me several paces. I did my best to reassure her.

“Pray don’t suppose that I have any idea of suspecting you,” I said, “or any other wish than to be of assistance to you, if I can. I only wondered at your appearance in the road, because it seemed to me to be empty the instant before I saw you.”

She turned, and pointed back to a place at the junction of the road to London and the road to Hampstead, where there was a gap in the hedge. “I heard you coming,” she said, “and hid there to see what sort of man you were, before I risked speaking....

So the woman was hiding in the hedge bordering the field at the junction. The field is shown on contemporary maps and was indeed surrounded by a hedge¹¹. It was part of the estate of Kidderpore Hall – built in 1843 and extant today as 12 Kidderpore Avenue NW3 7SU used as student accommodation for London University’s King’s College.



Kidderpore Hall in 2009

We can say with certainty that the encounter took place within sight – by moonlight – of the junction where Pratts Lane met Finchley Road.

....I doubted and feared about it till you passed; and then I was obliged to steal after you, and touch you.”

Again Collins shocks his readers with a woman touching a man she does not know to get his attention. Hartright says to himself.

Steal after me, and touch me? Why not call to me? Strange, to say the least of it.

The woman asks for help.

“I have only been in London once before,” she went on, more and more rapidly, “and I know nothing about that side of it, yonder. Can I get a fly, or a carriage of any kind? Is it too late? I don’t know. If you could show me where to get a fly—and if you will only promise not to interfere with me, and to let me leave you, when and how I please—

I have a friend in London who will be glad to receive me—
I want nothing else—will you promise?”

She looked anxiously up and down the road; shifted her bag again from one hand to the other; repeated the words, “Will you promise?” and looked hard in my face, with a pleading fear and confusion that it troubled me to see.

The high-road

Although this was a high-road, a paved route into London, at midnight they were completely alone. And no ‘fly’ – a two-wheeled, covered carriage pulled by one horse often called a ‘hansom’ and used as a cab – was in sight.

What could I do? Here was a stranger utterly and helplessly at my mercy—and that stranger a forlorn woman. No house was near; no one was passing whom I could consult; and no earthly right existed on my part to give me a power of control over her, even if I had known how to exercise it.

So together they walk down Finchley Road.

We set our faces towards London, and walked on together in the first still hour of the new day—I, and this woman, whose name, whose character, whose story, whose objects in life, whose very presence by my side, at that moment, were fathomless mysteries to me.

She is clearly afraid. She asks Walter if he knows any baronets. He does not. She will not answer his questions and asks him to remain silent.

We moved forward again at a quick pace; and for half an hour, at least, not a word passed on either side. From time to time, being forbidden to make any more inquiries, I stole a look at her face. It was always the same; the lips close shut, the brow frowning, the eyes looking straight forward, eagerly and yet absently. We had reached the first houses, and were close on the new Wesleyan college, before her set features relaxed and she spoke once more.

At this point they have reached the junction with College Crescent on the northeast side of Finchley Road. Now a parade of shops built in 1934, then it

was fairly open land. From the Pratts Lane junction to here is just over a mile – a brisk walk of half an hour or so. The first few buildings on the land between Finchley Road and College Crescent were villas in grounds. Just beyond those was the New College of Independent Dissenters for training Congregationalist ministers. But Collins may have been out by a couple of years – it was not opened until 1851.¹²



Palmer's Lodge in 2009

The College is now gone. Another grand house on the land by it was built before 1862 for Samuel Palmer, owner of Huntley & Palmer's biscuits. It was demolished in 1880 to be replaced by an even grander pile, standing further back and facing College Crescent. It is now 40, College Crescent NW3 5LB, a backpacker's hostel called Palmer's Lodge.¹³

As they walked on Walter mentioned that he was going to a town called Limmeridge in Cumberland and the woman revealed that she knew the town and the Fairlie family which was employing him.

She seemed about to say more; but while she was speaking, we came within view of the turnpike, at the top of the Avenue-road. Her hand tightened round my arm, and she looked anxiously at the gate before us.

“Is the turnpike man looking out?” she asked.

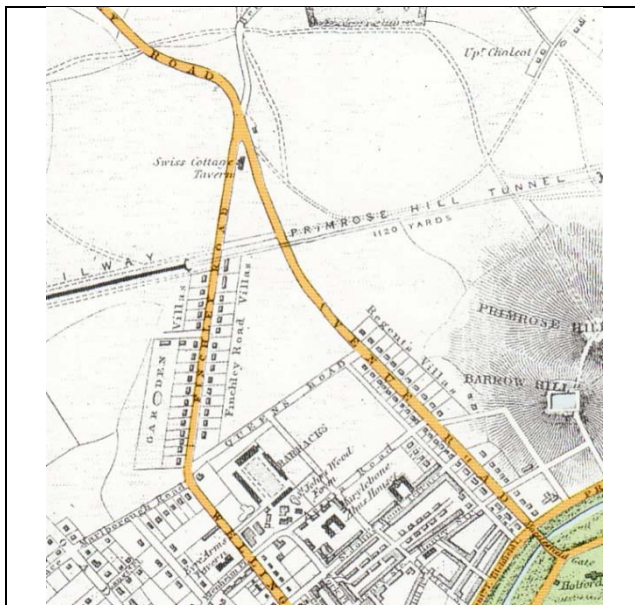
Just past the southern junction of College Crescent and Finchley Road was the toll-house or turnpike. Beyond that lay what is now Swiss Cottage but then there was the Swiss Dairy and the Swiss Tavern and then Avenue Road. The turnpike collected fees from people and vehicles entering the paved high-road. The New Finchley turnpike road was begun in 1826 to by-pass the hilly and muddy route to the Great North Road through Hampstead. All the main roads into London had a turnpike and the fees collected helped pay for their upkeep¹⁴. But at nearly one o’clock in the morning the keeper was probably asleep. The 1851 census records Henry Powell, aged 22, at the Toll House Finchley Road “sleeping in a toll-house.”¹⁵

Her anxiety is not about money; it is fear that she will be seen by someone who may have been warned to watch for her.

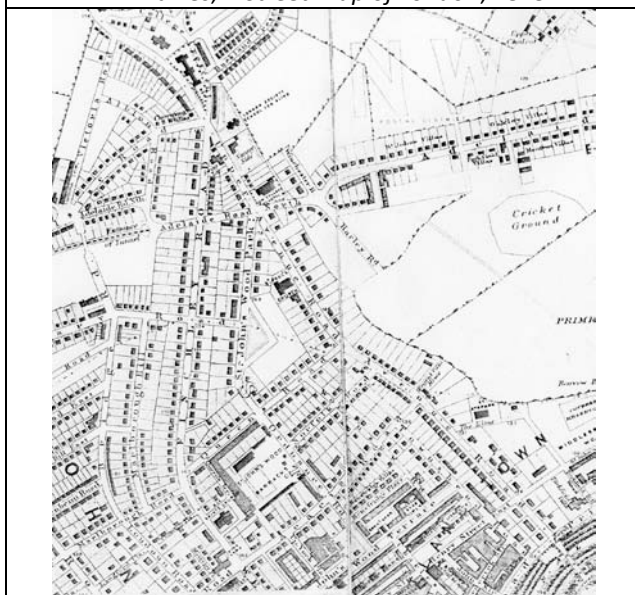
He was not looking out; no one else was near the place when we passed through the gate. The sight of the gas-lamps and houses seemed to agitate her, and to make her impatient.

The Avenue-road

Avenue Road was being developed at this time.¹⁶ By 1843 the large houses of Regent’s Villas had spread up to Queen’s Road (now Queen’s Grove) and by 1862 houses extended right up to the Swiss Cottage junction and beyond. But even by 1851 Regent’s Villas were the northernmost dwellings in Avenue Road on the eastern side.¹⁷ And there was active building on the western side but it is not clear how far the houses had reached in August 1849. Collins may have exaggerated the view from the turnpike by a few years.



B R Davies, *A Street Map of London*, 1843



Stanford's *Library Map of London*, 1862

“This is London,” she said. “Do you see any carriage I can get? I am tired and frightened. I want to shut myself in and be driven away.”

I explained to her that we must walk a little further to get to a cab-stand, unless we were fortunate enough to meet with an empty vehicle; and then tried to resume the subject of Cumberland. It was useless. That idea of shutting herself in, and being driven away, had now got full possession of her mind. She could think and talk of nothing else.

We had hardly proceeded a third of the way down the Avenue-road when I saw a cab draw up at a house a few doors below us, on the opposite side of the way. A gentleman got out and let himself in at the garden door.

A third the way down Avenue Road is near, probably just past, the junction with Queen’s Grove. Walter and the woman were walking on the north-east side of the road – the left as you walk to London – to take advantage of the moonlight from the south. The gentleman was perhaps Henry Hill, solicitor, entering the present number 65 then called Norfolk House where he lived with his wife, nine children and five servants.¹⁸ He was on the south west side – the right to those heading for London. Hartright shouts across the street.

I hailed the cab, as the driver mounted the box again. When we crossed the road, my companion’s impatience increased to such an extent that she almost forced me to run.

“It’s so late,” she said. “I am only in a hurry because it’s so late.”

“I can’t take you, sir, if you’re not going towards Tottenham-court-road,” said the driver civilly, when I opened the cab door. “My horse is dead beat, and I can’t get him no further than the stable.”

“Yes, yes. That will do for me. I’m going that way—I’m going that way.” She spoke with breathless eagerness, and pressed by me into the cab.

I had assured myself that the man was sober as well as civil before I let her enter the vehicle. And now, when she was seated inside, I entreated her to let me see her set down safely at her destination.

“No, no, no,” she said vehemently. “I’m quite safe, and quite happy now. If you are a gentleman, remember your promise. Let him drive on till I stop him. Thank you—oh! thank you, thank you!”

My hand was on the cab door. She caught it in hers, kissed it, and pushed it away. The cab drove off at the same moment—I started into the road, with some vague idea of stopping it again, I hardly knew why—hesitated from dread of frightening and distressing her—called, at last, but not loudly enough to attract the driver’s attention. The sound of the wheels grew fainter in the distance—the cab melted into the black shadows on the road—the woman in white was gone.

Although we have met the woman and know the colour of her clothing, it is only as she disappears that the eponymous phrase ‘the woman in white’ is used for the first time. It would not, of course, be the last. Alone now, Collins had cleverly contrived to get Hartright out of the moonlight onto the darker side of the road as he continues walking down the south-west side of Avenue Road towards Regent’s Park.

Ten minutes or more had passed. I was still on the same side of the way; now mechanically walking forward a few paces; now stopping again absently. At one moment I found myself doubting the reality of my own adventure; at another I was perplexed and distressed by an uneasy sense of having done wrong, which yet left me confusedly ignorant of how I could have done right. I hardly knew where I was going, or what I meant to do next; I was conscious of nothing but the confusion of my own thoughts, when I was abruptly recalled to myself—awakened, I might almost say—by the sound of rapidly approaching wheels close behind me.

I was on the dark side of the road, in the thick shadow of some garden trees, when I stopped to look round. On the

opposite, and lighter, side of the way, a short distance below me, a policeman was strolling along in the direction of the Regent's Park.

Collins's attention to detail is astonishing. The full moon was by now just past its zenith in the south. Avenue Road runs almost south-east. So its north-eastern side would have been illuminated by the moon while the south-western side would have been dark from the shadows of trees and houses. Walter, on the dark side, can see without being seen.

By this time he was two thirds or so down Avenue Road, just past Acacia Road and outside what was then number 20, now number 39 (it was renumbered in 1859) where the Collins family lived for two years after their return from Italy in the summer of 1838. From that house the teenage Wilkie left to catch the omnibus to his boarding school at Highbury Place in Islington.



39 Avenue Road in 1998

The original building – shown above in the 1990s with the trees casting their shadows on that side – has now been demolished and replaced by a much larger mansion which was on sale in 2009 for £27.5 million – considerably

down from the £45 million the agent was asking a year earlier; but rather more than the £849,375 paid in 2002 for the original property 39 Avenue Road, London NW8 6BS.

It was outside this familiar house that Collins chose to set the final scene of this first part of his story. The carriage and policeman are travelling in the same direction as Walter – towards Regent’s Park on the other side of the road illuminated by the full moon.

The carriage passed me—an open chaise driven by two men.

“Stop!” cried one.

“There’s a policeman. Let’s ask him.”

The horse was instantly pulled up, a few yards beyond the dark place where I stood.

“Policeman!” cried the first speaker. “Have you seen a woman pass this way?”

“What sort of woman, sir?”

“A woman in a lavender-coloured gown—”

“No, no,” interposed the second man. “The clothes we gave her were found on her bed. She must have gone away in the clothes she wore when she came to us. In white, policeman. A woman in white.”

“I haven’t seen her, sir.”

“If you or any of your men meet with the woman, stop her, and send her in careful keeping to that address. I’ll pay all expenses, and a fair reward into the bargain.”

The policeman looked at the card that was handed down to him.

“Why are we to stop her, sir? What has she done?”

“Done! She has escaped from my Asylum. Don’t forget: a woman in white. Drive on.”

At this point the first instalment of *The Woman in White* ended. Readers had to wait another week before they could find out what happened next. But Collins hoped he had them hooked. When he sent the manuscript to the sub-editor of *All The Year Round* in August he had written

I must stagger the public into attention, if possible, at the outset. They shan’t drop a number when I begin, if I can help it.¹⁹

Aftermath

After the excitement of the ending of part one, Collins starts part two in a low key. Walter wonders what he has seen and done. But his journey from Avenue Road back to his lodgings in the City was passed over in these few words “I at last got back to my chambers in Clement’s Inn.”²⁰

In fact from the southern end of Avenue Road to his lodgings was three and a half miles, a walk of rather more than an hour. His walk from his mother’s cottage to where he met the woman in white was about 45 minutes. The walk with her would have taken a similar time without the stops they made. So we can conclude that Walter, who left his mother’s cottage at “nearly midnight”, got home around three in the morning by which time “In the disturbed state of my mind, it was useless to think of going to bed...Before many hours elapsed it would be necessary to start on my journey to Cumberland.”

¹ “I remember that on one occasion my father, when talking about literature generally, told us there were two scenes in literature which he regarded as being the most dramatic descriptions which he could recall. One was in fiction, the other in history. The first was the description of the Woman in White’s appearance on the Hampstead Road after her escape from the asylum in Wilkie Collins’s famous book *The Woman in White*. The other was the stirring account of the march of the women to Versailles in Carlyle’s *French Revolution*”. Henry Dickens *The Recollections of Sir Henry Dickens*, K.C. London 1934 p.54.

² ‘The Woman in White’ was published in 40 weekly parts in *All The Year Round* from 26 November 1859 to 25 August 1860.

³ All quotations are from ‘The Woman in White’ *All The Year Round*, 26 November 1859, vol. II, No. 31, pp. 95-104.

⁴ *The Woman in White* ed. Peter Harvey Sucksmith, OUP 1973 p.604. This is repeated in John Sutherland’s edition (OUP 1996) p.671 note 20 which also wrongly asserts that this junction is “about where the Finchley Road tube station now is.” In fact the tube station is more than half a mile to the south.

⁵ Not of course the part of London now known as ‘the west end’ which includes Oxford Street and Hyde Park.

⁶ see [0311] to Wills 15 August 1859 “I send enclosed (and registered – for I should go distracted if it was lost) my first number.” Baker, Gasson, Law, Lewis *The Public Face of Wilkie Collins* I p.180 (cited as BGLL).

⁷ *The Woman in White* ed. John Sutherland OUP 1996, p.671 note 20.

⁸ J Henry Harper *The House of Harper* New York 1912 p.114. In fact Collins almost certainly got rather less than this. Collins himself said he was only paid £500 for the advance sheets of his next book *No Name* ([0750] to Wills 14 May 1867, BGLL II pp72-73) and it is unlikely that he would have been paid more for an earlier novel. There is no record in his accounts of such a sum. Exman states that in 1858 Harper made “a five-year agreement with Collins to pay a royalty

of 5 per cent on his books and later to give £750 for each of his more popular titles *Man and Wife* and *The Moonstone*." (Eugene Exman *The Brothers Harper* New York 1965 p 339.)

⁹ Note dated 4 October 1860 attached to the manuscript of *The Woman in the White* by Wilkie Collins. *Catalogue of Original Manuscripts by Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins*, Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, 18 June 1890.

¹⁰ Historic moon data from QuickPhase Pro 3.3.4 by David Rose www.calculatorcat.com

¹¹ For example see *The A to Z of Victorian London Kent* 1987 which reproduces *New Large-Scale Ordnance Atlas of London & Suburbs*, Bacon 1888, Map 38 G14 where the land around Kidderpore Hall is surrounded by a dotted line, and Map 5 G14 where it is shown as a field.

¹² *Victoria History of the Counties of England: Middlesex* vol.IX, OUP 1989 p.60.

¹³ <http://www.palmerslodge.co.uk/history.htm>

¹⁴ <http://www.parliament.uk/about/living->

[heritage/transformingsociety/transportcomms/roadsrail/overview/turnpikestolls/](http://www.parliament.uk/about/living-heritage/transformingsociety/transportcomms/roadsrail/overview/turnpikestolls/) and

<http://www.londonancestor.com/maps/tolls.htm>

¹⁵ 1851 Census HO107/1492/3

¹⁶ "Several houses, called Regent's Villas, stood in the Hampstead section of Avenue Road by 1842. There was a second agreement in 1845, followed by a burst of building activity in the later 1840s and 1850s. Between 1845 and 1852, 33 houses were built in Finchley Road, 13 in the road parallel to it, St. John's Wood Park, 16 in Avenue Road" From: 'Hampstead: St. John's Wood', *A History of the County of Middlesex: Volume 9: Hampstead, Paddington* (1989), pp. 60-63.

<http://www.british-history.ac.uk/report.aspx?compid=22639>

¹⁷ 1851 Census HO 107/1492/10

¹⁸ 1851 Census HO107 1492/338/27

¹⁹ [0311] to Wills 15 August 1859, *op.cit.*

²⁰ *All The Year Round*, 3 December 1859, vol. II, No. 32, p.117.

