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Contributors

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FLEET STREET IN SEVEN CENTURIES



WALTER G. BELL

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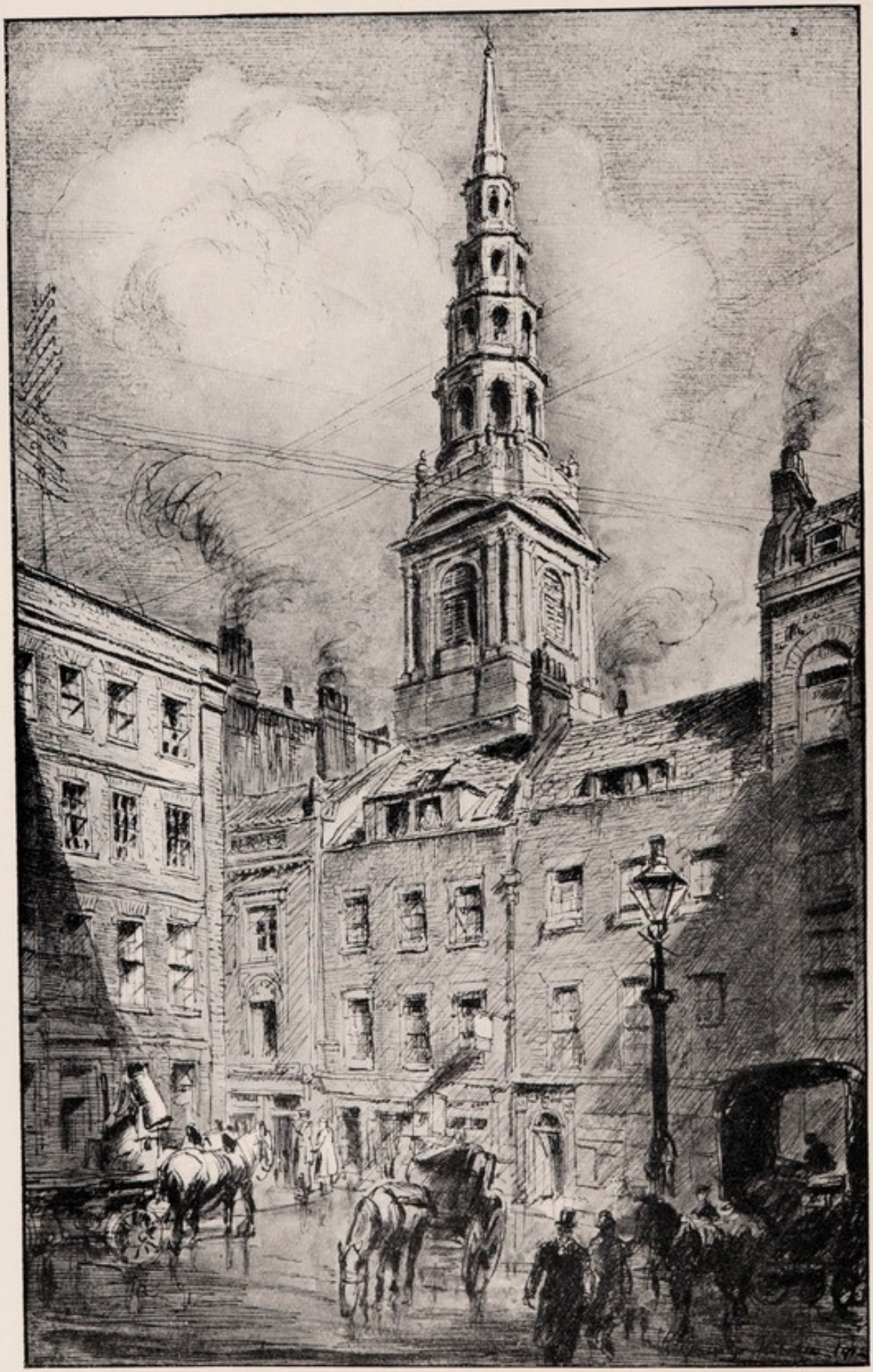

ST. BRIDE'S STEEPLE FROM SALISBURY SQUARE
Drawn by HANSLIP FLETCHER

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FLEET STREET
IN SEVEN CENTURIES

BEING A HISTORY OF THE GROWTH OF LONDON BEYOND THE WALLS INTO THE WESTERN LIBERTY, AND OF FLEET STREET TO OUR TIME

BY

WALTER GEORGE BELL

Author of "The Thames from Chelsea to the Nore"

WITH A FOREWORD BY

SIR WILLIAM PURDIE TRELOAR, Bt.

Alderman of Farringdon Without

FORTY-SIX ILLUSTRATIONS

Drawings by T. R. Way, Hanslip Fletcher, R. Anning Bell, T. E. Knightley; reproductions of old prints, maps, original documents, and photographs

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FOREWORD

"FLEET STREET is all newspapers," I hear someone say.

That is not quite true, but let us grant cheerfully that the newspapers have made the modern fame of the street. They have familiarised its name in the most distant corners of the world, and will introduce this book to a wider public than is to be found in the City, though in pages crowded with so much incident Mr. Bell allots but small space to the newspaper press. And the street is linked with its staple industry in a manner more intimate than can be claimed for any other distinctive area of London. "The Fleet Street Man," wherever you meet him, is marked down as a journalist, so completely has every other association been forgotten in our day.

The City of London is very old, and in its long unbroken history the newspapers are but things of yesterday. Herein you will read less of what Fleet Street is than of what it was, and there are probably few who will not agree that its record over seven centuries past rivals in interest the busy, hustling life of the street to-day. Fleet Street became in the mediæval age the chief western highway into the City, the connecting landway with the king's palace and the courts at Westminster. Its story is very largely that of the City itself. But the development of the great Ward of Farringdon Without—that is to say, without the walls—differed very greatly from that of the City within the walls, and in tracing that development from the time of the first settlements of ecclesiastics in the then rural suburb Mr. Bell has done a work that will be valued by all to whom the fascination of London's past makes an appeal.

Memories of great men linger in Fleet Street and its many courts and byways—and there were great men before Samuel Johnson, whose vigorous personality comes first to mind when Fleet Street is mentioned. The lawyers have always kept about the street. The first printers congregated there; the booksellers when the trade of book-production became split up; the poets and authors who wrote for the booksellers—Lovelace, Milton, Dryden, Goldsmith, Richardson, to name

but a few. The newspapers carry on the tradition that was formed long before they came. But Fleet Street has much else besides its legal and literary associations and early guild life. The stage flourished in Whitefriars from Elizabeth till past the Restoration. Low life was to be met with in Alsatia, and in the Fleet Liberty, with its debtors and dissolute parsons. Fleet Street's convivial side is illustrated in its many historical taverns. I have been called the Alderman of the World, the Flesh, and the Devil—Fleet Street for the World, the Central Meat Market and the Temple for the rest, for all lie within the Ward of Farringdon Without.

Perhaps if you search the City through you will find no other street which has known life in such inexhaustible variety. To myself, who have loved the district all my life and resided in it for most of my early years, there is no place so packed with human interest as the Ward of Farringdon Without, of which Fleet Street is the centre.

W. P. Treloar.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

"No man can write the history of Fleet Street," I read in a book recently published.

Well, this is a history of the street, and the most that can be hoped is that it may serve until the fuller work—of, say, ten volumes—shall be produced.

With Fleet Street itself I have been chiefly concerned; not a long street, but with a record perhaps more ample than any other. Inevitably my task has expanded. London's history has been written in many aspects, but it is curious that hitherto no one has attempted a study of its growth beyond the walled city into the Liberties, or suburbs. Till near the close of Elizabeth's reign Fleet Street was habitually referred to as "in the suburb of London." It possessed many large gardens, and some open meadow land. Indeed, to this day part of its meadow has never been built upon. The Temple Gardens have so remained since the Knights Templars' first settlement in the twelfth century. A fragment of Ficket's Croft, the jousting-ground of the Knights Templars, has been restored to the public in the now sadly diminished gardens of the Law Courts, and further beyond Temple Bar a more substantial portion of this open ground survives in New Square, Lincoln's Inn.

If value of any kind attaches to this book, it is in the earlier chapters which contain the results of research into the conditions of the western suburb in mediæval times, and its conversion to a closely built town area under Elizabeth and James the First. Despite all the change that later centuries have brought, it bears to-day upon its face the stamp of its origin; and no part of my task has given me greater pleasure than that of showing how the byways and courts we know are largely a result, first of the settlement of ecclesiastics and religious Orders about the street, and afterwards of the building over of the gardens and fore-courts of their town dwellings. A valuable work for London's topography lies before the student with time and patience to make himself familiar with the confiscations of properties of the religious houses by King

Henry the Eighth, and the subsequent grants by that monarch, of which the records are lying at the Public Record Office. The little done in the particular corner of outer London which I have been concerned with, and shown graphically in a reconstructed map of the area for the years 1538–40, may possibly stimulate someone with more leisure than I can command to undertake the task.

I have, perhaps, dealt with the Whitefriars playhouses in greater detail than the scale of the book warrants, but this can be pleaded should the reader become weary: they have been so greatly overshadowed by the neighbouring Blackfriars Theatre and the Bankside theatres that their true place in the annals of the English stage has rarely been allotted to them. Only of recent years have the researches of Mr. Fleay, Mr. Fairman Ordish, and Mr. J. Tucker Murray cleared away a mesh of confusion and inaccuracy.

After the rebuilding of Fleet Street that followed the Great Fire of London in 1666, there has been little left but to tell an already familiar story, as briefly as may be.

Many tributaries run north and south of Fleet Street, and these I have sketched in but lightly. They would alone provide material for other volumes, perhaps more slim than this one can claim to be. The Temple itself would fill a bookcase with its literature; in Dr. Bellot's bibliography of the Temple, edition of 1902, there are 197 entries, and additions since then would largely increase the total. In these pages no more is attempted than to place the Temple in its relation to the suburb before the Fire.

I am conscious of having worried a great many people in the years during which this book has been in preparation, and in paying acknowledgments the trouble is to know where to stop. Every writer upon London is the inheritor of the labours of Dr. Reginald Sharpe, Keeper of the Records at Guildhall, whose calendars of the Letter Books and the Husting Wills especially have thrown a flood of light upon the conditions of its mediæval life. To him, and to the City Corporation, whose munificence in the publication of their records receives scant recognition, my largest debt is due. The Rev. H. Lionel James, Rector of St. Dunstan's, and the Rev. William Cartledge Heaton, Vicar of St. Bride's, have generously allowed me to live in their vestry rooms while consulting the records, so

admirably kept, of the two parishes, and for the attentions given by the late Mr. Strange, Parish Clerk of St. Dunstan's, and Mr. A. Peart, Parish Clerk of St. Bride's, I am grateful.

Dr. Philip Norman, Treasurer of the Society of Antiquaries, has kindly assisted me out of the stores of his knowledge of old London taverns. Mr. Aleck Abrahams, an ardent collector of all that relates to Fleet Street, has given invaluable help. I have also to thank Mr. Scargill Bird, late of the Public Record Office; Mr. R. A. Peddie, Librarian of the unrivalled technical library of the St. Bride Foundation Institute, and the trustees of that institute; Mr. George Bedell, Registrar of the Medical Society of London; Mr. A. W. Clapham, F.S.A.; the Earl of Londesborough; Mr. A. P. Moore, Assistant Diocesan Registrary of Peterborough; Mr. Knight, Clerk of Christ's Hospital; Sir James Mellor, late King's Remembrancer; Mr. John Brewer, late Receiving Clerk of Bridewell; Mr. James MacIntyre, of whose knowledge of mediæval Latin I have freely availed myself; Mr. D. W. Douthwaite, Under-Treasurer of Gray's Inn; Messrs. Child and Co.; and many others for their assistance and forbearance. My thanks in liberal measure are due to Sir William Treloar for his Foreword; to Mr. Stephen Glanville, who has burdened himself with the heavy task of reading the proofs, and to my wife for help in the chapter on the theatres.

Mr. T. R. Way, Mr. Hanslip Fletcher, and my brother, Mr. R. Anning Bell, have all drawn specially for this book; and in addition Mr. Hanslip Fletcher and his publishers have generously given me permission to reproduce work of his that has appeared elsewhere. I regret that Mr. T. E. Knightley no longer lives to receive my acknowledgments.

GRAY'S INN.

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ERRATA

Page 55, footnote, read "Close Roll 22nd Ed. III."

Page 167, line 18, for "nineteen" read "twenty-six."

Page 514, last line, for "chapter" read "chapters."

Page 518, line 9, delete "and of," and read, line 12, "the first stable one—are the fine premises east of the square to-day in use by the Church of England Sunday School Institute."

Page 579, line 31, for "Fetter Lane" read "Chancery Lane."

On page 452, after first paragraph, add: "Also in Bolt Court the Dr. Johnson Music Hall flourished nearly half a century ago. In its later days it was called the 'City,' and, after finally closing as a place of public entertainment, it became the Albert Club, a centre of some interest to the newspapers, for there and at one other similar club the London betting prices were fixed. The building was demolished in 1912."

FLEET STREET IN SEVEN CENTURIES

CHAPTER I

WITHOUT THE WALLS OF LONDON

Of all those noted thoroughfares within the walls and liberties of the famous old City of London, there is no one that can compete in its history and celebrity with Fleet Street. You may produce your Cheapside with its centuries of recollections, your Lombard Street with all its riches, your Cornhill with all its commerce, your Exchange with all its men of mark, even your famous old Bishopsgate with its princely remains of Crosby Hall; but there is not one among them that can equal that one street which takes its name from the old Fleet River, and extends from Ludgate Hill to Temple Bar.—T. C. Noble, *Memorials of Temple Bar.*

An old grey wall cutting square across the hill-crest, a little stream flowing below between deep banks, filled high when the tide rose, and on the right the full flood of the Thames. Beyond, what had been a Roman city, left desolate and decayed, but not altogether abandoned; few, if any, of the buildings lofty enough to show above the guarding wall that had defied the centuries. In the broken foreground trees and herbage, and perhaps a hut or two—that is more doubtful—and near to the tributary stream a spring of pure water that welled to the surface, and trickled over its bank: the spring, or well, of St. Bridget the Virgin. These, and perhaps a worn path keeping parallel with the river, are all that can be recognised of London's western Liberty when history opens.

Lying below ground are relics associated with times long past, when St. Bridget's spring ran clear and free. In excavations to the clay made in 1893 for an extension of Messrs. Ward and Lock's premises by Bridewell Precinct, the navvies brought up a "coffin." It proved on examination to be not this, but an object of much greater interest—part of an ancient water conduit, formed of timber baulks roughly squared, in which a channel had been adzed, and covered by a top piece fixed

with iron spikes, each baulk meeting that next in line in the old spigot and faucet joint.

The trench cut, being narrow, was widened sufficiently where the ground was broken for more of the timbers to be exposed. Levels and alignment made plain that the conduit had brought water to the old Palace of Bridewell, by the Thames side, with its head at the spring upon, or very close to, a now disused well and pump built into the eastern wall of the churchyard in Bride Lane. An inscription above has been completely effaced by time, and its legend forgotten. That this is the historic Bride Well thus receives some confirmation. The spring gave its name to the parish of St. Bride, and to Bridewell, which became the distinctive title for both a palace and a prison.

The Fleet still flows by, a buried river passing into the low-level (Embankment) sewer, but on occasion of storm may be turned direct into the Thames at Blackfriars. It descends underground immediately on leaving the lowest of the two chains of ponds at Hampstead and Highgate. The Fleet was malodorous from the earliest times, for defilement began as soon as the town extended along its course; our forefathers had deplorable ideas of the uses of running water. Yet in years that have gone this must have been a picturesque feature of the western suburb, threading a way below the city wall.

It was the Fleet River only for the last half mile or so, the navigable portion before entering the Thames. Beyond, a pleasant country stream, tumbling down amid woods and meadows to the north—the fall was 380 feet in six miles—it was known as the Hole-bourne, and anciently, says Stow (who is no little confused) as the " River of Wells," from the springs which swelled the small torrent. If not in use, at least in name, many of these survive, and they indicate the course followed : Clerkenwell, Skinnerswell, Bagnigge Wells, Fogswell, and Loderswell, until, as the channel wound about, with a broad fork at Kentish Town, the sources in the northern heights of Caen Wood were reached. Over the river near its mouth a bridge was thrown, and over the bridge ran a street.

This last was " the street of Fletebrigge," afterwards Fleet Street, which came late into the life of the metropolis.

Beyond the wall on the hill, a grey line stretching from Newgate to the Thames, Roman London had passed away.

The wall was its visible monument. Later generations repaired and built upon it; but the line of the Roman wall remained through the Middle Ages (placed in a state of military defence in 1477), and but partially broken long after the Great Fire of London,[1] with the sole exception that a circuit was made south of Ludgate to the Fleet in or after the year 1278, to enclose and protect the land whereon the Dominicans, or Black Friars, had then newly settled. A fragment or two may still be seen above the surface opposite St. Alphage, London Wall, in the churchyard of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, and below ground, lighted and walled in, a magnificent portion is preserved at the new General Post Office.[2]

The dead hand of the Romans fixed the limits of the city long after all memory of them had gone: they built the wall. That for a portion of this time London was a city of ruins, devastated by foes and deserted by the people, had been sedulously taught; in black ashes deep below the street levels was seen the work of torch and flame. Now opinion has veered to the opposite pole. A new school of London historians has arisen, by whom the comparative study of customs and fragmentary allusions in sagas and folk-lore have been taken to indicate practically continuous occupation, and we are asked to regard London as the oldest kingdom in England, if there can be a kingdom without a crowned king; indeed, mention is found in one or two places of "the King of London." Edmund Ironsides was at his accession king of no more.

The facts, so far as they can be gathered up, indicate that the Roman city of London exercised authority over a considerable territorium around.

Afterwards came invaders from other lands—Saxons and Danes. They settled about London, encroaching almost to the shadow of its walls. They maintained their tribal customs. London, whatever its position of independence or dependence, shrank into greater insignificance. A Danish colony became established at St. Clement Danes, whereabouts Temple Bar

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[1] As late as 1766 the City Commissioners of Sewers applied to Parliament for leave to break down the remaining ancient wall; they said it was detrimental to the health of the City by obstructing the free passage of air.

[2] This may be inspected by the public on postal application to the Secretary, General Post Office.

was afterwards raised. A legend connects Harold Harefoot with Hereflete Inn, on the present site of Chancery Lane, but is too vague to be of historical value. We hear of these foreigners holding London itself only at a comparatively late date. At some time unknown the walled city of London acknowledged its jurisdiction to be confined within the area bounded by the present Liberties.

Into the many debatable questions to which these matters give rise there is no present need to enter. The one outstanding fact wherein the Liberty is concerned is that no satisfactory evidence is forthcoming that the inhabited city, self-governed and self-contained, overran its western wall before Norman times, or that Fleet Street itself, the City highway, came into existence before the twelfth century had drawn to a close.

Fabyan, the mediæval chronicler, writing of the fire which destroyed the city in the reign of Ethelred (981 A.D.), it is true gives an entirely unexpected presentation of London at that era. "Ye shall understande (says he) that this daye the cytie of London had most housynge and buyldinge from Ludgate towards Westmynstre, and lytell or none wher the chief or hart of the citie is now, except in dyvers places were housyng, but they stod without order." This has been very frequently quoted. Fabyan was not a contemporary, but a worthy alderman of Farringdon Without, who wrote late in the fifteenth century. His annals start from the fabulous years of King Brut.

No doubt in assigning so late a date for Fleet Street I am in conflict with many authorities. It might assist if we knew the time at which Ludgate was made in the City wall, but that, unfortunately, it is impossible to determine. There used to be less hesitation. The reconstructors of Roman London drew Ludgate in the wall with firm, strong strokes, and Roman Fleet Street as its approach. Nowadays the best authorities are content, where suggesting it, to do so in broken lines, indicating doubts, for Roman Ludgate has not been found, and even the direction taken by the wall down to the Thames bank is in dispute. I am frankly heterodox: there are no burials across the Fleet to give the line of a Roman highway: I have not been persuaded what military purpose Lud Gate would then have served, with the deep valley of the Fleet

immediately below, and an undrained marsh : but it is right to say that students of Roman London, whose opinions deserve more respect than my own, accept this opening in the western wall. It does not greatly matter. Newgate had been three times built, and in Ludgate we certainly have not a Roman name.

The story of its creation by King Lud, sixty-six years before the birth of Christ, only provokes an incredulous smile, the wall itself being four centuries later. The story must have been very real to our forefathers for a good many generations, for statues of the mythical king and of his sons Androgeus and Theomantus—in Roman dress, too !—adorned the gate until the day of its destruction in the eighteenth century. Spenser has lent the glamour of his verse to the legend—

> Even thrise eleven descents the crowne retaynd
> Till aged Hely by dew heritage it gaynd.
>
> He had two sonnes, whose eldest, called Lud,
> Left of his life most famous memory,
> And endlesse moniments of his great good ;
> The ruin'd wals he did reaedifye
> Of Troynovant,[1] 'gainst force of enimy,
> And built that gate which of his name is hight,
> By which he lyes entombed solemnly.

Lud, says that excellent chronicler, Geoffrey of Monmouth, descended through Brutus, a descendant of Æneas the son of Venus. " He became famous for the building of cities, and especially for rebuilding the walls of London (Trinovantum), which he also surrounded with innumerable towers. He likewise commanded the citizens to build houses in it, so that no city in all foreign countries to a great distance around could show more beautiful palaces. He was withal a warlike man, and very magnificent in his feasts and entertainments, and though he had many other cities yet he loved this above them all, and resided in it for the greater part of the whole year ; for which reason it was called Kaerlud, and after that, by corruption of the name, Kaerlondon."

A pretty fancy, but circumstances compel the sober historian

---

[1] New Troy, the name given to the London of fable. The lines are from *The Faerie Queene*, Book II, canto 10, v. 46.

to transfix King Lud with his pen ; there was no King Lud, and any derivations from his name are erroneous.[1]

Ludgate is not the earliest of the City gates, but with much probability stands among the latest. The western entrance of the walled city was for many centuries at Newgate, the Fleet being crossed at Holborn Hill, and the site of the Roman gate in the wall, somewhat to the south of the later Newgate, was ascertained with great accuracy when Dance's gruesome prison was pulled down in 1903, and deep excavations made for the existing buildings of the Central Criminal Court. In the Roman masonry, buried and preserved by the rise of the town's level in succeeding generations, were discovered the foundations of the ancient gate.

It being contrary to Roman law to bury the dead within a fortified city, a few remains of the period west of the wall were to be expected. They have been found between the wall and the Fleet River bank, and one only I will mention here. On Ludgate Hill, while digging the foundations for St. Martin's Church, below the débris caused by the Great Fire of London, Wren came upon a Roman sepulchral stone bearing the figure of a soldier, one hand grasping a sword. The inscription is interesting. Translated it reads : "To the Departed Spirits. To Vivius Marcianus, soldier of the Second Augustan Legion, Januaria Martina, his most dutiful wife, raised this memorial." This is now among the Arundel Marbles at Oxford.

The Fleet mud has yielded up many fragmentary articles, Roman and other, that had fallen or been cast into the stream ; but of Roman relics there is nothing substantial along the line of Fleet Street down to the Fleet bank.[2]

Life there certainly was on this very spot long before the historic ages—the life of creatures remote and uncouth, such

---

[1] I find the following note pencilled in my copy of Professor Lethaby's *London Before the Conquest*, but cannot say by whom written : "Ludd was the god of the Sea and Nudd of the Night. Nursemaids still say to a sleepy child that it is 'going to the Land of Nod,' *i.e.*, into the realm of the Night king. Nudd, as personified by the setting sun, was worshipped on Nod's hill, Wandsworth, and Ludd at Laddghat = a water slope or landing place."

[2] The exhaustive list of Roman antiquities in the *Victoria History of London*, vol. 1, mentions only a vase from the Temple, a clay lamp from Clifford's Inn, and some fragments of pottery discovered in 1843 at the south end of Shoe Lane.

as the woolly rhinoceros, the mammoth, and the reindeer, whose bones were dug out of what had been the Thames bed during deep excavations in 1903 at the printing offices of *Lloyd's Newspaper* in Salisbury Square.[1]

There remains for mention the Roman bath beyond St. Clement Danes, a relic that should be greatly treasured, but known, one fears, to very few Londoners. It is on the left-hand side of Strand Lane, a narrow court leading to the Thames, between the two churches isolated amid the traffic in mid-Strand. A spring of beautifully clear, cool water still flows into the basin. All that survives is a portion of what was evidently a large bath, probably attached to the residence of some powerful noble, who chose this pleasant spot overlooking the broad river for a retreat in days when the Roman dominion made rural life secure.

If a suggestion made by Mr. C. Roach Smith may be accepted, Roman gaiety disported itself where afterwards stood the Fleet Prison, of so many sad memories, close to Ludgate Hill. The large level space occupied by that notorious gaol, and now partly covered by the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, has on three sides ground sharply rising to the Old Bailey. In its contour he believed that he recognised the formation of a Roman amphitheatre, the bank having been cut into, that seats for spectators might be extended along the artificial slope, and here took place those gladiatorial displays and bloody combats in which our earliest conquerors delighted.[2] Many Roman theatres in France and elsewhere—Treves is a notable example—are built into a hill, as the rising ground gave facilities for easy construction. The theory, however, is more ingenious than convincing.

No trace of Danish ascendancy exists in this outer space of western London except in the name given to the parish and Church of St. Clement Danes, and that lies beyond the Liberty. Nor has the almost remorseless excavation carried out

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[1] These prehistoric remains of Fleet Street were presented by Mr. Frank Lloyd to the British Museum, South Kensington, where they are exhibited.

[2] Trans. Lond. and Midd. Arch. Soc., i, 33. Sir Laurence Gomme (*The Governance of London*, p. 93) has suggested the old Bear Garden at Southwark, where a few years ago some gladiators' tridents were excavated, as the site of a Roman amphitheatre,

brought to light relics of Anglo-Saxon occupation. The national collections at the British Museum contain a viking sword recovered from the Thames off the Temple; a viking sword of another type, said to have been found about 1846 in the tomb of an Earl of Pembroke (early thirteenth century) in the Temple Church, but with much more probability, as its condition testifies, also taken from the Thames; the handle of a State sword, apparently of ninth-century craftsmanship, silver and partly gilt and engraved—a gorgeous thing—buried and recovered when digging deep in Fetter Lane.[1] Best of all, between western Fleet Street and the Thames there was made the richest find of Anglo-Saxon coins ever chanced upon, probably deposited about 841 A.D. or 842 A.D. The hoard contained no fewer than 241 coins; three types of Æthelstan I of East Anglia hitherto unknown, rare coins of Eadbert II of Kent, no fewer than nine specimens of Baldred's money, others of Æthelwulf, Cuthred, and Offa, King of Mercia[2]—things to set the heart of a numismatist beating fast.

None of these indicates residence; but the hoard of coins and sword-hilt suggest rather a place of burial sufficiently remote from the city to have rendered disturbance unlikely.

Whatever of Saxon London outlived the Norman Conquest was destroyed in the fire that consumed the city in 1135, the first year of King Stephen's reign. It is recorded in the City's *Liber Albus* that the fire burnt from London Bridge to St. Clement Danes; and this, if not merely a phrase intended to convey an impression of the completeness of the catastrophe, suggests the belief at the time the book was compiled in 1419, that a continuous line of buildings had extended thus early beyond the wall. I have set out reasons in the pages following for doubting that such was the case. Our first chroniclers were desperately anxious to endow London with at least as great antiquity and importance as Imperial Rome, and around its origin a wealth of legend has grown. There is, however, much likelihood that a Saxon name has been preserved in Ludgate. It has been given many derivations.

King Lud may at once be ruled out.

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[1] These are figured in illustration of Mr. R. A. Smith's article on Anglo-Saxon remains in the *Victoria History of London*, vol. 1.

[2] R. A. Smith, as above. The hoard is described by H. A. Grueber, *Numismatic Chronicle, 3rd Ser. xiv.* 29.

Dr. Edwin Freshfield supposed the "Lud" to be derived from *lode*, a cut or drain into a larger stream: the little Fleet River flowing into the Thames.

The Rev. W. J. Loftie and others have claimed the word as Anglo-Saxon, properly *hlidgeāt* or *hlydgeāt*, denoting a postern which separated the city from the fields beyond.[1]

The last is the origin of Ludgate now generally accepted.

To avoid misconception, it may be well to place emphasis on the fact that a considerable tract of land lay between the western wall of the city and this tributary stream. Its importance in the first development of London beyond the wall I come to later. Ludgate did not stand at Ludgate Circus. A people skilled in military science, as were the Romans, might have chosen from many alternatives in aligning their wall, but would never have placed it at the bottom of the hill. It ran along the crest, directly south from Newgate to the Thames, crossing Ludgate Hill so as just to enclose the site of Wren's St. Martin's Church, and leaving the whole length of the Old Bailey and all below it without the wall, on the falling ground. Fleet Street as now known, with the adjacent lands, was doubly isolated from the city, first by the wall, then by the stream.

A date for historic Ludgate, as has been said, cannot be assigned. If one may hazard a conjecture—doubtless a foolish thing to do—it may possibly have been in the time of Alfred, who, after his conquest of the Danes in 866 A.D., "restored London"—that is to say, restored its walls and military defences.[2] If Ludgate be *hlydgeāt*, a Saxon postern, the first gate was probably a narrow, well-guarded exit from the walled city, which gave access to the harborage for boats afforded by the Fleet River. The larger Lud Gate and the bridging of the Fleet may well have followed three centuries or more later. Two twelfth century references seem to point to this all-important bridge, but unfortunately neither is conclusive.

King Richard the First in 1197 granted to certain persons

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[1] Bosworth (*Compendius Anglo-Saxon and English Dictionary*) gives the form *ludgeāt*, a postern gate, which is still nearer.

[2] Anglo-Saxon Chronicle (*gesette Lundun burg*). The reading of this passage is disputed.

the custody of his gaol of Fleet Bridge (*Gaiolæ de Ponte de Fliete.*)[1] Earlier King Henry the Second, some time before 1162, made a grant to the Knights Templars of a messuage by Fleet Bridge.[2] It has been pointed out that this might apply to Holborn Bridge, which was, in fact, nearer to the Templars when, in Henry the Second's reign, they were settled in the Old Temple off Chancery Lane, or it might apply to the Fleet Street bridge.

I think there is reason to conjecture that the first Fleet Bridge was made for the King's prison, and not for the City street. Early in the reign of Edward the Second the upkeep of the bridge—or of a bridge—was a joint charge of the King and the City. A jury of thirteen was sworn in 1307 to hold an inquisition to decide who should repair the broken pavement of Fleet Bridge. "They say on oath that the Warden of Fleet prison will repair and construct the woodwork of the bridge, and the Sheriffs of London will pave the bridge."[3] The matter is, however, entangled by the fact that in the fourteenth century there was both a bridge carrying the street, and a second bridge against the Fleet Prison; the latter is clearly referred to in a close writ of Edward the Third to the Mayor and Sheriffs, bidding them erect a support for the King's bridge over Flete ditch towards "Secolelane" for the use of the public, as in duty bound.[4]

Some writers have assumed a greater antiquity for Fleet Street than I am able to discover because it lay along the natural highway to Westminster.

The great ecclesiastical parishes of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and St. Dunstan's, Stepney, stretched up to London

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[1] Mag. Rot. 9th Richard I, Rot. 2a., Lond. and Midd.

[2] The grant is printed in Dugdale, *Monasticon Anglicanum*, Ed. 1846, vi, 818. Miss Reddan has shown (*Victoria History of London*, i, 485) that the chancellor's presence as one of the witnesses proves that it was made before 1162.

[3] Letter Book C., Cal. p. 240. The Letter Books are at Guildhall, and references here given are to Dr. Sharpe's calendars.

[4] The writ bears date the 8th Aug., 1356. Two days later the inquisition was held, and returned "that the Commonalty of the City ought to make a support for the King's bridge over the said ditch, namely, towards Secollane," and that the King ought to make the bridge and support towards Fletebrigge, and that there was a public way over the bridge. The King sent back his writ, insisting upon compliance under penalty of £10. (Letter Book G., Cal., p. 65.)

on the west and east. King Edgar's charter (for what it is worth) endowing Westminster Abbey with the manor of St. Margaret's contains no reference to either of the Fleet Street parishes of St. Dunstan's or St. Bride's. Probably they did not exist—in the case of St. Dunstan's that seems certain, for Dunstan, Edgar's saintly statesman-priest, was himself alive. The document is attributed by Kemble to the year 971 A.D.[1] But the charter does mention St. Andrew's, Holborn ; an indication of a church and some kind of occupancy or settlement effected nearer the ford or bridge over the Fleet and the ancient entrance to the city at Newgate. The eastern boundary of the manor, which was at the Fleet, is not mentioned under that name, but as " London Fen."

The term admirably describes the marsh which spread along the Thames bank and the course of the Fleet to Holborn. Its extent, however, may be easily exaggerated.

I cannot follow the late Rev. E. C. Hawkins, for so many years the greatly beloved Vicar of St. Bride's, where in his little monograph on the parish he says, " a great swamp extended down to the river from the Temple Bar to Lud Gate, as far north as Holborn Viaduct."[2] That surely appeals rather to the geological than the historical sense. St. Bride's Church, says Mr. Hawkins, dedicated to a Danish saint and near by St. Clement Danes, " cannot be ascribed to the period of Danish ascendancy, as the land it stands on was then under water." This last sentence contains two statements, both of which may be challenged. The dedication to a Danish saint, if correct (and that is questionable), would make the long reign of Canute (died 1035) probable, as it is unlikely that the church would be so dedicated at a later date. As for the land being submerged, Mr. Hawkins takes no account of the fact that on lower ground still nearer the Thames a fortification of some sort existed at Bridewell before the Norman Conquest.

Nor to my mind does Mr. Loftie carry conviction. He plots the beginnings of Fleet Street thus :—Before the twelfth

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[1] *Codex Diplomaticus*. The extant charter is dated 951 A.D., and has other anachronisms besides a date before that at which Edgar ascended the throne. It has been thought by some to be a copy, but is generally believed to be a monkish forgery, though the document is a very early one, and as such possesses some value.

[2] " The Church and Parish of Saint Bride, Fleet Street," p. 1.

century the fen began to dry up. A piece of foreshore extending from the river half-way up the slope towards what is now Temple Bar began to appear. The City took possession of it, opened the "Lud Gate," and eventually made a bridge to reach it. The Abbot of Westminster naturally objected. A compromise left the Abbot the advowson of the new church of St. Bride's, but gave up the new colony otherwise to the City.[1] I do not know on what basis this structure rests. It is likely that the City held authority over the terrain long before this time, it being ground from which the wall would have been accessible or liable to hostile attack.

Let us glance (with a translation) into the Domesday Book. The ancient volume—one of the two—lies open in its glass case in the Public Record Office in Chancery Lane, for anyone to see merely at the trouble of writing his name, and in consequence no Londoner knows it. Curious one day, I made a census of some thirty members of my own profession whose work brought them daily within one hundred yards of Chancery Lane, and found that no one of them had ever seen this greatest of our historical documents. Visitors to the Public Record Museum (admission free) average about four a day, of whom in summer three are Americans.

Unluckily for its historians, London is not included in the Domesday survey. This does, however, give the suburbs in the shire; and therein the manor of St. Margaret's, Westminster, which extended to the Fleet River and the Thames, is described as containing thirteen hides and a half of land. It had cottagers and cattle, hogs, meadow and woodland. But the wide demesne, which stretched to Kensington on the west and Kilburn on the north, is returned as having only "twenty-five houses of the Abbot's knights and of other men, who render eight shillings yearly." That does not suggest that Fleet Street had been built by the end of the eleventh century.

Bainiard, says the Domesday Book, held three hides of the Abbot. If this be the Norman baron who built Baynard's Castle within the wall, it is probable that in him is found the first owner of Fleet Street. His three hides—about 225 acres—would presumably be the land nearest his castle, extending across the Fleet. The identification would be closer if any

[1] Rev. W. J. Loftie, *History of London*, ii, 70.

further mention of Baynard in connection with the street were discoverable, but there is none.

Looking at all the scanty material available, I am disposed to think that the idea that the birth of Fleet Street is to be found in the upraising of the Thames marsh and mud is altogether illusory. The street is much later. Allowing for superficial deposits, the levels indicate that, except about Ludgate Circus, the marsh can have had little effect on the street, the line of which is well above it. The City, in exercising its authority beyond the walls to Temple Bar, only took the obvious course of following, not changes on the land surface, but the settlement of the citizens; and it is, perhaps, not without significance that quite early in the history of the suburb an established trade, that of the cappers, or cap-makers, is already found settled in Fleet Street.

Outside the wall of London was the church of St. Andrew's, Holborn, in King Edgar's day; "the old stoccene of St. Andrew's Church"—old in that day!—is one of the boundaries given by his reputed charter already referred to. There was also a very early street, the importance of which cannot be overlooked. Shoe Lane is as old as Fleet Street itself, perhaps much older. Passing at the foot of the church wall, it ran down to Bridewell, forming the route of communication between the fortification established there in Anglo-Saxon times and the entrance to the walled city at Newgate. Shoe Lane still emerges by Holborn Hill close to the spot where either a ford or bridge crossed the Fleet River, and though much altered midway by the cutting out of St. Bride Street, at its Fleet Street end retains its mediæval narrowness—for the width between the kerbs cannot be more than seven feet, and the attenuated footway is sufficiently described by Euclid's definition of a line, "length without breadth."

Shoe Lane is mentioned as "Vicus de Solande" in the time of King John.[1] The name may be traced through Scholond, or Scholonde, to Scholane in the thirteenth century.[2] Near by was the Show-well—which perhaps explains the origin—a spring of water that was specially protected when the Dominican Friars, by successive gifts or purchases of land,

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[1] Cotton MS. Faust, B. II, f 83 vo.
[2] Sharpe, Husting Wills, i, 12.

extended their first London settlement between Holborn and Shoe Lane.[1]

Farther south than St. Andrew's, but still on the high ground, the Knights Templars were settled opposite Lincoln's Inn about 1128. The origin of St. Clement Danes is lost in antiquity; but a church and, with so much certainty as can be expected in these matters, a settlement also, were there before the Norman Conquest.[2] Bearing in mind that the western highway into London was by the line of Holborn, entering the City at Newgate, and this was the disposition of the dwellings towards the Thames, the conclusion seems to be irresistible that some subsidiary means of communication with the walled city was necessary.

I conceive that it was found in a rural path, or common way, of very early date, which ran above the shelving river bank long before the erection of houses first gives us any title to call it Fleet Street. The way communicated with St. Clement Danes. Then, with a branch northward at the ancient Via de Aldwych, it may have followed the line of the Strand south of what afterwards became the convent garden of Westminster—the present Covent Garden—and so approached the Abbey. The land between the path and the Thames has no early history. It is not known by what means, or from whom, the Knights Templars acquired their Thames-side estate late in the twelfth century.

In order to solve the riddle of this western approach, let us go east. There is surviving to-day in the East End of London what I imagine the common way hereabouts to have been before the houses came. Whitechapel High Street is so broad and capacious that, with all its tide of traffic, an open hay and straw market is still held each week down its centre, the carts congregating together as has been the custom from time immemorial. The common way itself can never have been one-fifth of this width, but there were large wastes, or pasturage, on each side, and these wastes remained unappropriated, and in course of time were thrown into the road. The name

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[1] *Reliquary*, xvii, 36 *et seq.*

[2] William the First's charter of 1067 to Westminster Abbey charges Hamo, his steward, with having unjustly seized the church of St. Clement Danes, which the Conqueror had himself caused to be restored. See Sir Henry Ellis, *Domesday Book*, ii, 143.

itself comes down in Mile End Waste, which only in 1910 was converted by the Stepney Borough Council into a public garden.

In the case of Fleet Street, however, the land was seized upon, and in consequence there is no magnificent approach to the City from the west, as from the east. I think there is reason, from the manner in which the suburb developed, to fear that the churchmen were the original despoilers of the side wastes. With the first peculations, or grants, whichever they were, the opportunity of a grand western boulevard near the river disappeared for ever. The circumstances widely differed at the two ends of the town. In the east was open country beyond Aldgate, with only St. Katherine's Hospital, by the waterside, to break the view. There were no large foundations like Bridewell, the Temple, and afterwards the convent of the Carmelite Friars, to afford protection and at the same time give an incentive to residents to settle outside the walls.

This comparison must not be pushed too far, for the road through Ludgate via Fleet Street and beyond was not a great highway into London, as was the eastern road. The disposition of those great houses mentioned does, however, afford some evidence in support of the view here put forward of the origin of the street. Note first the Temple, which to-day has two gates on the street. In 1337 William de Langeford, chief servitor of the Knights Hospitallers, who then held possession under the Crown, had eight shops, seven in Fleet Street and one outside Temple Bar. The old gate of the Temple was then, not upon, but "towards the King's highway."[1] The Fleet Street frontage has never formed part of the Temple precinct. The omission, no doubt, is keenly regretted by the Templars' successors, the lawyers.

Bridewell does not extend into Fleet Street, nor has it ever done so. Its enlargement to the line of Bride Lane dated only from King Henry the Eighth. The Bishop of St. David's had the frontage there for his town hostel at an early date. Note, again, that the Fleet Street frontage formed no part

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[1] Close Roll, 11th Edward the Third. The texts of the inquisitions of 1336 and 1337, with other documents of title of the Temple, are printed by Mr. Arthur Ingpen, K.C., in his edition of *Master Worsley's Book*, 1910.

of the original settlement at Whitefriars of the Carmelites. The Boar's Head and the Bolt-in-Tun were grants to the friars in the fifteenth century.

It would seem that the earliest settlements hereabouts stood back from the track towards the Thames, which was the real highway of London's communication, and only as the houses of the town crept up to them, built first upon only one side, was the rural path, converted into Fleet Bridge Street, afterwards Fleet Street. In like manner the sites of Burleigh House and the earlier buildings first erected on the north side of the Strand were probably grants of the waste taken from the sides of the common way when a regular road began to be formed along the Strand about 1350.[1]

Fleet Street, the City highway as known to-day, is then thirteenth century, contemporaneous with its dawn, when the Knights Templars had settled down upon the wide estate of which they had become possessed on the Thames bank.

London's traffic now roars along the quiet rural path where, so many centuries ago, the grass grew undisturbed and the wild flowers bloomed and perished—a curious, far-off vista it seems. Let us leave it for a moment to take note of various signs of activity on the eastern bank of the Fleet, foretelling the outgrowth of the city beyond the wall at Ludgate.

The Normans had arrived. Montfichet's Tower stood either upon or just within London wall, built by a knight who came over with the Conqueror, and bearing his name, before Gundulf, a monk of Bec, had begun the construction of the formidable White Tower that ever since has guarded the river approach. Baynard's Castle was just beyond—not the imposing fortress of Shakespeare's plays, wherein Richard the Third accepted the English Crown, but a predecessor. Together they must have given an appearance of defensive strength to this western extremity of the city.

Over Ludgate, the great cathedral dedicated to St. Paul began slowly to rise, though it was not completed and the masons withdrawn until a century and a half later, leaving the

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[1] There were houses in "a street called the Straunde," by Thames side, without the walls of London, as early as 1246 (Charter Rolls, 30th Henry III, m 9).

steeple—one of the world's wonders throughout the mediæval ages—towering into the skies no less than 124 feet higher than the present golden cross.

The King's prison of the Fleet was placed outside the wall at a very early date. In those rude times from a palace to a prison was for many but a short step, and the custody of both was, in this instance, vested in the same person, who held also the manor of Leveland, in Kent. King Richard the First, in the ninth year of his reign, confirmed the grant to Nathaniel de Leveland and his son Robert of the custody of the King's Houses at Westminster, with the keeping of his gaol of Fleet Bridge, " which had been their inheritance ever since the Conquest of England "[1]—an indication of the earliest date we have for this building, which as a State prison and a receptacle of the victims of the Star Chamber, and afterwards a place of immurement for debtors, had such a long and sad history. Probably it was a rude stone structure, wearing the appearance of a castle rather than a gaol. In Edward the Third's reign it was surrounded by a moat or fosse, " for the safety of the said prison lately made."[2]

By the foot of the prison the Fleet River flowed down to the Thames. London's " silent highway " was then, and for many centuries thereafter, a much more intimate neighbour of Fleet Street than it is in its present distant and restricted channel. Above the opposite bank of the Fleet, but nearer the Thames, was built the first church of St. Bride's. " Of olde time a small thing, which now remaineth to be the quire," says John Stow, writing in Queen Elizabeth's day. The date of its foundation is lost.

I have no gift in hagiology, and timidly enter into controversy about the particular St. Bridget, or St. Bride, to whom the church is dedicated. But why have a dozen writers assumed her to have been a Danish saint ? It has led to theories of the antiquity of the parish which rest upon most unsubstantial foundations. Mr. Hawkins, among them, gives a curiously confused account of this " Danish " lady, who, he records, is said to have lived part of her life at Glastonbury, and was buried in County Down with St. Patrick and St.

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[1] Mag. Rot. 9th Richard I, Rot. 2a., Lond. and Midd. before cited.
[2] Letter Book G. Riley's *Memorials*, p. 279.

Columbo. Then he goes on to mention the undying fire at her tomb, cherished by vestal virgins, which makes it plain that he has in mind no Danish lady at all, but a very well-known saint indeed—Bridget, Abbess of Kildare in the sixth century.

The story of the undying fire is so charming that it must be told in the words of Giraldus :

> In Kildare of Leinster, which the glorious Bridget made illustrious, there are many wonders worthy of mention. Foremost among these is the Fire of Bridget, which they call inextinguishable ; not that it cannot be extinguished, but because the nuns and holy women so anxiously and accurately cherish and nurse the fire, that during so many centuries from the time of the Virgin it has ever remained inextinguished, and the ashes have never accumulated, although in so long a time so vast a pile of wood hath here been consumed. Whereas in the time of Bridget twenty nuns here served the Lord, she herself being the twentieth, there have been only nineteen from the time of her glorious departure, and they have not added to their number. But as each nun in her turn tends the fire for one night, when the twentieth night comes, the last virgin, having placed the wood ready, saith, " Bridget, tend that fire of thine, for this is thy night." And the fire being so left, in the morning they find it inextinguished, and the fuel consumed in the usual way. That fire is surrounded by a circular hedge of bushes, within which a male does not enter ; and if he should presume to enter, as some rash men have attempted, he does not escape divine vengeance.

No one knows the particular St. Bridget to whom the unknown founders of St. Bride's Church dedicated the structure they had raised, though some of that name, such as St. Bridget of Sweden, canonised in 1373, and founder of the Bridgittines, are ruled out by date. The fame of the holy Abbess of Kildare spread far beyond Ireland ; she held a peculiar place in the popular imagination, and I know no adequate reason to despoil her of the honour of this dedication. St. Bridget of Kildare it was who hung her cloak upon a sunbeam. Dunstan, the other patron saint of Fleet Street, performed a miracle of like nature, yet more remarkable, for his chasuble hung self-suspended in the air, without so much as a sunbeam for a peg.

A tooth of St. Bridget and the stole, gloves, and comb of St. Dunstan were holy relics of the City church of St. Margaret, New Fish Street.

Henry of London, Archbishop of Dublin in the twelfth century, quenched the fire, but it was relit, and continued burning until the suppression of the monasteries. Austere

historians who sneer at the worthy Giraldus for too readily accepting the stories of Irish ecclesiastics, admit so much. Adjoining the church at Kildare you are shown to-day the " fire-house " where St. Bridget is said to have lit the sacred flame, but it is a stone cellar.

There is no authentic mention of St. Bride's Church in Fleet Street earlier than a decree of the Archbishop of Canterbury in 1222, in which year an ecclesiastical franchise dispute between the Abbot of Westminster and the See of London was at length settled, and the boundary of the former's jurisdiction drawn back to the Strand. An interesting survival of its ancient dependence on the mother church of St. Margaret's is to be found in the fact that the presentation to St. Bride's, a City church, is still in the gift of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster.

These, leaving Bridewell and the Temple Round to be dealt with later, are the few buildings of which record survives when the twelfth century came to a close; all of them important, and serving some public purpose.

I suspect there were others, half-concealed in the shadow cast by the wall or down by the Fleet marshes, mere squalid huts, shaken by every gale that blew and inundated by floods, wherein crouched some miserable creatures sickening from disease and want, for the weak and shiftless were always the first to be thrust beyond the city. But speculation is useless. The outcasts have no chronicler, and only when the friars came to labour amongst them is a ray of light thrown upon their sufferings. As civic government developed, signs multiply of a cleavage between city and suburb. Lepers, public women, and keepers of brothels were compelled by the mediæval city to reside outside the walls. There are regulations by Edward the First for keeping clear the streets and Thames-side lanes that do not apply beyond the walls.

Late in the twelfth century there happened a migration, important to Fleet Street's story. The Knights Templars, its first residents of whom there are authentic records, moved down from their settlement near Holborn to the bank which shelved towards the Thames, and in place of vague uncertainty historical Fleet Street comes into being. It is in keeping with the character that the suburb came to assume, when throughout the mediæval era it was dominated by the possessions

and wealth of the religious Orders, that the first scene we are able to picture in it should be that of an ecclesiastical procession. Geoffrey, Archbishop of York, when visiting London in 1192, lodged at the New Temple, and setting out thence to Westminster, had his cross borne erect before him. London was not his province, and complaint being made, King Richard the First suspended the divine offices and bell-ringing in the Temple until such time as his Grace of York ceased to violate the rights of Canterbury.[1]

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[1] Gesta Henry II, and Richard I (Rolls Series), ii, 238.

CHAPTER II

THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS

In the fall of the Templars the Pope and the Church set the first great example of the suppression of a religious order to kings, who before long bettered the precedent given them. It was a lurid commentary on the practical working of the ecclesiastical system that the business of condemning an innocent order first brought into England the Papal inquisitor and the use of torture.—Professor Tout, *Political History of England.*

London possesses in the Temple Church the most substantial relic in England of the warrior monks, left by the ebb-tide of history in the safe keeping—and none is safer—of the lawyers. It is of two periods, and at its door is a fragment of a third. A vaulted porch gives shelter and entrance, and this is a somewhat puzzling feature until it is realised that it forms no part of the church fabric, but belongs to the ancient cloister. That it has survived where so much else has been destroyed is due to vandals of the eighteenth century, who built a dwelling house over the porch, and placed a shop within it.

The Round, dedicated in the year 1185 to the honour of God and the Virgin, is assuredly one of the most beautiful church interiors extant. In this charmed circle is witchery that drives away all thoughts of the modern city. You are is back in times when the strong grasp of the Normans, so impressively symbolised in their architecture, is still felt, but is being relaxed. The clustering pillars of Purbeck marble and deeply cut mouldings of the pointed arches bespeak a period of transition. Not here are those semicircles of crushing weight, and plain, heavy pillars and studied absence of ornament—ferocity in stone, as it has seemed to me—which oppress the visitor to the Norman chapel of St. John's within the Tower of London, or in a less degree in the splendid fragment of St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield.

The Oblong, or choir, is of somewhat later date—1240—and in its lighter construction carries farther the idea of the awakening of a gladder national life after the Norman oppression. It is pure Early English, and the combination of the two churches into one harmonious whole is a stroke of genius on the part of the unknown architect. Dr. Woods, the Master

of the Temple, has well said, "It might have been a failure had there been any violence in contrast. As it is, we feel that we are only moving one step forward in the evolution of church building. The general effect of the columns and arches is the same throughout, and the view from either of the churches into the other pleases the eye."

Lighted by fifteen windows, seven of which are in the clerestory, the Temple Round lacks altogether the gloom associated with so many of our earliest churches. Looking through into the choir, the illumination there is no doubt richer, owing to the stained glass which has been freely used. Shafts of yellow sunlight fall upon the effigies of warriors long since sleeping their last sleep, and the shadows give form to the carvings on pillar and capital and groining. It is a quiet, restful spot amidst the throbbing City. Along the wall of the ambulatory runs a low stone bench, with a shallow arcading above. Thereon the visitor of to-day will sit and muse, peopling the place, it may be, with the ghosts of Knights Templars, to the tread of whose mailed feet these pavements rang.

I am concerned more with the life that has been lived in and about Fleet Street for seven centuries than with its monuments. Many books have been written upon the Temple Church, and adequately to describe its glories would be an impossible task within the limits of these pages. That has been well done by others. A good deal is here, however, to assist in picturing the times of the Templars, and that extraordinary spirit of religious fervour which brought about the Crusades. The portrait effigies that lie recumbent upon the floor show us the men and the costume of the day, but they do not wear the distinctive habit of the Knights Templars.

Sir Geoffrey de Magnaville, Earl of Essex, lies in effigy; the actual site of interment is unknown. He is the earliest identified among this silent company, clad in hauberk and surcoat, and helmet and continuous suit of mail. The Earl has his legs crossed,[1] but his tempestuous life was not closed

[1] Modern criticism has dealt destructively with the time-honoured tradition that the crossed legs indicate a crusader, and the position of the crossing the number of crusades in which the warrior commemorated had taken part.

by blows received from the Saracen, for he fell, mortally wounded by an arrow, while laying siege to Burwell Castle, in Cambridgeshire, in 1141. He died excommunicate, and the Templars are said to have swung his body in a lead coffin upon a tree in the Old Temple orchard until absolution had been obtained from the Pope, and afterwards brought him for final burial to their new quarters.

In all there are nine effigies of knights. The key to identity, where established, is derived from armorial bearings carved on the shields. In four instances the shields are plain, and the figures are labelled merely "A Knight," or "A Knight Crusader." Of the others represented—with some element of uncertainty—the greatest is William Mareschel the Elder, Earl of Pembroke (died 1219), guardian of King Henry the Third in his boyhood. Dr. Vaughan, at the seven hundredth anniversary of the church's consecration, recalled the age, and that moving scene at the burial—

> When the round church, glittering in its first whiteness, was the whole of the building; when the east end of the church stood where those arches now admit us into the real place of worship; when armed knights, with their white mantles and blood-red crosses, were the congregation; and when military priests, exempt from any control but that of the Order, were the officiating ministers—days when those cross-legged figures on the pavement were living and moving and acting men; or when, to take one particular day as our example—the Ascension Day of 1219—the great Earl of Pembroke, one of the noblest characters in history, negotiator of the great Charter itself between the King and his barons, and afterwards Protector of England during the long minority of that King's son, was carried up at last from his far-off castle to be buried in this new church of the New Temple, and King Henry the Third stood there, in that Round, and wept, as well a king might, over the most loyal of subjects, over the very foremost man of his age. He lies there, with two of his five sons at his feet, all by turns inheritors of his title, all dying within that one long reign, leaving no successor into the next.

The Earl's sons are William Mareschel the Younger (died 1231) and Gilbert Mareschel, the last named killed in a tournament at Ware in the year 1241, when he fell from his horse, the body being conveyed to London for interment in the Temple by the side of his father and brother.

The ninth figure, which lies apart from the rest by the south wall of the ambulatory, is proved to be that of a Lord de Ros by the three water-bougets (the family bearing) shown on the shield, and may safely be inferred to be that Robert

de Ros, surnamed Fursan, whose name occurs among the attesting signatures to the Great Charter of Henry the Third, and who died in 1227.[1]

Less familiar to visitors to the Temple Church is the bishop. His effigy needs some search, for the recess in the south wall of the Oblong in which he lies is screened from view by the stalls. A narrow footway behind them gives opportunity for inspection of this excellent piece of mediæval art, only to be seen darkly in the shadow. The bishop almost certainly is Sylvester de Everdon, diocesan of Carlisle, and sometime Chancellor of England, who was killed in 1255 by a fall from his horse. The sculptured figure wears mitre and full ecclesiastical vestments, the left hand holding the crozier, the right hand raised in the act of benediction.

Just a century ago the bishop's stone coffin was opened, and within was found his skeleton. A semicircular cavity fitted the head. At the feet were the bones of a child, reputed to be William Plantagenet, fifth son of King Henry the Third, who died in infancy, and was buried in the Temple Church in 1256. Fragments of the crozier, and of vestments interwoven with gold tissue, were seen, and the dust was carefully sifted in the hope that it contained an episcopal ring, but without result. The tomb had been rifled before. The disgust of the later antiquaries may be imagined.

In poverty the famous Order of the Knights Templars was founded. Like the friars who afterwards flocked into London, the brethren soon forgot the first of their vows. The migration from their earliest house, which stood in Chancery Lane by Holborn,[2] was significant of the change. Already, before the

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[1] George Worley, *The Temple Church*, p. 37.

[2] The Old Temple, founded about 1128, stood on the site afterwards occupied by the town house of the Earls of Southampton, and now covered by Southampton Buildings, in Chancery Lane. Ruins survived as late as Queen Elizabeth's reign, and foundations uncovered there in 1595, and again examined in 1704, showed traces of a church of the usual circular shape, which had been adopted by the Templars from the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. Late as 1883, when New Courts Chambers were extended into Southampton Buildings, other remains of the Templars were found, including two portions of ancient Norman walls of chalk and cement, and a quantity of human bones, doubtless those of Knights interred in their first burial ground.

twelfth century had closed, the Templars were numbered amongst the most powerful bodies in the land, second only to King and Church. Privilege and exemption from burdens had been showered upon them. Innocent III added enormously to the status of the Order by becoming himself a Templar. Owing direct allegiance to the Pope as their Bishop, the Templars claimed complete independence of all other episcopal rule. No brother might confess to an outside priest without special permission. Though poor as individuals, with community of property, a thousand means of aggrandisement brought money into their treasury.

On an extensive plot of land which they acquired by the Thames bank, the Knights Templars built an establishment worthy of the great prestige of their Order, and reflecting its wealth. It was for centuries thereafter called the New Temple, in distinction from its predecessor. The area is marked by the boundaries of the Inner, Middle, and Outer Temples. Apart from the church, little material is left with which to reconstruct its magnificence.

A fragment of the ancient cloister forms the church porch. As late as King Charles the Second, however, a considerable portion of the cloister extended south towards Inner Temple Hall, when, with some brick buildings erected above, it was destroyed by fire.

I am afraid that Inner Temple Hall attracts little attention nowadays. Wayfarers are apt to pass it by with a glance and a single thought—"Modern!"—to bestow all their admiration upon the glorious old hall of the Middle Temple, an example of Elizabethan craftsmanship which stands unrivalled, and is hallowed by associations with Shakespeare. But with what stood here Great Elizabeth herself is a modernity by comparison. The Inner Temple Hall, until rebuilt and opened in 1870 by Princess Louise (afterwards Duchess of Argyll) rested in part on the ancient foundations, and still preserved the stout walls of rubble and Kentish rag-stone built by the Templars, which had never been disturbed since the twelfth century.[1] It was their great hall, or refectory, long before the lawyers entered. If in all the wide area of the Temple

[1] Report and Observations of the Treasurer [Mr. Joseph Jekyll] on the late repairs and alterations of the Inner Temple Hall, 1816, MS.

a spot is looked for whereon its life centred, surely this is the one.

Where now the students of the Inner Temple eat their dinners, first step on the path to the Bar and the Woolsack, the Knights Templars entertained kings of the realm and visiting monarchs, and legates who came to England with the illimitable authority of the Pope.[1] Mathew Paris permits a glimpse of one of these great feasts, with their ostentatious display, the flambeaux darkly and smokily lighting the hall, the guests of honour at the high table, and mail-clad warriors around, the serving brethren passing in and out, and the walls hung with the shields of the Knights—the last a tradition still preserved in the custom by which each succeeding Treasurer of the Inn before admission to that office places his coat of arms on the wall.

Adjoining the hall are visible remains of the convent, but all concealed from exterior view. A Gothic arch of the same style as the oldest part of the Temple Church forms the roof of the present buttery. Beyond may be seen a vaulted ceiling of rare beauty, the ribs elegantly moulded. Beneath these apartments remains of walls of great thickness, an ancient window, and pointed arches suggest to the antiquary, imperfectly it must be, some idea of the strength of the great convent which gave shelter to hundreds of the brethren of the Temple, and was the headquarters of the Order in the English province. The Temple houses, when at a later date we first hear of them, like those in the street, were distinguished by signs, of which Le Olyvaunt, le Barentyne, and le Talbott are early examples. The first is no doubt the Elephant, a well-known sign ; the Talbot, a dog of the nature of a white bloodhound, was the crest of the Talbot family.

By the covered cloister referred to, the Templars had private access to the Church for the performance of their religious duties and their secret ceremonies of admitting novices to the vows. It led also to the cells of the serving brothers.

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[1] I here follow the tradition. It has recently been challenged by Mr. A. R. Ingpen, K.C., the learned editor of *Master Worsley's Book*, who thinks it probable that Inner Temple Hall is the successor of the "Hall of the Priests," of which there is contemporary mention, and that the Knights had a separate hall in line with Inner Temple Hall and that of Middle Temple, all vestiges of which have been destroyed.

Immediately south of the Round, with a connecting doorway and staircase, stood a chapel dedicated to Saint Ann, of which only the buried foundations survive (marked by seven large flat stones in the pavement) though it remained in use for storage of records until 1825. Somewhat later last century, near the bottom of Inner Temple Lane, an ancient wall of rag-stone, rubble, and chalk was disclosed,[1] exactly resembling the wall of the church, and apparently marking the extreme northern limit of the convent.

The site of other buildings cannot be determined with accuracy, but with accommodation for retainers and domestics, and stabling for horses, they must have occupied a considerable area. Alongside the river extended gardens and a spacious ground for the recreation of the brethren. Their burial plot was both north and south of the church. A mere fragment of this remains. Above the grass are eight stone coffins of contemporary date, which were discovered when the chambers and vestry that formerly stood here were taken down in 1861, and have not been disturbed. All are said to be empty. The feet point towards the east.

Large as it was, the precinct did not comprise the whole of the settlement. Across Fleet Street, on the northern side by Temple Bar, the Templars possessed a field known as Ficket's Croft, which was used for jousts and training and exercising their horses. The Law Courts, and what were their gardens, stand upon part of the site. On plots of land on either side of St. Dunstan's Church they set up armourers' forges. Their mills were along the course of the Fleet, near Blackfriars, and for turning the water-wheels Henry the Second granted the Templars the whole force of the stream. That King is also said to have given the church of St. Clement Danes to the Knights Templars.

Vaguely over the centuries comes an impression of the great settlement of the military monks on the Thames bank, when there can yet have been but few houses to break the expanse of the grass-grown fields. It was the antithesis of the ordinary monastery, wherein the recluse passed an uneventful life down to the grave, the antithesis, indeed, of the Temple to-day—for here was barbaric splendour and strenuous

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[1] *History of the Knights Templars*, Addison, 1847.

activity: the continual coming and going of knights bound on their way to Palestine, to guard the pilgrims along the road to the Holy Sepulchre, and fight the bloody fights waged with the infidel; the daily pursuit of military exercises, a constant state of preparation for war. The level fields near the waterside where now are the lawyers' trim gardens, have often resounded with the shock of the joust. London lay apart behind its defensive wall, with neither lot in, nor concern for, the religious house outside its gate.

I emphasise the isolation of the suburb from the guarded city because that isolation profoundly affected its character in these remote centuries. London found in a strong encircling wall its chief military defence. Each gate was held by men-at-arms, and on the summit sentries were posted "to look out afar," and watch who was approaching the city. After curfew the gates were barred and chained, and there was no communication till daybreak. There have fortunately been preserved the orders given to the warder of Ludgate in the year 1312 (6th Edward II) phrased so aptly to recall the hard conditions of the times that they read like a passage from Froissart—

To the Warder of the Gate of Ludegate.

Whereas it is ordained and assented to by the Mayor, Aldermen, and all the commonalty of London, that ward of the Gates of the said city shall be kept as well by day as by night; we do command you, on the King's behalf, strictly enjoining you, on peril of forfeiting as much as you may forfeit, that you, together with two men of the watch, well and fittingly armed, be at all hours of the day ready at the gate, within or without, down below, to make answer to such persons as shall come on great horses,[1] or with arms, to enter the city; and that you set a guard above the gate, upon the leads thereof, to look out afar, that so you may be the better warned when any men-at-arms approach the gate.

And if any do approach in manner aforesaid, then let the chain be drawn up without, and answer be given in this manner—

"Lordlings, the King has given charge to us that no person shall enter his city by force of arms, if he have not special warranty from him. Wherefore, Sirs, we pray you, that you will not take this amiss; but as for you persons, you who are upon your palfreys, and you folks, who come without bringing great horses or arms, you may enter, as being peaceful folks."

And if they will not thereupon turn about, then let the portcullis be

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[1] War-horses, or chargers.

quickly lifted by those of your people above ; that so those other persons may in no way enter.[1]

The City being held secure, the Liberty must needs look to its own safe-keeping. There is some reason to believe that, at least in the fourteenth century, Temple Bar was not a mere temporary obstruction of posts and chains, as commonly ascribed.[2] But no attempt was made to defend a suburb which was nowhere walled, the larger area being still meadow-land. Its residents of whom we first hear were self-protected. They were mostly churchmen, who built their hostels about Fleet Street, and friars, wielding terrible powers over the future life which rendered them safe from molestation in this. The Temple itself was walled on three sides, with the flowing river at its base. The sanctity which attached to the Templar before the days of his decline attached in still greater measure to the habitation of his Order in London.

The greatest nobles in the land sought burial in its holy ground. Indeed, King Henry the Third himself expressed a wish to be laid there but changed his purpose. The church was a place of pilgrimage by reason of its sacred relics, numbered among which were two crosses containing the wood on which Christ was crucified, some of the Holy Blood, and the sword with which the Blessed Thomas of Canterbury was killed.[3] Sanctuary granted by the Papacy gave to the Temple a peculiar sense of security in a superstitious age, and thus it became a storehouse frequently chosen by kings and powerful ministers for the deposit of their treasure. The regalia was often kept there until its transference to the Chapel of the Pyx and the Tower.

Proud in their independence under the protecting arm of the Papacy, the Templars could maintain their trust. When Hubert de Burgh, the warrior statesman, fell from favour, his wealth was deposited with the Templars. King Henry the Third sent for the Master of the Temple, and by threats endeavoured to obtain the surrender of the hoard to himself. But the Master " answered to the King that money confided

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[1] Letter Book D, *Memorials*, p. 103.

[2] See p. 93, *post*.

[3] Inventory made by the Sheriff of London, in Public Record Office. These articles, unlike other property, were not priced. The full list of relics is printed by Baylis, *The Temple Church*, pp. 141-5.

to them in trust they would deliver to no man without the permission of him who entrusted it to be kept in the Temple. And the King, since the above-mentioned money had been placed under their protection, ventured not to take it by force."[1] Hubert himself gave up the treasure.

I might fill a page with Royal Fleet Street, and lend a little lustre to its earliest days by recalling the monarchs who have made it a dwelling place. But the impression left would be wholly false. It was not in awe and majesty that they were seen here, whether the cruel, blustering figure of King John in the Temple, swearing by "God's teeth," or "God's feet," his favourite oaths, or the gross form of Henry the Eighth at Bridewell Palace, sulkily awaiting his divorce from Catherine of Aragon. The Temple precinct was a place of strength. It was garrisoned by the most powerful military Order of the day. Its population comprised some of the finest soldiers in Europe. Little wonder in the circumstances that Kings of England should at times have found it a convenient residence during troubled days in the thirteenth century.

King John paid the Templars the burdensome honour of accepting their shelter and hospitality on several occasions. The orders for the concentration of the English Fleet at Portsmouth to resist the formidable French invasion instigated by the Pope were dated from the New Temple in London. The Convention between the Sovereign and the Count of Holland, whereby the latter agreed to assist King John with a body of Knights and men-at-arms in case of a landing by the French, was published at the same place. Writs of the King's lieutenants, sheriffs, and bailiffs were also issued from the Temple. So were John's commands for the extirpation of heretics in Gascony, addressed to the Seneschal of that province.[2]

King John was lodging in the Temple when, in January, 1215, the barons, who had previously met and bound themselves by oath at St. Edmunds, came to him there, "in a very resolute manner, clothed in military dresses, and demanded the liberties and laws of King Edward, with others for themselves,

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[1] Mathew Paris, *Chronica Majora.*
[2] Addison, *The Knights Templars.*

the King, and the Church,"[1] demands five months later granted by Magna Charta.

Henry the Third also appears to have dwelt for a time at the Temple. When the Oblong of the church was consecrated on Ascension Day, 1240, the Sovereign and all his Court, with a large proportion of the nobility of the kingdom, were present. King Henry was one of the greatest benefactors of the Order, and he then made provision for the maintenance of a chantry of three chaplains, with an income of £8 a year. They were charged to say masses daily for ever in the Temple Church, one for the King himself, another for all Christian people, and a third for the faithful departed.

The proclamation of Edward the First as King of England took place in the Temple, where the Council of the Realm assembled and swore allegiance to the monarch, then returning from the Crusades.

A lively account of the exactions of the Nuncio Martin, when lodged at the Temple, has come down to us from Mathew Paris, that admirable monk of St. Albans, who, if he hated the Templars for the wealth they withdrew to themselves, yet by his light loved truth. Martin came armed by the Pope with powers such as no Legate before possessed. "He made whilst residing in London in the New Temple unheard-of extortions of money and valuables. He imperiously intimated to abbots and friars that they must send him rich presents, desirable palfreys, sumptuous services for the table, and rich clothing; which being done, the same Martin sent back word that the things were insufficient, and he commanded the givers thereof to forward him better things, on pain of suspension or excommunication."[2]

Later violation of their sanctuary by Edward the First and his son indicates the dwindling authority of the Order. When the former king returned from his victorious campaign in Wales. he entered the Temple with armed followers, and in pretence that he came to inspect his mother's jewels, broke open coffers and carried away £10,000 to Windsor. Edward the Second, going there with his favourite, Piers Gaveston, raided from the Temple treasury gold and silver and a quantity

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[1] Mathew Paris, *Chronica Majora* (Rolls Series), ii, 584.
[2] *Chronica Majora* (Rolls Series), iv, pp. 379, 420.

of jewels and precious stones belonging to the Bishop of Chester.

Spenser has enshrined in a line of his exquisite "Prothalamion" the cause of the Templars' downfall—

> those bricky towres
> The which on Themmes brode aged back doe ryde,
> Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,
> There whylome wont the Templar Knights to byde
> Till they decay'd through pride—

and pride is the accepted explanation. It but imperfectly explains the policy of fear and greed animating the statesmanship of Europe at the opening of the fourteenth century, for which the Knights Templars were pursued and crushed. Their work was done. The final triumph of the Saracens had swept Christianity out of Palestine, and made hopeless the task of recovering the Holy City. The Knights lingered on as an anachronism, ripe for spoliation in the opinion of Philip the Fair, King of France, and Pope Clement V, the creature whom he had raised to the Papal throne, and who at his bidding established the Pontificate in France, never once setting foot in Rome.

Few signs indicate that the Knights Templars were unpopular amongst the English people, though their arrogance and the privilege they asserted might have justified hostility. The lower clergy were their bitterest denouncers. The Templars in the height of their power paid neither tithe to the Church nor tenths nor fifteenths to the King. No taxes, national or ecclesiastical, were levied upon them. They were freed from all feudal suits and services. On bridge and highway they passed free of toll; their tenants, escaping local dues, could undersell the burgher in his own market. The Templars submitted to no customary court of law, pleading only before the King or his chief justiciar. The clergy, whose greed was notorious, and for whose extortions heaven and hell alike did service, stood helplessly aside while large sums of money coveted by them flowed into the Templars' coffers.

Such was their wealth that when Louis IX (Saint Louis) was taken prisoner by the Saracens, almost the whole of his ransom of 800,000 bezants—about eight millions sterling at present money values—was paid by the Templars. No bishop

or priest could excommunicate a Templar. Where interdict closed other churches, theirs were exempt. It was charged against them by the prelates that, abusing their privilege to bury in their churches whom they pleased, they received the excommunicate, and gave the heretic Christian rites. In addition to the knights, the Order extended its privilege over large numbers of associates, serving brethren, and retainers; and tenants of their widespread estates erected the sign of the Cross on their houses, thereby claiming exemption from duties and services to which others less fortunate were subject.

Modern standards of indignation are entirely out of place. Privilege and exemption were the general order: they were the right of every royal officer, of every ecclesiastical lord. The degree might be greater or less, and in the case of the Templars greater, though there is much evidence to show that their position of almost complete independence of all authority which papal and royal grants had bestowed was more apparent than real. The hardship of being forced into the Templars' courts for redress was no greater than that of being forced into the lord's court, or the bishop's court. The burgher of the town and the men of the hundred felt their burdens heavier because the Templars and those under their protection escaped taxation. But their grievance was not less real against the feudal lord and the abbot.

The Knights Templars were, with the Jews, the chief bankers of Christendom in the thirteenth century, and they cannot have escaped some share of the mistrust that always has attached to usury. They appear at home as shrewd men of business, who managed their estates well, exerting no more injustice than was the common lot, and in this country no spontaneous movement against them is to be traced. In England the suppression of the Order was almost entirely due to pressure from without.

In the autumn of 1307, Edward the Second, who had then newly ascended the throne, was urged by Philip the Fair to arrest all Templars within his kingdom. This had already been done in France, where the Templars were denounced as "ravening wolves, a perfidious, idolatrous society, whose works and words are sufficient to pollute the earth and infect the air." The English King declared that the charges made against them were beyond belief. He wrote to Portugal,

Castile, Sicily, Aragon, to the Pope himself, stating his confidence in the faith and good morals of the Order. The protest could not save those whose fate had already been decided. Warned by Philip and threatened by Clement V, the rapacious servant of a cruel and tyrannical master, Edward's weak will bent to their purpose, and before the succeeding January had expired the Templars throughout his realm had been flung into prison and their property taken into the King's hands.

Five of the serving brethren were confined in Ludgate. Others of the London gates held their quota of prisoners, and in the fetid gaols horrors were enacted which it is well to pass by, while " confessions " were sought, and some sort of case was being pieced together to place before the Papal Commission.

Now comes a difficulty, not easily surmounted. It has been suggested that the English Templars dispersed, awakened to their peril. The Papal inquisitors made every effort to hunt down all fugitives in England, but secured only nine. That does not look like wholesale concealment. Buried treasure was talked of, but none was ever found. It may be the case that the Order, in the days of its decline, had become greatly reduced. There is another and not unlikely explanation: that the ransom of St. Louis, and Mathew Paris's assertion concerning their 9,000 manors in Christendom, have hypnotised historians, who have credited the Templars in England with greater numbers and possessions than actually were theirs. That is the impression left by Addison's standard *History of the Knights Templars*, now that the cold douche of critical scientific examination has been thrown upon it. Even so, the large part that the Knights Templars filled in English social life, the prestige and power they enjoyed, and the influence which throughout the thirteenth century they exerted in every shire, seem strangely incompatible with the ascertained facts at the time of their suppression.

A careful inventory of the Templars' manors and movable property in England was taken by the Commissioners of Edward the Second, and these documents, with detailed accounts rendered by the Royal keepers of the Temple lands, and much else, are preserved in the Public Record Office. I give below a few of Professor Clarence Perkins's results of an examination of available sources.[1]

[1] *English Historical Review*, vol. xxv.

The data is not complete, but as accurate a compilation as can be made shows that the total annual value of the Templars' lands and property in England did not exceed £4,800, and in Ireland £411. William de la More, last Master of the English Templars, and several other leading brothers were not arrested in London. At the New Temple in London, the head-quarters of the English Province, there appear to have been, when the royal officers entered, only five or six able-bodied Templars. The value of the ecclesiastical goods found there amounted to £121 5s. 9d., and of all other movables £68 7s. 2d. The arms seized comprised three swords and two balisters—and one of the latter broken! A scrutiny of all materials likely to be of value indicates that there were only 144 Templars in the British Isles. Making liberal allowance for incemplete evidence, there do not appear to have been over fifteen or twenty Knights among these, and, perhaps, sixteen priests. This is the conclusion reached—

"The great majority of the brethren [at this time] were serving brothers or sergeants, common men drawn often from the locality of the manors on which they remained. . . . Without outside aid it would have been impossible for the Templars to have offered effective resistance to the royal will. In fact, their numbers seem almost insufficient to manage and cultivate their extensive estates and maintain their numerous chantries, and they must have been more or less dependent on their corrodaries and tenants for the actual work."

The Order was in its maturity the creation of King and Pope. When their support was withdrawn its collapse was complete. Looking over the charges brought against the Templars when at last the victims were collected for trial in London and York, it is impossible to accept them seriously. Many tales are obviously the product of over-heated imaginations. Immorality was alleged; it was likely enough among rough soldiers whose war service was followed by long spells of indolent peace, but it was the immorality of the age. The secrecy with which the vows were taken gave rise to all sorts of extravagant allegations. The Papal inquisitors were gravely informed that the Templars denied the Redeemer, asserting "that Christ died, not for our sins, but for His own"; that they were leagued with the infidel; that they

worshipped a brazen head with two faces, which would answer all questions put to it ; a calf ; a cat. A Minorite monk, one John de Garlia, repeated with circumstantial detail a story he had heard of profane rites exercised on admission to the Order, at the Temple in London.

He told that a servant had secreted himself in the hall where a Chapter was held. After the door had been locked by the last Templar who entered, and the key brought to the Master, the assembled Templars jumped up and went into another room. Opening a closet there, they drew from it a cross and a black figure with shining eyes, and they placed the cross before the Master and the idol upon the cross. Thereupon the Master kissed the image, and all the others did the same, after which all spat three times upon the cross, save one Templar, who refused. He was warned—

" Take heed, and do what you see the Order do."

He answered that he would not conform. The brethren then threw him into a well in the cloister square before the Temple Church, and left him to perish.

A somewhat similar story was given by another Minorite, who had heard that a Templar's little son had peered through a chink in the wall, and saw a novitiate slain because he would not deny Christ. Afterwards the boy, refusing to become a Templar himself, shared the same fate at his father's hands. Others had heard that in each general Chapter the Devil carried off one of the brethren, who was given over to him. Then there were apparitions of the Devil seen in a blaze of fire, and tales of secret, black, and midnight orgies, disgraced with foul abominations of which the mediæval mind was curiously inventive.

If gravity of any kind attaches to the charges, it is to that of the denial of Christ implied in trampling and spitting upon the crucifix. So persistently was this accusation made in different countries in which the Templars had established themselves, that some writers have been driven to find an explanation in the ceremonies of initiation. In their view, the Templars assumed that the neophite was always a pagan or Mohammedan. Consequently his conversion was typified by a formal act of profanity, followed by the renunciation of his supposed original creed previous to his reception into the Christian society.[1]

[1] George Worley, *The Temple Church*, p. 11.

An effective answer seems to be contained in the defence made by the Knights Templars in London, and crystallised in a couple of sentences in the petition of the prisoners at Sens : " A vast number of knights had died in prison, and they exhorted the inquisitors to interrogate the guards, jailers, executioners, and those who saw them in their last moments, concerning the declarations and confessions they made at the peril of their souls when dying. They maintained that it was an extraordinary thing that so many knights of distinguished birth and noble blood, members of the most illustrious families in Europe, should have remained from an early age up to the day of their death members of the Order, and should never in days of sickness, or at the hour of death, have revealed any of the horrid iniquities and abominations charged against it."

Happily England was spared the horrors wrought in France upon the Templars in the hour of their downfall ; our worst inhumanity was but a pale reflection of these. The brethren who survived imprisonment were at length absolved, released, and reconciled with the Church after undergoing penance in the monasteries. There is so much evidence that William de la More, last Master of the Knights Templars in England, was treated with exceptional indulgence—granted his parole, allowed to wear the garb of the Order, and to travel in England with attendants—that suspicion is thrown on the story of his solitary death in a dungeon of the Tower, refusing to confess heresies that did not exist. It is significant that neither in England nor in any country beyond the influence of Philip the Fair was a single Templar condemned to death. Spain, awful as was its later reputation, was more merciful.

The councils of Tarragona and Aragon, after applying torture, pronounced the Order free from heresy. In Germany and Portugal the Templars were declared innocent. Only in France did knights die at the stake, and last of them Jacques de Molay, Grand Master of the Temple, who in March, 1312, perished as a " relapsed heretic " over a slow charcoal fire lighted on an island in the Seine at the foot of Philip's garden. In his lingering agony he is said to have summoned the Pope and the King to meet him within a year and a day before the Judgment Seat of Almighty God. The summons was obeyed, in spirit if not in the letter. A couple of years had not passed when Pope and King were dead.

CHAPTER III

THE MEDIÆVAL SUBURB

EVERYWHERE within the Houses of the Suburbs, the Citizens have Gardens and Orchards planted with Trees, large, beautiful, and one joining to another. There are also about London, on the North of the Suburbs, choice Fountains of Water, sweet, wholesome and clear, streaming forth amid the glistening Pebble-stones. In this number, Holy Well, Clerkenwell, and Saint Clement's Well, are of most Note, and frequented above the rest, when Scholars and Youths of the City take their air abroad in the Summer Evenings. A good city when it hath a good Lord.—FITZSTEPHEN'S *Description of London, circa Henry the Second.*

FLEET STREET begins with a crime—long, long ago. That famous Mayor, Sir Richard Whitington, and his little less famous Common Clerk, John Carpenter, found at Guildhall in their time a mass of rolls, scattered without order, and from these they compiled, in the year 1419, a volume of City laws known as the *Liber Albus*—the City's White Book. It is in Latin, written in a neat hand, and to this invaluable document I shall have occasion often to recur. Upon the parchment pages they copied this record—

Of the twelfth year of King Henry [III] before named.

In that year, Gervaise le Cordewaner being Chamberlain, and the aforesaid persons being Sheriffs, it happened that one Henry de Buke, on the Monday next after the Feast of St. Ethelburga, slew one Le Ireis le Tyulour in the street of Fletebrigge with a knife, and then fled to the church of Saint Mary in Suthwerke, and, having there acknowledged the deed in presence of the said Chamberlain and Sheriffs, abjured the realm.

Henry de Buke committed his crime on the 11th October in the year 1228, and fleeing through the narrow streets of the City he reached London Bridge, built by King John, and then and for centuries after the only means of crossing the Thames on foot. The church of St. Mary Overy stood, and still stands, at the Surrey end of the bridge, and therein the fugitive took sanctuary. The Chamberlain[1] and Sheriffs went over to interrogate him. He acknowledged his deed, and took oath to abjure the realm. Had he possessed chattels (he was a stranger, and had none) he would have surrendered them to the

[1] Early in mediæval London the Mayor was also the Chamberlain and also the Coroner in the city.

Mayor as coroner. Nor was he in frank-pledge. Forty days' refuge in church the law allowed, then the sanctuary taker must proceed on foot to an assigned port, and go aboard a ship sailing to a foreign destination. If as he journeyed, cross in hand, he moved to right or left of the King's highway, it was open to any man to kill the outlaw.

It was a common incident, this murder on the highway and flight to a church for sanctuary, and nothing would have been known of it, after seven centuries have passed, but for the fact that the Mayor and Sheriffs asserted their jurisdiction in Southwark; "out of their own liberties, in contravention of the Crown and dignity of his lordship the King," says the original writer of the record. This was long a matter in dispute between the City and the Crown, the bailiwick not being definitely conceded to the former until the first year of Edward the Third's reign. The Mayor and Sheriffs had made no attachment for this man's death. They were, therefore, amerced by the king.[1]

Le Ireis le Tyulour probably means the Irishman, the tiler—known by his trade. The street of Fletebrigge is Fleet Bridge Street. The interest of this record of 1228 is that it is the earliest mention of Fleet Street.

It was not the street as known to-day, but something far removed. Its topographical features have undergone great change, and every one of the ancient characteristics have been swept away. First to restore the street as it ran through the mediæval suburb, it must be borne in mind that Fleet Street crossed the Fleet River and extended up to Ludgate and the wall, thus including all Ludgate Hill below St. Martin's Church and the Old Bailey. The fact seems to have been generally overlooked by the historians of Ludgate Hill. Edward the First permitted a diversion of the City wall from Ludgate so as to enclose the Blackfriars' Priory, but first, by mandamus in 1277-8 to the Mayor and Sheriffs of London, directed inquiry to be made into what damage, if any, would be done, giving the line of rebuilding as "from the turret of the said [Ludgate] between the houses of the men inhabiting Flete Strete and the Archbishop's place aforesaid up to Flete Ditch."[2] Four days later the return was made, *non ad damnum*.

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[1] *Liber Albus*, Riley's translation, p. 76.

[2] Patent Roll. 6th Edward I, Cal., p. 258. Letter Book A. Cal., p. 222.

Instances might be multiplied. In the year 1335 Thomas Edmund, fishmonger, left to Agnes, his wife, a brewhouse and shops " in the parish of S. Martin near Ludgate in Flete-strete " for life.[1] St. Martin's parish meets St. Bride's down Ludgate Hill on the line of Belle Sauvage Yard. The fact is brought out yet more clearly in one of the earliest wills enrolled. Michael, son of William de Auverne, in 1274, bequeathed to Michael Thovy, his uncle, his " house in Flete-strete between Ludgate and Fletebridge ; likewise two shops adjacent and appertaining to the said house."[2] Fleet Street comprised all the lower part of Ludgate Hill certainly as late as 1391.[3] The Rose Tavern, across Fleet Bridge, was in Flete Strete in King Henry the Eighth's reign. Accordingly, the street at the outset was a little more lengthy, if not more important, than it became in after years.

The Fleet River dominated the locality. At the first glimpse that is caught out of the mists of the past, the stream bore the appearance of an inland port in miniature. Floats and river craft lay moored alongside the bank ; ashore was the stir and noise of unloading, with such crude contrivances as mechanical ingenuity had then devised, and beyond the bridge carrying Fleet Street over the little watercourse, rose the smell of reeking tanneries. Water was an essential for the industry, and the tanners crowded towards the Fleet, making the slip of land lying at the foot of London wall a headquarters for the preparation of hides for boots and shoes and the leather accoutrements and saddlery then so much in use. The tanners outside Ludgate, as they are mentioned in the City's Letter Books, joined hands along the stream with the tanners outside Newgate. These were the men, and these the trades, established hereabouts long before men dreamed of the printing press, which was destined to make Fleet Street world-famous.

The eastern bank rose steeply, forming a low cliff, as may be judged to-day by anyone who climbs the hill to Apothecaries' Hall, and then imagines New Bridge Street lowered to the Thames level ; and was yet more strongly in evidence before the railway to Holborn Viaduct station was built, and a long

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[1] Husting Wills, i, 406.
[2] *ibid.*, p. 19.
[3] See sign of *Le Walssheman sur le Hoope*, p. 147, *post.*

flight of stone steps called " Breakneck Stairs " led to Green Arbour Court, Old Bailey, where Oliver Goldsmith had lodgings. Opposite, the bank shelved gradually.

Fleet Bridge stood high, to enable the small craft of the day to pass under. I have called the Fleet River malodorous, and so shall often have occasion to recall it. Early in their occupation of Whitefriars, the Carmelites found cause to complain (1290) to the King and Parliament of the putrid exhalations arising therefrom, which were so powerful as to overcome all the incense burnt at their altars during divine service, and even occasioned the deaths of many of the brethren. They begged that the stench might be immediately removed, lest they should all perish. The Bishop of Salisbury in his hostel by Salisbury Square, and the Black Friars in their priory, whose noses were nearer the pollution, united in the complaint.[1] I fear that the brothers perished, for twenty years later matters had not mended.

Above Fleet Bridge Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, had a house in Shoe Lane, built near or upon the Fleet River, where the Dominican friars had their first London settlement. This noble represented to Edward the First's Parliament, sitting at Carlisle in 1307 in consequence of the Scottish wars, that the Fleet was no longer navigable. " It was wont to be so full, broad, and deep, that ten or twelve ships laden with divers wares and merchandise " used to come to Fleet Bridge to discharge, and some of them as far as Holborn Bridge, but that was no longer possible.

De Lacy said that the watercourse, through filth, inundations from the tanyards, and other interferences, especially by the erection of a wharf and diversion of the water by the Knights Templars for their mills outside Baynard's Castle, was so choked that ships could not pass. He petitioned for redress. It was ordered : " Let Roger le Brabanzon, the Constable of the Tower, the Mayor of London, and the Sheriffs of London, take with them some discreet Aldermen, and inquire on oath how it used to be and what the waterway was, and let them have all obstruction removed, and restore the waterway to what it was in olden times."[2] The commission directed that

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[1] *Rotuli Parliamentorum*, 18th Ed. I, i, 61.
[2] Patent Roll 35th Ed. I, Cal., p. 548.

the channel should be cleared, but like so many other attempts that followed, this brought about no lasting improvement, operations being suspended by the death of the king.

Fifty years later (1356) an inquisition was held in St. Bride's Church, and from its report we get a picture of the Fleet. Incidentally it is learnt that the banks of the foss around the Fleet Prison were then covered with trees.[1] The channel ought to have been ten feet in breadth, and so full of water that a boat laden with one tun of wine might easily float. The filth of laystalls and sewers discharging into it quite choked the course. No fewer than eleven " necessary houses " (" wardrobes " they were very generally called in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries) had been illegally built over the water.[2] Three tanneries were established close to its margin.

The King's writ directing the inquiry shows the waterway to have been in an appalling state. So filthy was the foss about the Fleet Prison that there was " cause to fear for the abiding there of the persons detained therein by reason of the same ; and because that, by reason of the infection of the air, and the abominable stench which there prevails, many of those there imprisoned are often affected with various diseases and grievous maladies, not without serious peril unto them."

Striding across the road up the steep hill was Ludgate, showing high and square above the wall and houses. It was either repaired or rebuilt in 1215, when the barons in arms against King John entered the city at Aldgate, and having first assured themselves of the attitude of the citizens, attacked the unfortunate Jews and destroyed their dwellings—and also searched their coffers to fill their own purses, as John Stow

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[1] In prehistoric times the district was thickly afforested. In deep excavations in 1873 for the south-east wall of Messrs. Ward and Lock's premises off Salisbury Square, the debris of the Great Fire of London and two other fires was cut through, and below was a thick layer of peat, in which were found, near together, the trunks of several large trees lying in one direction towards the Fleet River bed, apparently blown down by a south-easterly gale. The navvies' sharp spades cut into them like cheese.

[2] " Inquisition into the state of the Fosse at the Fleet Prison." Letter Book G. *Memorials*, p. 279.



QUEEN ELIZABETH'S STATUE AT ST. DUNSTAN'S CHURCH

Removed from the ancient Ludgate
Drawn by R. Anning Bell

says.[1] Afterwards the barons used the broken wall of the Jews' houses to repair the City's walls and gates, Ludgate among them.

Ludgate is mentioned by Geoffrey of Monmouth,[2] writing about 1130, but some writers have suggested that as a great City gate it was first built by King John's rebellious barons. The ancient structure stood until Elizabeth's reign, and was pulled down in the year 1586. Stow, who evidently witnessed the demolition, records a curious confirmation of the barons' handiwork. Buried in the masonry was found a stone taken from one of the Jews' houses, bearing an inscription in Hebrew characters, which, translated, reads, "The sign (or house) of the honourable Rabbi Moses, the son of the Rabbi Isaac."

Stow also says that Ludgate was repaired and beautified with the images of Lud and other kings in 1260. Zealous reformers in the reign of King Edward the Sixth judged these figures to be idols, and struck off the heads. Queen Mary, however, took Lud under her Royal protection, and set up new heads on the old bodies. The effigies, perhaps renewed at the rebuilding, survived the flame and heat of the Great Fire of London, only to be removed with the Elizabethan gate in the eighteenth century.

Left and right the mediæval wall extended to Newgate and the Thames. Below, where the bank fell to the Fleet, was one of the oldest bits of settled London beyond the wall. It was thickly populated when Fleet Street on its north side from the stream to Temple Bar, had then, and for three centuries afterwards, but a thin line of houses. All present interest has been driven out of these byways by the railway crossing Ludgate Hill, which cuts through the bank. Dead walls and arches make the district almost derelict, but a few names survive to recall the early associations—Seacoal Lane, Fleet Lane, Turnagain Lane. Ship Yard has disappeared, and

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[1] Dr. Sharpe has pointed out that Walter de Coventry (Rolls Series, No. 58, ii, 220) gives a version of the entry of the Barons into London different from that generally accepted. He says they made their way into the City by stealth, scaling the walls at a time when most of the inhabitants were engaged in divine service, and having once gained a footing opened all the City gates one after another.

[2] *Historia Regum Britanniæ*, iii, 20.

Limeburners Lane went out of existence so long ago that Stow confused it, quite wrongly, with Seacoal Lane.[1]

All these are of nautical origin, and indicate the neighbourhood's dependence on the Fleet harborage, when this bank was the place of unloading for the boats that brought provisions, hides, coal, and lime to serve the needs of the western end of the city.

A quiet turn of humour often enlivens the mediæval age. It finds expression in names. Such must have been in that man's mind who first gave the name "Turnagain Lane" to the little passage which now abuts on Farringdon Street, but originally led down to the Fleet River—and left the pedestrian to go back by the way he had come. To-day the conditions are reversed; Farringdon Street, which is still the course of the Fleet underground, is open, and the upper end of the lane is blocked by the viaduct buildings. It was first known as Windagain Lane,[2] and since 1430, if not earlier, by the name it now bears.[3]

It is worth while when on Ludgate Hill to turn into Farringdon Street, and take the first passage northwards. This is Seacoal Lane, a narrow way but little known, leading under the dark railway arches and by the rear of Messrs. Cassell's vast premises into Fleet Lane, which marks the boundaries of the old Fleet Prison, and so to the Old Bailey. The name is descriptive, and can be traced in the Pipe Rolls right back to 1228. The wharf at its base was used as a landing place and storage for seaborne coal from the barges on the Fleet River. Mention is made of shiploads of coal imported into London in Henry the Third's time. The coal was thus early sold in sacks, and measured by the quarter under the inspection of meters appointed by the Mayor.

However, the Londoners do not seem to have taken kindly to its use, for under the first Edward there was an unfortunate man hanged for burning sea-coal. Perhaps the yellow fog was familiar even in those remote days.

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[1] John Hereward in 1308 bequeathed to Catherine, his daughter, "shops in Secollane and in Lymbarnereslane." Husting Wills, i, 204.

[2] "Wandayesnes Lane." *ibid.*, same will.

[3] "Turnagayne Lane." *Cal. Inq. post mortem* (Record Commission), iv, 126.

Seacoal Lane has another interest as the site of one of the earliest schools of law, St. George's Inn, described by Stow as an ancient lodging for students in the City, but in his time long ago decayed. This Inn was abandoned at an unknown date for New Inn, St. Clement Danes, formerly Our Ladye's Inn, which was ultimately attached to the Middle Temple.

I have spoken of the tanners, the outpourings of whose pits was one great source of the pollution of the Fleet. Some of these at least are known. There was John de Hormede, who, in 1304 had three leaden troughs at his tannery in Seacoal Lane.[1] Forty years later Walter Mosehache was tanning skins in Turnagain Lane. Among legacies to his daughter when he died in 1349, were "ten pounds of silver and two leaden troughs standing in a garden, provided she marry some one of my art," and being a careful parent, he made other gifts "if she marry well."[2] John de Bristoll's two tanneries poisoned the water of the Fleet Prison foss.[3] The tanners whose wills appear on the City Husting rolls in the fourteenth century had property with rare exceptions, in, or near by, one of the three lanes running up from the Fleet River to Old Bailey—Seacoal Lane, Limeburners Lane, or Turnagain Lane. Each tanner of substance, freeman of the City, had his "place and table" at Tanners-seld, in Westchepe, and being a freehold, this was customarily left to the wife during widowhood, or in perpetuity "should she marry one of my art," failing which it was a common bequest to an apprentice.

South of Ludgate the Fleet bank towards the Thames presented an aspect very different from the narrow lanes and trading wharves that I have been describing. Few religious establishments possessed such magnificence as the great priory built by the Dominicans, or Black Friars, which occupied the whole area from the waterside uphill to the original line of the Roman wall. Except in the name borne by the district, and the solitary instance of Cloister Court, not a vestige of it survives. The signboards now to be read at the street corners, such as Playhouse Yard and Printing House Square, preserve

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[1] Husting Wills, i, 163.
[2] *ibid.*, i, 514.
[3] Letter Book G, Cal., p. 50.

memories, not of the Preaching Friars, but of the Blackfriars Theatre and of the early printing press.

The Black Friars arrived in England in the height of the remarkable evangelical revival instituted by St. Dominic and St. Francis, which disturbed the slumbers of monasticism. They were known indifferently as Dominicans from their founder, Preaching Friars from their office to preach and convert heretics, and Black Friars from their garments. First settled at Oxford in 1221, a year or two later they came to London under the powerful patronage of Hubert de Burgh. Their house was in Shoe Lane, near Holborn. It was not until 1276 that they moved down to the Thames, having then acquired the land, in part by gift of Gregory de Rokesley, the Mayor, and in part from the Knights Templars and others.

Such was their prestige that they obtained liberty from King Edward the First to pull down a portion of the wall of London, and then to rebuild it at the City's charge from Ludgate to the Thames, so as to enclose and protect their precinct. The matter is the more remarkable, as the wall still formed the chief military defence of the City. No other body, clerical or lay, ever succeeded in obtaining a like privilege. Robert Kilwarby, a Dominican, had been chosen Archbishop of Canterbury, and to his good offices, no doubt, the friars were indebted for the Sovereign's favour. As reconstructed, there was a turret near Ludgate, and another where the wall turned at the Fleet, and continued along its bank to the Thames.[1]

A substantial portion of the wall as rebuilt for the Black Friars in 1278 may be seen to-day, and after six centuries still performs an excellent service. It is in the basement of Nos. 41-43 Ludgate Hill, just below where the ancient Lud-gate crossed the street. Its discovery and survival came about in this wise. In the year 1891, it happened that my uncle, the late Mr. Samuel Knight, was architect of the premises now occupying the site, and in excavating for foundations the workmen struck this very solid wall. Its solidity and great breadth, in fact, would have made its removal a most laborious task, and as no better foundation could be desired, the architect build the back portion of his premises actually resting upon the old City wall.

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[1] Patent Roll, 6th Ed. I, Cal., p. 258.

The line, with a slight deviation south, is that of Pilgrim Street, north side. Edward the First's wall rises about 2 feet 6 inches above the floor level of the basement, and as pillars and arches carry much of the weight superimposed upon it, the top forms a convenient platform. Messrs. Charles Baker & Sons, outfitters, have the house, and when last I took a look at the old wall it was utilised for storage and piled high with parcels; at times, I believe, tailors find it convenient to sit upon when at work! So the chain of history and service comes down from the first of the English Edwards.

In chipping out the well for the lift, the one mutilation that this particular fragment has undergone, it became evident that the mediæval builders had made use of the old Roman wall which they had thrown down, pieces of Roman red tile and rudely squared blocks of Kentish rag-stone being embedded in mortar with chalk and flint. The wall is here 9 feet in thickness. It continued in a straight line beneath the adjoining City Bank, built from designs by Mr. Collcutt, whose recollection is that a portion of the City wall there had to be destroyed when excavating for the strong-rooms. A few years ago, nearer Ludgate Hill railway station, the wall was again struck, not many feet below the surface.

Close by the Bank another relic of the City's defences was disclosed after a fire on Ludgate Hill on 1st May, 1792, which laid the premises of Messrs. Kay in ruins. It formed part of a small projecting watch tower, or barbican, rising 22 feet from foundation to summit, and Nathaniel Smith, the engraver, to whose views of old London later generations are so much indebted, promptly made a print of it.

We have no drawings or remains of the Dominican Priory within the wall, though excavations made during extensions of *The Times* premises about Printing House Square brought to light some substantial fragments.[1] The destruction under King Henry the Eighth was peculiarly complete. But the convent of the Black Friars ranked among the largest in area of all the religious houses in London. Scattered among contemporary records are frequent allusions to the magnificence of its buildings. Four gates gave entrance to the precinct. At the angle of the wall was a "certain good and comely

[1] In the Guildhall Museum there is a painting of these.

tower," originally reserved for the accommodation of King Edward the First, a great benefactor of the Dominicans, whenever he might choose to visit the brethren. Queen Eleanor, too, made valuable gifts. Montfichet's Tower was completely destroyed—parts of it had already done service for St. Paul's—in order that the stones might be used by the Friars in the erection of their church, which was one of the finest conventual churches in the kingdom.

The citizens cast envious eyes upon it when the day of dissolution arrived. In a petition by the Mayor, Aldermen, and Commonalty to King Henry the Eighth in the year 1538, it is referred to as among the " most ample churches within your said city, Powles (St. Paul's) only except."

Rising on the steep bank the convent must have had a fine appearance, the church tower standing amidst the red-tiled roofs of the dwellings, and trees planted in the gardens showing green above the wall. So large was the great hall of the Black Friars (Stow says the church) that Parliaments were held there, by King Henry the Sixth in 1450, and more notably the " Black Parliament " of Henry the Eighth in 1524, when the king demanded a huge subsidy. Peculiar sanctity attached to the church, to which the Friars removed the body of their patron, Hubert de Burgh, from Shoe Lane. Numbered among its relics was the heart of Queen Eleanor ; and in the spacious aisles were buried John of Eltham, brother of Edward the Third, Elizabeth Countess of Arundel, the hapless Lord Audley, who had been dragged in derision to Tower Hill in a suit of paper armour, all torn, and there beheaded in 1497, and many other notabilities, of whom Stow in his *Survey of London* gives a list.

With this short incursion into Blackfriars, necessary to fill in the impression of the Fleet's eastern bank, I leave the friars behind their wall, which thenceforward marked the limits of the walled city : and it must mark the limits of this book, unless the covers are to be unduly distended. Like Baynard's Castle, just beyond, from the gates of which Robert FitzWalter, Banneret of the City, marched out with his train of armed men, and within whose rebuilt halls King Richard the Third received from the Mayor and citizens on bended knee the offer of the English Crown, the splendid house of the Black Friars belongs to the City, and not to the suburb. Its liberties long

survived its own dissolution. The Mayor and Sheriffs had no jurisdiction within the precinct, which thus was able to give refuge in Elizabeth's reign to the famous Blackfriars Theatre and Shakespeare's players. The same state of things is found in relation to the earliest Whitefriars theatre, established on the lands of the White Friars' Priory.

All Fleet Street was for centuries in " the suburb of London," and this description is repeatedly applied in contemporary documents.

Across the Fleet a Royal Palace, already in ruinous condition, stood out in sad neglect, contrasting oddly with the ostentatious splendour of the Friars. Early as it is to talk of ruins, that seems to have been the state of Bridewell, which overlooked the convent, occupying a very large area. The present Bridewell is but a speck of it. The palace had river frontage both on the Thames and Fleet, and its grounds extended back to Salisbury Square. An ancient tower, or castle, had stood here amid the marshes where a tongue of land ran out to the Thames. This can be traced back to the Saxon era, and possibly was Roman in origin—the western Arx Palatina of the city.

Never has a Royal castle and palace left so insignificant a history as Bridewell until Henry the Eighth took it in hand. As a fortress it has no record. Almost all that is known indicates a derelict building, isolated amidst surrounding wastes.

The long story of demolition appears to have started with William the Conqueror, who in the year of his death gave the choicest stones of the castle to Maurice, Bishop of London, for the building of old St. Paul's, after fire had destroyed the early church. Then Henry the First capped this bit of spoliation by giving the stones from the castle-yard wall facing the Thames for the erection of gateways and a wall to enclose the Cathedral precinct. Even after this, according to Stow, who is not quite at ease with his authorities, the house remained large, so that the kings of the realm long after were lodged there, and kept their Courts : " for until the ninth year of Henry the Third, the Courts of law and justice were kept in the king's house, wheresoever he was lodged, and not elsewhere. And that the kings have been lodged and kept their Law Courts in this place, I could show you many authors of record." [1]

[1] Stow's *Survey of London*, Ed. Kingsford, i, 69.

Mathew Paris tells of a Parliament summoned by King John at St. Bride's, in London, in 1210, when he exacted of the clergy and religious persons the sum of £100,000. Besides all this, the "white monks" were compelled to cancel their privileges and pay £40,000 to the king. One of the few surviving records of early Bridewell is that in the seventh year of King John judgment was given there in an important law suit, "Walter de Crisping being Justiciar, and other Barons of my Lord the King being present."

Curious that nothing is heard of rebuilding at this much denuded palace. While King Henry the Third was completing the outer bailey of the Tower of London, at the eastern end of the City, and by additions and repairs making that fortress and palace still more formidable, Bridewell was left to decay. Whatever its original strength may have been, in historic times it played but a minor rôle both as a Royal residence and place of defence, its importance overshadowed by the great stronghold below London Bridge.

The site has been pretty thoroughly excavated, and ancient foundations disclosed indicate the large area of the palace. Notably in 1873-4, during the building of the London City Mission house in Bridewell Precinct. "In the excavations for the foundations, old walls were laid bare of such massive strength as to point to a Roman (?) origin. Formed of rubble and chalk, they offered such resistance to the efforts of the pickaxe that they were utilised wherever possible, and part of the walls of the new building stand upon this ancient foundation. Some difficulty was offered also by springs, tributary, no doubt, to the old St. Bride's well, which is close at hand."[1] Buried foundations were also uncovered in trenches cut in 1876 for Messrs. Ward and Lock's premises abutting upon the London City Mission; and other remains during deep excavations in 1905 for Messrs. Spicer Brothers' warehouse in Water Street. A portion of the skull of some warrior who had met a violent end, for it bears marks of a serious wound, a brick of a pointed arch, and some fragments of pottery in this find are in the Guildhall Museum.

King John, as already said, found lodging with the Templars

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[1] *The Daily Telegraph*, May, 1874.

preferable to occupying his own Royal house. It is questionable if Bridewell was then habitable. Of later times (quoting Stow) the house being left and not used by kings, it fell to ruins ; the very platforms remained for a great part waste, a mere receiving ground for filth and rubbish. Centuries after, under the Tudors, Bridewell enjoyed a temporary spell of grandeur, only again to decay and be put to use as a penitentiary for rogues and vagabonds. Its last condition is perhaps the best.

The coming of the Carmelite Friars and their establishment, about 1241, on the ground still known as Whitefriars, from their traditional dress, completed the line of great settlements and imposing buildings which stretched along the river bank right away from Ludgate to Temple Bar.

What were the characteristics of the suburb thus early in mediæval London ? Ecclesiastical, above all else. The clergy and religious lived in the great houses, and owned many of the smaller ones. What they came to own in Fleet Street as time went on you will find graphically shown in a map of the locality in Henry the Eighth's reign. It was not without reason that travellers from the Continent described London as a city of spires. Later the vintners and ale-house keepers made Fleet Street brave with their figured signs hanging well over the narrow way, but that I come to by and by. Fitzstephen speaks of thirteen conventual churches and 126 lesser parochial churches in London and its suburbs in his day.

The city was crowded with churches and conventual establishments. Complaint was made to King Edward the Second that the religious Orders, bearing no part of the burden to repair London's wall, held land amounting to the third part of the rental of the city ; and the western suburb had its full share. Besides the priories of the Dominicans and Carmelites, each with its church, and the Temple with a third, there were the two parish churches. St. Bride's and St. Dunstan's stood on opposite sides of the way to Westminster.

Nor was this all, for the houses of bishops and abbots, with ample gardens and pleasaunces, occupied a great deal of ground, edging out the laymen, and each had its private chapel. For centuries, when a journey to London from a distant See was a serious undertaking, occupying a fortnight or more, and the prelate travelled with a guard of soldiers, priests, and retainers,

each bishop had his house, or "hostel," in the metropolis, where he kept his Court during the sittings of Parliament or his attendance on the Sovereign.

Although so modestly named, these were among the most lordly dwellings of the mediæval capital, and in magnificence they outshone the mansions of the nobles. Back in the fourteenth century a spectator standing at Fleet Bridge would pick out quite a number of them.

Looking up Fleet Street, there were two ecclesiastical establishments at his feet. On the left, where now is the south-west corner of Ludgate Circus, the Bishop of St. David's built his hostel against Bridewell.[1] Opposite, also at the foot of the street, was an estate known as the Popinjay, the site and name of which are preserved in Poppins Court. This was the town hostel of the Abbot and Convent of Cirencester, in Gloucestershire. Early as 1428 the wealthy Abbot had ceased to reside there, or, at any rate, to enjoy its exclusive use. In that year Roger Lardener, a baker, and a parishioner of St. Bride's, made his will. The old parchment is preserved, and by codicil attached he left to William Lardener, his brother, his leasehold interest in the hostel of the Abbot and Convent of Circester called "Popyngaye" in Fletestrete. The gift further comprised certain coverlitz, blankettes, sheets, and matrasses which the testator had therein for his use.[2] The Popinjay, with much other ecclesiastical property, fell into the hands of Henry the Eighth at the suppression of the religious houses.

Beyond the Bishop of St. David's hostel, with the river frontage, much of the spacious grounds of Bridewell (east and south of Salisbury Square) had been alienated in the thirteenth century to the Bishop of Salisbury. As already said, he was in residence there in 1290.[3] We have a record forty-seven

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[1] Stow's *Survey*, Ed. Kingsford, ii, 45.

[2] Husting Wills, ii, 454.

[3] Mr. Noble (*Memorials of Temple Bar*) mentions in a curiously casual way, in a brief account of Salisbury Court, that "it takes its name from a mansion and gardens upon the site, once in possession of 'My Lord of Winchester,' but about the year 1217 granted by William, Abbot of Westminster, to Richard, Bishop of Sarum, or Salisbury, at the yearly rental of 20s., the Abbot retaining the advowson of St. Bride's Church, but promising to impart to the Bishop any advice that may be needed, etc." No authority is given for this statement, and I have found none.

years later of there having been stolen, in the hostel of the Bishop of Sarum in Fletestrete, in the suburb of London, thirty dishes and twenty-four salt-cellars of silver, of the value of £40.

A woman, Desiderata de Toryntone, at the gaol delivery made at Guildhall in 1337, was accused of the theft, the prosecutor being John Baret, and the goods stated to belong to his mistress, Lady Alice de Lisle. There were found on the prisoner fourteen dishes and twelve salt-cellars, and the record is one of business-like brevity : " The jurors say, etc., that the said Desiderata is guilty of the felony aforesaid. Therefore she is to be hanged. Chattels she has none." [1]

Yet further up the rise of Fleet Street the spire of the Carmelite church, and perhaps some part of the friars' buildings, must have been visible, and beyond a glimpse was caught of the Round of the Temple Church.

Across the street, above the Popinjay and Shoe Lane, the Abbot of Peterborough had his hostel, with a large garden, which gave its name to Peterborough Court. [2] The whole ground is now covered by the huge premises of *The Daily Telegraph*. Near by was the town dwelling of the Abbot of Vale Royal. In Shoe Lane the Abbot of Rievaulx, in Yorkshire, held property formerly owned by one Dame Matilda de Caumperville, of which little is known save that in 1310 he was accused of having seized it without the king's authority, and an inquisition was held at St. Bride's Church into the matter. [3] This same thoroughfare, nearer to St. Andrew's, Holborn, contained the Bishop of Bangor's inn. It was built on land granted by Edward the Third to Gilbert, Bishop of Bangor, in 1374, then described as " one messuage, one plot of ground, one garden, and other edifices in Shoe Lane, London," [4] so there must have been considerable clearance before his lordship had a place to his liking. The grant was confirmed by Henry the Eighth to a later occupant of the See. [5]

In Chancery Lane was the town hostel of the Bishop of Chichester, and in Fetter Lane that of the Bishop of Norwich.

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[1] Letter Book E. *Memorials*, p. 196.
[2] See chap. 12, *post*.
[3] Letter Book D. Cal., p. 236.
[4] Patent Roll, 48th Edward III, pt. 1, m. 19.
[5] Letters and Papers Henry VIII, vol. 3 (2), 3019.

Along the valley of the Fleet River, the seat of the Bishops of Ely closed in the view. Ely Place was a large precinct, entered by a gateway with towers—I suspect that the old wooden mitre now used as a sign for the Mitre Tavern hard by, a fragment, apparently, of a carved figure, originally stood over the gate. It had many fine buildings, cloisters, and stables, and gardens extending down the slopes of Saffron Hill to the little stream—all that was necessary years afterwards to excite the cupidity of Sir Christopher Hatton, Elizabeth's handsome and unscrupulous Chancellor: his lease from the bishop was on favourable terms—"a red rose, ten loads of hay, and ten pounds per annum. Shakespeare, in *King Richard III*, has left a fragrant memory of Ely Place and its strawberries. The Chapel of St. Ethelfreda, built 1290-98, still stands, restored after many vicissitudes to the Roman Catholic communion.

These then were the conditions: the bank down to the Fleet River by Ludgate, a quarter busy with the unloading of boats, and trading wharves heaped with coal and lime and general merchandise, and stinking tanyards near by; beyond to the Thames the fine convent of the Black Friars and Bridewell overlooking one another; a ring of episcopal residences about the suburb; and up the long slope by the White Friars' Priory and the Temple, Fleet Street itself—as unlike the present street as anything that can be imagined. All idea of a straight, continuous thoroughfare must be entirely put aside. Littering the street the houses stood, rather than built in order, rambling like those of a typical English village. Many, no doubt, stood back, others encroached upon the road, as may be seen in mediæval towns on the Continent, where destruction has not been so busy as in our own country.

It is inevitable that so far back as the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the great houses should be better known than those of the humble folk. Yet it is possible to sketch in broad outline what Fleet Street was like thus early in its existence; and following closely the records, I will endeavour to restore its aspect before Edward the Second's reign drew to an inglorious close, filling in the gaps in a subsequent chapter with the greater detail which the later fourteenth and fifteenth centuries afford.

The Templars had gone, their vacant places not yet occupied by the lawyers, and near at hand the White Friars made a numerous colony. Along the street parts of the grass waste doubtless remained, and open fields then and long afterwards lay behind a broken line of houses on the north side. Beyond Temple Bar the country, flanked by the wide river, was wholly rural. In 1315 the people of Westminster petitioned King Edward the Second that the way between Temple Bar and the King's Palace at Westminster was so bad that the feet of horses and of rich and poor men received constant damage, and, moreover, was greatly interrupted, " especially by thickets and bushes." [1]

Lepers, forbidden to live in London, crowded along the way beyond Temple Bar, making it terrible and hideous, begging alms in the name of God, displaying their sores ; and not alone the outcasts from the city, but many from the country villages as well.

Edward the Third addressed his writ to the Sheriff of Middlesex. " All those," he directed, " who have the taint of leprosy shall abandon the highways and fieldways between the city of London and the town of Westminster, where there is continual passage of magnates, justices, clerks, and other ministers of the King's court," the monarch having been informed that lepers there publicly associated with whole men, and sat and stayed in such public ways, to the manifest danger of those passing. The Sheriff was to take with him discreet and lawful men who had most knowledge of this disease, and cause all those whom they found to be leprous to be transferred to solitary country places—anywhere out of the public view. Save that licence be given the poor wretches by some healthy messenger to receive alms, the King had no care for them. [2]

Compared with the larger establishments, standing well back each in its own grounds, the mean houses which fringed the line of Fleet Street were very mean. Few contained more than a single room, the walls rising directly out of the earth floor. Where there was a shop it was entirely open, without defence to wind or weather. The general insecurity of tradesmen's wares had led to the provision of selds, or lock-up sheds, wherein

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[1] *Rotuli Parliamentorum*, i, 302.
[2] Close Roll, 20th Ed. III, Cal., p. 509.

goods could be stored—forerunners of our safe-deposits, for nothing is new. There were several of these within the City. The dwellings of more pretence were mostly of timber, with an upper room or solar. In the rare instances where stone buildings, owned by the more wealthy merchants, were devised in wills, they were carefully described as such. John Allin, in 1272, left "his estate in a stone house in Fletestrete" to Robert and Richard, his sons.[1] In fact, a stone house was still so uncommon that mere mention of it was sufficient without further or more special description.

The precautions adopted against fire, always the gravest peril of the timber-built city, indicate how flimsy was the common construction. Each ward was called upon to provide a strong iron hook, with wooden handle, and two chains and two strong cords, which were to be left in charge of the beadle of the ward; and by hook and cord the Alderman was empowered unceremoniously to pull down houses in order to stay the progress of the flames. Fleet Street had thus early (1321) a tradesman, one Robert le Fermor (bootmaker), of sufficient standing to supply the luxurious King Edward the Second with "six pairs of boots with tassels of silk and drops of silver-gilt, price of each pair 5s."[2] A plot of ground and shop situate without Ludgate were leased in 1291 by the City to Johanna, relict of Bartholomew the Smith, at the rent of 10s. a year, with the duty cast upon her that she cleared the gate of all filth whenever necessary.[3]

London was already losing its picturesque thatch roofs, a chief agent in spreading fire. Tiles being costly, they were largely replaced by ugly shingle-boards, though there is little doubt that the regulations of Fitz-Ailwyne's Assize—London's first Building Act given by London's first Mayor—for a long period continued to be disregarded.

The pretty casement windows and overhanging eaves were of a later day. Light penetrated the gloomy dwellings through mere holes in the walls, and in winter these were closed by wooden shutters to keep out the cold. Though glass was imported into the City as early as Henry the Third, for a long

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[1] Husting Wills, i, 37.
[2] Wardrobe Accounts, 14th Edward II, *Archæologia*, xxvi, 344.
[3] Letter Book B. Cal., p. 55.

time afterwards its great expense only allowed the glazing of the upper lights of a window. Rushes, which could be cut at no great distance on the Thames banks, strewed the floors.

There was quite a big trade in rushes. The boats bringing them to the Fleet made such a litter, that in a later reign (1416) stringent orders were given that cartloads were to be made up within the boats, and not on the wharves or ground ; and three years after, all the rushboats were seized : " It is granted that the *risshbotes* at the Flete and elsewhere in London shall be taken into the hands of the Chamberlain ; and the Chamberlain shall cause all the streets to be cleansed."[1]

Would you like to look into one of these dwellings ? I have none in Fleet Street itself at command, but a detailed account has been preserved of the house of Hugh le Bevere within the walls, just as it stood in the year 1337, and it is typical of that of the better-class craftsman. Murder was done there. The neighbours, breaking in, found the wife Alice lying stark and dead upon the floor. A knife was flung into a corner, and Hugh—he had been married but a few months—sat beside the corpse. He would say nothing, nor would he plead, and why that crime was committed, or whether Hugh le Bevere was blood-guilty, none to this day can tell. The Sheriff took him to Newgate, and there shut him in a cell with penance until he died. Meanwhile the City seized his possessions, and these they sold, first making an inventory, which sets out with the order of a housekeeper's book the domestic arrangements of this fourteenth century household.

I have called Hugh le Bevere a better-class craftsman, and such he must have been, for his furniture and clothing sold for £12 18s. 4d., a sum in the then money values far above the competence of any of the poorer workers to amass.

The house consisted of two apartments, one above the other. The lower room had a door opening into the street, and was kitchen and keeping-room in one. It had a chimney and a fireplace. Light came through the one window upon the street, of which the upper part alone was glazed, the remainder being closed by a wooden shutter. A door at the back led to the buttery, where there stood ranged six wine casks. A tressle table and two chairs were the only furniture, but the kitchen

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[1] Letter Book I, *Memorials*, p 676.

was well supplied with serviceable utensils. There were brass pots, a grate, andirons, basins, washing vessels, an iron horse, an iron cooking-spit, a frying-pan, a funnel, and two ankers, or tubs.

A ladder gave access to the upper room, entered by a space left open in the floor. This was the solar, or sleeping room. Like the rest of the house, it was timber built, but in compliance with the City's regulations, stone walls divided the dwelling from the houses on either side. The room contained a bed, on which was a mattress, and there were three feather beds and two pillows. A great wooden coffer was against the wall. In this were stored six blankets and one serge or coverlet with shields of sendall (a kind of thin silk), eight linen sheets, and four table cloths. Alice, the newly-made wife, may justifiably have looked with pride upon her well-stored press.

The clothes were one coat with a hood of perset (peach-coloured cloth) and another of worsted; three surcoats of worsted and ray; two robes of perset; one of medley furred; one of scarlet furred; a great hood of sendall with edging; the lady's one camise (a light, loosely-fitting dress) and half a dozen savenapes, or aprons. A candlestick "of lattone," two plates, an aumbrey (cabinet or small cupboard) also went to the furnishing of this simple household, and for luxury they had curtains to hang before the door to keep out the cold, cushions, and even a green carpet, while for the husband's use there was a haketon, or suit of quilted leather armour, and an iron head-piece.[1]

Comfort as we realise it simply did not exist in these early mediæval houses, where draughts pierced to the bone, and the smoke of the wood-fire begrimed everything. Glass mirrors, pictures, forks, even writing paper, were unknown, and only the wealthy could conceal the bare walls with tapestry. The bed, an important article in the households of the well-to-do, among humble folk consisted merely of a heap of straw. Upon this a whitel, or blanket, was thrown. There was an early proverb, handed down by Bishop Grosseteste in the *Book of Husbandry*—"Who-so streket (stretcheth) his fot forthere than the whitel will reche, he schal streken (stretch) in the straw."

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[1] Besant's *London*.

We need not go outside Fleet Street for a singular confirmation of this piece of domestic economy. There is a Coroners' Roll of Edward the First, 1275-6. It tells how John le Hancrete came from a City feast very drunk—hard that this lapse should stand against him through all these centuries—to his lodging in the house of William the tub-maker in St. Bride's. But the document is short enough to be quoted—[1]

Ward of Anketin de Auvergne.[2]—On Wednesday next after the feast of St. Michael in the year aforesaid, the said Chamberlain and Sheriffs were given to understand that one John le Hancrete was lying dead, by another than his rightful death, in the house of William le Cuver, in the Ward of Anketil de Auvergne, in the Parish of St. Brigid. Upon hearing which, the said Chamberlain and Sheriffs went there, and upon the oath of the good men of that Ward diligent inquisition was made thereon.

Who say that the said John came from a certain feast that had been held in the City of London to the house of William before-named, being very drunk, that is to say, on the Monday before, at the hour of Vespers, where he had hired his bed by the day ; and that then, intending to lie down upon it, he took a lighted candle for the purpose of making his bed ; which done, he left the candle burning, and fell asleep thereon. And the candle being thus left without anyone to look after it, the flame of it caught the straw of the bed upon which the said John was lying ; and accordingly, he, as well as the bed and the straw aforesaid, was burnt, through the flame of the candle so communicating, at about the hour of midnight. And so, languishing from the effects thereof, he lived until the Tuesday following, at the hour of Matins, on which day and hour he died from the burning aforesaid. Being asked if they hold anyone suspected of the death of the said John, they say they do not. And the body was viewed ; upon which no wound or hurt appeared, save only the burning aforesaid.

And the two nearest neighbours were attached, by sureties. And William le Cuver was attached, in whose house he was burnt ; and Fynea, the wife of the said William, was attached ; and also Remund, the son of William.

Short of the gift of that much-needed invention, the philosopher's glass, which shall enable the user to look back over the centuries, the historian can do little more than piece together his mosaic out of the scraps saved from the past. Life six centuries ago was largely, indeed necessarily, passed out of doors. It would not be an exaggeration to say that the people lived in the street. It was the place where trade was noisily conducted, and the place of gossip—a vastly important

[1] Letter Book B. *Memorials*, p. 8.
[2] Ward of Farringdon. See p. 123, *post*.

item in mediæval affairs, when few people could read and there were few writings, and the news of the time passed from mouth to mouth. The day's work started early, for candles were poor and dear, and sunlight too precious to waste. An old rhyme tells—

> Lever à cinq, diner à neuf,
> Souper à cinq, coucher à neuf,
> Fait vivre d'ans nonante et neuf.[1]

The craftsman worked at his door or open shop. Shutters thrown back from the windows made the upper rooms alike open, and in the sinuous line of the street below threading the timber-framed houses animation was never lacking. The changing picture made a pageant of bright colour, for men and women alike favoured simple hues, and emerald greens, and blues, and brilliant reds were much in vogue. Every man went hooded. The peasant alone remained very Norman in appearance, with loose hood and tunic, ill-fitting tights, and clumsy shoes. And this has to be borne in mind by all who try to repeople the quaint old London streets through and long after the mediæval era: nearly every man's trade was told by his characteristic dress, which indicated in any group the butcher, the carpenter, the tiler, the seaman, the lawyer, the clerk, and the City apprentice.

And the people who thronged the street? John de Flete was there, and Richard de Fletbrigge (at least, I imagine them there) with William de Lodgate, John atte Watre (by the water), Alan atte conduit, John atte Stronde, Richard le Convers (of the Converted Jews' house in Chancery Lane), and John le Meneter of Fletstrete.[2] These and others so styled occur repeatedly in the City's Letter Books, when the Christian name and place of residence or calling—tanner, tub-maker, sporier, and capper—were counted sufficient to distinguish men and women. William de Flete was elected M.P. for the City to attend Edward the Second's Parliament at Lincoln in 1315; and again, four years later, to attend a Parliament at

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[1] To rise at five, to dine at nine,
To sup at five, to bed at nine,
Makes a man live to ninety and nine.

[2] Meaning minter, or moneyer. The "Menters House" in Fleet Street is mentioned about 1309 in Letter Book C.

York. Such names as are also to be found, as Freshfysshe, Piggesflesshe, Killehogge, and, more significantly, John Outlawe and Matilda Strumpet and Alice Strumpet, tell their own story.

They were simple people, little taught by Mother Church, who worked while the daylight lasted, some staying at home making caps—the earliest settled industry that I have been able to trace in Fleet Street as it is now known—some trading in their shops, others going out to serve the great merchants at the wharf or the dwelling-warehouse, to work in the fields, or to fish with net or line in the river. The Thames held many fish, good salmon among them, which formed no small part of London's food supply of a Friday. As commerce grew the fishermen were sent further afield, and fishing near to the wharves in London between the Temple bridge (boat stairs) and the Tower, within a distance of twenty fathoms, was from King Richard the Second's time forbidden by the City's regulations.

Richard Dawe so went out to fish on the 7th July, in the year 1277. Sailing towards Westminster in the boat of Gilbert de Whyte, the oar with which he was guiding the craft broke, and he fell into the water and was drowned. The body was recovered and brought to the man's home at Crockerelane, Whitefriars, and an inquest there held.[1]

Lame de Machare lived in the parish of St. Bridget, in Fleet Street (*in vico de Fletbrigge*) in 1278. That year she was very ill of dropsy, unable to attend church save with the aid of crutches, and soon became a spectacle that affrighted her neighbours. Life itself was despaired of. Simon de Montfort had perished at the Battle of Evesham thirteen years before; and the people, believing that he fell in their cause, had made him a saint of the populace. To his shrine at Evesham the stricken woman determined to go, seeking relief from her sufferings, and a quaint Latin text in the Cotton MS., British Museum, which tells the miraculous story, sets out how she journeyed from London on her long pilgrimage, starting on the seventh day of Pentecost.

Her husband wheeled along the crippled and distorted wife on a sort of bier. It had but one wheel, and two short legs

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[1] Letter Book B. Cal., pp. 267–8. See also p. 101, *post*.

to rest on the ground—a handbarrow, as we should say. Thus painfully toiling, the two arrived at Evesham, in Worcestershire, on the anniversary of the Blessed Peter ad Vincula. Straight they went to the abbey church, and there Lame de Machare passed the whole day in prayer. On the morrow she was conveyed, still wheeled on the bier, to St. Simon's fountain, and there she prayed, drank of the water, and bathed her body in it. "Which being done," says the writer of the miracle, "she at once received back her health, and stood erect, and was able to go without any crutch to the church of the Blessed Mary and of the Blessed Edwina, and there she praised God for her fully recovered strength."[1]

Perhaps religious fervour has coloured the simple story. Perhaps not. Lame de Machare, of Fleet Street in the year 1278, is worth recalling for the faith that was hers.

One morning late in this thirteenth century the townsfolk clustered about the little church of St. Bride's. John de Flete, a prosperous capper, came from the altar with his newly-made bride, and at the church porch the wedding party stopped for a ceremony we should little understand. He was endowing his wife Cassandra with property, for he had a tenement and wharf at the Fleet and shops in the parish among other possessions, and when he died she entered into her heritage without further to do.[2] In those simpler days a declaration of endowment of a wife made after marriage at the church door before witnesses (dower *ad ostium ecclesie*) had the force of law—much, we may be confident, to the disgust of the lawyers, who were not employed. The practice fell into disuse, but was not formally abolished until the reign of King William the Fourth.

The church bells rang for the marriage. They rang for a christening; they tolled for a death; they sent out joyous peals on all occasions of good news, and summoned the faithful for Mass and Evensong. Fancy the clamour, all the belfreys clustered together in a space of little above a square mile, one or another of them rarely silent the livelong day! As evening fell, the great bell of St. Martin's-le-Grand gave the signal, and St. Bride's rang out the curfew to the suburb.

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[1] *Miracula Symonis de Montfort* (Camden Society), p. 108.
[2] Husting Wills, i, 45.

When death approached, as was not unseldom, the note was mournful. Friends and mourners followed on foot, forming a long procession for which all in the street made way; the dead master's craft guild represented by its warden and officers. Men carried the coffin on their shoulders to the church, and in the Fleet Street churchyard the departed was laid for his last rest among his neighbours. At the porch the vicar waited to receive his mortuary—originally a free gift left by a man to his parish church, for recompense of any personal tithes and offerings not duly paid in his lifetime, but which, even before Henry the Third's long reign had closed, the parish priests came to claim as their right.

Discontent at the clergy's exactions long simmered, and—to look forward for the moment a full century and a half—broke out in open rioting in St. Dunstan's Church in 1457. The citizens asserted that they were only bound to make offerings on Sundays and on the feasts of the apostles whose vigils were fasts, but this was not the view of their pastors, and in those days the clergy were able to sue for unpaid offerings. A certain Robert White was so sued, and the Common Council decided that he should be defended at the cost of the City if the case were taken to Rome. Pope Nicholas decided against White, and fixed the number of days when offerings should be made; but the City, in its independence, refused to acknowledge the Bull, and not until twenty years after was submission made;[1] while the suburbs resisted successfully until the Papal power in England was overthrown.[2]

Serjeants at Ludgate collected murage for the repair of the wall and the city's dues, "skilful men and fluent of speech," who were also charged "to keep a good watch upon persons coming in and going out, that so no evil may befall the city."[3] The tolls instituted under King Henry the Third, about 1266, have this peculiar feature: they seem aimed at discouraging trade by the western roads into the City. Why, it is difficult to fathom. I had first thought the fact of Fleet Street being a comparatively late highway might have explained a preference for the older routes, but Holborn, in several instances, is

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[1] *Victoria History of London*, i, 248.
[2] Letters and Papers Henry VIII, vol. 5, No. 1778.
[3] Provisions for safe-keeping of the City, 10th Ed. I, *Memorials*, p. 21.

treated in the same way. Money being scarce, bargains were commonly made by exchanges of goods.

On victuals brought in at the gates the tax was a farthing or a halfpenny, and rarely a penny (then a much more considerable sum than our modest copper coin), but the tax-gatherers were prepared to receive payment in kind. Thus: "If a man on foot brings 100 eggs or more, he shall give five eggs, the franchise excepted."[1] "A cart that brings boards for sale, if it brings a quarter of 100 or more, shall give one board. . . . The cart that brings planks of oak, shall give one plank; and if it brings planks of beech, it shall give one halfpenny and one plank."

Incidentally this item is in the tariff: "For every dead Jew buried in London, three-pence halfpenny."

Carts coming by the Fleet bridge or Holborn were penalised in higher charges; for corn the rates being elsewhere one-halfpenny, here one penny; nuts and cheese twopence, here twopence halfpenny; and the same with vehicles bringing wool or hides. There is one exception. Loaded with bark, the cart paid one-halfpenny, "and if it enters by Holburne or by the Flete it shall pay nothing."[2] This last concession, no doubt, was extracted by the tanners, who, as already said, were very busy curing leather along the Fleet.

The clergy also levied. At Bishopsgate the Bishop of London had from every cartload of wood passing through one stick, and the citizens complained that, as he enjoyed this privilege, his lordship "ought to find the hinges for Bushoppesgate." The upkeep of this gate later passed to the Hanse Merchants.

The visitor to Westminster Abbey of course sees the ancient Chapel of the Pyx, now happily thrown open for inspection, and has read, or is told, how it was forced when the Royal treasure and regalia of the first of the English Edwards were stored there. In this dark and walled up chamber, beneath the sacred ægis of the Abbot of St. Peter's, they were thought to be safe, but they were stolen in the year 1303. It was not by some enemy's splendid raid, but by the stealthy iniquity of men of God. The Sub-Prior of Westminster contrived the plot, and the Sacristan helped to carry it out. In two black

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[1] This means, freemen of the City excepted.

[2] Customs of Henry III. *Liber Albus*, Riley, p 204-5.

panniers the treasure was ferried across to the southern bank of the Thames, and never has been heard of since. I recall the matter only because some disorderly characters of Fleet Street were held gravely suspect.

It is told in the Letter Books how William de Kinebautone and John his brother, and Chastanea la Barbere and Alice her sister, met that eventful week in a certain house within the close of Fleet Prison, together with a horseman and four other ribalds unknown, for two nights, and there spent the time until midnight eating and drinking, and then withdrew with arms towards Westminster. In the morning they returned, and this they did for two nights, and never were seen again. And because about the same time the treasury was broken into, these were held suspect of the felony and the robbery,[1] and the City's officers were enjoined, together with the King's marshals, to take them alive or dead.

Some things at this time we might like to restore; the fresh country winds blowing undefiled over the City, the " thickets and bushes " along the Strand, and the view of the Thames in full flood pouring towards the sea—a view to be caught at every turn in Fleet Street. To-day the river lies quite apart from the street and its life. Fitzstephen's description of London in the twelfth century, so often quoted, is wholly laudatory: its citizens' houses with gardens and orchards, beyond the north wall meadows intersected by running brooks, turning water-mills with a pleasant noise, and not far off a great forest chase. A'Becket's secretary fared well, and life was a pleasant thing. But on the whole the picture is a dark one.

Against Fitzstephen there is to be placed a vivid passage by Roger de Hoveden. Therein you may see London's perils at night. It was a practice for gangs of " a hundred or more in company " to besiege wealthy houses for plunder, and unscrupulously murder anyone who happened to come in their way. Their vocation was so flourishing that when one of their number was condemned, he had the surpassing assurance to offer King Henry the Second 500 pounds of silver for his life. The gallows claimed its due, and no doubt the Royal

[1] Letter Book C. Cal., p. 125.

Treasury had the silver. Not until Henry the Third was a regular watch established in cities and boroughs, when the king enforced performance of a public duty by giving a person plundered by a thief the right of recovering an equivalent for his loss from the district wherein the felony occurred.

The city which at its folkmete chose Stephen for the English throne, and aided the barons against King John, occupied a peculiar position of independence. The Charter given by William the Conqueror delivered London from the tyranny of any overlord, save the Sovereign himself; it acknowledged neither earl nor baron. This precious historical document, a scrap of parchment bearing but sixty-six words, may be seen at Guildhall. The franchise that gave the sheriffs the right to arrest felons and hold them for trial before the King's Justiciars within the City or by its own officials at Guildhall, was upheld against the King in many instances.

One only I need mention. Five Welshmen—Tyder Thoyd, Edmund the Welchman, Meric de Berdeche, Mereduz de Beauveur, and Hersal de Theder—were seized in July, 1311, for burglary and robbing Dionisia le Bokebyndere "in her house in Fletestrete in the suburbs of London."

The name is interesting. Dionisia the bookbinder six full centuries ago was engaged in Fleet Street in that industry of the letter press (then written, not printed) which has made the fame of the street.

These Welshmen belonged to Edward the Second's household, and his Marshal, Peter de Bernardestone, appeared at Guildhall and demanded in the King's name that they should be surrendered to him; if any one, said he, wished to prosecute them, he must do so before the Seneschal. The Mayor, John de Gysorz, and the sheriffs and aldermen refused to deliver the men for trial out of the City. Summoned to attend the King's Council, then sitting at Blackfriars, they returned the same answer.[1] Probably the thieving Welshmen had short shrift.

But while thus engaged in withstanding (not always successfully) aggression from without, the mediæval city developed a

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[1] Letter Book D. *Memorials*, p. 89. See also a similar issue raised in 1315 in "The hall of his lordship the King, holden at St. Dunstan's within the Bar of the New Temple at London," recorded in *Liber Albus*, Riley, p. 261.

grinding tyranny of its own. Laws of general use were strengthened, always in the direction of greater restriction. Despite all forms, London was ruled by the despotism of a narrow aristocracy, until, as civic life developed, the offices became more effectively electoral. If any one there be, like Councillor Knap in Hans Anderson's story, who really is anxious for the return of " the good old times," let him read Mr. Riley's introduction to the *Liber Albus* in the Rolls Series, that he may know how fared the favoured and so-called *free* citizen. That is no fairy tale. Below the tradesman and the skilled artisan existed a great unconsidered class, the sediment of the town population, herding together outside the walls or in the marshes by the river—a mass of men and women, neglected and outcast, which in the Middle Ages, Dr. Jessop has said, formed a dense slough of stagnant misery, squalor, famine, loathsome disease, and dull despair, such as the worst slums of London, Paris, or Liverpool know nothing of.[1]

Even in the houses of the great, the hall, which by day was the dining apartment and the lord's court of justice, at night served the purpose of a sleeping room for the whole of the household staff, both male and female, who made their beds by the walls. Mediæval modesty did not provide a night-dress. An amusing set of instructions for the management of a household tells the lady of the house to teach her servants " prudently to extinguish their candles before they go into their bed, with the mouth or with the hand, and not with their shirt "—that is to say, they were not to get into bed half undressed, and then put out the candle by throwing their shirts upon it.[2] After this, the moral state of the lower orders, huddled together in dirty hovels, may be left to the imagination. Plague and the Black Death stalked abroad, and frightful toll was taken of the common people, suffering from contagious disease in every form, then classed under the general name of leprosy.

A great thunderstorm and torrents of rain swept over London in July, 1316, which did vast damage to Fleet Bridge and Holborn Bridge, destroyed houses and mills, and carried away both men and children in the flood.[3] It came in a time

[1] *The Coming of the Friars*, p. 9.
[2] D. J. Medley in *Social England*, i, 546.
[3] *Chronicles of the Mayors and Sheriffs of London* (Riley), p. 252.

of dearth, and was followed by famine, of which Stow, from some old chronicler, gives a terrible picture—

A grevious mortalitie of people so that the quick might unneath bury the dead. The Beastes and Cattell also by the corrupt Grasse whereof they fedde dyed, whereby it came to pass that the eating of fleshe was suspected of all men, for flesh of Beastes not corrupted was hard to find. Horseflesh was counted great delicates; the poore stole fatte Dogges to eat; some (as it was said) compelled through famine, in hidde places, did eate the flesh of their owne children, some stole others which they devoured. Thieves that were in prison did plucke in peeces those that were newly brought amongst them and greedily devoured them half alive.

Life was held cheaply, and the gallows were busy. A little time ahead the records of executions are frequent—

William de Notyngham was accused at Guildhall of maimour of a cup of mazar of the value of ten shillings, thieved from Juliana de Hockelee in Fletestrete.

Roger de Northampton, squyler (probably scullion) was indicted for theft of a cup of mazar in the parish of St. Brigid in Fletestrete.

Thomas de Bovyntone was taken at the suit of John de Kelfeld for theft in Shoe Lane of a surcoat and two double hoods (lined hoods) of the value of four shillings, and two sheets of the value of forty pence.[1]

In all cases the penalty is the same: "Therefore hanged; chattels none"—the clerks at Guildhall could not trouble themselves to say more of these insignificant offenders.

Nor were those who should have been God-fearing men always to be depended on. I find Richard Heryng, a chaplain, in the year 1314 indicted in the ward of Farndon (Farringdon Ward) as "a bruiser and a night-walker"; and the scandal of erring brothers among the Carmelite friars, who had lapsed into worldliness and led dissolute lives, became so grave that the third Edward found it necessary to give orders that such should be apprehended and handed over to the Abbot for appropriate punishment.[2]

That a community so held down should have been subject to outbursts of violent lawlessness can occasion no wonder. The reign of Edward the Second closed amid civil strife, in which the suburb took a full share. The citizens, incensed

[1] Letter Book F. Cal., pp. 254, 259, 266.
[2] Patent Roll, 26th Ed. III. Cal., pt. 2, p. 333.

by the King's exactions, and moved by intense hatred of the powerful family of the Despencers, who supported him, warmly espoused the cause of Queen Isabella, and in the rioting Walter de Stapledon, Bishop of Exeter, fell a victim to mob violence.

Stapledon had just built Exeter Inn, the residence of the bishops of his See outside Temple Bar, where now is the Outer Temple. Essex Street passes over the site of the house and garden. Knowing nothing of what was happening in the City, he rode down Fleet Street to a hostel which he also possessed in Old Dean's Yard (now Warwick Lane) intending to take his mid-day meal there. The mob were wreaking their fury on adherents of the Despencers. They dragged John Marshall, whom they suspected of being a spy, from his house in Walbrook, and promptly beheaded him, then turned to see the Bishop flying for sanctuary to St. Paul's. Before he could reach the north door he was intercepted, torn from his horse, and hurried into the Cheap, where on ground still wet with Marshall's blood his head was struck off.

Stapledon had been lately Lord High Treasurer of England, and as a favourite of Edward the Second, and closely identified with his later policy, was exceedingly obnoxious to the people. Leaving his bleeding corpse lying on the ground, the mob surged towards Fleet Street to execute vengeance on his servants. They overtook William Walle near Fleet Bridge, where he fell a victim to overwhelming numbers, making a stout resistance. Next John of Padington, steward of the Bishop's manor, was seized, dragged to the same spot, and there despatched. Exeter Inn was plundered and burnt to the ground.

All day the Bishop's headless body lay out in the market, none daring to touch it. The head was sent to the Queen at Gloucester. As evening fell, the choirmen of St. Paul's ventured out on a mission of mercy. Raising the corpse, they carried it into their church. The angry citizens invaded the sanctuary, declaring that the Bishop "had died under sentence"—that was to say, as a traitor. Once more the choirmen set out, bearing their burden through Ludgate and up Fleet Street to St. Clement Danes, to place it in the church of the Bishop's parish. It was promptly flung out, with that of the servant Walle.

"At length," says the French Chronicle, "certain women

and persons in the most abject poverty took the body, which would have been quite naked had not one woman given a piece of old cloth to cover the middle, and buried it in a place apart, without making a grave, and his esquire near him, without any office of priest or clerk." The King and Seagrave, Bishop of London, fled from the capital until quieter times returned.

Three years passed before retribution fell upon the leaders of the rioting, who were executed with the customary barbarities. But long before then Bishop Stapledon's body was recovered and given honoured burial in Exeter Cathedral with all the delayed rites, and over the tomb by the high altar his effigy, a fine example of mediæval art, may still be seen. The records of his magnificence survive in the nave of his cathedral church, and in Exeter College, Oxford, of which he was the original founder; but the great builder and scholar was a worldly, greedy, and corrupt public minister.

This was a tumultuous scene, but Fleet Street had periods of quiet that would be almost as strange to it to-day as the rush of a mob thoroughly out of hand. The stir of the street ceased at evening when curfew was tolled. Ludgate and the other City gates then closed, the serjeants who guarded them by day lying down at night within. All taverns for wine or ale were to be shut, and no one was to go about the streets or ways. This was the law of Edward the First. His successor had the gates closed at sunset, but wickets were kept open until curfew. Under the third Edward, the night guard of the City was yet more stringent.

"No person shall be so daring," says the proclamation of Mayor Reynald de Conduit (1334), "on pain of imprisonment as to go wandering about the city after the hour of curfew rung out at St. Martin's-le-Grand, unless it be some man of the city of good repute, or his servant, and that with reasonable cause, and with light." It was the time of the Scottish wars, when men's nerves were at tension, and every gathering was suspect.

Even Christmas parties came under ban. "Also we do forbid," runs the proclamation, "that any man shall go about at this feast at Christmas with companions disguised with false faces (visors or masks), or in any other manner, to the houses of the good folks of the city, for playing at dice there;

but let each one keep himself quiet, and at ease within his own house."

Night fell on a sleeping suburb silent as the grave. Not a light was anywhere visible. The ward provided a watch of six men, who patrolled the dark and narrow streets. Every craft was moored against the bank, and no one was permitted to cross the Thames. Out on the river the serjeant's boat, rowed by four men, guarded against surprise from that quarter.

CHAPTER IV

LAWYERS IN THE STREET

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say the bee stings: but I say, 'tis the bee's wax; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now! who's there?

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!....

Away with him, I say! hang him with his pen and ink-horn about his neck.—*King Henry VI, Part* 2, *Act iv, Sc.* 2.

LOOK back over six centuries of Fleet Street's strenuous life, bright as it has been with pageants and memorable for great events associated with it, and you will find nothing that has left such a permanent impress as the arrival of the lawyers.

The Knights Templars themselves had but a short day. The Carmelites, who gave their name to Whitefriars, passed out of the street in 300 years. The printers settled only in the sixteenth century. The theatres and the players have gone; the colony of literary giants who made their home there—Dryden, Goldsmith, Johnson, Richardson, not to forget old Izaak Walton and others—are but a memory. Alone of Fleet Street's old-time residents the lawyers remain, and barristers flitting about in wig and gown between the Law Courts and the Temple are to-day among the most familiar figures of the street.

In grudging fashion London acknowledges its debt to them; unless, indeed, it ignores the obligation altogether. They settled there in the fourteenth century, far distant from the courts at Westminster, and it was not until our own time that the courts were brought to them. I have spoken of the Temple church, a glorious relic that would have been a ruin but for their liberality and care. London owes much more to the practitioners of the law. They have preserved their charming gardens and delightful Inns, and freely permit the public to pass through and enjoy the restfulness and quiet of

these open spaces, saved from the press of commerce which has wrought such havoc all around.

Fleet Street is linked about with a chain of legal Inns, intact and little changed by the passage of years. Often on a spring morning I have passed through Gray's Inn, by the lawns and mounds laid out by Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, where the rooks caw in the tall elms, and pigeons flutter about the gravelled squares; and at nine at night the curfew is still rung. It is but a step across Holborn, past three or four shops down Chancery Lane, and a narrow footway gives entrance to Lincoln's Inn. Old Buildings have lost none of the picturesqueness given to this spot more than three centuries ago by the Tudor brick houses, and that substantial gateway on which, so tradition asserts, Ben Jonson worked as a bricklayer, with trowel in hand and a Horace in his pocket. By the green lawns and brightly-coloured flower-beds of New Square one reaches the Law Courts, and crossing Fleet Street enters the Temple. Much time may be spent in its courts and cloisters, and on by the historic Middle Temple Hall and the fountain playing in the sunshine, there is a path to the embankment and the river.

It is quite a fair walk, by the Inns all the way, every yard of the ground traversed, every building passed, stored with legal associations, and may easily be extended by taking in the surviving smaller inns that lie immediately at the side—Staple Inn, Clement's Inn, Clifford's Inn, and Serjeants' Inn, Fleet Street; for Old Serjeants Inn in Chancery Lane has gone as I write. Near to the heart of London, here is a route teeming with interest, which the thoughtless Londoner, who knows little of the treasures at his hand, rarely appreciates at its true value. I have gone thus shortly over the ground to fix attention upon this striking fact, that the whole of these legal settlements lie outside the walled city of London.

That cannot be accidental: we know, indeed, that it is not: and it is additional evidence of what I have emphasised in previous chapters, and historians dealing with London as a unit have been apt to overlook—the cleavage that existed in the early mediæval age between London within the walls, and its liberties, or suburbs, lying without. The gates closed the walled city within itself from sunset till sunrise, leaving the liberties unprotected. Into this exterior ring of the City

(Gray's Inn lies just beyond the bars) the lawyers came, and wherever settled, they have never admitted the jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor within the Inns of Court.

" Of Law," says Hooker in a purple passage, " there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is in the bosom of God ; her voice the harmony of the world ; all things in heaven and earth do her homage ; the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted in her power." Others have sought elsewhere for the origin of the Law. At any rate, lawyers are heard of long before the foundation of the Inns of Court. That the first associations were within the walled city is beyond question. The Archbishop of Canterbury held his court at St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside. There was a Cathedral school of St. Paul's. Conflict arose between the ecclesiastical lawyers and practitioners of the Common Law, and in the legal societies formed by these last the influence of the guild is clearly to be traced. The Inns of Court were in origin universities for the study of the law, and they developed by gradual process without assistance or interference either of the Crown or State.

We have a definite date for the ejectment of the lawyers from the City in a writ addressed by King Henry the Third, in 1234, to the Mayor and Sheriffs of London, directing them to cause proclamation to be made firmly forbidding that anyone should set up schools in the city for teaching the laws there. This presupposes schools of law already existing. Dr. Stubbs thought that the *leges* of the writ referred to the Canon Law, and that this was an endeavour by the King to support the Church. Pollock and Maitland disagree. Enough for my purpose is the fact of the writ, and that after a long interval—a century—the lawyers are found to have established themselves about the western suburb.

The settlement of the lawyers would make a long story, and I can only indicate some few of the milestones ; then must tread warily, for much is uncertain. In part Henry's writ may have been accountable, and in perhaps a larger part the invitation of Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, the great administrator and justiciar of the first and second Edwards. De Lacy, who has been already mentioned, acquired from the Dominican friars when they moved to the Thames-side (Black-friars) the first house established by them by Shoe Lane and

Holborn, and there was a tradition in Dugdale's time that this powerful noble, " about the beginning of Edward the Second's reign, being a person well affected to the knowledge of the Laws, first brought in the professors of that honourable and necessary study to settle in this place." [1]

It does not necessarily follow that De Lacy received the lawyers in his own house, nor can it be said that the Earl gave to them anything but his name and arms. These Lincoln's Inn still bears. Mr. Baildon, the learned editor of the " Black Books " of Lincoln's Inn, thinks it likely that the Earl settled the lawyers in John Thavy's house, within a stone's throw of his own door. Thavies Inn is to-day a short street off Holborn Circus.

John Thavy (or Thavie), citizen and armourer, died in 1348. His will shows that his hospice had been frequented by students of the law, and further indicates that about that time the lawyers had ceased to use it. They migrated—somewhere. According to Dugdale, they moved from Thavy's to the Temple. Probably they founded there the society of the Inner Temple, which cannot have been later than the Middle Temple if the Inns were from the first separate. Mr. Baildon holds that a body of them, if not the whole, survived separately, and founded Lincoln's Inn. The fact is significant that in the year before John Thavy's death, namely, 1347, as shown by the Patent Rolls, the Knights Hospitallers first farmed the manor or place of the New Temple to professors and students of the law.

But I must go back, for meanwhile much had happened. The Temple, wrested somewhat unwillingly by Edward the Second from its rightful owners, brought no good fortune to its next possessors. Heads fell : it was a habit of the time. Soon after the suppression of the Knights Templars, the King granted their estate in London to his near relative, Thomas Earl of Lancaster, a great noble marked out by birth and the inheritance of five earldoms as leader of the barons in their revolt against the misgovernment and disorder cast upon the country by the second Edward. His military incompetency and lack of initiative brought him to the block in 1322. The Temple in the same year passed to Aylmer de Valence, Earl

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[1] *i.e.*, Lincoln's Inn. *Origines Juridiciales.*

of Pembroke, who made it over to Hugh le Despenser the younger. Hugh le Despenser's sightless eyes stared down from London Bridge, where his head was hoisted on a pike, and again the property reverted to the Crown.

Large abstractions by king and nobles had reduced the extent of the Templars' English possessions. What remained had all this time been granted by Bull of Clement V to the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem. Edward the Second cared little. His refusal at the outset to believe the extravagant charges made against the Templars stands to his credit. At length, by threat of excommunication and interdict, his hand was forced. A statute of 1324 purported to assign the property in England seized from the Templars to the Knights Hospitallers, but it was not until fourteen years later that entire possession was handed over to them. They having their own Priory of St. John's, Clerkenwell (the gate of which, rebuilt in 1504, still stands) leased the Inner and Middle Temples to the lawyers. The Outer Temple was not in the demise, having previously passed to Stapledon, Bishop of Exeter.

The lawyers may have had a footing in the Temple as early as 1322, being tenants of Thomas Earl of Lancaster ;[1] this, at least, is certain, that the long association of the legal profession with the Temple has existed undisturbed for upwards of five and a half centuries.

It would be profitless to raise again the vexed question whether the separate Inns of the Inner and Middle Temple were ever one. Mention was made in the last chapter of St. George's Inn in Seacoal Lane, by Fleet Ditch, one of the earliest of the London schools of law, and the parent of New Inn, St. Clement Danes. The Middle Temple bears upon its arms, with the *Agnus Dei* of the Knights Templars, the Cross of St. George. It is a possible theory—of no more merit than others—that in a migration of professors and students from St. George's Inn the

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[1] An ancient manuscript formerly the property of Earl Somers, and afterwards of Nichols, the antiquary, sets out that "certain lawyers made composition with the Earl of Lancaster for a lodging in the Temple, and so came hither and have continued ever since." See a most valuable discussion of the whole subject of "Early Law Schools in London," by Dr. Hugh Bellot in *The Law Magazine and Review*, vol. 36, p. 257 *et seq.*

Middle Temple had its origin, and that they brought with them this armorial bearing, just as the descendants of Lacy Earl of Lincoln's retainers took his arms for their legal Inn.

Lincoln's Inn has had two migrations. From De Lacy's or Thavy's house the lawyers and apprentices went probably in the first instance to Furnival's Inn, Holborn, and thereafter the society, or the greater part, moved between 1415 and 1422 " into the still more roomy palace of the bishops of Chichester, in Chancery Lane, again taking with it its old name." When the records of Lincoln's Inn commence in the latter year, the Society was paying rent to the Bishop of Chichester for the still existing settlement.[1]

Gray's Inn was held at the opening of the fourteenth century by Reginald de Grey, justiciar of Chester under Edward the First, and a member of the legal family of the Earls de Grey, by grant from the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's. Again, we may see in this society the descendants of those persons learned in the laws of the realm with whom a great justiciar, keeping up a large establishment, would surround himself. The Earls de Grey have disappeared; the lawyers remain upon the property. Of them it may be said with some point, *j'y suis, j'y reste.*

There is an Inn of Chancery that was given over to the law before the lease of the Temple, and still survives, though in private ownership, as one of the most charming byways of Fleet Street. Clifford's Inn lies behind St. Dunstan's church, with entrances in Fleet Street and Fetter Lane. It was granted by King Edward the Second to Robert de Clifford in 1310, and was leased by Isabella, his widow, in 1344, to students of the law (*apprenticii de Banco*) at a rent of £10 a year.

Old Serjeants' Inn, adjoining, was let to the members of that Order, the most venerable of the legal brotherhoods, in the year 1416, being then known as Faryngdon's Inn. They came from Scroope's Inn, Holborn. Serjeants' Inn in Fleet Street itself was of later origin.

The lawyers have really made Chancery Lane, " the greatest legal thoroughfare in England " as Leigh Hunt finely called it. We who do not recognise that character in its present aspect must remember all the change that it has undergone.

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[1] Baildon, *Records of Lincoln's Inn*, iv, 295.

That old hall of Lincoln's Inn seen through the great Tudor gateway in Chancery Lane—and much improved by last year's renovations—was originally the place wherein the Vice-Chancellor sat to determine suits in Chancery ; and there was heard the famous cause of Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce—not, let me hasten to say, in the Law Reports, for citation is perilous. A barrister once ventured to quote a passage from Scripture. Said the judge from the bench, " I don't remember that case, Mr. Blank ! " The old hall is derelict, the last occasion of its use, after a long interval, having been the inquiry *re* the Marquis Townshend in 1906. Last century, built upon the same side of Chancery Lane, stood the office of the Six Clerks, in early times the only persons allowed to practise in Chancery,[1] the Examiner's Office, the offices of the Masters in Chancery, and others ; and on the east side Old Serjeants' Inn, Symon's Inn, a place frequented by lawyers, the Rolls Chapel, the Great House of the Master of the Rolls, and the Cursitor's Office. Then the street was law from end to end. To-day all these, save Lincoln's Inn itself, have been swept away, and the dust of the law has gone with them.

Likely enough, as was the case with so many other landmarks hereabouts, Chancery Lane had its origin in the Knights Templars, and was first a mere track used by them as a direct route of communication between the Old and the New Temples. In Edward the First's reign, before the Templars were crushed, it had become so foul and miry that John Breton, Custos of London, had the way barred up " to hinder any harm." But because an important building stood in this lane, where its successor still stands, I go back even beyond that, to a time when Ralph Nevill, Bishop of Chichester, was Chancellor to King Henry the Third, and had his hostel with grounds on both sides of Chancery Lane, then called New Street. Chichester Rents and Bishop's Court, half way up the lane, recall the association to-day.

[1] The idea being that by restricting the number of practitioners in the various courts the growth of litigation would be checked, just as if by limiting the number of doctors a stop could be put on the increase of disease. The Six Clerks were soon overburdened, and in turn engaged Sworn Clerks, finally limited to sixty, whose privileged exaction of fees from suitors was one of the gross scandals of old Chancery procedure, until the whole body was swept away in 1842. A list of the Six Clerks since 1522 is preserved.

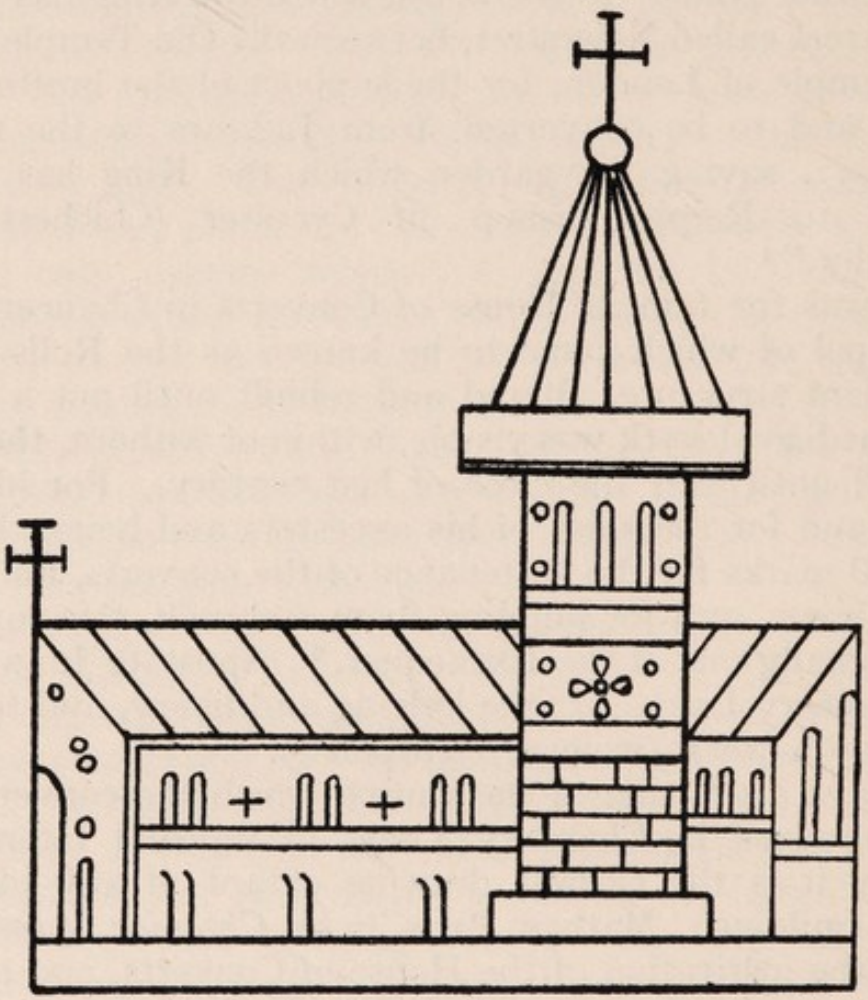
It was during this period the downfall occurred of Hubert de Burgh, the Chief Justiciar and once all-powerful minister, whose large estates included land in New Street. Ralph Nevill succeeded in 1232 to his influence with the monarch. King Henry the Third had a scheme of his own to serve, and having seized Hubert de Burgh's land, he granted it with other lands " to the house which the King has founded in the street called Newestret, between the Old Temple and the New Temple of London, for the support of the brethren converted, and to be converted, from Judaism to the Catholic Faith . . . saving the garden which the King has already granted to Ralph, Bishop of Cycester (Chichester) the Chancellor." [1]

This was the famous House of Converts in Chancery Lane, the chapel of which came to be known as the Rolls Chapel. An ancient structure, altered and rebuilt until not a particle of the mediæval work was visible, within or without, the chapel survived until near the close of last century. For his soul's health, and for the souls of his ancestors and heirs, the King gave 700 marks for the sustenance of the converts, for making them a home, and for building them a church, this sum to be paid annually out of the Exchequer. [2] Apostate Jews flocked into Chancery Lane, to take lodging and livery, and tenpence halfpenny a week (women, eightpence).

We have a drawing of the church which the converts built for themselves in Chancery Lane, of unusual interest, for probably it is the earliest drawing extant of any identified London building. Mathew Paris, in his *Chronica Majora*, duly records the institution of the House of Converts, and opposite the passage, on the margin of the manuscript preserved in Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, which very likely is in his own hand, is sketched a coloured representation of this chapel as it existed between the year of its foundation and 1259, when the chronicler died. In the nave with three bays, square projecting turret, and short chancel with lancet windows, it corresponds with the Rolls Chapel destroyed six and a half centuries later, but the artist, anxious to show a bit of both sides of the building, has adopted an original method of perspective.

[1] Charter Rolls, 19th Henry III, Cal., p. 199.
[2] *ibid.*, 16th Henry III, Cal., p. 143.

The settlement grew rapidly, if certain instructions given to the King's Almoner for raiment, beginning with the year 1255-6, afford indication of the number of inmates. He was to deliver cloth for 150 robes for the converts before Christmas ; in the next year 171 tunics for Easter and 164 for Pentecost ; and in the year following 150 tunics at the command of the



From Midd. & Herts. Notes & Queries

MATHEW PARIS'S DRAWING OF THE CONVERTS' CHAPEL

King and Queen, and twenty-one at the command of the Royal children.[1] It became necessary in 1265-75 to enlarge the buildings and lengthen the chapel, in which two (afterwards three) chaplains served. The converts had liberty to live within the house as they chose, and to work wherever their labour was required. In 1238 two converts were the King's

[1] Hardy, " Rolls House and Chapel," *Midd. & Herts. N. & Q.* ii, 51.

bowmen. They were to have their daily necessaries provided in the Tower of London, that their task might not be hindered.

As enthusiasm for the religious work diminished, the Exchequer grant came vicariously. From a petition of the year 1272 it seems that the inmates were reduced to extreme straits, begging from door to door and almost perishing from hunger, because rich converts, who had other means of support, and did not live in the house, received the revenues which ought to have been assigned only to the poor converts dwelling therein.[1]

No regulations have been found earlier than the 3rd June, 1280. At that date King Edward the First addressed his beloved clerk, John de St. Denys, Keeper of his House of Converts in London, stating that both for the strengthening of the faith of those who had been converted from the blindness of Judaism to the light of Christianity, and for the winning of further converts, he had, by God's authority, been led to provide for the sustenance of the inmates of the House of Converts. Although the goods and chattels of Jews converted to the faith belonged " wholly and of right and custom " to himself, yet being willing to show to such persons some special favour, he then bestowed upon them, for the period of seven years, for their sustenance, a moiety of all their possessions, and all the chevage of the Jews of England. Inmates who showed proficiency were to be taught trades, that their charge upon the house might cease.[2]

Chevage was a head tax of threepence upon all the Jews of England, and from the payments to the House of Converts we gain an idea of their numbers in the thirteenth century—

In 1280-1, 1,153 Jews paid chevage.
In 1281-2, 1,135 ,, ,, ,,
In 1282-3, 1,151 ,, ,, ,,

The chevage was afterwards farmed for a settled sum, £11 and £12, and this was duly paid to the converts, who enjoyed besides certain rent-charges, escheats, and other revenues. They were frequently sent out to collect the taxes from harassed co-religionists of the faith they had abandoned, after the sums had been assessed by the justices.

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[1] Patent Roll, 56th Henry III, pt. 1, m. 10.
[2] Hardy, *Midd. & Herts. N. & Q.*, vol. 2, before cited.

There were more than eighty converts sheltered in the house when Edward the First, in 1290, expelled the Jews from his kingdom.

This sweeping step did not empty the *Domus Conversorum*, as it was called. But its income fell off, and the settlement never regained its former strength. The inmates in the fourteenth century at no time exceeded thirteen. When the converts had been reduced to two, in 1377, Edward the Third in Parliament ordered that the house should remain for ever attached to the office of Custos Rotulorum, or Keeper of the Rolls;[1] and so it came about that the care of the Jewish converts remained a burden—such as it was—to the Master of the Rolls for a much longer period than is popularly supposed. These varied in numbers thenceforward from two to seven or eight. Thomas Cromwell, King Henry the Eighth's powerful minister, when appointed Master of the Rolls, found three converts, all women, left to his charge. Cromwell lived a great deal in the Rolls, and his court there swarmed with litigants, so it is probable that he housed the women in some outbuilding. They received three-halfpence a day.

The establishment survived in decay during Elizabeth's reign, but when the first of the Scottish monarchs came to England there was a speedy end to it. Payments cease altogether in the third year of King James the First.[2] Though one or two converts from Judaism petitioned that Sovereign for the benefit of the old foundation, they obtained no satisfaction. The chaplains, however, continued in their office, and the chapel remained in use for the celebration of divine service and the preservation of the records of Chancery, which were kept in presses on the floor and under the pew seats, while the Master of the Rolls went on drawing his allowance as Keeper of the House of Converts so recently as last century. The only surviving association is that the Master of the Rolls to this day is *ex-officio* trustee of the Society for the Conversion of the Jews—which raised a curious situation

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[1] The association is much older than this. Out of nine persons who were keepers of the House of Converts between 1307 and 1377, no fewer than eight were also keepers of the Rolls of Chancery (57th Report, Deputy Keeper Public Records, App. p. 20).

[2] Hardy, *Midd. & Herts. N. & Q.*, vol. 2, before cited.

when that eminent lawyer and Jew, Sir George Jessel, was appointed to the Rolls.

Whatever of the ancient dwellings may have outlived the centuries was destroyed in 1717, when a new Rolls House was erected as a residence for the Master of the Rolls. Over the site of the Rolls House, Chapel, and gardens has been built the Public Record Office, that vast repository wherein is stored the history of England from the Norman Conquest in original documents.

King Henry the Third was so enamoured of his plan for Christianising Jews, that in 1236-7 he persuaded Richard de Barking, then Abbot of Westminster, to surrender to him St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street, with its fruits and profits, that he might annex it to his new house.[1] A consequence of this bit of filching is seen to-day in the different manner of presentation to the two Fleet Street churches. While the gift of St. Bride's remains with the Abbot's successors, the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, the advowson of St. Dunstan's has passed through a dozen different hands, and is now vested in the Simeon Trustees.[2]

The chancellor from whom the street derives its name ("Chauncellereslane" in 1339) I take to have been Ralph Nevill; though a successor it was who kept up the bar for ten years, until there were loud complaints, and he was prescribed at an inquest for setting up two staples and a bar, whereby men and carts could not pass. The Sheriff removed the obstruction. And before the street became Chancellor's Lane, as early as 1262, a ditch called Chancellor's Ditch is mentioned as separating Nevill's land from adjoining property.[3] Chancery Lane, the present style, is an abbreviation, introduced in Queen Elizabeth's reign.[4]

The lawyers must be acquitted of all responsibility for Fetter Lane, "so called," says Stow, "of Fewters (or idle

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[1] Patent Roll, 20th Henry III. Cal., pt. 1, p. 178.

[2] See Appendix.

[3] "Chaunceleresdich." Chart. Convent of Malmesbury, Cotton MS., quoted in *Memorials of Old London*. Ed. Ditchfield.

[4] In the register of wardmote inquests St. Dunstan's West, in the early years of Elizabeth, "Chauncelor Lane" and "Chauncery Lane" are used indifferently; in the later years the latter style has become fixed.

people) lying there, as in a way leading to gardens." The law was not idle. And Stow is right, though his derivation has been attacked, and various others have been proposed. Mr. Loftie advanced the ingenious suggestion that the name is due to fewters or fetters (the rests for a spear) made here by armourers, but that is held to be untenable. Of course, it has nothing whatever to do with Newgate fetters.

Mr. Kingsford, in his edition of Stow's *Survey*, holds that Fetter Lane is probably the Viter lane without Newgate which occurs in 1294 and 1299 in the Husting wills. Faiteres-lane appears in 1312, the new lane called Faitur lane in 1352, and various other forms in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Faitour, faytor, or fayter, means an impostor, a cheat, especially a vagrant, who shams illness or pretends to tell fortunes. This was a way leading to gardens as late as Elizabeth, and such persons, no doubt, infested the suburb, as the wise women and fortune-tellers of Stow's own time did the north-eastern suburbs of Hoxton and Shoreditch.

The middle fourteenth century saw the legal Inns firmly established in the western suburb, and there they have remained ever since. In the absence of original documents it is difficult to say exactly what were their functions. Both the Inner and Middle Temple records begin in the last year of King Henry the Seventh, and Gray's Inn in the first years of Elizabeth. The earliest records are the " Black Books " of Lincoln's Inn, dating from the first year of Henry the Sixth, which contain much information as to the early buildings undertaken by that society, and details of innumerable matters connected with the management, customs, and history of that Inn. It would appear, however, that the smaller Inns of Chancery played the part of probationary houses, serving the Inns of Court with students. The practising attorney frequented St. Paul's Cathedral, consulting with clients in its spacious portico, like Chaucer's Serjeant-at-law—

> wary and wise,
> That often had been at the Porvis,

and in later years the Round of the Temple Church was a customary place for transaction of leagl business.

London was never short of lawyers. Chief Justice Fortescue, writing in the sixth year of King Henry the Sixth, declares that the four Inns of Court—Inner and Middle Temple, Lincoln's,

and Gray's—each contained as many as 200 persons, and 1,000 more were scattered about the ten Inns of Chancery. He says that a student of the larger Inns, exclusive of the cost of a servant, which he considers almost a necessity, could not well maintain himself there under £28 a year, a sum equivalent to about £400 of our money. In the Inns of Chancery the requirements were less onerous, and those who, from want of dignity or insufficient means, chose to begin there, after a term of residence and course of study might enter an Inn of Court at reduced fees.[1]

Intimate letters of the time of the Wars of the Roses are so rare that any reader unfamiliar with the Paston Letters will condone a digression that shall introduce this delightful and wholly unaffected missive, written in 1444 by Dame Agnes Paston, widow of the "Good Judge," Sir William Paston, to her lawyer son in London—

To John Paston, dwelling in the Temple at London, be this letter delivered in haste.

I greet you well, and let you weet, that on the Sunday before St. Edmund, after evensong, Agnes Ball came to me to my closet, and bade me good even, and Clement Spicer with her ; and I asked him what he would. And he asked me why I had stopped in the king's way ; and I said to him I stopped in no way but mine own, and asked him why he had sold my land to John Ball and he swore he was never accorded with your father, and I told him if his father had done as he did, he would have been ashamed to have said as he said ; and all that time Waryn Herman leaned over the park close and listened to what we said, and said that the change was a rewly change, for the town was undo thereby, and is the worse by a hundred pounds. And I told him it was no courtesy to meddle him in a matter but if he were called to council ; and proudly going forth with me in the church, he said the stopping of the way should cost me twenty nobles and yet it should be down again. And I let him weet, he that put it down should pay therefor.

Also he said that it was well done that I set men to work to owl many while I was here, but in the end I should lose my cost. Then he asked me why I had (taken) away his hay at Walsham, saying to me he would he had wist it, when it was carried, and he should a letted it ; and I told him it was mine own ground, and for mine own I would hold it ; and he bade me take four acres and go no further, and thus

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[1] *De Laudibus Legum Angliae.* Sir Edward Coke's estimate, about 1602, is somewhat less : forty students or thereabouts in each of eight Inns of Chancery, and 260 members of each of the four Inns of Court, with "above twenty" judges and serjeants.

churtly he departed from me in the churchyard ; and since I spake with a certain man, and asked him if he heard ought say why the dinner was made at Norfolk's house, and he told me (he) heard say that certain men had sent to London to get a commission out of Chancery to pull down again the wall and the dyke.

I received your letter by Robert Repps this day, after this letter (was) written thus far. I have read it, but I can give you none answer more than I have written, save the wife of Harman hath the name of our Lady, whose blessing ye have and mine. Written at Paston, on the day after St. Edmond.

By your mother,
AGNES PASTON.

A younger brother, Edmund Paston, was a student of Clifford's Inn. John Paston was a member of the Inner Temple. His estates after his inheritance were seized by the Yorkists, and himself thrown into the Fleet Prison.

Accepting Chief Justice Fortescue's census of 500 persons in the Temple and Clifford's Inn, with the Serjeants apart, and near at hand Lincoln's Inn with another 200, it is evident that the lawyers formed a considerable proportion of Fleet Street's population in the Middle Ages. Not much is known of their daily life and studies, but some light is thrown upon these matters by the ancient rules of the Honourable Society of Clifford's Inn, which was dissolved so recently as 1902. These rules have been preserved, and date, in part at least, from the time of Edward the Fourth, having been copied in the reign of Henry the Seventh, and newly transcribed in the twentieth year of Henry the Eighth, and they are of great interest.[1]

Law shall be the sole mistress. No member shall be allowed to employ himself in any other trade or business, " notwithstanding the same be honest."

Every common pensioner of the Inn " shall be obliged in his turn to carry on all manner of learning in the same Inn that appertains to an Inner Barrister . . . and every member aforesaid that shall be of the Society of the said Inn . . . shall likewise be obliged in his turn to carry on all manner of erudition or learning of the said Inn that appertains to an Outer Barrister." Fines of a farthing, half-penny, or penny punished absence by common pensioners from reading upon a writ, lecture, or moot.

[1] I am indebted for these rules to Dr. Philip Norman's paper on Clifford's Inn (*The Burlington Magazine*, vol. 1). The original MS. rules are in Inner Temple Library.

A large part of the rules is taken up by regulations for keeping order within the Inn. The steward is directed to shut the gates at nine o'clock. Dinner time during vacation is at " eleven of the clock," in term at noon, and in summer always at six Rule 14 ordains that any member striking another " with his fist, cudgel, knife, dagger, or other weapon, without effusion of blood, shall pay for every such offence twelve pence and shall make amends ; but if he strikes to the effusion of blood he shall make amends to the party at the discretion of the Principal, and shall pay to the Society six shillings and eight pence, and repeating such behaviour shall be expelled and put out of the Inn."

Fine is also fixed for any member who shall persuade or compel another to sally forth from the Inn for purposes of revenge.

None shall break into the buttery, or through the gates after they have been shut, or disgrace the Inn by bringing to or concealing therein any common woman. Nor shall a member " receive, keep, or bring into the Inn any dog called a grey-hound, grey bitch, spaniel, or mastiff " ; nor play at or keep " any dice, cards, tables, piquet, or any ridiculous amusements in metalls, coites, or other unlawful game, within the same Inn or without, privately or openly, at any times or time, or in the time of Christmas or Candlemas, without the consent of the Principal and the whole of the Council."

No doubt such penal rules were highly necessary. The studious lawyers, poring over deeds or discussing some knotty point of law at the moots, is one side of the picture. They were given to varying the monotony of their studies by a good deal of wild work, and often in the records which portray the life of the Middle Ages with such realism there stands out a mob of armed and turbulent young students surg-ing down Fleet Street, eager to provoke and always ready to take a leading part in the rioting which disturbed its peace.

The gentle Chaucer himself has been credited with a share in the students' riots, for there is a well-preserved tradition that he was fined 2s. by the benchers of the Inner Temple for beating a saucy Franciscan friar in Fleet Street. There is nothing in his life, however, to show that he was ever a member of the Inn, though so keen a Londoner must have known the

Temple well. In the "Canterbury Tales" he speaks of its manciple (or purveyor) and his thirty masters—

> Of maistres hadde he mo than thryes ten
> That were of lawe expert and curious,
> Of which ther wer a doseyn in that hous,
> Worthy to been stiwardes of rente and lond,
> Of any lord that is in Engelond.

I fear the Chaucer tradition cannot be substantiated. It rests upon nothing better than a statement by Speght, prefixed to the 1598 black-letter folio of Chaucer's Life: "It seemeth that both of these learned men (Gower and Chaucer) were of the Inner Temple; for not many years since Master Buckley did see a record in the same house where Geoffrey Chaucer was fined 2s. for beating a Franciscan friar in Fleet Street." Chaucer (old French "shoe-maker") was a common name in the fourteenth century.

Fabyan's Chronicle records in August, 1441, "a great affray in Fletestrete atweene ye getters of the Innys of Court and the inhabytauntes of the same strete." It began in the night, continued next day, and was not subdued until much injury had been done, and the Mayor and Sheriffs had appeared to restore order. The "chief occasioner" of this fray was "a man of Clyfford's Inn named Herbottell."

Yet more serious was another encounter on April 13th, 1458, when the law students and the townsmen fought a battle royal. The students were driven by archers from the conduit in Fleet Street opposite Shoe Lane back to the Inns, and some slain, and in this desperate mêlée the Queen's Attorney was killed. Stern reprisals followed. King Henry the Sixth committed the principal governors of Clifford's Inn, Furnival's Inn, and Barnard's Inn to the Castle at Hertford, and William Tailor, alderman of Farringdon Ward, with many others, was sent to Windsor.

Wat Tyler's raid in 1381 deeply scored the surface of Fleet Street, leaving scars which the succeeding century did not entirely efface. The vengeance of the rebels fell with especial severity upon the lawyers. Thomas of Walsingham may be right in his story that Tyler demanded of Richard the Second a commission for himself and his men to behead all lawyers, escheators, and everyone connected with the law. It seems likely. By the common people they were regarded with a

consuming hate, as the instruments of all their woes; and it was the rebels' determination, Stow relates, "to burn all Court-rolls and old muniments, that the memory of antiquities being taken away, their lords should not be able to challenge any right on them from that time forth." Tyler's boast that within four days all the laws of England should proceed from his mouth was an invitation to the ignorant masses who came behind him to destroy both the parchments which they looked upon as the cause of their oppression and those who produced them.

It is probable that the lawyers fled from the Temple and their Inns, being discreet men, when the rabble, mad for blood, came surging up Fleet Street with defiant shouts of "To the Savoy! to the Savoy!" At all events, nothing is heard of a general massacre, though their property was pillaged and fired, without any attempt on their part to defend it, so far as the chroniclers relate. No doubt a stray attorney or two was picked up here and there, and death came swiftly. The insurgents "took in hand," so Stow tell us, "to behead all men of law, as well apprentices as utter-barristers and old justices, with all the jurors of the country whom they might get into their hands; they spared none whom they thought to be learned; especially if they found any to have pen and ink they pulled off his hood, and all with one voice crying, 'Hale him out and cut off his head!'"

Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster, was a chief object of revenge when the rebels, having gained entrance by treachery at Aldgate and London Bridge, poured through the City, intent on sacking his riverside palace at the Savoy. But there were others on the route. Flames rose behind them from Clerkenwell Priory, which had been set on fire. The Fleet Prison and Newgate were attacked and broken open, and hordes of rascality were added to those already contributed by the Marshalsea. Men became drunk with wine from the plundered taverns, and gross outrages on life and property, which went on unchecked, marked the utter paralysis of the constituted authorities.

"Hardly was there a street in the City in which there were not bodies lying of those who had been slain," says a short contemporary account of the insurrection preserved in the City's archives.

We gain an idea of how those on the line of invasion suffered from the proceedings at the Savoy Palace. John of Gaunt fled, and a learned father, who had been his friend and adviser, was seized and torn to pieces as a substitute for his patron. This was, perhaps, the most luxurious dwelling-house in England, stored with treasure of every known kind, jewels and plate, books and charters. Its walls were broken down by the mob and the contents flung out and battered into fragments, tapestries rent to tatters, and what physical violence failed to effect was left to the flames to accomplish. For upwards of a hundred years thereafter the palace stood a heap of blackened ruins. Unfortunately for themselves, thirty-two of the rebels found their way to the wine cellars, " where they drank so much of sweet wines that they were not able to come out in time, but were shut in with wood and stones that mured up the door, where they were heard crying and calling seven days after, but none came to help them out till they were dead." Amid all the attendant horrors of the Peasants' Revolt, nothing is more ghastly than the fate of these poor wretches, immured in their living tomb.

Along Fleet Street the path of the rabble was marked by devastation. The Fleet Prison was burnt. As they burst into the spacious precinct of the Temple they spread themselves about for wholesale destruction, and that day (Tuesday, 13th June, 1381) work was done which succeeding generations of lawyers and antiquaries have had good cause to regret. The tale of disaster is told in a manuscript written in old French, formerly in the Abbey of St. Mary, Durham, where its author was then resident—

> The rebels went to the Temple and threw down the houses to the ground, and stripping roofs took away the tiles, so that they left them in disorder. And they went to the church and plundered all the books and rolls and remembrances that were in their cases in the Temple of the apprentices of the law, and carried them to the great fire-place (*le haut chimene*) and burnt them.[1]

This is brief, but lacks nothing in completeness. Walsingham also mentions the burning of the Temple papers by the insurgents. In the smoke issuing out of the *haut chimene*

[1] Quoted by Dugdale, *Origines Juridiciales*. This passage has been almost invariably mistranslated " carried them into the streets and burnt them," following an error by Stow.

no doubt there perished the earliest records of the Inns, leaving a gap in the law's history that can never be filled. Much would be given to-day for a sight of those rolls which the Kentishmen so easily reduced to blackened fragments of carbon. Long after their leader, mortally stricken by Mayor Walworth, had been carried into St. Bartholomew's Hospital in Smithfield, to die on the Master's bed, the memory of the raid was kept in the public mind, a representation of the head of Wat Tyler, borne on a spear by a man in armour, being a popular feature of the Lord Mayor's pageants so late as 1616.

More was done on that eventful day. In the fires lighted by the Kentish rebels two forges that had stood on either side of St. Dunstan's Church disappeared. The forges have a curious history. They originally belonged to the Knights Templars. One at least must have been at or near Ficket's Croft, the jousting place of the Knights Templars beyond the city and in the shire, and no doubt was kept busily employed for shoeing horses and riveting mail. They passed with other property of the Templars into possession of the Knights Hospitallers in 1324.

The new Prior of St. John of Jerusalem, returning after Wat Tyler's mob had passed, found his forges burnt to ashes. They could not be repaired "owing to the damage of the said street." But the rent of 15s. paid for them continued to be exacted, and two years later he petitioned for its remission. It was for many years respited. A century went by, and then the King took the land into his own hands, and it came by this circuitous route into ultimate possession of the City, being thrown into the street.[1]

Larger in scope, and not less wanton, was another piece of destruction in Fleet Street that has been attributed, though perhaps falsely, to Wat Tyler's band. It has been known only of recent years that the Carmelite Friars had a house in Fleet Street by Temple Bar, in addition to their principal settlement at Whitefriars. There had long been reputed to be some curious stonework in cellars in use by the famous Devil Tavern, where old Simon Wadloe kept his rare wines. Portions of these, in the beginning of last century, were built into the new strong-rooms of Child's Bank, then extended over the site.

[1] *Rot. Parl.* iii, 179. Patent Roll, 24th Henry VI, Cal., pt. 2, p. 447.

Temple Bar came down in 1879, and Child's Bank, being entirely rebuilt, these underground structures were uncovered. They proved to be part of a late thirteenth or fourteenth century vaulted building, with pointed arches, carried by a row of stone pillars.

The explorations brought to light a floor of tiles, coated with green and yellow glaze, an ancient well, and cesspools near by.[1] The vault itself had a stout central pier of stone, from which four stone arches sprang. On the four sides of the chamber the arches rested upon a wall composed of blocks of chalk, in places 6½ feet thick.

It was the opinion of architects and antiquaries who visited the excavations that the vault had carried a large ecclesiastical building or gatehouse. The land can be traced to the Carmelites, having been seized by Henry the Eighth on the dissolution of the religious houses as part of their possessions,[2] but it then supported only a few dwellings of no importance. The mystery is this. An inch or two above the original floor were layers of cinders and fragments of charred wood, and these extended beyond the vault, over the whole of the wide area laid open. The central pier was itself burnt by intense heat Obviously the whole structure had been destroyed by fire.

The late Mr. F. G. Hilton Price, F.S.A., the historian of Child's Bank and a most industrious antiquary, made diligent search, but was unable to find any record of an early building standing on the site. I have not been more fortunate. The theory is that the Carmelites put a house there, that it was burnt to the ground by Wat Tyler's mob when they were firing the places around, and that the friars never rebuilt, having already, as will be shown in the next chapter, largely developed their estate at Whitefriars. John Norden says that Temple Bar was "thrown down." More to the point than this late testimony is the contemporary statement of the *Chronicon*

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[1] Various articles of great antiquarian interest discovered in the excavations included a jug of cream-coloured pottery, with green glazed top, of the usual fourteenth century type ; a pipkin of somewhat later date ; and the earliest relic of all, a copper cauldron, or cooking pot, resting on three short legs, of the type of copper vessels of the time of King John (found under the chalk wall). These are figured in the late Mr. F. G. Hilton Price's "The Marygold by Temple Bar."

[2] Ministers' Accounts 31 and 32 Henry VIII, roll 112, m 57.

Angliæ, 1328-1388 (Rolls Series) that in the passage of the mob Temple Bar was "burnt."[1] In my belief, the attack of Wat Tyler's rebels was directed, not upon the Carmelites, but upon a gatehouse prison, and Temple Bar was an actual gateway at a much earlier date than is popularly supposed.

The rebels displayed no enmity towards the friars. As distinct from the monks, they appear still to have enjoyed regard as friends of the poor. It is of much significance that the mob, mad for blood and destruction, in its rush up Fleet Street left the White Friars' settlement unharmed.

Temple Bar came down in 1879, and interest has lapsed. Since then the unrivalled collection of over 4,000 citizens' wills enrolled in the Guildhall archives has been calendared by Dr. Reginald Sharpe, and they throw a novel and quite unexpected light on the subject.

The customary use of a city's gate as a prison is well known. Newgate survived as a gaol long after the gate itself had been demolished. Ludgate was so used. The old gatehouse of the Westminster Abbey precinct previous to the Reformation had two chambers, one of which became the Bishop of London's prison for convicted clergy and Roman Catholic recusants, while the other obtained evil notoriety as the public gaol of Westminster. It was in Westminster Gatehouse that Richard Lovelace, the Cavalier poet, whose burial place was believed to be old St. Bride's Church, wrote that most exquisite of English lyrics, "To Althea, from prison."

A provision for the benefit of prisoners was held to be a pious disposition of wealth, and the citizens' wills contain dozens of such. Dying in the year 1351, Walder de Mourdon, stockfishmonger, left bequests to churches, friars, hospitals, and "to the poor prisoners of Newgate and in the prison at Templebarre and the prison of Flete."[2] Adam de la Pole, also a stockfishmonger, in 1358 left bequests "to the prisoners in Newgate, Templebarre, and the Flete."[3] There was, then, a prison at Temple Bar, and that is the explanation of the rebels having burnt or "thrown down" the bar, which otherwise would have been a purposeless piece of work. Dr. Reginald

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[1] *Incenduntur Templum-barre et domus Hospitalis.*
[2] Husting Wills, i, 653.
[3] *ibid.*, ii, 3.

Sharpe tells me that he recalls no mention of this prison in the City records after the fourteenth century. The gaol being there gives strong presumption of an actual gateway at Temple Bar as early as the reign of Edward the Third.

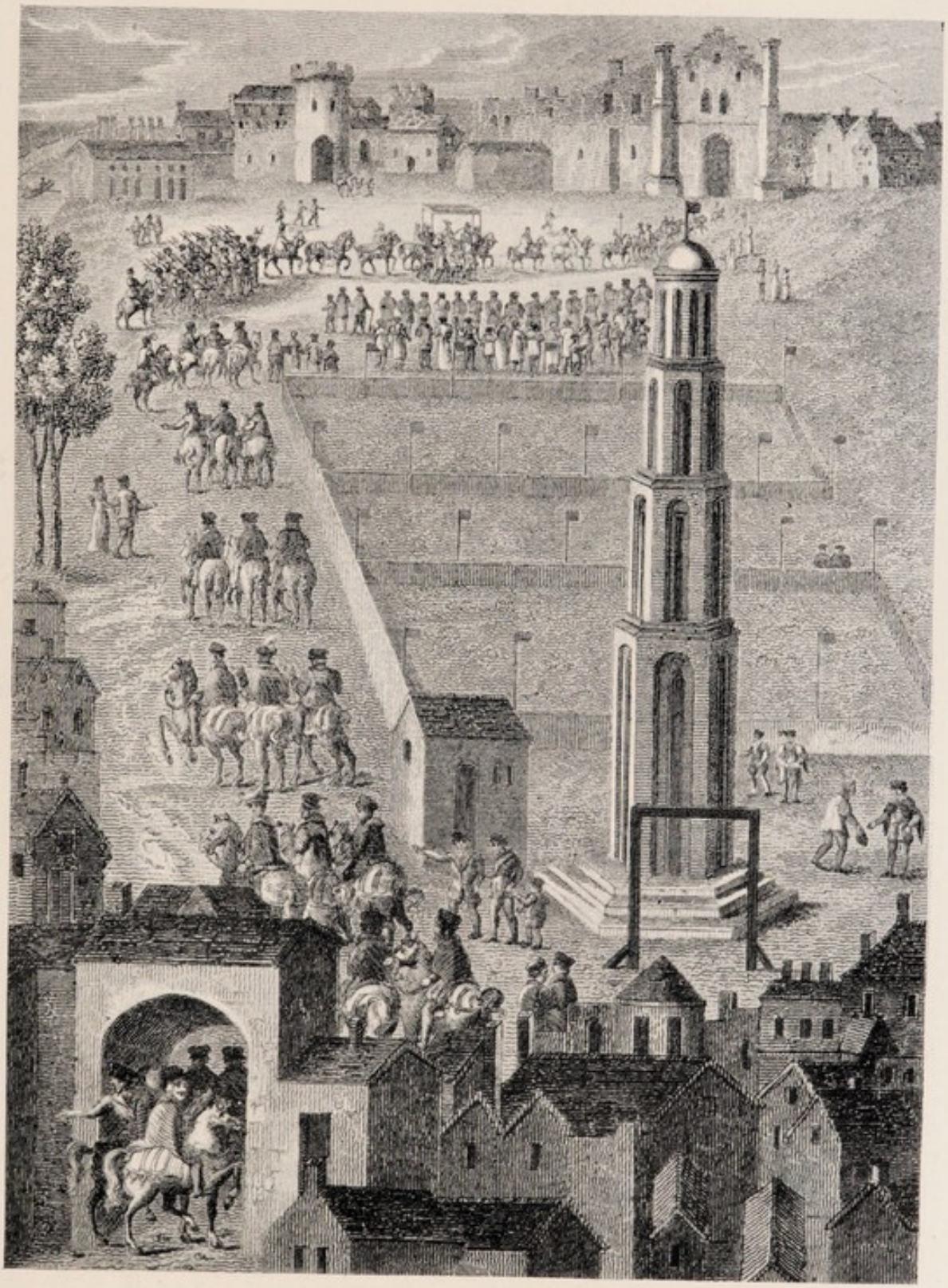
The origin of Temple Bar remains obscure. So much uncertainty has prevailed about its date, that when in 1909 an addition was made to the Mansion House plate in commemoration of the Mayoralty of Sir William Treloar, alderman of the ward of Farringdon Without, the piece bore a representation of the last Temple Bar, with the inscription "First mentioned 1301; Taken down 1879."

That is clearly wrong, for the bar is older. On the Patent Roll for 1293, the twenty-first year of Edward the First, is a licence for the alienation in mortmain by Henry le Waleys, to the abbot and convent of Cumbe, of a messuage in the parish of St. Clement Danes, "without the Bar of the New Temple, London"—*extra Barram Novi Templi, London*—and of a messuage in the parish of St. Mary, Strand. Mr. Loftie has indicated (*Memorials of the Savoy*) a time when Temple Bar was not. In the original grant to Peter of Savoy in 1246, his land is described as lying outside the walls of London. In all subsequent documents the land is described as lying outside the Temple Barrs.

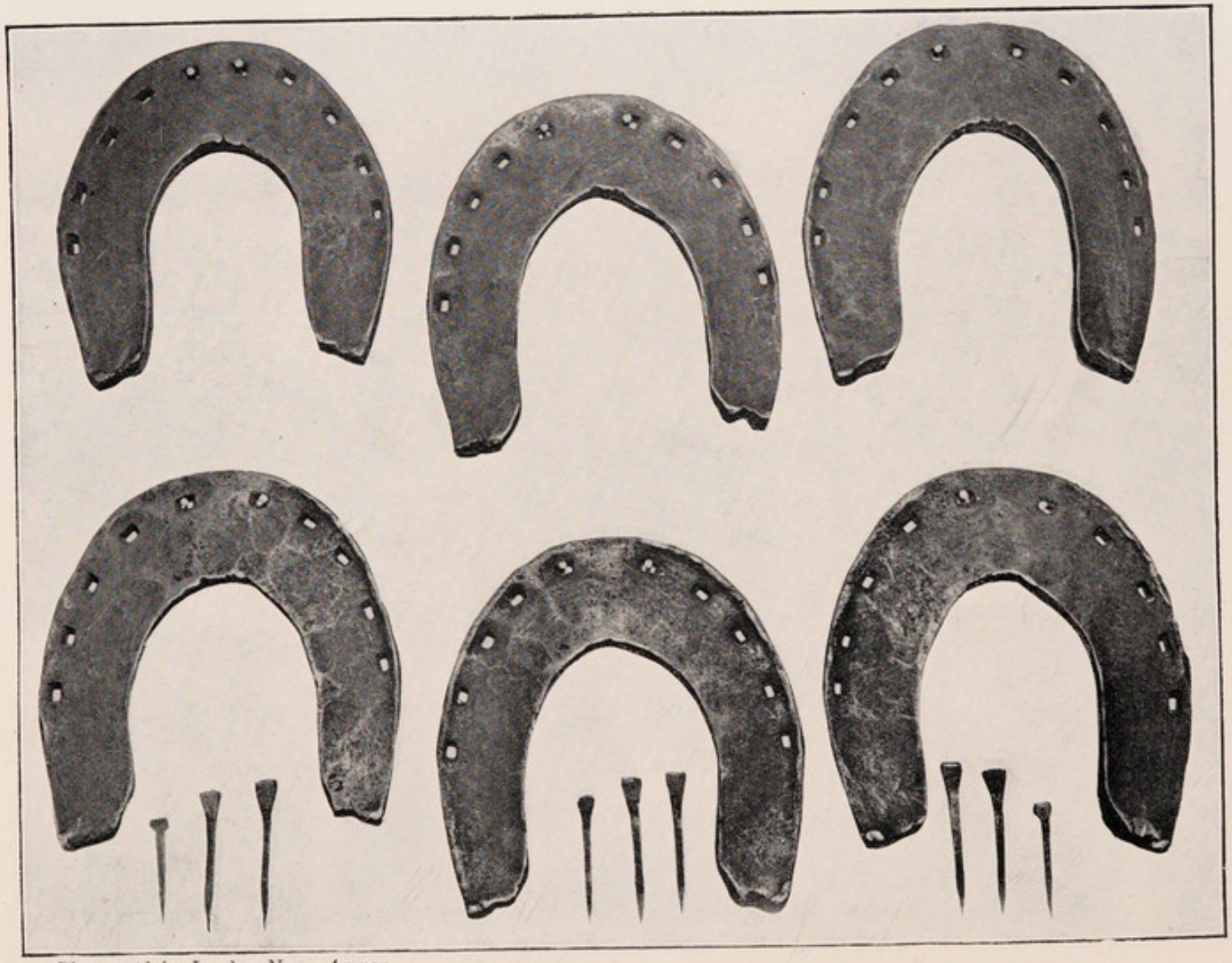
So the first appearance of this long familiar feature of Fleet Street was between 1246 and the end of the thirteenth century. It was probably part of the system of defences completed under King Edward the First, and is traditionally said to have consisted at the outset of posts and chains.

In preparing the ground for the existing premises of Child's Bank in 1879, it was found necessary to underpin the last house on the west side of Middle Temple Lane. When so engaged, the workmen came upon a quantity of human bones, disposed in five regular rows—presumably those of friars. They had to cut through the layer, and removed more than a cart-load of leg bones. The other portions of the skeletons were left untouched. Rarely can I pass through Middle Temple gate without a thought strikes up of those rows of legless men lying there beneath the porter's lodge.

I recall in this place a quaint ceremony that is still observed each year in the Law Courts. When the Judges sat at



TEMPLE BAR IN THE COWDRAY PICTURE
Edward VI's Coronation Procession



Photograph by London News Agency

THE KING'S QUIT-RENT

For the Forge in the parish of St. Clement Danes

Westminster, and the Sheriffs went after election to be presented to the Barons of the Exchequer, and the retiring Sheriffs to render their accounts, they paid a service, or quit-rent, of six horse-shoes and " sixty-one nails, good number " for the rent of " the forge in the parish of St. Clement Danes in the county of Middlesex." The King's Remembrancer sat with the Barons, and enjoyed the right of wearing his hat in court—a right which is still kept alive by his placing a three-cornered hat on the top of his wig when the Lord Mayor attends the Law Courts on the 9th November, to receive from the Lord Chief Justice the Sovereign's approval of his election.

Nobody knows the site of this particular forge, but record of the strange service can be traced back to the 19th Henry the Third. Walter le Brun, farrier, at the Strand, in Middlesex, was then to have a piece of ground in the parish of St. Clement Danes to place a forge there, rendering annually six horse-shoes.[1] It is supposed to have been by Milford Lane. The tradition runs that a travelling farrier had established himself near Ficket's Croft, so as to be at hand to replace the shoes of horses that might have become dislodged in the Templars' jousts, or to repair the knights' armour. His dexterity came under notice of the King, who granted him the plot of land on which his shed stood. The land passed into possession of the City of London, which since the 22 and 23 Vict., ch. 21, when the office of Cursitor Baron was abolished, has rendered the quit-rent to the King's Remembrancer alone by the City Solicitor, who each year attends upon that official for the purpose.

The service is of great antiquity, probably much earlier than this particular instance of its rendering. There is a record of the payment of horse-shoes for this same piece of ground by Walter the farrier in the first year of King Edward the First, " at the Stone Cross " (*ad crucem lapideam*).[2] The site whereon the stone cross was raised can be identified as in the Strand, in front of Somerset House, near where the maypole afterwards stood ; and the association recalls a remote time when the district beyond the City's liberties was wholly rural, and the justices itinerant sat in the open air at the place of

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[1] Mag. Rot. 19th Henry III, Lond. & Midd., m. 2, b.

[2] Madox, *History and Antiquities of the Exchequer*, 1769, p. 100.

assembly of the community, like the Cadi under the date tree.[1]

On the last occasion on which I witnessed the ceremonial, it took place in a temporary court within the Royal Courts of Justice at Temple Bar. The six horse-shoes are of great interest, for they are known to be the identical shoes with which the quit-rent has been paid for five centuries or more. I am indebted to the kindness of Sir James Mellor, late King's Remembrancer, for permission given to photograph them. As will be seen, they are of unusual size and strength, fitted for the enormous Flemish horses which carried the knight and his heavy burden of armour. Each is pierced with holes for ten nails—hence the sixty and one. It has been said that the animals were trained to strike in the mêlée with the fore-feet, and were, therefore, heavily shod only on those feet—a statement which seems to receive corroboration from the fact that these ancient forgings are all forefeet shoes. They have always been kept for safe custody in the King's Remembrancer's office, and his Majesty permits their use by the City each year for this payment.

Warrants having been read, the summons went out, " Tenants and occupiers of a certain tenement called ' The Forge,' in the parish of St. Clement Danes, in the county of Middlesex, come forth and do your service." The City Solicitor, Sir Homewood Crawford, advanced to the table, and lifting each horse-shoe in turn, counted aloud the six. Then taking the nails, he placed them in little piles of ten, the count being checked, and held up the odd nail, with the words, " and one." These being found " good number," the rent was duly accepted on behalf of the Sovereign. Master Mellor, in gown and full-bottomed wig, a tall and commanding figure, maintained the dignity befitting the historic ceremonial, quaint as it seemed to modern onlookers—an incident linking these hurrying days with a long dead past.

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[1] See Sir L. Gomme, *The Governance of London*, p. 197.

CHAPTER V

WHITE FRIARS

THE citye of London that is to me so dere and sweete, in which I was forth growen ; and more kindely love have I to that place than to any other in yerth.—GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

NO CAPITAL city in the world is so well provided with authentic historical documents as this famous old city of London.

Some I have already drawn upon. Others are taken here to illustrate the conditions of Fleet Street in the late fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

There were friars in the street who played a large part in its life. About the year 1241 the Carmelites settled upon that area of the Thames bank which is still known as Whitefriars, but for their origin one must go farther back—take a leap, indeed, into the remotest antiquity if their original pretensions are to be accepted. They came from Mount Carmel, that magnificent height, pierced with many caves, which juts boldly from the coast line of Palestine, closing in the Bay of Acre on the south, and from its sea-washed promontory rises 1,700 feet above the Mediterranean. It is holy ground, made famous as the scene of the contest between the Prophet Elias and the priests of Baal.

Now the Sons of the Prophets, established by the Prophet Samuel, acknowledged Elias, and after him his disciple Eliseus, as their superior, and the Carmelites laid claim to be the moral, if not exactly the lineal, descendants of their line. That alone would be a considerable aristocracy. But the appetite for ancestry feeds upon the desire, and the more eager souls included Enoch also among their forbears—the name, it will be recalled, of a patriarch who flourished before the Flood. I am aware that among the brethren were those who asserted him to be not that Enoch who was taken from among men, but another Enoch of Amathim, a disciple of St. Mark the Evangelist.

A vast deal of ink was spilt upon the whole controversy, and disquisitions in good Latin were poured out in extraordinary numbers from the fourteenth till near the end of the seventeenth centuries, by the Carmelites' own champions and their rivals,

until there arose a Pope with a firm grasp of affairs. He did not give judgment. Instead, he imposed silence upon the contestants of both sides, and in that silence the matter has since rested. The point is subtle ; but much may be said for the good father who thus argued : " Holy Scripture does not take notice that God commanded Noah to take any Carmelite into the Ark, and if any of the sons of Noah had been a Carmelite, he could not have taken the vow of chastity ; since all Noah's sons went into the Ark with their wives, and after coming out of the Ark they all of them had several children."

The prosaic fact is that historically the Brothers of St. Mary of Mount Carmel can be traced only from the Crusades. They were anchorites, living separately in dens and caves, until Almeric, Bishop of Antioch and Legate from Rome, is said to have brought them together and laid the foundations of their convent on Mount Carmel in 1121. The Carmelites suffered much tribulation and many hard blows, not only from the Saracen swordsmen, who drove them out of Palestine, but from the religious among their own contemporaries. Approval of the Order was not obtained from the Fourth Lateran Council in 1215. Moreover, the austerity of the rule, which was chiefly that of Saint Basil, caused discontent among the younger men, many of whom had taken the vows when at the theological schools.

In this sorry plight, St. Simon Stock, their Grand Prior, addressed himself to the Virgin. The legend of St. Simon Stock has grown upon an historic basis. A Kentish boy, and a visionary, when but twelve years of age he went into the woods, and there fed on roots and wild fruit, living an anchorite for twenty years in the trunk, or stock, of a hollow tree—hence the surname of Stock, as another Simon, Stylites, was so-called because constantly living about a stone pillar. In a revelation he learnt that men should come out of Syria to confirm his order, and when the Carmelites arrived in England he held his revelation to be fulfilled, hastened to join them, and became their first English General, dying after a life of great sanctity at the age of over one hundred years. The legend is not all borne out by the little known history of the saint.

St. Simon Stock laid his petition before the Virgin, asking her protection against the attacks of the secular clergy, and for a privilege that might reassure some discouraged brethren.

Our Lady appeared to him on the 16th July, 1262, and promised among other things, that " Whosoever dies in the Carmelite habit shall not suffer everlasting fire."

The torments of hell being ever present as a dread reality, this privilege was rightly judged to be of rare value. It did not apply solely to those who had taken the full vows of the Order, and thus it became a source of strength to the friars in the performance of their pious work of winning souls and relieving the poor and afflicted of London. The adoption of the brown scapular can be directly traced to the Virgin's promise, and since this could be worn without inconvenience, and in a small form, it came to be regarded as the essential part of the Carmelite habit, to which the pledge was exclusively attached. The Carmelites were commonly known as the White Friars, as has frequently been said, from their dress, and gave that name to the district they inhabitated. The habit was not white, but brown. But over this a long white mantle with hood, falling below the knees, was worn in church and when the brothers appeared in public.

Another favour from the Virgin made happy the lot of the devout Carmelite. Our Lady appeared to John XXII shortly before his election to the Papacy, promising that those who not only assumed the Carmelite habit, but also fulfilled certain conditions, should not remain in Purgatory beyond the first Saturday after death.

After many wanderings the brothers arrived in England, and founded their first house at Aylesford, in Kent, in 1241, about which time (the date is uncertain) they also set up their London priory. Sir Richard Grey, a worthy knight, established them by the Thames side. The original settlement was small, and its early history is by no means clear. Stow's statement that King Edward the First gave to the prior and brethren a plot of land in Fleet Street upon which to build their house, must refer to an enlargement at the least five and twenty years after, as that monarch did not ascend the throne until 1272. I have soon to show how the site first occupied was extended by successive gifts and purchases of land, as was the case with the first house of the Black Friars by Shoe Lane.

Edward the First was a generous supporter of the friars, and on the outbreak of his Scottish wars he took a learned Carmelite, one Robert of Boston, with him in order that he

might write in verse the siege of Stirling Castle and other stirring events of the campaign. But within a twelvemonth the man fell into the hands of the Scots, and was by Robert the Bruce compelled to write the reverse, as if the Scots had prevailed—canny, no doubt, but a most unfair use to make of a captured poet.

Like the Temple, the Carmelite Priory in London was frequently employed for the safeguarding of treasure, and after the fall of the Templars its importance largely increased. Royal and ecclesiastical councils met in the White Friars, and in the reigns of the later Edwards especially State affairs were transacted there. The precinct enjoyed special favour by grant of Edward the Second, who in 1317 gave to the Carmelite friars of Fletestrete exemption from livery of the King's stewards and marshals ; further, no officer of the King should be lodged at their house.[1]

Faith in the security of the Carmelite treasure house was rudely disturbed in the year 1307. Robbers broke into the building with the aid and connivance of one Friar Judas (significant name, but surely an after thought) and carried away 40 lbs. of silver stored there by a certain knight. " They bound in an atrocious way," says an old chronicler, " the hands of the Prior and of several of the friars, and one they killed, and then took their departure. Judas also went away with them, but soon afterwards he had a halter put round his neck, and was hanged."[2]

The friars were for a long time ill at ease among their neighbours. The evil reputation that associated with this area after the suppression of the religious house, when it became the notorious Alsatia, can be traced far back into the Middle Ages. Forbidden by penal laws of great severity to live within the city walls, women of ill-fame made Whitefriars their resort, and the growth of the priory had this good result, that it cleared the ground ; the stews were afterwards at Cock Lane, Smithfield (*Liber Albus*, 395), and across the river at Southwark. Old records of 1347 show that persons of ill repute had then, for a considerable time past, made their

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[1] Patent Roll, 11th Ed. II, Cal., p. 61.

[2] *Flores Historiarum* (Rolls Series) iii, 128 ; Chronicles of Edward I and II (Rolls Series), p. 144.

abode so close to the Carmelite priory that the friars were much hindered in celebrating divine service in their church, in consequence of the continual clamour and outcries by which the district was disturbed. The Mayor and aldermen were ordered, in the King's name, to remove the nuisance, for the tranquillity of the prior and his brethren.[1]

Just after this complaint, in the middle of the fourteenth century, a period of considerable extension and rebuilding set in. The Commonalty of the City in the year 1349, John Lovekyn being mayor, granted to the prior and brethren the right to enclose a lane called "Crokkereslane," reaching from Fletestrete to the Thames. It was "to the west of their dwelling place," and into or towards if the friars extended the west front of their church (Stow). Here, then, was a lane already existing and running down to the water, and moreover populated, for the friars at the same time took powers to dig a well in the same street for the easement of the inhabitants of the street. Positive identification is lacking, but almost certainly this was a lane running the length of the walls of Serjeants' Inn and the Temple, to-day represented by Pleydell Court, Lombard Street, and Temple Lane. Where Pleydell Court enters Fleet Street was the site, after the enclosure, of "Little Friars' Gate." Crockers Lane was 660 feet in length by 12 feet broad, and, says the Royal licence allowing the gift (somewhat gratuitously) "of no value."[2]

Hugh de Courteney, Earl of Devon (died 1378) "re-edified

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[1] "Westminster, 18th Feb., 1346. To the Mayor and Aldermen of the City of London for the present or the future. Order to cause all women of ill-fame dwelling in the west lane or in houses adjoining the place of the prior and brethren of the Carmelites, London, to be amoved from those places, without delay, whenever they are requested by the prior and brethren, forbidding all lords of houses and places in that lane or elsewhere to take such women to their houses in future, as the prior and brethren have besought the King to cause those women to be amoved, as Edward the First gave them a place in Fletestrete, London, which they now inhabit, and women of ill-fame have now been dwelling near there for some time, whereby the brethren are much hindered, through the clamour of men going to those women by night and day, from celebrating divine service according to the wish of Edward the First." (Cal. of Close Rolls, 20th Ed. III, pt. 1, p. 37.) The west lane above mentioned is probably "Crokkereslane."

[2] Patent Roll, 23rd Ed. III, Cal., pt. 1, p. 298. Also see p. 61, *ante*.

or new builded " the Carmelite church, says Stow. Moreover, he gave a parallel strip of land, 500 feet in length by 20 feet in breadth, for the enlargement of the priory, and for a celebration of the anniversary of the Earl's son Hugh for ever.[1] A God-fearing citizen, one Thomas de Fencotes, alienated to the Carmelites a messuage with appurtenances in Flete Strete, also in the year 1349, for the fabric of their church then begun, in honour of the Virgin Mary, and for a perpetual celebration of divine service for his good estate, for his soul when he was departed from this world, and for the soul of Joan, late his wife.[2] Still the friars, whose avarice grew with their wealth, continued to swallow up land, for in the year 1395 King Richard the Second licensed them to acquire a wide strip 100 feet in length between their garden wall and the channel of the Thames.[3] This gave them water frontage. Within a twelvemonth they added another 100 feet of land.[4]

There was rebuilding of the church fabric after Hugh de Courteney's benefaction by Sir Robert Knolles in the reigns of Richard the Second and Henry the Fourth.[5] Then, says Stow, Robert Marshall (Mascall) Bishop of Hereford, and himself a Carmelite, built the choir, presbytery, and steeple, and many other parts. On his death on the 1st December, 1416, the bishop was buried in the church that he had restored with so much munificence.[6] From John Cokayn the elder, William Pykard, William Symmys, and John Clerk in 1411 the friars obtained a messuage and certain shops in Fleet Street to the north of their house ;[7] and this and other gifts, such as

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[1] Patent Roll, 24th Ed. III, Cal., pt. 1, p. 512.

[2] *ibid.*, 23rd Ed. III, Cal., pt. 3, p. 420.

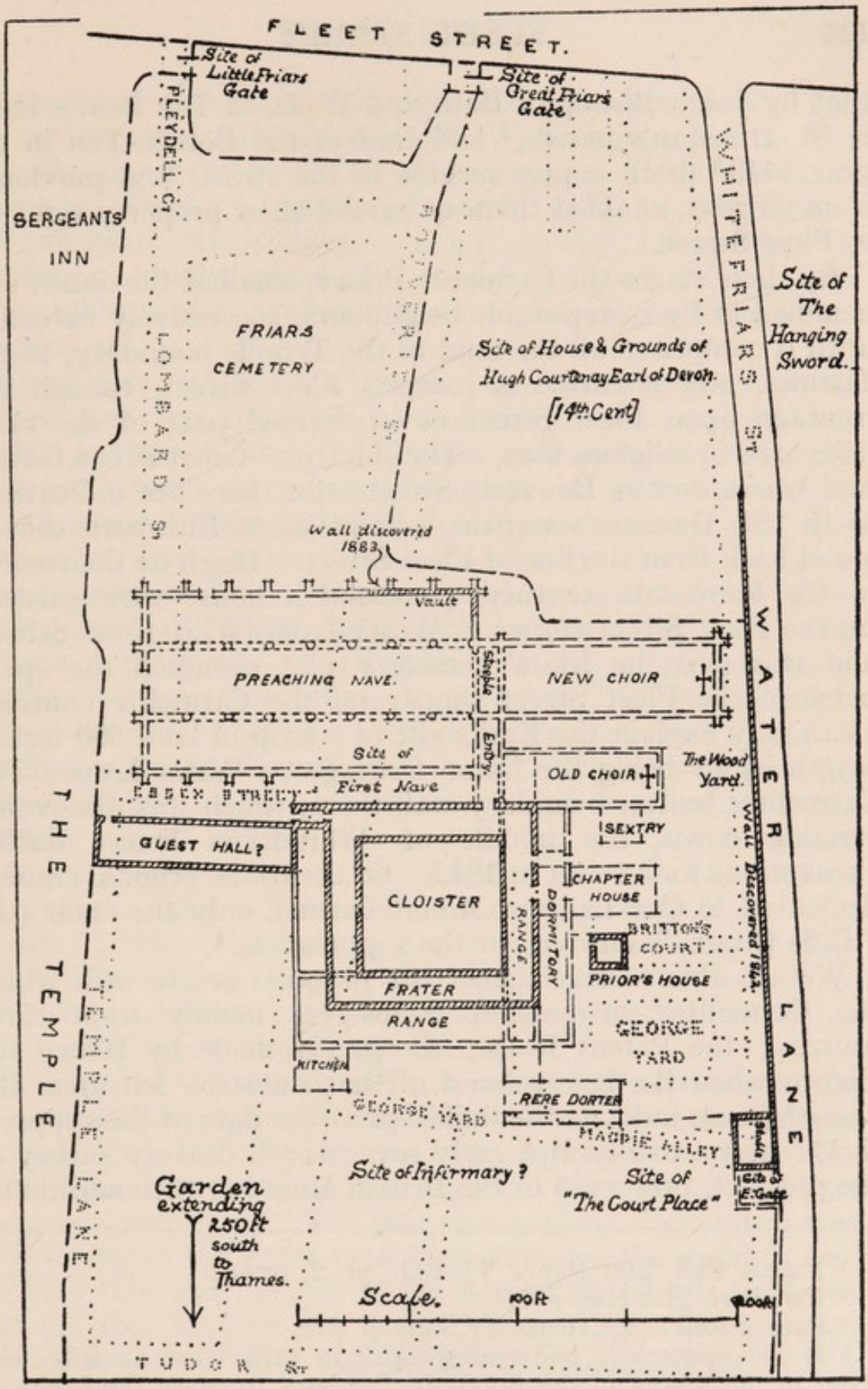
[3] *ibid.*, 19th Richard II, Cal., pt. 2, p. 658.

[4] *ibid.*, 19th Richard II, Cal., pt. 2, p. 705.

[5] Sir Robert Knowles, or Knolles, ancestor of the Earls of Banbury. He built a bridge across the Medway at Rochester. By reason of his valiant behaviour he was advanced from a common soldier in the French wars of Edward III to a great commander. He was buried by the Lady Constance, his wife, in the body of the Carmelite church.

[6] (Stow and Weever) Robert Mascall was confessor to King Henry IV, who employed him in foreign embassies. In 1415 King Henry V sent him with two other English bishops to the Council of Constance. His will directs that he should be buried at Ludlow, his native place ; but this direction is a most unsubstantial basis for the doubt which has been thrown on his burial in the Carmelite church in Fleet Street.

[7] Patent Roll, 12th Henry IV. Cal., p. 279.



From the "Journal of the British Archæological Association."

PLAN OF CARMELITE PRIORY AT THE SUPPRESSION

BY W. CRAPHAM, A.F.S.A.

Modern Streets shown in dotted lines

that by John, Bishop of Bath and Wells, of The Boar's Head in St. Dunstan's parish,[1] and that of the Bolt-in-Tun in the year 1443[2] (both names survive in the street) and purchases from citizens, enabled them to extend their property right up to Fleet Street.

By these stages the Carmelite Priory, small at the outset and hemmed in by disreputable neighbours, successively extended until it comprised all the land to the Temple boundary, to the Thames, and northwards towards Fleet Street, though the frontage upon Fleet Street never formed part of the close dedicated to religious uses. The chief, or "Great Friars Gate," was where now is Bouverie Street, and there are indications in the St. Dunstan's wardmote inquests of Elizabeth that it stood back from the line of Fleet Street. Hugh de Courteney, in the fourteenth century, possessed a house with gardens by the Fleet Street corner in Water Lane (Whitefriars Street) and this and the friars' cemetery plot occupied the space between the Fleet Street shops and the Carmelite church.[3] I can only explain the Earl's gift of a strip of land 500 feet in length by its being the friars' frontage on Water Lane. The Carmelites built a boundary wall there, which was discovered running down the middle of Whitefriars Street during excavations for a sewer in 1842. Of the friars' original church, dedicated to Our Lady of Mount Carmel, only the choir (the "Olde Quere") survived at the suppression.[4]

We are able to reconstruct the pleasant estate with which the Carmelites surrounded themselves mainly from three sources: the Patent Rolls; the grants made by Henry the Eighth when the heavy hand of that monarch fell upon the house[5] (these indicate the buildings at the date of the suppression); and a manuscript early seventeenth century survey of the precinct, preserved in the British Museum, with additional

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[1] Patent Roll, 21st Henry VI, Cal., pt. 2, p. 182.

[2] *Rot. Parl.* 21st Henry VI.

[3] Patent Roll, 12th Henry IV, Cal., p. 279.

[4] It was apparently undergoing repair in 1275, when an order was given to the keeper of the Forest of Pembury to cause the Friars of Mount Carmel in London to have twelve oaks with their strippings for timber for the work of the church of the King's gift. (Close Roll, 3rd Ed. II, Cal., p. 279.)

[5] These grants will be found in Chap. IX.

help in fixing sites afforded by two or three excavations. This survey has been printed by Mr. A. W. Clapham, F.S.A., in a valuable paper upon "The Topography of the Carmelite Priory in London," in the *Journal*, 1910, of the British Archæological Association. I am greatly his debtor for permission kindly given to reproduce part of a plan drawn by him of the Whitefriars Precinct at the time of the dissolution.

The cloister enclosed a green. The great garden of the convent was by Thames-side, and there were orchards and smaller gardens against the Temple wall and elsewhere, and scattered parcels of ground described as waste or empty. The claustral buildings included a chapter-house, with land between it and Water Lane, the library, fratry, common kitchen, and sextry. The Provincial of the Order had his lodging, and there was the Prior's lodging. Extensive dormitories, built partly over the cloister alleys, accommodated the friars at night, when they returned from their day's labours among the poor. The cemetery was north of the church. I also find mention of the "Olde Quere" (choir) still standing, with woodyard adjoining, and another place known as "the common jakes." These were built about the great structure of the settlement which was the centre of its whole life, namely, the church. With these leading facts you may fill out the picture of this quiet retreat on the ground falling sharply to the then silvery Thames, the white robed friars walking amid their cloisters and gardens, where to-day the great newspaper press throbs day and night.

The church was magnificent; it makes an imposing fabric, with tall pointed spire, in distinction from the square towers of St. Bride's and St. Dunstan's, in Antony van den Wyngaerde's panorama, the earliest representation of London that has come down to us. The first enlargement undertaken was the building of the great preaching nave for the public's use, and that this was the gift of Sir Robert Knolles is probable from the fact that he was buried there. The old nave was pulled down, and when the work was completed by Bishop Mascall, with the steeple, new choir, etc., the great church, standing out square and high, lay right athwart the width of the close, from Water Lane to the Temple. Its northern extension is known from a discovery in 1883. On the removal

of some old buildings in Bouverie Street, the north wall of No. 29 was found to be a massive structure of fourteenth or fifteenth century date, about 35 feet in height, built of chalk and rag-stone, with quoins of Godstone stone. The wall returned at right angles, and a small arched vault contained an interment.[1]

Mr. Clapham has pointed out that the interment occupies the exact spot where Sir John Paston, a brave soldier of the French wars (and of the Paston Letters) directed in his will of the 31st October, 1477, that he should be buried should he die in London, and the remains there discovered may well have been those of Sir John himself.

The church enjoyed that peculiar sanctity which attached to places wherein the friars celebrated Mass and sang their "Ave Marias." It was there that in Shakespeare's *King Richard III* the Duke of Gloucester commanded the body of the murdered Henry should be borne—

> *Gloucester.* Sirs, take up the corse.
> *Gentleman.* Towards Chertsey, noble lord ?
> *Gloucester.* No, to White-Friars ; there attend my coming.

How eagerly the privilege of burial within the Carmelite church was sought may be gathered from the long list which Stow gives of notable persons entombed there.[2]

This the curious may consult. But he omits one who should certainly have mention. Brother John Baconthorp (died 1346) rose in 1329 to be Provincial of the Order in England. Paul Pansa, an Italian Orator, has left a vignette of him. "He was little in stature, but great in wit, and writ such vast volumes that his body could not have borne what his brain produced. No man more learnedly confounded the Jews ; none more effectually confuted the Mohammedans, or any other infidels ; none more happily silenced heretics ; none more solidly exposed the truth of Christ ; none more manifestly detected the falsehood and impostures of Antichirst, and

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[1] A. W. Clapham, *Journal British Arch. Assn.*, March, 1910.

[2] *Survey of London*, ed. 1603, pp. 399-400. Stow's text is somewhat corrupt, and should be read with the note on vol. 2, p. 364, of the scholarly edition of the *Survey* edited by Mr. C. L. Kingsford (Clarendon Press, 1908). There is a list of seventy-nine burials in the Carmelite church in Harl. MS. 6033, British Museum.



Photograph by Half-Tone Engraving Co.

VAULT OF CARMELITE PRIORY UNDER BRITTONS COURT, WHITEFRIARS

represented them in their true colours; none more clearly expounded the Holy Scriptures."

It was everybody's belief that all vestiges of the White Friars' Priory had been swept away, when, in 1895, a rediscovery was made. The circumstances were singular. Far down Whitefriars Street towards the river, on the west side, is a little paved alley called Brittons Court, in which four houses remain. They look to be a couple of centuries old. No. 4 was in use as a dwelling. In that year instructions were given to sell the property, and while making investigations Mr. Henry Lumley came upon a dark cellar, which extended under the court itself.

It had been used for the storage of coal and wood after rubbish had nearly filled the space to the roof. The occupiers, a family named Hurrell, who had dwelt in the house for ninety years, had some vague idea that it was a sort of uncanny cell, but were content not to pry too curiously into its history. Even beneath the grime and disorder, an expert eye could not fail to recognise that here was fine mason's work, and so on close examination it proved. The cellar is a small vault, and its period late fourteenth century.[1]

Very few people, even of those who know the district well, are aware that in their midst is this relic of the ancient priory of the White Friars. For such undoubtedly it is. At present three of the houses in Brittons Court are in the occupation of Messrs. E. T. Gething and Co., builders and office fitters, and entrance to the vault is obtained through the basement of No. 4, in the wall of which is an opening about two feet in height. One scrambles through without difficulty, and soon disappears in the darkness.

No light penetrates from the outer world, but the flame of a taper sufficiently illuminates the vault. The first view fills one with complete surprise. The place is very tiny. The walls have preserved all the whiteness of chalk, of which they appear to be composed. Eight moulded ribs, of a dark stone, stretch across like a spider's web, meeting in a carved rose in the centre. The vault forms a dome, rising from the same

[1] The vault was actually discovered in 1867, and was briefly described in *The Builder* of that year, page 849, but so little interest was taken in the matter that its existence was again completely forgotten.

springing level all round. A corner of the dwelling-house projects into the south-east side, for which purpose one of the ribs has been cut away and another shortened, but this does not appear to have affected the stability of the masonry.

The little chamber is square, measuring only 12 feet 3 inches on each side. One can just stand upright on the litter still strewn about, but it has been excavated down. A brick floor was first disclosed, then another layer of rubbish, then a tiled floor—possibly the original one—and beneath this a bed of mortar resting upon clay. Some fragments of pottery and glass and a few other objects came to light on careful sifting of the rubbish. An ancient doorway, still existing in the west wall, seemed to indicate the opening to a subterranean passage towards the Temple. The doorway is sufficiently accounted for as the entrance to the vault, and originally the only one.

The chamber appears to be complete in itself. It is too far south to have formed any part either of the church or the chapter house, and Mr. Clapham is probably right in his conjecture that it was the platform on which the Prior's lodging was built. The crown is about 2 feet 6 inches below the paved court. Dampness shows the necessity for ventilation.

Apart from the mutilation already mentioned, the vault is excellently preserved ; yet sets one thinking. A fragment of the Carmelite Priory, and sole remaining relic, with the Austin Friars' nave, of the five great London houses of the Mendicant Orders, standing upon hallowed ground, it escaped the despoilers of Henry the Eighth's time, who spared very little. The Great Fire of London burnt ineffectually over it. For two centuries and more it was lost to sight when in use as a common coal-cellar, and now is in private possession. A coal shaft has been cut through the fourteenth century vaulting, closed by a Victorian iron-plate in the pavement. The whole business is typically English.

I am glad to think that in Messrs. Gething's hands the relic is in safe keeping. But others may come after, and one recalls with a shudder how this whole district is being exploited for printing works. Surely the nation should have care for such antiquities of a memorable age.

Originally an order of purely contemplative monks, bound to rigorous fasting, silence, and solitude, the Carmelites became

mendicants only when they scattered over Europe. That they were welcomed to London and enjoyed much popularity admits of no doubt. A good deal of the dregs of the city's population gravitated towards the suburb, and amongst these outcasts of humanity their first work lay. The friars in general became the natural leaders of the people. They voiced the responsibility of the King to God, his duty to rule for the good of his subjects, his obligation to listen to the advice of the community, and to govern according to its will; and their political songs give the first rough expression of democratic teaching in our literature. Their declining influence and decay coincide with the growth of their wealth and the corruption which accompanied it, until, before the fourteenth century had lapsed, they had fallen from the high ideal of their founders into that degeneracy which Chaucer's Tales, and still more the Vision of Piers Plowman, portray so vividly—

> I fonde there Freris, alle the foure ordres,
> Preched the peple, for profit of hem-selven,
> Glosed the gospel, as hem good lyked,
> For coveitise of copis, construed it as thei wolde.

The White Friars were no exception to the rest. Perhaps nothing is more significant of their detachment from the common life of the people than the fact that while in the half-century from 1350 to 1400, in the wills of London citizens proved at Guildhall, and enrolled in the Court of Husting, there are twenty-three bequests to the Carmelites and their church, from the latter date up to the dissolution of their London house in 1538, I can trace but three.

The Order continued, however, to attract men of learning, and while it lost influence with the people gained the favour of kings, by whom Carmelite friars were frequently employed on missions of State. They held the office of Royal Confessors during the ascendency of the House of Lancaster; replacing the Dominicans—the Black Friars—who, till Richard the Second's deposition, had kept spiritual watch and ward over the Plantagenet line, "that fiercest, most lawless, and yet noblest race of the English blood royal." The Dominicans, no doubt, were thought to be too much attached to the older Sovereigns.

Thomas de Waldon joined the Carmelite Order in London when a youth, rose to be its head, and was sent by Henry the Fourth to the Council at Pisa for restoring unity in the

Church. King Henry the Fifth expired in his arms, and he was councillor to Henry the Sixth while a boy. A scholar as well as a statesman, he left, says Leland, to the library of the Carmelites at London as many of the choicest books, fairly writ in Roman characters, as in those days would cost at least 2,000 pieces of gold. There are other indications that the White Friars possessed one of the best libraries of their time.

Another Carmelite friar, Richard Northall, was son of a Mayor of London, and was appointed by King Richard the Second Bishop of Chester, and afterwards Archbishop of Dublin.

Of Richard Patrington, twenty-third Provincial of the Order in England, it has been left on record that, being called to preach to the people in London, he was so admired that there was always an incredible report of him. Much esteemed by King Henry the Fourth, he was made by that Sovereign confessor to himself, his Queen, and the Prince of Wales. When Henry the Fifth ascended the throne, he sent Patrington as his Commissioner to Oxford to inquire after and give judgment against the followers of Wycliffe and the Lollards.

Anxious to win adherents, the Carmelites did not always hesitate to admit even infants to the vows. There is a very curious case on record. John, Abbot of St. Benet of Holme, was commissioned by Pope Eugenius IV in 1443 to try the cause of John Hawteyn, alias Scharyngton, who had applied to Rome to be absolved from his vows, on the ground that he had been forced against his will to enter the Order of the Carmelites in London before he had completed his fourteenth year. A witness stated that Hawteyn had at the age of eight been placed in the house of the friars in Fleet Street by his parents, by whom he had afterwards been forced to make profession there. When he ran away he was brought back by his mother. He was imprisoned in the house by order of Thomas de Waldon, to whom his profession had been made. The King stopped the proceedings. The Royal prohibition being afterwards removed and the case resumed, the friars did not appear to plead. Judgment was given in March, 1447, that Hawteyn was not bound to observance of the rule.[1]

The Carmelites maintained a school in London to which

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[1] Miss M. Reddan, *Victoria History of London*, i, 509.

students flocked from all the provinces. The story of their suppression shall be told later, but I give here the names which Miss M. Reddan has recovered of twelve of the priors of the London house—

Osbert Pickingham, died 1330.
John Elin, or Helin, died 1339.
John de Reppes, occurs 1343.
Thomas Brome, provincial 1362.
John, occurs 1393.
Thomas Asshewell, S.T.P., occurs 1443.
John Milverton, D.D., occurs 1465.
William Bachelor, died at Rome, 1515.
Thomas Gaskyn, occurs 1527.
John Kele, occurs 1533.
George Burnham, occurs 1534.
John Gybbys, occurs 1538.

Just by that corner of Fleet Street where Shoe Lane emerges there stood in the reign of King Richard the Second a tavern with the sign of the Fleur-de-Lys. John Walworth, vintner, then kept the house. Near by, at St. Bride's open churchyard, was an elm-tree, whereon quite possibly the honest taverner hung his sign.

Out in the street before the tavern, and obstructing a free passage, stood the conduit. I imagine it a focussing point of social life, a place of gossip for those who congregated there to draw water, just as a well is to-day in any small Continental town. Water had been brought in pipes to the City as early as 1246—a very interesting example of municipal enterprise—but there was, of course, no systematic distribution, though certain nobles of importance obtained privilege to attach "quills" (pipes of small bore) to their houses. An unscrupulous wax-chandler not so privileged, one William Campion, who kept his shop in Fleet Street when Edward the Fourth ruled, had pierced the conduit pipe underground, and so conveyed water to his cellar. For this he was punished by the Mayor and Aldermen by being made to ride on horseback through the city, bearing a vessel shaped like a pipe upon his head, which, filled with water, kept him continually drenched. In this sorry condition he was taken the round of the City conduits, whereat his offence was proclaimed.[1]

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[1] *Chronicle of London.* Ed. Sir N. H. Nicholas, p. 146.

The conduit brought water to a cistern in Cheapside. Hydraulics being little understood, the steep descent of Fleet Street occasioned trouble, and pressure in the pipes caused frequent bursts, which flooded houses and cellars and spoiled a deal of goods.

John Walworth, who must have seen with distress his casks of good wine floating about on these occasions, petitioned the Mayor, Nicholas Extone, and the Aldermen, and a deputation attended at Guildhall. The City Fathers gave permission on the 12th June, 1388, for a "penthouse"[1] to be erected over the pipes in Fleet Street, being given to understand that "very many losses and grievances had oftentimes befallen the people of Fletestret through inundations from the London aqueduct," which losses are duly set out, and that the evil might thereby be rectified. The site for the penthouse was to be "opposite to the house and tavern of John Walworthe, vintner, which are situate near to the hostel of the Bishop of Salisbury." The structure was to be built at the petitioners' own charges. It must be removed if found prejudicial to the aqueduct and its use by the people.

"Faithfully to fulfil and do all of which John Rote (Alderman of Farringdon Ward, of whom we hear again), John Walworth, Robert Bryan, Thomas Duke, George Cressy, Remund Standulf, John Chamberleyn, Robert Ikford, Nicholas Simond, Adam Jurdan, Robert Walter, John Attehille, Walter Hoggeslade, Walter Dunmowe, William Balle, Roger Kempestone, Richard Middeltone, Alan Ulryk, Roger Robat, John Derneford, Robert Mauncel, and John Emnede, here present, undertook, and each of them, at his own risk."[2] The names of these old Fleet Street residents are worth recalling.

This was the original Fleet Street conduit. Frequently rebuilt, it remained a conspicuous feature of the street for nearly three centuries, and on the occasion of Coronation processions or other Royal pageants passing, was decked with flags and brightly coloured streamers, and children sang there, and many a "subtlety" was devised for the kingly delectation. It often reappears in this book. The conduit in Fleet Street became a customary place at which Royal proclamations

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[1] So Riley (*Memorials*). Dr. Sharpe translates "pinnicle."
[2] Letter Book H. *Memorials*, p. 503.

were made: Henry the Eighth's peace with France was announced there in 1546, a trumpet first blowing three times, Norroy King at Arms reading the proclamation, and Rouge Dragon proclaiming, after which all the trumpets sounded together.[1] Next year the accession of the young King Edward the Sixth to the throne was similarly proclaimed to the citizens.

It would seem that Walworth, the tavern-keeper, a public-spirited man, himself paid the cost of the conduit, the others being guarantors. He died eight years later, and by his will, which is preserved among the City documents, he bequeathed to Richard Jancok "his leasehold tavern in Fletestrete called Fourdelys, charged with the maintenance of a conduit which the testator had erected in Fletestrete."[2] Walworth had amassed a fortune, having property in the street and in Bride Lane, and was buried in St. Bride's churchyard, near by his house.

Stow states that a standard in Fleet Street, by Shoe Lane end, was erected by Sir William Eastfield, M.P. for the City, and Mayor in 1438. This was for a new water supply brought in from Paddington.[3] The standard was restored by Eastfield's executors in 1471; and seven years later the inhabitants of Fleet Street themselves rebuilt it, raising—still in the middle of the street—an imposing structure, from which came melody rivalling the chimes from the church belfries. Over the cistern they placed "a fair tower of stone, garnished with images of St. Christopher on the top, and Angels round about lower down, with sweet sounding bells before them, whereupon by an Engine placed in the Tower they, divers hours of the day and night, chimed such a hymn as was appointed."[4] This explains an otherwise puzzling reference to the "arms and angels" being refreshed and repainted for Anne Boleyn's coronation procession.

Again, in 1582, the Fleet Street standard was restored. It was removed as a hindrance to the free passage of the street

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[1] "Wriothesley's Chronicle" (Camden Society) i, 165.

[2] Husting Wills, ii, 325.

[3] See Cal. Letter Box K, pp. 233, 355-7.

[4] Stow's *Survey*, ed. Kingsford, ii, 41. In 1743 a great weight of leaden pipes was found in the road, part of those laid in 1471 to convey water from the standard by Shoe Lane end to that on Fleet Bridge.

after the Great Fire of London. There was a smaller cistern, supplied from the same source, on Fleet Bridge. The water standards were provided with tankards, vessels shaped like a cone, narrow at the top, and holding three gallons. Each had a stopper, and a handle by which it could be carried. The men who took water from the conduit to the houses were called cobbs, or water-leaders.

The most striking building at the eastern end of Fleet Street to-day is St. Bride's Church. It was far different in the Middle Ages. The church was a poor thing, quite insignificant, and its largest feature was the graveyard. Wren built on the exact site of the earliest structure.

I obtained permission of the vicar to climb the wonderful tower, in which storey rises above storey until the structure ends in an obelisk pointing to the sky, and the eye takes in the sweep of the whole city. In the solitude and silence of a great height, when the crowded buildings merge together indistinctly, a mental vision came back of that glorious skyline of the fifteenth century, when London was thickly set with spires as to-day it is with warehouses.

An age of unexampled richness in church building had left St. Bride's still insignificant. Look around at the ecclesiastical wealth. Almost casting its shadow over was St. Paul's, a structure bigger, longer, higher than the present vast cathedral. The great conventual church of the Dominicans at Blackfriars, next in the City to St. Paul's itself in spaciousness, was still nearer. In the distance rose Westminster Abbey ; and close at hand were the Carmelite Church and the Temple Church—the last surviving to recall the triumphs of ecclesiastical architecture of the twelfth and mid-thirteenth centuries. How was it that St. Bride's continued to be neglected ? And whence came the congregations for those other immense churches—which to-day, with a London population of 5,000,000, are rarely filled—when the whole community was packed into little more than the City's square mile ?

The riddle is solved when it is realised that great churches like St. Paul's, served by its secular canons, and Westminster Abbey, served by the Benedictines, were not built for the people. They were built as a sanctuary wherein God should dwell, where day by day for ever praise should rise to Him,

and wherein should be performed the holy mystery of the change of bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Christ. For such a habitation no dimensions could be too vast, no expenditure in stone, and carving, and gilding too munificent. The people had no rights in them. If they came, it was by privilege, and a part of the nave gave them shelter. The services and uses to which by far the larger part of these huge buildings was consecrated were not for such as they.

The parish church was the people's church. Within its walls the people congregated for the morning Mass, and on holy days and festivals for those elaborate rituals in which the Catholic community has always delighted. It was small because the City was divided into many parishes, and the number of residents of each parish was small. Devout citizens established chantries and maintained tapers to burn before the altars. Simon Petigru, cutler, dying in 1390, left to Sir Thomas Hayton, the rector of St. Bride's and the wardens of the light of the Blessed Mary, all his tenements in the parish for the maintenance of two chantries, and made gifts for the fabric of the church, the Fraternity of the Blessed Mary therein, and the Fraternity of Saint Brigid ;[1] and the Husting wills contain many other similar bequests.

Even rebuilding was occasionally undertaken, but the parish churches had neither the proportions, nor the importance, nor the prestige enjoyed by cathedral and abbey and the conventual churches. They did not influence the imagination of their contemporaries, and thus it is that long after the daily life of the city people is familiar to us, our knowledge of their parish churches remains most inadequate. And this though the London parish church was to the citizens of the Middle Ages more than a house of worship ; the close connection of the trade guilds with the religious life of the parish made the church—properly the porch—their natural meeting place; there deeds were signed, and often moneys were made payable.

I mention elsewhere a law court of King Edward the Second held at St. Dunstan's Church, but of the church itself in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries I can find substantially nothing—a chantry or two, the name of a preacher casually caught, and that is all. Stow mentions it only by name, as

[1] Husting Wills, i, 285.

next Clifford's Inn. It was not until late in the fifteenth century that the enlargement of St. Bride's was seriously undertaken, and how tiny must have been the original parish church may be gathered from the fact that in the reconstruction the early fabric was preserved for use as the choir. The building that figures in the earliest maps, and was destroyed in the Great Fire of London, was itself small in size, with a short square tower and battlements—utterly unlike Wren's magnificent church which stands to-day.

Its enlargement was due to the benefactions of William Venor, a former Warden of the Fleet, who about the year 1480 added a nave and side aisles. In jest of his name, or possibly of his trade as vintner, Venor caused the stone-work of St. Bride's to be carved with the figure of a vine, with grapes and leaves—a curious piece of incongruity in decorating a building consecrated as a place of worship. The most noteworthy interior feature seems to have been a screen fixed between the old work and the new, which had originally been set up in the hall of the Duke of Somerset's mansion in the Strand, and was bought, Stow tells us, for £160. This was not placed in the church, however, until 1557. Forty years later the screen was badly damaged by some "wilfull bodie," but was restored.

Adjoining the churchyard wall were the extensive gardens and mansion of Salisbury Inn. A dozen signs indicate that this was the most important dwelling in Fleet Street throughout the Middle Ages, and in its later use as the town house of a line of great nobles—the Earls of Dorset—it outlived all the other bishops' hostels in the street, only to be destroyed in the Great Fire of London. It pleased an Elizabethan occupant, writing in 1588, to address himself from "my poor lodging in Fleet Street," but that was an affectation of the time. The house was not poor, but of its day extraordinarily fine, and frequently was chosen for the dwelling place of princes of the Blood Royal, foreign ambassadors who were guests of our kings, and others of high rank. The Duke of Clarence was lodged there when he marched into London with the Earl of Warwick and the Earl of Shrewsbury, and brought King Henry the Sixth out of the Tower.[1]

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[1] *Chronicles of London.* Ed. Kingsford, p. 182.

There, too, came in 1498 Prince Arthur, elder brother of the future King Henry the Eighth, lodging in the palace of the Bishop of Salisbury in Fleet Street. The Mayor, Sir John Percival, waited upon the Prince, and presented gifts of heavy gilt basins and large gilt pots, the Recorder beseeching that his Grace be pleased to accept " that little and poor gift, trusting that after they should remember his Grace with a better." The Prince was so pleased. " Father Mayor," he said, " I thank you and your brethren here present of this great and kind remembrance, which I trust in time coming to deserve. And forasmuch as I cannot give unto you according thanks, I shall pray the King's Grace to thank you, and for my part I shall not forget your kindness."[1] Had Arthur lived to reign and repay the City's generosity, how different English history might have been !

Like other of the more important mansions of Fleet Street in mediæval times, Salisbury Inn stood back from the frontage, the bishop's lands comprising the area between the Friars' precinct and Bridewell. It had been much rebuilt in its long history, but the older portion was situated about the site of Bell's Buildings, formerly Blue Ball Court, a passage from Salisbury Square ending in a steep flight of steps to Bride Lane. When the houses were last erected anew there so recently as 1909, the name was again changed to St. Bride's Passage. I cannot, for want of materials, restore the picture of the modestly named " hostel " wherein the Bishop of Sarum surrounded himself with the magnificence befitting so proud a prelate. But the plan of a great house of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries is well known, and this one, no doubt, was like the rest.

It was the custom to group the buildings around two open courts, separated by the dining hall, with its buttery and kitchen accommodation, and the chapel. These, accordingly, formed one of the four sides of each of the courts, and were a central feature of the construction. The plan may be seen unchanged to-day in Gray's Inn (though the houses there standing are mostly eighteenth century) and traced, not so clearly, in Old Buildings, Lincoln's Inn. An arched gateway, in early days defended by towers—the old gate of Lincoln's

[1] *Chronicles of London.* Ed. Kingsford, p. 224.

Inn in Chancery Lane is an excellent example—gave entrance to the first of the courts.

This style of building afforded accommodation for guests and the large staff of priests, retainers, and servants attending the bishop at his court, whose coming and going between the suburb and the walled city no doubt added much to the liveliness of Fleet Street. It would have its lawns and gardens by the waterside, and tall trees over-topping the insignificant houses that made the broken line of the street. His lordship himself, however, had little occasion to risk the ruts and the mire, with the Thames flowing at the foot of his fine demesne, and his barge lying at the bridge, or stairs, built out on the river; for this was the Royal road, which he would traverse whether bound for Westminster or Lambeth, or the Tower, or halting at Paul's stairs.

Salisbury Inn, with all its state, was but one of a number of bishops' hostels which lined the river bank, but those who came after—the Bishops of Exeter, Bath, Chester, and Durham —found the City ground occupied, and perforce went beyond Temple Bar to build their hostels along the south side of the Strand, "being held sacred persons whom nobody would hurt," as Selden remarks of them.

The Fleet River flowed by at the foot of the street, unchangeable in its filth. It had gained nothing in purity from the migration to its bank, by Seacoal Lane, of the butchers from St. Nicholas Shambles, the original Newgate market, who were granted land and a quay in 1343 for the purpose of depositing there and cleansing in the water the entrails of beasts, paying to the Mayor for the privilege a yearly rental of one boar's head.[1] The Knights Hospitallers petitioned the King that the land was theirs, and demanded its restoration, representing that the strench arising was so bad as to be injurious to the health of prisoners in the Fleet Prison, and others of the neighbourhood. Edward the Third bade the Mayor and Sheriffs "do speedy justice." The Mayor hotly retorted that the land was the City's and challenged the Prior to go to law.

It was a pretty dispute, but the butchers were ousted. The King's writ went out to the City, and after twelve years'

[1] Letter Book F. *Memorials*, p. 214.

suffrance the blue-smocks were moved down the Fleet bank to a plot of ground nearer the Thames.[1] The Fleet was cleansed after long intervals, when the outcry became sufficiently loud, notably in 1501, when it was so scoured down to the Thames that boats with oysters, herring, and other victuals rowed up to Holborn bridge, and there kept their markets as they had done of old time. Stow speaks of this cleansing as the last of any effect to his day.

Across the Fleet River Ludgate, already wearing the signs of antiquity, stood on the rise of the steep hill. Like others of the City gates, it served the purpose of a gaol, and as early as the first year of King Richard the Second had been set apart for the immurement of debtors, who were to be "freemen of the City, or clergymen, committed for debts, trespasses, accompts, and contempts." Could you have been there at any time you would have heard from behind the begging grate the cry—

"Pity the poor debtors!"

It rang in the ears of all who passed Ludgate from the mediæval era right on to the Georges. Next to the lawyers the debtors, whether in Ludgate or the Fleet Prison and its liberties, have been Fleet Street's most persistent neighbours. Stow has told how in the year 1463 Dame Agnes Forster enlarged the prison of Ludgate, building by the side of the gate a stone quadrangle in which the prisoners might walk, and lodgings for them, and above leads on which they might exercise and take the fresh air. A supply of pure water for them to drink without fee to the keeper was also provided—for hitherto the prison does not seem to have had so elemental a necessity as water. The memory of the widow's munificence was preserved in some verses graven in copper and affixed to the wall—

> Deuout soules that passe this way,
> for Stephen Forster, late Maior, heartily pray,
> And Dame Agnes his spouse, to God consecrate,
> that of pitie this house made for Londoners in Ludgate,
> So that for lodging and water prisoners here nought pay,
> as their keepers shal all answere at dreadful doomesday.

Ludgate was abolished as a debtors' prison by King Henry the Fifth—a short-lived experiment. From an ordinance of

[1] Letter Book G. Cal., pp. 31, 32, 43.

1419 the sceptical may learn that it had been the commendable intention and charitable purpose to ordain this prison "for the good and comfort of poor freemen of the same city, who have been condemned; to the end that such prisoners might more freely than others who were strangers, dwell in quiet in such place, and pray for their benefactors, and live upon the alms of the people, and, in increase of their merits, by benign suffrance, in such imprisonment pass all their lives, if God should provide no other remedy for them."

The onus of provision thrown on the Deity is a quaint touch. Blunt soldier and statesman that he was, one may imagine King Henry the Fifth signing this document with a puzzled conscience, for the conditions of benign suffrance in a mediæval gaol cannot be described in polite language.

But the pious purpose of Henry and his predecessors had been frustrated and turned to evil by the wiles of debtors: "inasmuch," proceeds the ordinance, "as many false persons of bad disposition and purpose have been more willing to take up their abode there, so as to waste and spend their goods upon the ease and licence that there is within, rather than to pay their debts"—and, still worse, to make false charges against reputable persons from the security of the prison. Therefore, it was ordered that all the prisoners be removed to Newgate. The transfer took place on the 1st June, 1419, but by the 2nd November of the same year the prison was re-established, it having been found that by reason of the fetid and corrupt atmosphere that was in the "heynouse" gaol of Newgate, many of the Ludgate prisoners committed there were already dead.[1]

Two of its ancient amenities Fleet Street has lost. A right of way formerly existed through the Temple to the river, with a bridge, or stairs, on the water which the occupiers of the precinct were bound to maintain. It exists for all practical purposes to-day, but on Ascension Day each year the Inns close their gates against all comers in denial of the right. The reason for the choice of that particular anniversary is probably forgotten: it was the day upon which the parishes "beat the bounds," and extra precautions were taken by the Inns to keep out the authorities. The lawyers, anxious for

[1] Letter Book I, *Memorials*, pp. 674-77.

the quiet enjoyment of their property, made an attempt to bar the public way not long after they came into possession of the Temple, but were defeated, there being a Royal ordinance bearing date 1331, directing John de Poultney, Mayor and the King's Escheator, to cause the gates of the Temple to be kept open " as before was accustomed."

Grievous complaint was made by the citizens in 1360. They said that the Prior of St. John of Jerusalem (the legal Inns were lessees) molested them, denying the commonalty free ingress and egress " through the Great Gate of the Templars " to the river for themselves and their carts and horses, carrying victuals and wares, from sunrise to sunset, as had been their right time out of mind.[1] This was by Middle Temple Lane. By night a footway had been open, but the lawyers' slumbers were spared the disturbance of rumbling carts after dark. The Prior had not properly maintained the bridge. An inquisition was held at Guildhall, on the oath of John de Hydyngham and eleven others.

King Edward the Third stayed proceedings, and in 1374 took the matter into his Royal hands. This was more than a mere citizens' business. The Parliament sat at Westminster. There, too, was the King's Palace. Temple bridge, the King's writ states, " has been intended for the advantage and easement of nobles and others coming to our Parliament and wishing to reach their barges and boats there," and if broken or obstructed would greatly prejudice them.[2] Backed by this powerful influence, the citizens won their cause, and a common road remained open through the Temple as late as Henry the Eighth.[3] When the right was lost I cannot say, but I suspect it was soon after the Hospitallers were ejected from the Temple.

Sir Robert Hales, who closed the gate, was the Prior of St. John of Jerusalem and Treasurer of the Kingdom, who was dragged from the Tower and beheaded by Wat Tyler's rebels some years later.

Mention may suffice of a riverside footpath that ran from Bridewell to the Savoy, where rushes lined the Thames bank—no doubt a pleasant walk, past the Bishop of Salisbury's water

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[1] Letter Book G. *Memorials*, p. 305.
[2] *ibid.*, p. 376.
[3] Dugdale, *Origines Juridiciales*.

frontage, the Carmelite Priory, and the Temple. When the river front of the Temple was first walled in Henry the Eighth's reign, care was taken to preserve the ancient footpath.[1] The Victoria Embankment has restored it to the citizens' use after three centuries' lapse.

There was a riot about Salisbury House in 1392, out of which great events grew. It began with a loaf of bread snatched from a baker's tray in Fleet Street by a servant of the Bishop of Salisbury. Knives were drawn, and in the scuffle Roman, the servant, wounded the baker. The townsmen collared him. To the cry of "Rescue!" the bishop's servants poured out of his house, dragged Roman into security, and refused to yield him up. The mob gathered round the gate threatened to fire the place. Hasty summons brought the Mayor and Sheriffs, who restored order. There the whole matter might well have ended. But Waltham, Bishop of Salisbury, was also Lord Treasurer of England, and no friend of the citizens. King Richard the Second himself found the City remiss in defeating, by various excuses, his attempted exactions of money.

It was a trivial affair, but the young King seized upon it for one of those acts of tyranny which cost him the goodwill of the citizens, and ultimately his throne. The insult offered to Church and State no doubt lost nothing in Waltham's telling. The Mayor was summoned to the King and committed to prison at Windsor, and the Sheriffs were sent to Odysham and Wallingford, and heavily fined; a fine of £100,000 was imposed upon the City, and its charters were withdrawn; the Sheriffs and Aldermen were deposed, and others put in their places, the Mayor being degraded, and Sir Edward Dalyngrigge appointed Custos of London. A month later the fine was remitted and the charters restored, but out of the upheaval—big results to follow a stolen loaf of bread—came certain reforms in the City government, and incidentally the division of the great ward of Farringdon within and without the walls.

This preserves the name of William de Farndone, alderman and citizen at a time when the aldermen were the great landowners; in fact, an important personage, goldsmith by

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[1] Cal. of Inner Temple Records, i, 106. Wyngarde's map.

trade, Sheriff in 1280. The ward, then united, was not constituted on the present basis until 1347, when its representatives were first admitted to the Common Council, but its history can be traced back much earlier. The origin of the largest City ward, which has given to London's civic life a distinguished roll of aldermen—eminent among whom stand Fabyan, the chronicler, Sir Francis Child, Sir F. Gosling, John Wilkes, Robert Waithman, and certainly not least in civic worth and in philanthropic activity, Sir William Treloar, the present Alderman of Farringdon Without—is worth a page's discussion, and this the hurried reader may skip.

Joce FitzPeter was in 1223 Alderman of Ludgate—five years, it may be recalled, before Fleet Street itself is first heard of in the City's records. Next is found reference, after a considerable interval, to the Ward of Newgate and Ludgate, and in 1277 to " the Ward of Ankittall de Auvergne within the gate "—presumably Ludgate. The first definite evidence of a ward constituted without the wall is in the demise by Thomas de Ardene to Anketin de Auverne—the same person as above, but the name differently spelt—of " the Ward of Ludgate within and without " for life. Then in the Coroner's Roll of King Edward the First already referred to (page 59) and in the City Letter Books, it takes the name of the ward of Anketil de Auvergne, from its owner.

Anketil de Auvergne disappears about 1277, and the ward lapsed again into the hands of Thomas de Ardene, who devised it to Ralph le Fevre. He enjoyed possession but a brief time, for by deed enrolled in 1281 his son John disposed of the ward to William de Farndone, alderman of Newgate, and it attached to that magnate's already considerable possessions, bearing the name of " the ward of Ludgate and Newgate within and without," and thereafter the ward of William de Farndone. A definite title was not yet settled, for as late as 1310 a writ of Edward the Second uses the words " Ward of Fletestrete," in 1319-20 it appears as Farndon Infra and Farndon Extra,[1]

[1] Dr. Reginald Sharpe has recently pointed out that as early as 1301 he finds both the Ward of Nicholas de Farndone Within and the Ward of Nicholas de Farndone Without separately mentioned in a Coroner's Roll of the City, as if they were looked upon as distinct wards (and not parts of the same ward) at that early date.

and with yet another varient in 1334. Stow tells the story of the aldermanry being held by Farndon on the tenure of one clove, or slip of gilliflower, to be yielded annually at Easter, but this was not the chief consideration. A tenure at the presentation of one red rose became quite common. The great Duke of Wellington held Strathfieldsay on tenure of yielding a flag each year to the Sovereign, and his successor to-day performs the service.

William de Farndone died in 1294, leaving a daughter and heiress, Isabella, and thereafter to posterity much confusion. A Nicholas de Farndone arises, enjoying the same great possessions, four times mayor, member of Parliament for the City, and the first to be so elected during his mayoralty, and much else ; the son, says Stow, of William de Farndone, from whom and his father the ward took its name. It is plain that Stow jumped at this conclusion, because we have the elder Farndone's will preserved in the Husting Rolls, and he left no son. But there was a Nicholas, son of Ralph le Fevre, who married the heiress Isabella, and to them jointly, after his widow's demise, and to their heirs, he left all his property.[1]

It appears that Nicholas le Fevre on inheriting changed his name to Farndone. At his death in 1334 he left his aldermanry to John de Poultney, as " the aldermanry of Farndon within Ludgate and Newgate and without," with gifts to Roysia, his daughter, a grandson, the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, and others ; the residue to be expended for the souls of William de Farndon, Ralph le Fevre, and Isabella the mother of the testator, and all Christians. His will straightens out the tangle, for his daughter Roysia succeeded in obtaining a stay of execution, claiming that after her parents' death, she, as daughter of Isabella, the daughter of William de Farndon, was heiress to the property.[2]

The ward grew too big to be self-contained, and in 1393 it was divided, as ever since it has remained, into the separate wards of Farndon—now Farringdon—Within and Farndon Without.

Two processions I mention here that passed up mediæval Fleet Street, the first to the block on Tower Hill.

The year was 1470, amid the War of the Roses. King

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[1] Husting Wills, i, 112. [2] *ibid.*, i, 397.

Edward the Fourth had fled to the continent. Out of the Tower of London Warwick, in this hour of the Lancastrians' triumph, had brought a King, broken and enfeebled after five years' captivity, and again Henry the Sixth sat on his throne—limp and helpless as a sack of wool, "a mere shadow and pretence of a king." The victors in their statecraft were merciful in a measure little known in that time of wholesale execution of prisoners.

Alone of all Edward's followers, John Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, was set aside for death.

This man, holding under Edward the high office of Constable of England, had roused a furious hatred. Men breathed more freely when he was captured. "People much rejoiced," says a contemporary chronicler; "he was cruel in justice, and was named the butcher of England." Another calls him "the fierce executioner and beheader of men." He had known no mercy. Sir Ralph Grey, governor of Bamborough Castle, the garrison of which was the last to hold out against the victorious Yorkists in 1464, came before him severely wounded and a prisoner, and was put to death, with a large party of other Lancastrians.

Tiptoft had shocked English sentiment, not then disposed to be at all squeamish, by impaling the bodies of some twenty of Warwick's retainers who, when escaping to France, had been taken in a naval engagement at Southampton, and had been sent to him for execution. His vengeance when Deputy of Ireland was left unsatisfied by the attainder and death of Desmond, and he was accused of having cruelly slaughtered two of the Irish earl's infant sons.

A few days after Henry the Sixth had been restored to his throne, the Earl of Worcester was brought to London. Disguised, he had taken refuge among some herdsmen in the forest of Weybridge, Huntingdonshire. It is said that having sent a countryman to buy food for him with a larger piece of money than was ordinarily found among the forest dwellers, this act drew suspicion upon him, and a party of soldiers sent out discovered him concealed amid the spreading branches of a tree.

Indicted at Westminster for high treason, he realised the fate reserved for him by his implacable enemies. For John de Vere, Earl of Oxford, whose father and brother he had himself caused to be executed, had been appointed Constable specially

for his trial. It was judged "that he should go from thence upon his feet unto Tower Hill, and there to be headed."

The procession set out on that 17th October, 1470, the captive Earl strongly guarded. The way was still largely rural. Charing was a tiny village on the route, distinguished only by Queen Eleanor's cross. By the north of the Strand were but few houses, as yet no continuous line, and long blank walls, the bare limbs of the orchard trees showing above them, concealed the Savoy and the mansions of bishops and nobles that lay along the river bank.

In this fashion John Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, reached Temple Bar, going on foot to his death.

Beyond, they entered the narrow street of the City. Little doubt that all the way from Westminster people had gathered by the roadside to heap execrations upon "the butcher of England." But here in Fleet Street the throng of citizens was dense, and awakened passions rose to fever heat. The chronicle is bare in detail, suggesting merely the presence of the surging crowd, but this at least is plain: the prisoner's guard came very near to being overpowered. It could make no headway, "people pressed so fast about him." Fearing for the life of the Earl, whose end was reserved for other means than that of lynching by an enraged mob, the officers "were fain to turn into the Fleete (Prison) with him; and there he rested that night."[1]

Next day the march to Tower Hill was resumed.

In his last hour Tiptoft bore himself with the demeanour of an English gentleman. He was patient and dignified, showing no distress. His final request was to the executioner, and a strange one—that he should strike three blows in honour of the Trinity.

The headsman, his fingers gripped in the matted hair, held up the bleeding relic to the multitude—

"This is the head of a traitor!"

Merely a mediæval ruffian? Far from it. "The axe" (that slew him), says Caxton, "at one blow cut off more learning than was left in the heads of all the surviving nobility. In his time flowered in virtue and cunning none like him, among the lords of the temporality in science and moral virtue."

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[1] *Chronicles of London*, Ed. Kingsford, p. 182.

Tiptoft had resided in Italy and studied at Padua. He was accounted a man of vast erudition, and was an accomplished Latinist, the friend and patron of learned men, collector of a great library, and a traveller of cultivated taste. He translated books of Cicero and Cæsar, besides composing works of his own both in Latin and English.

Strange that war should so brutalize a scholar. The type is that of the Italian Renaissance rather than English in its blend of unmeasured ferocity with love of art and letters.

Another procession had passed up Fleet Street a generation before, the central figure a woman, barefooted, robed in a sheet.

In such guise in the year 1441 who would have recognised Eleanor Cobham, the beautiful mistress before she became wife of Humphrey Duke of Gloucester—" the good Duke Humphrey," who did so very little to deserve the title which the Londoners gave him. She had been chief lady-in-waiting to his duchess, Jacquelaine of Hainault, whom he had deserted for her.

Humphrey of Gloucester had been humbled in the dust, and in the triumph of Cardinal Beaufort, Eleanor Cobham was arrested for sorcery.

The charge seems to have been well founded. King Henry the Sixth was then a delicate and feeble youth of nineteen, and could his death be brought about, the throne lay open to the Duke of Gloucester, his uncle. The means by which so great an end was sought were somewhat pitiful. With Roger Bolingbroke, an astrologer, and Marjery Jourdain, the Witch of Eye, and other accomplices, Humphrey's duchess had given her countenance to necromancy and unholy rites. Not only had they inquired of the stars concerning the destiny of the young sovereign, but with demoniacal intent had practised against his life, by consuming a wax image made in his likeness over a slow fire, praying that as the figure melted his life might melt also. Shakespeare has told the result of their trial—

King. Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloucester's wife ;
In sight of God and us, your guilt is great :
Receive the sentence of the law for sins
Such as by God's book are adjudged to death.
You four from hence to prison back again ;
From thence unto a place of execution :
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.

You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here in banishment,
With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.

Duchess. Welcome is banishment; welcome were my death.[1]

On the Monday after her sentence, Eleanor Cobham, a guarded prisoner, came down the river by barge from Westminster, and landed at the Temple stairs. The Mayor, with the Sheriffs and the craftsmen of London, were assembled there to receive her. Passing through the Temple, they turned at its gate into Fleet Street, and so continued to St. Paul's.[2] It must have made a long procession that wound down the slope between the quaint mediæval houses amid a throng of onlookers: the Mayor and Sheriffs, their marshal, and the civic officials on horseback at the head, the crafts of London on foot at the rear, in the centre the guard of pikemen and billmen, and walking between them, barefooted, in a penitential robe of white and head uncovered, and carrying in her hand a tall candle two pounds in weight, passed the lovely, ambitious, and deeply humiliated Duchess of Gloucester—

Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back,
And follow'd with a rabble that rejoice
To see my tears and hear my deep-fet groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet,
And when I start, the curious people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread.
Ah, Humphrey!
. . . . . .
such a prince he was,
As he stood by whilst I, his forlorn duchess
Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock
To every idle rascal follower.

She offered her candle at the high altar in the Cathedral, and returned to Westminster, twice again that same week to enter the City and resume her penance, landing on the Wednesday at Old Swan, London Bridge, and on Friday at Queenhithe. Thereafter she was banished for life to solitary confinement, first in Chester Castle, and afterwards, it is said, in the Isle of Man.

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[1] *King Henry VI.* Part II, Act ii, Sc. 3.
[2] *Chronicles of London.* Ed. Kingsford, p. 149.

You will be told to-day at Peel Castle that her ghost is still seen ascending the stone staircase at midnight, and that nocturnal sounds break the silence of the roofless halls. It is likely, however, that Eleanor Cobham died, some ten years after her penance, not there, but in Wales.

CHAPTER VI

ANNALS OF THE MIDDLE AGES

> But now behold,
> In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
> How London doth pour out her citizens!
> The mayor and all his brethren in best sort.
>
> *King Henry V, Act v, Prologue.*

LEAVING its larger institutions and buildings, I come now to deal more particularly with the intimate life of the street; to tell of the men who worked at their crafts in the meaner houses, or sold their wares from the open shops; the women jostling amidst the throng, picking a way among the stalls, and lifting their petticoats high to step across the dirty kennels that ran open down each side of the street, taking off the surface water after every shower, and with it some part of the town refuse.

The way was narrow, and the buildings huddled together, grouped in a broken line. They were so because this was a trading street largely by afterthought. First came Templar and abbot and bishop and friar, and these, having settled themselves about Fleet Street north and south upon eligible spots, left little land for the needs of a trading community—how little I am going to show later by the incontestible evidence of the seizures by Henry the Eighth at the Reformation.

No imaginary person shall have any place in this chapter. The people who fill these succeeding pages for the most part lived in the street; their life story belongs to it, and when death came, sometimes by plague, sometimes by violent means, they were buried in the spacious churchyards close by their homes. No one can think of Fleet Street as home to-day. The mediæval craftsman—capper, weaver, glovemaker, sporier, as he might be—was freeman in little but name. He was tied by guild law to his trade, and his trade was tied to a particular area of the City, from which neither man nor craft could move. The street was to him much more than a mere highway. To place the man in his true surroundings one or two matters must be kept in memory.

Let Fleet Street as it is disappear like a mirage. We shall not want it for some centuries, and its persistence in memory blocks the way to the clear vision which now I most require. There came a time when the development of London along the Thames made this street and the Strand the principal western approach to the City, but it was not in the period with which I am thus far concerned. Fleet Street was never of much account as a highway in its early years. The great high road to the City on the west was by Holborn (known as "the King's street") and Newgate direct into Chepe, London's principal market.

Late in the Middle Ages Fleet Street began to overshadow in importance this older way. Its rise was due to the general trend of the town westward along the river, and to nothing else. Only when this is realised can the growth of the suburb be seen in its true perspective. I have shown in a previous chapter how the levy of heavier tolls under King Henry the Third (except for bark used by the Fleet tanners) seemed designed to have discouraged the use of Fleet Street in favour of the earlier routes. And as if to prove that by the middle fourteenth century its status in the teeming city was still small, a curious piece of evidence is forthcoming.

When Edward the Third sat on the throne in 1356, the year of Poitiers, revenue was required for the repair of the roads leading into the city, and a new tax was imposed on carts passing the gates. The number of collectors appointed indicates upon which roads the traffic was heaviest. For Ludgate a single collector sufficed, though the other gates had two, and Bishopsgate, through which carts and pack-horses bringing provisions poured into the town, required as many as four. Ludgate for mediæval citizens was, in fact, an obstructed way of reaching the heart of the city, for as soon as the gate was passed the walls and outbuildings of the cathedral precincts necessitated some detour.

Late as the 24th year of King Henry the Eighth the road west of Temple Bar was described in a statute as "very foul and full of pits and sloughs, very perilous and noisome, and necessary to be kept clean, for the avoiding of corrupt savours and occasions of pestilence"—not our idea of a much frequented highway.

But there is more if old London down through the Middle

Ages and even past the Great Fire, is to be known. The highway of the City's commerce, and of communication from point to point, was neither Fleet Street nor any other of the miry roads along which carts rolled, but the Royal river. London for centuries grew along the Thames and nowhere else, and always westward. Look at any pile of old maps, and this is made plain. There was the walled area, the City's " square mile "—itself, by the way, long and shallow—and thrust out from the western gate Fleet Street, the Strand, Charing Cross, and Whitehall, and so on to the Palace and Abbey of Westminster, and across the river at Lambeth the seat of the Primates of All England.

On the north open fields were visible from any of the gates. To the east Wapping, lying at the City's foot, consisted of little but the gallows upon which pirates and sea rovers were hanged, until the marshes were reclaimed under Queen Elizabeth. The line was thin and long drawn out, always hugging the riverside. The citizens never moved far from this noble water-road, which called for no repairs, was open whatever the weather or season, and without jostling or crowding gave more than ample accommodation for all. The Thames flowed by in an unrestricted channel, and was crossed only by King John's stone bridge, carrying a horse- and foot-way by seventeen arches and piers.

This one fact is as significant as any of London's dependence on the Thames as the one great artery of its life. Down through our long history, no palace of the English Kings has ever been built away from the river bank, until William the Third, for the benefit of his chest complaint, settled on the Kensington gravels ; if exception be made of St. James's Palace, which at the time of its foundation was a rural retreat.

The Thames was London's " silent highway," the common way for all alike, for sovereign and subject, noble and merchant. It served them all. The poet Gower—Chaucer's friend, the " moral Gower "—has left a charming picture of the mediæval river. Passing one day in his row-boat, he chanced to meet King Richard the Second coming down the stream from Westminster in his tapestried barge. The monarch, on espying him, commanded him to the Royal craft, and there charged him to write some new thing that he might read. It was in

the year 1390. Gower produced the *Confessio Amantis*, and in the Prologue described his audience on the water—

> As it bifel upon a tyde,
> As thing, which scholde tho betyde,—
> Under the town of newe Troye,
> Which tok of Brut his ferst joye,
> In Temse, whan it was flowende,
> As I be bote cam rowende,
> So as fortune hir tyme sette,
> My liege lord par chaunce I mette;
> And so befel, as I cam nyh,
> Out of my bot, whan he me syh,
> He bad me come in to his barge.
> And whan I was with him at large,
> Amonges othre thinges seid
> He hath this charge upon me leid
> And bad me doo my besynesse,
> That to his hihe worthinesse
> Some newe thing I scholde boke,
> That he himself it mihte loke
> After the forme of my writynge.
> And thus upon his comandynge
> Myn herte is wel the more glad
> To write so as he me bad.

Little matter that Gower tired of his liege lord King Richard, and in a later issue altered the dedication to Henry of Bolingbroke; there is the Thames as he knew it 500 years ago.

It is not my purpose to attempt the praises of the Thames, but to indicate how through the Middle Ages and long afterwards the City lived by, and along, and upon the river. Narrow mediæval streets, deep with ruts and with noisome open kennels, could never have borne the whole burden of London's commerce, which went mainly by water. When this fact is well lodged, it will be easier to realise Fleet Street as it was—a noisy trading street, with open shops, the way often obstructed by stalls, and not intended for heavy traffic, which passed in barge and boat by the silent river at its side. A bar stood at one end, and beyond Fleet Bridge a prison (Ludgate) shut in the street at the other.

Gower has been pressed into service for the smooth-flowing Thames of his day—a flash just seen, and it has gone. Lydgate, his younger contemporary, shall serve for the street. True, it is not actually Fleet Street with which this description deals, but it is typical. Lydgate's "London Lackpenny"

should be more widely known than it is. The merit of his verse is the surprising vividness with which it portrays the cries of the town, the bustling tradesmen pushing their wares, the pots clattering on the pavement, and the vagrant "harp, pipe, and minstrelsy"—and, too, the sharp practice played by the townsman on his country cousin. The woes of the countryman coming to London to get justice, who "could not speed" by not having money to pay for it, may leave us cold; that lesson was learnt long before the fifteenth century; but the opening passages, where Lydgate thrusts himself among the lawyers at Westminster, give a glimpse, as delightful as it is rare, of the mediæval courts.

John Lydgate, born in 1370, died about 1440, and the poem belongs to his middle period. No apology is needed for printing it in full, though a rendering in modern spelling (for convenience in reading) may justly be open to criticism—

THE LONDON LACKPENNY

To London once my steps I bent,
Where truth in no wise should be faint;
To Westminster-ward I forthwith went,
To a man of law to make complaint.
I said, "For Mary's love, that holy saint,
Pity the poor that would proceed!"
But for lack of money, I could not speed.

And, as I thrust the press among,
By froward chance my hood was gone;
Yet for all that I stayed not long
Till to the King's Bench I was come.
Before the Judge I kneeled anon
And prayed him for God's sake take heed,
But for lack of money, I might not speed.

Beneath them sat clerks a great rout,
Which fast did write by one assent;
There stood up one and cried about
"Richard, Robert, and John of Kent!"
I wist not well what this man meant,
He cried so thickly there indeed,
But he that lacked money might not speed.

To the Common Pleas I yode tho,[1]
There sat one with a silken hood:

[1] Went then.

I 'gan him reverence for to do
And told my case as well as I could ;
How my goods were defrauded me by falsehood ;
I got not a mum of his mouth for my meed,
And for lack of money I might not speed.

Unto the Rolls I gat me from thence,
Before the clerks of the Chancery ;
Where many I found earning of pence ;
But none at all once regarded me.
I gave them my plaint upon my knee ;
They liked it well when they had it read ;
But, lacking money, I could not be sped.

In Westminster Hall I found out one
Which went in a long gown of ray ;[1]
I crouched and knelt before him ; anon,
For Mary's love, for help I him pray.
" I wot not what thou mean'st," 'gan he to say ;
To get me thence he did me bid,
For lack of money I could not speed.

Within this Hall, neither rich nor yet poor
Would do for me aught although I should die ;
Which seeing, I gat me out of the door ;
Where Flemings began on me for to cry,—
" Master, what wilt thou copen and buy ?
Fine felt hat, or spectacles to read ?
Lay down your silver, and here you may speed."

To Westminster Gate I presently went
When the sun was at high prime ;
Cooks to me they took good intent,
And proffered me bread, with ale and wine,
Ribs of beef, both fat and full fine ;
A faire cloth they 'gan for to spread,
But, wanting money, I might not then speed.

Then unto London I did me hie,
Of all the land it beareth the prize ;
" Hot peascodés ! " one began to cry ;
" Strawberries ripe ! " and " Cherries in the rise ! " [2]
One bade me come near and buy some spice ;
Pepper and saffron they 'gan me bede ;[3]
But, for lack of money, I might not speed.

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[1] Striped cloth.
[2] On the bough.
[3] Offer.

Then to the Cheap I 'gan me drawn
Where much people I saw for to stand ;
One offered me velvet, silk, and lawn ;
Another he taketh me by the hand,
" Here is Paris thread, the finest in the land ; "
I never was used to such things indeed ;
And, wanting money, I might not speed.

Then went I forth by London stone,
Throughout all the Canwick street ;[1]
Drapers much cloth me offered anon ;
Then comes me one cried " Hot sheep's feet ! "
One cried " Mackerel ! " " Rushes green ! " another
'gan greet ;
One bade me buy a hood to cover my head ;
But, for want of money, I might not be sped.

Then I hied me into East Cheap
One cries " Ribs of beef and many a pie ! "
Pewter pots they clattered on a heap ;
There was harpe, pipe and minstrelsy ;
" Yea, by cock ! " " Nay, by cock ! " some began cry ;
Some sung of " Jenkin and Julian " for their meed ;
But, for lack of money, I might not speed.

Then into Cornhill anon I yode
Where there was much stolen gear among ;
I saw where hung my owné hood,
That I had lost among the throng ;
To buy my own hood I thought it wrong ;
I knew it as well as I knew my creed ;
But, for lack of money, I could not speed.

The Taverner took me by the sleeve ;
" Sir," saith he, " will you our wine assay ? "
I answered, " Thou cannot much me grieve ;
A penny can do no more than it may."
I drank a pint, and for it did pay ;
Yet, sore a-hungered from thence I yede ;
And, wanting money, I could not speed.

Then hied I me to Billingsgate,
And one cried " Ho ! go we hence ! "
I prayed a bargeman, for God's sake,
That he would spare me my expense.
" Thou 'scap'st not here," quoth he, " under two-pence,
I list not yet bestow any almsdeed."
Thus, lacking money, I could not speed.

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[1] Cannon Street.

Then I conveyed me into Kent;
For of the law would I meddle no more.
Because no man to me took intent,
I dight me to do as I did before.
Now Jesus that in Bethlehem was bore,
Save London and send true lawyers their meed!
For whoso wants money with them shall not speed.

In the houses, behind the latticed windows which overlooked the animation and vivacity of the street, or within the shops, wide open to wind and weather, the quiet craftsman worked at his trade. Picturesque these later mediæval houses may have been, with cross-timberings, and gables, and high-pitched roofs covered with red tiles, often with each storey built out beyond that which gave it support, and so threatening to crush the base by excessive weight; but dark and gloomy still, for the builders who built so solidly in wood seemed to have feared neither fire nor thieves so much as light.

Fleet Street maintains some reputation for hats. Few of the hatters probably are aware that they are the heirs of its oldest trade. The fraternity of cappers, or cap-makers, was the first of the crafts whose ordinances have come down through the ages, and it is a singular circumstance that they were settled, not within the walled city, but in the suburb. I know nothing in the conditions of the trade to account for this exclusion. Unlike Milk Street, Bread Street, Friday Street, Wood Street, and other byways about Cheapside, which by their names recall the booths and stalls of the mediæval markets held there, Fleet Street has never borne a trade name, but five and six centuries ago it was the recognised headquarters of a particular trade—that of the cappers—like those above mentioned. The cappers of Fleet Street received their regulations in the reign of King Henry the Third, before the Lorimers, the next oldest company, whose ordinances date from the year 1269.

What sort of caps did they make? Well, that I can tell, though fashions have changed a good deal since Henry the Third was King. They were made of wool, and were only permitted to be of certain chosen colours. It was unlawful to dye old caps black, for that meant prolonging their life, and less work for the craft. Nor, perhaps for the same reason, were new caps of white or grey wool to be dyed black. No work was to be done at night—for night work in the view of

the guilds meant bad work and, a matter of equal importance, less supervision over the workman.

In order to see these articles properly carried out, six persons of the trade were to be elected, and power was given to punish those of their fellows guilty of fraudulent conduct. One of the trade was not allowed to receive the servant of another. By this and other regulations limiting his opportunities, his wages, and fixing his hours of labour and place of abode, the power of the craftsman was effectually shattered and his voice silenced, and though he shared in some measure in the benefits of guild-craft, he was permitted no part in its government.

"Foreign" cappers (non-freemen) by inferior goods and unfair competition—the persistent vice of the foreigner—interfered with the market. The evil example spread to the City's own honest craftsmen. Cheap flock was used in place of sound wool. Caps were worked with chalk or with coal. It became a scandal, and in the time of King Edward the Second the guild obtained further ordinances, mainly directed against the foreigner. Merchants not of British nationality and trading in this country were in future to find security that they would withdraw all such caps from the kingdom, and any found thereafter in the City were to be burnt. The London tradesman detected in fraud was to be amerced, and certain persons were sworn to make scrutiny.[1]

The cappers carried their attack on the foreigner too far, preventing and interfering with the manufacture and import of caps, whereby the King lost the customs payable to him. Complaint of this was made to Edward the Second in Parliament at York on the 20th May, 1319, and John de Little, William Reyner, Henry and John de Amodesham, John Baldewyne, Richard de Wirmyngham, Geoffrey Palmer, John de Badburgham, John de Stotfold, Walter de Wechyngham, Thomas de Eyton, Roger Ode, and Richard de Pontefracto, cappers of Fletestrete in the city of London, were called upon to answer for it. Further they were charged with having maintained illegal confederacies of the trade for the purpose.[2] They pleaded the King's letters as their authority.

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[1] For ordinances of the Cappers see *Liber Custumarum* (Rolls Series), vol. 2, part 1, pp. 101-4, and also Dr. Sharpe's calendars of the City Letter Books.

[2] Patent Roll, 12th Edward II Cal., p. 369.

Edward the Third also had troubles with the craft, and summoned the cappers of Fleet Street to show by what warranty they had enforced regulations allowing caps to be made of certain materials to the rejection of others, and had punished transgressors of their rules. They answered pleading a precept by the King in Parliament.

Although so old a fraternity, the cappers—hurers they came often to be called—suffered much by the splitting up of the trade of providing headgear. Rival organisations grew up which weakened their authority and independence. They received a staggering blow when, in the year 1417, they engaged in a trial of strength with the formidable Company of Haberdashers. This is worth a moment's consideration as showing how tenacious were the old London craftsmen in maintaining hand-work and resisting improved methods.

" Long cappes," to the number of fifteen, had been seized in the shop of James Bowyer, a haberdasher, because they were felled by human feet, such practice, or felling by mill, being forbidden by the narrow guild-law under penalty of forfeiture. The Mistery of Cappers claimed right to burn the seized goods. The man's guild took up his case, and it came before the Mayor and Aldermen at Guildhall. There the Master and Wardens of the Haberdashers pleaded that the Cappers' ordinance was not for the public good. They said that " cappes, hures, and hattes," both in England and abroad, were felled both by mill and feet at less cost, and were equally good as those felled by the hand. Further, they said that the ordinance was bad because the Mistery of Haberdashers, as well as the Mistery of Cappers, had, so they asserted, the right to search for and attach false " cappes, hures, and hattes."

The Mayor and Aldermen annulled the ordinance, and, moreover, ordered that in future the examination of caps should be made by men of both Misteries.[1] Later history of the Cappers, who not long after fell under control of the Haberdashers, hardly comes within the scope of this book, but in the long contest between labour and machinery this very early example of a triumph for mechanical milling should possess some interest.

The printing press and the newspapers give character to

[1] Letter Book I. Cal., p. 176-7.

modern Fleet Street, and importance, and much respectability. It was very different in the Middle Ages. The taverners flourished long before these, and judged by outward indications, their trade equally prospers to-day. Fleet Street's reputation was that of a place much given to drinking and carousing, and its convivial life began long before journalists made Bohemia there, before Alsatia. Its historic taverns form the topic of a subsequent chapter. Just beyond Temple Bar, at St. Clement Danes, the " foreign " butchers, or those who did not possess the freedom of the City, had in the fourteenth century set up their shambles out of the jurisdiction of the Mayor, and in the same lawless quarter there sprang up among them a foul nest of ale-houses and taverns and resorts of the most infamous kind. It was singular that the least desirable of these associations should have lingered about Holywell Street and Wych Street down to the day of their demolition in recent memory.

The ale-wife was, perhaps, the typical figure of the street. Indeed, Mr. Riley, in his introduction to the City's *Liber Albus* states that down to the close of the fifteenth century, if not later, Fleet Street was almost wholly tenanted by ale-wives and felt-cap makers ; the trade, he adds, was in the hands of women, who sold an ale of their own brewing. It may be that this generalisation is too sweeping, for in a still extant list of London brewers compiled in the reign of King Henry the Fifth, out of about 300 names only fifteen are those of women. A proportion may have been merely hucksters, frequenting the street to retail ale, though the trend of civic legislation, as shown in various orders, was to restrict the vending of ale to those who brewed it.

The women were called brewsters ; the name survives in Brewster Sessions, though its feminine application has been forgotten. That the trade was held in low estimation is evident from the ignominious punishments served out to defaulters, and from the restrictions with which it was hedged about.

A thin ale was brewed, no better than sweet wort, and so innocuous that it might be drunk " in potations pottle deep " without disturbing the mental balance. It may be significant of the capacity of the early citizens that the smallest measure mentioned in the *Liber Albus* is a quart. The source of all

London's ale was the silver Thames, and there are regulations by the City authorities that brewers shall not draw from the river when it is turbid, but wait until low water and the turn of the tide. "The water-gate at the Whitefriars" is specifically mentioned as one of the drawing places in the third year of Elizabeth.

Let no one imagine that the brewers were not alive to the advantages of spring water brought by the conduit. At one time they so crowded the fountain in Chepe and wasted the supply that "rich and middling persons for the preparation of their food and the poor for their drink" could get none, and the brewers were ordered away in 1343, under penalty for the first offence of forfeiting the tankard or vessel in which the water was carried, on a second conviction fine, and on a third imprisonment. No doubt the same misuse had to be guarded against at the Fleet Street conduit.

Looking up Fleet Street, where a ragged line of mean dwellings screened the great houses on the river bank, the traveller might have been impressed less by the noisy tradesmen shouting for custom, or by the buildings themselves, than by the signs which swung from each house-front. Strange devices were some of these, glaring in primitive colours; animals, birds, the sun and stars, and others it would be difficult to classify—and, in addition, trades had their representative symbols, just as the barber to-day hangs out his ribbon-pole and the pawnbroker the three brass balls, each to signify his calling. None were at more pains to attract attention than the taverners, who stuck out their ale-stakes well over the highway. In fact, in Richard the Second's time these projections from the taverns in the Cheap and elsewhere had already become a public obstruction, "to the impeding of riders and others, and by reason of their excessive weight, to the detriment of the houses in which they are fixed"—which says little for the stability of the houses. The Mayor and Aldermen ordered, under penalty of forty pence, that no ale-stake bearing either sign or leaves should in future be of greater length than seven feet at the most.

Some old signs can be identified. Could they be hoisted together, irrespective of any particular year of origin, they would make a fair presentation of the signed houses in Fleet Street in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Adam

Wade had shops in the street called "Helle"—I cannot imagine what pictorial sign served for this eligible property—which on his death in 1310 he directed should be sold.[1] John de Chichestre's house in Fleet Street in 1380 was called Topfeldes Inn.[2] A brewhouse, with seld, was kept by Johanna, relict of Thomas Beauflour, in 1326.[3] Then there were others "on the hoop," a favourite device of the signmaker, like the Welshman on the Hoop, of whose existence in 1391 we learn in somewhat curious fashion.[4] The Key on the Hoop swung over the street close to the Carmelite Priory, and the St. Andrew's Cross on the Hoop by Chancery Lane. The Tabard and The George were signs by the Shoe Lane corner.[5] William Newland, a wealthy citizen, till his death in 1425 showed the sign of The Sword in Fleet Street.[6]

Le Crane on the Hoop was a brewery standing towards St. Dunstan's Church, which Thomas Knolles, grocer, dying in 1435, left to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's.[7] There was nothing incongruous in the gift in these days, when the Cathedral had its own brewery, and brewings took place there twice a week throughout the year. The Boar's Head by Water Lane (now Whitefriars Street) has been already mentioned as a grant to the Carmelite Friars in 1443; it survived for more than four centuries in the street as a tavern, giving its name to Boar's Head Alley, in the sanctuary. The Bolt-in-Tun (1443) still represented by what was the old coaching office and a fragment of the yard, was also a Carmelite house. The Hand, by Middle Temple Gate, The Bell, opposite, The Castle Tavern, standing in 1432 near the Fleet conduit, and The Feathers, were others.

Interesting above all these is "Le Horn on the Hoop," for that was the sign of Anderton's Hotel in Fleet Street, and

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[1] Husting Wills, i, 212.

[2] *ibid.*, ii, 219. This name occurs again two centuries later, when certain sugar refiners petitioned Queen Elizabeth for a restricted licence, representing that three sugar houses, one being "Topesfield in Water Lane," Fleet Street, were sufficient to serve her Majesty's dominions as heretofore, and that the others should be cut off. State Papers (Domestic), 1595, Aug.

[3] *ibid.*, i, 321.

[4] See page 147 post.

[5] Strype, Book 3, pp. 257, 265. Husting Wills, ii, 469.

[6] Furnival, *Fifty Earliest English Wills* (Camden Society), p. 65.

[7] Husting Wills, ii, 475.



From "The Home Counties' Magazine"

EARLY BUILDINGS OF UNKNOWN DATE



From a print in Hughson's "Description of London"

ANCIENT HOUSES IN FLEET STREET



Photograph by Mr. F. Neville Piggott

OLD SERJEANTS' INN, CHANCERY LANE
Demolished in 1910.

can be traced back to 1385. John Phippe, a currier, then kept the house,[1] and I expect that French wines were very early being dispensed to customers, for it has been a tavern certainly for the greater part of that long period. Thomas Atte Haye, the next owner, had also a brewery called the Horse-shoe on Ludgate Hill.

Thomas Atte Haye was a flourishing goldsmith. Like others of his craft, he lived in Chepe. He had many possessions, and these, on his death in 1405, he left to Matilda his wife for life, directing that on her demise his property, including " le horn on the hoop in the parish of St. Dunstan in Fletestrete," should pass to the wardens and commonalty of the Mistery of Goldsmiths of London, to be devoted to the better sustentation of blind and infirm members of the company.[2] May he sleep in peace. Five centuries have passed over his grave, and the Great Fire of London destroyed the church of St. Peter Chepe in which he lay buried, but his charity fulfils its beneficent purpose to this day, and pensioners of the Goldsmiths' Company, both men and women, continue to benefit from the old tavern-owner's bounty. The Goldsmiths' Company reported to the Livery Companies Commission in 1880 that the income of the charity was then £1,667 11s.

I have carried my perhaps unsuspecting reader among the Husting wills—not, it will be seen, such dull, dead stuff, as the name might suggest. They were written by citizens long since gone to dust, and in the two portly volumes published by the City Corporation, which are a monument to the learning and industry of Dr. Reginald Sharpe, they form the most valuable addition that has been made to the sources of London's history of recent years. You need but glance at them to realise how extraordinary was the hold of the Church in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. In one will after another rents and property are left to the Church, the dying man desiring the proceeds to be devoted " for the good of his soul," or for stipulated Masses, or for maintaining tapers before the altar of the Blessed Mary in St. Bride's; much more rarely to succour the poor.

Specific bequests for chantries in St. Bride's and St. Dunstan's

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[1] Husting Wills, ii, 256.
[2] *ibid.*, ii, 377.

churches may be counted by the dozen. The Carmelites shared in the dead men's benefits, until the friars, too, came under the popular odium that had already overtaken the monks.

Odd bits of humanity peep out of these documents. Dying in 1278, Thomas de Auverne bequeathed to his mother, Dame Elena, his houses in Fleet Street, and remembering his mother's servant Milsenda, he left her 2s. 4d. annual quit-rent.[1] William de Wapenham, a Fleet Street sporier, desired of the Carmelite Friars two trentals of Masses, for which he left funds.[2] William de Bathe (died 1375) had a daughter Matilda, a nun at the convent of Ankerwyke, near Windsor, whereof one Alice was Prioress. To Alice he left his tenement in Shoe Lane for the maintenance of a chantry. Matilda had his Fleet Street rents. This good Catholic was in haste to escape the pains of Purgatory, for he required 1,000 Masses to be said for the good of his soul, stipulating that they should be offered within one month of his decease.[3]

A departed tailor, Roger Lunt (died 1387), was anxious about the display he should make on his final appearance before his fellow-townsmen, and with the provision that he should be buried " in the church of St. Bridgid de Fletestrete, under the lamp," he arranged in his will that torches were to be borne at his funeral, " to carry which twelve poor men are to be employed, clothed in gowns, with russet hoods."[4] An odd thing, it seems, to bury after dark, but this, no doubt, was an interment *causa honoris*. Aldermen of London who had filled the office of Mayor were, by ancient usage, buried by torchlight with great ceremonial. Late as the Commonwealth the learned John Selden was interred in the Temple Church at night, in the presence of all the judges and many persons of distinction.[5]

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[1] Husting Wills, i, 37.
[2] *ibid.*, 691.
[3] Husting Wills, ii, 182.
[4] *ibid.*, 265.
[5] Nocturnal funerals led to so much disorder that they were prohibited by the time of Charles the First, but there are many later instances. Joseph Addison, in 1717, and King George the Second in 1760, had torchlight funerals; Archbishop Hutton was buried at night at Lambeth, 1758, and John Wesley's funeral in 1791 was at so early an hour in the morning that lanterns and torches were required. (Rev. J. C. Cox, *The Parish Registers of England*, p. 116.)

There is like provision by William Trippelowe, armourer, for torches and russet at his funeral in 1390. This worthy parishioner of St. Bride's, desiring to be buried in the church, between *la porch* and *la looge*, left many gifts: five-pence yearly to five poor men in honour of the five joys of the Blessed Virgin, to the church, to prisoners in London, to poor men and sick widows, to his brother and sisters, " to each of his children in Christ, viz.: ' Godchilders ' three shillings and fourpence," directing that his executors should provide " for Elizabeth his daughter in Christ, viz.: ' Godchilde,' until marriage." [1]

I find a scholar, Thomas Giles de Fletstret, a man possessing much property in Fleet Street, Shoe Lane, Bride Lane, and elsewhere, whose will, proved in the Court of Husting in 1349, is much too interesting to pass over. His widow, Diamanda, is his first care: she is well dowered, and is charged to maintain and educate his son Thomas as a clerk, his son John as a clerk or artificer, and Isabella, his daughter, in a religious order or as a " secular monk." Next he considers his soul: five pounds in weight, square or round, a taper is to burn before the figure of the Annunication of the Virgin Mary in St. Bride's church at festivals, and a lamp burning night and day before the high altar, and for these he leaves funds. His children, also well provided for, are to maintain their parents' obit. Then comes a glimpse of a fourteenth century scholar's library and house treasures—

> To the aforesaid Thomas, his son, all his books, bound and unbound, on the canon and civil law, literature (*grammatice*), dialectic, theology, as well as geometry and astronomy. Also to his said children divers specific chattels, including two cups of mazar called respectively " Bride " and " Balloc," and a white cup bound with a circle of silver gilt, having the name of Jesus enamelled at the bottom, posnets, basins, and ewers, beds, silver, spoons, and towels. [2]

The dead by their own hand having told us something of their manner of life, I now turn to contemporary records of those then living. Selection of, say, a dozen documents will bring the times more vividly to mind than anything that lies within my powers of description—

King Richard the Second was on the throne when John Berkyng, a soothsayer, stood in the pillory.

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[1] Husting Wills, ii, 281.

[2] *ibid.*, i, 557.

This Berkyng was lately a Jew, so he said.

Edward de Langley, Duke of York, the fifth son of the dead King Edward the Third, was at that time residing in a dwelling-house in the parish of St. Brigid in Fletestrete, in the suburb of London—Salisbury Inn, for a guerdon. Great was the stir within that royal household when it became known that two silver dishes belonging to the Duke of York had been stolen; eager the search for the thief. Yet no man could place his hand either upon the thief or upon the silver dishes. Whether or not his Grace believed in magic I cannot say, but his Council, all other hopes having disappeared, bethought themselves of the supernatural, and also of John Berkyng.

Now to quote the scribe textually—

"They asked the said John if he could tell by his magic art—in which art he was skilled, as it was said—what had become of such dishes, and who had stolen them. Which John thereupon, as saying that he could well understand incantations and the art magic, made answer to the Council, that he was very well able to say where the said dishes were, and who had stolen them. And then he falsely and maliciously asserted"—asserted, indeed, that none other than William Shedewater, serjeant to his Highness the Duke of York, had stolen them!

A bold magician this, with belief in his art.

It fared ill with the luckless serjeant, who saw the royal favour leaving him. Denounced by the magician, he was arrested and imprisoned, "and in his body much injured, and on the point of being forced to swear that he would never come within ten leagues of the hostels of our Lord the King, the Duke of York aforesaid, or the Duke of Gloucester; to the great slander of his name, and to the grievous damage of his body, etc."

What exactly it was that saved William Shedewater from the grave peril in which he stood, banned even from approaching within ten leagues any of those royal residences wherein he had fared well and prospered in worldliness, I cannot tell; but it came out that the magician had been at these dark practices before, and most likely that was it. Lady de Despencer—in times past a great name—had possessed a scarlet mantle, with fur of cleansed minever, which had been stolen from her ladyship's hostel in St. Mary Bothaw parish. Berkyng had in like manner been called in to trace the thief

by his magic, and had falsely accused Robert Mysdene and John Geyte of the theft.

With the tables thus effectively turned upon him, John Berkyng appeared before the Mayor and Aldermen at Guildhall in a plea of falsehood and deceit and unfounded accusations. All of which the humbled magician fully acknowledged, begged for mercy, and put himself upon the favour of the Court and of the prosecutors.

The recorder of his crimes becomes sententious—

" Deliberation having been held thereon, because that such soothsaying, art magic, and falsities are manifestly against the doctrine of Holy Writ, and a scandal and disgrace to the whole Commonalty of the city aforesaid, and through such doings murders might easily ensue, and good and lawful men be undeservedly aggrieved and defamed in their name and reputation, etc., it was awarded that the said John should on the same day be put upon the pillory in Cornhulle, there to stand for one hour of the day."

The imagination must be left to picture the scene on the 4th March, 1391, when John Berkyng stood in the pillory in Cornhill, his vaunted magic serving poorly to protect him from the shower of mud and ill-favoured missiles thrown by boisterous apprentices, and the derisive taunts of their elders. I wonder if Robert Mysdene and John Geyte were there ?

This done, he was taken back to prison for a fortnight, and released after swearing that he would depart from the liberty of the City, and would never return to the same, and that such soothsaying should not be practised by him for the future.[1]

John Sewale stood in the pillory that same year—a poor type of offender, this one.

A house known by the quaint sign of " The Welshman on the Hoop," stood in King Richard the Second's reign in Fletestret, in the parish of St. Martin without Ludgate, in the suburb of London. That is to say, it was in that part of old Fleet Street beyond the Fleet River which we now call Ludgate Hill. Nor was the spelling as I have given it, for the sign was French, " Le Walssheman sur le Hoope."

Sewale, a sorry rogue, went to a cloth-maker in Smithfield,

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[1] Letter Book H. *Memorials*, p. 519.

as we may go to Cloth Fair there to-day. The name remains, and the old houses survive, with overhanging fronts, built before the Great Fire of London, and, better still, the Old Dick Whittington public-house, whose venerable walls date back to the fifteenth century ; but the cloth makers have long since left the Fair. It was then a district wherein the hand-loom and the shuttle were kept busily working.

The rogue ordered certain baudekyn and satyn. The last speaks for itself ; baudekyn, it may be explained, was a costly cloth made of silk, interwoven with threads of gold. It was a good order, and the shopman was persuaded to let his servant, John Duffeld, carry the cloths to " The Welshman on the Hoop," where they were to be received by Sewale's master, who would pay for them. The two set out with the load, and arrived at the house in Fleet Street, which they entered. In a certain room Sewale ordered the clothman's servant to lay the goods upon a bed there, which done he made him and other persons leave the room, and then shut the door with a key and bolted it, saying that his master would be there presently to look at them.

The tricks of thieves are very old, and in this case the ruse succeeded. Duffeld, the servant, remained in the hall of the house " five hours in the day and more," waiting for the return of the master, while the thief had already gone away with the cloths by another exit. However, retribution overtook him, and he stood in the pillory, and left us this record of his crime [1] —and with it the interesting sign of a house which stood in Fleet Street more than 500 years ago.

The Walssheman, with the sign so shortened, was still in Flete Strete when Henry the Eighth reigned, and having fallen to the Crown was granted by that monarch on the 22nd June, 1524, to Edmund Knyvet, serjeant at the King's gate, at the picturesque annual rental of one red rose. [2]

William Lawtone, forger, stood in the pillory, with his forged letter tied about his neck. Lucky was he in his day, for had he lived four centuries later he would certainly have been hanged for that crime.

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[1] Letter Book H. *Memorials*, p. 525.
[2] Letters and Papers Henry VIII, vol. 4 (1) p. 196 ; vol. 1, No. 1387.

In the fourth year of King Richard the Second (1380) there lived in Fleet Street one William Savage, whom I take to have been a goldsmith. Before banks were instituted, the goldsmiths, with " running cashes," did much of the money transactions of the day. On the Monday before Whitsuntide there came to him there William Lawtone, a man of Lawton-under-the-Lyn, in the county of Chester, representing that he carried a letter from John Sadyngtone, of York, requiring Savage to pay the bearer 20s. sterling for a bargain made between John Sadyngtone and Lawtone. Communications with places so distant as York were slow, and time elapsed before the trickster was exposed, and more than twelve months before he was handed over to the law.

At the Guildhall the prisoner could only place himself on the favour of the Court. It was a light sentence for such a fault that he should be put upon the pillory, there to remain for one hour of the day, proclamation being made to the gaping crowd around of his crime. But no doubt his judges knew that the City apprentices could do much hurt to a man's features in one hour.

In addition to forgery, Lawtone had threatened the prosecutor and other reputable men of the city as to life and limb, and for this he was taken back to Newgate, there to remain until he found sureties.[1]

John Askwythe appears. His was a sad case.

" Of his own concealment and imagining," it was charged against him, he had let escape " a certain Sir John, one of two priests in the church of St. Brigid in Fletestret, lately celebrating divine service there," which two had been taken in adultery with two women. All parish priests and curates in this time of King Henry the Fifth and long afterwards bore the courtesy title of knighthood.

John Askwythe was a citizen and a scrivener. He had grown very old, and poring over parchment deeds and writing letters for the illiterate may have made his temper irascible. Doubtless also he suffered under a fancied sense of injustice. Be that as it may, he took the summons to attend before the Lord Mayor in very bad part, and with the writ in his pouch

[1] Letter Book H. *Memorials*, p. 442.

set forth to the house of William Sevenok, one of the Sheriffs, to have matters out with him.

What actually took place at that interview is known only in fragmentary fashion. It is told that the scrivener violently laid hands upon the Sheriff, made assault upon him, taking him by the breast, and in a threatening manner addressed to him these words—

" Thou shalt do me lawe, maugre yn thyn hert ! " (in spite of thine heart).

This passage only of the conversation is preserved. The Sheriff seized the man who had thus dared to assail his mightiness, and sent him to the Sheriff's compter, and afterwards he was committed to the King's prison at Newgate. On reflection within those gloomy walls, the scrivener's wrath calmed down, and when brought before the Mayor at Guildhall he acknowledged his guilt.

On account of his debility through old age, the severe punishment of severing the right hand, usual in such cases, was remitted, but John Askwythe lost his coveted freedom of the City, and moreover was condemned to imprisonment for a year and a day.[1]

The case, so far as these criminous clerks were concerned, was not a solitary one : far from it. Near by in date (1414) Sir William Nechtone, also a chantry priest of St. Bride's Church, was brought before the Mayor and Alderman, having been taken in adultery with Matilda de la Mare, and it was ordered that he should be handed over to the Ordinary, to purge himself of his offence, and proclamation made that none in the City should henceforth hire him, under penalty of fine of twice the amount paid for his salary.[2] It had been the custom since a City ordinance of 1382 that unchaste priests should be taken by the ward beadle through the streets to the " Tun " prison upon Cornhill, with minstrels playing before, that their disgrace might be made public, and banished from the City if ever the offence were twice repeated. How low was the state of morality into which the chantry priests had fallen is evidenced by the long list of instances of the kind in *Letter Book I*, which fill several pages of Dr. Sharpe's calendar.

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[1] Letter Book I. *Memorials*, 596.
[2] Letter Book I. Cal., p. 278.

Treason against the throne and person of King Henry the Fifth was hatched in Fleet Street, with the result that unsuccessful plotters have only right to expect. One victim succumbed in his loathsome mediæval prison, a companion was drawn through the City to Tyburn and there hanged and quartered, and two others of the band, escaping the clutches of the law, were outlawed.

Richard the Second, deposed at the Tower and held a prisoner, died at Pontefract Castle. How, none can tell; the tragedy is shrouded in night. His pale corpse was brought to London, and there Henry Bolingbroke, firmly seated upon his throne, caused the remains to be exposed in St. Paul's to the populace, and afterwards buried in Hertfordshire. Yet there were those who did not accept the death of the dethroned King as established, but believed that he was concealed in Scotland, expiring at Stirling so late as 1419.

When Bolingbroke himself had paid the debt of mortality, and Henry the Fifth reigned in his stead, the belief that the rightful King lived was still held. Many heads fell in consequence. Without doubt the man maintained by the Duke of Albany in Scotland as Richard Plantagenet was a rank impostor. This the chronicler Créton, who had been sent over by the French Court to identify him, did not hesitate to say. The fiction lured to their death, among others, Benedict Wolman, of London, hostiller, who had formerly filled the office of undermarshal of the Marchalsea in the household of the King, and Thomas Bekeryng, of Beckeryng, Lincolnshire, gentleman.

These two active plotters met on the 18th April, 1416, at London, in the parish of St. Dunstan's West in Fletestrete. For their part, they are silent. We have only the record of the proceedings against them, from which it is to be gathered that they were taken and accused, that "falsely and traitorously compassing and imagining the death of our Lord the King, against their allegiance, [they] did internally confederate together, and in order to bring Thomas Warde, called Trumpyngtone, whom they assert to be King Richard," out of Scotland into the kingdom of England, with intent to depose his reigning Majesty.

The evidence against them seems conclusive. The conspirators had, with great daring, sent to the Emperor Sigismund,

King of the Romans, a petition telling him that Richard the Second was alive in Scotland in custody of the Duke of Albany, who by orders of the usurper wrongfully detained him from his realm. They entreated the King of the Romans with a strong hand and powerful arm to bring back the said Thomas Trumpyngtone, and raise him to the kingly power.

Sigismund was then in England on a visit to King Henry. Having recently concluded a treaty of alliance, he had other views than to involve himself in trouble with the warlike Harry. He passed on the petition to the English monarch, and forthwith the treason was disclosed.

A jury of twelve drawn from a panel of twenty-four men, "as well citizens as other good and lawful men of the venue of the parish of St. Dunstan's," convicted Benedict Wolman, whose head in due course formed a ghastly trophy over the tide at London Bridge. Bekeryng obtained a postponement of his trial, but death removed him from Henry's vengeance.[1]

Ludgate contained its accustomed number of miserable prisoners in the tenth year of King Henry the Fourth (1409) and William Kyngescote was warder over them. The new Sheriffs, John Lane and William Chichele, after election on the Eve of St. Michael (29th September), went to the gate, as was the custom, to receive from their predecessors in office the prisoners therein incarcerated.

Such a reception awaited them as high officials like the Sheriffs had never known before in the City. It is recorded: "William Kyngescote, the then Warder of the said Gate and Gaol, and other persons there present, with swords and baselards (a long dagger worn at the girdle) and other arms, by main force made resistance to them, throwing stones from the top of the tower there, so that neither the Sheriffs nor their officers could enter the prison or gaol. For the said William Kyngescote and his accomplices asserted and affirmed that he, the same William, would keep under his charge the said gate, and the prisoners there, and would on no account deliver them up to the said Sheriffs."

It seems that the hot-blooded warder had right on his side, for the care of the gate and prison had been given to him

[1] Letter Book I. *Memorials*, p. 639.

conditionally, and by the aid of his friends he had been at certain charges in the repair of the gate and the rooms built over it, and for the benefit of the prisoners.

The Mayor and Aldermen, to whom Kyngescote submitted, not denying his rebelliousness, took most serious notice of the matter. They expelled him from the keepership, declaring him incapable of holding any City office in future, with committal for a year's imprisonment. On the Sheriffs' entreaty the imprisonment was remitted, and a few months afterwards his freedom of the City was restored.[1]

I have before brought the Mayor into Fleet Street. An incident may be recalled wherein, as was rare, he cut a ludicrous figure. No Mayor possessed more power than Nicholas Brembre, grocer, five times occupant of that office, who ruled the City despotically from 1384 to 1386; none was more loyally served by his placemen, none more bitterly opposed by the citizens with whose liberties he interfered. He was leader of the great victualling Companies, and fought and fell in the battle of Protection (then, more accurately, monopoly) against Free Trade—for nothing is new, as often there has been cause to remark when going over the old City records.

The trouble began with fish. It comprised, however, much else: corruption, the clash of parties, hatred of the foreigner, (non-freeman), the loud demands of the people, ever swelling in volume, for more effective participation in the City's government, jealousy of the King's power. Brembre became a chief adviser and financier of the young Sovereign. Altogether, the early years of King Richard the Second's reign were the most exciting time through which the civic institutions of London have passed. Wat Tyler's revolt filled a lurid page. In the following year the City reformers gained the upper hand, and John of Northampton, their leader, filled the mayor's chair for two years.

Northampton's character has been drawn by Thomas of Walsingham, who viewed his doings with no friendly eye: "He was a man of unflinching purpose and great astuteness, elated by his wealth, and so proud that he could neither get on with his inferiors, nor be deterred by the suggestions or

[1] Letter Book I. *Memorials*, p. 574.

warnings of his superiors from striving to carry out his drastic ideas to the bitter end." Brembre's early triumphs were reversed. The hated foreigner was reinstated in his privileges, and the monopoly of the City retailer withdrawn. In two years popular feeling turned against Northampton, and Brembre rose again to the mayoralty on the tide of reaction.

In January, 1384-5, Brembre complained to the King of Northampton's rebelliousness against the Mayor, and the reformer was bound in sureties to keep the peace. I quote Mr. Unwin—

"Early in February, as the Mayor was dining in Wood Street with Sir Richard Waldegrave and a number of aldermen, he received tidings that Northampton was marching at the head of 500 followers through Chepe in the direction of Ludgate. He despatched a messenger to bid them halt, and hurried after with the Sheriffs. Twice Northampton ignored the messenger, but when on passing Fleet Bridge he looked back and saw Brembre in pursuit, he called a halt, and parting his men to right and left, waited to receive him. The zeal of the Mayor had outrun the discretion of his followers, and, turning round, he found himself alone in the midst of his enemies, and looking rather ridiculous. Once, twice, thrice, by word and gesture, he bade them follow him. Not a man stirred. Thus, says the record, did John Northampton show himself a rebel and make himself the equal of the Mayor. At last the ex-Mayor led the way to the church of the Carmelites, where, it seems, it had been the peaceful intention to hear a Mass for the soul of the Earl of Nottingham's brother, and having thus proved at once his innocence and his power, he allowed Brembre to arrest him, and to imprison him in the mayoral residence."[1]

In the tumultuous years that followed, Nicholas Brembre was hanged on a gallows, for even a Mayor of London has swung so high.

Little as well as great were the duties of the Mayor, and paternal to an extent which would embarrass the present occupant of that office. John de Radeclive, son of John de

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[1] *The Gilds and Companies of London*, by George Unwin. The bulk of the materials for this eventful period of the City's history are in Letter Book H.

Radeclive called taillour, of London, had a portion of his left ear bitten off by a savage horse belonging to Clement Spice, his master, to such a degree that the ear remained unhealed. Now that was a most serious matter in days of punishment by mutilation, for it would appear to all from whom he sought employment that this John was a thief, and had suffered the clipping of his ear for his roguery. He petitioned Adam de Bury, Mayor, and the City Aldermen, on the 4th December in the year 1365.

In order that his character might not suffer by incurring suspicion of his having been punished for theft or other matter, the Mayor granted letters patent under the seal of the mayoralty testifying to the truth,[1] and these John de Radeclive carried in his pouch.

Who will tell off-hand when trial by battle ceased in England ?

I have spoken of Walter le Brun, farrier and armourer of St. Clement Danes, for the site of whose forge a quit-rent of horse-shoes and nails is to this day paid to the Sovereign by the City.

William Catur, " an armorer dwelling in S. Dunstons parish in Fleetstreet," was in worse case with his King. His own man, John David, impeached him of treason. Catur declaring that he was not guilty of treason, and that he would defend the same with his body, a day was assigned to them to fight in Smithfield. " The master being well beloved, was so cherished by his friends and plied with wine, that being therewith overcome he was unluckily slain by his servant. But that false servant (for he falsely accused his master) lived not long unpunished, for he was after hanged at Tyburn for felony."[2] This occurred as late as the year 1446.

Shakespeare has used this historic episode in the long annals of Fleet Street for an effective passage in the Second Part of *King Henry VI*, Act ii, Sc. 3, but has turned the issue round to his purpose. Eleanor Cobham and her guilty accomplices having been despatched, there enter the hall of justice the armourer (here called Horner) and his neighbours, drinking to him so deeply that he is drunk ; he comes with a drum

[1] *Calendar of Letters*, City of London (1350 to 1370), p. 125.
[2] Stow's *Annals*.

before him and his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it ; and at the other door his man (called Peter) with a drum and sand-bag, and Prentices drinking to him. The man fears his master's skill, "he hath learnt so much fence already." The King and Queen see the quarrel tried—

Horner. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave and myself an honest man ; and touching the Duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen : and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow !

York. Dispatch : this knave's tongue begins to double.
Sound, trumpets, alarum to the combatants !
[*Alarum. They fight, and Peter strikes him down.*

Horner. Hold, Peter, hold ! I confess, I confess treason. [*Dies.*

York. Take away his weapon. Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

Peter. O God, have I overcome mine enemy in this presence ?
O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right !

King. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight ;
For by his death we do perceive his guilt :
And God in justice hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.
[*Sound a flourish. Exeunt.*

As a plain fact, trial by battle survived as English law until the year 1818, when in the famous case of Ashford *v.* Thornton Lord Ellenborough, with the concurrence of his brother justices, ordered a battle to be fought, according to the ancient rules, in the presence of the judges of the King's Bench. Richard Thornton had been acquitted at Warwick Assize of the murder of Mary Ashford, and the girl's brother brought an appeal of murder. Whereupon the defendant Thornton appeared, and throwing down his glove on the floor of the court, declared that he was not guilty of murder, and would defend the same with his body. The battle failed, the appellant having cried *craven*, and by the 59th George III, c. 46, this mode of trial was immediately after abolished.

Thomas, son of Sir Nicholas Griffyn, was born in Salisbury Court, Fleet Street (formerly Salisbury Alley) in 1496, and baptised in St. Bride's Church. The knight, whose wide estates lay at Braybrooke, Northants, died when his heir was

yet young, and as the lad attained his majority and inherited, it became necessary to prove his age. Not so simple as nowadays, for until Thomas Cromwell, the eighth Henry's powerful minister, made the matter compulsory, parish registers were not generally kept. So in due order an inquest was assembled at St. Bride's, with the Mayor, Thomas Exmen, who was also King's Escheator for the City, and fifteen jurymen, who took oath.

John Hoxson, gentleman, aged seventy years and more, affirmed to the escheator and jurors that Thomas Griffyn was born on the Sunday next before the Feast of the Nativity of Our Lord, in the twelfth year of King Henry the Seventh's reign. This he knew because he lived in "Salysbury Aley," in the same house of John Thornbourgh, gentleman, and in a room next adjoining that in which the said Thomas was born, and at the time of the birth he prayed to Christ for the well being (*bona expedic'oe*) of the Lady Alice, the child's mother, Joan Basse also swore to the date, having herself six days before given birth to a son, John Basse, who, had he lived, would at that day have been twenty-one years of age. Other witnesses were present at the baptism; and Richard Clerk, hosier, remembered that he made a pair of hose for Sir Nicholas, to be worn at the purification of the Lady Alice.

The jury found on their oath that Thomas Griffyn, son of Sir Nicholas, was of full twenty-one years.[1]

A phase of the life of the street common through all the mediæval era, when outbreaks of lawlessness were repressed by the City authorities with a curious mixture of severity and superstition, is mirrored in the story of William Hughlot. It takes us back once more to the time when Richard the Second was a youthful monarch, and the bright promise with which his kingship began had not yet been darkly overshadowed.

Within Temple Bar, in the parish of St. Dunstan's West in Fletestrete, was a shop kept by John Elyngham, a barber. By force of arms William Hughlot entered, and drawing his dagger, wounded, beat, and maltreated the luckless barber,

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[1] *Inq. post mortem*, City of London (British Record Society), pt. 1, p. 40.

for what offence I know not. The dutiful wife was sore affrighted. Perceiving John Rote, Alderman, passing along the King's highway towards the church of St. Dunstan, " with great outcry she called aloud for him to come and help her husband, whom the same William was trying to slay. Wherefore the said Alderman, by reason of the office which he held, whereby he was bound to the utmost of his power to help to maintain the peace, as being an officer of the King, went there, and commanded the said William to desist from his violent and evil conduct, and surrender himself to the peace of our Lord the King."

But William Hughlot refused to yield himself up, and with the dagger attacked the Alderman himself, and would have struck him therewith ; whereupon the Alderman seized the hand in which he held the blade, and forced him to return it to its sheath. Then Hughlot, persisting in his malice, drew his sword upon the Alderman, and would have slain him with it, so the City's record declares, had not the Alderman manfully defended himself.

John Wilman was one of the constables of Fletestrete. Hearing the affray, he ran into the barber's shop, and seeing that the maddened Hughlot was trying to slay the Alderman with his sword—a greater offence against the City's dignity than would have been a massacre of princes—" went up to him and attempted to arrest him ; but he refused to submit to such arrest, and again drawing his dagger, wounded the constable with it "—all this, as the chronicler in Latin sententiously adds, as well in contempt of our Lord the King as to the dishonour of the Mayor, Aldermen, Sheriffs, etc.

Nicholas Extone, Mayor, the Aldermen and Sheriffs assembled in Guildhall on the 13th January, 1387, to deliberate on this grave matter, the crime having been committed on the Saturday then last past. Hughlot admitted his guilt when called upon to plead ; but meantime he had made matters worse for himself by his indiscretions in prison. That same day he was interrogated, " for that, while he was imprisoned in the Gaol of Newgate for the trespass and contempt before mentioned, there in the presence of Richard Jardevile, Robert Hallokestone, David Bertevile, John Walworth, and John Horwode, and many others, as was truthfully attested, he threatened the Mayor and Aldermen aforesaid, and said

that he had to thank Nicholas Extone for his imprisonment, but that perhaps in seven years or so to come he would find all his lords and friends forsaking him ; and also, he said that the Court of the Guildhall of London was the very worst and most false Court in all England, for condemning him without hearing his answer, etc."

Flat burglary as ever was committed, as Dogberry would have said ; a scandal to the city and a slander upon its officers. The prisoner also pleaded guilty to this charge, and put himself upon the favour of the Court. The recorder of the case is at pains to show the baselessness of the man's accusations, no judgment having, in fact, been given ; he emphasises the heinousness of such words, " being uttered expressly to the disgrace and dishonour of our Lord the King, and of all his officers and courtiers in the same city, and more especially such an officer as the Mayor of London is ; seeing that he is the immediate representative of our Lord the King within the City, which is the most excellent and most noble city in the realm, etc."

After remand, Hughlot was again brought up by the keeper of Newgate. The document goes on to recite that precept has oftentimes been orally given, as well by the King as by his Council, that the Mayor and Aldermen should diligently keep the peace in the City and its suburbs, his dwelling place, " as being the most safe and secure place in the realm ; and also because that there is a greater resort, as well of lords and nobles as of common people to that City, than to any other places in the realm, as well on account of the Courts there of our said Lord the King, as for transacting business there ; and therefore there is the greater need for good governance therein, and of peace in especial ; and more particularly, seeing that it is the capital city and watch-tower of the whole realm, and that for the government thereof other cities and places do take example "—and so on interminably. These old clerks at Guildhall, who wrote in Latin, were masters of much verbiage, though to the point when necessary.

The upshot of this long dissertation is the stern judgment, delivered by the Mayor for the full court, that the right hand of William Hughlot, with which he first drew the dagger, and afterwards drew his sword upon the Alderman, should be cut off. It was the least punishment befitting such an offence.

Precept was given to the Sheriffs of London to see the sentence executed.

The sequel stops short of mutilation. An axe was brought into Court by an officer of the Sheriffs, and the hand of the prisoner laid upon the block, there to be cut off: "Whereupon the said John Rote, in reverence for our Lord the King, and at the request of divers lords who entreated for the said William, begged of the Mayor and Aldermen that execution of the judgment aforesaid might be remitted unto him, etc.[1] At whose entreaty execution thereof was accordingly remitted."

So Hughlot saved his right hand. For the trespass and assault upon the barber and the constable the accused was to be imprisoned for a year and a day, unless he should meet with an increase of favour from the Mayor and Aldermen, and for his false words assailing the Mayor and the Court he was condemned "to suffer the disgraceful punishment of the pillory, with a whetstone hung from his neck, in token of his being a liar." The pillory ordeal was, however, remitted, and instead it was ordered that on leaving prison he should carry from the Guildhall, through Chepe and Fletestrete, a lighted wax candle of three pounds weight to the Church of St. Dunstan before mentioned, and there make offering of the same. And he was to find sureties for good behaviour.

The man suffered barely nine days of his imprisonment, for on Tuesday, the Feast of St. Vincent (the 22nd January) then next ensuing, his further detention was remitted by favour of the Mayor and Aldermen, and he was mainprised by substantial men, four being esquires, with a draper, a goldsmith, and two tailors, each under a penalty of £100—a sum representing some fifteen times its present value. "And on the same day he bore the said candle from the Guildhall to the Church aforesaid, and there made offering of the same. And after that, he was released."[2] So the record preserved in the Letter Books ends.

The penitential procession to St. Dunstan's Church, the culprit barefooted and bearing the lighted candle in his hand,

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[1] The numerous "etc.," by the way, are not my own, but are freely used by the writer of the document to cover any possible omissions on his part.

[2] Letter Book H. *Memorials*, p. 490 *et seq.*

and attended by officers from the City and the prison, no doubt made an imposing display as it passed up the narrow way of Fleet Street, and from the windows of the overhanging houses one may imagine curious faces peering out upon William Hughlot's humiliation.

There are one or two things in this document which must strike even the casual reader. It needs no keen perception to realise that behind lies a good deal that is not expressly stated. Why was this man treated with such leniency in an age when barbarous punishments were more frequent than clemency, for his offence was rank ? The reiteration, almost to the point of tediousness, with which the clerk emphasises the dishonour done to the King himself, and the Mayor, his chief representative in the City, the lords entreating for the prisoner, and the substantial nature of the sureties, suggest that Hughlot—sentenced to the pillory and made to do public penance though he might be—was a man of standing.

A guess to this effect was made sure when, searching the *Liber Albus*, that wonderful survey of London's government compiled in 1419 by John Carpenter, Common Clerk, and that famous Mayor, Sir Richard Whitington, I came upon a passage instancing this case as an example of how persons are to be chastised when guilty of assaults upon Aldermen.[1] Hughlot is there described as being an esquire, then dwelling with the Bishop of Bath, and an official of the Receipts of the King—no doubt receiver of fines, or receiver of the King's rents.

John Carpenter, who adds this information to the record, may well have had the incident in memory, may possibly himself have witnessed the procession along Fleet Street, for it occurred some thirty years before he made the entry in the " White Book."

Why should a whetstone be the token of a liar ?

I have found no better explanation than that it was an emblem of derision, hung round the culprit's neck jocularly to infer that his invention, if he continued to employ it so freely, would require sharpening. Its use was common and well understood in the fourteenth century. William Bertram, for slandering the Mayor, was judged in 1383 to be put upon the pillory, there to stand for one hour of the day, with one

[1] *Liber Albus*, Riley's trans., p. 32.

large whetstone round his neck in token of the lie he had uttered against the Mayor, and another smaller whetstone in token of the lie he had told against a lesser personage.

In like manner John de Hakford in 1364 was brought out of Newgate once in each quarter during his year's imprisonment and exposed for three hours on the pillory, with a whetstone hung by a chain from his neck and lying on his breast, marked with the words, " A false liar."

Fleet Street is now given over to the newspapers. I believe it is not possible to purchase a whetstone in the Fleet Street shops to-day.

CHAPTER VII

A PAGEANT OF FLEET STREET

[*London. The Temple Garden*]

Suffolk. Within the Temple-hall we were too loud ;
The garden here is more convenient.

Plantagenet. Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

Somerset. Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

Plantagenet. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset ?

Somerset. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet ?

. . . .

Warwick. This brawl to-day
Grown to this faction, in the Temple-garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

King Henry VI, Part I, Act ii, Sc. 4.

KINGS and Queens, some favoured by fortune, others ill-fated, flit rapidly by, going to Westminster.

King Henry the Third rode this way, bringing from Canterbury his bride, Eleanor of Provence. The Mayor, Aldermen, and principal citizens, to the number of 360, sumptuously apparelled in silver robes, richly embroidered, and mounted upon stately horses, attended him to Westminster. Each man carried a gold or silver cup in his hand, in token of the privilege claimed by the City of being the Chief Butler of the kingdom at the Coronation. Rich silks, pageants, and a variety of pompous shows in the streets. At night the glitter of an infinite number of lamps and cressets.[1]

King Edward the First, returning from the Holy Land nearly two years after his father's death to ascend the English throne, came to London on the 2nd August, 1274. The Sovereign was welcomed with all expressions of joy that could be devised. The City Aldermen and burgesses threw out of their windows handfuls of gold and silver, to signify their great gladness, and

[1] Mathew Paris.

the conduits ran plentifully with wine, white and red, that every creature might drink his fill.[1]

King Richard the Second was received by the citizens: the year 1393: the citizens in subdued mood. They had lost their privileges, forfeited by the young tyrant, but made a brave show; pageants in Chepe, with humble petition for a return of the Royal favour, and more to the purpose, a gold tablet of the Trinity of the value of £800 as a gift to the King, and to the Queen a gold tablet of St. Anne. After prayers had been offered at St. Paul's, the monarch, attended by the Mayor and his company, passed on to Westminster.[2]

Six years later shouts of "Long live the good Duke of Lancaster, our deliverer!" greeted Richard's ears as he came a captive to the Tower.

Henry the Fourth rode to his Coronation on Saint Edward's day. A Sunday afternoon, the 12th October, 1399. Bare-headed the King passed, through streets decorated with tapestries and rich hangings, his son, the Prince of Wales, six Dukes, six Earls, and eighteen Barons attending, "and in all, Knights and Squires, a nine-hundred horse." Richard's conqueror for this triumph had dressed in a short coat of cloth of gold, German fashion, the garter encircling his left knee, and bestrode a white courser. Thus he rode through London—

> Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
> Which his aspiring master seem'd to know,
> With slow but stately pace kept on his course,
> While all tongues cried, "God save thee, Bolingbroke!"

With the monarch went prodigious numbers of gentlemen, every lord's servant in his master's livery, all the burgesses and the Lombard merchants in London, and every craft with its livery and device, the whole cavalcade amounting to six-thousand horse. Thus he was conveyed to Westminster, and the same day and the next in London seven conduits ran with wine, white and red.[3]

King Henry the Fifth came fresh from the glorious field of Agincourt. The long day's pageantry ended when the "warlike Harry" had paid his devotions at St. Paul's;

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[1] Matthew of Westminster.
[2] Fabyan.
[3] Froissart's *Chronicles*.

and Fleet Street, through which he rode to his palace at Westminster, had no part in the ceremonial.

Then an infant monarch, to be known to history as Henry the Sixth. His mother, borne along seated in an open chair, held him up to the admiration of the citizens, and so they passed through the City to the Parliament, which acknowledged him as King.

A Queen's procession. Elizabeth of York, Consort of Henry the Seventh, passed to her Coronation. The narrative in Ives' Select Papers is detailed. Carried in a litter covered with white cloth of gold, and furnished with large pillows of down encased with the same, she went through London to Westminster. Her apparel was white cloth of gold of damask, with a mantle of the same furred with ermine, fastened before her breast with a great lace of gold and silk, and rich nobs of gold, tasselled at the ends ; her fair yellow hair hanging down plain behind her back, with a cawl of pipes over it, and confined only on the forehead by a circlet of gold, ornamented with precious stones.

Twelve Knights of the Body, who changed by four and four at stated points, bore the litter. Before rode the Duke of Bedford, the King's uncle, as High Steward of England, and many other noblemen, with whom went the Mayor of London and Garter King of Arms, and fourteen newly-created Knights of the Bath, in their blue bachelor gowns. There were children in the streets, "some arrayed like angels, and others like virgins, to sing sweet songs as her Grace passed by."

After the litter Sir Roger Colton, the Queen's Master of the Horse, leading a horse of estate, with a woman's saddle of red cloth of gold tissue ; six henchmen riding on white palfreys, with saddles to match the saddle of estate, and their harness ornamented with the Rose en Soleil, the badge of Edward the Fourth. Then two chariots, covered with cloth of gold, the first containing the Duchess of Bedford and the Lady Cecily, the Queen's sister, and the other the Duchess of Norfolk, the Duchess of Suffolk, and the Countess of Oxford. Then six Baronesses, in suits of crimson velvet, upon fair palfreys, caparisoned like the horses of the henchmen. Then two more chariots, and lastly, on palfreys, the remainder of the Queen's ladies who were wonderfully richly bedecked with great beads and chains of gold about their necks.

Note the emblem of the white rose borne on the horse accoutrements. There is history in it. King Henry the Seventh's marriage with Elizabeth of York marked the final reconciliation after the long strife between the houses of York and Lancaster.

King Henry the Eighth, with Queen Catherine, a newly-made bride, passed this way from the Tower, the 24th June, 1509, to his Coronation next day. The King was radiant and happy, his Royal conscience unseared as yet by the searchings of religion, youthful in years and spirit, and with undiminished popularity; a fine figure of a man, upright, lacking the grossness of his later portraits. Listen to the courtly Hall—

"The features of his Grace's body," breaks forth the ancient chronicler, "his goodly personage, his amiable visage, his princely countenance, with the noble qualities of his royal estate, to every man known, need no rehearsal; yet, partly to describe his apparel, it is to be noted that his Grace wore uppermost a robe of crimson velvet, furred with ermines, his jacket or coat of raised gold, the placard embroidered with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, great pearls, and other rich stones; a great baudrick about his neck of great balasses." The trapper of his horse was of damask gold, with a deep purfle of ermines. Such magnificence necessarily outshone the Queen.

Barons of the Five Ports bore over his Grace the canopy, or cloth of estate. Near rode two persons of good estate, bearing the King's cloak and hat, whose apparel was both of goldsmiths' work and embroidery, the edges and borders being fretted with gold of damask, and their horses trapped in burnished silver, drawn over with cords of green silk and gold. His Knights and Esquires for his body were in crimson velvet. I omit much else, only to mention that "upon great coursers" there came "the nine children of Honour, apparelled in blue velvet, powdered with fleurs-de-lis of gold, and chains of goldsmiths' work, each of their horses trapped with a trapper of the King's title, as of England and France, Gascoigne, Guienne, Normandy, Anjou, Cornwall, Wales, Ireland, etc., wrought upon velvets with embroidery and goldsmiths' work."

The Queen sat in a litter borne by two white palfreys,

trapped in white cloth of gold. Her person was apparelled in white satin embroidered, her hair hanging down her back to a very great length, beautiful and goodly to behold; and on her head was a coronet set with many rich orient stones. Lords, Knights, Esquires, and Gentlemen were in her retinue. Next after her Majesty followed six honourable personages on white palfreys, all apparelled in cloth of gold; and then several chariots, containing ladies, every one after her degree, in cloth of gold, cloth of silver, tinsels, and velvet, with embroideries; the complements of the chariots, and the draught harnesses, powdered with ermines mixed with cloth of gold.

"And so," says Hall, "with much joy and honour they came to Westminster."

Four-and-twenty eventful years passed. Catherine of Aragon was Consort no more. Another Queen came to her Coronation, whom Henry awaited at Whitehall. With some misgiving the people greeted Anne Boleyn, the new favourite. She was nineteen, and comely before others, and hopes of a male heir to the throne again ran high. St. Anne, even, was pressed into service for the pageantry, sitting in Leadenhall, "with all her issue beneath her, and Mary Cleophas with her four children; one of these made a goodly oration to the Queen of the fruitfulness of Saint Anne, and her generation, trusting that like fruit should come of her."[1]

On the river, escorting the Queen from Greenwich to the Tower, had been the most splendid pageant seen to that day. The King had commanded. Fifty decorated barges of the City Companies alone were on the water, not taking count of innumerable barges of state owned by nobles and others. Leading was a strange craft, "a foist or wafter," full of ordnance, having in the midst "a great dragon continually moving and casting wild fire, and round about it terrible monsters and wild men casting fire and making hideous noises." The Bachelors' Barge went on the Queen's right hand, "which she took great pleasure to behold." With minstrelsy, and guns firing salutes, and from the Tower "as marvellous a peal as ever was heard," Anne Boleyn came to London.

Pageant was piled upon pageant on the route of her progress

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[1] Hall's *Chronicle*.

through the City this 1st of June, 1533. Onwards to Westminster "the streets were one display of rejoicing." Ludgate was newly garnished with gold and bise. On the leads of St. Martin's Church stood a goodly choir of singing men and children, who sang ballads newly made in praise of her Majesty.

She passed through Ludgate, borne in an open litter of white cloth of gold. A pretty figure this young Queen made, full likely to arouse the enthusiasm of the citizens; her hair hanging loose to her waist, and on the head a coif, with a circlet about it full of rich stones; her surcoat of white cloth of tissue, and a mantle of the same furred with ermine. Two palfreys bore the poles of the litter, clad down to the ground, head and all, in white damask, and led by footmen. Over the Queen was a canopy of cloth of gold, upheld by four gilt staves, with silver bells which rang pleasantly as it moved. For bearers, sixteen Knights took turns by arrangement.

The procession itself, flashing in velvets and silks of every hue, you may find set out in Hall's pages. The honours paid to the Tudor Kings were not more stately. It was the last Coronation procession in which rode the Abbots, who soon after came under the Royal ban, and the Mayor of London carried his mace as far as Westminster.

Over the bridge crossing the little Fleet River they came to the conduit, newly painted for the occasion, and the arms and angels refreshed. This is the first time we hear of a pageant being set in Fleet Street. The Queen stopped. Chimes melodiously sounded. Over the conduit had been erected a tower with four turrets, in which stood the four Cardinal Virtues with their attributes. Each of them delivered a speech, promising the Queen never to leave her, but to be aiding and comforting her. In the midst of the tower was a concert of solemn instruments, making "a heavenly noise," which was much regarded and praised, and the pipes ran wine, claret and red, all the afternoon.

Up the rise wound that brilliant cavalcade, amidst the crowded people, by St. Bride's Church, and past the great gate of the Carmelite Priory and the Temple. Temple Bar also had put on gay trappings in greeting of the young Queen. Sweet Anne Boleyn, vivacious and in high spirits, smiled at the white-robed children assembled there singing her praises, and

smiling passed through, going to Westminster. No shadow of the headsman's sword had yet crossed her path.

Behind she had left a scene unrivalled in splendour even by the wealthy city of London : Gracechurch Street all hung with tapestry and arras, and crimson, scarlet, and other grained cloths ; the Chepe, with the crafts and merchants and aldermen drawn up in line on one side, and opposite constables of the City, with great staves in their hands, causing the people to keep room and good order. Velvet, and cloth of tissue, and cloth of gold were there. The goldsmiths outvied one another in honour of so liberal a patron of their craft as was Henry the Eighth, and the ten fair dwelling-houses and fourteen shops near the Cross in Chepe, " commonly called Goldsmithes Rowe," which Stow declares to have been " the most beautiful frame of fayre houses and shoppes, that bee within the Walles of London, or else where in England," were decked with hangings of unimagined richness. Four stories high they stood, decorated towards the street with the goldsmiths' arms, with painted and gilt images of " woodmen " riding upon monstrous beasts. All this display makes it difficult to credit Froude's statement that though the streets were thronged with curious spectators there was no enthusiasm ; " the procession was like a funeral."

Henry tired of the business after this. No one of his later Queens was crowned.

Henry the Eighth went his way, and on the 19th February, 1547, his successor passed from the Tower to his Coronation at the Abbey. The procession of King Edward the Sixth is unique among early pageants in this, that there is a picture of it—correctly, there was a picture. This ancient painting formerly hung in one of the apartments of the great Buck Hall at Cowdray House in Sussex, so called from the eleven bucks, carved life-size in oak, which stood raised on brackets above the wainscoting. Cowdray House had intimate associations with Edward the Sixth, for the sickly boy-King stayed there during his only " progress," and there he was " marvellously, yea, rather excessively banketted." Fire broke out in 1793, and the mansion, which was being restored for the young Lord Montagu, was totally destroyed.

Luckily, engravings exist, and one of these, most to my

purpose, is here reproduced. It represents the procession passing Temple Bar. The painting was in three sections, the other stages of the progress chosen by the artist being at Cheapside and Charing Cross. Reliance must not be placed on the perspective, which brings the Palace at Westminster unnaturally near the City; the Thames, too, shrinks to a stream one could leap over; the Strand is almost obliterated; but some chief features of the way may be made out, notably the enclosed ground of the Abbey's convent garden (now Covent Garden) and the stout gallows just outside the city in the shire. Temple Bar, of which this is the earliest representation, is by no means a light structure.

The painting is attributed to Bernardi.

Leland, Henry the Eighth's antiquary and librarian, who probably witnessed the Royal cavalcade, has preserved in the "Collectanea" a very elaborate account of it. I pass over many details, mentioning as of interest that the Scottish and Continental Ambassadors, and two others described as "Ambassadors of the Protestants," rode before the King, as did the Bishops, High Officers of State, and a goodly assemblage of Barons, Earls, Marquises, Dukes, and their younger sons, while Duke Philip of Almaine graced the occasion with his presence. Two Gentlemen Ushers represented the two Estates of Normandy and Guienne. Sir Percival Hart, King's Harbinger, bore the sovereign's cloak and hat. The Mayor of London carried a mace.

The Sword was borne by the Constable of England, the Lord Marquis of Dorset; on his right hand the Earl of Warwick, Lord Great Chamberlain of England; and on his left the Earl of Arundel, Lord Chamberlain, supplying the room as Earl Marshal, in lieu of the Lord Protector, the Duke of Somerset, who came himself immediately before the King.

"A very great peal of ordnance shot at the Tower" sent the procession on its way, glittering with resplendent armour, and gold embroideries, and trappings of cloth of silver. Pageants were set at Fenchurch Street, by the conduit in Cornhill, and the great conduit and standard in Chepe, whereabouts, as was the custom, stood the aldermen and the crafts of London in their order. Valentine and wild Orsen, the one clothed with moss and ivy leaves, having in his hand a great club of yew, the other armed as a Knight, welcomed his Majesty.

From springs at the conduit "came wine in plenty, red and claret, descending through pipes into the street among the people, who for the space of six hours with great diligence fetched it away."

The Chepe was always the great place for display. "A dumb show," one of three pageants there, was typical of the thing. A double scaffold was hung with cloth of gold and silk, besides rich arras, and in the upper stage was devised an element or heaven, with the sun, stars and clouds very naturally. From this part there spread abroad another lesser cloud of white sarcenet, fringed with silk, powdered with stars and beams of gold. Out thereof descended a phœnix to the nether scaffold, where, as she settled herself upon a mount, there spread forth roses red and white, juli-flowers, and hawthorn boughs. After the phœnix had been down a little while, there approached a lion of gold, crowned, making semblance of amity unto the bird, moving his head sundry times; between the which familiarity, as it seemed, there came forth a young lion that had a crown imperial brought from heaven above, as by two angels, which they set upon his head. Then the old lion and phœnix vanished away, leaving alone the young lion crowned.

It was told the King that this recondite device was "to signify, by the virtue of the lion, that you are descended lineally, through God's provision and His divine power, to succeed Henry the Eighth."

Passing out of Chepe, a choir singing lustily "A Ballad of the King's Majesty," with rousing chorus—

> Sing up, heart; sing up, heart; sing no more down,
> But joy in King Edward that weareth the crown!

the procession reached St. Paul's. There a subtlety had been arranged which reminds one that tight-rope performances are of very old practice. From the battlements of the Cathedral steeple a rope as thick as a ship's cable stretched to near the gate of the Dean's house, where it was fastened to a great anchor. When the King approached, a man appeared, who was a foreigner, a native of Aragon, lying on the rope; and, with his head foremost, throwing his arms and legs about, he slid down on his breast from the battlements to the ground, as if it had been an arrow from a bow. He came to the King and kissed his Majesty's foot; and so, after a few words had

passed ran up the rope again until he came over the midst of the churchyard, where, having a rope about him, he " played certain mysteries on the said rope, as tumbling and casting one leg from another "—or, as Holinshed expressed it, " plaied manie pretie toies." Then he tied himself by the cable to the right leg, " a little beneath the wrist of the foot," and having so hung for a time, recovered himself and came down. All this greatly delighted the young Edward—he was but nine years of age—and detained him " for a good space of time."

With Leland's aid, we may picture the gorgeous Coronation procession passing out of Ludgate, whose frowning front was lost in a blaze of banners and streamers, and up the long slope of Fleet Street. The great dignitaries rode at the head. Guarding them, on both sides of the narrow way, walked lines of Pensioners and Men-at-Arms with pole-axes. Six Knights, with attendant Squires, bore the Royal canopy, his Highness's footmen, in rich coats, going about his Grace on either side. Then came a pale, delicate lad—

THE KING'S ROYAL MAJESTY

riding a little before his canopy, that the people might the better see his Grace; his Highness being richly apparelled with a gown of cloth of silver, all over embroidered with damask gold; with a girdle of white velvet wrought with Venice silver, garnished with true lovers' knots of pearls; a doublet of white velvet according to the same, embroidered with Venice silver, and garnished with like precious stones and pearls; a white velvet cap garnished with like stones and pearls; and a pair of buskins with white velvet. On his horse was a caparison of crimson satin, embroidered with pearls and damask gold. Sir Anthony Browne, Master of the Horse, led a goodly courser of honour, very richly trapped.

There followed in the train a long and vari-coloured cavalcade of horse and foot.

Over streets laid with gravel they came, the buildings on either side throughout all the way being garnished with cloth of tapestry, arras, cloth of gold, and cloth of silver, and streamers and banners as richly as might be devised. In places stood priests and clerks, with their crosses and censors, and in their best ornaments, to cense the King. The Great Conduit in Fleet Street was hung with arras, and various

streamers spread from it. There, too, was a pageant in which children acted Truth, Faith, and Justice, and so soon as the King was past were let run two hogsheads of wine to the people, " take who could."

The last show was at Temple Bar, where the gate was painted, and fashioned with battlements and buttresses of various colours, richly hung with arras, and adorned with fourteen standards of flags. Eight French trumpeters blew their trumpets, " after the fashion of their country," and there were a pair of regals, with children singing to the same.

Much poetry was recited that festal day; many ballads were sung. One of these last I give here, for though upwards of three and a half centuries old it bears, as Mr. Nichols has pointed out, a curiously close analogy to our present National Anthem—a matter which should be worth investigating—

King Edward, King Edward,
God save King Edward,
God save King Edward,
King Edward the Sixth!
To have the sword,
His subjects to defend,
His enemies to put down,
According to right, in every town;
And long to continue
In grace and virtue.
Unto God's pleasure
His Commons to rejoice!
Whom we ought to honour, to love, and dread
As our most noble King
And Sovereign Lord,
Next under God, of England and Ireland the Supreme Head;
Whom God hath chosen
By His mercy so good.
Good Lord! in Heaven to Thee we sing
Grant our noble King to reign and spring,
From age to age
Like Solomon the sage,
Whom God preserve in peace and war,
And safely help him from all danger.

The City was not at less pains to welcome Queen Mary—not, perhaps, without misgiving. The display was magnificent, and is memorable for one departure from custom, for invariably the English Kings had ridden on horseback to Westminster, and the Queens been carried in a chair or litter.

Mary Tudor was the first Sovereign to go to her Coronation in a coach. No doubt it was a painful progress, the lumbering chariot jolting uneasily over the stony roads, and Mary's troubles were not softened by the extravagant dress of the period, which reached the height of absurdity in Elizabeth's reign ; for in Holinshed's pages one may read that on that day she wore on her head a cawl of cloth of tinsel, set with pearls and stones, and above it a round circlet of gold, also so richly set with precious stones that the value thereof was inestimable, and so ponderous were the cawl and circlet together that she was fain to bear up her head with her hand.

John Heywood, the merry mummer who had amused her when Princess Mary at her father's Court, sat in a pageant at St. Paul's school, under a vine, and made an oration in Latin and English. A novelty was the sight of a Dutchman, one Peter, who stood aloft on the weathercock of the cathedral steeple, holding in his hand a streamer five yards long, and waving ; he stood sometimes on one foot and shook the other, then kneeled on his knees, to the great marvel of the people. Above the cross was a scaffold, having torches and streamers set upon it, and another in like fashion over the ball of the cross, but the torches would not burn on account of the wind. In the next reign St. Paul's steeple was destroyed by fire.

Philip of Spain, greeted somewhat churlishly by the Londoners, afterwards rode through the City with Queen Mary to Westminster, though denied his cherished ambition of an English Coronation. One of the pageants celebrated the glories of five Philips—Philip of Macedon, Philip the Emperor, Philip the Bold, Philip the Good, and Philip Prince of Spain and King of England. In another piece of poetic imagery, of curious taste, Philip was represented as Orpheus, with all the English people as brute and savage beasts following after his lute, and dancing to its strains. Foxe, the martyrologist, who is a prejudiced authority, could see nothing good in the shows, which he describes as " gauds " and a " vaine ostentation of flatterie."

The fifth of the day's pageants was by the Fleet Street conduit. At Temple Bar " they stayed a little in viewing a certain oration in Latin, which was in a long table, written with Roman letters above the port thereof, as they passed and departed forth of the city."

A week later the report spread that the Queen was dead. Philip had determined to ride on horseback through London to show himself again to the people, and Mary accompanied him. By water they came from Greenwich, and entered the City at Temple Bar, where the Lord Mayor and Aldermen awaited the Royal couple ; passing thence to the Tower Wharf, with the Royal insignia and all the other solemnities customary when the Queen appeared in public. " It is not to be told what a vast crowd of people there was, nor yet the joy they demonstrated at seeing her Majesty, which was really great ; when they knew of her appearance they all ran from one place to another, as to an unexpected sight, and one which was well nigh new, as if they were crazy, to ascertain thoroughly if it was her, and recognising and seeing her in better plight than ever, they by shouts and salutations and other demonstrations then gave her greater signs of their joy "[1] This from the Venetian Ambassador in England to the Doge, between whom and Foxe the truth may somewhere lie.

" The Passage of our most drad Soveraigne Ladye Queene Elyzabeth through the Citie of London to Westminster, the day before her Coronation, Anno 1558.[2] Imprinted at London in Flete Strete within Temple-Barre, at the Signe of the Hand and Starre, by Richard Tottill, the XXIII day of January. Cum privilegio." This sounds promising.

The Guildhall Library possesses a copy of this rare pamphlet. I fingered it reverently, for these curious pages, stained with age, came from the Fleet Street press in the great queen's Coronation year, and are a link back over the long interval which divides us from those spacious days. It is long and detailed, but enough is contained in an excerpt to convey its spirit of thankfulness to the Almighty that such a Queen had come to reign ; and I shrewdly suspect that the worthy printer, working " cum privilegio," kept one eye open to the opportunity of pleasing his Royal mistress.

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[1] Venetian State Papers, vi, 173.

[2] Old style. Elizabeth was crowned on the 15th January, 1559. The pamphlet has been reprinted by Mr. Nichols (*Royal Progresses*) on whose collections I have largely drawn in this chapter, and by Mr. Pollard (*Tudor Tracts*).

I forbear to set out the procession, lest the appetite for splendour be satiated. A single phrase of the correspondent in London of the Prince of Mantua speaks for all : " The whole Court," says he, with Italian opulence, " so sparkled with jewels and gold collars that it cleared the air, though it snowed a little." Queen Elizabeth, five-and-twenty, and handsome in her stateliness, was gowned in a Royal robe of very rich cloth of gold, with a double raised stiff pile, and on her head, over a coif of cloth of gold, a plain gold crown without lace, as a princess, but covered with jewels. She carried nothing in her hands but gloves. A thousand horsemen attended the Queen's majesty.

Let us take the procession as having passed through the City, and leave the old Elizabethan pamphlet to speak for itself—

" Then Her Grace marched toward Ludgate : where she was received with a noise of instruments ; the forefront of the Gate being finely trimmed against Her Majesty's coming.

" From thence, by the way as she went down toward Fletebridge, one about Her Grace noted the City's charge, that ' there was no cost spared.'

" Her Grace answered, that ' She did well consider the same, and that it should be remembered ! ' An honourable answer, worthy a noble Prince : which may comfort all her subjects, considering there can be no point of gentleness or obedient love shewed towards Her Grace ; which she doth not most tenderly accept, and graciously weigh.

" In this manner, the people on either side rejoicing, Her Grace went forward, toward the Conduit in Fleete-street, where was the fifth and last Pageant erected, in form following.

" From the Conduit, which was beautified with painting, unto the north side of the street, was erected a Stage, embattled with four towers, and in the same, a square plat rising with degrees, and upon the uppermost degree was placed a Chair or Seat royal, and behind the same Seat, in curious artificial manner, was erected a tree of reasonable height, and so far advanced above the seat as it did well and seemly shadow the same, without endamaging the sight of any part of the pageant. And the same tree was beautified with leaves as green as Art could devise, being of a convenient greatness and containing thereupon the fruit of the date tree, and on the

top of the same tree, in a table, was set the name thereof, which was *A Palm Tree.*

"And in the aforesaid Seat or Chair was placed a seemly and meet personage, richly apparelled in Parliament robes, with a sceptre in her hand, as a Queen; crowned with an open crown: whose name and title were in a table fixed over her head in this sort: 'Debora, *The Judge and Restorer of the House of Israel,* Judic. IV.'

"And the other degrees, on either side, were furnished with six personages; two representing the Nobility, two the Clergy, and two the Commonalty. And before these personages, was written, in a table,

"'DEBORA, WITH HER ESTATES, CONSULTING FOR THE GOOD GOVERNMENT OF ISRAEL.'

"At the feet of these, and the lowest part of the pageant, was ordained a convenient room for a child to open the meaning of the pageant.

"When the Queen's Majesty drew near unto this pageant; and perceived, as in the others, the child ready to speak: Her Grace required silence, and commanded her chariot to be moved nigher, that she might plainly hear the child speak; which said, as hereafter followeth—

"Jaben, of Canaan King, had long, by force of arms,
Oppressed the Israelites; which for God's People went;
But God minding, at last, for to redress their harms
The worthy Debora, as Judge among them sent.

"In war She, through God's aid, did put her foes to flight,
And with the dint of sword the band of bondage brast;
In peace She, through God's aid did always maintain right
And judged Israel, till forty years were past.

"O worthy precedent, O worthy Queen! thou hast!
A worthy woman Judge! a woman sent for Stay!
And that the like to us endure always thou may'st,
Thy loving subjects will, with true hearts and tongues pray!'

These verses were written on the pageant in English and Latin; the Latin text I omit. The description continues—

"The void places of the pageant were filled with pretty Sentences concerning the same matter.

"The ground of this last pageant was, that forsomuch as the next pageant before had set before Her Grace's eyes the Flourishing and Desolate States of a Common Weal; she

might by this, be put in remembrance to consult for the worthy Government of her People; considering God ofttimes, sent women nobly to rule among men, as Debora which governed Israel in peace the space of forty years; and that it behoveth both men and women so ruling, to use advice of good counsel.

"When the Queen's Majesty had passed this pageant; she marched toward Templebarre.

"But at St. Dunstan's Church, where the children of The Hospital[1] were appointed to stand with their Governors; Her Grace, perceiving a child offered to make an oration unto her, stayed her chariot, and did cast up her eyes to heaven, as who should say, 'I here see this merciful work towards the poor; whom I must, in the midst of my royalty, needs remember!' And so, turned her face towards the child, which, in Latin, pronounced an Oration to this effect—

"That after the Queen's Highness had passed through the City; and had seen so sumptuous, rich, and noble spectacles of the Citizens, which declared their most hearty receiving and joyous welcoming of Her Grace into the same; this one Spectacle yet rested and remained, which was the everlasting Spectacle of Mercy unto the poor members of Almighty God, furthered by that famous and most noble Prince King Henry VIII, her Grace's Father; erected by the City of London; and advanced by the most godly, virtuous and gracious Prince, King Edward VI, Her Grace's dear loving Brother. Doubting nothing of the mercy of the Queen's most gracious clemency: by the which they may not only be relieved and helped, but also stayed and defended; and therefore incessantly, they would pray and cry unto Almighty God for the long life and reign of Her Highness, with most prosperous victory against her enemies.

"The child, after he had ended his Oration, kissed the paper wherein the same was written, and reached it to the Queen's Majesty; who received it graciously both with words and countenance, declaring her gracious mind towards their relief.

"From thence, Her Grace came to Temple Barre, which was dressed finely with the two images of Gotmagot the Albion, and Corineus the Briton; two giants big in stature, furnished accordingly: which held in their hands, even above the gate, a table, wherein was written, in Latin verses, the effect of all the pageants which the City before had erected."

The verse which Gotmagot and Corineus held so high above Temple Bar is given both in Latin and English. It is not in

[1] *i.e.*, Christ's Hospital. These were the Blue-coat children.

the strain of the great Elizabethan singers, but the sentiment is worthy—

"Behold here, in one view, thou mayst see all that plain ;
O Princess, to this thy people, the only stay !
Which eachwhere thou hast seen in this wide town again ;
This one Arch, whatsoever the rest contained, doth say.

"The First Arch, as true Heir unto thy Father dear,
Did set thee in thy Throne, where thy Grandfather sat !
The Second, did confirm thy Seat as Princess here ;
Virtues now bearing sway, and Vices beat down flat !

"The Third, if that thou wouldst go on as thou began,
Declareth thee to be blessed on every side !
The Fourth did open Truth, and also taught thee when
The Common weal stood well, and when it did thence slide !

"The Fifth, as Debora, declared thee to be sent
From Heaven, a long comfort to us thy subjects all !
Therefore, go on, O Queen ! (on whom our hope is bent)
And take with thee, this wish of thy Town as final !

"Live long ! and as long reign ! adorning thy country
With Virtues ; and maintain thy people's hope of thee !
For thus, thus Heaven is won ! thus, must thou pierce the sky !
This is by Virtue wrought ! All others must needs die.

"On the south side was appointed by the City, a noise of singing children ; and one child richly attired as a Poet, which gave the Queen's Majesty her farewell, in the name of the whole City, by these words—

"As at thine Entrance first, O Prince of high renown !
Thou wast presented with Tongues and Hearts for thy fair ;
So now, sith thou must needs depart out of this Town,
This City sendeth thee firm Hope and earnest Prayer !

"For all men hope in thee, that all virtues shall reign ;
For all men hope that thou, none error wilt support ;
For all men hope that thou wilt Truth restore again,
And mend that is amiss ; to all good men's comfort !

"And for this Hope, they pray thou mayst continue long,
Our Queen amongst us here, all vice for to supplant !
And for this Hope they pray, that God may make thee strong,
And by his Grace puissant, so in His truth constant.

"Farewell ! O worthy Queen, and as our hope is sure,
That into Error's place, thou wilt now Truth restore !
So trust we that thou wilt our Sovereign Queen endure,
And loving Lady stand, from henceforth, evermore !"

" While these words were in saying, and certain wishes therein repeated for maintenance of Truth, and rooting out of Error, she now and then held up her hands to heavenwards, and willed the people to say, ' Amen ! '

" When the child had ended, she said, ' Be ye well assured I will stand your good Queen ! '

" At which saying, Her Grace departed forth, through Temple Barre toward Westminster, with no less shouting and crying of the People, than, when she entered the City, with a great noise of ordnance which the Tower shot off at Her Grace's entrance into Towre-streete.

" Thus the Queen's Highness passed through the City, which, without any foreign person, of itself, beautified itself ; and received Her Grace at all places, as hath been before mentioned, with most tender obedience and love, due to so gracious a Queen, and Sovereign Lady. And Her Grace likewise, on her side, in all Her Grace's passage, showed herself generally an image of a worthy Lady and Governor."

Elizabeth's Coronation procession, as mirrored by her loyal subject, does not contain all that might be expected. All mention is lacking of that might of the sword of which much was made when Edward the Sixth passed to Westminster. Yet Elizabeth could wield the sword, and the axe, too, with despatch when need arose. True, the old writer does in one place speak of her " Prince like voice, which could not but have set the enemy on fire." But the dominant note is religion. The pageants were smothered with religion. The war of the creeds and the dread memory of Smithfield's fires were near in the people's recollection, the need for domestic peace uppermost in their minds. The Armada of Philip of Spain was yet to come.

On the whole, Fleet Street rose to a great occasion, and its pageants did it credit. Elizabeth played the part desired by her people, clasping her hands, and turning her eyes heavenwards at the proper moments. The populace were " wonderfully ravished with the loving answers and greatness of the Princess." " Her Grace, by holding up her hands, and merry countenance to such as stood afar off, and most tender and gentle language to those that stood nigh to Her Grace, did declare herself no less thankfully to receive her People's good will, than they lovingly offered it to her. To all that ' wished

her Grace well!' she gave 'Hearty thanks!' and to such as bade 'God save Her Grace!' she said again, 'God save them all!' and thanked with all her heart."

One little touch must not be omitted—

"What more famous thing," asks the recorder, "do we read in ancient Histories of old time, than that mighty Princes have gently received presents offered them by base and lowly personages. If that be to be wondered at (as it is passingly) let me see any writer that in one Prince's life is able to recount so many precedents of this virtue, as Her Grace showed in this one Passage through the City. How many nosegays did Her Grace receive at poor women's hands? How ofttimes stayed she her chariot, when she saw any simple body offer to speak to Her Grace. A branch of rosemary given to Her Grace, with a supplication, by a poor woman about Flete Bridge, was seen in her chariot till Her Grace came to Westminster; not without the marvellous wondering of such as knew the presenter, and noted the Queen's most gracious receiving and keeping the same."

King James the First had to forego the procession at his Coronation on account of the plague then raging, of which 837 persons died in London and the suburbs in one week alone, and it was also abandoned when Charles the First was crowned for the same reason. Charles the Second was the last English monarch to ride the historic route from the Tower through the City to Westminster.

Fleet Street by Whitefriars then exhibited a triumphal arch, representing "the Garden of Plenty," and at Temple Bar the monarch was entertained with "the view of a delightful boscage full of several beasts, both tame and savage, as also several living figures, and music of eight waits."

Along the street, too, passed the Mayors riding to Westminster, after King John, by charter to the citizens in 1215, had given them permission to elect their Mayor each year, and present him to the Sovereign for approval, or in his absence to his Justiciar. The cortége wound through the City, and traversing the Chepe, passed out by Newgate, then turned into Fleet Street,[1] doubtless by Shoe Lane (which, as

[1] *Liber Albus.* Riley, p. 22.

already said, is as old as Fleet Street itself) and so forward. Attending the Mayor were the Aldermen and chief citizens on horseback, with a company of minstrels leading the way.

The early "ridings" were quite simple, and it was not until the late fourteenth and fifteenth centuries that advantage was taken of the unrivalled opportunity which this annual progress afforded for civic display. The Lord Mayor's procession, as we know it, has been of slow growth. The first Mayoral pageant of any note recorded was that on the election in 1415 of John Wells, grocer. In punning commentary upon his name, three wells running with wine were exhibited at the conduit in Chepe, attended by three virgins to personate Mercy, Grace, and Pity, who gave the wine to all comers. About the wells were trees laden with oranges, almonds, lemons, and dates, in token of the Mayor's trade and company.

A little while later there came a fateful change. In the year 1454 Sir John Norman was chosen by the citizens, and made his progress to Westminster by water. This startling innovation in the practice succeeded so well that it was continued thereafter, much to the joy of the watermen, who swarmed on the river. They had their own song about it—

Row the boat, Norman, row to thy leman.

No doubt the pageant, the Mayor's state barge escorted by the craft of the City Companies, with music playing and banners flying, was seen a good deal more effectively on the wide river, but as one of the annual sights it was lost to Fleet Street for centuries.

CHAPTER VIII

THE FIRST PRINTERS

THE printed part, though far too large, is less
Than that which, yet unprinted, waits the press.
From the Spanish of YRIARTE.

TWO men of note came into Fleet Street in the opening years of the sixteenth century, both of whom were destined to divert into new channels the main currents of its life—a Sovereign and a subject.

The Sovereign was none other than King Henry the Eighth, under whose dominating will the mediæval and priestly character of the suburb was rooted out ; yet advisedly I place the subject first. For he it was who brought to Fleet Street that art and craft of printing which, after 400 years, remains to-day its staple industry.

He was not even an Englishman. Like others of his time with whom a single Christian name sufficed, he bore the place-name of his native town as a distinguishing mark—Wynkyn de Worde, or Wynkyn of Wörth, in Alsace, made memorable these later years as the scene of one of the bloodiest battles of the Franco-Prussian War.

It is probable that he was brought to England by Caxton, when the father of English printing in the year 1476 set up his press within the Almonry at Westminster, under the heraldic sign of the Red Pale. We cannot tell exactly the ground whereon Caxton and Wynkyn de Worde worked together, but it is likely that some part of the new Wesleyan Methodist Hall covers this historic spot. De Worde was certainly settled in Westminster in 1480, and had then married a wife, Elizabeth. He continued as Caxton's assistant until the latter's death in 1491, and thereafter still printed for nine years at the Red Pale. The founts he used were mostly Caxton's types, and he employed his old master's cypher, combining with it his own name.

Late in the year 1500, or early in 1501, Wynkyn de Worde moved into Fleet Street : his reason, one may assume, partly because the Red Pale had become too small for a growing business, and partly to be near the centre of the book-selling

trade, which at that time was settled about St. Paul's Churchyard. The site occupied by his press is known within a small compass. He rented two houses, one of which, no doubt, was his printing office, and the other a dwelling-house, paying the high rental of 66s. 8d. a year. Over the narrow street in front of his printing house swung the sign of the Sun. It was in St. Bride's parish, over against (or opposite) the conduit in Fleet Street. It was on the south side, and near the church. The conduit stood out in the street where Shoe Lane enters.

With all these indicating arrows, if we fix upon the ground now occupied by the advertisement offices of the *Daily Chronicle* at the corner of Salisbury Court, we shall be upon or very near the site.

When leaving Westminster, De Worde disposed of a quantity of types and woodcuts, for some of them were used in books afterwards printed by Julian Notary in London and by Hugo Goes at York. Some disappeared, having doubtless been destroyed. Others of Caxton's founts he brought into Fleet Street. The fact that only one book from De Worde's press in 1501 is known indicates that his time was then largely occupied in settling into the new premises. Ten books from his press can be placed in the following year,[1] and thereafter the output continued to be very large. In the years from his establishment in Fleet Street until his death in 1535, Wynkyn de Worde printed upwards of 500 books, known either by complete volumes or by fragments, and probably many others that are lost—a production that marks him as by far the busiest of the early English printers.

The first noteworthy book printed in Fleet Street was *The Ordinarye of crysten men*, black letter, quarto, 1502. The colyphon states that it was " Emprynted in the Cyte of London in the Flete strete in the syne of the sonne by Wynken de Worde the yere of our lorde Mcccccij." This was a religious book translated from the French, of a kind then very popular. Its scope is sufficiently set out in the table of contents :— First, the sacrament of baptism and the twelve Articles of the Faith ; second, the Ten Commandments ; third, works of

[1] E. Gordon Duff, *Hand Lists of English Printers.* (Bibliographical Society.)

mercy ; fourth, confession ; fifth, the pains of hell and the joys of paradise. The lesson of the blessings of a Christian life and the pains of damnation is simply enforced, by the text, and not less by the accompanying woodcuts. A hardened sinner must be touched in conscience by the rude picture of a skeleton, a coffin, and two demons striving for a naked body, and another of three demons dragging the dead into hell, represented, as usual, by the gaping mouth of a huge monster ; or moved to better things by the engraver's vision of the joys of paradise, Christ in the clouds, with angels playing on flute and fiddle, and other angels bearing souls up to Him in a sheet.

There is much to distinguish Caxton and Wynkyn de Worde, and not in De Worde's favour. Caxton was a scholar, who edited all the books which came from his press, and himself made the translations. De Worde was a simple craftsman. He edited none of his own books, and his translations from the French were made by his assistants, Robert Copland and Henry Watson. While Caxton printed magnificent folios for the rich, De Worde was shrewd to realise that there was a wider market for cheap productions, and his place in the history of book-selling is that of the first printer and publisher to popularise literature. In addition to his printing-house at the Sun, he had for a time a bookseller's shop in St. Paul's Churchyard, with the sign of Our Lady of Pity—a sign which afterwards served for John Byddell, his successor, at Fleet Bridge. It is probable, too, as was the custom of the time, that he kept a stall in front of his place in Fleet Street, at which the passer-by might scan his latest books, and make purchases if so disposed.

Some important volumes, like the *Morte d'Arthur* of Caxton's —" on whose soul God have mercy," he piously prays in the colyphon—the *Golden Legend*, and *Canterbury Tales*, De Worde reprinted. But his press, with a few noteworthy exceptions, was devoted to popular books of devotion, short romances in prose and verse, grammars, riddles, books on carving, on manners at table, and the like. Nursery rhymes and puzzles are very old. None can tell what generations of children have been asked the riddle, " How many cows' tails would it take to reach the moon ? " with the answer, " One—if it were long enough ! " This and other riddles not less familiar (rhymes are largely Elizabethan) are to be found in the *Demaundes*

Joyous, a nursery book printed by Wynkyn de Worde in Fleet Street in the year 1510.

The tradesman was uppermost. De Worde printed to sell, with no great concern for appearances. It must be confessed that many of his cheap books are badly set up and badly printed. An instance of slovenly methods is found in his reprint of *The Horse the Shepe and the Ghoos*. He had taken a copy of Caxton's book which happened to be wanting a leaf, and, not noticing the omission, printed straight ahead—making, of course, complete nonsense.[1] But De Worde earns our gratitude for having preserved in their later forms many early romances. His *Christmas Carols* contain those fine old verses, "Bringing in the Boar's Head," still sung each Yule-tide at Queen's College, Oxford—

The bores heed in hande bring I,
With garlans gay and rosemary
I pray you all synge merely
Qui estis in conuiuio.

The bores head I understande
Is the chefe seruyce in this lande,
Loke where euer it be fande
Seruite cum cantico.

Be gladde lordes, bothe more and lasse,
For this hath ordeyned our stewarde,
To chere you all this christmasse,
The bores heed with mustarde.

In illustrations De Worde's books have little merit. He obtained series of woodcuts, and these were put into use indiscriminately wherever the subject suited. Thus the pictorial embellishments of *The Ordinarye of crysten men*, already alluded to, appear in various other books. A cut of a schoolmaster handling a large birch, with pupils around him, was considered appropriate to most of the educational works, and is constantly repeated. Mr. Gordon Duff, thanks to whose unwearied research we now possess a very full record of De Worde's books, says that he has found only one cut of this printer's specially made for a particular volume, and not belonging to a series.[2]

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[1] E. Gordon Duff, *Westminster and London Printers*.
[2] *ibid.*, p. 33.

There is no portrait of Wynkyn de Worde. Of the man himself little is known. Mr. Gordon Duff was amused to read in a copy of *The Book of Kerving*, once in the collection of Rawlinson, this rhyme written in an old hand—

Wynken de Worde
Sate at the borde
Wyth his coseyn forde
And kyld hym with a sworde.

The learned Rawlinson thought this to be a "whymsy," as undoubtedly it is; we cannot assume in all seriousness that the printer took the life of his cousin Ford with his sword at the hospitable board. What little is known of him is to his credit. Evidently he enjoyed the affections and esteem of his workmen. James Gaver, who continued to live with Byddell at the Sun after De Worde's death, in his will requested that he might be buried in St. Bride's Church, before the altar of St. Katherine, "nere unto Wynkyn de Worde sometyme my master." De Worde died in the first days of 1535. His will, proved by James Gaver and John Byddell, his executors, shows him to have been a pious man, bearing kindly remembrance of all his servants. Commending his soul to God and the Blessed Mary, he made various bequests—

Item, for tithes forgotten, 6s. 6d. Item to the Fraternity of Our Lady, of which I am a brother, 10s. to pray for my soul. Item, to my maid £3 in books. To Agnes Tidder, widow, 15s. in books. Item, to Robert Darby, £3 in printed books. To John Barbason 60s. in printed books and ten marks. To Hector, my servant, five marks sterling in books. And to Simon, my servant, 20s. in printed books. To Wislin 20s. in printed books. And to Nowell, the book-binder in Shoe Lane, 20s. in books. And to every of my apprentices, £3 in printed books. And to John Butler, late my servant, £6 in printed books. And to my servant, James Gaver, in books 20 marks. And forgive John Bedel, stationer, all money he owes me, etc., for executing this my will, with James Gaver, and that they, with the consent of the wardens of the parish of St. Bride's, purchase at lease 20s. in or near the city, for to pray for my soul, and to say mass. To Henry Pepwell, stationer £4 in printed books. And to John Gouge forgive what he owes me. To Alard, book-binder, my servant, £6 13s. 8d.

Humphry Towne, Curate.
Wynken de Worde.
John Stud.
John Turner.

Lambeth, 19th Jan., 1534[-5]
Prob. by Jas Gaver and
John Bedel.[1]

[1] Herbert's *Ames' Typographical Antiquities*, i, 119-120. Plomer's *Abstract of Wills*, pp. 3-4.

It is learnt from the Survey of Chantries made in February, 1547, that the sum paid for keeping an obit for the soul of the old printer was £36.

There is no more persistent tradition of Fleet Street than that Wynkyn de Worde printed at the sign of the Falcon, and in Falcon Court. Stow says nothing about the printing houses —a curious omission for so ardent a bibliophile—nor, for that matter, of Shakespeare, or the theatres, save one casual mention of The Theater and The Curtain at Shoreditch, and that he took out in a second edition. But Strype, in his enlargement of the *Survey*, asserts that Wynkyn de Worde held the tenure of an inn called " The Faulcon," in St. Bride's parish. Falcon Court by Temple Bar is in the parish of St. Dunstan ; there is another court of the same name in Shoe Lane. Later writers have stated as a fact that De Worde set up a press in Falcon Court, but the evidence wholly contradicts it. William Griffith printed *Gorboduc*, the earliest English tragedy, at the Falcon in Fleet Street, in 1565. Wynkyn de Worde was printing at the Sun, opposite Shoe Lane, as late as his books indicate his house sign ; that it was the same Sun appears from the words " in the parish of St. Bridget " in some of the colyphons. His successors carried on his business at the Sun, and his will, and his directions for burial, all indicate an unbroken connection with St. Bride's.

Wynkyn de Worde is justly credited with having introduced the art of printing into Fleet Street, by reason of the importance of his press and its large output, as well as by date, but he was not, in fact, the first letter-press printer within the liberty. Earlier, William de Machlinia, a Belgian printer of law books and some others, had a press " in Holborn " and " By Fletebrigge." The site in each case is unknown. Machlinia died in 1492. Unfortunately none of his books are dated, and of the twenty-two books or editions that have been ascribed to him, only four contain his name.[1]

A man of more note was Richard Pynson, King's printer to Henry the Eighth, from whom he received a salary. The sum was not large—40s. per annum at first, afterwards £4. While Wynkyn de Worde was throwing off his printed sheets at Westminster, Pynson had already set up a press at St.

[1] H. P. Plomer, *A Short History of English Printing*, p. 27.

Clement Danes, outside Temple Bar, and in 1503 he followed De Worde into Fleet Street. His sign was the George (St. George) next St. Dunstan's Churchyard, by the Chancery Lane corner. He, too, was a law printer, but something more—his books, by their unrivalled merit, proclaim him the foremost artist-craftsman that had been known in this country till his day. Indeed, the Continent had nothing to show in typographical art excelling his Boccacio of 1494, his Morton Missal of 1500—a really splendid work—and the *Intrationum excellentissimus liber* of 1510.

Pynson's output was scarcely one-half that of Wynkyn de Worde, but the quality is uniformly higher. From his press came editions of the works of Chaucer, Skelton, Lydgate, and Froisart, and Æsop's Fables. The Princess Margaret, mother of King Henry the Seventh, was his early patron, and her support encouraged him in printing rich books. He was the first English printer to abandon the sole use of black letter, and introduce the Roman type now in universal use, which appeared in his edition of the *Shyp of Folys of the Worlde* and the *Sermo Fratris Hieronymi de Ferraria*, both published in the year 1509.

As printer to the King, it fell to Pynson to print Henry the Eighth's fulminations against Martin Luther, before the monarch himself came over to the Reformation. The famous *Letter* in answer to Luther, first given in Latin, and afterwards in English, was " Imprinted at London in Fletestrete by Richarde Pynson printer to the Kynges most noble grace," as the colyphon sets out. Henry desired to emphasise to his loving subjects certain of his most vitriolic passages, but lacked the means of doing so now common. So his Grace gave them prominence in this way. Luther, lately an Augustinian friar, now apostate and wedded, had kindled anew the embers of old heresies, adding to them some points of his own, so poisoned, he declared—

> So wretched
> So vyle
> So detestable
> prouokynge man to myschefe
> encoragyng the world to syn
> preaching an unsaciat lyberte
> and finally
> so farre against all honesty
> virtue and reason
> that neuer was there erst any heretyke so farre voyde
> of all grace and wyt that durst for shame speke them.

A King can do no wrong ; but behind the King there is the man, and Henry the author of this thunder, amazed at his own learning, had nervous fears lest his subjects should fancy the inspiration came from some studious divine, and be not his own. So to his *Letter* he added this remarkable ascription : " And although ye fayne yourself to thynke my boke not myne owne, but to my rebuke (as it lyketh you to affyrme) put out by subtell sophisters : yet it is well knowen for myn and J for myne auowe it."

Richard Pynson died in 1530, and was succeeded at the George in Fleet Street by Robert Redman, a printer who had been his somewhat unscrupulous rival outside Temple Bar. There he got into some trouble, and was bound over in 500 marks not to sell the book called *The division of the Spirituality and Temporality*, nor any other book privileged by the King.[1]

Pynson's office as King's printer passed to Thomas Berthelet, Wynkyn de Worde's neighbour, at the sign of the Lucretia Romana in Fleet Street, " nere to ye cundite." Berthelet published in 1540 (but did not print) an edition of Cranmer's Bible. Of this excellent craftsman Mr. Plomer says : " Berthelet was one of the few English printers of that period whose work is worth looking at. He had a varied assortment of types, all of them good, and his workmanship was as a rule excellent ; and as very few of his books are illustrated, we may infer that he was loth to spoil a good book with the rough and often unsightly woodcuts of that time. Berthelet was also a bookbinder and bookseller, and some of his fine bindings for Henry the Eighth and his successors are still to be seen. He was apparently the first English binder to use gold tooling."

On the accession of Edward the Sixth Berthelet was deprived of his office as King's printer, but he ranked high in his craft, and the magnificence of his funeral in 1555 glows in the cold pages of Machyn's diary—

> The same day at afternoon was buried Master Berthelet Esquire and printer unto King Henry ; and was buried with pennon and cote-armour and four dozen of escutcheons and two white branches and four gilt candlesticks, and many priests and clerks and many mourners, and all the crafts of printers, booksellers, and all stationers.[2]

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[1] Letters and Papers Henry VIII, vol. 4, 215.
[2] Machyn's *Diary* (Camden Society), p. 95.

Other printers also gathered about the quarter: Julian Notary, at the Three Kings beyond Temple Bar; John Wayland, at the Blue Garland, Fleet Street; John Butler, at one time assistant to Wynkyn de Worde, at the [St.] John Evangelist; and Robert Copland, another of De Worde's old servants, who had set up for himself at the Rose Garland in Fleet Street in 1514, if not earlier. Not more than a dozen of Robert Copland's books are known (his son succeeded him), but he was a good craftsman, a scholarly man, and a prolific writer. It is curious to find that so early as 1518 the book trade was going to the dogs. In that year Copland participated in the production of a work called the *Castell of Pleasure*. The prologue is a dialogue in verse between printer and author. The latter asks—

> Emprynt this boke Copland at my request
> And put it forth to every maner state.

Copland, the printer, is ready with the reply—

> At your instaunce I shall it gladly impresse
> But the utterance I thynke will be but small.
> Bokes be not set by; there tymes is past I gesse;
> The dyse and cardes, in drynkynge wyne and ale,
> Tables, cayles, and balles, they be now sette a sale
> Men lete theyr chyldren use all such harlotry
> That byenge of bokes they utterly deny.

The fact that four centuries ago the book trade was already doomed may put some heart into our modern pessimists.

The growth of the printing press was watched with a jealous eye by the Privy Council, and its arbitrary decrees fell at times with crushing severity upon these early pioneers. William Middleton, who had followed Redman at The George, by St. Dunstan's Church, was in April, 1543, with several other printers, brought before the Council, "for printing off suche bokes as wer thowght to be unlawfull, contrary to the proclamation." Middleton was committed to the Fleet. Liberated after a fortnight's imprisonment, he was compelled to pay a fine, and send in a list of all books and ballads that he had printed and sold within three years. William Copland, who worked under his father's sign at the Rose Garland in Fleet Street, was after Queen Mary's accession summoned to the Council, and ordered to deliver up all copies he had printed of Cranmer's

Recantation, to be burnt ;[1] and other like instances might be cited.

I must look forward a space to include Richard Tottel, law printer and stationer under Edward the Sixth and succeeding monarchs. In 1553 he obtained a patent to print for seven years all " duly authorised books on common law," and that year came into Fleet Street to The Hand and Star, between the two gates of the Temple, and there he remained until his death forty-one years later. The site of his shop and house is covered by No. 7 Fleet Street, by Middle Temple Gate. His patent was granted anew for life. On the creation of the Stationers' Company in 1557, Tottel was nominated a member of the charter, and he filled in succession all the chief offices in the company ; Master in 1578 and 1584. In such esteem was he held that when ill-health and non-attendance compelled his retirement from the court of assistants, they resolved that having been always " a loving and orderly brother," he should be at liberty to attend their meetings whenever he was in London.

Law books were Tottel's chief publications, but, like Caxton, he was both printer and man of letters. The value of the few other volumes that he gave to the public should win for him a niche in the great monument of English literature. Tottel's *Miscellany*, the first edition of which appeared in 1557, preserves all the original verse of the Earl of Surrey and of Sir Thomas Wyatt known to be extant. The enterprise, says the printer addressing the reader, was undertaken " to the honor of the Englishe tong and for profit of the studius of Englishe eloquence." It formed the model upon which all the long series of poetic anthologies that were so popular in England throughout Queen Elizabeth's reign were based. Tottel also printed in 1557 the Earl of Surrey's translation of the second and fourth books of Virgil's *Æneid*, the earliest known specimen of blank verse in English ; More's *Dialogue*

[1] E. Gordon Duff, *A Century of the English Book Trade*, 1457-1557 (Bibliographical Society), pp. 104, 32. Other printers of the period whom Mr. Gordon Duff includes in his lists are :—Henry Wykes, at the Black Elephant, Fleet Street ; Lawrence Andrewe, at the Golden Cross, Fleet Street ; Thomas Marshe, at the King's Arms (afterwards the Prince's Arms), Fleet Street ; Antony Clarke, at the White Hart, Fleet Street ; and Richard Bankes, " next the White Hart."

of Comfort (1553), Lydgate's *Fall of Princes* (1554), and Stephen Hawe's *Pastime of Pleasure* (1555).[1]

A lesser book than these has a peculiar interest. At the Hand and Star in Fleet Street Tottel printed and issued in 1562 Arthur Brooke's *Romeus and Juliet*, the main source upon which Shakespeare drew for his tragedy ; in plot, though not in diction, the play closely follows Brooke's tiresome poem.

In that age of monopoly a patent was drawn in favour of Tottel, giving him the exclusive right of publishing for seven years all books on cosmography, geography, and topography, but doubt is entertained whether this grant was ratified.

As Wynkyn de Worde lay on his death-bed in 1534 the golden age of English printing was already passing. They carried the body of the old printer into St. Bride's Church, and there, as directed by his will, laid him before the high altar of St. Katherine for his long rest. A bitter and protracted agitation against the foreigner had placed on the statutes the Acts which culminated in that of the 25th Henry the Eighth, annulling free trade in books. None but English-born apprentices were allowed in the printing shops. No master might employ more than two foreign workmen.

The alien, clever and resourceful, was driven out, and under protection English printing fell away from the high promise of its birth into that degeneracy which, save for the work of a few artist-craftsmen, characterised it almost to our own day. Nothing could be worse than the productions which poured from the press under the Commonwealth. Development was surprisingly slow. De Worde's simple type of wooden screw-press, with some unimportant modifications, survived in use until 1800, when the third Earl Stanhope invented the first iron-framed lever press, and the first printing machine was set up in Thomas Bensley's shop in Bolt Court, Fleet Street, in 1812.

With rare exceptions, the earliest printers in England were foreign. Richard Pynson was Norman, and though the

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[1] *Dict. National Biography*, Richard Tottel.

foremost master of his craft, his origin was held sufficient incitement for the jealous Londoners to attempt to break up his business. The story, as told in the Star Chamber, is valuable as illustrating the times. Pynson made "lamentable compleynt" to Cardinal Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury and Chancellor of England, of riotous assembly and assault committed upon him and his servants on the 21st April, 1500—it was before he had moved to the greater security of Fleet Street, within the Mayor's jurisdiction, probably in consequence of such attacks.

He said that Harry Squier, cordwainer, John Walker, bailiff of the Savoy, John Vickers Bocher, accompanied by eleven other riotous and evilly disposed persons, at ten at night lay in wait for him and his servants about his house in St. Clement Danes, with intent to have murdered and slain them. They, being peaceable men, were assailed and beaten and driven into the house, divers of the servants being maimed and hurt. Not content with this, the rioters stole a bench and other appurtenances, and would have broken open the door in further pursuit of their murderous and cruel purpose had not certain gentlemen beaten them off.

The assault was part of an organised plot. Those named, Pynson goes on to say, "have made great oaths and promises that there shall neither Frenchman nor Flemmyng dwell nor abide within the said parish of Seynt Clementes, and thus daily and continually the said Rioters menace your said Orators and their servants so that they neither their servants dare not go about their lawful business, to the utter undoing of your said Orators." He tells that on the following Wednesday his servant was waylaid in Fleet Street by fifteen or sixteen of this company and sore beaten and wounded, so as to be in great jeopardy of life, and that his assailants took from him a cloak and a short dagger. At divers other times they had so menaced and threatened his servants, and put them in such fear of their lives, that they dare not go to church to divine worship, or set out from their master's door. In consequence his servants had left him, "and have left right great business the which he hath now in hand to be undone, to his great hurt and utter destruction."

There was some hard swearing. Squier replied on oath. He was sitting in his house with a neighbour when a messenger

came to tell him of the street affray. Being a parish constable, he went out and quelled the riot, and in the King's name charged all to keep the peace. His fellow accused professed equal peacefulness ; and that was the issue left to the Star Chamber to try.[1]

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[1] *Select Cases in the Star Chamber* (Selden Society). Ed. by I. S. Leadam, p. 114 *et seq.*

CHAPTER IX

CHANGE AT THE REFORMATION

> LONDON contains many houses on either side of the river, and in various parts of the city there are many palaces of divers citizens and merchants, but the larger ones, and the most superb, are on the river, the owners being the chief personages of the kingdom. The population of London is immense, and comprises many artificers. The houses are in very great number, but ugly, and one-half the materials of wood, nor are the streets wide. In short, I am of opinion, all things considered, that it is a very rich, populous, and mercantile city, but not beautiful.—MARIO SAVORGNANO'S *Tour*, A.D. 1531, *Venetian State Papers*.

Now to bring King Henry the Eighth into the street.

Accompanying the Sovereign, but first preceding him, came another masterful and sinister figure, Cardinal Wolsey. He, too, must be counted among the band of illustrious men who in days past have made Fleet Street a dwelling place ; Dean of Lincoln at the time, and young in favour of the new monarch, who had made him almoner : greater offices were to come. " He found means," says Cavendish, Wolsey's biographer, " to be made one of the King's Council, and to grow in good estimation and favour with the King, to whom the King gave a house in Bridewell in Fleet Street, sometime Sir Richard Empson's, where he kept house for his family, and daily attended upon the King in the Court."

It has been assumed that Wolsey was an early occupant of Bridewell Palace. There is a letter by him, the 5th June, 1513, to the Lord High Admiral, dated from " my poor house at Bridewell," and others the same. The Prior of St. John of Jerusalem also had a house in Bridewell, and this the King wanted for Sir John Fyneux, his Chief Justice. The Prior held out against the Royal exaction, until there came a communication from Wolsey closing all argument : " I advise you to comply without excuse or delay, according to the accompanying letters from the King."[1] In neither case, however, does this indicate use of the Palace buildings. Wolsey's lodging was not Royal, but was the parsonage house of St. Bride's, Fleet Street,

[1] Letters and Papers Henry VIII, vol. 3 (2), 3678.

which then, as it does to-day, stood by the Bridewell Precinct. Part of the ground is at present covered by the St. Bride Foundation Institute.

Sir Richard Empson stayed not long. He had held a revenue office under King Henry the Seventh, and his extortions had earned for him popular hatred. The new King in the first year of the reign threw him to the wolves; a charge of constructive treason appeased the clamour, and his head fell on Tower Hill. The knight held a lease of St. Bride's parsonage from the Abbot and convent of Westminster, which lapsed to the Sovereign on his attainder, and Henry, on the 9th October, 1509, granted the house to Wolsey.[1]

Ever since King John's reign Bridewell Palace has been represented as surviving in a ruinous condition. There is a well-known passage by Stow, that Henry the Eighth built there a stately and beautiful house anew to accommodate his illustrious guest, the Emperor Charles V, on his second visit to this country in 1523. Then Hentzner has stated that the Royal Palace was restored for that purpose in the short space of six weeks. Every book upon London or upon Bridewell has included these two passages. How much they misrepresent the actual facts may be seen from an examination of the State Papers of the reign stored in the Public Record Office, which Dr. Gairdner has exhaustively calendared.

A correct appreciation of Bridewell Palace is of some importance, as it played a large part in one of the most dramatic episodes of English history, and the whole of the third act of *King Henry VIII* is placed there.

King Henry began building on an extensive scale at Bridewell within seven years of his accession to the throne. When he took the old Palace in hand, it had no chamber so large as 80 feet in length, by 34 feet in width, and 27 feet in height.[2] He actually enlarged Bridewell precinct as it had descended through the British Sovereigns since King John, incorporating ground in Bride Lane belonging to the Abbot of Feversham, to whom he paid £100, with licence to acquire in mortmain land elsewhere.[3] This was in 1521, as building was going on.

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[1] Letters and Papers Henry VIII, vol. 1, 555.
[2] *ibid.*, vol. 3 (1), No. 710.
[3] *ibid.*, vol. 3 (pt. 2), p. 1544; (pt. 1), No. 1177.

Ten years later there was a larger extension from the property of St. John of Jerusalem, comprising certain houses and fifteen gardens adjoining Bridewell, which were thrown down and enclosed in the King's manor.[1]

The King's books of payments are preserved. There is in 1519 this "Memorandum concerning the King's affairs: £6,000 a year for his buildings at Bridewell, Newhall, etc.,"[2] but the accounts go back four years. They begin with "Aug. 19-26, 1515. Mr. Larke, new buildings at Bridewell, £1,000," and there is another £1,000 in December. In 1516 Larke, the Royal builder, received payments of £3,000, having at that time spent £5,180; in 1517 he had £2,000; in 1518, £3,000, all "for Bridewell," and the payments go on. As late as 1523 there is entered, "To Henry Smith, clerk of works, for buildings at Bridewell, £1,000."

We may almost see the Royal Palace rising by the Fleet bank by aid of these curious accounts. I take some items from a comprehensive bill of 1519, headed thus—

BRIDEWELL

The esteemed charges of the building of the plat of Bridewell, that is signed by the King's grace.

Item. For digging foundations and piling, £2,033 6s. 8d. Timber 6s. a load; sawing it 2s. a load average.

Payments for freestone, 4,000 tons *et di*, at 5s. the ton, £1,050.

Steps "with nowelles" of hard Kent stone, "with six vyces to be ready wrought."

Carpenters' work: planche board; timber for the long gallery; sum total, £2,130.

12,000 wainscot, £1,200.

Glazing, £686 13s. 4d.

Making chimneys and hewing for shafts, £40.

The kitchen, with other houses of office, and lodging for officers, £4,000.

For the "Corbell tabull," and so upwards, and for performing of battlements.

For the part not yet built on, every wall to be in height 2 perches of 18 ft. each; bricks, 500,000 at 4s. 4d. the hundred; lime, £370; sand, £75; wages for bricklayers, £500.

Grand total £19,424 10s. 8d. over and above £2,500 spent already.

Item. The digging, walling, and flooring of cellars.

Item. The glazing is esteemed too little after the Richmond view.

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[1] Letters and Papers Henry VIII, vol. 5, 627 (18).

[2] *ibid.*, vol. 3 (1), 576.

The last " item " is puzzling. There is no actual standard of comparison, but converting the money into modern values at a conservative estimate, the accounts show that Henry was spending over a period of eight years wellnigh £200,000 in building Bridewell, to take no account of furnishing. And this was the Royal Palace that was " built anew " for a foreign guest, as some will have it, in the space of six weeks!

The accounts set up Bridewell Palace before us as it really was: an imposing building with walls 36 feet in height and battlements, with its long gallery and great chamber of audience and all necessary offices, well fitted for lodging the King and his Consort, and for Councils of State. In the earliest maps and drawings of London it is shown constructed around two courtyards, with frontage on the Thames and the Fleet. The Emperor Charles the Fifth, who was magnificently entertained, did not himself lodge at Bridewell Palace, but in the Black Friars, whence he was brought by his Royal host in a glittering procession of nobles and knights. His suite were housed in Bridewell, a bridge and gallery of communication being thrown across the Fleet River, and a passage cut through the City wall into the Emperor's apartments. Charles the Fifth stayed there but three days before going on to Greenwich.[1] The bridge itself long afterwards remained as Bridewell Bridge.

Three years later a Parliament was held at Black Friars, and in his Palace of Bridewell the King conferred various patents of nobility. These include some famous names—

Henry FitzRoy, the King's natural child by Elizabeth Blunt, to be Earl of Nottingham, Duke of Richmond and of Somerset, Warden of the East, Middle, and West Marches against Scotland.

Henry Courtney, Earl of Devonshire, cousin german to the King, to be Marquis of Exeter.

Henry Brandon, a child two years old, son of the Earl of Suffolk, to be Earl of Lincoln.

Sir Thomas Manners, Lord Rosse, to be Earl of Rutland.

Sir Henry Clifford, to be Earl of Cumberland.

Sir Thomas Boleyn (Queen Anne Boleyn's father), Treasurer of the King's Household, to be Viscount Rochford.

The greatest, and most pitiful, associations of Bridewell are those of the divorce of Catherine of Aragon—memories which cling to the place after all the change it has undergone. King

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[1] Wriothesley's *Chronicle* (Camden Society), i, 13.

Henry was not in London when Cardinal Campeggio, having purposely delayed his journey, arrived on the 9th October, 1528, to try the Royal cause with Wolsey. The Italian Legate was racked with gout ; he could not stand ; and at his urgent request the ceremonial reception which the Londoners had intended for him was abandoned. His house beyond Temple Bar (he was Bishop of Bath) had been prepared for use, and in a State barge he was carried privately up the Thames.

Two days later Henry came with Catherine to Bridewell Palace, and there Campeggio had his first audience of the monarch, accompanied by Wolsey.

The Cardinals passed together down Fleet Street, not altogether the dignified procession that would be expected ; Campeggio borne in a chair of crimson velvet, the poles supported by four attendants. The weather was dreadful. " I wish," wrote Gerado Molza to the Marchioness of Mantua, " that you could have seen the two Cardinals abreast, one on his mule, the other in his chair, the rain falling fast so that we were all drenched."

The hall of audience in Bridewell Palace was densely packed. On raised chairs the Cardinals sat at the right hand of the King's throne. Floriano, a member of the Italian suite, opened the proceedings with a long oration in Latin, describing the perils of the Church and the miseries of Rome, then recently sacked by the Duke of Bourbon's troops—Cardinals dragged through the street, convents of nuns broken open by a brutal soldiery, wives and daughters violated, the city given over to pillage, and Pope Clement, a shuddering prisoner in the Castle of St. Angelo, looking down upon these horrors perpetrated at his feet. The oration was set forth with such lamentations, such abominable acts and tyrannies, says the chronicler Hall, that the most part of the hearers thought it more eloquent than true. Thereafter the Legates conversed secretly with the King for a long space, and the audience came to an end. So close had been the press that some of the Italians lost their shoes, and had to step back barefoot to their lodgings through the wet streets.

Campeggio's feeble strength was exhausted, but he had yet to see the unhappy Queen. He accompanied Wolsey to her apartment, where Catherine received them sitting at needlework among her maidens, a skein of red silk being about her

neck. Her pride equalled that of Henry ; her obstinacy was as great. She refused to take the vows of religion, to be party to any arrangement that should dispossess her of her title to be Queen. Hall has left an account of one of these interviews of the Legates with the Queen at Bridewell Palace, which he professes to have received from Campeggio's secretary, who was present, and wrote down the conversation ; it was in French. Catherine turned upon Wolsey as the author of all her misfortunes—

Alas ! my lords, is it now (she said) a question whether I be the King's lawful wife or no ? When I have been married to him almost twenty years, and in the mean season never question was made before ? Divers prelates yet being alive, and lords also and privy councillors with the King at that time then adjudged our marriage lawful and honest, and now to say it is detestable and abominable I think it great marvel : and in especial when I consider what a wise prince the King's father was, and also the love and natural affection that King Fernando my father bore unto me. I think in myself that neither of our fathers were so uncircumspect, so unwise, and of so small imagination, but they foresaw what might follow of our marriage, and in especial the King my father sent to the Court of Rome, and there after long suit, with great cost and charge, obtained a licence and dispensation, that I being the one brother's wife, might without scruple of conscience marry with the other brother lawfully, which licence under lead I have yet to show, which things make me to say and surely believe, that our marriage was both lawful, good, and Godly.

But of this trouble I only may thank you, my lord Cardinal of York, for because I have wondered at your high pride and vainglory, and abhor your voluptuous life and abominable Lechery, and little regard your presumptuous power and tyranny, therefore of malice you have kindled this fire, and set this matter abroach, and in especial for the great malice that you bear to my nephew the Emperor, whom I perfectly know you hate worse than a Scorpion, because he would not satisfy your ambition, and make you Pope by force, and therefore you have said more than once, that you would trouble him and his friends, and you have kept him true promise, for of all his wars and vexations he only may thank you, and as for me, his poor aunt and kinswoman, what trouble you put me to by this new found doubt God knoweth, to whom I commit my cause according to the truth.

The London citizens favoured the Queen's cause. They chanced to catch a glimpse of Catherine in a gallery at the Palace, and she was enthusiastically cheered. Discontent with the action of the Pope and King steadily grew. Henry, always keenly sensitive to the eddies of public opinion, found it advisable to explain himself. On Sunday, the 8th November, 1528, after noon, he summoned to Bridewell Palace

the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, the Privy Council, a body of Peers, and representatives of the commonalty, and to all this assembly then addressed himself—" both you of the nobility and you of the meaner sort." The skill of the speech will pass. Its honesty in the mouth of the man who had already raised Anne Boleyn to the Queen's place is more questionable.

He claimed that under his reign his subjects had enjoyed more quiet, more wealth, were held in more estimation, than under any of his noble predecessors. But Kings must die, and he had no male heir. They knew what mischief and manslaughter had befallen the realm in the struggle for succession between the houses of York and Lancaster. A fair daughter had blessed his union with Catherine ; but he was told by learned clerks that the Princess Mary was not his lawful daughter, nor the Queen his lawful wife, but that they lived in open adultery. When he had proposed the marriage of the Princess Mary with the Duke of Orleans, the councillors of the French King had questioned her legitimacy.

His conscience was touched. That this was his only cause Henry protested before God and on the word of a Prince—

> And as touching the Queen, if it be adjudged by the law of God that she is my lawful wife, there was never anything more pleasant nor more acceptable to me in my life, both for the discharge and clearing of my conscience, and also for the good qualities and conditions the which I know to be in her. For I assure you all that besides her noble parentage of which she is descended (as you all know) she is a woman of most gentleness, of most humility and buxomness, yea, and of all good qualities appertaining to nobility she is without comparison, as I this twenty years almost have had the true experiment, so that if I were to marry again, if the marriage might be good I would surely choose her above all women. But if it be determined by judgment that our marriage was against God's law and clearly void, then I shall not only sorrow the departing from so good a lady and loving companion, but much more lament and bewail my unfortunate chance that I have so long lived in adultery to God's great displeasure, and have no true heir of my body to inherit this realm.

The speech was well designed to serve its purpose, if hollow sounding ; but the Tudor ring came back when, dismissing the assembly, Henry warned them to be careful of forming hasty judgments of their Prince's actions, lest their heads should answer for the presumption of their tongues. The proudest among them should learn that he was their Sovereign.

The dramatic scene of the trial in the following year was

in the great hall of the Black Friars across the Fleet, where Catherine threw herself at the King's feet, and in the sight of all the people took God to judge that she had been a true and humble wife, ever conformable to her lord's will and pleasure, denied the competency of the tribunal, and, appealing to Rome, swept out of the Court, never again to appear before the Legates. The place of the trial can be very closely identified with the site of Apothecaries' Hall.

Henry, after the postponement of the divorce, never resided in Bridewell, though twice during progresses in 1531 he made a temporary stay there when returning or setting out. The Palace again fell into such neglect that Bishop Ridley in 1552, in his letter to Sir William Cecil which resulted in the foundation by King Edward the Sixth of the Royal Hospital, could refer to it as " a large wide empty house of the King's Majesty called Bridewell." The fall of Wolsey had thrown into the King's hands both York Place (Whitehall) and Hampton Court ; a mansion in Chancery Lane, also among the Cardinal's possessions, Henry valued but little, and this he granted to one John Pope.[1] But there is another reason, more substantial than the sentiment of unhappy association, to account for the fact that no British monarch ever after made use of this Royal Palace of Bridewell.

The Palace was within the City of London, and the Kings of England have never made their capital a permanent residence ; the Royal Palace in the Tower was rather a place of refuge in times of national broils. But there is more.

London was frequently ravaged by plague, and Bridewell, built upon the fetid Fleet River, stood where the infection was ever of the most virulent type. The banks and water were no more pure than when, two and a half centuries before, the friars were dying from the poisonous exhalations. Edward Knyghtley, a King's prisoner in the Fleet Gaol in the plague year of 1532, wrote to Cromwell, begging consideration for his sufferings, " and the plague with which Fleet Street is sore infected, to my no little danger. Move the King to have pity on me." The Inns of Court that year broke commons, and the serjeants-at-law and barristers, in great fear, went into the country. " Universally death is in London, and most about

[1] Letters and Papers Henry VIII, vol. 20 (pt. 1), 282 (9).

the Temple and Fleet Street," wrote one Hales on the 17th October ; and Sir Thomas Audley, Lord Keeper, ten days later, "The plague increases in London, especially about Fleet Street."[1]

It was the neighbourhood about Fleet Ditch that was first beyond the wall to be thickly peopled, and in the terribly insanitary conditions that were allowed gave the heaviest toll in human life in successive plague visitations.

A joyous occasion may fitly follow, for there are few such to recall : the year 1536, the 22nd December : London in the grip of a hard frost. You are to picture the Thames packed with ice, so that no boats, not even the Royal barge, could pass, snow covering up the red-tiled roofs of the Fleet Street houses, and a surging crowd of onlookers lining the narrow way. King Henry had determined to visit his Palace of Nonsuch at Greenwich, accompanied by his Queen, Jane Seymour, and the Princess Mary, and the Royal river being denied to him by a yet more absolute monarch, King Frost, he must needs go by road.

That morning Ralph Warren, Mayor of London, had presented himself to the Sovereign at Westminster for confirmation of his election, and King Henry, in high spirits, had been pleased to make him knight.

After the accolade the King and Queen and the Princess took horse at the Palace gate, attended by a goodly train of lords, ladies, and gentlemen, and set forth. Sir Ralph, who had gone before, met them at Temple Bar, and bore his mace in front of the King as the procession wound through the City, with all the aldermen in their order. The streets had been laid with gravel from Temple Bar to the Southwark exit of London Bridge, and richly hung with gold and arras. The four Orders of friars stood in Fleet Street in copes of gold embroidery, with crosses and candlesticks and censors, and they censed the King and Queen as their Majesties rode through the throng of cheering foot people.[2]

This was one of the last appearances of the friars in a welcome to the monarch who used them so harshly. But in passing to that great religious upheaval which is the chief event of the

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[1] Letters and Papers Henry VIII, vol. 5, Nos. 1368, 1444, 1450, 1476.
[2] Wriothesley's *Chronicle* (Camden Society), i, 59.

reign, there is one strong figure to recall. William Tyndale, the translator of the New Testament, was preacher at St. Dunstan's Church. His mind aflame with zeal, and filled with indignation at the ignorance and corruption of the priesthood, he came to London from Gloucestershire about July or August, **1523**. Disappointed in his hopes of a bishop's chaplaincy, he was glad to take this employment—the last, as events proved, he was to hold in his native land. In London he first came under the influence of Luther's views. His ardent preaching attracted the attention of Humphrey Monmouth, a wealthy alderman and cloth merchant, who took him into his own house for half a year, and there " he studied most part of the day and of the night, ate only sodden meat, drank small single beer, and never wore linen." Monmouth was afterwards sent to the Tower for giving exhibition to Tyndale, and for administering privy help to translate the Testament.

Tyndale's stay at St. Dunstan's was short. Finding the accomplishment of his translation impossible in England, he sailed for Hamburg in May, **1524**, and thereafter lived an exile, perishing at the stake at Vilvorde in **1536**. Froude has said of him, " his epitaph is the Reformation." On his departure Tyndale received £10 from Monmouth to pray for the souls of the donor's father and mother and for all Christian souls, and a further £10 from others. The piety of London citizens thus helped to forward the preparation and printing of the new English version of the Bible. When St. Dunstan's Church was rebuilt last century, occasion was taken to commemorate its association with Tyndale by placing a portrait in stone of the Reformer over the entrance porch.

Amid the thundering of religious controversy an occasional voice is to be heard. Robert Austin, a Carmelite friar, preached at St. Bride's Church on the 10th June, **1537**, and it was reported against him to the Council on many heads : (1) That he did not pray for grace ; (2) That he omitted the reverence due to his Prince and Supreme Head under God ; (3) That he did not preach against the usurped power of the Bishop of Rome ; (4) That he abused a preacher who had preached at St. Bride's on the gospel of the rich man and Lazarus for applying it to women ; and (5) he had denounced the same preacher for having called Our Lady " a maintainer of bawdry." When he left the pulpit, he was challenged by the informer upon what

authority he preached, and replied by the Bishop of London's authority.[1]

What measure of discipline overtook the revolting friar is not told. In 1543 an example was made of a hosier named Eton, an over-zealous Reformer, who had attired himself "in fonde fassyon" and strutted up and down St. Bride's Church while Mass was being celebrated, so creating a tumult. Clad just as he was, he was placed in the cage in Fleet Street, and there exhibited until nightfall, when he was removed to the compter, and detained until sureties were forthcoming to answer for his good behaviour.[2] Cages were first set up in 1503 by order of Sir William Capell, Lord Mayor, in every ward for the punishment of rogues and vagabonds.

The ecclesiastical policy of King Henry the Eighth brought to the ground the great establishment of the Dominican Order at Blackfriars and the smaller house of the Carmelites at Whitefriars. Its effects lie wholly outside my purpose except so far as the suppression of the religious houses altered the character, and, indeed, vastly altered the appearance, of the western suburb. Religious matters altogether apart, if anyone doubts the political necessity of the Reformation, let him glance at a map I have prepared, designed to show the extent of the property in Fleet Street owned by the religious Orders and the clergy at that time. It is no work of imagination. It is based mainly upon the confiscations of Henry the Eighth, and the subsequent grants by him to laymen of the lands which thus fell into the royal hands. All these grants are in the Public Record Office, and the references to them will mostly be found in subsequent pages up to the close building of the suburb under Elizabeth. I frankly confess that as the map became pieced together, I was not prepared for such a surprising result as is shown. The ecclesiastical holdings are coloured green.

The map does not exaggerate them; actually it understates them, because I have not been able to trace the extent of the St. Dunstan's glebe, which at the suppression belonged to the Prior and Convent of Alnwick in Northumberland;[3] and in the

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[1] Letters and Papers Henry VIII, vol. 12 (2), No. 65.
[2] W. W. Hutchings, *London Town*, i, 432.
[3] See Appendix.

FLEET STREET AT THE REFORMATION, 1538-40

Property belonging to the Religious Houses and the Clergy coloured green.

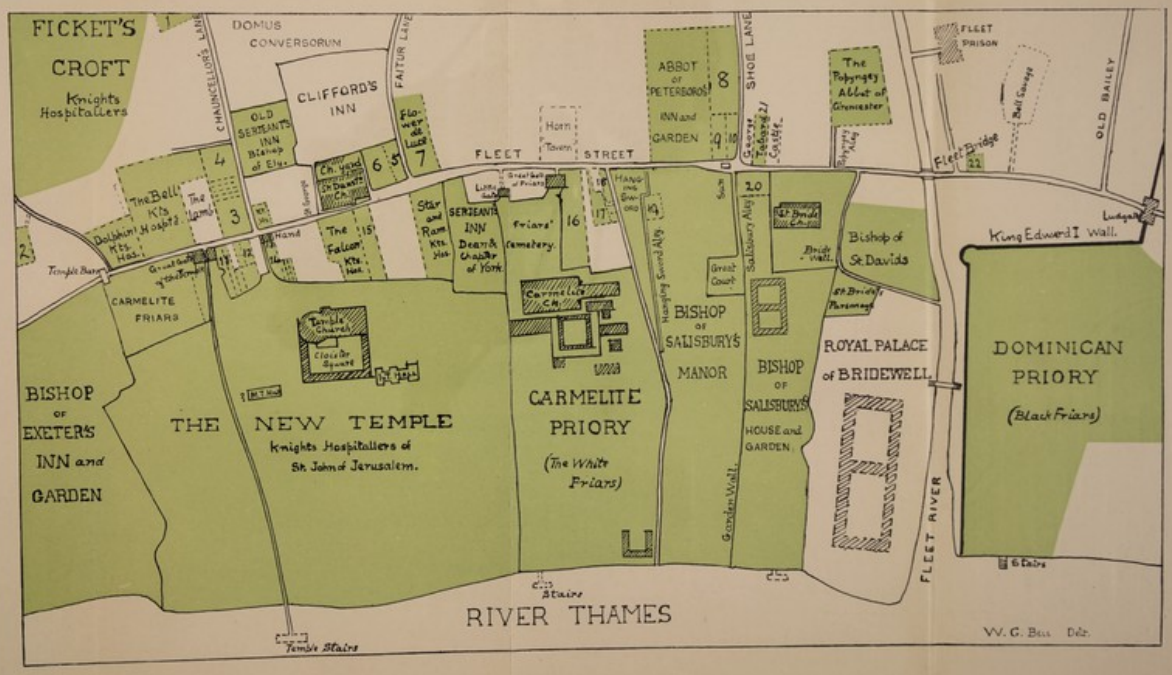
BASED MAINLY UPON THE SEIZURES OF KING HENRY VIII AT THE SUPPRESSION OF THE RELIGIOUS HOUSES.

Detail of the Carmelite Priory from Plan by Mr. A. W. Clapham

KEY TO SMALLER PROPERTIES INDICATED ON MAP BY NUMBERS.

1. Portion of Wolsey's forfeiture, granted to Knights Hospitallers in exchange for lands at Bridewell, and again seized.
2. Ship Inn, Knights Hospitallers.
3. St. Andrew's Cross and four houses adjoining, Knights Hospitallers.
4. Messuage east of The Bell, Knights Hospitallers.
5. St. Dunstan's parsonage.
6. Knights Hospitallers; grant to Thomas Bochier in fee.
7. Flower-de-Luce, Priory of St. Mary Overy.
8. Abbey of Vale Royal, Cheshire.
9. Priory of Ankerwyke.
10. Abbey of Garroden.
11. Two tenements next Middle Temple Gate on the east; two tenements; one tenement; two tenements, all property of Knights Hospitallers.
12. Queen's Head Tavern, and two tenements adjoining, Knights Hospitallers.
13. The Hande, at Inner Temple Gate, Knights Hospitallers.
14. A tenement east of the way to Inner Temple, Knights Hospitallers.
15. House adjoining the Falcon, Knights Hospitallers.
16. The Bolt-in-Tun, Carmelite Friars.
17. The Boar's Head, and two tenements adjoining, Carmelite Friars.
18. Cock and Key Tavern, Royston Priory, Herts.
19. The Crown.
20. Two tenements by gate of Salisbury Place, possessions of Godstone Abbey. Granted with two others in St. Bride's to Thomas Berthelet, the King's printer, in fee.
21. The Tabard. John Ulstrop's chantry (1432) in St. Bride's Church.
22. Rose Tavern.

Other properties within the area of the map belonged to the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem; Priory of Alnwick, Northumberland; Priory of St. Mary Overy, Southwark; Rochester Priory; College of Acon; St. Mary Grace Monastery near the Tower; and the Abbey of Godstone. The sites of these cannot be identified, and they are not included.



thin line of houses left to lay ownership there were in addition to many unmarked, others from which the rents had been charged in part by pious citizens for the endowment of chantreys, church repairs, and like uses, and these profits are not indicated. There are great difficulties in reconstructing in detail the topography of the suburb so early as Henry the Eighth. Few cases are so simple as, for example, the Star and the Ram (where afterwards Ram Alley ran). The boundaries given in Henry's grant of this property to Robert Harrys, are the highway on the north, the garden of the New Temple on the south, the inn called " Le Sergeantes Inne " on the east, and the messuage of Henry Dakers on the west.

Three sides are here definitely indicated ; but it is different where a property is bounded on three sides by the tenements of A B and C, with no guidance save " the highway " north or south. A B and C having gone to dust, and the exact situation of their dwellings being long since forgotten, I have been compelled to leave houses so designated out of the map, not for want of proof of ecclesiastical ownership, but from ignorance of the sites.

I have striven in an earlier chapter to show how largely the land was monopolised by the religious. In Edward the Second's reign complaint was made that they held land one-third of the rental of the City. At the Reformation their holding in the particular area of the suburb mapped, extending from Fleet Street to the Thames and fifty yards north of the street, amounted to almost four-fifths of the whole. The development of London's western suburb into a closely built town area after the religious had been driven out is traced in detail in a subsequent chapter. At this halting stage the point to be made is that with Henry the Eighth came the first great cleavage with the past—its mediæval and ecclesiastical tradition. The second was the Great Fire.

In 1538-40 fell the violent dissolution of the larger religious houses, and in the next succeeding years London was so changed in appearance as to excite the astonishment of all visitors. " The city is much disfigured by the multitude of churches and monasteries belonging hitherto to friars and nuns," wrote Soranzo in 1554 to the Venetian Senate. Ruins of magnificent churches, dismantled piecemeal and carted away

for the stone, walls standing tottering and roofless, and piles of débris raised high where had been structures rightly appreciated as among the architectural glories of their time—these were the mute memorials of a state of things that had been and was never to return. Happily Henry's destroying hand spared one of the most distinguished of London's historical monuments. The church built by the Knights Templars in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries stands to-day unharmed.

The Temple belonged to the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, who maintained the priests and conducted the services in the church, leasing the lay buildings to the Inns of the Inner and Middle Temple. In the general upheaval the legal Inns were accepted as Crown lessees, paying their rent thenceforth into the Royal Treasury, and they jointly took over the charge of the church. Although their possessions were confiscated, there are various indications that the Knights Hospitallers had more generous treatment than others of the suppressed religious Orders. The Master of the Temple, four chaplains, and a clerk, were allowed to hold their houses for life, and were receiving their salaries from the Augmentation funds, £18 13s. 4d. for the half-year, when Henry died.[1]

Queen Mary restored the Knights Hospitallers for a few brief years, but apart from these, the lawyers were confirmed in quiet occupation. They ascertained in time that King James the First was negotiating a sale, and by a gift to that impecunious monarch of "a stately cup of pure gold, weighing 200 ounces," filled with gold coins, obtained from him a grant of the Temple, together with the church, in fee farm for ever at the old rental (£10 for each Inn).[2] Those concerned in property values to-day will learn with interest that the total sum paid to Charles the Second by the two Inns for the reversion at Queen Catherine's death was £160—this and no more

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[1] Letters and Papers Henry VIII, vol. 16, 745, f 40.

[2] Bellot, *The Inner and Middle Temple*, p. 25. Dr. Bellot says the cup, which was curiously engraven with "a church or Temple, beautified with turrets and pinnacles," in relief on one side, and an altar on the other, was "esteemed by James for one of his royalist and most richest jewels." Its cost was £666 13s. 4d., or in our money about £3,500. In 1625 it was pawned by Charles the First when in difficulties with his first Parliament, together with other plate, with an Amsterdam merchant, and has never reappeared.

for all the wide acreage of the Temple from Fleet Street to the Thames, its courts, and cloisters, and gardens.

The friars were crushed relentlessly, the Carmelites with the rest. George Burnham, prior of their house in Fleet Street in 1534, had been in almost indecent haste to give obedience to Henry, admit the lawfulness of his marriage with Anne Boleyn, and acknowledge him Supreme Head of the Church.[1] John Bird, last Provincial of the Carmelites in England, had taken opportunity to find favour with the Sovereign by zealously preaching against the Papal pretensions. His reward was the bishopric of Bangor. When Queen Mary ascended the Throne he had been translated Bishop of Chester, and being found married, was promptly ejected; he died in obscurity in 1558. Few others gained by the change.

There is a luminous passage in Wriothesley's *Chronicle*: 'This year (1541) at the King's going his progress, he granted, to the citizens of London three churches of the Friars in London, the White, the Black, and the Grey." The interpretation of the words is doubtful, but of the effect there is no doubt. The Carmelite church, the pointed spire of which had been one of the conspicuous landmarks of mediæval Fleet Street, rising high above the houses, was in a few years razed level with the ground. It had been destroyed by 1545.[2] So thoroughly was the work performed that for centuries after even the exact site was unknown.

I can imagine the reader's difficulty in realising how a great church, with tower and spire, and nave and side-chapels stored with monuments of the dead, can have disappeared like a spectre. This was not an insignificant church. John of Northampton, as told in an earlier chapter, had marched there with 500 followers in 1384 to hear a Mass. But go yourself to St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield. A broad path, taking many steps to traverse, leads to the door. To the left is a burial ground, the gravestones overgrown with moss. All is open to the sky. The great nave of the monastic church stretched across all this wide space and more, the fragment of the church now in use for worship, large as it is, being merely the choir and lady-chapel. Of all the piles of

[1] Rymer's *Foedera*, xiv, 487.
[2] *Monumenta Francisana* (Rolls Series), ii, 209.

masonry that went to the making of the vast nave and towers of St. Bartholomew the Great, tons heaped upon tons, only a small arch of the western door, used as a gateway, and a few stones of the southern wall remain above ground.

About the Carmelite church were clustered the various houses of the White Friars. They fell into the King's gift, and Henry dispersed them with Royal munificence amongst those persons who happened at the time to enjoy his favour. Sir William Butts, the Royal physician, gained most by the friars' dispossession. He received by grant the chapter-house, the Prior's lodging, the sextry, the choir first built (" the Olde Quere ") two parts of the friars' dormitory, and the woodyard. For all these the modest rent was required of him of two shillings.[1] He was the Dr. Butts of Shakespeare's play, a man justly eminent in his profession. The King and his Queens, Anne Boleyn and Jane Seymour, the Princess (afterwards Queen) Mary, Henry FitzRoy, the King's natural son, Cardinal Wolsey, the Duke of Norfolk, Sir Thomas Lovell, George Boleyn, and Lord Rochford are known to have been his patients.[2] His portrait appears in Holbein's picture in Barber-Surgeon's Hall of King Henry the Eighth delivering their charter to the Barber-Surgeons.

Dr. Butts died in November, 1545, and Edward the Sixth, in the first year of his reign, granted his house in the Whitefriars, with the whole church [? site] belonging to the Priory, and appurtenances, to the Bishop of Worcester and his successors in pure and perpetual alms.[3]

The friars' library, fratry, kitchen, and some other buildings, with the convent garden, were granted by King Henry the Eighth in fee to Richard Morrison, the King's armourer, who acquired much other ecclesiastical property in Worcester, Yorks, Warwickshire, and elsewhere. The provincial's lodging was the reward of Sir Richard Page, a King's servant; the friars' brewhouse went to Erasmus Crykener and his wife.[4] Lands and buildings yet remained with which Henry could be generous, as in 1545 that monarch granted a messuage and

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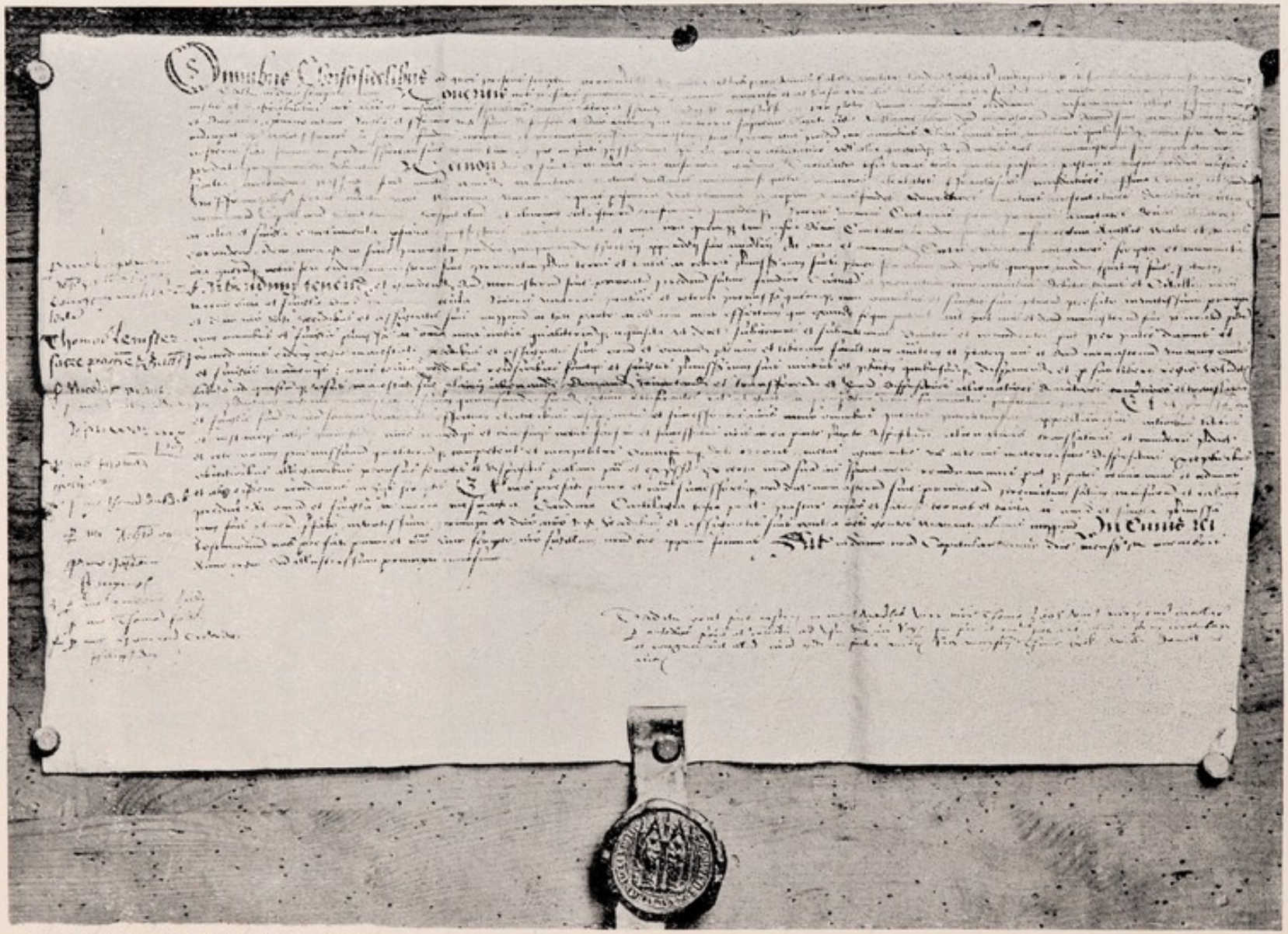
[1] Letters and Papers Henry VIII, vol. 15, No. 942 (105).
[2] *Dict. National Biography*, Sir William Butts.
[3] Patent Roll, 1st Edward VI.
[4] Letters and Papers Henry VIII, vol. 14, No. 678 (24); p. 717, f. 37, b.; No. 878 (3).



Photograph by Half-Tone Engraving Co.

SURRENDER OF THE CARMELITE PRIORY IN FLEET STREET AND OTHER POSSESSIONS OF THE ORDER TO HENRY VIII

chamber, with appurtenances, and the house and buildings under the premises, and two gardens and two stables, late portions of the White Friars' settlement, to Lord De-la-Warr, and one messuage and tenement to Thomas Bochier.[1] At Temple Bar, where afterwards stood the Marigold, and to-day Child's Bank, the Carmelites possessed a small estate separated from Whitefriars. This Henry the Eighth granted by Letters Patent in 1542 to Sir John Nash, one of the pages of his chamber, and Alice his wife.[2] Four separate tenements in St. Dunstan's parish belonging to the friars were given to John Gylmen, Serjeant of the Woodyard, for life; and The Black Swan inn, another Carmelite possession in Fleet Street, went to Alexander Hudson.[3]

Sir John Cheeke, tutor to Edward the Sixth, afterwards his Secretary of State, had a house in Whitefriars. Some of the old priory buildings long survived in varying stages of dilapidation, and gave shelter to the refugees in Alsatia. The refectory served a lay purpose when used for the staging of Elizabethan plays. The Great Fire of London swept over the dismantled settlement, destroying its last vestiges above ground.

The Carmelite Priory at Whitefriars was surrendered to the King on the 10th November, 1538, and its value (over which Stow and Dugdale differ) may be gathered from this entry in the Ministers' Accounts, 31st and 32nd Henry the Eighth—

HOUSE OF FRIERS CARMELITE

	£	s.	d.
Lands, Tenements, and Gardens, in Fleet Street, in the parish of St. Dunstan..	29	10	0
Tenements and Gardens within the site of the House	50	0	8
Obits and Anniversaries		6	8
	£79	17	4

Among the lands and tenements, are mentioned "le borys hede" and a tenement for brewing called "le Bolte & tunne," both of which have left their names surviving in Fleet Street alleys. The total sum is not large, but money possessed

[1] Patent Roll, 36th Henry VIII.

[2] *Inq. post mortem*, City of London (British Record Society), pt. 2, pp. 87-90.

[3] Letters and Papers Henry VIII, vol. 16, No. 678 (24); vol. 19, No. 1035 (15).

many times its present value. John Gybbys, the last Prior, received a pension of £10, but there is nothing in the Augmentation books to show that provision of any sort was made for the humbler friars then driven out of their old home.

The deed of surrender is in the vast collection of State documents at the Public Record Office, attached being a seal in fine state of preservation. The document bears the signatures of bachelor John Gybbys, prior, Thomas Lemster, "sacre pagine bach," and eleven friars, whose names, as the last of their race in England (though the Order has been revived) I append—

John Gybbys.
Thomas Lemster.
Nicholas Prane.
Willm. Adrews.
John Wormyton.
Thomas Hellyer.
Thomas Dubdik.
John Eglesto.
Johem Symyng.
Guidone Lilly.
Thoma Foden.
Henricu Crowder.
Philipp Day.

There was no statute to effect the dispossession of the provincial bishops' town houses, but it followed as a natural corollary, in some cases rapidly, in others at a longer interval. Lambeth Palace to this day is the metropolitan seat of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Bishop of Ely had a town house at No. 37, Dover Street, Piccadilly, among the clubs (a substitute forced upon a predecessor by a hard bargain for his magnificent pleasance in Ely Place, Holborn) until the year 1907, when the Ecclesiastical Commissioners authorised Dean Chase to sell it for cash. In Fleet Street a part of the site of the Abbot of Peterborough's inn continued to be ecclesiastical property down to 1862.

The Reformation had not proceeded far, however, before the bishops' establishments in London were broken up, and the buildings converted to other uses. The prelates lived permanently in their sees. This, and the destruction of the priories, made the great change brought about in the suburb in King Henry the Eighth's reign; it altered entirely the character which Fleet Street had possessed throughout the Middle Ages, when the houses of the churchmen, with their gardens and orchards behind enclosing walls, elbowed the citizens away. Henry the Eighth littered the suburb with ruins. A period of compact building set in only with Elizabeth,

but with the departure of the ecclesiastics Fleet Street became a place for residence and commerce; and to-day commerce alone remains.

Salisbury House had pre-eminence among the bishops' inns within the City's liberties by reason of its extensive buildings, its large area of ground, and its water frontage—the last a valued amenity when the Thames was the chief route of communication. This use of the river is recalled by an epigram written long after of Sherlock, a Master of the Temple, who became Bishop of London at a time when both London and Canterbury happened to fall vacant—

> At the Temple one day Sherlock taking a boat,
> The waterman asked him, "Which way will you float?"
> "Which way?" says the Doctor, "Why, fool, with the stream!"
> To St. Paul's or to Lambeth was all one to him.

Enjoying these advantages, Salisbury House, the site of which is now covered by St. Bride's Passage, Salisbury Square, and adjoining streets, was often borrowed by Sovereigns of the Middle Ages for the accommodation of visiting princes and ambassadors. Queen Mary followed their example. Corier, one of the ambassadors sent early in 1554 to negotiate her Majesty's marriage with Philip of Spain, was lodged there with Philip Negri, the Chancellor, and had "great feasting of the Queen and lords."[1] To each of the Royal guests the City sent presents of wax torches, flour, and every kind of meat, game, and poultry. Elizabeth housed the French Ambassador at Salisbury House. Its subsequent record belongs to a later period, and as the town residence of the Earls of Dorset it survived until the Great Fire of London, when it was burnt down, and not rebuilt; but it will be convenient to dispose of all the bishops' residences here.

Early in Elizabeth's reign, Salisbury House passed from the possession of John Jewel, Bishop of Salisbury, to Sir Richard Sackville, father of the first Earl of Dorset. By what means it would be curious to know. Judging from Elizabeth's rough handling of the Bishop of Ely when she required his inn and rose-garden at Ely Place, Holborn, for her dancing Chancellor, Sir Richard Hatton, it was anything but regular—even though the oft-told story of her threat to Ely, "Proud prelate, if you

[1] Wriothesley's *Chronicle* (Camden Society), ii, 105.

do not immediately comply with my request, by God ! I will unfrock you ! " be based upon a forgery. Elizabeth " committed the use "—a tender euphuism—of Durham House, Strand, the waterside residence of the Bishop of that diocese, to another favourite, Sir Walter Raleigh. We know that the See of Salisbury was profoundly dissatisfied with its bargain, by which was received in exchange land near Cricklade, in Wilts, the title not being good, nor did its value answer the promise. Sackville's tenure was admittedly bad, and there is in the State Papers of 1611 a confirmation to his successor of the grant of the property off Fleet Street on his compounding for defective title.

The document of transfer I had small hope of seeing, when by a lucky chance it came my way. A transcript copy was placed at my disposal by Mr. Aleck Abrahams, a great collector of manuscripts and books about the Fleet Street area of London, from whose stores readers of *Notes and Queries* have often profited. I have a healthy prejudice towards honesty, but admit feeling glad when, after I have used his library, he has himself attended me to the door. The transcript in his possession is written in a neat Elizabethan legal hand, and bears internal evidence of near contemporary date. It makes clear so much that is otherwise confused, that in view of its importance to London topography I have printed the document in an appendix.

It shows that the sum paid by Sackville was £641 5s. 10½d. A wall enclosed the fine house and gardens, stretching from the existing line of Salisbury Court south to the Thames, but the bishop's manor, which also passed in the transfer, contained much else ; shops and tenements in and about Fleet Street extending from St. Bride's church to Water Lane (Whitefriars Street) to the number of twenty-eight ; four shops in St. Bride's churchyard ; eighteen houses in Salisbury Court, and three others in the " Great Court " ; wharves by the river ; the great house known as The Hanging Sword at the Water Lane corner of Fleet Street, and twenty-four houses about Hanging Sword Alley—in short the whole of the land lying between Bridewell and Water Lane from Fleet Street to the Thames, and that part outside the bishop's garden wall well covered with houses, gardens, and orchards. It is interesting, and so far as publication is concerned, entirely new, to find

Hanging Sword Alley in existence so early as **1564**, the bargain having taken place in the sixth year of Elizabeth. The arrangement made was a tripartite one, Sir Richard Sackville paying to Elizabeth's Exchequer the sum of £641 5s. 10½d., the Queen on her part undertaking to grant under the Great Seal to the Bishop of Salisbury the lands in Wiltshire, part of which had been parcel of a lately dissolved monastery, and jointure of Henry's divorced Queen Catherine, and the bishop covenanting to convey his London house and manor to Sir Richard Sackville.

Already Sir Richard was in occupancy of the bishop's residence, and filled public office as Under-Treasurer, so was well placed for a " squeeze."

The first Earl of Dorset—builder of the beautiful Elizabethan home of the Sackvilles at Knole, Kent—enlarged the bishop's mansion with stately buildings (Stow) befitting the town residence of one of the wealthiest families of that day ; all, unfortunately, destined to be consumed in the flames of **1666**. It became first Sackville House, and then, when the earldom was conferred in **1603**, Dorset House, by which name it is best known. Later, such was its extent, it appears to have been divided into Great and Little Dorset House.

For a full century the noble family of Sackville maintained this close association with Fleet Street. They bred a fine race of men, two of the earls born in this house, and the part they played in the nation's affairs in times of political turmoil and open strife mark them as the street's most distinguished residents. Sir Richard Sackville, founder of the family, was a cousin of Queen Anne Boleyn, and a statesman under Edward the Sixth, Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth. A bitter jest upon his name—" Fill-sack "—tells of his gift of making much of opportunities. Thomas Sackville, his only son, created Baron Buckhurst and late in life, Earl of Dorset, Lord Treasurer and Lord High Steward of England, might stand for a type of Elizabeth's best noblemen; brave, upright, chivalrous, a polished courtier, owning a pleasant gift in verse—this last a family gift, for three of the earls were poets. He sat in Elizabeth's first Parliament ; he walked in her funeral procession ; and his public services cover the entire length of the incomparable reign.

As Ambassador, on which mission he was frequently employed, Lord Buckhurst had suffered the Queen's frowns as

well as merited her grace. Once, indeed, making him a scapegoat, Elizabeth rated him soundly for too closely following her instructions as Envoy to the States-General, when changed conditions made their performance inadvisable. She expressed scorn of his shallow judgment, which had spoiled the cause, impaired her honour, and shamed himself. When he returned to London the imperious Queen directed him to confine himself to Sackville House, where during a nine months' incarceration he obeyed her command so faithfully that he declined even to see his wife and children. It was Buckhurst, the ever faithful servant in fortune or adversity, who was sent to Fotheringay to announce to Mary Queen of Scots the sentence of death, a painful duty which he performed as considerately as was possible. The unhappy Queen presented him with a wood carving of the procession to Calvary, which is still preserved at Knole.

His best-known contribution to literature is " A Mirror for Magistrates," a curious poem describing a descent into Hades, wherein the poet has converse with the heroic ghosts of English history. He wrote for it an " Induction," or preface, and a " Complaint of the Duke of Buckingham " (Henry Stafford, who recites his tragic story), leaving others to finish the work. The " Complaint " contains a passage of extraordinary virility depicting extreme old age—

> And next in order sad, Old Age we found ;
> His beard all hoar, his eyes hollow and blind ;
> With drooping cheer still poring on the ground,
> As on the place where Nature him assigned
> To rest, when that the sisters had untwined
> His vital thread, and ended with their knife
> The fleeting course of fast declining life.
> Crooked-back'd he was, tooth shaken, and blear-eyed,
> Went on three feet, and sometimes crept on four,
> With old lame bones, that rattled by his side ;
> His scalp all pil'd, and he with eld forebore,
> His wither'd fist still knocking at death's door ;
> Fumbling and drivelling, as he draws his breath ;
> For brief, the shape and messenger of death.

Sir Sidney Lee says that Sackville's contributions give the volumes almost all their literary value. In dignified, forcible, and melodious expression his " Induction " has no rival among the poems issued between Chaucer's " Canterbury Tales " and Spenser's " Faërie Queene." Spenser acknowledged a

large indebtedness to the "Induction," and he prefixed a sonnet to the "Faërie Queene" (1590) commending the author—

> Whose learned Muse hath writ her own record
> In golden verse, worthy immortal fame.[1]

Literary remembrance is also assured by the earl's share in *Gordobuc*, the first English tragedy in blank verse, which was acted in Inner Temple Hall on Twelfth Night, 1560-61. He died at the Council table at Whitehall on the 19th April, 1608, and the body was taken to Dorset House, Fleet Street, before conveyance in state to Westminster Abbey, and burial at Withyham, the family seat in Sussex. His bowels were interred in old St. Bride's Church.[2]

Robert, second Earl of Dorset, "a man of singular learning and many sciences and languages, Greek and Latin being as familiar to him as his own natural tongue," survived his father less than a year, dying in Dorset House on the 27th February, 1609. He was succeeded by Richard, third Earl of Dorset, who is chiefly remembered by the profligacy with which he squandered the fortunes of his house. "His debts are £60,000, so that he does not leave much," wrote Chamberlain to Sir Dudley Carleton at his death, and his executors had to appeal to the Council for protection against the creditors until they could dispose of the encumbered lands.[3] Lord Herbert of Cherbury records an incident which shows the earl in a more favourable light—

> Richard Earl of Dorset, to whom otherwise I was a stranger, one day (about 1616) invited me to Dorset House, where, bringing me into his gallery, and showing me many pictures, he at last brought me to a frame covered with green taffeta, and asked me who I thought was there, and therewithal presently withdrawing the curtain, showed me my own picture.

Edward Sackville, the fourth earl, a brother of the spendthrift, inherited the diminished estates with the title in 1624. Happily he was a man more of the stamp of his forefathers, but his devotion to the Royalist cause in the Civil War robbed him of much of the benefit that otherwise should have accrued from economy and good management.

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[1] *Dict. National Biography:* Thomas Sackville, first Earl of Dorset.
[2] St. Bride's Burial Register, 1608, April 20.
[3] State Papers (Domestic), 1624. March 30 and 31, Apr. 10.

He was at Edgehill in charge of the young Princes, one of whom, shortly before becoming King James the Second, told a creditable story of the warrior. "The old Earl of Dorset at Edgehill, being commanded by the King, my father, to go and carry the Prince and myself up the hill out of the battle, refused to do it, and said he would not be thought a coward for ever a king's son in Christendom." Loyal to the core, and ill-treated by either side—"assessed" for King Charles and fined by the Parliament—his loyalty did not prevent him protesting repeatedly against the continuance of the war. He was with Charles at Oxford, and signed the capitulation of that city in 1646. His wife, the daughter and heiress of Sir George Curzon of Croxhall, Derbyshire, had earlier been governess to the Royal children—two of her pupils became Kings of England—and for her services was allowed Knole House and Dorset House, and a pension of £600 a year. After King Charles's execution, the Earl is said never to have left his house in Salisbury Court, Fleet Street. There he died on the 17th July, 1652.[1] Vandyke's portrait of him is at Knole.

Richard Sackville, his son, and fifth Earl of Dorset, was born at Dorset House in 1622. A poet of small parts, and in early manhood when the Civil War broke out, he was both imprisoned and fined by the Parliament, but received honours from the returned King on the Restoration. In his time Dorset House was consumed in the Great Fire of London, and no Earl of Dorset has since resided in Fleet Street; the succession of the line through the Dukes of Dorset to the present Lord Sackville of Knole may be traced in Burke. So many other persons of note were lodged in Dorset House that it would appear that its noble owners either let the place for periods, or were content themselves with occupying but a portion of the spacious buildings.

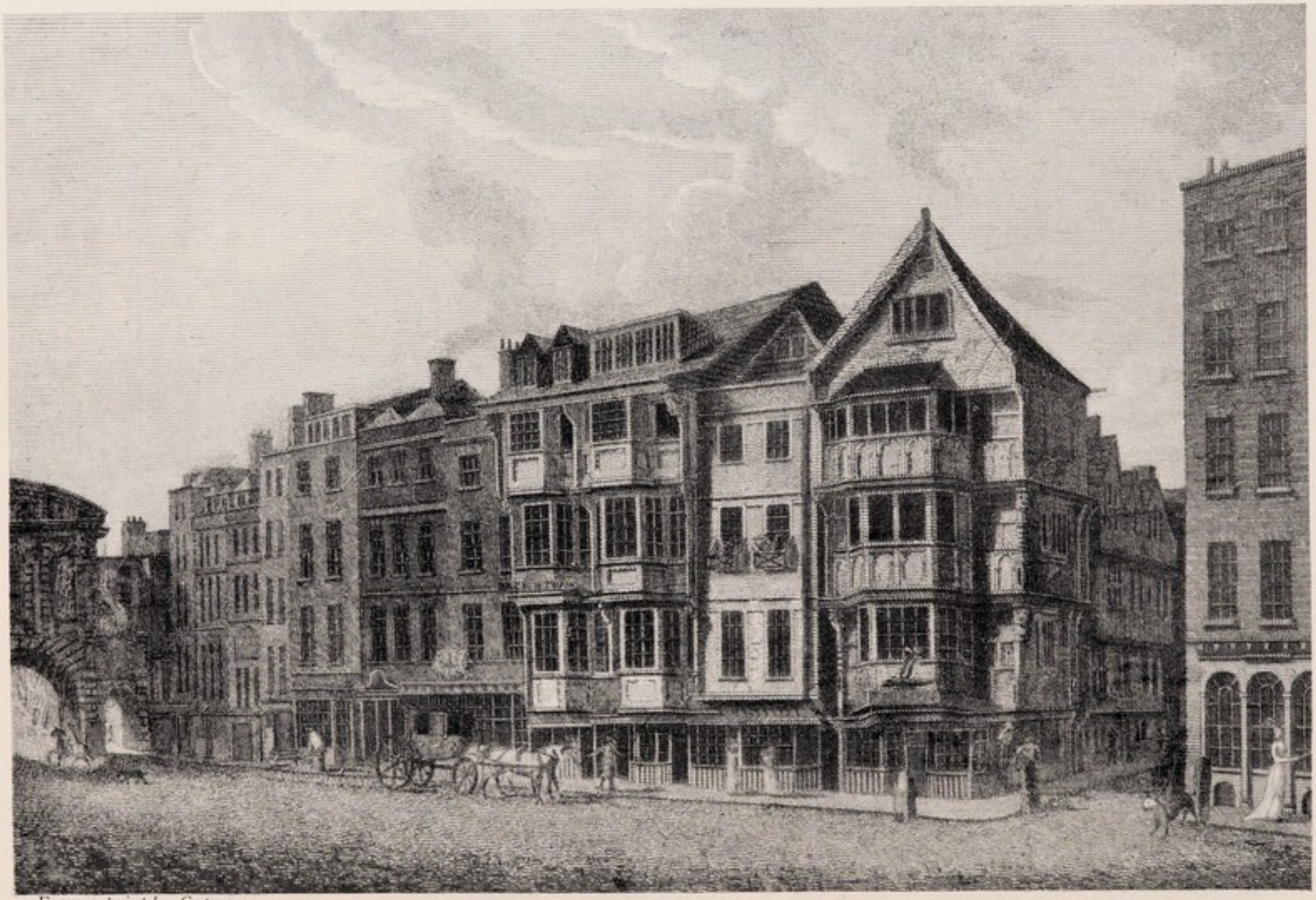
Lord Rich engaged in an affray in Fleet Street with Mr. Edmund Wyndham in 1579. Wyndham, being nearly overpowered by his assailant, found refuge in the house of the French Ambassador in Salisbury Court. Bacon, Lord Keeper before his disgrace, removed there in April, 1617, and a month later, 8th May, the State Papers contain a letter by him to the favourite Buckingham addressed from "Dorset House,

[1] *Dict. National Biography*, Edward Sackville, fourth Earl of Dorset.



From the portrait by Vandyke at Knole

EDWARD SACKVILLE, FOURTH EARL OF DORSET



From a print by Capon

OLD HOUSES NEAR TEMPLE BAR

which puts me in mind to thank your lordship for your care of me touching York House." Algernon, Earl of Northumberland, Admiral and General of the Fleet, addressed his orders for the Naval Expedition of 1637 from Dorset House, and his Countess died there.

The Commonwealth, no friend of the Earls of Dorset, accommodated the Spanish Ambassador at their town house in 1650. Five years later the Swedish Ambassador became the guest. The loyal Marquis of Newcastle occupied a part of the mansion at the Restoration. So recently as the 19th July, 1909, the last association of the Sackville family with the property they had enjoyed for nearly four centuries was severed by the sale at the Mart of fourteen lots of freehold ground rents, being the remaining balance of the estate.

Seen from the street or from the river, this was the largest and most convenient of the old bishops' inns in the suburb that fell to other uses under the ecclesiastical repression of Tudor Sovereigns; but there were more. Shoe Lane possessed Bangor House, the seat of the bishops of that diocese, the origin of which has been dealt with earlier. It was confiscated during the Parliamentary regime, and sold by the trustees for the sale of bishops' lands in 1647 to Sir John Barkstead, Knight. The place had fallen into great decay, being then " both dangerous and noisome to the passengers and inhabitants near adjoining "—this is the Commons' account in their own Journal—and Sir John, undertaking to pay to the Lord Protector one year's full and improved rent of all the buildings he erected, obtained liberty to build thereon such houses as he might think fit at the close of the then existing lease. Cromwell's Act of 1657 to check the increase of London contained a special exemption in his favour. But the knight did not build, and at the Restoration the bishop received back his own.

Bangor House was never again used as an episcopal residence. Dr. Dolben, sometime vicar of Hackney, was the last Bishop of Bangor to reside on the spot, and died there in 1633, being buried at Hackney. The ground was leased out and some inferior dwellings raised upon it, the only relics of its former state surviving in the middle eighteenth century being a rookery and a garden planted with lime trees. The mansion itself had been divided into tenements, then occupied by

between two and three hundred persons of the lowest class. An octangular bay-window, or projection of the building, of two storeys filled with casements, was almost all that was left of the ancient structure in 1805.[1] In that year an engraving was published of this surviving fragment.

The Bishop of Bangor obtained an Act of Parliament in 1826, enabling him to sell the house to the parish of St. Andrew, Holborn, and within two years every vestige of it had been removed. Bangor Court, which led to the prelate's inn, has gone the same way.

Occupying the corner site of Fleet Street over against Bridewell, where now is Ludgate Circus, was the Bishop of St. Davids' inn. It was granted in the reign of the young King Edward the Sixth in fee farm for a mark rent to Dr. Huick,[2] a physician of eminence, who afterwards lived there. The Bishop of Chichester's hostel in Chancery Lane, as already explained, had earlier become Lincoln's Inn. The Abbot of Peterborough's house, the Popinjay, and other ecclesiastical possessions in Fleet Street, are dealt with in other chapters.

Long familiarity with a favourite song has made the Vicar of Bray an accepted type of the trimming churchman. I fancy a better may be found without going beyond the Temple. Dr. William Ermested was Master of the Temple in Henry the Eighth's reign, a priest under the Prior of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, subject to the supremacy of the Pope. The Reformation came, and he accepted the altered conditions, acknowledged the Sovereign as Head of the Church, and continued Master of the Temple. Edward the Sixth introduced new changes into the Articles of Religion, and Ermested was able to comply. Most remarkable of all, when Mary became Queen, restoring the Hospitallers and the Roman Catholic faith and ritual, Ermested returned to his earlier views, and remained in office, and apparently in favour. He was still Master of the Temple. Finally, under Elizabeth, Dr. Ermested was equal to a fourth accommodation, and he died in 1560 a Protestant pastor admitting the supremacy of the Crown in matters religious, Master of the Temple to the last.

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[1] Wilkinson's *Londina*.

[2] Strype, *Survey*.

The puzzle of this elastic conscience I do not attempt to unravel, but it has been suggested that while necessarily there were modifications in the services of the Temple Church, probably nowhere in London did the Reformation cause less interference with established custom. I come in a new chapter to a churchman of a much different stamp.

CHAPTER X

THE MARTYRED VICAR OF ST. BRIDE'S

> And they both passed through the fire to the blessed rest and peace among God's holy saints and martyrs, to enjoy the crown of triumph and victory prepared for the elect soldiers and warriors of Christ Jesus in his blessed kingdom. To whom be glory and majesty for Ever. Amen!—Foxe, *Burning of John Cardmaker and John Warne.*

Far down on the roll of vicars of St. Bride's, Fleet Street, back to the reign of Edward the Sixth, will be found the name of John Cardmaker. High preferment fell to him; he was lecturer at St. Paul's, and Prebendary and Chancellor of Wells; but the glory that enshrines his memory belongs to his last moments, when he fell a victim to the Marian persecution. But for the tragedy of his end, the man would have been imperfectly understood. The only portrait that could have been drawn of him would be false, and almost of necessity the church of that Reformed Faith for which he gave his life must have done him less than justice. The truth flashes up in the flame which played about the martyr chained to the stake in Smithfield.

It is a curious experience to read Foxe's martyrology. Strange emotions arise. What manner of men were those who went unflinchingly to death in its most awful form, having eliminated by faith every human frailty? I confess that, though admiration is enforced, to myself there is something uncanny about them, something that causes one to shudder and draw away, unworthy though such a feeling may be. In the noble army of martyrs were many persons ignorant and unlettered—a harassed woman, at times a mere lad. In determination these were no whit less brave than scholars and divines whose lives had been spent in teaching the doctrines for which at last they made the great sacrifice. But often, until braced for the final ordeal, the narrative shows that human weakness is threaded amid the strands that make the stoutest courage, and I like the character of John Cardmaker not less, but more, for the evident humanity of the man.

He was Devonshire born, a native of Exeter. Of his parentage I can find nothing; I cannot even explain the name.

Known commonly as John Cardmaker, he bore the alternative name of John Taylor, whatever the purpose of the alias may have been ; and as Taylor Bishop Bonner addressed him in his accusation. Both Oxford and Cambridge claim him as a son, for he studied at the two universities, leaving them with the reputation of a sound scholar and controversialist. The Roman Church was as yet unshaken in England. Cardmaker had taken the vows of an Observant Friar. It is known that in 1532 he supplicated the University of Oxford that he might proceed to the degree of bachelor of divinity, but whether admitted does not appear. Perhaps his freedom of opinion on points of doctrine held by the Church to be most sacred and essential had already been in evidence. We hear of him with the Crutched Friars early in 1536, when Hilsey, Bishop of Rochester, visited their priory in London, forbade certain of them to hear confession, " and set Cardmaker and oder in their places." [1]

The storm burst. Then, after a spell, came the forcible dissolution of the religious houses by Henry the Eighth, with exhibitions of brutality well calculated to have excited the pitying sympathy even of those who rejected the ancient faith : priors hanged at their gates, nuns and monks turned adrift, and monastic buildings that had been the pride of the city reduced to mere heaps of stones, soon to be carted away. London was littered with ruins that the supremacy of Rome in the religious affairs of England might be overthrown. Soon after this, John Cardmaker, whose Order had been suppressed with the rest—had, indeed, been the object of severe persecution—came forward as one of the most active propagandists of the new scheme of things.

The change of front is not a little startling. The man who had accepted the strict Franciscan rule lapsed into worldliness. The friar, sworn to celibacy, took a widow as his bride, and the birth of a daughter followed the union. He who had vowed obedience became notorious for his denial of the power and pretensions of the Pope. It was true, he confessed to Bonner, " that he, being under age, did profess the Order of Saint Francis." That reply savours more of the world than of the Church.

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[1] Letters and Papers Henry VIII, vol. 10, No. 462.

The biographer of John Cardmaker is under no need to question the sincerity of his convictions. No action of his conveys a suggestion that he was insincere. He must have been still a young man when the upheaval came, with a mind susceptible to the doubts that he now heard openly expressed as to the truth of those doctrines which for centuries past had been accepted with unquestioning belief. It was his lot to be thrown into a time of the acutest passion and controversy, and he upheld the cause of the Reformed Church with all the vigour at his command; often, no doubt, with language displaying a coarseness that happily is now unknown in the pulpit.

Cardmaker was admitted Vicar of St. Bride's on the 21st November, 1543, when Henry the Eighth still reigned. But little is known of him until Edward the Sixth ascended the throne in 1547, in which year Cardmaker became lecturer at St. Paul's. The parish church in which he preached was consumed in the Great Fire of London, and of his parochial ministrations neither record nor tradition survives. That is not to be wondered at after three and a half centuries have passed; the parishes are few indeed which possess more than the names of those who held the cure in the distant reign of Edward the Sixth.

Cardmaker was one of three special preachers chosen to conduct services at the St. Mary Spital when the altered Prayer Book created some religious discontent.[1]

Almost all of his preserved sayings are associated with his work at the metropolitan cathedral, where he lectured three times a week. There he openly attacked Gardiner, who later was to be his judge, and preached freely in denial of the ancient Faith. He taught that the Sacrament was but bread and wine. The violence of his attacks on the Papacy, while strengthening the adherents of the Reformed Church, so angered and excited the Roman Catholic party that they abused him to his face while in the pulpit, and with their knives cut and mangled his gown behind his back. A time of peril came on the Protector Somerset's first fall, when Catholics looked forward expectantly to a religious reaction, but in vain. Cardmaker spoke boldly and strongly in his lecture at St. Paul's against the victorious faction of Warwick. "He said that although

[1] Wriothesley's *Chronicle* (Camden Society).

Somerset (proclaimed a traitor) had had a fall, he was not undone, and also that men would have set up again their Popish mass."

In horror the compiler of the *Grey Friars' Chronicle* in 1549 tells that Cardmaker declared openly in his lecture at St. Paul's that if God were a man He was six or seven feet in length, with the [corresponding] breadth, and if it be so, how came it to be that He should be in a piece of bread in a round cake on the altar? "What an erroneous opinion is this unto the lay people!" comments the worthy friar.[1]

Cardmaker had become Prebendary and Chancellor of Wells in the year that he took up his lectureship at St. Paul's, and with these appointments he retained the vicarage of St. Bride's, but resigned the living in 1551.

The death of the boy King Edward the Sixth in 1553, and the accession to the throne of Mary Tudor, brought home to him the full sense of his danger. He can have been under no illusion as to the strength of the passions he had set loose. At Wells his ministrations had been met with the most obstinate hostility. There is in the State Papers a letter from Dr. Turner, then newly appointed Dean of Wells, to Cecil, the King's Secretary, wherein the curious may read of the difficulties which beset the diocese. "We have a schoolmaster here," he says, "a man of very corrupt and evil judgment, yea, a man of naughty life; who was a year in the Marshalsea for Papistry, and he, delivered by the King's general pardon, as yet hath not recanted his false doctrine, but, as I am informed, defendeth privily the same; wherefore Master Cardmaker, our Chancellor, by virtue of his office, intendeth to put this man out." Later in the same letter the Dean writes: "Without [the King's] letters we shall be able to do nothing, for they are all against Mr. Cardmaker and me, whom they handle as wards. I have preached eight times since Easter, but I could not make one of them preach, saving Master Cardmaker, who preached once, and hath read oft-times."[2]

As the tide of reaction rose, Cardmaker was deprived of his spiritualities, and with his bishop—William Barlow, of Bath and Wells—he attempted to escape over sea. For that purpose

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[1] *Grey Friars' Chronicle*, pp. 36, 64.

[2] Tytler, *England under Edward VI and Mary*, pp. 373-4.

the two came to London disguised as merchants,[1] but were seized and committed to the Fleet Prison. This was in November, 1554. Late in the following January they were brought before the prelates appointed to examine the faith of such as were then prisoners for religion, numbering some eighty in all. Bishop Gardiner, Mary's reactionary Chancellor of England, presided over the commission, which sat at the church of St. Mary Overy, now the Southwark Cathedral. The examination, in one case at least, was indecisive, though Barlow appears to have recanted, and so saved his life. Froude calls him " a feeble enthusiast."

It is more difficult to form a conclusion regarding the former vicar of St. Bride's. As with the others, the Queen's mercy was offered to him if he would conform, by repudiating the heresies to which he had given such bold expression, from the pulpit of St. Paul's cathedral, from Wells, and from his parish church of St. Bride's. There is his own statement, afterwards made, that " by a policy " he so replied to his examiners as for a little to prolong his life. Gardiner, it is sure, was anxious for nothing so much as the submission of the truculent protagonist who, in the days of its repression, had directed blow after blow against the Church that once more was all powerful in England. Others might burn ; this man, humbled in his pride, made publicly to recant the doctrines he had advanced and to accept all that he had rejected, living on broken and humiliated, would have been a more effective object lesson in the flesh than others in the flame. What an example, to quote Foxe's words, of a shrinking brother to lay in the dish of the rest that were to be examined ! If indecision characterised Cardmaker's replies to Gardiner, as seems to have been the case, it may have shown weakness ; that is human : but there is another and not less plausible explanation. The two men were fencing, the one to gain time, the other to gain a submission to Rome ; it was a contest of sharp wits.

Little does it matter. The stoutest heart may on occasion quail ; and the world will continue to think of John Cardmaker only as the martyr who with his life nobly vindicated his faith, and of the crowning act which redeemed all other faults, if faults there were. Be this as it may, the commission

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[1] Machyn's *Diary* (Camden Society), p. 75.

expressed themselves satisfied, and to others who came after Gardiner instanced the example of Barlow and Cardmaker, commending their soberness, discretion, and learning. Barlow was sent back to the Fleet Prison, whence he was either liberated or permitted to escape, and after taking refuge on the Continent he returned to England under Elizabeth, to enjoy further ecclesiastical honours as Bishop of Chichester. In the cathedral of that city he lies buried.

Cardmaker was confined after examination in the Bread Street Compter, Bonner, the persecuting Bishop of London, causing it to be published that he should shortly be released after he had subscribed to transubstantiation and certain other articles.

To this cell was brought Laurence Saunders, Rector of All Hallows, Bread Street, already excommunicated and under condemnation. What passed between the two martyrs in earnest conference behind the prison walls none can tell, but it has been thought that Cardmaker was fortified and reanimated by the undaunted zeal of his fellow-captive. His subsequent action after Saunders had been led out to the stake at Coventry shows no sign of wavering. His mind was fixed, and he waited only for death. The months dragged on while a weary polemic waged on points of Catholic doctrine, in which Dr. Martin wrote at length as champion of the Church of Rome, and Cardmaker in letters replied "largely, learnedly, and substantially." We at this time have no need to share Foxe's regret that the whole of the writings have been lost. Better by far they should have perished. The prisoner for Faith thrust from his sight the prospect of liberty offered to him, stout in his Protestantism, recanting nothing, knowing full well that he was writing his death warrant.

On the 25th May, 1555, he was taken before Bonner at St. Paul's, and again examined for heresy. The articles and replies are preserved. As to his acceptance of the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience under the rule of St. Francis, and his having received all the orders of the Church, Cardmaker answered and confessed "that he, being under age, did profess the same order and religion, and that by authority of King Henry the Eighth he was dispensed with for the same religion." Marriage and child he admitted, asserting that in marriage he broke no vow, because he was set at liberty to

marry, both by the laws of this realm and by the laws and ordinances of the Church of the same. That he had taught the Catholic belief in the real presence he acknowledged, but answered "that he does not believe the same to be true in any part thereof." The same direct denial served for the remainder of the ten articles of accusation.

Fearing that he had not made himself plain beyond cavil, the next day he appended a schedule to his replies to dispel any possibility of doubt. He was committed to Newgate, condemned to be burnt alive.

There are two documents to recall as the tragedy draws to its close. One is a letter from John Cardmaker to a friend—

The peace of God be with you—You shall well perceive that I am not gone back, as some men do report of me, but am as ready to give my life, as any of my brethren that are gone before me; although by a policy I have a little prolonged it, and that for the best, as already it appeareth unto me, and shall shortly appear unto all. That day that I recant any point of doctrine I shall suffer twenty kinds of death, the Lord being mine assistance; as I doubt not but he will. Commend me to my friend, and tell him no less. This the Lord strengthen you, me, and all his elect. My riches and poverty is as it was wont to be, and I have learned to rejoice in poverty as well as in riches, for that count I now to be very riches.

Thus fare ye well in Christ. Salute all my brethren in my name. I have conferred with some of my adversaries, learned men, and I find them to be but sophists and shadows.

In the five days' interval between sentence and execution there came to Newgate Gaol one Beard, a "promoter," sent by the commission to learn of the condemned man if he would recant or no—

Cardmaker.—"This I pray you report of me to those who sent you. I know you are a tailor by your occupation, and have endeavoured yourself to be a keen workman, and thereby to get your living. I have been a preacher these twenty years, and ever since that God, by his great mercy, hath opened mine eyes to see his eternal truth, I have by his grace endeavoured myself to call upon him, to give me the true understanding of his holy word; and, I thank him for his great mercy, I hope I have discharged my conscience in the setting forth of the same, according to the little talent I have received."

"Ay, but what say you," says Beard, "to the Blessed Sacrament of the altar?"

To him he replied by way of question, whether the sacrament he spoke of had a beginning or no. Which when he granted, Mr. Cardmaker thus infer'd, "If the sacrament as you confess hath a beginning and will have an end, then it cannot be God, who hath no beginning, nor ending." Upon which he departed from him.

With Cardmaker there had stood before Bishop Bonner at St. Paul's John Warne, a man of humble station, a cloth-worker by trade, living near Walbrook, who also was charged with holding heretical opinions. They were alike condemned to the flames, and together were brought by the sheriffs to Smithfield on the 30th May, 1555, to suffer their fate. Arrived there, the sheriffs took Cardmaker aside, and talked with him in secret so long, that Warne had made his prayers, and was chained to the stake, and had wood and reed set about him, nothing being wanted but the firing, while still his companion dallied in conversation. The people, says the old martyrologist, who had before heard that Cardmaker would recant, on beholding this manner of doing were in a marvellous dump and sadness, thinking, indeed, that Cardmaker would now recant at the burning of Warne.

At length he departed from the sheriffs, and came towards the stake, and in his garments as he was kneeled down and made a long prayer in silence to himself; yet the people confirmed themselves in the fantasy of his recanting, seeing him in his garments, praying secretly, and no semblance of any burning.

His prayers being ended, he rose up, put off his clothes unto his shirt, and went with bold courage to the stake and kissed it sweetly; he took Warne by the hand and comforted him heartily; and so gave himself to be also bound to the stake most gladly. The people, seeing this so suddenly done, contrary to their fearful expectation, as men delivered out of a great doubt cried out for joy (with so great a shout as hath not lightly been heard a greater) saying, "God be praised! The Lord strengthen thee, Cardmaker; the Lord Jesus receive thy spirit!" And this continued while the executioner put fire to them. Foxe's sounding phrases at the head of this chapter fittingly close the story.

CHAPTER XI

REBELLION

HAD Wyatt succeeded, Mary would have lost her husband and her crown; and had the question been no more than a personal one, England could well have dispensed both with her and with Philip. But Elizabeth would have ascended a throne under the shadow of treason. The Protestants would have come back to power in the thoughtless vindictiveness of exasperated and successful revolutionists; and the problem of the Reformation would have been farther than ever from a reasonable solution.—J. A. FROUDE, *History of England.*

LONDON has seen surprisingly little of war. The sea has been its bulwark rather than its own walls.

Twice it has happened, however, that Fleet Street has been the theatre of active revolt against the Crown, and momentarily the thrones of two Queens were in jeopardy.

Sir Thomas Wyatt's rebellion of 1554 ended pitifully. It failed to prevent the Spanish marriage. It sent Lady Jane Grey, a prisoner under sentence in the Tower, but whose life till then was likely to have been spared, to the block on Tower Green, a few hours after her young husband, Guilford Dudley, had bent to the stroke of the headsman's axe on the public scaffold without the fortress. It filled London with ghastly evidence of Queen Mary's vengeance. At every point where two important streets crossed gallows were erected, and from the cross-beams dangled the corpses of Wyatt's adherents. The purpose of Mary's advisers was to bring home to the discontented populace the consequences of revolt against an enthroned monarch, and was well served.

The rebellion actually failed at London Bridge, though it did not finally flicker out until, after a circuitous march, Fleet Street was reached. Froude has told the story of the successful rising in Kent and the advance upon the capital, where the strangeness of the situation appalled even the stout-hearted Mary herself. The lawyers at Westminster Hall pleaded in harness, and the judges wore harness under their robes; Doctor Weston sang mass in harness before the Queen; tradesmen attended in harness behind their counters. The metropolis, on both sides of the water, was in an attitude of

armed expectation. Yet there was no popular movement, no demonstration on either side of popular feeling.

London Bridge, where Wyatt's forces had been brought up, was in Queen Mary's time a long, narrow street, with houses on both sides. A gate was at the Southwark extremity; the drawbridge near the middle. At night Wyatt scaled the leads of the gatehouse, climbed to a window, and descended the stairs into the lodge. The porter and his wife were nodding over a fire. The rebel leader bade them on their lives be still, and stole along in the darkness to the chasm from which the drawbridge had been cut away. There, looking across the black gulf where the river was rolling below, he saw the dusky mouths of four gaping cannon, and beyond them, in the torchlight, Lord William Howard keeping watch with the guard. Neither force nor skill could make a way into the City by London Bridge.[1]

Wyatt determined to cross the river at Kingston-on-Thames, and enter London by its western gate. His wiser proposal to turn and fight the force which was coming up behind him from Rochester, and cross at Greenwich, had been frustrated by the ill-will of his followers, who feared that he meant to escape. With a mere 1,500 men he set out on the long march. The sun was sinking when his motley army arrived at Kingston, and it was eleven o'clock before they made the Middlesex bank. Part of the bridge had been destroyed. The gap was passed over by utilising barges and planks, but the conditions of a wild February night and roads deep in mire, with the break-down of a gun at Brentford, caused harassing delays, and it was nine next morning before the young leader brought his force, wet, hungry, and faint with their toil, up the hill from Knightsbridge.

A charge by a few determined men would have broken and scattered the disordered ranks, and ended the rebellion. Mary had few soldiers upon whom she could rely. The train-bands opened a way to permit the rebels to pass. From a window in the gatehouse of St. James's Palace the anguished Queen watched them go by unmolested. A troop of horse had cut them in two at Hyde Park corner, and there was some sharp skirmishing at Charing Cross, where the outcry of the

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[1] Froude, *History of England*, Chap. 31.

women and children rose loud and shrill above the raging conflict so as to be heard on the leads of the White Tower, from which point also the firing of a cannon in St. James's fields could be seen.

Still the leaders pressed on along the Strand, with a force depleted by casualties and still more by desertions. Wyatt appeared at the head of his band at Temple Bar. The Rochester men had, most of them, gone home, and those who remained were the London deserters, gentlemen who had compromised themselves too deeply for hope of pardon, or fanatics who believed they were fighting the Lord's battle, and some of the Protestant clergy. Ponet, the late Bishop of Winchester, was with them; William Thomas, late clerk of the council; Sir George Harper, Anthony Knyvet, Lord Cobham's sons, Brett, Pelham (who had been a spy of the Earl of Northumberland on the Continent), and others more or less conspicuous in the worst period of the late reign.

The narrow causeway of Fleet Street could have been effectually stopped by a single company of musketeers. In fact, the street contained a force considerably outnumbering the handful of Wyatt's men who carried rebellion right up to the city's gate. Yet no blow was struck in Mary's cause. Temple Bar was not defended, and the ruse with which Wyatt entered, his followers shouting "God save Queen Mary!" can have deceived no one. A moment later 300 men of the Lord Treasurer's band (Stow says with his son as their captain) approached. The two forces passed on opposite sides, without a collision.

A brush with the rebels in the street could have had only one result. Penned in by the houses, they would have been scattered and driven like chaff. The inaction of the authorities shows how grave was the apprehension as to the attitude of the populace. Though the City fathers, harangued by Mary at Guildhall "in a manly voice," had declared in her favour, the citizens did not conceal their discontent. Many of the rebels were Londoners, wearing the City uniform, and these were easily distinguished from the doubtful "loyalists" by the dirt upon their legs, after plodding through the rain and mud on their exhausting night march.

By St. Bride's, where the road fell sharply and opened upon the Fleet River and bridge, "a great company of harnessed

men" had been drawn up on both sides of the way. The rebels passed through, none attempting to stop them. They carried their swords drawn, some crying, "A Wyatt! a Wyatt! God save Queen Mary!" Others said, "The Queen hath granted our request, and will have no Spanish husband!" Wyatt was at their head—a gallant figure. He was but twenty-three. He has been drawn for us in his habit: a shirt of mail, with sleeves very fair, and thereon a velvet cassock, and a yellow lace, with the windelesse of his dagger hanging thereon; on his head he had a fair hat of velvet, with broad bone-work lace about it.

Ludgate was open when the head of the band tramped across the bridge and began the ascent of the hill, "the men going not in any good order or array." Within the City's gate the Mayor and his brethren were in a state of alarm—"thinking all had not gone well with the Queen's side, they were much amazed, and stood as men half out of their lives, and many hollow hearts rejoiced in London at the same," quaintly remarks a contemporary recorder of events.

But there was one among them who was no coward. Lord William Howard had never wavered in his allegiance to Mary. He had held London Bridge against the entry of the rebels when, fresh from their march from Rochester, having gained strength on the way, they were in much more formidable force, and again it was he who overawed the City and maintained it loyal to the Crown. A tailor of Watling Street standing among the throng recognised the young leader approaching at the head of his men. "I know that these be Wyatt's antients," he exclaimed. Lord William Howard ordered the gate instantly to be closed. Murmurs and muttered curses were heard from the populace, but the command was obeyed. As is so often the case, one strong-willed man prevailed over a mob of passive onlookers, fearing to risk their own lives by proclaiming themselves for Wyatt.

The closing of Ludgate effectually prevented the fraternisation of the rebels with the excited populace within, and with great likelihood saved Mary's throne.

Wyatt knocked at the gate demanding admission, saying that he was Sir Thomas Wyatt, whose request the Queen had granted. The parley was short. Lord William Howard's voice answered from within the gate—

" Avaunt thee, traitor, thou shalt not come in here."

The young leader, whose energies were exhausted by the fatigues he had undergone, was nonplussed by this unexpected turn of events, just as success seemed within his grasp. " I have kept touch," he exclaimed pathetically ; but the enterprise was now hopeless. The aid he had expected from the City had failed him. He threw his tired body down upon a bench outside the Belle Savage Yard, to rest and consider his position. The minutes passed while he remained impassive. Panic spread among his followers. Right and left the alleys and streets which honeycombed the district between the Old Bailey and the Fleet, and the dismantled precinct of the Dominicans' Priory, offered a prospect of refuge and escape. When at length Wyatt roused himself to action, of his band of 300 but twenty-four remained. Knyvet was with them, and one of the young Cobhams.

The throng in Fleet Street had closed behind him. There was no course but to fall back from the City. With his little group of adherents, formed in fighting array, Wyatt turned and recrossed the bridge over the Fleet. His trust was that the train-bands would again make way for him, and it was not misplaced. Popular sympathy was with the beaten leader ; " he was never stopped until he came to Temple Bar." Lord Pembroke's Horse was coming up from Charing Cross. The two forces met face to face in the street just within Temple Bar, and with the cry of " Down with the daggle-tails ! " Pembroke's troop dashed at them.

Largely outnumbered and matched on foot against horsemen, the rebels closed ranks to fight as men determined to sell their lives dearly but without hope either of success or escape in the mêlée which the close walls of the houses confined within narrow compass.

Norroy King of Arms, attired in the glittering coat of chivalry, was with the Queen's men,[1] and entering into the thick of the tumult he approached Wyatt.

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[1] *Chronicle of Queen Jane*, *The Grey Friars' Chronicle*, and *Machyn's Diary*, 1750-57 (all Camden Society publications), are the contemporary narratives that I have largely followed. Stow says that Clarenceaux King at Arms (Thomas Hawley at that time held the office) obtained the surrender of Wyatt.

" Sir," said he, " ye were best by my counsel to yield. You see this day has gone against you, and in resisting ye can get no good, but be the death of all these your soldiers, to your great peril of soul. Perchance ye may find the Queen merciful, and the rather if ye stint so great a bloodshed as is like here to be ! "

" Well, if I shall needs yield, I will yield me to a gentleman," Wyatt replied. It is said that he " appeared somewhat astonished, though he saw his men bent on fighting it out to the death."

Sir Maurice Berkeley was on horseback near by. To him Wyatt surrendered his sword, realising that further resistance was useless. There was grave peril that the fallen leader would be cut down in the press of horsemen, and Berkeley bade him leap up behind him. Others in the same way took up Knyvet and Cobham, Brett, and two more. The City was too strongly incensed against Mary for the passage of the prisoners through its streets to be considered a safe enterprise, and Berkeley and his companions galloped with them back by the Strand to Whitehall; and from Whitehall Stairs, the Queen herself looking on from a window in the palace, they were borne in a barge to the Tower.

Mary's vengeance fell swiftly. A proclamation forbade all persons to shelter the insurgent fugitives under pain of death. Dragged from the hovels in which they had found concealment, crowds of poor wretches were huddled together in the prisons until gibbets were ready for their hanging. Machyn, whose " Diary," written in the years 1550-57, is the more valuable because of its colourless, unimpassioned entries, gives a long list of the gallows. In Fleet Street and Cheapside, Northumberland's heralds had proclaimed " that the Lady Mary was unlawfully begotten, and the Lady Jane Grey was Queen." As if to impress the lesson, each of these streets was chosen for the distinction of two pairs of gallows, while single gibbets were set up in all quarters of the town, and as far distant as Hyde Park Corner.

Wyatt died on Tower Hill on the 11th of April, 1554, with his last words exonerating the Princess Elizabeth from all participation in the rising. The body was quartered where it lay on the scaffold, the head being afterwards fixed above a gibbet at St. James's Park, and a few days later stolen. The

Knyvets suffered at Sevenoaks. Brett was hanged in chains at Rochester. For weeks the dreadful Saturnalia of blood continued.

It was February when the hangings commenced, and Machyn records that not before the 4th June were the instruments of death plucked down. Every gibbet bore its burden, and detached heads and limbs of the victims were stuck over Ludgate and other of the City gates, and on London Bridge. Standing up in horrid clusters, these grisly fragments of humanity tainted the very air. While her capital was being turned into a shambles, Mary prepared for her marriage with Philip of Spain at Winchester.

Few pages may suffice for the Earl of Essex's revolt against Queen Elizabeth, which brought the handsome and powerful favourite to the block on Tower Green in the year 1601. It began and ended at the gate of Fleet Street, but Essex, more fortunate at the outset than Wyatt, penetrated into the heart of the City, and Fleet Street witnessed little more than a military parade. The favourite occupied a magnificent mansion just outside Temple Bar, standing amid large grounds overlooking the river, on the site where Walter de Stapledon had built the town house of the Bishops of Exeter. Elizabeth was near seventy, and a great epoch closed with her death two years later. Increasing age had sharpened the Queen's infirmities. Probably Essex's ill-judged and incautious remark, " that she was as crooked in her mind as she was in her body," was not misplaced.

The hare-brained scheme was bound to end in disaster. Enraged by the failure of his expedition to Ireland, and smarting under the bitterness of mortified ambition, Essex staked his life on an enterprise for which no adequate preparations had been made. He railed at the ingratitude of the Queen, and denounced Sir Walter Raleigh for having poisoned her mind against him, forgetting the insolence with which he himself had treated the Sovereign on many occasions—insolence which she was not likely either to forget or to forgive. His popularity with the Londoners was unquestioned. Blinded by vanity, he seems to have convinced himself that at his call they would rise against Elizabeth.

The whole affair was hurried. A few nights before, his

friends had visited the Globe Theatre, and by payment of forty shillings had induced the actors there, evidently with reluctance, to perform Shakespeare's tragedy of *King Richard II*, in order that the people might be excited by the stage representation of the deposition of a king.[1]

It had been determined that the attempt should be made on Sunday, the 8th February. Overnight 300 persons gathered at Essex House. Word had reached the Court that treason was hatching, and Essex was summoned to the Council. He refused to attend. In the morning the Lord Keeper, the Earl of Worcester, the Chief Justice Popham, and Sir William Knollys came to Essex House and demanded an interview. They were admitted, but the Earl refused to parley with them, and amid the excited threats of his adherents they were made prisoners. Leaving the captives in charge of Sir Gelly Merricke, who had placed the mansion in a state of defence, Essex immediately afterwards sallied out into Fleet Street to rouse the citizens.

The story of his failure can be told in the words of an unknown writer who placed it on record the day after the rising. This curious and most interesting manuscript, written in a small Elizabethan hand, was recently discovered—or re-discovered—inserted behind the title-page in the British Museum copy of *A Declaration of the Practises and Treasons attempted and committed by Robert, late Earle of Essex*, drawn up by Sir Francis Bacon, and published in 1601.[2] It is on two leaves of paper. I have modernised the spelling and paragraphed the passages for convenience in reading, but otherwise it is unaltered—

A rare accident which happened in London upon Sunday, being the 8th of February, 1600[-01].

The Earl of Essex, being the night before sent for by my Lord Treasurer to speak there with the Council, denied to come to them; and then upon Sunday morning, about ten of the clock, there came to Essex House to speak with him my Lord Keeper, the Earl of Worcester, the Chief Justice Popham, and Sir William Knowles, to examine him, to whom he refused to answer and lightly esteemed them; and having all the morning before been sending for all his friends, they came in

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[1] Bacon's *Declaration, etc.*, 1601.

[2] J. J. Munro, "Essex's Entry into London," *Athenæum*, December 26th, 1908, wherein the manuscript is printed in its original form.

multitudes, and he imprisoned in his own house the lords, leaving the charge of the house and custody of them chiefly to Sir Gelly Merricke.

And with the Earls of Southampton, Rutland, and Bedford, the Lords Sands, Mounteagle, and Cromwell, Sir Christopher Blunt, Sir Charles Danvers, two of Northumberland's and two of Rutland's brothers, with Catesby and Littleton, accompanied with other Knights and Gentlemen Captains and swaggering companions about 300, they issued out of Essex house without cloaks or armour, only with their rapiers and daggers not drawn, but their points upwards, and some with pistols and petronells ; and so about eleven of the clock before the sermons in every church were ended, came down Fleetestreete.

My Lord Mayor, having about an hour before notice to guard the city, rose from the sermon at Paul's and caused the gates to be shut ; but when my lord of Essex came to Ludgate, that was opened him, and then they were four-hundred strong, and drew their swords, alleging that my Lord Cobham and Sir Walter Raleigh would have murdered him on the water the night before, and that he came to the city for aid, the good of her majesty, and maintenance of religion and so came triumphantly down Cheapeside with great plaudits, the boys of the city giving shouts with joy, and so went towards Sheriff Smith's house near the exchange ; but before he came thither my Lord Burleigh followed him with heralds and proclaimed him in Cheapeside TRAITOR, and also all his followers that did not presently depart his company, and pursuing him near with the Lord Mayor assisting, whom Essex with his forces desperately assaulted and caused them to retire, killing Lord Burleigh's horse with a shot, and so coming to Sheriff Smith's, still expecting the City should rise with him, and he told the Sheriff that he was come to him for aid to defend the Queen, Religion, and his Life with the state of the city.

The Sheriff went himself to the Lord Mayor and left Essex with the rest in his house, where they had some victuals and took some halberts, and not liking his answer, he came forth and walked Cheapeside again, stayed a good space at Paul's gate in the end of Cheape, then went to Paul's church yard and there stayed half an hour ; this while the citizens raising arms, the gates made strong, the streets chained, there was small violence offered any of them, save the taking of some of the stragglers and committing them. Many fell from him upon the proclamations. . . . . .[1]

Notwithstanding the Mayor and all were up in arms, he walked to and fro till about three of the clock in the afternoon, and seeing no good success in his treacherous enterprise was desirous to go homeward to Essex House again.

But essaying to return through Ludgate again (being not then one hundred strong) he was repulsed, one Tracy his page slain, Sir Christopher Blunt wounded (which was the most resolute man), Essex himself shot through the hat, and some more hurt ; then being all at their wits' end they came to Watlingstreete and up Fridaystreete into Cheapeside, where the Lord Mayor went to have encountered with them ; but before

[1] A line cut off at the top of the leaf.

they could meet Essex went into Bow-church-yard, and so through Bowlane, went to the waterside, where as many as could took boats, and the rest were taken.

Those that took boats landed at Essex House, thinking (as it seemed) to have found the Lords and Sir William Knowles there as Essex left them, and by them to have ransomed himself; but Sir Ferdinando Gorge, one of his followers, came half an hour before with a false message (thereby to save himself) to Sir Gelly Merricke that he must deliver the Lords and go for the Earl to her majesty upon a message, whereby they were gone before Essex came home, else had they not been so well discharged.

There he thought to end his life, and with him Southampton, Rutland, Mounteagle, and Sands, of the nobility; and divers of good sort playing with muskets from over the gates into the streets, the house was then beset both by land and water; and the gallants and Marshalmen of the city with the guard came down the Strand in arms, and played with shot upon the windows over the gates. This while my Lord Admiral General for it was night, and the Court (Whitehall) was guarded with 2,000 London soldiers; about nine of the clock at night two great pieces of ordnance came from the Tower and were placed against Essex gates, being before broken down. Captain Owen Salisbury was before slain with a shot in Essex House.

These pieces being placed, Essex desired to parley with my Lord Admiral, then in the garden and he upon the Leads, at which parley the Admiral willed that the Ladies might be sent forth, not willing to do them any hurt; but presently they all yielded, and the three Earls were committed to the Tower, and each had one of the Queen's men to attend them. Mr. Richard Warberton attended Essex, and the rest of his followers were committed to other prisons.

The Londoners showed themselves either too favourable or too timorous, every one guarding his own house. Her majesty, whom God long preserve, and the State is now quiet, though lately disturbed. Finis, February 9, 1600[-01].

Follows a list of such as were taken and one who escaped, sixty-nine names in all. Elizabeth, so little agitated that she thought no more of a false alarm that the City had revolted with Essex than "of a fray in Fleet Street,"[1] promptly published a proclamation thanking the citizens and all her subjects for the loyalty they had displayed. Ludgate was held against Essex on his attempt to return by that route by Sir John Gilbert, with a company of pikemen. Gilbert refused to surrender the gate except to the Sheriff himself as the Queen's representative. The only fighting of moment took place there.

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[1] Cecil to Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, State Papers (Domestic), 1604, Feb. 10.

The City Sheriff to whose house in Fenchurch Street Essex first made his way, was one Smith, Alderman of Farringdon Without—the Fleet Street ward. How far he was compromised with the rebel Earl remains in doubt, but the City held him under deep suspicion. Within a week he was deprived of his sheriffwick and of his aldermanry, and debarred from ever becoming alderman of any other ward, for cause sufficiently known to the Court of Aldermen.[1] He was placed under a severe examination, but escaped with his life.

Essex perished seventeen days after his ill-judged attempt, the expected clemency of the Queen being denied him. The favourite's popularity revived with his death, and Derrick, the headsman, on leaving the Tower was roughly handled and nearly killed by the mob.

Little incident, I fear, is provided for this record by the spacious days of great Elizabeth, and there remains only to tell the intimate life of the street, and that is dealt with in some detail in the next chapter. It is not easy to escape the grand manner while Elizabeth ruled, and become merely parochial. Listen to the worshipful the Mayor—

BY THE MAYOR

On the Queen's Majesty's behalf we straightly charge and command you:

That ye forthwith take order with the constables and beadle of your said ward, that they foresee that all and every the pudding wives and tripe wives within your said ward do make clean wash and cleanse all and every the paunches, guts, entrails, and other things wherewith they make their said puddings, and tripes, in the River of Thames be brought and had home to any of their houses. And that they and every one of them shall cause the waters wherein the same shall be washed and boiled after the same is had home forthwith to be carried and conveyed out of their houses into the River of Thames in tubs and other vessels, and not to be poured out into the streets and kennels of this city to the annoyance of the people upon pain of imprisonment of the offender thereof at the discretion of the Lord Mayor. And to be discharged of any more or further occupying of such things within the same city fail ye not hereof, as you and they will answer to the contrary at your peril.

Given at the Guildhall of London the thirteenth of September, 1569.

BLACKWELL.

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[1] Dr. R. Sharpe, *London and the Kingdom*, i, 563.

A simple injunction to the City dames who prepared and vended puddings and tripe ; but one need add only a fanfare on the silver trumpets and a few bars of the National Anthem to imagine a striking ceremonial at the reading of the proclamation at Temple Bar.

CHAPTER XII

FLEET STREET BEFORE THE FIRE

> Sir, if you wish to have a just notion of the magnitude of this city, you must not be satisfied with seeing its great streets and squares, but must survey the innumerable little lanes and courts. It is not in the showy evolutions of buildings, but in the multiplicity of human habitations which are crowded together, that the wonderful immensity of London consists.—Samuel Johnson.

The epoch which opens with Elizabeth brings gladness to the local historian. For in her first year the parish registers of St. Dunstan's begin. Those of St. Bride's date from 1587. Ralph Agas drew Elizabethan London in a map which is a priceless possession of the City Corporation, and may be seen at the Guildhall. With him the map-makers come to our aid. The Domestic State Papers, now calendared from this reign, contain many odd scraps of topographical information. Stow, too, undertook his perambulation of London. All these sources enable the life and aspect of the western suburb to be restored in more detail than has hitherto been possible.

If Henry the Eighth figures in Fleet Street chiefly as a destroyer, having laid in ruins the Carmelite settlement at Whitefriars, and the more splendid house of the Black Friars across the Fleet, the settled peace at home ensured by his imperious daughter gave encouragement and stimulus to the closer building of the suburb. That certainly was not her desire. Sheer pressure of population made the expansion of the city inevitable, and as inevitably it expanded into the liberties. I have now to show the street altered largely in appearance, but yet more largely in character.

The ecclesiastics were driven out—started on their way by Henry the Eighth, expedited by Elizabeth. The land-hungry London citizens came by their own ; but the account cannot be squared unless we also take note of the loss ; and as nowhere in the suburb did the people settle more thickly than about Fleet Street, nowhere was the loss more apparent. The suburb lost its open spaces : the cloister greens and wooded enclosures of friars and Hospitallers : the well-stored orchards and flowering gardens with which wealthy churchmen had encompassed

their inns. (I cannot reject Shakespeare's briar roses in the Temple as mere poetic fancy.) It lost its salubriousness, and took some new elements in no way advantageous to city life. When a great epoch ended with Elizabeth's death, the population in the liberties was already dense like that within the city walls; but the old walled city was still both the chief residential quarter for the better class and the centre of commerce, while this outer town was being built around it.

The larger dwellings of Fleet Street remained, often let out for lodgings and decaying under neglect. Stow, walking through London, suggests the change. Oldbourne Hall, in Shoe Lane, an "olde house," parts of which, displaying some faded grandeur, survived last century, was in 1598 "now letten out into divers tenements." The Bishop of Bangor's town hostel near by early shared a like fate. So, too, with the Hanging Sword in Fleet Street; and a large place known as St. Dunstan's Hall, in Fetter Lane, of which Tottel, the printer, was a most neglectful landlord, his lodging-house occasioning frequent complaints by neighbours. In the Whitefriars, says Stow, "be now many fayre houses builded"—soon to become, if not so already, the lurking place of Alsatian refugees. Where standing buildings were given a longer lease of life—I shall trace a number of them—their grounds were cut up, and all about them were erected rookeries which became amongst the most squalid parts of the town. The district was pierced anew by unpaved courts and filthy alleys, twisting and turning in an endless maze, the hotbed and abiding place of every plague that afterwards visited London—the courts and alleys which, cleansed and lighted, to-day give character to Fleet Street behind its screen of shops.

The growth of the city beyond the walls occasioned grave apprehensions. These are reflected in orders and statutes of Elizabeth by which every means was taken to prevent the capital obtaining such proportions as would make it, as feared by the rulers of those days, a menace to the Crown. James the First, in his shorter reign, issued four successive proclamations forbidding new building in the suburbs, and their number shows their futility. Cromwell attempted the same thing in 1656 and failed. Knowing London as it is to-day, we laugh at the political alarm. But the apprehensions to which such dense overcrowding gave rise were not unjustified. Each

one of the later plagues which ravaged London started in the liberties or out-parishes—in 1592, in 1603, in 1625, in 1636, in 1665. "Death," says Dekker in *The Wonderfull Yeare* (1603), "had pitcht his tents in the sinfully polluted suburbs . . . the skirts of London were pitifully pared off little by little." Then the invading plague "entered within the walls and marched through Cheapside."

Elizabeth's Poor Law served the same end as the proclamations. By throwing the burden of supporting impoverished persons upon the parish, it tended to keep down population by making the town parishes chary of admitting those who might become a charge upon them.

Fears of this kind crop up abundantly in the parish records. The wardmote inquests, which assembled on the Feast of St. Thomas each year (21st December), busied themselves with presentments to the Mayor and Court of Aldermen against "inmates" and foreigners (non-freemen) who might become chargeable, and against the partitioning of houses into lodgings, whereby more poor people were brought into their midst. That stern care for public morals which is so marked a feature of London administration under Elizabeth and James the First has often the same practical end in view, the keeping down of the cost. An extract from the St. Dunstan's registers of 1598 is typical of many there found—

Item, We present Rychard Cathow dwellinge in Fletestrete for that he doth [? harbour] one Gabriell Redman a Foreinor at the Inne called the Red Lyon in Flete strete contrarie to his othe and the Freedom of this citie. And we p'sent him for that he being a Constable and having a warrant from Sir John Hawke for the app^ehending of Me Corken's man in Chancerwry lane charged with adulterye and the offender being in his custodie he let him goo, and the harlott is great with childe, likely to be charged uppon the parishe.

And near at hand there is this entry—

Item, we present Margaret Lylly, who came to dwell in Ram Alley within three months last past and lodgeth one Symon Dominico, a frenchman borne and his wife in her house, who . . . . are like to be a charge to the p'ishe and the cittie.

Mediæval Fleet Street I have traced through nearly four centuries, with such detail as is available. The legal Inns and the church of the Knights Templars remain. The rest has gone; but sufficient has been recalled, I may hope, to leave on the reader's mind an impression of an old street, thronged

with the city's busy life, possessing some noteworthy buildings of its own, and bordered along the Thames-side by the larger establishments of the religious Orders. The courts about Fleet Street are of an entirely different character, and their later origin is not far to seek. They tell, plainly as though penned on a map, of the existence of gardens and forecourts that have disappeared.

"The young lions of Peterborough Court," to use Matthew Arnold's phrase, no longer roar, for the court has been swept away within memory. Peterborough Court was a typical example. The land about it remained in possession of the See of Peterborough until 1863. In that year the reversion was sold to the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*, whose offices, extending back to Wine Office Court (at the rear formerly King's Head Court), now occupy the site. This land belonged to the Abbot of Peterborough before the Reformation. King Henry the Eighth reconstituted the old monastery of Peterborough as a cathedral in 1541, granting to it various manors and lands and other properties which the monastery had enjoyed, and among them are to be found messuages, etc., in the parish of St. Bride, in the suburb of London, which belonged to the same monastery.[1]

Evidence cannot be found that the abbot himself ever held his court in Fleet Street, though I have had the help, most kindly given, of Mr. A. P. Moore, Assistant Diocesan Registrary of Peterborough, who has looked into the registry documents. It is probable. Stow says nothing of abbot or bishop. The abbot's house had a large garden, cut off from Shoe Lane only by the tenements there belonging to the abbeys of Vale Royal (Cheshire), Ankerwyke, and Garradon.[2] In building for the *Daily Telegraph* Peterborough Court was covered over, all save a fragment, which is still a passage to the editorial and printing departments. The court ran up Fleet Street (1) with a sharp turn at right angles and a return way to Fleet Street, and (2) forward and an opposite right-angled turn.

I have fancied that here is the forecourt plan of the abbot's hostel, the line then winding about the mansion and round at the rear. After the hostel was demolished, houses sprang up

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[1] Letters and Papers Henry VIII, vol. 16, 1226 (8).
[2] *ibid.*, vol. 20 (pt. 1), 282 (19).

both on the site and over the pleasure grounds, but the approach remained as Peterborough Court until our own time. That this, at any rate, was the way in which most of the courts came into being, Fleet Street to-day affords substantial evidence. I am going to show that with few exceptions they are Elizabethan, others being early Stuart, but the names are older, having been taken from houses that for the most part were standing in the suburb before the Reformation.

Keeping parallel with Fetter Lane is a narrow passage called Fleur-de-Lis Court. It now turns out into Fetter Lane, some hundred yards away, but originally came down into Fleet Street itself, with an entrance under Peele's Coffee-house.[1] A house with the sign of the Flower-de-Luce stood at this corner of Fetter Lane and Fleet Street in the reign of Elizabeth; it had belonged to the convent of St. Mary Overy, Southwark, and was seized by Henry the Eighth at the suppression of the religious houses.[2] Boar's Head Alley, near Water Lane (a private passage still bears the name) was immediately contiguous to "le borys heade," an inn that was granted to the Carmelite friars in 1443, and later passed through Henry's hands to John Nash, a page of the King's chamber. The court obviously took its name from the inn, and marks the site of its yard. Red Lion Court was the way to the "Redd Lyon," a Fleet Street inn standing here in 1571.[3]

Hanging Sword Alley is to-day a narrow passage between printing premises on the south side of Fleet Street. The curious title suggests difficulty, but was taken from the sign of a house already referred to, which is mentioned by Stow: "Then is water lane running downe by the west side of a house called the Hanging sword to the Thames."[4] Both house and alley have been traced back to the year 1564, when they formed part of the Bishop of Salisbury's manor, the passage being also known at that time as "Ouldwood Aley."[5] I suspect the house was much earlier, and was that occupied by William Newland, of St. Bride's, in 1425, when in his will he

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[1] So shown in Tallis's Panorama of Fleet Street, about 1837.

[2] *Inq. Post Mortem*, City of London (British Record Society), ii, 89.

[3] Devise of lease by Robert Powell to Christopher Donne, 7th May, 1573, now in possession of Mr. Aleck Abrahams.

[4] Stow's *Survey*. Ed. Kingsford, ii, 45.

[5] See Appendix.

left for the cost and labour of a pilgrim " to goe fro the Swerd in Fletestrete vn-to Caunterbury barefot, xs." [1]

The most notorious of these Fleet Street courts for evil associations was Ram Alley (now Hare Place), of which there is much to be said in its Alsatian days. The name was derived from a house that stood there in 1540, with the sign of " The Star and the Ram," [2] and was part of the possessions of the Knights Hospitallers—another of Henry the Eighth's many confiscations. It was taken from the monarch in fee for £54—a large sum—by one Robert Harrys, or Harris, as we should say, who had a brewery there, and was prosperous enough to pick up a good many other religious properties. The place had the frontage on Fleet Street, which Harrys the same year let to another, leaving an entry from the highway to his brewery. This entry was the origin of Ram Alley. [3]

Poppin's Court, leading into St. Bride Street, is one of the earliest courts in Fleet Street, having been " Popyngay Aley " when Henry the Eighth seized the messuage in the parish of St. Bride bearing the sign of the Poppinjay, which had belonged to the monks of Cirencester, Gloucestershire. [4] Salisbury Court leads to where the Bishop of Sarum's town house stood. It has already been mentioned as " Salysbury Aley," in 1496. Without exception, the very few courts known before the Reformation (as apart from houses that afterwards gave their names to courts) are those nearest Fleet Ditch—the water-course had earned for itself that opprobrious name in Elizabeth's reign. West of the Conduit was mostly open meadow behind an irregular row of houses.

John Bale, Bishop of Ossory, in 1549 had a house in Fleet Street, at the sign of The Crown next Whitefriars' Gate, where

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[1] Furnival, *Fifty Earliest English Wills*, p. 65.

[2] See page 207 *ante*. The Star was a favourite subsidiary feature of a house sign, as The Hand and Star, and The Ship and Star, both to have been found in Fleet Street.

[3] Letters and Papers Henry VIII, vol. 19 (pt. 1), No. 278 (75) ; (pt. 2), No. 690 (67).

[4] *ibid.*, vol. 19, No. 1035 (15). The Poppinjay passed into possession of Thomas White, citizen and Alderman of London, who on his death on Feb. 11, 1566, willed it to his wife Joan. (*Inq. p.m.* British Record Society.)

a printed book, Leland's *Laboryouse Journey*, was to be sold by him.[1] Near by is Crown Court.

The Three Kings, the Hind, the Falcon, and the Crane were popular house signs still preserved in the names of other courts. The Falcon was a messuage in Fleet Street owned by the Knights Hospitallers before the Reformation.[2] It passed into the lay hands of John Fisher, who by will in 1547 left the Falcon and six houses adjoining to the Cordwainers' Company in trust (the benefit is still enjoyed) to distribute twelve pence to one hundred poor of St. Dunstan's parish, 6s. 8d. to strangers, and for preaching a sermon.[3] Bell Yard, by the Law Courts, runs over the site of a house and grounds known as The Bell, also belonging to the Knights Hospitallers. Ficket's Croft, the old jousting ground of the Templars, upon part of which the Law Courts stand, another part being New Square, Lincoln's Inn, was still an open field when Henry the Eighth seized the Bell, the tenant of which had the pasturage.[4] The historic Mitre Tavern and Mitre Court stood together, the yard having an exit into the court. I have not traced the tavern earlier than the year 1603, but the ecclesiastical title makes it likely that the sign overlooked the street before Elizabeth.

Bolt Court is derived from the Bolt-in-tun, opposite.

Johnson's Court preserves the name of an Elizabethan civic worthy—Thomas Johnson, citizen and merchant taylor, and one of the City Corporation from 1598 till his death in 1629.

Cheshire Court (by the "Cheese") so in recent years misnamed, is historically Two Falcon Court.

Cock and Key Alley, next Whitefriars, has disappeared, with many other courts thereabouts. The curious old name (did it signify a beer-tap?) was from the sign of an early Fleet Street tavern flourishing in 1536.[5] Hen and Chicken Court, next St. Dunstan's Church, survives; that was from another house sign to be found in the parish registers. I do not profess to interpret it, but Mr. J. Landfear Lucas has observed that

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[1] E. Gordon Duff, *Century of English Book Trade* (Bibliographical Society), p. 7.

[2] Letters and Papers Henry VIII, vol. 19 (pt. 1), 1035 (2).

[3] A. Tisley, *Account of St. Dunstan's Charities* (printed by order of the Vestry, 1890), p. 15.

[4] Letters and Papers Henry VIII, vol. 18 (pt. 1), 802 (19).

[5] See page 269, *post*.

this sign, a favourite one, had a trade reference, being shown by some furnishing drapers to denote and suggest a proper parental provision in setting up new homes. Three Legged Alley, Fetter Lane, has become Trinity Church Passage and Pemberton Row. This, too, was from the incomprehensible sign of a house. Feather Bed Court has proved elusive.

Of the later passages, Apollo Court (built over), near St. Dunstan's Church, derived its title from Ben Jonson's Apollo Chamber at the Devil Tavern in James the First's reign. Racquet Court, a cul-de-sac, suggests the time of King Charles, when the pastime became so popular. Wine Office Court is said to owe its name to the office for the receipt of customs on wines which stood in the court in Pepys's day. The wine licence office was in Fleet Street in 1655.[1]

Even at the risk of weariness I have thought it advisable to trace in this detail the transformation from suburb to city. A page more, and I have done. The taverns are of great assistance in restoring the early topography of the street. A well remembered house was the old Cock. Bons-vivants will recall where it stood less than thirty years ago, entirely screened behind the shops of Fleet Street near the Chancery Lane corner, and was entered by a long wooden passage. It was certainly as old as Elizabeth.[2] The Rainbow to-day, on the opposite side, stands behind the houses, with a similar entrance. This, too, was in the street before the Commonwealth.[3]

The Old Cheshire Cheese (there was another Cheshire Cheese in Crutched Friars) has premises in front of it, and is approached by narrow courts on either side. It is known to have been rebuilt in 1667, after the Great Fire of London, on the site of a former inn, and there are arches in the vaults which appear to be long anterior to the Fire. The Old Bell is similarly

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[1] State Papers (Domestic) 1655, Nov. 28.

[2] John Garlek writes to Mr. Latimer "at the sign of the Cock, near St. Dunstan's Church." (State Papers, Domestic, 1600, April 13th.)

[3] The Committee of both Houses of Parliament, Cromwell being a member, on the 8th February, 1648, held Arthur Trevor to bail in £2,000 to Mr. Speaker Lenthall to surrender "within 24 hours of warning to be left at the Rainbow in Fleet Street." (State Papers, Domestic.) The title page of Trussel's *History of England*, 1636, shows that the book was "to be sold in Fleet Street at the sign of the Rainbowe neare Inner Temple gate."

placed. The Sugar Loaf and Green Lattice tavern stood directly behind Child's Bank at Temple Bar, until incorporated last century in the bank extensions. The Boar's Head and the Bolt-in-Tun were both built in Whitefriars, and had entrance passages from Fleet Street.

Now this kind of double building tells its own story, and incidentally it helps materially when attempting to picture the mediæval street. The change to a closely built town area was long delayed. The neighbourhood, except about Fleet Ditch, was still largely open in the middle years of Elizabeth's reign, and is so represented in Ralph Agas' map, though I have found in the parish registers of contemporary date mention of courts which he does not figure. Fetter Lane was still " a way leading to gardens."[1] Agas' drawing is partly conventional; for with so many old inns, each one of importance having its yard, and the clergy houses with their forecourts, there is ample evidence that Fleet Street never presented a straight-built line until Elizabeth's later years, when under pressure of population the spaces were built over. An example of this back building, long surviving, was to be found in the fine pair of timber built houses, with overhanging fronts and gable roofs and galleries, that escaped the Great Fire of London, and within memory were so picturesque a feature of Fleet Street near Fetter Lane corner.

When only a narrow footway was left to give entrance to a house at the back, naturally it would take the name of that house, and the same if the original house fronted the street, and the entrance admitted to its overbuilt grounds at the rear. The large number (substantially all) of names of courts taken from house signs is thus accounted for.

I want by the foregoing pages to bring to the mind of the pedestrian who to-day wanders about the courts and alleys

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[1] In 1576, out of eleven pavements in " Fewter Lane " presented as defective by the wardmote inquest of St. Dunstan's, five were before gardens and garden walls, one being that of " my Lord Keeper," and a sixth before the open ground of Clifford's Inn.—William Ridgeley, of Fleet Street, died there in 1569; he possessed one garden in Fetter Lane then divided into divers gardens, two other gardens in Fetter Lane, and seven tenements or cottages with seven gardens thereto adjoining, also in Fetter Lane. (*Inq. p.m.*, City of London, British Record Society, ii, 133-4.)

north and south of Fleet Street the fact that he is threading what is really an interesting survival of Elizabethan London. Little of it is later than her reign, and none later than Stuart. Gough Square has been made Georgian only by its last builders. Few except hurrying printers' boys and occasional pilgrims to Samuel Johnson's shrines ever trouble to turn out of Fleet Street into this unexplored maze of courts. They have been likened very happily to a cricket bat with the handle turned towards the highway. The whole district is unique, for London elsewhere has nothing to compare. It is a necessary result, first of the settlement of the clergy in the suburb, and afterwards of the growth of the town out beyond the walls into the liberty, stamping this ancient character upon its face.

In the absence of a census, there is another measure that indicates the change to a closely built town parish, namely, the graveyards. Both the Fleet Street parishes soon found necessity to increase their space for the disposal of the dead. St. Dunstan's, in the years immediately before 1597, acquired a considerable area of burial-ground in Fetter Lane,[1] of which only a fragment survives, a new street, Bream's Buildings, having been cut through it in 1877. The day training college at Graystoke Place also has part of the site. St. Bride's, under pressure of enlarged population, began to bury south of the old church, by the wall of Dorset House. The Earl of Dorset, not able to endure that an "unhandsome corpse should come between the wind and his nobility," gave to the parish in 1610 a new burial ground at the west side of the present Farringdon Street; and later burials also took place on Bridewell property, on a plot of land in Dorset Street still lying vacant.

The poverty which the building of so many tenement houses brought in its train was for the most part packed away in the side alleys,[2] and through the suburb the highway of

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[1] Tisley, *Account of St. Dunstan's Charities*, p. 29.

[2] Close building is indicated by a census of men, women, and children within the City and its Liberties taken in June, 1631, by Sir Robert Ducie, Lord Mayor, at the order of the Privy Council, when apprehensive at the time of approaching scarcity. The ward of Farringdon Without returned 20,046 persons, more than one-half of the entire City population outside the walls. London within the walls numbered 71,029 souls. (*Notes and Queries*, 11th Ser. i, 426.)

Fleet Street ran. This was a street doing some credit to the City, as befitted the chief landway to Westminster : the shops kept by mercers and saddlers and grocers, and other traders of substance, and these and almost innumerable taverns swung their signs well into the public view, making a brave show. One Machyn, a tailor of vestments—I have failed to identify him with the Machyn whose diary has been often quoted ; but the tailors were a bookish lot, as witness John Stow—kept shop in Fleet Street, between the two gates of the Temple. As was the case in every closely-built town till recent times, rich and poor lived cheek by jowl ; the West-end is a later institution, and not for London's good. The judges and serjeants-at-law resided at their chambers in Serjeants' Inn.

They were sharply admonished by Elizabeth's Council in 1578 to take order for the repressing of frays in the City, " even in the face of your own lodgings in Fleet Street " ;[1] in 1602 the gardener of Inner Temple was directed to lop the trees in King's Bench Walk, which interfered with the judges' view of the Thames.[2] The Inn early in Henry the Eighth's reign had been occupied by an armourer ; and the Dean and Chapter of York, whose property it was, in the same reign leased the Inn to Sir Lewes Pollard, Justice of the Common Pleas, and certain serjeants-at-law, at the modest rental of 53s., payable half-yearly. At their very wall was Ram Alley of evil association, perhaps the most pestilent court in London.

The Earls of Dorset lived in magnificence in Dorset House, Fleet Street, and the Earls of Kent had their town mansion in Whitefriars, where afterwards Selden and the widowed Countess of Kent are said to have lived together (a scandal on the learned). Whitefriars, bear in mind, was not *all* Alsatia. The barristers resided in their inns, more of them than there were buildings properly to accommodate ; it is learnt from Gray's Inn records that Sir Thomas Nevile was willing to accept Mr. Attorney-General (Sir Christopher Hales) to be his " bedfellow." The bedfellow shared chambers, but not necessarily the same quilt. In short, the suburb of Elizabeth

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[1] State Papers (Domestic) Addenda, 1578, April.
[2] Cal. of Inner Temple Records, i, 452.

and the Stuarts represented in little all the activities of that busy and adventurous age.

The water front, which to-day does not count, was of substantial importance while the Thames was still the main artery of communication for the city lying along its bank. There is a picturesque incident I should have been sorry to miss. Rumour had scattered abroad with a thousand tongues, Elizabeth not unwilling, the report that her Grace was to marry the Duke of Alençon.

Letters received in Paris of the 12th March, 1580, advised that four days before date a gentleman who had been sent by His Highness had arrived in the English capital, and that the Queen, who was on the river for her pleasure in London, and attended by her ladies and lords, had disembarked at the house in Fleet Street of Mauvissière, the French Ambassador, where she remained some time. This circumstance, wrote Lorenzo Prinli, the Venetian representative in Paris, had given great grounds for the discussion of the marriage ; for it would appear, said he, that while the Queen was still intent upon the project, she could not be sufficiently secure of the will of Monsieur.[1] The passage is taken from a letter. It recalls how the clear-flowing Thames was then, and long afterwards, a resort for pleasure and State.

In the birth of the English theatre, Fleet Street shared. Its own stage in the Whitefriars is dealt with later ; but this was of minor importance, overshadowed entirely by Burbadge and Shakespeare's theatre at Blackfriars. So great was the crush of playgoers to the Blackfriars Theatre of an afternoon that the constables, churchwardens, and principal inhabitants of the precinct told the Star Chamber a piteous tale. They petitioned (this was in 1618)—

> That there was daily such a resort of people and such a multitude of coaches (many of them hackney coaches bringing people of all sorts) that at times the streets could not contain them, they clogged up Ludgate Hill also, so that they endangered one another, broke down stalls, threw down goods, and the inhabitants were unable to get to their houses, or bring in their provisions, the tradesmen to utter their wares, or passengers to get to the common water stairs without danger of life and limb ; quarrels and effusion of blood had followed, and other dangers might be occasioned by the broils, plots, and practices of such

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[1] Venetian State Papers, vii, 635.

an unruly multitude. These inconveniences happening almost daily in the winter time (not excepting Lent) from one or two o'clock till five at night (the usual time for christenings, burials, and afternoon service), the inhabitants were unable to get to the church. If the inhabitants, by turnpikes, chains, posts, or otherwise, kept the coaches outside their gates, great inconvenience would ensue to Ludgate and the streets thereabout.[1]

The Star Chamber held it reasonable that those who frequented playhouses should go thither by water or on foot instead of by coach, and posted on Fleet Conduit a notice threatening committal to Ludgate and Newgate of all coachmen who obstructed a free passage. At Fleet bank, where now is Blackfriars Bridge, was one of the busiest Thames ferries, crossing to Paris Garden and the footway to the Southwark theatres.

Elizabeth, a young Queen of eight-and-twenty, was entertained by the students of the Temple. Later, when her Majesty was visiting Sir Thomas Gresham, a masque was presented at the City's gate. Fleet Street decked itself in festal array, and by the King's Head a pageant was staged. From the tavern front cords were suspended across the street. On the Queen's approach cherubs fluttered down, presenting for her acceptance a crown of gold and laurels, with complimentary and loyal messages. One bore the following quatrain—

> Virtue shall witness of her worthiness,
> And fame shall register her princely deeds;
> The world shall still pray for her happiness,
> From whom our peace and quietude proceeds.

It seems from an entry in the Lincoln's Inn "Black Books" to have been a custom in the fifteenth century and after for the members of the legal Inns to stand in line in Fleet Street behind rails on occasions of a Royal procession. They were so grouped upon one side when, in 1588, Queen Elizabeth went through Temple Bar along Fleet Street, the City Companies on the other. Francis Bacon was among the lawyers. "Do but observe the courtiers," said he to a learned brother; "if they bow first to the citizens, they are in debt; if first to us, they are in law."[2]

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[1] *Index to Remembrancia* (Guildhall), pp. 355-7.
[2] Spedding, *Baconia*, vii, 175.

In the parish records of Elizabeth, Fleet Street is often referred to as "the highstrete" or "the highway," without other identification. To our enlarged vision it would have appeared close, dark, and stuffy; a cobbled way with overhanging houses on either side, until the Great Fire of London swept the street in flame almost from end to end. There were no footways, the whole width from house to house being thrown into the street. Even the stone posts to protect pedestrians came later. Footways proper only began in the City when King James the First, about 1614, gave permission to the citizens who so desired to lay down broad freestones before their houses. The kennels retained their primitive uncleanliness.

But it would be an entire misconception to imagine the street as Wych Street and Holywell Street are remembered before the Strand clearance, though the houses there no doubt gave the character of the architecture. Mr. Diprose, the historian of St. Clement Danes, was told by one of the Wych Street freeholders that he held the leases of his house back to Queen Mary. Old St. Dunstan's Church stood out in the roadway, a bad obstruction, but further east Fleet Street widened to the Conduit, where it contracted again into a narrow bottleneck extending to where Fleet Bridge marked the end, and linked it with Ludgate Hill. The stone bridge then standing had been built at the charges of John Wels, mayor, in 1431, "fair coped, on either side with iron pikes, on the which towards the south lie also certain lanthornes of stone, for lights to be placed in the Winter evenings, for commodity of travellers." Stow, who thus describes the structure, also tells that Wels—perhaps a little prematurely—engraved on the stone coping the figure of himself embraced by angels. Years hastening by, the span of the bridge was lessened as the watercourse narrowed.

The Fleet, unchanged and unchangeable in its filth, one can hardly think of as a processional river, but while the Star Chamber lasted its prisoners were conducted by water from Westminster and up the little stream to Fleet Prison, which they entered by a water-gate not unlike the Traitor's Gate at the Tower. This must have added to their sufferings. Ben Jonson has given a whiff of the place in *The Famous Voyage*, describing the perilous adventure of Sir Ralph Shelton

and Sir Christopher Heyden, who undertook to row from Bridewell to Holborn, accomplished the journey, and lived—

> Say, thou stop thy nose
> 'Tis but light pains : indeed, this dock's no rose ;
> In the first jaws appear'd that ugly monster
> Y'cleped mud, which, when their oars did once stir,
> Belched forth an air as hot—

but Ben Jonson enjoyed a licence in description not necessarily permissible three centuries later—

> All was to them the same ; they were to pass,
> And so they did, from Styx to Acheron
> The ever-boiling flood ; whose banks upon,
> Your Fleet Lane Furies and hot Cooks do dwell,
> That with still scalding steams make the place Hell ;
> The sinks ran grease, and hair of meazled hogs,
> The heads, houghs, entrails, and the hides of dogs :
> For, to say truth, what scullion is so nasty
> To put the skins and offal in a pasty ?
> Cats there lay divers—

Enough to stop at this point ; indeed, perhaps too much.

About St. Dunstan's gathered a little outlying colony of booksellers, who had their shops in the churchyard. The old church, with a long body lengthways with the street, and squat tower, was not displaced until 1830, and is familiar in many prints. Its embattled stone walls might have stood for the Church militant, but more conspicuous in the street than the battlements was the clock—in Elizabeth's reign called "the dial"—which extended well over the moving traffic below. It had not then the two giants with raised clubs to strike the hours on the bells, which for so long were one of the sights of Fleet Street. Sir Walter Scott, in his *Fortunes of Nigel*, takes liberties with history in placing the giants there in James the First's reign, fully half a century too soon, but his vivid pages describing this corner near Temple Bar, with the goldsmiths' and the barber-surgeons' shops, are otherwise historically correct.

At the bookseller's shop kept by Thomas Fisher, "at the signe of the White Hart, in Fleetestreete," might have been purchased in the year 1600, in quarto, a play called *A Midsommer night's dreame*, written by William Shakespeare. It had been sundry times acted, as announced on the title page, by the

Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain his servants, but this was the first printed issue. The price was not large—certainly not as these quartos are valued to-day—and the connoisseur in such matters, returning, would have found others: for instance, in 1604, a new play, called *The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke*, by the same William Shakespeare, which had been printed at London by I.R. for N.L. "and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Dunston's Church in Fleetstreet." Five years after, John Smethwick, the publisher of Drayton's poems, at his shop in St. Dunstan's Churchyard in Fleet Street, "under the Dyall," had for his customers a third quarto edition of *Romeo and Juliet*, from which the author modestly omitted his name.

The old Flower-de-Luce, at the Fetter Lane corner of Fleet Street, was from 1601 the printing office of John Hodgets, who there issued plays by Dekker, John Day, Webster, and Thomas Haywood.

Richard Tottel was printing law books at the Hand and Star across the road, until his death in 1594, when Charles Yetsweirt succeeded to the business. Four years after the house passed to John Jaggard, who printed and published there during the reign of James the First; and the old sign still swung over Fleet Street when Joel Stephens was occupant under George the First. Indeed, the house, No. 7 (last rebuilt in 1899), has a continuous record as a printing house over three and a half centuries, and remained with the Butterworths, father and son, from 1817 until that well-known firm of law publishers removed into Bell Yard, near by.

Conspicuous at this end of the street was the Great Gate, or Tower, of the Temple, built over Middle Temple Lane. The lawyers under Elizabeth denied any public right of passage through their Inns down to the Thames. Of the original gate nothing is known. Sir Amyas Poulet restored and practically rebuilt it in 1520. Thereto a familiar story is attached. Poulet, a member of the Middle Temple, had come under the severe displeasure of Wolsey, having as a justice of the peace caused the great Cardinal, when a young man and rector of Lymington, to be set in the stocks for no less an offence than drunkenness in the neighbourhood of his parish. The Cardinal never forgave him. In his day of power he forbade Poulet to leave London without licence, and confined him to his

lodgings in the Temple, where he remained practically a prisoner for six years. Poulet in 1520 became Treasurer of Middle Temple, and took in hand this gate, which he "re-edified and sumptuously beautified on the outside with the Cardinal's hat, arms, cognizance, badges, and other devices in a glorious manner, thereby hoping to appease his displeasure." The story, being told by Cavendish, Wolsey's gentleman usher, is probably true. The structure was replaced a century and a half later by Sir Christopher Wren's gateway, which stands to-day.

Inner Temple Gate has always been of secondary importance, and when it was opened none can tell. There is mention of the two gates of the Temple in Henry the Eighth's reign, and of "the way to the Inner Temple."

Stow is most tantalizing. "I wil beginne at Temple Barre," he opens, but of the bar itself says nothing. We should like to have known much more of the bar. An entry in the City archives of 1502 (King Henry the Seventh) relating to the custody of Temple Bar at a time of popular ferment, is the first documentary record of an actual gateway.[1] It is so shown in the Cowdray picture of King Edward the Sixth's Coronation procession, here reproduced. This was probably the same Temple Bar at which Queen Elizabeth stopped in her progress to St. Paul's to return thanks for the defeat of the Spanish Armada. Her loyal subject Stow thus describes the occasion in his *Annals*—

> Over the gate of the Temple bar were placed the waites of the cittie, and at the same barre the Lord Maior and his brethren and aldermen in scarlet received and welcomed her Majestie to her cittie and chamber, delivering to her hands the scepter, which after certaine speeches had, her Highnesse redelivered to the Maior, and hee againe taking his horse, bare the same before her. The companies of the cittie in their liveries stoode in their rayles of timber, covered with blew cloth, all of them saluting her highnesse, as she proceeded along to Paules Church.

The gaping shops were dark, like the houses, but made all their display in front. "The London Lackpenny" even at this time would not be greatly out of date. Advertising by print and poster being an undiscovered art, the dealer could only announce his wares by word of mouth at his shop,

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[1] Noble's *Memorials of Temple Bar*, p. 21.

proclaiming their quality, and inviting passers-by to step in and purchase. Any trading street thus became a scene of noisy confusion.

Middleton plays a part of his comedy, *The Roaring Girl* (1611), before a series of these open shops of the city traders, the scene being thus laid down : " The three shops open in rank : the first an apothecary's shop : the next a feather shop : the third a sempster's shop." Of course, the ever active apprentice is well to the fore, and from the last-named shop passers-by are saluted with " Gentlemen, what is't ye lack ? what is't ye buy ? See fine bands and ruffs, fine lawns, fine cambricks : what is't ye lack, gentlemen ? " This cry for custom is often contemptuously alluded to as characteristic of the city trader. In a capital old comedy, *Eastward Hoe !* the rakish apprentice Quicksilver asks his sober fellow-apprentice, " What ! wilt thou cry, what is't ye lack ? Stand with a bare pate . . . under a wooden penthouse ? "

There were upper floors in the houses entered by stairs from the street, and cellars reached by steps down from the street. Stalls further encroached upon and obstructed the way. The wardmote inquest at St. Dunstan's in December, 1574, presented a number of offenders to be dealt with by the Mayor and Aldermen : William Ponsell for keeping victuallings in his cellar at Temple Bar under the house of Simon Samson, and for receiving persons there to eat and drink ; John Philipps for keeping victuallings in his cellar at Whitefriars Gate ; Edward Allen, William Pratt, Henry Goodhouse, Anthony Martin, Thomas Proynd, and widow Smithson, at the Whitefriars Gate, and William Powell, for shops under their stalls noisome to the Queen's highway and to the inhabitants.

Adam Lorrison was similarly presented in 1619 for thrusting out his fruit into the highway so as to be an annoyance to passers-by. Adam Harris, a street vendor, was in trouble for exposing his baskets in Fleet Street ; and there are complaints in 1623 against women for selling fruit in the open street, and for setting their stalls far into the road from the houses, to the hindrance of passengers, and against others vending apples and oysters. In fact, so greatly were the London streets encumbered by stalls, booths, stools, and stairs, that in 1626 Nicholas Lisle laid a project before the

King to increase the revenue by levying a yearly tax upon them.[1]

Fleet Street lives its most strenuous hours at night. Back in the Elizabethan age it would have been found strangely quiet, save for the sounds that came from the taverns, and mostly deserted, with Temple Bar closed and locked for the City's protection, not to be opened until morning. It was not until so late as the 1st November, 1753, that the Common Council ordered that the postern at Temple Bar should always be kept open, together with Ludgate and Newgate.[2] A little way up Chancery Lane, left-hand side, is a blind alley called Crown Court. It once had a gateway into Ficket's Croft, and I find a parish complaint against the residents for failure to maintain this gate, whereby at night lewd and disorderly characters from the fields made their way into Fleet Street.

The night watch remained exceedingly primitive. Shakespeare, for dramatic purposes, placed Dogberry and his troop at Messina, but no doubt he drew them from types of his own familiar London. There is in the State Papers of 1578 a pathetic appeal to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen by three poor watchmen of St. Bride's parish. The men, John Appleby, John Guppy, and Thomas Bond, had been called forth at night to aid the Sheriffs in quieting a broil in Fleet Street. All were wounded in so doing, and likely to be cripples for life. They begged relief for themselves and their families.

A few spluttering candles shed a feeble light in the early hours of the evening, the City rule having been, since an order by the Mayor as early as 1416, that all householders rated over a small sum in their parish should hang a lantern, lighted with a fresh and whole candle, outside their houses from All-Hallows Eve to Candlemas. As the rush-lights or candles burnt to their sockets, and went out one after another, the streets were left in utter darkness, lighted only by the occasional visit of the night watchman with his horn lantern, going his round. The horn lantern replaced the ancient cresset, or fire-pot, with its coil of burning rope, flaring and stinking of pitch and resin as it was carried swung on a pole shoulder-high. There is one of these ancient cressets in the Armoury at the Tower of London.

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[1] State Papers (Domestic), 1626, Nov.

[2] C. Welch, *Numismata Londinensia*, p. 105.

"Lanthorne and a whole candle light, hang out your lights here!" was the cry as darkness fell on the city. An interesting old print in the British Museum of a Jacobean bellman, in frieze gaberdine, leather girdled, and a great slouch hat to shield his head from the rain, gives the cry in more poetical form—

> A light here, maids, hang out your light!
> And see your horns be clear and bright,
> That so your candle clear may shine
> Continuing from six to nine;
> That honest men may walk along,
> May see to pass safe without wrong.

Of King James the First there is a substantial relic in No. 17 Fleet Street, standing over Inner Temple Gate, which the London County Council, aided by a grant from the City Corporation, has admirably restored. This is a typical Jacobean city merchant's dwelling of the better class. The house was saved in 1896 when demolition threatened. For years it had flaunted a lie upon its face—no, not upon its face, for the front itself was false. It was self-announced as "Formerly the Palace of Henry the Eighth and Cardinal Wolsey."

Often I had wondered what these two were doing in this small house, one being the monarch who had such a Royal way of swallowing up his Ministers' possessions. The painted misdescription has happily gone, and the dwelling made known for what it is, a building of 1611, an upper room in which was the Council Chamber of Henry Prince of Wales. As soon as the modern additions had been torn aside, the true character of the original half-timbered front was revealed.

The bay windows had gone, but the essential features for the restoration were intact. Included among these were solid oak storey posts, elaborately carved with pilasters, on which were worked the jamb-mouldings of the bays; the storey beams; a carved storey bracket; and portions of cornice mouldings. Layers of paint, thickly encrusted, had preserved the old work in excellent state. Eight of the carved oak panels exhibited on the false front were returned to their proper place. Beyond cleaning and replacing the windows, the restoration required was not very great.

The façade now visible is as nearly as could be ascertained by analysis of the work, and by comparison with contemporary prints, a reinstatement of what was erected in 1611, except that the ground floor, including the gate to Inner Temple, has been set back about five feet, as necessitated by the widening of Fleet Street. It will be observed that the front overhangs storey by storey, each protecting that below it from weather, and giving additional floor space. The large bay windows were designed to afford the maximum of light from the narrow street.

In Henry the Eighth's reign an inn stood here known as The Hande.[1] The sign displayed in 1610 was The Prince's Arms. It was then perhaps a printing house, for at the Prince's Arms in Fleet Street Thomas Marsh published Stow's *Chronicles;* and The Prince's Arms was a printer's back to 1554, before which time the sign was The King's Arms.[2] In the year 1610 the premises had to come down, Inner Temple gate being raised in height,[3] and when rebuilding, the Crown made a reservation to itself of three chambers over the gate. Of these, the principal is that now known as Prince Henry's room, which is identified by the Prince of Wales's feathers in the ceiling.

It does not follow from the signs that the house necessarily became a tavern, though the fact that a portion was, in the year of rebuilding, assigned to William Blake, citizen and vintner, makes it likely that wine rooms were actually flourishing on the ground floor when the Prince's Council was meeting overhead. In later years No. 17 Fleet Street was unquestionably a tavern, known as The Fountain. The fact of a Royal chamber and a public hostelry finding shelter under the same roof would not have been deemed particularly incongruous in James the First's time.

The exterior is wholly satisfactory, and well it is for London that this house, unique of its kind, has been preserved. I have often wished that those who took in hand the interior of Prince Henry's room had had more courage. Its striking

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[1] Ministers' Accounts, London and Middlesex, 114, 31st and 32nd Henry VIII.

[2] Arber's *Stationers' Register*, vol. 5, A.D. 1554-87.

[3] Cal. of Inner Temple Records, ii, 50-51.

beauty is made by the bay window, the figured plaster ceiling, which was excellently restored at South Kensington Museum, and the original oak carving that still covers the western wall. Unhappily, elsewhere this carving had been destroyed, and on the second wall of the room the Georgian panelling found in place has been retained, while the third wall is of obvious Victorian work—a mixture that makes any one sensible to historical periods writhe. A modern restoration in keeping with the Jacobean part would have been better. The room is open free to the public, and the visitor gets his best impression by looking towards the wainscot and window.[1]

A rare print by S. Pals now hangs on the walls, showing the young man at military exercises; an attractive figure. Prince Henry was but eighteen years of age when he died on the 6th November, 1612, from typhoid fever. The nation, disappointed with King James, that vain fool who thought himself wise, idolised his heir. His violent dislike of Popery, and refusal to take a wife save of his own religion, made him the hope of the Protestant party. It is more than a show place, this exquisite chamber; it is the sole memorial of a Prince who, had his life been granted, might have changed the whole current of English history. A Civil War, the execution of a King, these might have been spared. How different would have been the story!

In the sorrow caused by his death men talked darkly of poison, even hinted that the King was in the plot. Mayerne, the King's physician, had been in attendance. In Mayerne's collection of cases for which he wrote prescriptions everything that relates to Prince Henry's illness is torn from the book. The suspicion seems wholly unfounded.

Long after Armada days the old hatred of the Spaniards survived. Sanctuary given by the Roman Catholic Embassies to the hunted recusants made the ambassadors extremely unpopular with the London citizens. None provoked such bitter hostility as Gondomar, representative of Spain at the Court of James the First. His hat, with a valuable jewel in it,

[1] The house has been described in more space than is at my disposal by Dr. Philip Norman in *The Home Counties Magazine*, vol. 2; and by Sir Laurence Gomme and Mr. Riley in *No.* 17 *Fleet Street*, a monograph published by the London County Council in connection with its work of indicating London houses of historical interest.

was one day snatched from him in the streets, amid the jeers of bystanders ; and the accident that one of his gentlemen in July, 1618, rode down a child—fortunately uninjured—in Chancery Lane led to his house in Barbican being besieged by the populace, who broke every window.[1]

Round Temple Bar three years later there was a fierce riot. It happened that as Gondomar was being carried down Fenchurch Street, an apprentice standing idly at his master's door cried out, " There goeth the devil in a dung-cart." Stung by the remark and the laugh it provoked, one of the ambassador's servants turned sharply on the offender. " Sir," said he, " you shall see Bridewell ere long for your mirth." " What," cried one of his fellows, " shall we go to Bridewell for such a dog as thou ? " and forthwith brought the man to the ground with a blow.

The ambassador lodged a complaint. The Mayor reluctantly ordered three of the ribald apprentices to be whipped at the cart's tail through the City from Fleet Street to Aldgate by the common executioner. That any of their number should be flogged for insulting a Spaniard, even though he were the Spanish King's ambassador, was intolerable to the London apprentices. The report spread like wildfire, and soon a body of nearly 300 youths had assembled at Temple Bar, where they rescued their comrades at the start of their journey and beat the City marshals.

Again Gondomar complained to the Mayor. King James suddenly appeared at Guildhall, and threatened to place a garrison in the City and to withdraw its charters if things were not mended. The end of the affair was tragical enough, for Robert Mitchell, apprentice to a haberdasher, who had threatened to throw a loaf at the " choppes " of the ambassador's servant, unhappily succumbed to his ill-treatment. The inhabitants were ordered to stand at their doors, halbert in hand, and ready for any emergency, whilst they were to see that their apprentices, children, and servants behaved well towards all ambassadors and strangers as well as his Majesty's subjects, while the three victims were being whipped through the streets.[2]

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[1] *Remembrancia*, pp. 452-3.
[2] Sharpe, *London and the Kingdom*, ii, 79-82.

Much more grave was a political riot which disturbed Fleet Street in the early years of King Charles the First. An arrest was there effected on the night of the 10th July, 1629. Some army officers attempted a rescue. The mob rose to support them, and in a desperate mêlée Captain Dawson, an officer of the guard, and one or two others were slain. Numbers of people were wounded. The King viewed the affray with evident alarm. Captain Ashurst and one Henry Stanford, described as "late of the Duke's chamber," were taken. They were condemned and summarily executed. Warrants went out for the arrest of Captain Vaughan, Ensign Ward, and others concerned in the murders.

The luckless Lord Mayor, who was the subject of severe censure, had been at his wits' end to appease the tumult. The City was poorly stored with powder and shot, and when the trained bands were called up to take arms they were found to be unfurnished for the service. As the fighting mob had poured out of the taverns on the first sign of a scuffle, the Lords of the Council peremptorily ordered the Lord Mayor to shut up all the taverns in Fleet Street, and to commit the tavern keepers to the houses of such citizens as he should think fit, there to await further orders by the Council.

How long this arbitrary imprisonment was suffered is not told, but six days later the widow Sutton, keeper of The Mitre tavern, and John Marshall, keeper of The King's Head, were released on bail and allowed to continue their trade, the examinations conducted by Lord Chief Justice Hyde and other commissioners at Serjeants' Inn having shown that no crime appeared against them. Nearly three weeks passed before John Clopton, vintner at The Globe tavern in Fleet Street, obtained his liberty.[1]

Public feeling continued to run very high, and further offence was given at Court by the "pompous burial" of the two persons executed, and by renewed tumult when some thirty gentlemen of Lincoln's Inn attacked a King's messenger. The Lord Chief Justice and his colleagues reported the affray as a riot, while Charles insisted on holding it rebellion—

> Both the King and the Lords hold it strange that it is found but a riot, considering that after proclamation by his Majesty's lieutenants

[1] *Remembrancia*, p. 457. State Papers (Domestic), 1629, July 20.

resistance was made, blood shed, a barricade raised, and capitulations required, all which have ever been found capital offences.

Secretary Coke wrote to the Chief Justice of England in the tone of a scolding shrew—

> The King commanded the Secretary to tell the Lord Chief Justice, that his eye is not on any man for revenge of his particular offence, but on the duty of a King and the ministers of his justice, for the preservation of government. He will not prosecute a matter of this nature in the Star Chamber, and so publish to the world that his government may be opposed without further danger or penalty than a fine ; but if our laws permit no other proceedings, his Majesty will have it prosecuted no further, rather than make such a precedent to encourage rebellion. He is to take the case into consideration and confer with the Lord Keeper, that his Majesty may receive a full answer.[1]

John Felton, the assassin of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, is a larger figure, overshadowing these petty affairs. He was lodging at the house of Thomas Foot in Fleet Lane when he set out for Portsmouth, purchasing his knife as he left the City. His mother, Eleanor Felton, and a widowed sister lodged in Fleet Street with Owen Hughes, a haberdasher. Except in the actual blow which liberated England from the uncontrolled licence of the favourite, it is curious how the circumstances of that grim tragedy cluster about the locality. The Windmill tavern in Shoe Lane was the resort where Felton first made himself acquainted with the outspoken " Remonstrance " of the House of Commons, declaring Buckingham to be an enemy of the country and the cause of all existing evils. There, with a young scrivener's clerk, Richard Harward, he stayed reading the document for two hours, and filled his mind with the idea that to kill the Duke would both avenge his private wrongs and " do great good service to his country."

His mother and sister were worshipping at St. Dunstan's Church when the news of the favourite's death arrived from Portsmouth next day, Sunday, the 24th August, 1628, after sermon, and while the psalm was singing. People stood up, some rejoicing, others grieving, which caused disturbance. Felton's name being linked with the crime, the two ladies swooned. Immediately after arrest at Portsmouth, Felton told his interrogators that he was to be prayed for on the

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[1] State Papers (Domestic), 1629, Aug. 9.

morrow at a church by Fleet Conduit (St. Bride's) " as for a man much discontented in his mind."

Among the depositions is that by Elizabeth Josselyn, wife of Samuel Josselyn, of Fleet Lane, a stationer who lent out books. Early as this there was a circulating library! She testified that she knew Felton lodged at Foot's, and that he had borrowed several books from her to read, and had returned them all except *The History of Mary Queen of Scots*. Felton she described as a very melancholy man, much given to reading of books, and of very few words. She had never seen him merry.[1]

The gloomy assassin himself underwent several examinations, always asserting that he had no accomplices; and when the Earl of Dorset—he of Dorset House, Fleet Street—in the King's name threatened him with the rack, Felton replied: " If it be his Majesty's pleasure, I am ready to suffer whatever his Majesty will have inflicted upon me. Yet this I must tell you, that if I be put upon the rack, I will accuse you, my Lord Dorset, and none but yourself." This bold stroke nonplussed his examiners. King Charles, willing, as he incautiously intimated, to sanction torture, but anxious to throw responsibility on others, referred the matter to the judges. They first met at Old Serjeants' Inn, Chancery Lane, and ruled that the King might not put the party to the rack. On the 14th November all the judges assembled at Serjeants' Inn, Fleet Street, and they " agreed in one that Felton ought not to be tortured, for no such punishment is known or allowed by our law."[2] So Felton forced from them an avowal of a law which condemned all former practices. He died at Tyburn a fortnight later.

Of the stirring events of the Civil War Fleet Street saw little, yet one memorable occasion is to be recalled. The City was mostly solid for the Parliament, and there was intense enthusiasm when the Mayor and Aldermen went out to Temple Bar on the 28th September, 1643, to meet the trained bands of London returning from Newbury. They had not won the battle, but their unbroken front prevented King Charles claiming the victory. Rupert's far-famed horse had

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[1] State Papers (Domestic), 1628, Oct. 3.
[2] C. A. Ward, *The Antiquary*, xvi, 118, 156.

shattered itself against the serried pikes of the Londoners, who stood their ground despite repeated charges of cavalry and fearful havoc wrought in their ranks by cannon. Clarendon, the Royalist historian of the war, says of them, "They behaved themselves to wonder, and were in truth the preservation of that army that day."

By and by came Cromwell to Temple Bar in place of the King, Lord Protector of these realms. The Mayor offered the civic sword with the usual observances. Cromwell, his grim face relaxed into a smile, referred the Mayor to the Speaker, then accompanying him, and so, accepting this acknowledgment of a new power in the State, they passed on to dine in the City.

It was in Fleet Street, by the Conduit, that General Monk lodged when preparing for King Charles the Second's Restoration, with his troops near at hand, ready to overawe either the City or the Parliament. The downfall of "the Rump" Parliament, presaging the end, was celebrated by popular rejoicings in the streets. Pepys wrote in 1660, February 11th—

> We went homewards, it being about 10 at night. But the common joy that was everywhere to be seen ; the number of bonfires, there being 14 between St. Dunstan's and Temple Bar, and at Strand Bridge I could at one time tell 31 fires. In King Street 7 or 8 ; and all along burning and roasting and drinking for rumps ; there being rumps tied upon sticks and carried up and down. The butchers at the Maypole in the Strand rang a peal with their knives when they were going to sacrifice their rump. On Ludgate Hill there was one turning of the spit, that had a rump tied upon it, and another basting of it. Indeed it was past imagination both the greatness and the suddenness of it. At one end of the street you would think there was a whole lane of fire and smoke, so hot that we were fain to keep on the further side.

I close this long chapter with a few matters of domestic interest to the street, largely gleaned from parish records, before the Great Fire made the cleavage with old London complete. The first has given the key, which I long sought, to the origin of a curiously named alley that has now disappeared.

Four of the entourage of the Bishop of Tarbes, the French Ambassador to Henry the Eighth's Court, had made a wager to shoot with a hand-gun. These four, Charles de Castelnau, the bishop's brother ; John de Serrate, chamberlain ; John Boterel, an esquire ; and Berbard Delasus, steward ; with

others on the 7th December, 1536, went to settle the wager at the Cock and Key tavern in Fleet Street, by Whitefriars. A posse of Englishmen lay in wait, and as they came out attacked them with bills, clubs, and staves. The Frenchmen ran towards Bridewell, pursued with lusty cries of "Down with the French dogs!" Serrate was cut in the sleeve with a dagger, and took refuge under the stall of Berthelet, the King's printer. Gilbert de Coste, an ambassador's servant, when defending himself with his sword was wounded in the head and face by a blow from a bill, and left at St. Bride's churchyard. William le Pyed, another servant, being wounded was rescued by the parish constable, and by him handed over to others to take to the compter, but they used him so cruelly that he died next day; and John Martin, also a retainer, was likely to die.

The upshot is not told, but Cromwell wrote in reply to the Ambassador's complaint, "The King has caused it to be examined into, and will have the offenders punished."[1]

Punishments under the Tudor Sovereigns retained much of the character given to them in mediæval times. The object sought was to make an example as a warning to evil-doers, and in the most public way, then let the offender go; if the crime was too serious, his life paid forfeit. Back in the year 1552 the Rose tavern, before mentioned, still stood in Flete Street, by Fletebridge. There, on the 19th March, it being Lent, the son of a Devonshire clothier brought a duck to be roasted. Now eating of flesh was forbidden in Lent by proclamation. The officers of the law seized the duck and the delinquents together. A cook-boy in the tavern had participated in the crime.

The Lord Mayor and Aldermen gave them this punishment: each of the boys was put on a horse, a long spit with the ends fastened to their necks joining them together, and from the spit depended the roasted duck. In this fashion they were made to ride through all the City markets, where their offence was proclaimed, and being afterwards kept in prison a day and a night, they were then liberated.

A more serious offence against morals was charged, and proved, against Richard Hinse, a tailor, and his sister, dwelling

[1] Letters and Papers Henry VIII, vol. 11, Nos. 1334 and 1363.

together in Fleete Streete in 1551. Both were committed to ward, and the morrow after arrest being Friday, the Court of Aldermen ordered that they should be set in a cart, the hair of their heads shaven overthwart for a deformity, and a paper set on their backs announcing their crime, so to ride three market days about the City, proclamation being made at each stopping place of the cause for this punishment. Thereafter they were to be left without the gate at Temple Bar—banished the city.[1]

The custom of making a public example of a criminal at the scene of his crime was apt to become burdensome. Many Spaniards flocked to London in Queen Mary's reign, and one of these, residing in Fleet Street near the Conduit, complained of robbery. Two men taken were hanged against his gate betimes in the morning, " and so hangyng all the daye in the raine," records Machyn, to complete the picture of desolation —justice against the thief at a price which few people would care to pay.

When Elizabeth came to the throne, it was no small penalty to be Roman Catholic. The Protestant Queen executed priests as traitors, with the customary barbarities ; others for receiving, comforting, and maintaining priests were hanged. There is one shocking case to record. Christopher Bales, or Bayles, a young Durham man, had studied at Rome, and having entered the priesthood at Rheims, was by his superiors sent to the English Mission. He accepted, knowing the peril.

He was taken, racked, hung up in the air for twenty-four hours, and submitted to other cruelties, which he bore with courage and patience, though of weak constitution. At length he was arraigned, under the statute of the 27th Elizabeth, for having been ordained priest beyond the seas, and coming to England in the exercise of his priestly office. The condemnation assured from the outset followed. Bales was drawn on a hurdle from his prison into Fleet Street, where a gallows had been erected over against Fetter Lane, and there hanged, disembowelled, and quartered, on the 4th March, 1590. He was but twenty-six. Nicholas Horner on the same day was hanged at Smithfield, and Alexander Blake in Gray's

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[1] Wriothesley's *Chronicle* (Camden Society), ii, 68.

Inn Lane, before his own house, for felony in receiving and relieving Bales.[1]

Elizabeth's statutes placed the unfortunate Papist in hard case. His religion forbade him attending devotions save those of his faith, and the laws of his country penalised him for staying away from the national church, in fine of £20 for each month of absence. Accordingly, it was not difficult to track the recusant down, and the hunt was keen.

James Taylor, a grocer of Fleet Street, made his house a resort of his persecuted co-religionists. Means were found to convey letters to England in the King of France's packet, which then came into the hands of an Italian, by whom they were delivered to this tradesman. Elizabeth's Government got word of it. "J. C."—whom I take to have been a spy—writes to Sir Robert Cecil of Lord Strange and other Papists: "You may see they are greedy of intelligence, and have very sorry and seldom advices, and to supply them they often invent. I do not know Thos. Payne or James Taylor, but it appears they be the parties at whose houses I might perhaps have some letters at my arrival in London."[2]

The Ministers had already the confession of James Clayton. "He had heard mass in the house of Tailor, a grocer in Fleet Street, within the last half year: Collington said mass, and there were five or six persons present."[3] A list secretly supplied to the Council by Davie Jones in 1578 gave the names and addresses of certain Papists hereabouts, with particulars of those who kept chaplains or attended mass—

Mr. Geve and Dister of the Crown Office, Fleet Street.
David Sadler, sadler, Fleet Street.
Rob Hare and Saunders, of the Inner Temple, who repair to Lord Paulet.
Fletcher, of the Middle Temple, Fleet Street.
Dr. Burkot and Dr. Good, of Chancery Lane, hear Mass at Baron Browne's.[4]

Hardly can one turn over a page of the wardmote records from Elizabeth to the Restoration without finding reports to

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[1] Stow, *Annals*, ed. 1615, p. 760. Gillow, *Biographical Dictionary of English Catholics*, i, 121.
[2] State Papers (Domestic), 1592, July 3.
[3] *ibid.*, 1591, April 19.
[4] *ibid.*, Addenda, 1578, Oct.

the Mayor and Aldermen of the names of recusants in the parish. It is to the credit of the civic fathers, intensely Protestant as was the City, that they took by no means kindly to the task of persecution, and where possible shirked that duty. I find among the presentments of the St. Dunstan's wardmote inquest in 1621—

Henry Luthow, for being an obstinate recusant in not coming to the parish church, nor will not come by words of his own writing.

Next year Luthow is again presented for the same fault, with others. Every year for forty years, with few intervals, his name reappears, then after 1660 no more is heard of him. Perhaps he had gone in ripe old age beyond reach of the harsh laws he had flouted to some purpose.

Each St. Thomas's Day the wardmote for the south side of the ward of Farringdon Without met at St. Dunstan's Church, appointed its grand jury and its petty jury, and considered local affairs. The intensity of this local life indicates how far it is that we have since travelled. I select a few Elizabethan offenders—

Thomas Smythe, a waterman dwelling in Chancery Lane, resorted to the Temple stairs and the Whitefriars bridge to wash his clothes. For that he was presented to the Court of Aldermen in 1559 as a common annoyer of all citizens.

James Dalton suffered apprentices to play at dice and lose their master's money. He, too, was judged a common annoyer.

One Masterman kept a cellar under the house of Richard Blackman in Fleet Street, " wherein is much figytings, quarrelinge, and other great disorders to the great disquiet of his neighbours." These happenings were not uncommon to the cellar shops.

The Elizabethan age has lost none of its glamour over all this distance of time; and women's tongues were sharp. It was not infrequent when the domestic peace was disturbed by a shrewish wife for the suffering husband to take the verdict of his neighbours. These are from the St. Dunstan's wardmote registers :—

Item (1559). We p'sent Barton's wyfe for a comon skold.

Item (1561). We p'ssent Barton's wyffe for a common scold and before tyme p'sentyd for the same and not amendyd.

Item (1603). We also present Joan Spronoy to be a woman given to slanderings, scoldings, and babbling, to the great disturbance of her neighbours and others.

Item. (1617). We present Mᵉ Thimblethorpe dwelling in the Highe street in Fleet Streete much suspected by subtile means to be a troublesome woman and of an ill disposition amongst honest and quiet neighbours as we are informed.

What the Mayor and Aldermen did with these scolds when the presentments came before them I cannot say; the Fleet was near for a bad case. A scold named Joan Grove was, in 1574, taken to Bridewell, and there threatened with threescore stripes with a whip if ever again she be proved to exclaim with her tongue against Sir William Drury's man or any other. Little, perhaps, were either threats or duckings effective in silencing a persistent woman, for after thirty-four long years of added tribulation Barton's plaint came again before the inquest (1593)—

Item. We present Mary the wife of Thomas Barton to be a common scold complained of upon divers times as well before the aldermen as before the inquest, and also often warned, yet not amended.

I have touched but lightly upon the neighbourly supervision over morals. How intimate it was, two other extracts taken from the St. Dunstan's wardmote register must suffice to illustrate—

Item (1561) We present the wife of William Pyatt to be a woman of evil living for that she hath played the harlot often times.

We present (1642) Widd Moody in Fleet Street for that she is found to keep a disorderly house, and for that in her widdhood she hath had as is credibly reported two children, and still doth do incontinently.

Bridewell, converted into a Royal Hospital by King Edward the Sixth, has many old records of its own of Elizabeth's reign. This of a witch—

Jane Foster brought into this house the xvj day of July, 1559, by Mr. Eyles, a deputy of the Ward of Farringdon Without, for that the same Jane very naughtily and lewdly took upon her to enchant and as it were bewitch Margaret Stone, the daughter of John Stone, saddler, without Newgate, and practised the bringing her unto the company of one Foster, a serving man, only for lewd or evill purpose.

And this of a playful City apprentice's coarse joke, and the befitting retribution—

Hugh Barett apprentice to Miles Fawcett, cloth-worker, whipped xx April, 1560, for that he in vile manner did hang a cord full of horns at the door of Henry Ewart, an officer of this City and the same on the Church door, the day the said officer was married.

Two other apprentices caught idly speculating on the Queen's life fared no better—

Richard Foster, the apprentice, of the good Wife Dean, hath together with Wm. Young, the parent of John Young, neighbour to the said good wife Dean, brought into this house the 17th May 1559, for that the same Richard and Wm. being both boys, had lewd and naughty talk of the Queen's highness, one thereon saying she must live 30 years and the other said but 2 years, and having been examined were found to be very asses, and fools and were therefor here whipped the said day and year and so discharged.

Tobacco was a new vice much in vogue under King James the First. As was said of the Highlander disguised in a particularly wide pair of trousers, "Converts are always enthusiastic." Men smoked furiously, believing they found in the leaf a cure for all ills. These are from the St. Dunstan's wardmote register of 1630—

Item. We present John Twinco, James Platt, Thomas Witomy and John Knolles for selling ale and tobacco unlicensed, and for annoying the Judges of Serjeants Inn whose chambers are near adjoining.

Item. We present Timothy Howe [of Ram Alley, Fleet Street] and Humfry Fenne for annoying the Judges at Serjeants Inn with the stench and smell of their tobacco.

Item. We present Thomas Bowringe and Philip Bowringe for keeping open their shops and selling tobacco at unlawful hours, and having disorderly people in their houses, to the great disturbance of all the inhabitants and neighbours near adjoining.

From which one may take it that the Judges did not smoke. The dens in Ram Alley early added tobacco to their other poisonous attractions: in 1618 the wardmote laid complaint against Timothy Louse and John Barker, of Ram Alley, "for keeping their tobacco shoppes open all night and fyers in the same without any chimney and suffering hot waters [spirits] and selling also without licence, to the great disquietness and annoyance of that neighbourhood." The trade had not yet found its home. One Fleet Street dealer in tobacco whom the Star Chamber seized for trading unlicensed was a grocer. Another, Gregorie Bootie, to whom three hogsheads of Virginia tobacco were consigned, dealt in worsted stockings.

Hawking was yet a kingly sport, as Fleet Street bore reminder somewhat unpleasantly—

Item (1624). We present James Walmsley and William Summers for annoying of divers inhabitants of Fleet Street, and the White-fryars by killing of dogge for hawkes, and also keepinge them long alyve

howling and crying, and after they have kil'd them, theyr blood and filthe groweth soe noysome that yt will be very dangerous for infection yf yt be suffered.

There is news of ill deeds, long since forgotten, in the burial registers. These from St. Dunstan's—

1619, April 12.—Sepcoate Mullingnay being hanged over against the Kinge's Head Taverne in Fleete Street was buried.

1644, April 22.—Sam Langham, a Capt. in the Parliament Service killed himself, yet buried in the churchyard by lawe.

1644, May 14.—John Goodladd hanged himselfe, White Alley, buried in the Feildes.

1649, Aug. 18.—Mr. Dawbeny Dysme, Gent. of the Temple. He was hanged at Tyburne for pistolling a man in Holborne; and being brought from thence in a boate he was interred by the way-side. Twenty four hours after he was buried, out of ye Inner Temple, in ye further church yard.

From St. Bride's marriage register I take one curious entry—

1653, Nov. 26.—Frauncis Drake, esq., and Mrs. Sussannah Potts were married before John Foulke, esq., alderman of the citie of London, and one of the justices of the peace for the said citie, att the house of Nathan Wrighte, esq. in Mark's Lane; when was present Sir William Drake, knt and baronet, Sir John Potts, knt and baronet, N. Wrighte, esq. and others, accordinge to an acte of parliament.

The troubled years of King Charles the First's reign and of the Commonwealth did not witness much building in the ward. But there was one great change. The northern part of Chancery Lane, long after the Knights Templars had left it, had been occupied by Southampton House, the magnificent town residence of that Earl of Southampton, Shakespeare's patron, to whom the poet dedicated his *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece*. Its gardens extended down Chancery Lane from Holborn as far as Cursitor Street, and it was upon the wall there that Gerard, Lord Burghley's gardener and the father of English botanists, found growing the Whitlow grass, "or English Naile woort," as he describes in his *Herball*. The mansion was razed to the ground in 1639-40, and in its place the Earl's successor, under licence by King Charles, built eighty new houses, making the street continuous.

When a poor maid was jilted, what should she do? Mary Baylie, of Shoe Lane, took her sad case to Archbishop Laud. For four years Roger Carlisle had courted her, then set her aside for another woman, and not satisfied with this slight, had further cited her into the church of St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside,

to her great charge and trouble, denying that he was ever engaged to her. The girl prayed the Archbishop to call Roger Carlisle before him, and having examined the truth of her statement, to give order for the good of the petitioner, being a poor maid, as he should find cause. Laud, it may be, did not consider breach of promise of marriage within a Primate's jurisdiction. The petition, now in the Public Record Office, bears the endorsement, "Reference to Sir John Lambe." Perhaps that dour lawyer did such justice as the law of Charles the First provided in these matters.

CHAPTER XIII

ALSATIA

Sir Edw. Belfond. I'll rout this lot of most pernicious knaves, for all the privilege of your place. Was ever such impudence suffered in a Government? Ireland's conquered; Wales subdued; Scotland united; but there are some few spots of ground in London, just in the face of the Government, unconquered yet, that hold in rebellion still. Methinks 'tis strange that places so near the King's Palace should be no part of his dominions. 'Tis a shame to the societies of the law, to countenance such practices. Should any place be shut against the King's writ, or *Posse Comitatus?*—SHADWELL, *The Squire of Alsatia*, 1688.

BACK of Fleet Street, on the south side, in a dominion marked by most irregular frontiers, might have been found at home any time from Elizabeth to William the Third as fine a set of scoundrels as were to be met with in England. They were none the better for the fact of being unconvicted. That the scandal of Alsatia, as this libertine kingdom came to be called, should have been suffered so long is testimony to the amazing tolerance of our forefathers. The Restoration dramatists have drawn it as it is best known; and the stage setting is the more true as those who were content to seek patronage for their plays among the mistresses of Charles the Second's Court were in no way restrained from giving expression to the licentiousness of the place by any considerations of delicacy for playgoers.

Admit that the whole subject is unsavoury; yet Alsatia cannot be dismissed as a manifestation of the mere indifference of a past age to a foul hotbed of vice existing in the town's midst. Plague spot as it became, one need be no apologist to recognise that amid a mass of evil it stood for some good—even though the price, all things considered, may have been excessive. Nothing can condone the cruelty that condemned a debtor to life-long imprisonment.[1] Once he had secured refuge in the sanctuary, the poor wretch had at least a chance. Alsatia afforded a temporary hiding place from the tyranny of

[1] Late as 1810 Dr. Lettsom, the philanthropic physician of Bolt Court, Fleet Street, instanced the case of a debtor who had then been in Horsham gaol for forty-one years for a debt of £15.

a king. It gave asylum to the man who had killed a fellow by misadventure or in self-defence (as in a duel) until such time as he could place his petition advantageously before the Crown, and secure the royal pardon. These latter cases of sanctuary taking were common, and a warrant was habitually granted to the refugee by the Crown in consideration of a small payment, its production being necessary at times for his personal protection.[1]

Alsatia was a consequence of bad laws. It outlasted any legitimate usefulness, but none the less in origin was not unworthy. Sanctuary was not the complete madness that familiarity with the equal administration of justice makes it appear. It was English law before the Norman Conquest. In the conditions which so long prevailed in our history, when punishment was excessively severe and the penalty uncertain, some loopholes of escape were almost a necessity to mitigate, in some measure, the harshness of the penal laws. Sanctuary served the poor man at least as well as his neighbour more fortunately placed, who could plead benefit of clergy, and to that extent was a levelling down of class privilege.

The City's *Liber Albus* tells that in the year 1234, one Henry de Battle—therein described as a clerk—slew Thomas de Hall on the King's highway, and fled to the church of St. Bride by night. It was not in his mind, nor in that of the authorities, that he should find permanent refuge.

A felon in peril of life could claim by ancient usage sanctuary in church for forty days. This claim was made by Henry de Battle; he confessed his guilt to the coroner, rendered up his goods to the sheriffs, and taking an oath to abjure the realm, was passed in safety from constable to constable until he reached a seaport, where he was put aboard a foreign-bound ship. He might hope to obtain a pardon, but if ever he returned from exile without one the gallows awaited him. There were some offences too heinous for sanctuary, though murder was not among them; treason, as menacing the safety of the Crown, and sacrilege, as touching the property of the Church. Burglary, highway robbery, and some others were in later times excluded.

So matters remained until Henry the Eighth, when the

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[1] F. A. Inderwick, K.C., *Cal. Inner Temple Records*, vol. 2, p. xxvi.

disadvantages of the system came acutely to be realised. It was found that outlaws banished from this country strengthened the enemies of the King abroad. They taught the foreign archers the practice of the bow as used in England. Others, too, says the preamble of the 22nd Henry the Eighth, ch. 14, " disclosed their knowledge of the commodities and secrets of this realm, to the no little damage and prejudice of the same." A change was made which brought sanctuary to its second stage. The oath of self-banishment was no longer required. Instead of being sent across the seas, felons taking sanctuary were to be interned for life in certain English towns indicated by Parliament—Westminster, Norwich, and Manchester being amongst them.[1]

The Carmelite Friars had given sanctuary in their church at Whitefriars, as other religious Orders had done. It was the sanctuary common to every church and churchyard, and nothing more. Special privilege was afterwards claimed for Whitefriars, but none existed in mediæval days. Whitefriars was at no time a chartered sanctuary, like St. Martin's-le-Grand or Westminster Abbey, where sanctuary men might spend their lives under the protection of the Church. The felon in refuge could hope for nothing from the friars when his forty days had passed ; either he must surrender to the law and take his trial, or (until the last days) quit the realm.

Then came the forcible dissolution of the larger religious houses in 1538-40, followed by the uncontrolled libertinism that gave the dominant character to sanctuary in its third and final stage.

The friars were themselves made outlaws. With that day the deplorable history of Alsatia begins, though the name itself was applied later[2]—a history entirely disreputable, its sordid squalor unrelieved by any spark of generous humanity, and foreign to all those ideas of mercy and charity which inspired the founders of sanctuary among the churches. It

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[1] The essential passages of these Acts of Henry VIII are printed by the Rev. J. Charles Cox in *The Sanctuaries and Sanctuary Seekers of Mediæval England*, ch. 18.

[2] The cant name was adopted from the debateable borderland of France and Germany, a lawless quarter frequently ravaged by war, and familiar to our soldiers who fought in the Low Countries. It came only with the Stuarts.

was the sanctuary at Whitefriars in its closing degradation, with its rescues, its bravos and bullies, its highwaymen, and its termagant hags, that provided Sir Walter Scott with material for some brilliant pages of romance in *The Fortunes of Nigel*, and awakened the wonder of Lord Macaulay—wonder that "such relics of barbarism of the darkest ages were to be found within a short walk of the chambers where Somers was studying history and law, of the chapel where Tillotson was preaching, of the coffee-house where Dryden was passing judgment on poems and plays, and of the hall where the Royal Society was examining the astronomical system of Isaac Newton."

Like a fungus, Alsatia grew up amidst the ruins of the dismantled Carmelite church and buildings. Though provision for sanctuary had gone, the claim was still made that the privilege attached to the quarter. It lay within the City, but having been consecrated to religious use was beyond the Lord Mayor's jurisdiction. This was alone sufficient to lure to Whitefriars numbers of evilly-disposed characters anxious to find refuge from the laws. It was at first sought to build over the friars' precinct with decent houses, but the purpose failed. The too common scenes of riot and debauchery made peaceable life impossible and property insecure. Stow writes in Elizabeth's reign, "In place of this Friers Church be now many fayre houses builded, lodgings for Noble men and others"; and Strype, editing him soon after the final closing of the sanctuary, is more explicit as to the results—

> This place was formerly, since its building in with houses, inhabited with gentry; but some of the inhabitants taking upon them to protect persons from arrests, upon a pretended privilege belonging to the place, the gentry left it, and it became a sanctuary unto the inhabitants, which they kept up by force against law and justice; so that it was sufficiently crowded with such disabled and loose kind of lodgers. But, however, upon a great concern of debt, the sheriff with the *posse comitatus* forced his way in, to make a search; and yet to little purpose; for they having notice thereof, took flight either to the Mint in Southwark, another such place, or some other private place, until the hurly-burly was over, and then they returned.

The sanctuary was grouped principally about the site of the old Carmelite church, with Water Lane (Whitefriars Street) as its chief artery. It is impossible to allocate any definite borders. It was not the whole priory, for at all times there

survived in Whitefriars, cheek by jowl, a small settlement of respectable citizens, wholly distinct from this lawless community. Lady De La Warr had a house there when the friars were evicted. The Greys, Earls of Kent, buried many of their dead in the church, and their town mansion was in the Friars—a large house by the Temple gate, with garden and enclosing wall, known after the suppression of the priory as The Carmelite, or The White-Friars. It is best entitled to remembrance as having been for many years the residence of the great Selden, "the most accomplished of jurists, the most learned of antiquaries, the most courageous of patriots."

Thanks to the liberality of Henry Grey, seventh Earl of Kent, and afterwards of his widowed countess, Selden was able to live in Whitefriars amid great luxury; but the story of his secret marriage with the Countess is probably false. She died in the mansion in 1651, and bequeathed it to him. Selden himself spoke of it, not without pride, as "Museum meum Carmeliticum." It contained his Greek marbles, now housed in the University Galleries at Oxford, his Chinese map and compass, his curiosities in crystal, marble, and pearl, his cabinets and cases, all indicated by letters, and, above all, his incomparable library.[1]

Fragments of the orchard closes of the convent long survived in the gardens of the Whitefriars houses. Ogilby, the poet and printer, was living in the Friars in Charles the Second's reign; as was John Banister, a favourite violinist and composer of the Restoration, whose house was "near the Temple back-gate." In his music-room there he started in 1672 a series of public concerts, which are remarkable as inaugurating a now most popular form of entertainment, being the first lucrative concerts given in London. A large raised box, with curtains, accommodated the musicians, and seats and tables were placed round the room, alehouse fashion, for the company, who paid one shilling admission, and were entitled to call for what music they pleased to be performed. These gatherings were so successful that they continued until within a short time of Banister's death in 1679, and burial in Westminster Abbey cloisters. I give one of his first advertisements—

These are to give notice that at Mr. John Banister's house, now

[1] *Dict. National Biography:* John Selden.

called the Musick school, over against the George Tavern in White Friars, this present Monday, will be musick performed by excellent masters, beginning precisely at four of the clock in the afternoon, and every afternoon for the future, precisely at the same hour.—*London Gazette*, Dec. 30, 1672.

The Bishop of Worcester obtained on the Restoration a grant of five houses in Whitefriars formerly belonging to Alderman Isaac Pennington, one of King Charles the First's judges, then attainted of treason.

Long before that time, however, the greater part of the precinct had been abandoned to the neglect of refugees of the baser sort, whose habits of life when herded within the sanctuary buildings assisted the natural process of decay. The lawless quarter has been described by Macaulay in a passage often quoted—

Insolvents were to be found in every dwelling from cellar to garret. Of these a large proportion were knaves and libertines, and were followed to their asylum by women more abandoned than themselves. The civil power was unable to keep order in a district swarming with such inhabitants; and thus Whitefriars became the favourite resort of all who wished to be emancipated from the restraints of the law. Though the immunities legally belonging to the place extended only to cases of debt, cheats, false witnesses, forgers, and highwaymen found refuge there. For amidst a rabble so desperate no peace officer's life was in safety. At the cry of "Rescue," bullies with swords and cudgels, and termagant hags with spits and broomsticks, poured forth by hundreds; and the intruder was fortunate if he escaped back into Fleet Street, hustled, stripped, and pumped upon. Even the warrant of the Chief Justice of England could not be executed without the help of a company of musketeers.

These people, forming out of a rough camaraderie a body for the control of their own affairs, talking a kind of thieves' slang, recognised no exterior authority. In later years the ward, as evidenced by the wardmote inquests, attempted to maintain a semblance of responsibility, compiling each year a return of vintners and innholders in Whitefriars, appointing a constable, and making frequent presentments against its abuses. James the First's charter to the City of London in 1608 expressly gave the Lord Mayor jurisdiction in the precinct. In both cases the form alone, and not the substance, was preserved. The Lord Mayor had no sooner sought to exercise his authority under James's charter than the Friars gave his officers a taste of their quality: this is in St. Dunstan's wardmote inquest register, December, 1608—

White Friers.—Item, wee pr'sent Richard Whelor late constable of the same precincte, and John Saunders deputy constable to John Turnor of the said precincte for that wee of the enquest goeinge to p'forme our duties according to the Lord Maior's command by warrant to take notice of such innormities as we their should fynd, weare resisted by the aforesaid constables notwithstanding my Lord authorite or warrant.

Next year eleven victuallers were found in Whitefriars, "whereof six is thought sufficient" by the inquest. One of these was "Anne Flore, who heretofore hath been carted for a disorderlie course of life, is now suspected of the same disorder." Evidence is borne of the breaking up of the mansions built after the priory's dissolution. That of Sir John Parker, Knight, was "nowe divided into twentie small tenements," and the house of Francis Pike, victualler, into no fewer than thirty-nine tenements. "Theis two landlords (say the inquestmen) are those that doe breade much poore people in the same precincte, and much annoyance."

A place boasting that it lived without laws depended for its existence upon no written law. It is useless to search for any statute which set up Alsatia, though there are several that aimed to overthrow it. The claim it maintained to shelter malefactors, and more especially debtors, against the laws they had violated rested upon nothing more substantial than the immemorial right of sanctuary, which the Carmelites first gave to Whitefriars in the thirteenth century, and the most that can be said for the claim is that by use and custom it came to be tolerated.

James the First's charter to London of 1608 has been usually accepted as the justification of Alsatia, such as there is. Incidentally the charter gave the Lord Mayor charge to inquire into all witchcrafts. It has been much misunderstood. Leigh Hunt and others have written as though the charter was specifically granted to the debtors. It confirms in the fullest manner all the ancient rights, privileges, and immunities of the London citizens, without attempting to define them. There is not a word about sanctuary. There is, in fact, an invasion of the sanctuary, the precinct of the Friars being thereby added to the City's jurisdiction. The exceptional character of Whitefriars, which its inhabitants had claimed under Elizabeth,[1] is, however, acknowledged by their being

[1] Lansdowne MS., British Museum, 155, p. 79.

wholly exempted from all taxes, fifteenths, and other burdens of scot and lot, and watch and ward, within the City, saving only charges for the defence of the realm and special services to the King. They are further exempt of all charges for pavements, and cleansing of lanes, ditches, water-courses, and sewers within the precinct. Nor are they liable to serve in the office of constable or scavenger, or other like charge.[1] The result was naturally a fearful state of insanitation and neglect. In 1610 the inquest reported of Water Lane, "the waie being soe stopped with dung and dirte that the passengers can hardlie passe, and the pavement soe broken and ruyned that if speedilie redresse be not had neither horse can drawe his loade nor passengers goe that waie."

Loose as was the constitution of the sanctuary, its limits were equally indefinite. The place spread far beyond the dismantled precinct of the Carmelite Friars, for what gave strength to Alsatia as a harborage was the many different means available of access and escape. In one direction, the claim of privilege was set up for Salisbury Court, as having formed a part of the ancient hostel, with chapel and grounds, of the Bishops of Salisbury. In another, the sanctuary which attached to the buildings and burial-ground of the Temple Church was of more substance. It existed from the time when the Knights Templars first settled by the Thames side, and was based upon grants by the Papacy, confirmed by successive kings and allowed by the courts. In addition, the Inns of Court maintained their claims to be extra-parochial and exempt from the City's jurisdiction down to our own time, so that the actual sanctuary ground was itself hemmed in by territory over which the benchers alone exercised authority. The Alsatians, of course, had no word in the management of the Temple, but how this contiguous property served them as a convenient doorway will be shown.

Beyond these ways, and the open river at their foot, the refugees in Whitefriars, when pressed by bailiffs or creditors, could take advantage of several masked entrances from Fleet Street. Cellar shops about the Whitefriars gate had back exits into the Friars. I find frequent complaints. The

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[1] *Historical Charters, City of London.* Ed. Birch, p. 139 *et seq.*

wardmote inquest of St. Dunstan's assembled in 1581 called the widow Pandley to account—

> Item. We present the cellar of widow Pandley for that it hath a backdoor into the white fryers, and for receiving of lewd persons, both men and women, to eate and drinke in her cellar, and to play at unlawful games, and for that she hath no licence, often presented and not amended.

The famous Mitre Tavern in Fleet Street (Hoare's Bank covers the site) at one time afforded similar facilities from its yards at the rear. In 1603 the jury presented the house—

> That there is a back door leading out of Ram Alley to the tenement or tavern called the Miter in Fleetstreete by means whereof such persons as do frequent the house upon search made after them are conveyed out that way.

Other devious but more legitimate routes of getting into the Temple were by Serjeants' Inn ; by Mitre Court, for which also a claim of sanctuary was made ; by Fuller's Rents, and elsewhere. But the strongest outwork of Alsatia, with the longest record of infamy, was Ram Alley.

Alsatia in its habit of life, though somewhat late, is best represented in Shadwell's *The Squire of Alsatia*. The play was written in 1688, while the sanctuary was still a scandal. Shadwell, a dull person generally, with flashes of genius, had remarkable powers of depicting contemporary manners. "The Alsatia scenes," Professor Saintsbury has remarked, "are so lively and bustling, and the whole goes along so trippingly, that an audience (of the time, of course) would have been hard to please who had not liked it. Even the dialogue is smarter and more pointed than is Shadwell's wont."[1]

Sir William Belfond's heir, a bumpkin from the country, falls into the clutches of the rogues of Alsatia. A cousin, Shamwell, lures him into the company. This man has been cheated and ruined himself, and dare not stir out of the sanctuary, where he lives a debauched life. Cheatly is the centre of a rascally group, making it their business to inveigle young heirs in tail, and help them on usurous terms to goods and money, which the plunderers share. By such means the victim's prospective fortune is exhausted, or so encumbered that he is brought completely within their power.

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[1] Shadwell's Plays, Mermaid Series.

The bill is filled with Alsatian types. Scrapeall, a hypocritical, psalm-singing knave, pretends to great piety. He, too, assists the swindlers. There is a cast-off mistress of young Belfond's brother. A dissipated divine who has fled into the sanctuary would disgrace even the Fleet parsons—

Shamwell.—But what shall we do for our Whitefriars' chaplain, our Alsatian divine? The rogue is holed somewhere.

Cheatly.—'Tis true; pray go instantly and find him out; he dares not stir out of his covert; beat it well all over for him; you'll find him tappes'd in some ale-house, bawdy-house, or brandy shop.

Shamwell.—He's a brave swingeing orthodox, and will marry any couple at any time; he defies licences and canonical hours, and all those foolish ceremonies.

Shadwell has drawn with most vigorous strokes the Alsatian bully. Captain Hackum is one of a type of which the sanctuary possessed scores. This "thunderbolt of war," a coward at heart, full of bluster and impudence, was formerly a sergeant in Flanders, and having deserted from the colours, retreated into Whitefriars for a very small debt, where by the Alsatians he is dubbed a captain. There he marries a bawd, who lets lodgings and sells illicit cherry brandy. "O' my conscience," says the deluded Squire, "the captain's mighty valiant; there's terror in that countenance and whiskers; he is a very Scanderberg incarnate." "For my part, I love magnanimity and honour, and those things; and fighting is one of my recreations," retorts the bravo, who when confronted in the Temple walks by his victim's aged father, runs from his drawn sword—

Hackum.—No man e'er gave me such words but forfeited his life. I could whip thee through the lungs immediately; but I'll desist at present. We shall take a time, sir, another time, sir.

Shadwell's first intention was to use the title of *The Alsatian Bully*, but the character as drawn is too slight to give the name to the play.[1]

There is a spirited scene in the sanctuary when the long blast of a horn and noise of tumult give warning that the Friars are up. "The tipstaff! an arrest! an arrest!" is cried, and

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[1] See also Otway's play, *The Soldier's Fortune* (1681), where Courtine observes: "I shall be ere long as greasy as an Alsatian bully; this flopping hat pinned on one side, with a sandy, weather-beaten peruke, dirty linen, and to complete the figure, a long scandalous iron sword jarring at my heels."

again the horn blows. Sir William Belfond, come to seek his son and to secure his seducers, enters with a tipstaff, the constable and his watchmen. The posse of the Friars, drawn up, confronts them. Bankrupts hurry to escape. "Are you mad to resist the tipstaff, the king's authority?" asks Sir William; but the shout still goes up, "An arrest!" and others flock out of the dilapidated houses with all sorts of weapons. Women join them with fire-forks, spits, and faring-shovels.

Cheatly.—We are too strong for 'em. Stand your ground.

Sir William.—We demand that same Squire, Cheatly, Shamwell, and Bully Hackum. Deliver them up, and all the rest of you are safe.

Hackum.—Not a man.

Sir Will.—Nay then, have at you.

Tipstaff.—I charge you in the king's name all to assist me.

Rabble.—Fall on.

[*Rabble beat the constable, and the rest run into the Temple. Tipstaff runs away. They take Sir William prisoner.*]

Cheatly.—Come on, thou wicked author of this broil, you are our prisoner.

Sir Will.—Let me go, rogue.

Sham.—Now we have you in the Temple, we'll show you the pump first.

Sir Will.—Dogs! rogues! villains!

Sham.—To the pump, to the pump!

Hack.—Pump him, pump him!

Belfond, Senior.—Ah, pump him, pump him, old prig!

Rabble.—Pump, pump, to the pump! Huzza!

A rescue is effected by the Templars, led by Sir William's younger son. The gate on Whitefriars is shut, and the three leaders of the mob trapped inside. Young Belfond throws a guinea to the Temple porters, with the injunction, "See these three rogues well pumped, and let 'em go through the whole course." Cheatly's cry that he is a gentleman, and Hackum's that he is a captain, are of no avail. "The whole course," as understood, and practised, by the lively young Templars of that day, and all that it meant, may be gathered from the remarks of the characters of the play when, wet and saddened, they are thrust through the gate into the sanctuary—

Cheatly.—Oh, unmerciful dogs! Were ever gentlemen used thus before? I am drenched into a quartan ague.

Shamwell.—My limbs are still and numbed all over. But where I am beaten and bruised, there I have some sense left.

Hackum.—Dry blows I could have borne magnanimously; but to be made such a sop of! Besides, I have had the worst of it, by wearing my own hair; to be shaved all on one side, and with a lather made of

channel dirt, instead of a wash ball ; I have lost half of the best head of hair in the Friars ; and a whisker worth fifty pounds, in its intrinsic value to a commander.

Cheat.—Indeed your magnanimous phiz is somewhat disfigured by it, captain.

Hack.—I am as disconsolate as a bee that has lost his sting ; the other moiety of whisker must follow. Then all the terror of my face is gone ; that face that used to fright young prigs into submission. I shall now look but like an ordinary man. My honour is tender, and this one affront will cost me at least five murders.

Cheat.—A fish has a damned life on't : I shall have that aversion to water, after this—that I shall scarce ever be cleanly enough to wash my face again.

The one occasion when the Friars paid respect to the law's majesty was when a sergeant and a file of soldiers invaded the privilege of their sanctuary on some grave occasion, bearing a warrant backed by sufficient force. Shadwell has such a scene in his play, where again the horn blows and the streets fill with rufflers and bullies—

Truman.—What do all these rabble here ?

Constable.—Fire amongst 'em.

Serjeant.—Present !

[*The debtors run up and down, some without their breeches, others without their coats ; some out of balconies ; some crying out, " Oars, oars, sculler ! " " Five pounds for a boat ! " " Ten pounds for a boat ! " " Twenty pounds for a boat ! " The inhabitants all come out armed as before ; but as soon as they see the musqueteers they run, and every one shifts for himself.*

Tru.—Hey, how they run !

Lord Macaulay, with a sure sense of historical value, used *The Squire of Alsatia* as an authority in the chapter of his history describing the manners of England at the accession of James the Second.[1] Already, when Shadwell wrote, the Whitefriars sanctuary was decaying and less crowded than in its most strenuous days, but the picture he draws makes a fairly accurate representation of the place at any time from the first of the Stuarts.

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[1] Sir Walter Scott's indebtedness to *The Squire of Alsatia* for his restoration of the sanctuary in *The Fortunes of Nigel* is self-evident to anyone who has read both the play and the novel. Scott took his chief character, that of Duke Hildebrod, the ruler of its rough council, from another of Shadwell's plays, *The Woman Captain* (1680). In *The Lucky Chance*, Mrs. Aphra Behn's comedy (1687) Bellmour, the hero, is hiding in Whitefriars until he can obtain the King's pardon for killing his man in a duel.

A remarkable crime committed in Whitefriars early in the reign of James the First stirred England, then in no way favourably disposed towards the invading Scot, to its depths. It brought Lord Sanquhar to the gallows, and two accomplices shared his fate. This young Scottish noble, who had followed the King south, and had married into a good English family, was head of an ancient house claiming descent over three centuries. Five years or more before the crime for which he suffered, he had been a guest of Lord Norris at his seat at Rycote, Oxfordshire. There he met John Turner, a fencing master. They engaged with the foils. In the bout Lord Sanquhar had one of his eyes put out. This appears to have been a pure accident, and did no credit to the skill of the professional master of fence.

Some time after Lord Sanquhar was at the Court of King Henry the Sixth of France. In conversation, the monarch questioned him upon the loss of his eye. It was done with a sword, the nobleman replied.

" Doth the man live ? " the King asked.

The question put thoughts of revenge into Lord Sanquhar's mind It is conceivable, in the manners of that day, that a gentleman should consider his honour affronted by such a loss received at mean hands. That the honour of a gentleman should require him to hire murderers to avenge the affront is less easily explained. Lord Sanquhar, brooding over the affair, was led to a desperate resolve to take Turner's life. Returning to England, he sought his adversary both in London and the country, but could not approach him. In his confession he acknowledged, " If I had met him in any place of the Court, I was then resolved to have run him through ; though the place had made my offence the greater."

Foiled on every hand, Lord Sanquhar engaged two ruffians to effect his purpose. Robert Carlisle had been a page in Sanquhar's household, and—though too late to save him, Carlisle having been already hanged—the baron spoke of the man's warm affection for his patron which induced him to commit the deed. Gilbert Gray, a purely mercenary spirit, lost nerve when the plot had ripened. Lord Sanquhar thereupon secured the services of one Irving, a Border Scot without scruple.

Turner had his lodging in Whitefriars,[1] among the habitués of which he found demand for teaching his skill. His school of fence was near by. Lord Sanquhar's excuse for not pursuing him into the sanctuary was that he was himself well known there. One evening in May, 1612, about seven o'clock, Carlisle and Irving went in, and found the fencing master sitting at his door, talking with a friend. The assassins greeted him, and Turner hospitably asked them to drink. Carlisle and Irving turned aside to cock their pistols, and then Carlisle, drawing his weapon from under his coat, fired upon Turner where he sat, and shot him below the heart. "Lord have mercy upon me! I am killed!" cried the master of fence, as he fell to the ground. The Friars was soon in an uproar. The murderers fled.

Irving, a stranger amidst this labyrinth of alleys, ran into a wood-chopper's court by the river, through which there was no exit, and was soon taken. Carlisle escaped into Scotland. Lord Sanquhar went into hiding in England; and Gray got away to sea, only to be thrown back by a storm. He gave King's evidence. King James was furious at the crime, and the more incensed that it was committed at the instigation of a Scottish noble. All efforts to discover Lord Sanquhar's hiding place being without avail, the King caused a reward of £1,000 to be offered for his discovery and that of his accomplices. Carlisle was arrested. Lord Sanquhar, stung in conscience by the consequences of his act, surrendered to the Archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth Palace, an object of pity, throwing himself upon the King's mercy.

Lord Sanquhar was not convicted by his peers. His barony being Scottish only, he was arraigned in the name of Robert Creighton before the King's Bench in Westminster Hall. A plea of guilty shortened his trial. Very early the same morning that he came before the judges to receive sentence, gibbets had been erected in Fleet Street, over against the great gate of the Whitefriars, and thereon Carlisle and Irving were hanged. The former swung 6 feet over the head of his meaner fellow. This was the etiquette of the scaffold. It was the manner of Scotland when a gentleman was hanged with a man of lesser

[1] It is likely that this was the same John Turner before mentioned, who was constable of the Whitefriars precinct in 1605–8.

quality than himself, for the gentleman to have the honour of the higher gibbet, and he thought himself much wronged if not so disposed of.

The speech at Lord Sanquhar's trial of Francis Bacon, then Solicitor-General, and the judgment of Mr. Justice Yelverton, are noteworthy for little save a nauseating bespatterment of James, whose justice, said the former, knew no respect of persons, and whose " long arms " stretched out to reach criminals throughout the length of his kingdom. A judge's death sentence preceded by bombast of this sort loses its solemnity—

> Done upon the sudden ! done in an instant ! done with a pistol ! done with your own pistol ! under the colour of kindness : As Cain talked with his brother Abel, he rose up and slew him. Your executioners of the murder left the poor miserable man that was murdered no time to defend himself ; no time to pray for himself ; scant any time to breathe out these last words, Lord have mercy upon me ! An act of murder so base and so barbarous as the like I never heard of, nor scant the like a man shall never read of.

In his condemnation the unhappy man was anxious to rebut an aspersion cast upon him that he was an ill-natured fellow, ever revengeful and delighting in blood. James refused his clemency. Lord Sanquhar perished on the 29th June, 1612, in Great Palace-yard, before Westminster Hall, where a gallows had been erected. A good while he spoke to the people, then the executioner turned the ladder, and left him hanging. There was much compassion among the throng gathered round until it was found that his lordship died a Roman Catholic.[1]

The Temple, immediately adjacent to Alsatia, was a convenient jumping-off ground for all its rogues and vagabonds. The Temple's own right of sanctuary made it secure ; a right which at least the young bloods among the lawyers were zealous to maintain, not loving the Alsatians with fervour, but determined to defeat all outside interference in their own privileged quarter. An incident of 1618 displays their spirit. One Thurston Hunt, a prisoner in the Poultry Comptor, being removed by *habeas corpus* returnable before Justice Warburton in his chambers at Serjeants' Inn, escaped into the Temple. The gentlemen there rescued him. The Sheriffs' officer, greatly daring, attempted a recapture. In the resulting turmoil he was seized, thrown into the Thames, and dragged

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[1] Cobbett's *State Trials*, ii, 743 *et seq*.

through the river in peril of his life. The Sheriffs thereafter wrote to Lord Chief Justice Montagu, hoping that he and the other judges would take steps "for reformation of such insolences . . . as they knew their Lordships (out of their love for their fellowships) had rather prevent than punish."[1] The Sheriffs were left to pocket the insult, nothing being done.

The Inns were, in the first year of James the First, "greatly grieved and exceedingly disquieted by many beggars, vagabonds, and sundry idle and lewd persons who daily pass out of all parts of the City into the Temple garden [through Ram Alley] and there have stayed and kept all the whole day as their place of refuge and sanctuary,"[2] making the churchyard, as a scandalised member of the Middle Temple complained, "a common and most noysome lestal" (dunghill).[3] The benchers found the greatest difficulty in keeping their territory inviolate against incursions by their turbulent neighbours.

A gateway in the eastern wall, then as now standing in the centre of King's Bench Walk, but with steps down into the Friars, opened direct communications between those whose business it was to flout the laws, and the Templars studying to preserve them. The ancient wooden gate was replaced only in 1887.[4] This could be temporarily closed on occasions of broils in the sanctuary. The Alsatians, when harassed by a sheriffs' posse in strength, or faced by a file of musqueteers sent to enforce the Lord Chief Justice's writ, had other means of swarming into the Temple. A broken wall at the kitchen garden could easily be surmounted. There was a door through the wall of the King's Bench office into Whitefriars, frequently the scene of contests between Templars and Alsatians. It was oftentimes bolted and barred against the dwellers in the sanctuary, and as often broken open by them, until, in 1631, the Temple strongly built up the doorway with bricks.[5]

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[1] *Remembrancia*, p. 452.
[2] *Cal. Inner Temple Records*, ii., 8.
[3] *ibid.*, ii, 56.
[4] When the existing wider entrance to the Temple from Whitefriars was constructed in that year, one of the suggestions made was that old Temple Bar should be rebuilt there to form the new gateway; but this was not carried out.
[5] *Cal. Inner Temple Records*, ii, 188.

These means gave escape from the sanctuary. I have mentioned some backways for entering Alsatia *via* the Temple. There were others blocked up by the benchers only after many complaints. From Fleet Street, passing through a shop and house in Falcon Court of one Davies, a tailor, came "a disorderly crowd of outlawed persons which dare not show themselves abroad in the streets." The height even of Ram Alley's lawlessness was reached by one Anthony Gibbs, keeper of a cook's shop in the alley, who in the year 1600 had the effrontery to build a staircase upon the Temple ground into his house, "and made two doors out of his kitchen opening into the Temple ground, and made forms for such as resort to his house upon the Temple ground to sit tippling and drinking, to the great annoy of the students and gentlemen." The benchers suppressed him.

Ram Alley may still be found in Fleet Street, an old rogue wearing the aspect of a reformed character, but you must look for Hare Place—as if renaming could shatter its evil notoriety! The passage, scarcely 7 feet wide, runs parallel with Mitre Court down to the footway from Serjeants' Inn into the Temple. You pass it by with scarcely a glance at the entirely uninteresting backs of houses, for all its life has gone.

> Come you to seek a virgin in Ram Alley,
> So near an Inn-of-Court, and amongst cooks,
> Ale-men and laundresses?

asks one of the characters in Lo Barrey's comedy, *Ram Alley, or Merrie Tricks* (1611), and the question is instructive of the place.

I have spoken of the looseness with which the claim of sanctuary was advanced and accepted, and nowhere is it better exemplified. The Knights Hospitallers had owned here a property known as "The Starre and the Ramme,"[1] and the sign gave its name to Ram Alley, in which the Inner Temple at one time possessed five shops. Ram Alley, however, formed no part of the ground consecrated to ecclesiastical purposes; the last use I have found for the original Star and Ram was that of a brewery. It yet maintained by force a claim to enjoy privilege of sanctuary up to the very last days. The fact in 1640 that a debtor had taken refuge in Ram

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[1] See pages 207, 247, *ante*.

Alley was considered by his creditor sufficient reason to place before the judges for not pursuing him farther.[1]

In this narrow passage, then, as now, closed to Fleet Street by a gate, and shouldering the wall of Serjeants' Inn, lived as motley a crowd of evil characters as could be collected anywhere in London. The life of the place, to-day so empty, was hot and fetid. Ram Alley epitomised all the sordid elements of Alsatia. Its most infamous house, situate near the Temple end, and made known by contemporaries and the more positive evidence of frequent complaints by the wardmote inquest, bore the sign of the Maidenhead.[2] Every house was a resort of ill-fame, and therein harbored women, and, still worse, men, lost to every instinct of humanity. I have not turned a page of the inquest register throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries without finding complaint against the characteristic life of Ram Alley, its reeking dens, its bawds, its occupants' disgusting habits.

The unlicensed dram shops were frequently being presented. Cheats with false weights and false measures figure every year. Judged by their repetition, the Court of Aldermen could do nothing. None could cauterize this plague spot. At times the King's officers, descending in force, would raid the alley, its refugees running helter-skelter to find concealment. The State Papers contain a Parliament's warrant, 1650, to Serjeant Dendy, to apprehend a man who came wounded into Ram Alley, on suspicion of being concerned in the murder of messengers of the Council of State.

Quite as mixed as the people were the trades carried on, for there were traders content to live in this hell. The shops were then on both sides of the paved footway.[3] Of the five of these owned by the Inner Temple, one was used by a stationer, another by a cook, a third by a tailor, the others being " two little shops " their particular business unknown, but the rent of one was but ten shillings per annum. The speciality of

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[1] State Papers (Domestic), 1639–40, Feb. 20.

[2] The house, No. 5 Ram Alley, still bore the sign in 1802, and its evil character had not changed. It was then described as being "in a ruinous condition." (St. Dunstan's Wardmote Inquest, Dec., 1802.)

[3] This is shown in seventeenth century maps, and is confirmed by subsequent rate-books, Serjeants' Inn bearing a portion of the rate for the backs of its houses built into the alley.

Ram Alley was, however, its cooks, who supplied dinners for the neighbouring taverns, and even shared in the preparation of the Lord Mayors' feasts. Lickfinger, "my cook, that unctuous rascal," is represented by Ben Jonson in his *Staple of News* as the glory of the kitchen and master of a shop in Ram Alley; the knave had managed to purloin for his shop twenty eggs provided for the "Custard Politic"—the huge custard that figured in the mayoral feast.

This part of the alley's active life obtains frequent mention in the old plays—

> And though Ram Alley stinks with cooks and ale,
> Yet say there's many a worthy lawyer's chamber
> 'Buts upon Ram Alley—

and Massinger, in *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, alludes to these greasy forerunners of our restaurants—

> The knave thinks still he's at the Cook's shop in Ram Alley
> Where the clerks divide, and the elder is to chose;
> And feeds so slovenly!

Will Poole, the astrologer quack, and contemporary of Lilly, lived in Ram Alley.

Everything known of Ram Alley pictures it in a condition of decay, which seems to have been its unchanging state. A glimpse into the alley from Fleet Street disclosed a line of dilapidated house-fronts. Broken gutters, which no one troubled to repair, delivered a shower-bath upon the passer-by after every rainstorm. Over the shops, with their clatter and smell, were quiet rooms, whence came occasionally the sound of riot and disorder, and faces peered out of the patched windows. They were not pleasant faces. The "widdy's" who figure so frequently in Ram Alley's scandalous annals were widows only by courtesy.

It was the custom of the inhabitants to fling their refuse into a laystall, or heap, before their houses. When it became too offensive even for them, they swept it surreptitiously into Fleet Street, and thus were at constant warfare with constituted authority. The benchers, by walling up the entrances, shut out Ram Alley from the Temple. The judges and serjeants in Serjeants' Inn were too near neighbours to escape offence. I cite a single sentence (1638)—and there are many like—from the wardmote inquest: "We present widdowe Wall for often throwinge out at her windowes Chamber pots

with filth to the great Annoyance of M^r^. Thomas Lake into his garden and walle [in Serjeants' Inn] she having had warninge often given thereof, sufficient and lately made." Over the rest a veil.

There is an account, quite in the Rabelaisian manner, of the usages of Ram Alley in a publication of the year 1673, which the curious may consult.[1] Of certain "special cases" in its life the writer says—

> In the case of Linnen, it hath been adjudged that if three good fellows and constant Companions have but one shirt between them, and that these three (seeing none of their other shifts will do them any good) jointly consent this shirt shall be sold, it shall be lawful for them to expose it for sale, vended and condemned for the common good of three, and that forthwith the money be spent in cherishing that blood that retired from the extream parts, being chil'd with the fright of parting with so near and dear a friend.

Lest it be thought that good never came out of Ram Alley, the story of Hare House, its oldest known building, is interesting. It was in the year 1584 left by John Bowsar and Humphrey Street upon trust for 1,000 years, that every Sunday thirteen pennyworth of bread should be given to thirteen poor people of the parish after service in St. Dunstan's Church. Though the penny loaf has shrunk in size in three and a quarter centuries, the annual sum of £2 16s. 4d. specified by the donors is to this day distributed in bread weekly to the poor, who benefit by these worthy Elizabethans' charity.

The house was destroyed in the Great Fire, and, afterwards rebuilt, sank into the decay customary with all Ram Alley. So dilapidated had the place become early last century that the best use the parish could make of it was to shelter paupers without rent.[2] Hare House has been swept away, but the name survives to conceal the identity of one of London's most pestilent courts from all save those who know their London well. Let into the back of one of the buildings of Serjeants' Inn may still be found a boundary stone with "Ram Alley" deeply cut in its face—last surviving relic of Ram Alley in its bad old days.

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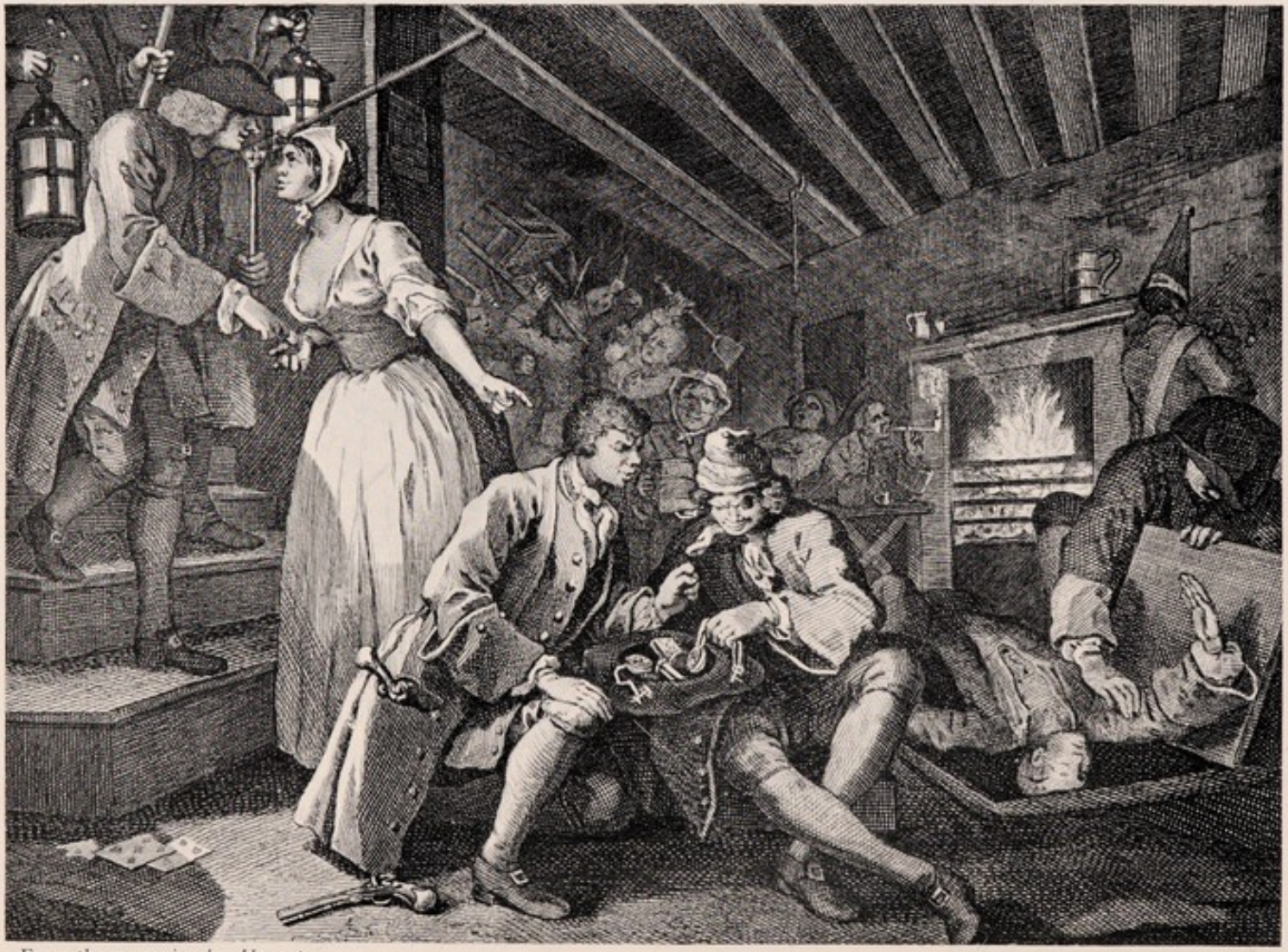
[1] *The Floating Island, or a New Discovery relating to the Strange Adventures on a late voyage from Lambethana to the Villa Franca, alias Ramallia, to the eastward of Terra del Tempo* (1673). Some extracts are given by Besant, *Survey of London*.

[2] Tisley's *Account of St. Dunstan's Charities*, pp. 11-12.



From the engraving by Hogarth

THE BLOOD-BOWL, HANGING SWORD ALLEY

In line by the side of Whitefriars Street, and driving the houses at the end to the point of a wedge, you may still find Hanging Sword Alley, in its present state only a long passage between printing works, dividing the extensive premises of the *Daily Chronicle* and *Lloyd's Newspaper*, among others. "What a world of mystery and of terror of old days," says a recent writer, "is in the very name. It is a conjunction of words that calls up visions of ancient, bitter feuds, of deadly enmities, and quick, rude revenges." The name is, however, like those of so many other neighbouring courts, taken from a house sign, the Hanging Sword, which swung out in the wind and sun in John Stow's time, and long before.[1]

Once this alley teemed with life—the life common to all Alsatia. Its house of most execrable reputation came to be known as Blood-Bowl House, and the name was given in slang to the alley itself. The associations were always sanguinary. Hogarth's "Industry and Idleness" series depicts in Plate 9 the interior of this den. Tom Idle, returned from sea, is there betrayed to the watch by the prostitute with whom, two plates earlier, he is seen in a garret. He is too busily engrossed with the thieves' "fence" to notice the entrance of the posse, the leader of which slips coins into the woman's hand. A grim piece of realism at the back of the scene is the body of a murdered man being thrust through a trap door.

A crime committed in this house, long after the dissolution of the sanctuary, gave Hogarth the idea for his plate. Captain George Morgan, in the early morning hours of the 17th July, 1743, seeing a lady in the street and fearing for her safety (that was his story) gallantly offered to escort her home. He was taken into the Blood-Bowl House, and there robbed and assaulted.

At the trial of James Stansbury and Mary his wife at the ensuing September sessions at the Old Bailey, the woman asked a witness, "Have I not let you go all over the house, to see if there were any trap-doors?" The witness, one Sharrock, replied that he had looked all over the house, and saw no trap-door. This man spoke of the place as Blood-Bowl House. Asked how he came to know of the Blood

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[1] See page 246, *ante*.

Bowl, Sharrock replied that he had seen it in the newspapers. Mr. Alfred Marks, the painstaking historian of "Tyburn Tree," who records the case, says that he has been less fortunate, having found nothing in contemporary prints referring to the name or to the trap-door. Stansbury was acquitted, and his wife condemned to death, reprieved, and transported overseas.

Hanging Sword Alley has literary fame, for there Dickens made the home of Jerry Cruncher, with his prayerful wife, at whom during her devotions he threw his boot, and his son, Young Jerry, known to readers of *A Tale of Two Cities*—

> Jerry, who stood outside Tellson's Bank at Temple Bar [under this name the novelist gently satirises the old-fashioned ways of Child's], and was never by any means in it, unless called in, was an odd-job man, an occasional porter and messenger, who served as the live sign of the house. He was never absent during business hours, unless upon an errand, and then he was represented by his son, a grisly urchin of twelve, who was his express image. People understood that Tellson's, in a stately way, tolerated the odd-job man. The house had always tolerated someone in that capacity, and time and tide had drifted this person to the post. . . .
>
> The scene was Mr. Cruncher's private lodging in Hanging Sword Alley, Whitefriars, the time half-past seven of the clock on a windy March morning, Anno Domini seventeen hundred and eighty. (Mr. Cruncher himself always spoke of the year of our Lord as "Anna Dominoes," apparently under the impression that the Christian era dated from the invention of a popular game by a lady who had bestowed her name upon it.)
>
> Mr. Cruncher's apartments were not in a savoury neighbourhood, and were but two in number, even if a closet with a single pane of glass in it might be counted as one. But they were very decently kept. Early as it was on the windy March morning, the room in which he lay abed was already scrubbed throughout, and between the cups and saucers arranged for breakfast, and the lumbering deal table, a very clean, white cloth was spread. Mr. Cruncher reposed under a patchwork counterpane, like a Harlequin at home.

Though swept clean, and paved and lighted, Hanging Sword Alley, when you walk its length, gives a fair idea of what the rookeries of Alsatia must have been like. There is scarcely room for two to walk abreast. The exit is by precipitous steps; and the entrance is masked by Crown Court. A line of houses at the south end, with back doors on the alley, open upon Whitefriars Street. The double means of escape well served the purpose of the thieves and rogues who infested the place when pressed in pursuit. There are other steep steps up to Magpie Alley, and the whole neighbourhood of Whitefriars

goes up and down in curious fashion, intersected by winding courts like George Yard and Primrose Hill. At times the wayfarer is brought up suddenly in a cul-de-sac, as in Brittons Court, beneath which lies the fourteenth century Carmelite vault already described.

Lombard Street and Silver Street have been assumed to be Alsatian humour, slang names given to the rookeries in contempt of the wealthy quarters of the city. Lombard Street it is to-day. Boar's Head Alley, Fleet Street, survives only as a private back-way. It led to the old Boar's Head, a Whitefriars tavern in the fifteenth century, rebuilt after the Great Fire. The house savoured of Alsatian ways, and late as 1775 there is a complaint by the wardmote inquest against Sarah Fortescue, victualler of the Boar's Head alehouse in Fleet Street—

> for keeping her house open at unseasonable hours, frequently the greatest part of the night, and for harboring and entertaining lewd women and other infamous and disorderly persons, to the great disquietude and disturbance of her neighbours.

Highwaymen found Alsatia a convenient refuge to slip into ; a place well to their liking, for here was excellent hiding for man and stabling for horse, congenial comrades, and small peril of capture. A knight of the road with pockets lined with gold, as quickly lost as won, commonly figured among the company in its gambling dens and drinking cellars, which no doubt were the nursery of many who kicked off their shoes in bravado at Tyburn's fatal tree. An example was made of one of their number close at their door, in 1690. A gibbet was put up in Fleet Street, at the end of Salisbury Court, and thereon was hanged in sight of the mob a notorious highwayman known throughout the Home Counties as the Golden Farmer—his name being William Davis—and his body was afterwards despatched to swing in chains on Bagshot Heath.

In the last days of the sanctuary there was a desperate fray between the Alsatians and the gentlemen of the Temple, arising out of an attempt by the benchers to close and brick up the Whitefriars gate. Fast as the workmen laid the bricks the excited refugees pulled them down. A sheriff's posse intervened to quell the tumult, and was roughly assailed. Shots were fired, one of the officers was killed, and several persons were injured. The authorities, stirred to action at

last, raided the sanctuary in force, arresting seventy of the Alsatians, who were despatched to various gaols. The Society of the Inner Temple voted £10 for the widow of the murdered man.

This outbreak of lawlessness occurred on the 4th July, 1691, and Luttrell further relates in his *Journal* that not until two years later was Captain Winter, who had headed the mob of Alsatians, placed on trial and convicted of wilful murder. Although reprieved, he was eventually hanged in Fleet Street, opposite Whitefriars, the scene of his misdeeds, and "died very penitently." Not until 1697 was the Whitefriars sanctuary despoiled of its privilege by the 8th and 9th William the Third, ch. 27, and it required supplementary Acts of Parliament of George the First and George the Second before London was finally swept clean of such places.

Water Lane, which was the rogues' highway, ceased to be so called more than half a century ago. "It is better builded than inhabited," Maitland wrote in 1751. Its Victorian residents, anxious for a more honourable name than their predecessors troubled about, petitioned the Commissioners of Sewers in 1844 for a change, and since that year it has been known as Whitefriars Street. A happier choice could not have been made, though it is poor compensation for the loss to an historic city like London of a name that had been for centuries in use. The cobbled street, sloping in a tortuous line to the Thames, was excessively narrow until widened after the Great Fire.

It was long little more than a passage way for carts to the laystall by the river, and was dirty in keeping and reputation, yet might claim respectability. Tompion, the father of English watchmaking, kept, under the sign of The Dial and Three Crowns, the corner shop at Fleet Street, No. 67 (*Daily News* advertisement offices in 1912), for five-and-twenty years before his death in 1713. England had produced no horologist to compare; but it is extravagant to claim for him, as is sometimes thoughtlessly done, the invention of the balance spring, which really belongs to Robert Hooke, and of the repeating watch and cylinder escapement, both devices by Edward Barlow. Tompion was the first to make watches with these improvements. The cylinder escapement enabled our watches

to go comfortably into our pockets, for by dispensing with the vertical crown wheel they could for the first time be made flat.

He was the master craftsman. Mr. Britten has said : " The theories of Dr. Hooke and Barlow would have remained in abeyance but for Tompion's skilful materialisation of them. When he entered the arena the performance of timekeepers was very indifferent. The principles upon which they were constructed were defective, and the mechanism was not well proportioned. The movements were regarded as quite subsidiary to the exterior cases, and English specimens of the art had no distinctive individuality. After years of application Tompion, by adopting the inventions of Hooke and Barlow, and by skilful proportion of parts, left English watches and clocks the finest in the world, and the admiration of his brother artists." [1]

It was frequently asserted while St. Paul's was rebuilding that Tompion was constructing a wonderful clock for the Cathedral ; and in *The Affairs of the World*, Oct., 1700, the following announcement appeared—

> Mr. Tompion, the famous watchmaker in Fleet Street, is making a clock for St. Paul's Cathedral, which it is said will go for one-hundred years without winding up, will cost £3,000 or £4,000, and be finer than the clock of Strasburg.

No such clock was ever made ; but Lord Mostyn has now in his possession a clock, fashioned by Tompion for King William the Third, which needs winding but once a year, and he has the names of almost every person who has wound it during the past century.

Late in life the old horologist gave to Bath a long case clock, wound once a month, engraved with his name and the date 1709. It is familiar to visitors to the Pump Room there, still keeping time after two centuries' use. A " wheel " barometer by him hangs in King William's bedchamber in Hampton Court Palace.

Tompion lies in Westminster Abbey. His nephew, George Graham, who had been associated with him, continued the business after his death, and in 1720 moved across Fleet Street to the Dial and One Crown, No. 148. The *Sporting Life* offices

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[1] Britten : *Old Clocks and Watches and their Makers*, p. 270.

cover the site. It was then a quaint little shop, with two bow windows and a doorway between them, and with but little alteration in appearance remained as a watchmaker's for many years, occupied after Graham by Thomas Mudge (inventor of the lever escapement), then by Mudge and Dutton, and later by the younger Duttons.[1]

Another worthy of Water Lane was Mr. Filby, Goldsmith's tailor, who at The Harrow (there is still a Harrow, to-day a tavern) cut some amazing costumes for the vain little poet. Boswell must have found malicious delight in garnering this scrap of conversation—

"Well, let me tell you (said Goldsmith) when my tailor brought home my bloom-coloured coat, he said, 'Sir, I have a favour to beg of you. When anybody asks you who made your clothes, be pleased to mention John Filby, at the Harrow in Water Lane.'"

"Johnson.—Why, Sir, that was because he knew the strange colour would attract crowds to gaze at it, and they might hear of him, and see how well he could make a coat, even of so absurd a colour."

Cock and Key Alley has gone. You may search in vain to-day for Bride's Alley, for Wilderness Lane, Cressers Court, Cloth Workers' Court, or Waterman's Lane, all within the Friars. Dogwell Court, by which Bouverie Street runs, was once famous for The George tavern, built upon it. A scene of Mrs. Behn's play, *The Lucky Chance*, was located at The George. In Shadwell's *Squire of Alsatia*, old Sir William Belfond comes to confront his riotous son during his revels at this tavern, and the house is mentioned by other seventeenth century dramatists. The tavern did not long survive the dissolution of Alsatia. In 1699 it closed its doors, and the same year became the office of those eminent printers, the Bowyers, father and son.

Fire completely destroyed the old George on the 30th January, 1713, the elder Bowyer's stock of types and printing materials and books in hand being consumed, and his business ruined. A member of his family perished in the flames. Bowyer's character stood high; indeed, so greatly was he respected that on his behalf the old procedure of a King's "brief" for a charitable collection was revived, and the joint efforts of his brothers of the craft and private friends, the Stationers' Company and the two Universities assisting,

[1] Britten, p. 283.

produced a subscription of £2,539, with which he rebuilt in Whitefriars on the same site. Bowyer's losses were estimated at over £5,000.

In the George the poems of Lord Byron were first printed. There was born on the 19th December, 1699, William Bowyer the younger, "the learned printer," who lived in the house and its successor for sixty-seven years. His father became the foremost printer of his day; the son brought new fame to the house by his remarkable learning and profound knowledge of the classics. He edited a number of works produced by his press, and was himself a considerable writer of pamphlets and prefaces, all the time continuing, after the parent's death in 1737, the active control of an expanding business. The younger Bowyer left a considerable fortune, and among his many charitable bequests that of £6,000 for the benefit of old printers, compositors, and pressmen is still being administered by the Stationers' Company.

Afterwards the premises were occupied by Thomas Davidson, and having passed to Messrs. Bradbury and Agnew (who recently rebuilt) there have issued from their doors for sixty years the merry pages of *Punch*.

Alsatia reeked with ale-houses and inns. A once familiar tavern was the Black Lion, west side of Whitefriars Street, a picturesque old place, with a small yard and exterior wooden gallery. There is a graceful drawing of it in the Crace collection. In part, at least, it survived until the year 1877, when a large and pretentious gin-palace was built in its place; but trade did not prosper, and to-day an illustrated newspaper of wide circulation, *The Daily Mirror*, occupies the erstwhile licensed house. Long memories will also recall the Rose and Crown at the foot of Whitefriars, a genuine old waterside inn, left high and dry by the building of the Thames Embankment upon its front. It came down about 1880. It was a quaint object thus stranded, with a great projecting wooden structure, like the stern-galley of a ship, and open leads with a view up and down the river, upon which many a Squire of Alsatia had taken his ease, his tobacco and strong waters, in the intervals of predatory excursions in the neighbourhood.

One great business remains in Whitefriars, a link with Alsatia in its old, scandalous days. Land was at the close of the seventeenth century to be had cheaply, and there came

William Davis, founder of the Whitefriars Glass Works. This was a flourishing concern by 1710, when, on the 10th August, the following advertisement appeared in *The Tatler*—

> At the Flint Glass-House in White-Fryars near the Temple are made and sold by Wholesale or Retale all Sorts of Decanthers Drinking Glasses Crewits &c. or Glasses made to any Pattern of the best Flint ; as also all sorts of common Drinking Glasses and other Things made in ordinary Flint Glass at reasonable Rates.

With more than two centuries unbroken record, the Whitefriars Glass Works is the oldest glass manufactory in England. Alexander Seal succeeded Davis. Then came Carey Stafford, who is memorialised in the adjacent St. Bride's church as " The Master of the Glass Works," and " a most ingenious and excellent artist." There followed Stephen Hall in 1766, Hall and Holmes, 1781, and John Holmes, 1791. In the year 1837 the business was acquired by James Powell, in whose family it has since remained, the present owners being three of his grandsons.

Every variety of glass article is produced at the Whitefriars Glass Works, and the basis of every one is the bulb of molten glass blown by the workman's breath at the end of a hollow iron rod. This is true even of a church's stained-glass window. Night and day the manufacture goes on uninterruptedly from Monday till Friday, by successive relays of men. Then two whole days each week the crucibles are closed and the furnace glows red, this time being required thoroughly to fuse the raw materials of which glass is made.

Other trades have been wholly revolutionised by machinery. The more pleasant, then, is it to find surviving a process of manufacture that in two centuries has undergone no important change ; as old as the Romans in England, as old, probably, as the glass-blowers of the Pharaohs. Each piece turned out is hand-wrought, whether tumbler, vase, lamp-shade, or any of a thousand other articles, and to this, no doubt, is largely due the excellence of Messrs. Powell's artistic productions, worthy rivals of the finest work of Venice. Sir William Richmond's mosaics for St. Paul's were executed by craftsmen and in materials sent from Whitefriars.

Of late years the glass-works have been largely extended, but there remains unchanged a picturesque dwelling-house of the William and Mary period, with fine panelled rooms.



THE WHITEFRIARS GLASSWORKS
Drawn by T. R. Way

CHAPTER XIV

THE WHITEFRIARS PLAYHOUSES

> Boldly I dare say
> There have been more by us in some one play
> Laugh'd into wit and virtue, than have been
> By twenty tedious lectures drawn from sin
> And foppish humours ; hence the cause doth rise,
> Men are not won by th'ears, so well as eyes.
>
> RANDOLPH.

IN the early and adventurous years of the London theatre plays were staged at Whitefriars, where three playhouse buildings are known. Those to be distinguished for the moment as Nos. 1 and 2 stood below Salisbury Square, on or about the same site, one replacing the other. The third was a later house of the Restoration, built facing the Thames, where to-day is the playground of the City of London School ; it was the last of the theatres in the City, and the last to which playgoers went by boat. A claim has been made for yet another, more remote than any of these, which it has been customary to name the Whitefriars Theatre. Unquestionably there was a stage within the Friars before the building of the Salisbury Court Theatre in 1629. Of what this earliest theatre consisted is not well established.

It has been said that the Whitefriars Theatre was Elizabethan, and the date 1580, or earlier, has been given, mainly on the evidence of Richard Reulidge's *Monster Lately Found Out and Discovered : or the Scourging of Tipplers.* This Puritanical tirade, the work of a fanatic, was not printed until 1628. The tract states that soon after 1580 many godly and well-disposed London citizens, perceiving that playhouses and dicing houses were traps for the young and others, and seeking some speedy course for their suppression, made humble petition to the Queen and her Privy Council, " and obtained leave from Her Majesty to thrust the players out of the City, and to pull down all playhouses and dicing houses within their liberties : which accordingly was effected ; and the playhouse in Gracious Street, Bishops-Gate Street, that nigh Paul's, that on Ludgate Hill, and the Whitefriars, were quite pulled down and suppressed by the care of these religious senators."

20—(2246)

This is no conclusive evidence of the existence of an established playhouse in Whitefriars so early as 1580—far from it. Reulidge wrote nearly fifty years after, and his statement, read literally, has been discredited. Letters from the Privy Council show that the public stage was still active. On the 18th November, 1581, the Lords of the Council wrote to the City authorities, recalling—

> That for avoiding the increase of infection within the City last summer, orders were sent to them for restraining of plays until Michaelmas last. As the sickness had almost ceased, and was not likely to increase at this time of year, in order to relieve the poor players, and to encourage their being in readiness with convenient matters for Her Highnesses solace till next Christmas, they required them forthwith to suffer the players to practise such plays, in such sort, and in the usual places, as they had been accustomed, having careful regard for the continuance of such quiet order as had been before observed.

In the following spring the Council wrote again to the Lord Mayor, much to the same effect.[1]

It is plain from these letters that at the instance of the Court the plays were revived after temporary prohibition, due to the plague then raging in London, and in no way indicating Elizabeth's sympathy with the Puritanical hatred of the stage. The Queen's active interest in the drama is shown by the fact that in 1583 she took into her own service a company of players made up from actors patronised by some of her nobility.

Reulidge's *Monster Lately Found Out* is valuable for the indication it gives of the real character of the Whitefriars stage at this time. He classes it with the "playhouses" in Gracechurch Street, Bishopsgate Street, that nigh Paul's, and that on Ludgate Hill. No one of these was a theatre in the sense of houses already established, like the Theatre and the Curtain in Shoreditch, or the later theatres at Blackfriars and on Bankside. They were merely the temporary scaffolds erected at inn yards, about which "the groundlings" assembled on the cobbled pavement, and the better part of the audience witnessed the performance from the surrounding galleries, or some part of the stage itself—the Cross Keys in Gracechurch Street, the Bull in Bishopsgate Street, that "nigh Paul's"

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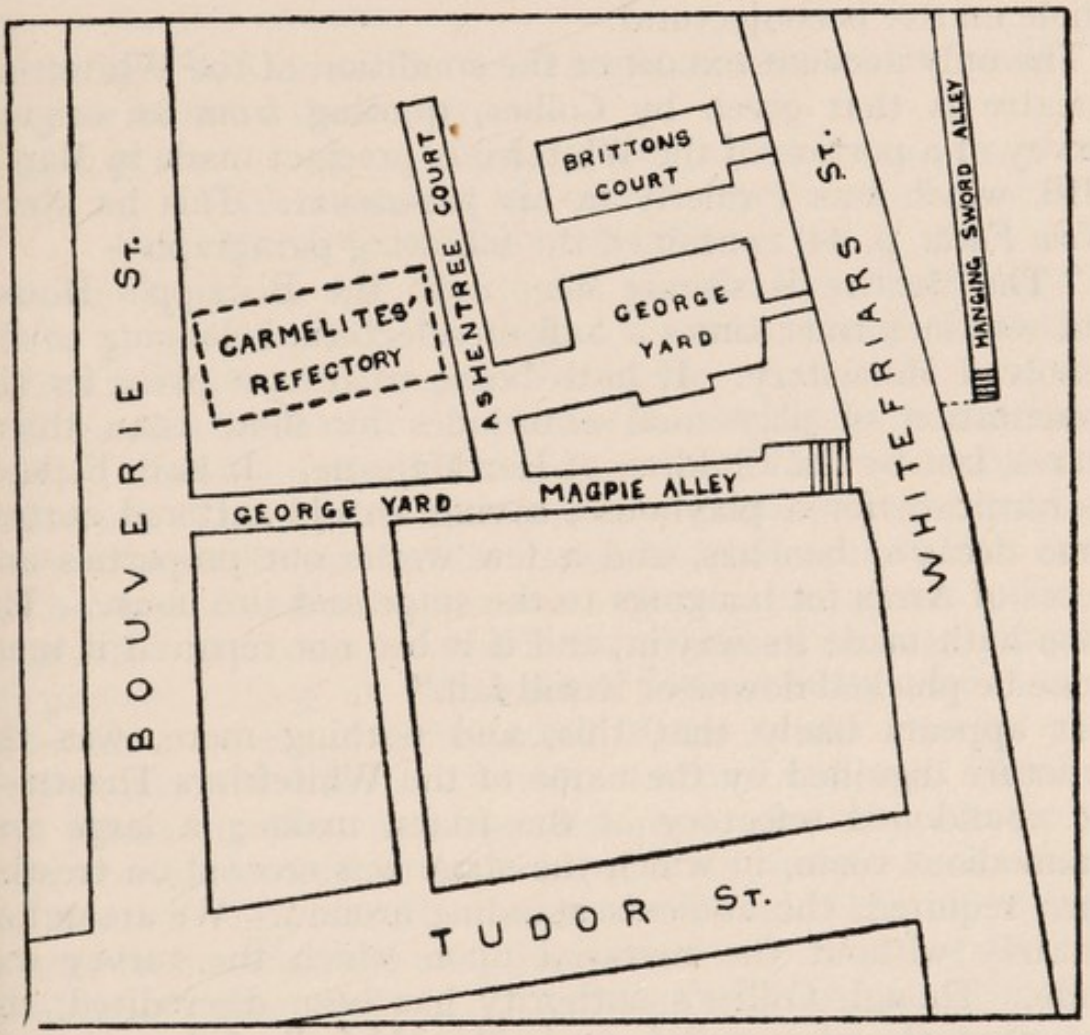
[1] *Remembrancia*, pp. 350–51.

in St. Paul's schoolroom, and the Bell Savage on Ludgate Hill. Indeed, there is much to indicate that the drama was first introduced to Whitefriars in no playhouse built for the purpose, but either in the old refectory of the Carmelite friars, or at some inn-yard. Probably plays were staged at both.

Although Reulidge writes of the Whitefriars theatre as a



SITE OF CARMELITE FRIARS' REFECTORY

Probable home of the first Whitefriars Theatre. Land now covered by "Daily News" editorial offices

" playhouse," and being " quite pulled down and suppressed," when examined with our knowledge of these other inn-yard stages his meaning is clear, and to reject him as worthless is foolish at least. The Theatre in Shoreditch had been built in 1576 or 1577 by James Burbadge, the Earl of Leicester's player, and, near by, The Curtain is mentioned in December, 1577. They were the first London theatres properly so called ;

they were available for stage performances "soon after 1580," when Lord Charles Howard's and Lord Hunsdon's companies and the new Queen's company, with the boys' companies, would have been sufficient for Her Majesty's Christmas "solace." Mr. Fleay thinks it not unlikely that the City authorities may, about this time, have succeeded in suppressing the inn-yard performances and those at Whitefriars ;[1] but the whole matter is conjectural.

The only account extant of the condition of the Whitefriars Theatre is that given by Collier, quoting from an original survey of a portion of the Whitefriars precinct made in March, 1616, which was formerly in his possession. This he states (*New Facts*, p. 44) contained the following paragraph—

"The theatre is situate near unto the Bishopp's House, and was in former times a hall or refectorie belonging to the dissolved Monastery. It hath beene used as a place for the presentation of plays and enterludes for more than thirty yeares, last by the Children of Her Majestie. It hath little or no furniture for a playhouse, saving an old tattered curten, some decayed benches, and a few worne out properties and pieces of Arras for hangings to the stage and tire house. The raine hath made its way in, and if it bee not repaired it must soone be plucked downe or it will fall."

It appears likely that this, and nothing more, was the structure dignified by the name of the Whitefriars Theatre—the abandoned refectory of the friars, making a large and commodious room, in which the stage was erected on trestles when required, the audience standing around. We are unfortunately without the material upon which the survey was made. Though Collier's authority has been discredited, the fact that the players did act in the old hall of the priory is established by contemporary evidence.[2]

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[1] Fleay, *Chronicle History of the London Stage*, p. 39.

[2] Rossiter's Patent of 3rd May, 1615, authorising him to build a theatre in Blackfriars, recites that he and others had "trayned up and practised a convenient nomber of children of the Revells for the purpose aforesaid in a Messuage or mansion house being parcell of the late dissolved Monastery called the White Fryers, neare Fleetestreete in london." (Malone Society's *Collections*, i, 277-8.) The friars' refectory, as shown in an earlier chapter, had been granted to James Morrison, the King's armourer, at the suppression.

But from an unexpected source I find confirmation of the existence, and the sorry condition, of the playhouse in Whitefriars, valuable because it fills an otherwise void space. The wardmote inquest of St. Dunstan's, in December, 1609, listed various abuses in Whitefriars, and their register contains this entry—

Item.—Wee present one playhouse in the same precinct not fitting there to be now tolerable.

And the St. Dunstan's burial register tells of the theatre in the year 1607 by these entries—

Sept. 29. Gerry out of the playehouse in ye Fryers buryed.
,, ,, Francis sonne of the saide Gerry likewise buryed.
,, 30. Wife of the said Gerry buryed.

—three deaths in the playhouse practically simultaneously. There was no plague in London at the time, and perhaps these burials indicate some deplorable accident.

If the conditions for the presentation of plays in the friars' old hall were in no way favourable, at least they were not worse than those of many of the inn-yards. The deplorable state into which the playhouse (for the time) had fallen in 1616 is easily to be explained. Performances would be given only at intervals. No actual record is found of any regular company of players acting at Whitefriars before 1610. Often such intervals were long, as indicated in the letters already cited. The plague was a common visitor to the London of Elizabeth and James the First, and upon its appearance all public gatherings were prohibited for fear of spreading the infection. Early in James's reign the theatres were closed when the plague deaths in London rose to thirty a week; in or about 1619 the limit was raised to forty.[1] Left untenanted, sometimes for months together, an old building even when the friars deserted it in 1538, the refectory would soon fall into decay when repairs were neglected, and the weather was free to act upon the patched walls and rotting timber roof.

I fancy that the actors who performed in Whitefriars before 1610 were in part strolling players, "vagabonds" of their own age. The place offered compensation for its many disadvantages. Although the Carmelite friars had been

[1] The theatres were closed continuously for seventeen months in 1608-9 on account of the plague.

expelled and their hitherto secluded precinct converted into a populous quarter of the city, the land yet retained the extra-territorial privileges which had attached to the religious house. The Lord Mayor, except when acting on the orders of the Council, had no jurisdiction there ; and the Council reflected the views of the Courts, both of Elizabeth and James the First, in supporting the players, while the City authorities remained their bitter enemies. The attitude of the City fathers is well shown in their answer to the petition made to the Council by " Her Majesty's poor players " in 1575 for leave to perform. They said : " To play in plague time increases the plague by infection : to play out of plague time calls down the plague from God." Hobson's choice !

Religious bigotry alone does not account for the persistent hostility of the City to the stage. The play was performed in the afternoon. It was announced by a procession through the streets, with drums and trumpets and banners. A flag was flown at the established theatres to indicate a performance. This, it was complained, brought together the idle and disorderly characters of the town, tempted apprentices away from the shops, choked the narrow streets, and interfered with trade. I have given already the petition of the inhabitants of Blackfriars. More substantial objection was that to the gathering of all sorts and conditions of people in crowded playhouses when plague was endemic in the City for the greater part of the year.

James the First's charter of 1608 expressly gave the Lord Mayor jurisdiction within the old priory precinct ; but by that time the stage's battle had substantially been won. Every company of players then existed by Royal patronage and licence, and later Burbadge was able to build the Blackfriars Theatre in defiance of the City.

We have a definite date for stage performances in Whitefriars in the 4th January, 1610, when the second Children of the Queen's Revels company began their occupancy of the theatre there. It was, presumably, still the refectory, or hall, of the Carmelite Priory, for no mention is made of a theatre having been built. Their patent, bearing the date above, authorised them to act " within the white Fryers, in the Subburbs of our Citty of london, or in any other convenyent place," and appointed Phillip Rossiter and certain others

managers of the company.[1] Mr. J. Tucker Murray indicates certain probabilities that the Children of Paul's acted at Whitefriars up to 1607. They were then reorganised as the Children of the King's Revels, continuing to perform at Whitefriars under their new name until 1609, when they dispersed.[2]

The Children of the Queen's Revels had been set up by Evans, from whom the Burbadges in 1608 had taken over the remaining lease of the Blackfriars Theatre. Originally they were known as the Children of the Chapel. They played under the Burbadges at Blackfriars for a brief period, and their removal to Whitefriars was no doubt caused by the occupation of the former house by the King's company, then in the hey-day of their fame, who from that time till 1642 continued to use the Globe and the Blackfriars Theatres.[3]

Ben Jonson's *Epicoene* was one of the first plays performed at Whitefriars by the Queen's Revels, in 1610, at some date before the 25th March. Rare Ben himself is thought to have acted Morose. The principal members of the company are known from the list of actors affixed to this play. They were—

Nathaniel Field,
William Barkstead (Baxter),
Giles Carey,
William Penn,
Hugh Attawel,
Richard Allen,
John Smith,
John Blaney.

Another list of the company given in the second folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Coxcomb* (dating before the 29th August, 1611) has the added names of Joseph Taylor, Emanuel Read, and Robert Benfield—Penn, Smith, and Blaney having at this time fallen out.

Mr. Fleay says that from 1610 to 1613 Chapman, Jonson, Field, Marston, and Beaumont and Fletcher all wrote for the second Queen's Revels Children, acting at Whitefriars. This company, however, did not retain undivided possession of the place. Taylor's *Hog hath lost his Pearl* was performed in

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[1] Malone Society's *Collections*, i, 271-2. Also see the second foot-note on p. 308, *ante*.

[2] J. T. Murray, *English Dramatic Companies*, i, 253.

[3] *ibid.*, i, 154.

Whitefriars by certain "London Prentices" in 1613; and Collier quotes a letter from Sir Henry Wootton, under date "Tuesday, 1612-13," describing the performance and the way it was interrupted—

> On Sunday last, at night, and no longer, some sixteen Apprentices (of what sort you shall guess by the rest of the story) having secretly learnt a new play, without book, entitled *The Hog hath lost his Pearl*, took up the Whitefriars for their Theatre; and having invited thither (as it should seem) rather their Mistresses than their Masters, who were all to enter *per bulletine*, for a note of distinction from ordinary comedians, towards the end of the play, the sheriffs (who by chance had heard of it) came in (as they say) and carried some six or seven of them to perform the last act at Bridewell; the rest are fled. Now it is strange to hear how sharp-witted the City is, for they will needs have Sir John Swinnerton, the Lord Mayor, to be meant by the Hog, and the late Lord Treasurer by the Pearl.

Who knows but that some such performance as this by apprentices and mechanics may earlier have suggested to Shakespeare the types of Bottom and his associates, whom they probably much resembled.

Field's *Woman's a Weathercock* was printed in 1612, as the title-page states, as it was "acted before the King in Whitehall, and divers times privately at the Whitefriars, by the Children of Her Majesty's Revels." Other plays known to have been staged at Whitefriars are Chapman's *Bussy d'Ambois his Revenge*, printed in 1613, and "often presented at the private house in Whitefriars," and the same author's *The Widow's Tears*;[1] and to these Mr. Fleay's indomitable industry has added Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, and Beaumont and Fletcher's *Coxcomb*, *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, and *Cupid's Revenge*.[2]

The burning of the Globe Theatre on Bankside on the 29th June, 1613, led to projects for building new theatres. There is an entry in the office book of Sir George Buc, Master of the Revels: "July 13, 1613, for a licence to erect a new play-house in the Whitefriars, etc., £20."[3] Very likely it was hoped to attract across the water the audiences which had frequented the Globe, but the rapid reconstruction of that house in the

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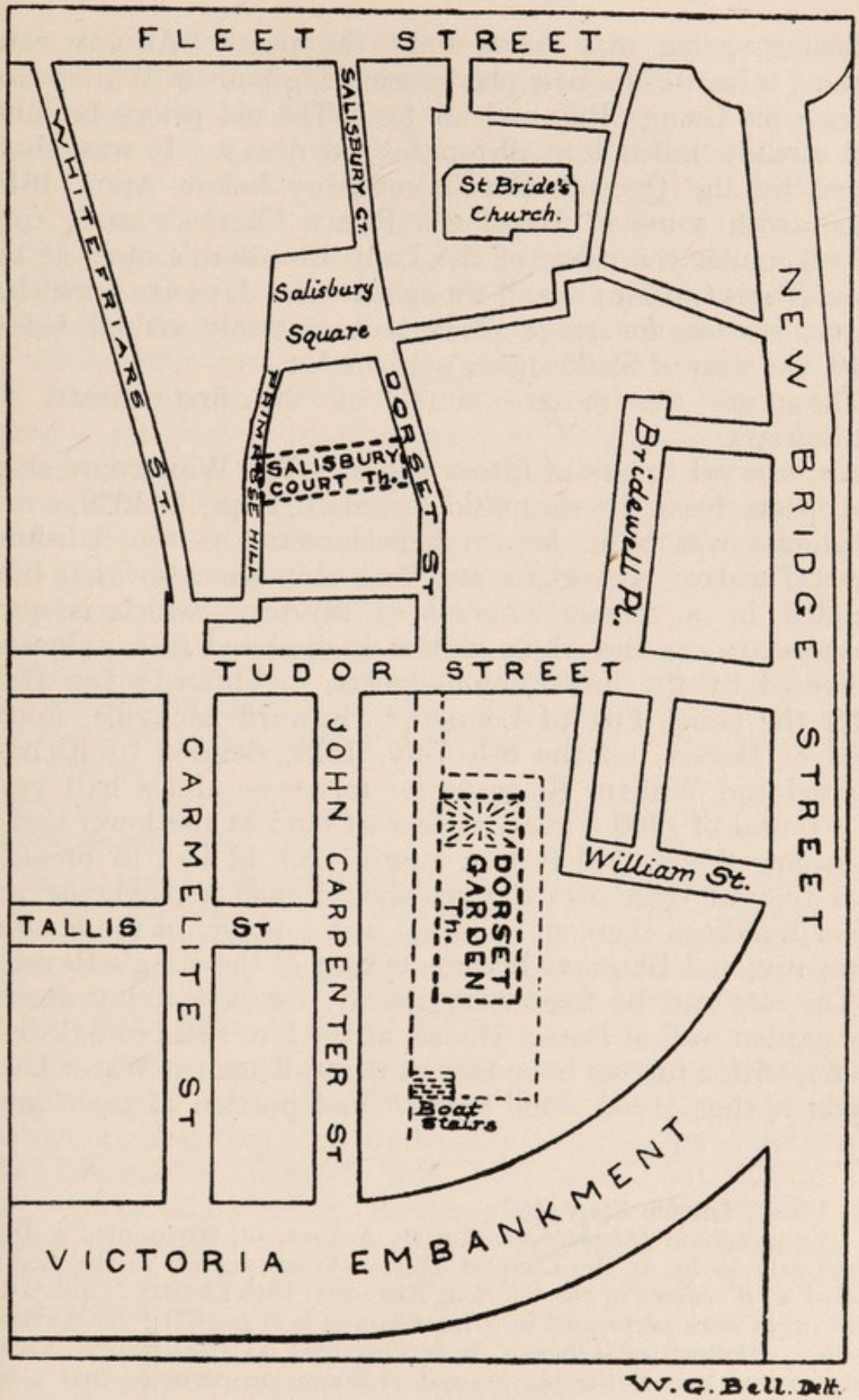
[1] Genest, *History of the Stage*, i, 19.
[2] Fleay, *London Stage*, 203.
[3] Malone, *Shakespeare*, iii, 52.



SITES OF WHITEFRIARS THEATRES

following spring may have upset the plans. At any rate, nothing is heard of a new playhouse being built in Whitefriars, though Sir George Buc had his fee. The old priory building had already fallen into disrepute and decay. It was abandoned by the Queen's Revels company before April, 1614, when, with some of Henslow's Prince Charles's men, they played, under the name of the Lady Elizabeth's men, at the Hope (Paris Garden) ;[1] and though the last days are somewhat vague, its use for stage plays had certainly ceased before 1616, the year of Shakespeare's death.[2]

These are the meagre annals of the first theatre in Whitefriars.

An interval occurs of fifteen years. The Whitefriars stage disappears from the dramatic records. Then, in 1629, a new playhouse was built, known henceforward as the Salisbury Court Theatre. Its origin, and that of its successor, has been clouded in a certain amount of mystery, which is quite unnecessary, as the whole matter is disclosed in a judgment delivered by the Fire Commissioners, in Clifford's Inn Hall, after the Great Fire of London.[3] Edward Sackville, fourth Earl of Dorset, on the 6th July, 1629, devised to Richard Gunnel and William Blagrave for forty-one and a half years at a rental of £100 a year, a piece of land at the lower end of Salisbury Court, 140 feet in length and 42 feet in breadth, that they at their own charges should erect a playhouse and other buildings thereon. Gunnel was a player of the Fortune company, and Blagrave became master of the King's Revels.

The site can be fixed very nearly, because it lay outside the garden wall of Dorset House, at the lower end of Salisbury Court, with a further boundary at the wall against Water Lane. Upon it then stood " the barne " and portion of the " great

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[1] Fleay, *London Stage*, 187.

[2] Cunningham (*Shakespeare Society Papers*, iv, 90) quotes a document said to be at the Chapter House, Westminster, in the case of *Trevill* v. *Woodford* in the Court of Requests, 18th Charles I, indicating that plays were performed in Whitefriars as late as 1621 ; Sir Anthony Ashley, landlord of a house there described as the theatre, having entered and turned the players out of doors, on pretence that a half year's rent was yet unpaid to him.

[3] Add. MS. British Museum, No. 5064, fol. 225. The judgment is printed in *Shakespeare Society Papers*, as above.

stable" pertaining to the mansion. There the playhouse was built, immediately behind, or partly upon, the ground now covered by the Salisbury Hotel. There is significance in the choice of a spot so closely adjacent to the dwelling of a great nobleman for the erection of this new "private" theatre. In explanation of the name given to the theatre, it should be stated that the open space of Salisbury Square was originally the "Great Court" of the bishop's house and manor, and that Salisbury Court—which to-day is little more than an entrance to the square—ran south from Fleet Street to the Thames, the lower portion being now Dorset Street. Though the theatres are classed together as the Whitefriars playhouses, only the stage in the refectory was actually within the friar's precinct, the later houses being built beyond their wall.

The addition of yet another to the list of London playhouses did not escape the attention of two contemporary writers.

In Howes, edition of 1631, is this entry—

> In the yere one thousand sixe hundred twenty-nine, there was builded a new faire Play-house, neer the White-Fryers. And this is the seauenteenth stage or common Playhouse which hath beene new made within the space of three-score yeres within London and the suburbs.

Prynne, the Puritan, in the Epistle Dedicatory to his *Histriomastix*, 1633, says—

> Two old playhouses (the Fortune and the Red Bull) have lately been re-edified and enlarged, and one new one (Whitefriars) erected—the multitude of our London playhaunters being so augmented now, that all the ancient Devil's chapels (for so the Fathers stile all playhouses) being five in number, are not sufficient to contain their troupes, whence we see a sixth added to them.[1]

Each of the three "private" theatres existing at this time illustrates the connection between them and the superseded custom of presenting plays in the private dwellings of the great. The Blackfriars Theatre was constructed out of the old office of the Master of the Revels, and was surrounded by the houses of noblemen. The Cockpit in Drury Lane, another "private" theatre, stood where lived Secretary Windebank, Lord Montague, the Earl of Cleveland "and divers other persons of quality," who joined in a protest against a tavern being opened in association with the theatre, as tending to

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[1] Prynne omits a seventh, the Blackfriars.

disquiet the neighbourhood.[1] That Whitefriars had other aristocratic inhabitants besides the Earls of Dorset I have already shown ; and there is the further fact that Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels, was one of the proprietors of the Salisbury Court Theatre, or at least was allowed a ninth share of the receipts.[2]

There is no reliable information as to the theatre itself : Collier suggested that, like the Globe, it was round, because of the following lines by Richard Woodfall in praise of Lewis Sharpe's *Noble Stranger* (1640) acted at " the private house in Salisbury Court "—

> Nor can she, had she robb'd the fluent store
> Of Donne's wise genius, make thy merits more :
> No, 'tis thy own smooth numbers must prefer
> Thy *Stranger* to the Globe-like theatre.

—but this deduction seems rather far-fetched.

What constituted the distinction between a " private " and public playhouse is still a point in dispute. Partly it may have been found in the building, the public, or " common," playhouse being open to the sky, and performances necessarily taking place in daylight, while the private theatre was customarily roofed over. The latter was also smaller. In both plays were staged in the afternoon, though they were occasionally, at any rate, acted by artificial light in the private houses, the windows being covered over. Instead of the yard, with standing spectators—the " groundlings "—there was a pit, with seats. There seems, moreover, to have been a marked difference in the class of audience and the character of the plays presented.

Mr. Child holds that performances at " private " playhouses may be taken to have approximated to those at universities, Inns of Court, and at Court, in aiming at more refined audiences than did the public playhouse—though too much stress should not be laid on this supposition. Noblemen, ambassadors, and other great people attended at the public playhouses ; but while it is on record that Elizabeth went to the Blackfriars, the Queen is not known to have visited the Globe.[3] At the

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[1] T. Fairman Ordish, *The Antiquary*, xvi, 245.
[2] Collier, *Dramatic Poetry*, iii, 294n.
[3] *Cambridge Encyclopædia of English Literature*, vi, 270.

public theatre the commonalty formed a noisy and unruly audience, romping, smoking, nut-cracking, drinking, and playing at cards, and they expected a show with plenty of adventure, liveliness, and broad humour. The Elizabethan Stage Society of to-day is at great pains to reconstruct the contemporary stage, but the realism can never be complete until we have as well the motley crowd which filled the auditorium, and that was as far as the poles asunder from the serious audiences whom the society attracts.

The noisy element certainly was not wanting at the "private" playhouses like the Salisbury Court Theatre, but these were more particularly the resorts of men of wealth and noble birth, while the gallants enjoyed the privilege of displaying themselves and their finery while lying, or sitting on stools, upon the stage itself. A key to the difference between the two audiences is given in Shirley's prologue to *The Doubtful Heir* (1640), a play written for the Blackfriars, but for some reason produced at the Globe—

> No shew, no dance, and what you most delight in,
> Grave undertakers, here's no target fighting . . .
> No clown, no squibs, no devil in't. . . .
> But you that can content yourself and sit
> As you were now in the Blackfriars pit,
> But will not deafen us with loud noise and tongues,
> Because we have no heart to break our lungs,
> Will pardon our vast stage, and not disgrace
> The play meant for your persons, not your place.

"Grave undertakers" are in this case the groundlings, and the apology for "our vast stage" is made to those more familiar with the Blackfriars theatre. Wright's *Historia Histrionica* (1699) contains a dialogue on "The Second Generation of English professional Actors, 1625-1670," with these passages—

> What kind of Playhouses had they before the wars?
>
> *Truman.*—The Blackfriars, Cockpit, and Salisbury Court were called Private Houses, and were very small to what we see now. The Cockpit was standing since the Restoration, and Rhodes' Company acted there for some time.
>
> *Lovewit.*—I have seen that.
>
> *Truman.*—Then you have seen the other two in effect, for they were all three built almost exactly alike, for form and bigness. Here they had "Pits" for the gentry, and acted by candlelight. The Globe, Fortune, and Bull were large houses, and lay partly open to the weather, and there they always acted by daylight.

The first performers at the Salisbury Court Theatre of whom we hear were a new King's Revels company. They produced Shirley's *Changes: or Love in a Maze*, which on the 10th January, 1632, was licensed for the Company of His Majesty's Revels at Salisbury Court. Prince Charles—afterwards King Charles the Second—was born on the 29th May, 1630, and when the Royal infant was but eighteen months old, the Palsgrave's company seems to have passed under his patronage; they disappear under that name, and Andrew and Robert Fowler, members of the company, appear in the first approximately complete list of the Prince's men. Marmyon's *Holland's Leaguer* was played by them before the 26th January, 1632, on which date it is entered as having been "lately and often acted" by Prince Charles's men at Salisbury Court Theatre.[1] They had already displaced the King's Revels. According to Sir Henry Herbert's "Office-Book," which dates the production in December, 1631, the play met with what was considered extraordinary success, having been acted for six days in succession.[2]

Holland's Leaguer contains in the Prologue some references to the Salisbury Court Theatre in relation to other contemporary playhouses—

> Gentle spectators that with graceful eye
> Come to behold the Muse's colony,
> New planted in this soil, forsook of late
> By the inhabitants, since made fortunate
> By more propitious stars; though on each hand
> To overtop us two great laurels stand,
> The one, when she shall please to spread her train,
> The vastness of the *Globe* cannot contain;
> Th'other so high, the *Phœnix*[3] does aspire
> To build in, and takes new life from the fire
> Bright Poesie creates; yet we partake
> The influence they boast of, which does make
> Our bays to flourish, and the leaves to spring,
> That in our branches now new poets sing.
> And when with joy he shall see this resort.
> Phoebus shall not disdain to stile't his Court.

Mr. Murray considers that "the Prince's men most likely

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[1] Murray, *Dramatic Companies*, i, 219.
[2] T. Fairman Ordish, *The Antiquary*, xvi, 245.
[3] Another name for the Cockpit in Drury Lane.

came from the Fortune, for many years the home of the Palsgrave company. The cause for this exchange of theatres is doubtful. From the Prologue and Epilogue to Shirley's *Changes* it is evident that the Revels company had not been successful at Salisbury Court, but hoped that Shirley's fame would bring them success. Judging by the reference to them in the Prologue of *Holland's Leaguer* as

> since made fortunate,
> By more propitious stars,

this was the case, and if so may have been the cause of their moving into the Fortune, which, being a public theatre, was no doubt considerably larger than Salisbury Court, a private theatre."[1]

It is thought likely by Mr. Fleay that Randolph (Ben Jonson's young friend) was manager for Prince Charles's men acting at the Salisbury Court in 1632-3, and that his dramatic masterpiece, *The Muses Looking-Glasse*, was presented there near the end of 1632. The company did not stay long, for when Prince Charles set out on a "progress" to Scotland, in May, 1633, the Prince's men accompanied him. They obtained a new licence; on the 3rd November, 1635, when they visited Norwich, Joseph More presented "an Instrument signed by his Matie and under his Maties privie signett authorisinge Andrew Kayne, Elis Worth, and others to play Comedies in Salisbury Court and otherwhere w^th^in five miles of London and in all other cities, etc."[2]

Afterwards the King's Revels company returned to Salisbury Court, where, in 1635, they acted Richard Brome's *The Spargus Garden*. We hear of them once on their travels. They seem to have taken a true passport, but assumed false names, for on the 6th May, 1633, the Mayor of Banbury and two justices wrote to the Privy Council that they had imprisoned six players as wandering rogues, supposing their Patent from the King and commission from the Master of the Revels to be forged.[3] The Privy Council sent for the men. They were liberated on bond, and thereafter acted in Whitefriars.

The company, too, appeared at Court. Richard Heton

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[1] Murray, *Dramatic Companies*, i, 220.
[2] *ibid.*, p. 221.
[3] Fleay, *London Stage*, 331.

received £50 for three plays by the Salisbury Court players for the King's pleasure in October and February, 1635-6. Two of the performances were at Hampton Court, for which £40 was paid, and one at St. James's, the Royal fee being then £10.[1] A curious incident associated with the performances in the theatre Malone cites from Sir Henry Herbert's manuscript book : " I committed Cromes, a broker in Longe Lane, the 16th of February, 1634, to the Marsalsey, for lending a church robe with the name of *Jesus* upon it to the players in Salisbury Court, to present a Flamen, a priest of the heathens. Upon his petition of submission, and acknowledgment of his fault, I released him, the 17th Febu., 1634."

Plague, visiting London with terrible severity, again interrupted the stage : from the 10th May, 1636, until October next year, with the exception of a single week, all the theatres were closed. When they reopened on the 2nd October, 1637, the Salisbury Court Theatre was occupied by players named the Queen's servants, formed out of the King's Revels' and the older Queen's companies. This is known from an entry in Herbert's Office-Book : " I disposed of Perkins, Sumner, Sherlock, and Turner to Salisbury Court, and joynd them to the rest of that company." All four were until 1636 Queen's players.

Lovelace's lost comedy, *The Scholar*, was staged at the Salisbury Court Theatre, having had a successful production at Oxford.

Davenant, before the tide of Puritanism overwhelmed the stage, had obtained a patent in 1639 to erect a theatre forty yards square " at the most " in St. Dunstan's parish, or St. Bride's, at a place to be assigned by the Commissioners of Buildings, and to take such moneys as was accustomed in such cases.[2] Nothing came of the project, and in 1662 the patentee resigned his right on obtaining a new patent, under which he built at Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Worse consequences even than the plague brought them soon befell the players. The Puritan Parliament in September, 1642, declaring that " public sports do not agree with public calamities, nor public stage-plays with seasons of humiliation,"

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[1] Murray, *Dramatic Companies*, i, 282.
[2] State Papers (Domestic), 1639, Mar. 25.

decreed that all dramatic performances should cease. The ordinance was carried out with great severity. A few furtive attempts were made to keep the theatre alive, and there is a record, attributed to 1647, that while Beaumont and Fletcher's *A King and No King* was being acted at Salisbury Court, the sheriffs of London interrupted the performance, and took "Tim Reade the Fool" into custody.[1] This may have occurred in 1644 (Collier gives both dates); but late as August, 1647, the stage in Whitefriars survived, and complaint being made to Parliament of players acting plays publicly in Salisbury Court, the House ordered the justices speedily to suppress them.[2] The theatre underwent almost complete eclipse until the Restoration. In February, 1648, it was directed by Parliament that all theatres should be dismantled, and all actors of plays, even in private, publicly whipped, the audience being individually fined five shillings. As some unfortunate players were giving a performance of Fletcher's *Bloody Brother* at the Cockpit, in Drury Lane, a party of soldiers burst in and carried them off to prison, dressed as they were in sock and buskin.

Collier quotes from manuscript notes by Howes this luminous passage—

> The Playhouse in Salisbury Court, in Flete Strete, was pulled down by a company of souldiers, set on by the Sectaries of these sad times, on Saturday, the 24th day of March, 1649.[3]

The playhouse had passed by assignment to William Beeston, a player, in 1647, and—whether standing or a ruin—remained thenceforward in his possession, though not until the Restoration could the theatre be reopened. There were portents that foretold a period of awakened activity for the stage. On the 5th April, 1660, twenty days before Charles the Second landed at Dover, Beeston made a contract for rebuilding the house; the cost was £329,[4] and it was run up very quickly, being

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[1] Collier, *Dramatic Poetry*, ii, 37–40.

[2] *Perfect Occurrences or Every Day Journal in Parliament*, etc., No. 32, 6 to 13 Aug., 1647.

[3] Collier's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. ccxlii.

[4] Add. MS. British Museum, No. 5064, fol. 225. William Beeston had been governor of companies playing at the Cockpit, Drury Lane, and is commended by Francis Kirkman in a printed dedication as "the best interpreter and judge of our English stage plays."

probably a wooden structure. Players resorted there even before the King's pleasure was known. There is in the State Papers of the 20th August, 1660, a letter from Whitehall ordering the rigorous suppression, under heavy penalties, of companies that had assembled at the Red Bull playhouse, St. John Street, at the Cockpit, Drury Lane, and at another playhouse in Salisbury Court, and there performed profane and obscene plays. *The Rump*, a comedy by Tatham, was acted at Whitefriars soon after the Restoration, and Davenant's company played at Salisbury Court until their new house in Lincoln's Inn Fields was ready to receive them.

Pepys, that inveterate playgoer, was a frequent visitor to the Salisbury Court Theatre in 1661 ; his diary tells of three visits in a single week. Especially he admired Betterton's acting—

March 1 (1661).—To Whitefriars, and saw *The Bondman* acted; an excellent play, and well done. But above all that I ever saw, Betterton do the Bondman the best.

March 19.—Mr. Creed and I to Whitefriars, where we saw *The Bondman* acted most excellently, and though I have seen it often, yet I am every time more and more pleased with Betterton's action.

November 4.—With my wife to the Opera, where we saw *The Bondman*, which of old we both did so dote on, and do still; though to both our thinking not so well acted here, having too great expectations, as formerly at Salisbury Court. But for Betterton, he is called by us both the best actor in the world.

Some other notes by Pepys I give below ; the diary is an inexhaustible fund of interest.

Feb. 12 (1661).—By water to Salisbury Court playhouse, where, not liking to sit, we went out again, and by coach to the theatre, and there saw *The Scornful Lady*, now done by a woman, which makes the play appear much better than ever it did to me.

March 2.—After dinner I went to the theatre, where I found so few people (which is strange, and the reason I do not know) that I went out again, and so to Salisbury Court, where the house as full as could be ; and it seems it was a new play, *The Queen's Masque*,[1] wherein there are some good humours ; among others, a good jeer at the old story of the siege of Troy, making it to be a common country tale. But above all it was strange to see so little a boy as that was to act Cupid, which is one of the greatest parts of it.[1]

March 16.—To Whitefriars, and there saw *The Spanish Curate*,[2] in which I had no great content.

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[1] T. Heywood's *Love's Mistress ; or the Queen's Masque.*

[2] Beaumont and Fletcher.

March 25.—I and Captain Ferrers to Salisbury Court by water, and saw part of *The Queen's Mask.*

April 2.—So to Whitefriars, and saw *The Little Thief*,[1] which is a very merry and pretty play, and the little boy do very well.

Sept. 9.—To Salisbury Court playhouse, where was acted the first time *'Tis pity she's a Whore*,[2] a simple play, and ill acted, only it was my fortune to sit by a most pretty and ingenious lady, which pleased me much.

Pepys's dramatic reminiscences after 1661 relate mostly to the Duke's Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where Davenant, late in the autumn of that year, took Betterton and the rest of the company. The Great Fire of London burnt down the Salisbury Court Theatre, which was not rebuilt; and the gossip's troubled eyesight caused him to abandon the diary before the Whitefriars stage, after temporary eclipse, took for a brief period of glorious life a pre-eminent place in the annals of the English theatre. It stood almost alone. From 1671 to 1682 the prestige of its company of actors and the importance of its productions rivalled, and for a time overshadowed, the Theatre Royal (Drury Lane).

By the riverside a new playhouse was erected, bearing the name of the Dorset Garden Theatre, from the fact that it stood where had been the gardens of the Earl of Dorset's town mansion. Betterton returned there from Lincoln's Inn Fields, riper in stage experience, at the height of his brilliant career. Sir Christopher Wren designed the house. If not the largest, there is much to indicate that the theatre once more restored to Whitefriars was the finest playhouse of its day. Dryden, though afterwards its severest critic, wrote for the Dorset Garden stage. Its scenery and appointments were lavish beyond anything then known. It had approaches both by land and water; and the Thames remained down the Stuart age a crowded London highway. Yet despite all advantages there came the misfortune that always attended the theatre in Whitefriars, of which this broken record has borne ample witness. The Dorset Garden Theatre, after some fifteen years, lost all reputation; its last resort was that of strong

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[1] John Fletcher's *The Night Walker; or The Little Thief.*

[2] By John Ford.

men, jugglers, wild beast trainers, and others with performances more befitting a country fair.

Expense was not spared by the subscribers, Sir William Davenant being at their head. They were called Adventurers, and they seem very early to have taken fright at the cost. The theatre front is shown in a drawing preserved in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge, here reproduced from Wilkinson's *Londina*. I have, besides, obtained a view of the river aspect from *The Encyclopædia Londinensis*. The ample stage and proscenium are shown in Settle's *Empress of Morocco*, printed in 1673, after its production at Dorset Garden—the first printed play to contain woodcuts. Davenant called his troupe the Duke of York's company (King Charles's brother, afterwards James the Second) to distinguish it from Killigrew's the King's company, acting in Drury Lane, and after they had moved from Lincoln's Inn Fields their new house was commonly referred to as The Duke's Theatre; hence a confusion which has led various writers incorrectly to assume that the view given with Settle's play is that of the Lincoln's Inn stage.

Davenant had obtained his patent to build as early as 1663, but he did not live to see the house erected. (It was a baseless scandal he was content should pass as currency that he was more than a poetic child of Shakespeare.) He died in 1668, and on the 9th November, 1671, the Duke's company, with Betterton and Harris, under the nominal management of the widowed Lady Davenant and her son, Charles Davenant, opened the Dorset Garden Theatre with a performance of Dryden's *Sir Martin Mar-all*. The title part was accounted one of Betterton's finest characters. Nokes, Cademan, Lilliston, Mrs. Jennings, and Mrs. Saunderson were also in the company. The opening was auspicious (as theatrical success was counted on the Restoration stage) the play being repeated three days together, with full audiences each day, although it had previously been acted on thirty occasions at Lincoln's Inn Fields, and above four times at Court.[1]

There is an allusion to the situation of the new house in the Prologue to Wycherley's *Gentleman Dancing Master*, spoken at the Dorset Garden Theatre—

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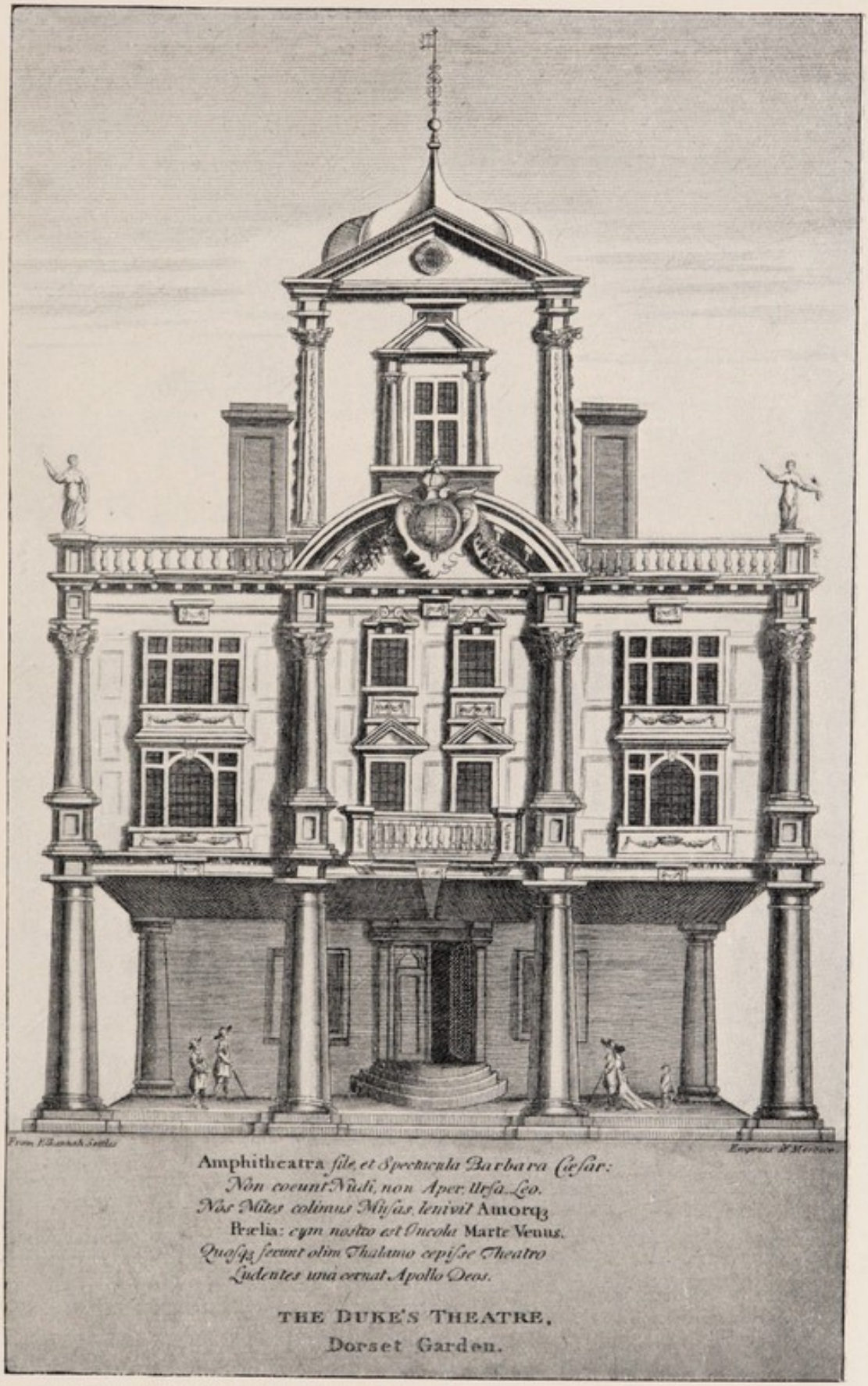
[1] Downes, *Roscius Anglicanus*.



From Wilkinson's "Londina Illustrata"

DORSET GARDEN THEATRE, LAND FRONT



From a coloured print in possession of the Author

DORSET GARDEN THEATRE, RIVER FRONT

Our Author (like us) finding 'twould scarce do,
At t'other end o' th' town, is come to you,
And since 'tis his last tryal, has the wit
To throw himself on a substantial pit;
Where needy Wit, or Critick dare not come;
Lest neighbour i' the cloak with looks so glum,
Shou'd prove a Dun;
Where Punk in visor dare not rant and tear,
To put us out, since Bridewell is so near.

Dorset Garden Theatre during its occupancy by Davenant's company is very well known, thanks principally to Downes, whose *Roscius Anglicanus*, though not free from errors, is indispensable for the contemporary stage from 1666 to 1703. Downes frankly records the failure of his own attempt as an actor, but he continued to be prompter until October, 1706, and was from the first conversant with the plays and actors of the original company under Davenant's patent. Genest's exhaustive work on the Patent Theatres is another valuable source. It is said by Downes to have been the custom to act several old stock plays between new productions, the *Gentleman Dancing Master*, staged in 1672, being the third new play acted at the Dorset Garden Theatre. Wycherley's comedy was not much liked, and was given only six performances.

Dryden, although a shareholder in the rival Theatre Royal, where most of his early plays were produced, wrote for the Dorset Garden Theatre in 1678 his comedy, *Limberham: or the Kind Keeper*. It was damned—" and deserved to be," adds Professor Saintsbury. Langbaine (*Dramatic Poets*) says it so much exposed the keeping part of the town that the play was stopped when it had but thrice appeared on the stage, and he quotes a rhyming explanation of the storm it brewed—

Dryden, good man, thought keepers to reclaim,
Writ a kind Satire, call'd it Limberham.
This all the herd of keepers straight alarms,
From Charing Cross to Bow was up in arms;
They damn'd the play all at one fatal blow,
And broke the Glasse that did their picture show.

The dramatist himself, in his dedication of the printed play to Lord Vaughan, declares " the crime for which it suffered was that which is objected to the Satires of Juvenal and the Epigrams of Catullus, that it expressed too much of the vice it decried. . . I will be bold enough to say that this comedy is of the first rank of those that I have written, and that

Posterity will be of my opinion." The appeal to posterity fails. The play is filthy stuff.

In the following year Dryden collaborated with Lee in writing the tragedy of *Œdipus*, also produced at Dorset Garden. Betterton played Œdipus, Mrs. Betterton was Jocasta, and Smith, Sandford, Harris, Williams, Gillow, Mrs. Lee, and Mrs. Evans were in the cast. An actress was as necessarily "Mrs." in those days, as in the playbills of to-day she is "Miss." Downes says the play was admirably well acted, especially in the parts of Œdipus and Jocasta; "it took prodigiously, being acted ten days together."

An adaptation of Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida* followed in the same year: many worse outrages have been committed upon Shakespeare by less sympathetic hands. Dryden's brief association with the Dorset Garden Theatre closed with *The Spanish Friar*, his last play for many years; a clever, witty, admirable piece of work. Its principal character owes a good deal to Falstaff. Downes admits the excellent quality of the acting, and says the piece produced vast profit to the company.

Otway, Shadwell, Mrs. Alpha Behn, Ravenscroft, the Earl of Orrery, Crowne, and many others are associated with the Dorset Garden stage. Otway, particularly, is closely identified, for all his plays except his last, *The Atheist*, were produced there. He trod the boards—his first and only appearance as an actor. Fresh from College, and ambitious for fame, Otway persuaded Mrs. Behn to entrust him with the small part of the King in her *Forc'd Marriage*, acted in 1671, but not being used to the theatre, "the full house put him to such a sweat and tremulous agony [that] being dash't, spoilt him for an actor."[1]

His earliest dramatic effort, *Alcibiades* (1675), a rhymed tragedy, gave little promise of the genius that flashes out in *Don Carlos, Prince of Spain*, licensed on the 15th June of the following year for the Dorset Garden Theatre, and the more mature *Venice Preserved*, produced there in 1682. Mr. Roden Noel holds that this last great tragedy is surpassed in the modern world only by Shakespeare.[2] Otway went to the same

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[1] Downes, *Roscius Anglicanus*.
[2] Mermaid Series, *Thomas Otway*, p. 10.

source as Schiller for *Don Carlos*, namely, the narrative of the Abbé Saint-Réal, and comparison of the two plays is interesting as showing the different methods in which the figure of Philip the Second of Spain is drawn : by Schiller a cold, cruel, ambitious bigot, incapable of natural affection ; by Otway more as the conventional stage tyrant, capable amid all his violence of displaying exquisite tenderness for the Queen and his son.

Betterton played King Philip ; and afterwards he told Booth that *Don Carlos* was infinitely more applauded than either Otway's *The Orphan* or *Venice Preserved*. Smith played the character of Don Carlos, and Mrs. Lee The Queen of Spain. All the parts were admirably acted, says Downes ; the piece "got more money than any preceding tragedy." It was repeated on ten consecutive nights, and often revived.

Venice Preserved, with which Otway's association with the Dorset Garden Theatre closed, is his greatest play ; and more—it is the greatest tragedy of its age. The story is that of the Spanish conspiracy against the Republic of Venice in 1618, but Otway, with a true sense of stage requirements, has given to the tragedy all its dramatic merit. Belvidera is a new character. Daughter of Priuli, a Senator of Venice, she has been disowned by her implacable father because of her marriage with Jaffier, a poor man—Jaffier smarts under Priuli's threats—meditating revenge, he is persuaded by his closest friend, Pierre, to join a conspiracy which aims at the assassination of all the Senators—Jaffier, weak, affectionate, impulsive, is led to confide the secret of the plot to his wife—her frenzied appeals to him to save her father goad him into betraying the conspiracy to the Doge, and sacrificing his dearest friend. He is brought face to face with Pierre, and there is a tremendous scene where he abjectly implores Pierre for pardon, only to be spurned and flung from him.

False to the oath they have made to Jaffier to spare the lives of his coadjutors, the Senate condemn the rebels to death by torture—he learns this from Belvidera, and in his helpless rage is about to kill her for having incited him to compass the ruin of his beloved friend, but love for his adored wife turns him from his purpose, and he bids her go to her father and beg the life of Pierre—the old man relents at the sight of his daughter kneeling in agony before him, but his intercession is too late—Pierre comes on the scaffold—Jaffier, forgiven

by Pierre, is permitted a final leave-taking, and at his friend's request stabs him to save him the dishonour of public torture, and immediately after stabs himself.—Belvidera, distracted, sees the apparitions of Jaffier and Pierre rise bleeding—when they sink, she vows passionately that she will dig till she find them; and imagining that they are drawing her downward, she dies.

This is tragedy in the grand manner. Otway's blank verse is in parts very fine, but one is left tantalisingly to wonder what Shakespeare would have done with such material. The play has been translated into and acted in almost every Continental tongue. Perhaps some day the stage of George the Fifth will awaken to the possibilities of a revival of *Venice Preserved*.

The criticisms upon the tragedy have passed into our English classics. Hazlitt has written of "the awful suspense of the situations; the conflict of duty and passion; the intimate bonds that unite the characters together that are violently rent asunder like the parting of soul and body; the solemn march of tragical events to the fatal catastrophe that winds up and closes over all." Sir Walter Scott declared that "More tears have been shed, probably, for the sorrows of Belvidera and Monimia (*The Orphan*) than for those of Juliet and Desdemona."

Otway's *The Orphan: or The Unhappy Marriage*, was brought out at the Dorset Garden Theatre in 1680. In the character of Monimia, acted with consummate power and tenderness by the famous Mrs. Barry, he has created one of the most pathetic of stage heroines. Like others of Otway's best dramas, this is a tragedy of passionate love, the incident turning upon the want of moral courage shown by Castalio (Betterton) the weak son of a powerful noble, in concealing his deep and honourable love for the orphan girl whom he has secretly married. Mrs. Bracegirdle appeared in the play as a pert page, when a child of six. In comedy Otway tried his hand with less success; *The Cheats of Scapin* and other like efforts are now forgotten. *The Cheats*, being short, was produced the same night in 1677 with the author's *Titus and Berenico*, a tragedy, to make a full bill.

A bare reference to the stormy life and pitiful death of the young poet whose fame is so closely identified with the

Dorset Garden Theatre will not be misplaced. Otway was cut off at the early age of thirty-three. Patronised by Rochester and men of rank and fashion, with whom he squandered his money and got deeply into debt, he was dropped by them as soon as his importunities became unpleasant. He fell deeply in love with Mrs. Barry, the creator upon the stage of substantially all his tragedy queens. She coquetted with him, gave him no real encouragement, and rejected him. Desperate, he joined the army in Flanders; his soldiering profited him when writing *The Soldier's Fortune* (Dorset Garden Theatre, 1681). Hopeless in his passion, he gave way to dissipation. The manner of his end is uncertain, but there is probability in the story that, starving and weak, he choked himself when devouring, in an obscure tavern on Tower Hill, a roll of bread bought from the charity of a stranger to whom he disclosed his want. Otway lies in an unknown grave in St. Clement Danes Church.

With others I must be brief, lest with so many changes, when a run of ten nights with a new play was counted prodigious success, patience be exhausted. Lord Orrery was among the playwrights, and a comedy of his, *Mr. Anthony* (1671) which Downes says took "but indifferent," and a tragedy, *Mustapha* (1673) were produced at the Dorset Garden Theatre. King Charles the Second on landing in England made Lord Broghill Earl of Orrery. His lordship requited the attention by introducing the most sublime sentiments of divine right into his plays. In *Tryphon* he says—

> We ought when Heav'n's Vicegerent does a crime
> To leave to Heav'n the right to punish him.
> Those who for wrongs their Monarch's murder act,
> Worse sins than they can punish, they contract.

His lordship's plays were "but indifferent."

Shadwell's bustling *Squire of Alsatia*, which might so fittingly have been produced here, at Alsatia's very door, was brought out at the Theatre Royal in 1688, but several of his plays were introduced from the Dorset Garden stage. *Epsom Wells* (1672) was one of the most successful. It is an amusing comedy of life at a fashionable spa, before Epsom's glories were eclipsed by Tunbridge Wells, or it had attained after fame as a racing resort. Downes says in his naive way that Mrs. Johnson, as Carolina in this play, "danced a Jig so charmingly,

that Love's power soon after coerced her to dance elsewhere" —and she was lost to the company. *Psyche* came out in February, 1674. The "opera," so-called, was splendidly set out with new scenes, machines, dresses, and French dances, the cost of the scenery alone being above £800—a colossal sum for mounting a play in those days.

The Libertine, with which Shadwell found great favour with Dorset Garden audiences two years later, is a very sanguinary play. Don Juan, the Libertine, in a scene in a church wherein is a statue of Don Pedro on horseback, forces Jacome, his servant, to invite the statue to supper. The statue nods his head, and comes. In the last act the ghosts of all those whom Don Juan has murdered appear—the statue descends from his horse—Don Juan insists on having wine—the statue gives him and his friends glasses full of blood—Don Juan and his friends are carried away by devils.

It is the earliest English version of note of the great Don Juan legend. Shadwell declares that no act cost him more than five days in writing, and the theatre having great need of a play, the last two acts were both written in four days.[1] Betterton's performance of Don Juan, says Downes, crowned the play.

I have spoken of Dryden's adaptation of *Troilus and Cressida*. It was a curious obsession of the Restoration stage that Shakespeare was an archaic person, whose plays must be redrafted and rewritten to be acceptable to the modern audience. Many dramatists—bad and indifferent—tried their hands upon them. Shadwell so dealt with *Timon of Athens* (Dorset Garden Theatre, 1678) and in his dedication boasts that he has made the history of Timon into a play! It pleased the Court and the city.[2] The most daring perversion of this sort was by Charles Davenant, who ruthlessly butchered *Macbeth* for production at his theatre in 1672. Scarcely six lines stand together in which some wanton change has not been made. Davenant lengthens the parts of Macduff and Lady Macduff (played by Harris and Mrs. Long) with much insipid stuff of his own, cuts out Lady Macbeth's last two speeches in Act 5, omits "my way of life," and gives Macbeth but a single line as

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[1] Genest, *English Stage*, i, 187.
[2] Downes, *Roscius Anglicanus*.

a dying speech. The cuts, if injudicious, might be condoned, but the spectacle of Charles Davenant re-writing Shakespeare might well have caused the gods of literature to flee incontinently from Parnassus.

Indeed, there was no reverence in the times. *The Tempest*, staged as an opera by Betterton at the Dorset Garden Theatre in 1673, was such a triumphant success that the rival Theatre Royal was moved to go one better, and founded upon Shakespeare a farce, *The Mock Tempest*. These are the lines of Ariel's song, " Where the bee sucks, there suck I "—

> Where good ale is, there suck I,
> In a Cobbler's stall I lie,
> While the Watch are passing by ;
> Then about the streets I fly ;
> After Cullies merrily :
> And I merrily, merrily take up my clo'se,
> Under the Watch, and the Constable's nose.

The sparkling comedies of that busy playwright, Mrs. Aphra Behn, were staged at the Dorset Garden Theatre during the most strenuous years of her career. You cannot withhold admiration for her industry. Genest lists nine of her plays first introduced to a Whitefriars audience ; two in her first year. She was the first woman in England to live by her pen. She aimed at writing like a man, and finding a licentious stage, so accepted it. The startling indecency of her comedies has no other explanation, for her own life was blameless. And she was ingenuous, too ; when outcry was raised against her grossness, she " wondered at the impudence of any of her sex who would pretend to an opinion in such a matter."

She borrowed plots and characters wholesale, but had a good sense of the stage, and most of her borrowings she improved, introducing so much bustle and incident that all her plays were supreme in the quality of " go." *The Rover : or the Banished Cavalier*, produced at Dorset Garden anonymously in 1677, was her greatest success, and took the town by storm. The Duke of York brought a Royal party to see the comedy.

The City Heiress (1681) should play well, but is too gross for modern ears.

" The play's the thing," and, like our dramatic critics, I have left the acting to the last. For all that counts, the history of the Dorset Garden Theatre is that of the years 1671-1682, and during the whole of that time Betterton was its star.

The comparison with Garrick, though inevitable, is futile. Some think him greater ; some less ; the actor's art is evanescent, and none can tell. All agree that he was unapproached in his day. Colley Cibber says that " Betterton was an actor as Shakespeare was an author, but without competitors." He had not a good stage figure ; " a great head, a short neck, stoop'd in the shoulders, a corpulent body ; little eyes, the broad face a little pock-fretten." Two appreciations shall suffice.[1] The first is by the writer of *A Lick at the Laureate*, 1730—

I have lately been told by a gentleman who has frequently seen Betterton's *Hamlet*[2] that he observed his countenance, which was naturally ruddy and sanguine, in the scene of the third act, when his father's ghost appears, through the violent and sudden emotion of amazement and horror turn instantly, on the sight of his father's spirit, as pale as his neckcloth, when his whole body seemed to be affected with a tremor inexpressible ; so that had his father's ghost actually risen before him, he could not have been seized with more real agonies. And this was felt so strongly by the audience, that the blood seemed to shudder in their veins likewise, and they, in some measure, partook of the astonishment and horror with which they saw this excellent actor affected.

The other is by Steele, in *The Tatler*, No. 167, giving an account of Betterton's funeral—

I have hardly a notion that any performance of antiquity could surpass the action of Mr. Betterton in any of the occasions on which he has appeared on our stage. The wonderful agony which he appeared in when he examined the circumstance of the handkerchief in *Othello ;* the mixture of love that intruded upon his mind, upon the innocent answers Desdemona makes, betrayed in his gesture such a variety and vicissitude of passions as would admonish a man to be afraid of his own heart, and perfectly convince him that it is to stab it, to admit that worst of daggers, jealousy. Whoever reads in his closet this admirable scene will find that he cannot, except he has as warm an imagination as Shakespeare himself, find any but dry, incoherent, and broken sentences ; but a reader that has seen Betterton act it observes there could not be a word added, that longer speeches had been unnatural, nay, impossible, in Othello's circumstances.

Betterton was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey ;

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[1] My debt is to the late Mr. Joseph Knight in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

[2] Staged at Dorset Garden Theatre in 1673, with Mrs. Betterton as Ophelia, Smith as Horatio, Nokes as Polonius, and Mrs. Shadwell as the Queen.

and there, too, lies Mrs. Aphra Behn, whose name may still be read on her black marble slab.

Mrs. Barry did not join the Duke's company at Dorset Garden until 1673. Her first appearances had been abject failure, and the story runs that the Earl of Rochester, with unerring judgment, wagered a large sum that he would within six months make her one of the most approved actresses of the contemporary stage.

Was she pretty? Accounts vary. There is Sir Godfrey Kneller's portrait of her, with the speaking eyes. Aston says she was not handsome, and was "indifferent plump." Many have thought that Hamilton (*Memoirs of Count Grammont*) refers to her when saying that the public was obliged to Rochester "for the prettiest but at the same time the worst actress in the kingdom." The "worst" here cannot be intended for her acting, for as the creator of the principal stage-heroines of two decades, with command of every passion —"love, joy, grief, rage, tenderness, and jealousy, with equal skill and equal effect"—she stood alone, unquestionably the greatest actress of her day. Witchery there was in the woman, though she was greedy and mercenary. Her influence over poor Otway was entirely evil. She was Rochester's mistress, and he made provision for his child by her; Sir George Etherege, who wrote the prologue with which the Dorset Garden Theatre opened, acknowledged the paternity of another child. But on the stage she was incomparable.

Betterton's testimony is convincing, that her acting gave success to plays that would disgust the most patient reader. Colley Cibber gives this portrait of the tragedy queen—

> Mrs. Barry, in characters of greatness, had a presence of elevated dignity, her mien and motion superb and gracefully majestic; her voice full, clear, and strong, so that no violence of passion could be too much for her. And when distress or tenderness possessed her, she subsided into the most affecting melody and softness. In the art of exciting pity she had a power beyond all the actresses I have yet seen, or what your imagination can conceive.

Not long after the Duke's company had moved to Dorset Garden, Cademan, in a stage fight with Harris in *Man's the Master*, was unfortunately pierced with an unbuttoned foil near the eye. The injury so affected his hand and speech that he could no longer act, and for thirty-five years the company paid his pension. The actor's calling was poorly requited.

Betterton, who had married Mrs. Saunderson, an actress at Lincoln's Inn Fields and afterwards at the Dorset Garden Theatre, at no time received more than £4 a week, though for a period an additional £1 was given as a pension to his wife.

Langbaine records having seen a grim tragedy in the pit of Dorset Garden Theatre, when Mr. Scroop received a mortal wound from the rapier of Sir Thomas Armstrong, and died after he had been removed to a house opposite.

The theatre was renowned for the magnificence of its staging. About 1673 the company had been strengthened by recruits such as Mrs. Barry, Jevon, Gillow, and Williams, but at the outset especially, had a serious rival in Killigrew's strong company of actors at the Theatre Royal, and it is supposed adopted this means to attract audiences. Plays were introduced known as operas, in which there was music, both vocal and instrumental, but this was not necessarily the chief feature. The word had not then its present meaning. Downes regards scenes, machinery, and dancing as the essentials of opera. He calls Shadwell's comedy, *The Lancashire Witches*, produced at the Dorset Garden in 1681, an opera, "having several Machines of flyings for the Witches, and other diverting contrivances in it." Its success was beyond expectation.

Settle's *Empress of Morocco*, first presented to King Charles's Court at Whitehall before moved to the Dorset Garden stage, was another piece of the sort ; with splendid scenery, prisons, palaces, fleets, combats of desperate duration, assassinations, a dancing tree, a rainbow, a shower of hail, a criminal executed, and hell itself opening upon the stage. Dryden gave his most furious phrases to the play and author, and this kind of production in general—

> 'Twere folly now a stately pile to raise,
> To build a playhouse while you throw down plays,
> While scenes, machines, and empty Opera reign,
> And for the pencil you the pen disdain.

There is ample evidence, however, that the spectacular play attracted full houses, and Killigrew's company in turn underwent neglect. Some have thought that Betterton, being in the stronger position, was able to dictate terms, but it is not unlikely that both the Duke's and the King's actors were suffering loss of patronage when the union of the two companies in 1682, probably on the representation of

Charles the Second, sealed the fate of the Dorset Garden Theatre. The fashion of the town had travelled westward, and the united company, the strongest ever formed, migrated to the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. Dryden, in his Epilogue spoken at the opening of the new house on the 26th March, 1674, claims for Drury Lane one decided advantage over that part of London which playgoers had to traverse in going to Dorset Garden—

> Our House relieves the ladies from the frights
> Of ill-pav'd streets, and long dark winter nights,
> The Flanders horses from a cold bleak road,
> Where bears in furs dare scarcely look abroad ;
> The audience from worn plays and fustian stuff
> Of rhyme more nauseous than three boys in cuff.

The now populous Strand and Fleet Street formed the " cold bleak road " here described.

The proximity of the theatre brought actors and playwrights to Salisbury Square, where was quite a notable colony. Dryden I refer to later. Otway had lodgings near by. Lady Davenant, another resident, is buried in St. Bride's Church. Shadwell lived in Salisbury Court with his wife, who acted in his plays on the Dorset Garden stage. On his death he left her his share in the theatre. Of the actors known to have lived in the square and adjacent streets, Betterton, Harris, Cave, Underhill, and Sandford may be named.

Dorset Garden Theatre continued for a time to be used on occasion by the united companies for dramas requiring spectacular display, but its record substantially ends with the union. In 1689 it had been renamed The Queen's Theatre, after William the Third's Consort. It passed into the hands of Christopher Rich, a rogue of a lawyer, in the following year, Charles Davenant being content to accept £80 for his interest. The original adventures having received no return, had lost all concern for their poor speculation. We get a measure of the degradation into which the house fell from the following advertisement in *The Post Boy*, the 8th December, 1699—

> At the request of several persons of Quality, on Saturday next, being the 9th inst., at the Theatre in Dorset Gardens, the famous Kentishmen, Wm. and Rich. Joy, design to show to the Town before they leave it, the same Tryals of Strength, both of them, that Wm. had the honour of showing before His Majesty and their Royal Highnesses, with several other persons of Quality ; for which he received a considerable Gratuity. The Lifting a Weight of Two Thousand Two Hundred and Forty Pounds. His holding an extraordinary large Cart

Horse; and Breaking a Rope which will bear Three Thousand Five Hundred weight. Beginning exactly at 2, and ending at 4. The Boxes, 4s.; the Pit, 2s. 6d.; 1st. Gallery, 2s.; Upper Gallery, 1s.

Whereas, several scandalous Persons have given out that they can do as much as any of the Brothers, we do offer to such persons £100 reward, if he can perform the said matters of strength, as they do, provided the Pretender will forfeit £20 if he doth not. The day it is perform'd, will be affixed a signal Flag on the Theatre. No money to be return'd after once paid.

In the prologue to Farquhar's *Constant Couple* (1700) allusion is made to a "strong man" who then had possession of the house—

> Ah friends! Poor Dorset Gardens house is gone,
> Quite lost to us; and, for some strange misdeeds,
> That strong man, Samson's, pull'd it o'er our heads.

In April, 1703, the theatre was again in possession of the actors, but not without protest. It is curious to find the City's hostility to the stage enduring till so late a period; for when in that year it was proposed to refit the Dorset Garden Theatre, the grand jury petitioned that "some effectual course be taken, if possible, to prevent the youth of this city from resorting to the playhouses, which we rather mention because the playhouse bills are again posted up throughout the city, in contempt of a former presentment and a positive order of the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen to the contrary, dated June, 1700; as also because we are informed that a playhouse within the liberties of this city, which has been of late disused and neglected, is at this time refitting to be used as formerly. We do not presume to prescribe to this honourable Court, but we cannot question but that, if they should think fit humbly to address her Majesty in this case, she will be graciously pleased to prevent it."[1] There was no result.

At the bottom of the playbill for the 27th November, 1704, Dorset Garden is said to be repaired from the damage done by the great storm of that year. The company intended to have acted on the 6th December, but deferred the performance owing to bad weather. "The deserted company of Comedians of the Theatre Royal" announced their intention to act at Dorset Garden, on the 24th October, 1706, *The Recruiting Officer*, "in which they pray there may be singing by Mrs. Tofts in English and Italian, and some dancing." Genest lists

[1] Fitzgerald, *A New History of the English Stage*, i, 315.

seven plays acted between that date and the following 28th November, when the performance of a drama called *Relapse* seems to have been the last theatrical use of the Dorset Garden stage.

Mrs. Tofts, above alluded to, a famous singer, had other qualities besides a rich voice, which were characterised in a bitter epigram said to be by Steele—

ON MRS. TOFTS

So great is thy beauty, so sweet is thy song,
As had drawn both the beasts and their Orpheus along ;
But such is thy av'rice and such is thy pride,
That the beasts must have starv'd, and the Poet have died.

The house was standing in 1720 (Strype) but shortly afterwards was pulled down, and the site used consecutively for a wood-yard, the New River Company's offices, and, after a long interval, for the City Gasworks. The City of London School was built on the land in 1885.

Contemporary with the Whitefriars stage was another and less commendable form of public amusement provided by the pit for cock-fighting in Shoe Lane. Sir Henry Wotton and decent company frequented it in 1633, but if the following anecdote is at all typical of the manners of titled sportsmen of the time one must withdraw the " decent "—

Sir Thomas Jermyn [died 1644] meaning to make himself merry, and gull the Cockers, sends his man into the Pitt in Shoo Lane, with an £100 and a dunghill cock, neatly trimmed and cut for the battle. The plot being well laid, the fellow gets another to throw him in, and fight him in Sir Thomas Jermyn's name, and the fellow bets the £100 against him. The cock was match't, and hearing Sir Thomas Jermyn's name had many bets on his head ; but after three or four good brushes, he showed a fair pair of heels. Every one wondered to see Sir Thomas his strain cry Craven ; and away came his man with his money doubled.[1]

Pepys, a generation later, gives a most unflattering account of the place—

Dec. 21, 1663.—To Shoe Lane to see a cocke-fighting at a new pit there, a spot I was never at in my life : but Lord ! to see the strange variety of people, from Parliament man by name Wildes that was Deputy Governor of the tower when Robinson was Lord Mayor, to the poorest 'prentices, bakers, brewers, butchers, draymen, and what not ; and all these fellows one with another cursing and betting. I soon had enough of it.

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[1] Thoms, *Anecdotes and Traditions* (Camden Society), p. 47.

CHAPTER XV

PLAGUE AND THE GREAT FIRE

Old Time seems now to stand at the head of the pulpit, with its great scythe, saying with a hoarse voice, work while it is called to-day, at night I will mow thee down. Grim Death seems to stand at the side of the pulpit, with its sharp arrow, saying, do thou shoot God's arrows, and I will shoot mine. The grave seems to be open at the foot of the pulpit, with dust in her bosom, saying—

Louden thy cry
To God,
To men,
And now fulfil thy trust:
Here thou must lie,
Mouth stopp'd,
Breath gone,
And silent in the dust.

Rev. Thomas Vincent, *God's Terrible Voice in the City*, 1667.

In the quiet vestry room of St. Bride's Church I sat alone one long summer afternoon, turning over the pages of the burial register of the dreadful plague year. The big volume, leather bound, lay open on the table. The parchment has in two and a half centuries become tinged with shades of yellow and brown; the ink has faded; but the entries are perfectly clear. Page after page, a name on each line, and each line a death. The sheets rustled in the fingers; the fingers became tired, the mind muddled with all the counting.

The entries are short, for Death was too busy for full description. A surname, sometimes a Christian name, more rarely an address. Often merely "a man," "a child"—none survived to tell who these nameless people were. And each line a death, but I missed the distinction, common elsewhere, given by the fateful initial "p." The first case of plague of the year 1665 is perhaps this, on the 10th July—

A man suddonley in Shoolane.

Other entries I have taken at random out of hundreds, some showing that father, mother, and children all perished together—

Aug. 2. Elizabeth Ropar and her child.
4. Mr. Tailors maid in Goorg ally.
10. Elizabeth Judd. On the 11th Thomas Judd.
15. A maid in Piggots house.

Aug. 17. Elizabeth Hubbard. John Hubbard.
Elizabeth Temple (doubtless a foundling of the Inns of Court).
18. Mr. Wolpools servant; a woman in Rackett Court; a woman att Mr. Dadfords in newstreet.
21. Mr. Christmas child.
28. Benjamin Bayley, Frances Bayley. On the 29th Benjamin Bayley again (doubtless father or son). Mary Burton. On the 29th Elizabeth Burton.
Sept. 1. Thomas Shephard, Edward Shephard.
4. John Smith. John Smith his sonne. On the 5th Thomas Smith and Bartholomew Smith.
6. William Browne, Margaret Browne, Hannah Browne. On the 9th Hannah Browne again. On the 11th Sarah Browne.
8. John Millar, Elizabeth Millar. On the 11th Hugh Millar and Ann Millar.
11. Johnson Watts and Rebecca Watts.
13. Mr. Choralls man. Mary Johnson. Elizabeth Johnson. On the 14th William Johnson.

Then the writing changes; perhaps the hand had tired. Or was it because the office of burial left no time for the parson to attend himself to the register? But the tale goes on, the long columns crowded with the entries of a single day—

Sept. 17. Russell Bonning, Susannah Bonning.
18. A man at the Cock and boot in newstreet.
A man at the rose taverne.
19. Mrs. Pearson and her child.
20. A woman in Drapers Yard.
25. A man in milk yard.
A man from parsons court in Bride Lane.
28. A man from three legd ally.
John from ye white horse.
29. A child from Kingshead ally.
A man from newstreet.
A maid from the Crowne in Fleet street.
A child from Fleett yard.

Looking up from these time-soiled pages, filled day by day while the plague raged, and out beyond the window through which the sun streamed, I tried to realise the tragedy that this book told. It was a hotter summer than this when the plague came—a glorious summer, after winter's severe frost. The sun burnt in the sky. For weeks hardly a cloud had crossed the blue heavens, and no rain had fallen. All vegetation was parched. Old folks remembered the terrible plague visitation when King Charles the First ascended the Throne, forty years

gone by, and it was a summer like this. Then there had been 1,031 plague deaths in St. Bride's parish alone. The year 1637 was still talked of, when the plague had taken lesser toll, and people recalled the signs.

Fever had been prevalent in the early months of 1665, but the first plague reported as such was in the distant out parish of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, on the highest ground. Boghurst, the physician-writer, practised there, and has told how the infection crept southward by St. Martin's, and eastward by Holborn and the Strand, and passing down Chancery Lane entered the City. It was met as plague had been met before. The well-to-do, with but few exceptions, fled on the first alarm. The lawyers hastily left their Inns, moots and readings being abandoned.

Order was made by the Inner Temple Parliament on the 11th June, 1665, that by reason of the sickness of the plague increasing, the reading for the next vacation should not be kept. There is no other record whatever in the books until eight months later, when the order was repeated.[1] The Temple was left empty, the barristers quitting London and students betaking themselves to country homes of parents and friends. In all the fearful months during which the plague raged, nothing speaks more eloquently of deserted halls and chambers than the fact that while people were dying fifty and more a day all around, there is a total of but twelve deaths registered as "of the plague" among the Temple burials, the last being that of Henry Chilton, steward of Inner Temple.

The clergy were in many cases as hasty as the lawyers in getting away from London, leaving flocks without a pastor and empty pulpits, to be seized by the Nonconformist clergy ejected from their benefices in 1663. These last did some of the most splendid parochial work of the plague year. It was to their memory that the Congregational Memorial Hall in Farringdon Street was erected in 1876. Both in St. Bride's and St. Dunstan's, however, the clergy's ministrations went on. Every page of the St. Bride's register of plague burials is signed at the bottom corner "Ri. Pearson"—Richard Pearson, the curate, who lived and laboured through all the horrors of that desperate time.

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[1] *Cal. of Inner Temple Records*, vol. iii, p. 12.

London's watermen took wives and families in their wherries upstream, mooring far away until the plague abated. The river was as melancholy and deserted as the streets. Tradesmen who could do so hurried away, leaving their business. The keeper of the famous Cock tavern in Fleet Street announced his absence in the *Weekly Intelligencer* for 1665, No. 51, by a curious advertisement—

> This is to notify that the master of the Cock and Bottle, commonly called the Cock Alehouse, at Temple Bar, hath dismissed his servants, and shut up his house, for this Long Vacation, intending (God willing) to return at Michaelmas next, so that all persons whosoever who have any accompts with the said master, or farthings belonging to the said house, are desired to repair thither before the 8th of this instant July, and they shall receive satisfaction.

But not all the citizens could take these measures of safety. The poor, and they were the larger number, were left behind. They crowded the liberties, living closely packed in the courts and alleys and by-ways of the great ward of Farringdon Without, their condition desperate in any case, and made more hopeless and more desperate by the flight of the merchants, and absence of wages and employment. Upon them the plague fell with its greatest severity. Familiarity with its horrors bred a sense of callous indifference ; but there was with them, as always with the poor, to their credit, a sense of duty to one another. This had been commented upon by a writer of the plague year of 1637, who said : " There is a strange opinion here among the poorer sort of people, who hold it a matter of conscience to visit their neighbours in any sickness, yea though they know it to be the infection."

With starvation on one side and plague on the other, they held their lives cheaply, and bore themselves, Dr. Creighton has remarked, with an unconcern that was strange to the rich. Their desperate case explains the ease with which the Mayor could always get men to undertake for pay the disagreeable and risky work of day and night watchmen to the multitude of shut-up houses, of bearers of the dead, of buriers, of nurses, and distributors of public charity. As soon as any fell in these humble ranks, others were willing to take their place ; so that at no period of the epidemic was there any break-down in the work of expeditious burial or any failure in good order and decency.[1] Money was freely subscribed from all parts of England for relief.

[1] Creighton, *History of Epidemics*, i, 663.

The dread infection entered the printing houses. Of the small body of London printers, masters and workmen, whose numbers had been already thinned by rigorous persecution after the Restoration, eighty had perished of plague by mid-October.[1]

I took the toll of the dead as shown by the burial registers. In the later days of July the plague spread rapidly, 159 plague deaths in St. Bride's; in August reached alarming proportions—615 plague deaths in St. Bride's parish in that month, 233 in St. Dunstan's, others in Bridewell precinct, the Rolls, and the Temple to swell the total that Fleet Street gave. In the five months before plague struck the city the average mortality from all causes in St. Bride's had been forty-two a month; in the previous year of good health about thirty.

Figures suggest only remotely what all this implies: fifteen to twenty persons dying each day where one had died before, and so for two unbroken months; for two other months Death's harvest was one-third as great; and this not in one parish, but in varying proportions in thirty-three parishes of the City and its liberties and outskirts.

"Few ruffling gallants walk the streets; few spotted ladies to be seen at the windows," wrote the godly Vincent. No carts rumbled along the cobbled highway of Fleet Street, but one came, and came frequently—the dead cart.

Many of the desolate looking houses bore the cross chalked on their doors, and the piteous appeal, "Lord have mercy upon us!" Watchmen stood before with halberts. People were shut in there, very likely until all the poor prisoners perished. At night came the searchers and removers of the dead, and the cart rumbled away with its ghastly load, to the graveyards, already choking, or the plague pits, "till the nights, though much lengthened, are grown too short to conceal the burials of those that died the day before, people being thereby constrained to borrow daylight for that service. Little noise heard day nor night but the tolling of bells."[2]

The City collected the destitute children, mostly left orphans, at the gates, where the upper rooms were made over for their use as receiving houses or nurseries.

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[1] Sir Roger L'Estrange to Lord Arlington. State Papers (Domestic), 1665, Oct. 16.

[2] Pepys to Lady Carteret, Sept. 4.

Bonfires, piled high with wood and coal, blazed day and night in front of Clifford's Inn, at the foot of the street by Fleet Bridge, and at other points—an old idea, born of previous visitations, to burn out the plague. Flame, it was thought, would purify the air and kill the contagion, but no fire could subdue the stench of the neglected length of Fleet Ditch.

In September matters were even worse than in August. The count of the St. Bride's register showed 100 deaths every four days, and from the 12th a full 100 deaths were crammed into three days—three days toll from a single City parish. On the 15th September the decline began. Rain fell and put out the fires in the streets, bringing new life to the parched grass that had grown up unchecked between the stones. The heat passed. Although the last ten days of the month yielded but fifty-six plague deaths in St. Bride's, September, by reason of the frightful mortality with which it was ushered in, has the worst record of the plague year—639 deaths. The neighbouring parish of St. Dunstan's escaped more lightly, the plague deaths for August, September, and October together numbering 568.

I cannot entirely reconcile the register counts with the published bills of mortality, but give from the latter the totals for the year 1665—

	All deaths.	Plague deaths.
St. Bride's, Fleet Street	2111	1427
St. Dunstan's	958	665
Bridewell Precinct	230	179
The Temple	—	(Burials) 12

In all the wide area of London, including the populous out-parishes, the plague deaths numbered 68,596, Stepney standing at the head of the list of parishes with 6,533.

It is clear that the plague deaths registered as such are far below their true proportions, for while the death rate was leaping upward to fifteen and twenty times the normal figure, and even higher, only two-thirds of the mortality is attributed to plague. The infection lingered spasmodically into the next year, leaving here and there an isolated record. Then, closing the whole dreadful chapter, I came upon this welcome entry—

> John Child was sworne parishe Clerke of St. Brides ye 9 day of May, 1666, in which weeke not one dyed.

The population had sorely diminished. Thereafter for some time the burials at St. Bride's averaged twenty a month.

London had scarcely been cleansed of the plague when overwhelming disaster befell the citizens—the Fire of 1666, which gave us the modern city, so greatly changed in appearance, so little changed in plan, for the main streets and courts to-day are those which gave communication about the mediæval walled town. The larger part of the fire area lies beyond my limits, and it will suffice to leave an impression of the roaring, seething, crackling mass of flame which, driven by the wind, travelled slowly westward till it burst through Ludgate. A contemporary writer serves best. I take a passage by the Rev. Thomas Vincent, whose "God's Terrible Voice in the City" was published the following year. He had been ejected from the living of St. Mary Magdalen, Milk Street; he stayed in London through all the plague, preaching from deserted parish pulpits and ministering to the sick and dying. Having afterwards been an eye-witness of London on fire, he had supp'd full with horrors—

It was the 2nd of September, 1666, that the anger of the Lord was kindled against London, and the fire began. It began in a baker's house in Pudding Lane, by Fish Street Hill; and now the Lord is making London like a fiery oven in the time of his anger (Psalm xxi, 9), and in his wrath doth devour and swallow up all our habitations.

It was in the depth and dead of night, when most doors and senses were lockt up in the City, that the fire doth break forth and appear abroad, and like a mighty giant refresht with wine doth awake and arm itself, quickly gathers strength, when it had made havoc of some houses, rusheth down the hill towards the bridge, crosseth Thames Street, invadeth Magnus Church at the bridge foot, and, though that church were so great, yet it was not a sufficient barricade against this conquerer; but having scaled and taken this fort, it shooteth flames with so much the greater advantage into all places round about, and a great building of houses upon the bridge is quickly thrown to the ground.

Then the conquerer, being stayed in his course at the bridge, marcheth back towards the City again, and runs along with great noise and violence through Thames Street westward, where, having such combustible matter in its teeth, and such a fierce wind upon its back, it prevails with little resistance, unto the astonishment of the beholders.

My business is not to speak of the hand of man, which was made use of in the beginning and carrying on of this fire. The beginning of the fire at such a time, when there had been so much hot weather, which had dried the houses and made them more fit for fuel; the

beginning of it in such a place, where there were so many timber houses, and the shops filled with so much combustible matter ; and the beginning of it just when the wind did blow so fiercely upon that corner towards the rest of the City, which was then like tinder to the spark ; this doth smell of a Popish design, hatcht in the same place where the Gunpowder Plot was contrived, only that this was more successful. . .

Then, then the City did shake indeed.

Rattle, rattle, rattle, was the noise which the fire struck upon the ear round about, as if there had been a thousand iron chariots beating upon the stones ; and if you opened your eye to the opening of the streets where the fire was come, you might see in some places whole streets at once in flames, that issued forth as if they had been so many great forges from the opposite windows, which, folding together, were united into one great flame throughout the whole street ; and then you might see the houses tumble, tumble, tumble, from one end of the street to the other, with a great crash, leaving the foundations open to the view of the Heavens.

But the evening draws on, and now the fire is more visible and dreadful : instead of black curtains of the night, which used to be spread over the city, now the curtains are yellow, the smoke that arose from the burning parts, seemed like so much flame in the night, which being blown upon the other parts by the wind, the whole city at some distance seemed to be on fire. Monday night was a dreadful night, when the wings of the night had shadowed the light of the heavenly bodies, there was no darkness of night in London, for the fire shines now round about with a fearful blaze, which yielded such light in the streets as it had been the sun at noonday. . . .

The fire is still making towards them, and threatens the suburbs ; it was amazing to see how it spread itself several miles in compass ; and amongst other things that night, the sight of Guildhall was a fearful spectacle, which stood the whole body of it together in view for several hours together, after the fire had taken it, without flames (I suppose because the timber was such solid oak) in a bright shining coal, as if it had been a palace of gold, or a great building of burnished brass.

Now the fire gets into Blackfriars, and so continues its course by the water, and makes up towards Paul's Church, on that side, and Cheapside fire besets the great building on this side, and the church, though all of stone outward, though naked of houses about it, and though so high above all the buildings of the city, yet within a while doth yield to the assault of the conquering flames, and strangely takes fire at the top ; now the lead melts and runs down, as if it had been snow before the sun ; and the great beams and massy stones with a great noise fall on the pavement, and break through into Faith Chapel underneath ; and great flakes of stone scale and peel off strangely from the side walls. The conquerer having got this high fort, darts its flames round about ; now Paternoster-Row, Newgate market, the Old Bailey and Ludgate Hill have submitted themselves to the devouring fire, which with wonderful speed rusheth down the hill into Fleet Street.

If forewarned is to be forearmed, Fleet Street should have been saved. But small wonder that in the presence of a disaster of such magnitude people lost their heads. The Duke of York, to whose credit little else is known, displayed much activity in giving orders and himself taking a hand with the pumps.[1] Pepys has left an amusing account of how he came upon the Mayor, Sir Thomas Bludworth, hot and perspiring at the fire—

> At last met ye Lord Mayor in Canning Street, like a man spent, with a handkerchief about his neck. To the King's message he cried like a fainting woman, "Lord! what can I do? I am spent; people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses, but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it." That he needed no more soldiers; and that for himself, he must go and refresh himself, having been up all night. So he left me, and I him.

The 2nd September was a Sunday. The fire burnt through that day and throughout the night, burnt through Monday, and at daybreak on Tuesday the suburb was not yet attacked. For all this time its approach had been anxiously watched; yet nothing effectual was done. On Tuesday Lord Arlington wrote to Sir Thomas Clifford that "the fire has burnt as far into the body of the City as St. Paul's, with such violence that no art can meddle with it. All hopes now rest in cutting off a part of the town by Holborn Bridge down to Bridewell."[2] A few hours later the flames had crossed the Fleet. Had measures been taken in those two days before the fire burnt through Ludgate to clear the banks of Fleet Ditch of their wooden wharves and material piled upon them, blow up the sheds and timber houses which bordered the watercourse, and thus expose the barrier of a wide open space to further progress by the flames—well, then there might have been a different tale to tell.

Instead, all sorts of orders were given for meeting the fire—when it came! On Monday five posts were directed to be assembled at Temple Bar, Clifford's Inn Gardens, Fetter

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[1] An eye-witness wrote of the activities of the future King James the Second on this occasion: "The Duke of York hath wonne the hearts of the people with his continuall and indefatigable paynes day and night in helping to quench the fire, handling bucketts of water with as much diligence as the poorest man that did assist." Letter by John Rushworth, *Notes and Queries*, 5th Ser. v, 307.

[2] State Papers (Domestic), 1666, Sept. 4.

Lane, Shoe Lane, and Cow Lane by Smithfield. Constables of the parishes attended, each with 100 men; thirty foot soldiers, with a good careful officer, at each post; three gentlemen, having power to give one-shilling to any who were diligent all night. At Temple Bar the three gentlemen were Lord Bellasis, Mr. Chicheley, and Mr. Hugh May. At Clifford's Inn Sir Charles Wheeler, Sir Godfrey Floid, and Colonel Lovelace. In bread, cheese, and beer, five pounds was to be allowed to each post.[1] The Trained Bands were called up to guard the people's goods, much of which had been thrown into Lincoln's Inn Fields. St. Dunstan's Church, too, was stacked high with household contents when it was found that the building had escaped unharmed.

Mercers' shops on Ludgate Hill fed the flames; the fire leapt over Fleet Ditch, and Fleet Street, narrow, with houses mostly timber-built on either side, lay in its path. The London that perished in the Great Fire was not the London of Charles the Second's age, but a city much older, in part Tudor, with mediævalism still borne upon its face; the area newly built was that beyond the liberties. Little change had occurred in Fleet Street itself in the sixty odd years since Elizabeth. The clean sweep made of wharves and sheds and tenement houses along Fleet Ditch indicates how fiercely the fire burnt from the Thames bank right up to Holborn Bridge, and broke upon Fleet Street. It burst against Bridewell, the stone walls of which offered some resistance. In Hollar's drawing of the desolated city after the Great Fire, prepared for Charles the Second, the walls of Bridewell are standing, but they form merely a shell. The City grain had been stored there, and 40,000 quarters of corn was consumed in the fire, leaving the dread spectre of famine to confront the already harassed citizens.

Next Bridewell, the buildings of Dorset House, the great mansion of successive Earls of Dorset, and earlier of the Bishops of Salisbury, burnt on Tuesday night.[2] Then the flames entered Whitefriars, though Lord Manchester, Lord Holles, and others endeavoured to arrest their spread by pulling down houses thereabouts. The Salisbury Court Theatre, rebuilt in 1660,

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[1] State Papers (Domestic), 1666, Sept. 3.
[2] Earl of Clarendon's Autobiography.

was destroyed. The refugees of Alsatia were driven out as their hovels successively became alight, and such remnants as survived of the old houses of the Carmelite friars disappeared. The fire in its progress consumed St. Bride's Church. Its roof and square tower had dominated the surrounding houses, in Fleet Street, and it is significant of the destruction wrought that Hollar shows no indication of the church amid the general pile of ruins.

There are three entries in the St. Bride's burial registers of 1666 which bring vividly to the imagination the desolate state of the parish. Burials ceased for six weeks—

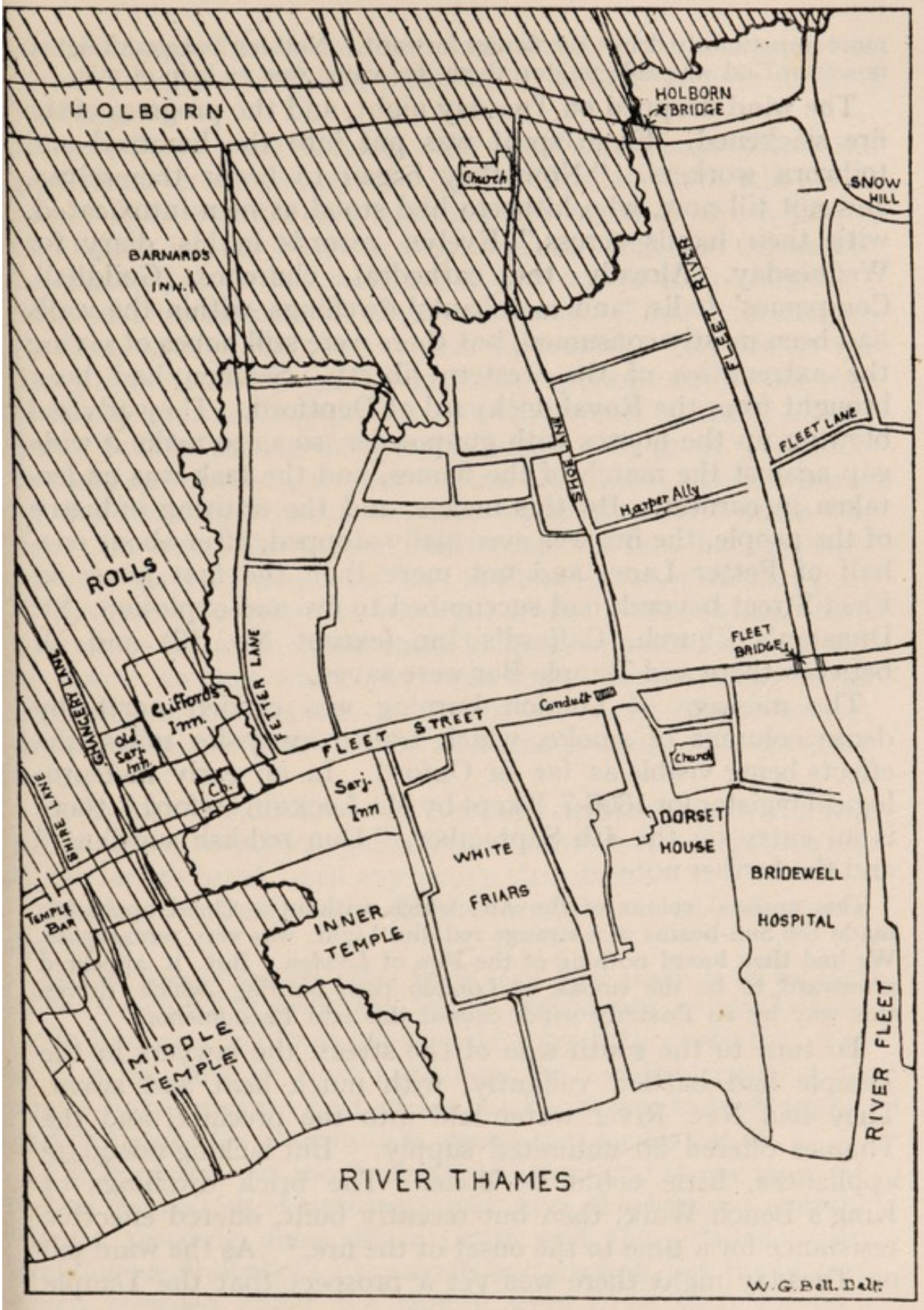
Aug. 28. (*sic*) Ye parishe was Burnt downe.
Oct. 15. But sixteene houses in ye brode place by Newe street.
Oct. 21. Mr. Christopher Riche, in ye church porche, because ye body of ye Churche was not cleere.

By daybreak on Wednesday the fire had reached the boundaries of the Temple.

Nor was the only peril that which came out of the City from east to west. On the north the fire burnt through Newgate to the Fleet bank, and crossed Holborn Bridge, where the line was diverted. Shoe Lane, save some twenty houses about St. Andrew's Church—the church fortunately escaped—was burnt out from end to end. Then the flames came southward in an enveloping curve which threatened the destruction of the whole of Fleet Street, striking across the labyrinth of courts and alleys. Here was tinder to their liking! Footways scarcely six feet in width, crooked and tortuous, divided the tenement buildings, packed tightly together. The flames passed from roof to roof unchecked, burning downwards in one great bonfire.

John Evelyn had, with some others, received the King's command to look after the quenching of Fetter Lane, and to preserve if possible that part of the western suburb. Under Tuesday's date he entered in his diary, "All Fleet Streete, the Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill . . . now flaming, and most of it reduc'd to ashes; the stones of Paules flew like grenados." He was the man on the spot. This was the spot—

Ye melting lead running downe the streetes in a streame, and the very pavements glowing with fiery rednesse, so as no horse nor man was able to tread on them, and the demolition had stopp'd all the passage, so that no help could be applied. The Eastern wind still



Shaded Area Marks the Limits of the Fire

Based upon Streete and Shortgrave's "Exact Survey"

more impetuously drove the flames forward. Nothing but ye Almighty power of God was able to stop them, for vaine was ye help of man.

The wind dropped on Tuesday night, and the progress of the fire slackened. Fresh spirit was put into the harassed and toilworn workers. "Now they began to bestir themselves, and not till now, who hitherto had stood as men intoxicated, with their hands across," Evelyn records in his diary for Wednesday. Already the cathedral, churches, Guildhall, Companies' halls, and merchants' dwellings within the walls had been mostly consumed, but there were still hopes of saving the extremities of the western liberty. Seamen had been brought from the Royal dockyard at Deptford. They advised blowing up the houses with gunpowder, so as to make a wide gap against the march of the flames, and the task was undertaken in earnest. By this means, and the untiring industry of the people, the fire was eventually stopped, after about one-half of Fetter Lane, and not more than the first house in Fleet Street beyond, had succumbed to fire and explosion. St. Dunstan's Church, Clifford's Inn (except No. 13) and all between there and Temple Bar were saved.

The message of London burning was carried north by dense columns of smoke, which trailed away for miles, the effects being visible as far as Oxford. In an early meteorological register for 1666-7, "kept by Mr. Locke in Oxford," there is an entry on the 4th September, "Dim reddish sunshine," and the further note—

This unusual colour of the Air, which without a Cloud appearing made the Sun-beams of a strange red dim Light, was very remarkable. We had then heard nothing of the Fire of *London*. But it appeared afterward to be the smoak of London then burning, which, driven this way by an Easterly wind, caused this odd Phenomenon.[1]

To turn to the south side of the street, the lawyers in the Temple had battled valiantly, with much heat and sweat. They had New River water laid into the precinct, and the Thames offered an unlimited supply. But lacking adequate appliances, little could be done. The brick dwellings of King's Bench Walk, then but recently built, offered effective resistance for a time to the onset of the fire.[2] As the wind fell on Tuesday night there was yet a prospect that the Temple

[1] *The Observatory*, vol. 35, p. 64.
[2] Inner Temple Records. *London Gazette*, Sept. 8, 1666.

might escape the worst, but such hopes were disappointed. Inner Temple was almost burnt out. Middle Temple suffered nothing.

Fleet Street was burning. So was Whitefriars. Thus the peril came from two sides. By Wednesday Ram Alley was alight from end to end, and the fire raged in Mitre Court, the flames having burnt across Serjeants' Inn, and driven the remaining judges and serjeants-at-law out of their chambers, with such possessions as they could save. Their hall, chapel, kitchen, and all the houses were destroyed. The fire in the Temple itself slowly gained ground ; sporadic outbreaks were checked, and buildings blown up with powder to make a clear way ; but the area of devastation was already great. September was out of the legal term. Lord Clarendon, an eye-witness of the disaster, writes in his *Autobiography* that "when the fire came where the lawyers had houses, as they had in many places, especially Serjeants' Inn, in Fleet Street, with that part of the Inner Temple that was next it and White Friars, there was scarce a man to whom those lodgings appertained who was in town ; so that whatsoever was there, their money, books and papers, besides the evidences of many men's estates deposited in their hands, were all burnt or lost, to a very great value."

It was later said that the benchers themselves would not suffer absent members' goods to be removed, it being contrary to the law to break open any man's chambers !

Amid the turmoil one J. Barker wrote to Lord Arlington's secretary—

> At the Temple neither boat, barge, cart, nor coach is to be had, all the streets full of goods, and the fire flaming into the very Temple.

He had escaped from his chambers by little more than the skin of his teeth to Lord Lyonberg, the Swedish minister, to whose house a great part of his law books was to be brought, and he begged for a warrant to press a cart for his use.[1]

The fire burnt out the Master's residence, and at one moment it had seemed as if nothing could save the historic church. Flames speeding down Mitre Court and along Mitre Court Buildings actually licked the south-eastern wall, but the houses which crowded about the church were riven with powder,

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[1] State Papers (Domestic), 1666, Sept. 4.

and the precious fabric was unharmed. A roof-corner of Inner Temple Hall was set alight, but, happily, the flames were extinguished.

Even when the victory seemed won, at such great cost, all was not over. On Thursday evening, the 6th September, fire again broke out in the Inner Temple, owing, it is supposed, to sparks igniting some wooden buildings. The Duke of York, a bencher of the Inn, on learning of this new peril hurried down from Whitehall, and remained at the Temple all night, personally superintending the operations.[1] Soldiers were sent in, and sailors from the Fleet, and these assisted, with four engineers whom the benchers had employed, in the demolition of buildings. Before morning, by the free use of gunpowder, the progress of the fire had been checked. Without extending further it burnt itself out on Friday, but for days thereafter alarms were frequent all over London, fires continuing to burn unchecked in cellars and dismantled warehouses, and places wherein coal, spirits, and other combustible materials were lodged.

The resulting havoc is to be seen pictorially in Hollar's panoramic view; in maps drawn immediately after the fire; and in the "Exact Survey" by Streete and Shortgrave, made by order of the Lord Mayor. There are still standing one or two old houses that enable the limits to which the fire burnt to be set out with great accuracy, and others were within memory, or recent record. The Elizabethan gable buildings towards St. Dunstan's Church, two doors from Fetter Lane, which survived until 1890 (now replaced by Nos. 183 and 184 Fleet Street), show where the westward progress of the fire ended on the northern side.

As the flames crossed Fetter Lane, No. 13 Clifford's Inn was burnt down, but all the rest of the Inn escaped. Among the older houses there still (1912) in use as chambers, but threatened with demolition, the row composed of Nos. 15, 16, and 17, facing the garden, were built in 1663; parts of No. 12, the oldest house in the Inn, in 1624; and Nos. 8 and 10, at the east end of the hall are also of considerable antiquity[2]—all dating before the Great Fire of London.

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[1] *London Gazette*, Sept. 8th, 1666.

[2] Dr. Philip Norman, *Burlington Magazine*, vol. i, 264.

Nevill's Court is a little alley on the right-hand side going up Fetter Lane, the footway leading to Great New Street. At the far end, Nos. 13, 14, and 15, stood three picturesque old houses with plastered walls and overhanging upper storeys, of a time and type of which very few examples so long survived in London. The fire passed over Nevill's Court and burnt out the greater part of it, but these buildings at the north-east corner were spared. They owed their preservation to the large open space in front occupied by their gardens, which isolated them amidst the flames.

In Shoe Lane a large remnant of Oldbourne Hall survived last century, and marked where the fire crossed the street. The site was covered by Messrs. Pontifex's premises, only recently pulled down for rebuilding.

South of Fleet Street the fire burnt to the Thames side, leaving but very little of the Inner Temple standing. The sight was enough to have melted the stoniest of legal hearts! The flames made a clean sweep—all King's Bench Walk gone, with the Crown Office, the King's Bench Office, and even the small lodges adjoining the river; all Mitre Court Buildings, the Alienation Office, and the Exchequer Office, the last having its garden piled with ruins; the buildings where now stand the library, class-rooms, and Parliament chamber. The open square of King's Bench Walk, now gravelled, but at that time partly planted with rows of trees, the pride of the Inn and its most fashionable residential quarter, was framed on three sides with charred ruins; and, burning back, the fire had consumed Tanfield Court, the Master's House, and a block corresponding with Lamb Building, while the greater part, if not the whole, of Fig Tree Court was brought to the ground by fire or gunpowder.[1]

Saving Old Paper Buildings, then possessing gravelled court-yards and galleries overlooking the garden wherein Selden and his friends walked, the houses in Inner Temple Lane, with the gateway built in the reign of James the First, their Hall, and their half share with Middle Temple of the historic church, little was left to the benchers of Inner Temple as they surveyed the scene of desolation which they could call their own. If Rochefoucault's philosophy be true, that in the misfortunes

[1] *Cal. of Inner Temple Records*, ii, 42, 43, 44, 50.

of our friends we find something which is not displeasing to us, then a glance into the highway must have brought consolation. Fleet Street from Fetter Lane, and the City as far as the eye could reach, had been reduced to like condition—everywhere piles of shattered stones and the blackened débris of timber-framed houses half obliterating the roadways. "I can say but this," wrote a member of Lincoln's Inn, describing the havoc, "that there is nothing but stones, and rubbish, and all exposed to the open air, so that you may see from one end of the City almost to the other. You can compare London (were it not for the rubbish) to nothing more than an open field."[1]

The wooden balcony of the Mitre Tavern (site covered by Hoare's Bank) was set alight by sparks, and had to be rebuilt, but I find no record of the tavern itself burning. It stood with its yards well back from the highway. The fire on the south side of the street travelled past St. Dunstan's Church to within 100 feet of Inner Temple gate, and stopped where long afterwards the Temple Exchange Coffee House flourished, bearing upon its front a Latin inscription carved in stone, which translated read—

You see before you
The last house of the city in flames
The first of the city restored:
May this be favourable and fortunate
For both city and house,
Especially for those who are auspiciously building.
Elizabeth Moore owner of the site
and
Thomas Tuckey Tenant.[2]

The six deaths recorded in all the devastated area—six only—are surely understated. Evelyn noticed amidst the heat "the stench of some poor creatures bodies." One victim was a watchmaker, Paul Lowell, living in Shoe Lane, behind the Globe tavern. As the flames approached, he declared that he was eighty years of age, and that he would never desert his house; and kept his word, for his bones and keys were found together in the ruins.[3]

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[1] Letter by Edw. Atkyns, Sept. 8, 1666. *Lond. and Midd. Note-book*, 1892, p. 172.

[2] The Latin inscription is in Malcolm's *Londinium Redivivus*, ii, 299.

[3] T. C. Noble, *Memorials of Temple Bar*, p. 12.

Vincent, whose profession should have given him charity, attributed the Great Fire of London to the malice of Papists; the lying inscription which so long disgraced the Fire Monument on Fish Street Hill indicates how deeply the belief had sunk into the popular mind. It was fed by all sorts of ridiculous stories. Among contemporary documents is the examination of a young ruffian aged ten, one Edward Taylor, before Lord Lovelace. He told that he was with his father and uncle, Jo Taylor, a Dutchman, when they threw two fire balls into an open window in Pudding Lane, and the same in Fleet Street and elsewhere: this they did for two or three days and nights. His uncle gave him £7 for help in the firing. Some Frenchmen, Dutchmen, women, and boys went about the City with fireballs. In the mad excitement of the time this worthless fabrication was held to justify the lad's father being placed under arrest.[1]

Fear of a repetition of the disaster was long in subsiding. In May, 1679, the people were thrown into panic by the discovery of a so-called plot to burn down the City again. The house of one Bird, in Fetter Lane, having been burned, his servant, Elizabeth Oxley, was suspected of wilfully causing the fire. She was arrested and examined. What follows is a remarkable story. The woman swore that she had actually caused the fire, and that she had been persuaded to do so by a certain Stubbs, a Papist, who promised her £5 if she would comply. Stubbs, being arrested, declared that the woman's evidence was perfectly true, and that Father Gifford, his confessor, incited him to procure the fire, saying that it would be a godly act to burn all heretics out of their homes. The Irish were also implicated; the Papists, it was said, were going to rise in insurrection in London, and an army was to be landed from France. Five unhappy Jesuits were actually executed for this business, and so great was the popular alarm that all Catholics were banished from the City and ten miles around.[2]

It is singular that the Fire of London never inspired a great poem. Apart from Dryden's *Annus Mirabilis*, there is nothing. In that lengthy work, ninety-six quatrains out of a total of 304 are devoted to the Fire. The verse was written

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[1] State Papers (Domestic), 1666, Sept. 9.

[2] Besant's Survey, *London in the Time of the Stuarts*, p. 257.

at Charlton in the winter of the same year, Dryden having before been driven from London by the plague, and the consequent closing of the playhouses.

The form chosen is not altogether happy, owing to the monotonous recurrence of the same cadence in each stanza. Probably there are none better than these really fine passages—

In this deep quiet, from what source unknown,
Those seeds of fire their fatal birth disclose ;
And first few scattering sparks about were blown,
Big with the flames that to our ruin rose.

Then in some close-pent room it crept along
And, smouldering as it went, in silence fed ;
Till the infant monster, with devouring strong,
Walked boldly upright with exalted head.

Now, like some rich and mighty murderer,
Too great for prison which he breaks with gold,
Who fresher for new mischiefs does appear
And dares the world to tax him with the old,

So 'scapes the insulting fire his narrow jail
And makes small outlets into open air ;
There the fierce winds his tender force assail
And beat him downward to his first repair.

The winds, like crafty courtesans, withheld
His flames from burning but to blow them more ;
And, every fresh attempt, he is repelled
With faint denials, weaker than before.

And now, no longer letted of his prey
He leaps up at it with enraged desire,
O'erlooks the neighbours with a wide survey
And nods at every house his threatening fire.

The ghosts of traitors from the Bridge descend,
With bold fanatic spectres to rejoice ;
About the fire into a dance they bend
And sing their sabbath notes with feeble voice.

There must have been many acts of heroism left unrecorded, but men were too preoccupied to write them down, and I have none to brighten these pages. Here is a note of tragedy—

James Shirley, a favourite dramatist of Charles the First's Court, was in 1666 living in Fleet Street. A confirmed

Royalist, he had fled from Charles's army after the disaster of Marston Moor, and retired to France with the Duke of Newcastle, his patron. When the King's cause had been crushed he quietly crept back to England, where for a time he lived in concealment, and to eke out a livelihood set up in Whitefriars his old distasteful business of schoolmaster. At the Restoration Shirley's plays were again staged, but he shared the bitter experience of so many others who have been laid aside for a time: he was judged out of date in the new and licentious régime.

Shirley's house in Fleet Street, near Serjeants' Inn, was burnt to the ground in the Great Fire. Compelled, with his second wife, to fly, he took refuge in St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, at that time an isolated out-parish which was already crowded with homeless Londoners. The terror of the scenes he had witnessed and the exposure and suffering undergone brought on mortal illness, and he and his wife died on the same day about six weeks later, Shirley being then seventy years of age. They were buried in one grave in the churchyard of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, on the 29th October, 1666.

Such was James Shirley's melancholy end. Few people read his plays nowadays; of his literary work, it is customary to complain that it discloses an imitative and not an original genius. Yet others greater than he might have been proud to claim that noble lyric printed among his poems, tinged as it is with memory of the unhappy fate of his Sovereign—

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings:
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still;
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, poor captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;
Upon Death's purple altar now
See, where the victor-victim bleeds ;
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

John Ogilby, too, was burnt out of Whitefriars, where he kept house. He translated Virgil and Homer, and is only remembered as a bad poet. The sneers of Dryden (*Mac-Flecknoe*) and of Pope in *The Dunciad* won him this reputation rather than the demerits of his translations, which nobody reads ; textually close, they are commonplace and unpoetical in expression. But he was a good printer, and the publisher of some choice books illustrated by Hollar and other engravers : moreover, a man of resource. Ogilby daringly adventured on a literary lottery, under Royal patronage, in which all the prizes to be drawn were books edited, printed, or written by himself.

The Fire destroyed, with his house, stock of the value of £3,000, and he petitioned King Charles for assistance to begin again work then almost perfected, and for his Majesty's favour in reprinting his editions of Virgil and Homer, Æsop's *Fables*, and other books burnt in the late conflagration.[1]

The versatile man—originally he was a dancing master, whose agility on his feet led to his selection to dance in the Duke of Buckingham's great Masque at the Court of King Charles the First[2]—thereafter appears as a " sworn viewer," or surveyor, of the City area devastated by the flames, and to him we owe a most valuable map of London after the Fire. He obtained the honorific titles of " King's cosmographer and geographic printer," and was able to rebuild in Whitefriars, setting up a large printing establishment. For this purpose he organised a second lottery of his own productions.

The prospectus makes quaint reading. Ogilby tells his patrons of his misfortunes, first by the Plague, which took his customers, and then the Fire burning his books. His first lottery had been opened in May, 1665.

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[1] State Papers (Domestic), Nos. 109–10, 1666, Sept.
[2] *Dict. of National Biography*, John Ogilby.

Its proceedings were stopt by the then growing sickness, and later discontinued under the arrest of that common calamity, till the next year's more violent and sudden visitation, the late dreadful and surprising Conflagration, swallowed up the remainder, being two parts of three, to the value of three thousand pounds and upwards, in that unimaginable deluge. Therefore, to repair in some manner his so much commiserated losses, by the advice of his patrons, friends, and especially by the invitations of his former Adventurers, he is resolved on a second lottery, with some remains of the first, embracing reliques preserved in several hands from the fire, of a reprint of his former editions, and others new and of equal value.

Tickets, price 5s. to 40s., were to be had at the Black Boy, over against St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street, where the volumes given as prizes might be seen. Pepys tells of the success of the lottery, greater than that of the first, which fell in evil time. Ogilby complained querulously that some of his first supporters had not paid their subscriptions—the Plague had taken many poor souls beyond the cares of books and pence.[1] The poet-lottery-keeper was buried in Wren's then unfinished St. Bride's Church in September, 1676.

This was an age of prognostications of dire events and calamities, and one I recall because of the bathos of it. William Lilly learnt the Black Art from Rhys Evans in Gunpowder Alley, Shoe Lane—where Lovelace perished. His almanacs and prophecies made him the most renowned astrologer of the Commonwealth and the Restoration. Nettled at certain accusations, he inserted this advertisement in *The Perfect Diurnal*, 9th April, 1655—

Whereas there are several flying reports, and many false and scandalous speeches in the mouth of many people in this City, tending unto this effect, viz., That I, William Lilly, should predict or say there would be a great fire in or near the Old Exchange, and another in St. John's Street, and another in the Strand, near Temple Bar, and in several other parts of the City. These are to certify the whole City that I protest before Almighty God that I never wrote any such thing, I never spoke any such word, or ever thought of any such thing, of any or all of these particular places or streets, or any other parts. These untruths are forged by ungodly men and women to disturb the quiet people of the City, to amaze the nation, and to cast aspersions and scandals on me.

He must have misread the stars. What an opportunity missed, by forecasting the Great Fire of London, to have restored credit to a science already discredited by too many

[1] *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1814, pt. I, p. 646.

professors engaged in exposing one another. Not to have forecasted the Fire would not have mattered; but to have prophesied that it would *not* take place! The fool! the abject, intolerable fool!

Ludgate long survived the Great Fire of London, though the flames burnt through the arch and around it, and St. Martin's Church, immediately adjacent, suffered so greatly that its ruins had to be cleared away for Sir Christopher Wren's rebuilding. Like any other old property that had outlived its usefulness, the last three of the City's gates save Newgate (which stood till 1777) were put up for sale by the Corporation on the 30th July, 1760. They were all bought by Mr. Blagden, a carpenter of Coleman Street, Ludgate being knocked down at £148—a housebreaker's price for the materials—and by the end of September rubbish carts had removed these last distinguishing features of London as a walled city.

Queen Elizabeth's statue, the only fragment of ancient Ludgate now to be seen, occupies an honoured but insignificant position in Fleet Street, let into the wall at St. Dunstan's Church high over the vestry porch. It is much blackened by the City's grime, but otherwise unharmed. Evelyn, going on foot "through the late Fleet Streete" and up Ludgate Hill when the fire had burnt itself out, noticed that Queen Elizabeth's effigy, with some arms on Ludgate, survived with but little detriment, though the vast iron chains of the city streets, and hinges, bars, and gates of the prisons, were many of them melted and reduced to cinders by the vehement heat. The Virgin Queen holds the sceptre in one hand and the orb in the other, and wears the side panniers and farthingale and stiff collar which attained their greatest extravagance in her reign. She has faced most points of the compass. Originally, in her niche on Ludgate, she gazed up Fleet Street to Temple Bar. Old St. Dunstan's Church stood out into the road, obstructing the way, and when placed on its short tower the Queen looked down Fleet Street towards St. Paul's. To-day she stares across the street.

An inscription below records that the figure was given by the City to Sir Francis Gosling, Alderman of the Ward of Farringdon Without, who in the year 1762 caused it to be placed on the church exterior. Strype, in his account of the parish of St. Bride's, with no further explanation than "Queen

Elizabeth Memorial," gives some lines which (with an alteration of a word) might well be cut under the statue if ever, in any future street improvement, a really adequate site be found for it—

> Here lies her Type, who was of late
> The Prop of Belgia, Stay of France,
> Spaine's Foile, Faith's shield, and Queene of State,
> Of Armes, of Learning, Fate, and Chance :
> In briefe, of Women ne're was seene
> So great a Prince, so good a Queene.
>
> Sith Vertue Her immortall made,
> Death (envying all that cannot dye)
> Her Earthy Parts did so invade,
> As in it wrackt Selfe-Majesty.
> But so her Spirit inspir'd her Parts,
> That she still lives in Loyall Hearts.

It would appear from Malcolm that the statue at one time bore traces of rich colouring, but none are now to be seen.

Little else survives in Fleet Street that came within the actual area swept by the Fire. St. Bride's Church preserves its registers, going back to Elizabeth, which were saved from the flames ; their unknown but careful custodian during this terrible time has placed under deep obligation all who have since used them. Apart from these, the church has two relics, one being the font, a basin of white marble supported by an ornamental shaft of black marble, bearing the arms of the Hothersall family. The inscription reads, " Deo et ecclesiæ ex Dono Henrici Hothersall, A.D. 1615." It is said to have been found substantially unharmed after disaster had overwhelmed the church, and was replaced in Wren's new building. Just within the railing at the churchyard gate is the entrance to the Holden family vault, with a coat of arms in stone. Holden was a friend of Pepys, the diarist.

The carving bears date 1657, nine years anterior to the Fire. Comparison of its present state with the engraving Nathaniel Smith made of this relic in 1795 shows that the stone has wasted a good deal during the past century under influence of the City's vitiated atmosphere, and black grime has grown thickly upon it. The heraldic design is quite distinct. The tiny Carmelite vault in Brittons Court, Whitefriars, has earlier been alluded to. There is nothing more—not a single memorial

or brass has been saved from the old church and placed within St. Bride's; a matter in which this church compares unfavourably with its neighbour, St. Dunstan's.

St. Bride's Church was rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren as soon as a clearance could be made of the ruins, and the work completed in 1680.[1] The steeple was not finished until September, 1703. It is a great misfortune that the church is so badly hidden, for among all those with which Wren's genius has enriched London there are few so fine as this masterpiece. The plan is characteristic. The worshipper enters beneath a dark porch in the tower, passing into a vestibule below the organ-loft equally dark, and afterwards into the church, which by contrast appears to be a blaze of light.

Its ample proportions seem to be even greater than they are. After the first surprise which this view of the interior creates, the visitor will note the arrangement of circles and semi-circles in its arches, the clerestory windows, the groining of the aisle roofs, the richly decorated chancel, and commodious galleries. A rosy light is suffused by the stained-glass in the great east window.

The steeple is unsurpassed by anything that Wren has accomplished. It is a minor point that it is higher than any other of his spires—higher than St. Mary-le-Bow. St. Paul's cross alone reaches farther into the sky. Four pierced octagonal storeys rise above the tower, culminating in an obelisk and vane. The effect of this graceful structure is exceedingly rich. There is only one point at which the steeple can be adequately surveyed, in Bride Lane, at the foot of the churchyard wall, and there the great mass of white stone looms up majestically. It appears to have tremendous height. Its pre-eminence among City spires is better appreciated in a single glance than by pages of description.

Fault has been found with the steeple for monotonous

[1] After the Restoration, the Spital sermons were preached at St. Bride's, and drew large congregations. Ned Ward, in his *Dancing School*, speaks of a room being "crammed as full of company as St. Bride's Church upon the singing of a Spittle psalm at Easter, or an anthem on Cicelia's day." The crowding of St. Bride's last century led to Trinity Church, by Gough Square, being built in 1837–8, and four years later the extra-parochial district of Whitefriars was annexed to it; but the City dwellers have gone farther afield, and Trinity Church is now closed.

repetition of the same features. Who else but Wren could have produced such an effect from monotonous repetition? Indeed, the whole conception is unique. Mr. Mackmurdo, in his *City Churches*, justly says of it: "A steeple reminding one of Romanesque towers in North Italy; yet with what added refinement, complexity of form and concentration! For most beautifully united is the circular storied spire to the square tower, by the curve of this pediment, the round-headed openings of each storey finding a focus point in the round of the clock below."

St. Bride's steeple, 226 feet in height, is eight feet shorter than originally built. It was struck by lightning on the 18th June, 1764. Only the strength and good workmanship of this exquisite tapering building saved it and the church from disaster. A flash was followed by a tremendous burst of thunder. Lightning, attracted no doubt by the metal ball and vane and cross of copper which at that time surmounted the stone work, struck the spire at its highest point, and travelling downwards to the fourth, or lowest, of the pyramidical storeys built upon the tower platform, caused considerable damage on its way.

The vane and cross were held aloft by an iron spindle 20 feet in length. Lightning ran down the metal, one half the length of which was secured in a groove cut in the solid and keyed stones forming the obelisk, and where so encased broke and forced apart the stones. It then slid along the surface of the steeple, wetted by a morning's rain, to the uppermost storey, where there was a big explosion. There the greatest injury was done, the superstructure being partly blown away and left open to the sky. A large stone fell through the church roof into the north gallery. Over 70 lbs. in weight, a second stone was hurled fifty yards eastward of the tower, and crashed through the roof of a dwelling-house.

In its progress downward the current leapt from one iron tie-bar to another, chipping the masonry wherever stone touched iron. A pillar was cracked, and part of a cornice shattered. Weakening as it went, the lightning finally escaped at the lowest storey, leaving a big scar there. No damage was sustained by the belfry itself save some chipped stone and a broken window. Sir William Staines, the architect consulted upon the necessary repairs, reduced the height of the obelisk

by eight feet. The injuries were so extensive that it was found necessary to rebuild eighty-five feet of the spire.

Lightning conductors, now a universal safeguard, were at that time little known, and the accident at St. Bride's had much to do with their development; incidentally, too, with a most ridiculous controversy in which King George the Third and the Royal Society figured. A paper was read before that learned body the same year upon the damaged steeple, and is printed in the *Philosophical Transactions*, with several well-arranged plates. Alarmed by St. Bride's experience, the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's became anxious for the safety of the great cathedral. The Government were in fear for their magazines stored with gunpowder at Purfleet, in the event of a lightning stroke. Both requested the opinion of the Royal Society on the best method of fixing electrical conductors, and a committee of five reported in favour of sharply pointed conductors, Mr. Wilson alone dissenting, and advocating blunt knobs as most efficacious in attracting the current.

Incredible as it seems, this was made the subject of heated political dispute. Benjamin Franklin had invented the pointed conductor. The philosophers having failed after some years to settle the question, the uninformed populace became partisans, and in the midst of our quarrels with America the advocates of pointed conductors (because of their origin) were identified with the insurgent colonists and denounced as disaffected subjects, the "blunt knobs" being the true loyalists. More extraordinary was the interference of George the Third, who, not on scientific grounds, but from political motives, took up Wilson's theories, had blunt conductors fixed upon his palace, and even endeavoured to make the Royal Society rescind their resolution in favour of sharp points.

Sir John Pringle was President of the Royal Society, then housed in Crane Court, Fleet Street, and the King, granting him audience, earnestly entreated him to use his influence for the "blunt knobs." Pringle's reply was highly honourable to himself and to the Society. Duty as well as inclination, he observed, would always induce him to execute his Majesty's wishes to the utmost of his power; but "Sire," said he, "I cannot reverse the laws and operations of Nature."[1] "Then,"

[1] Weld's *History of the Royal Society*, ii, 101.

replied the King, " you are not fit to be President of the Royal Society ! "

A friend of Benjamin Franklin wrote this epigram—

> While you, great George, for knowledge hunt,
> And sharp conductors change for blunt,
> The nation's out of joint :
> Franklin a wiser course pursues,
> And all your thunder useless views,
> By keeping to the *point*.

The steeple has not been fortunate. It was struck by lightning a second time in 1803, and again about 1887. There is an internal staircase up to the highest storey, from which the patient climber is rewarded with a rare view over the City's expanse, with the great dome and cross of St. Paul's as the most prominent objects in the foreground.

St. Bride's belfry is remarkable for having the unusual number of twelve bells, and often their melodious peal causes the passer-by in Fleet Street to stop and listen.

A fragment of Pepys lore. The diarist enters under date the 18th March, 1663[–4]—

> To the church, and with the gravemaker to chose a place for my brother to lie in just under my mother's pew. But—to see how a man's bones are at the mercy of such a fellow, that for sixpence he would (as his own words were)—" I will jostle them together, but I will make room for him." Speaking of the fulness of the middle aisle where he was to lie.

No church is particularised in the diary, but this was old St. Bride's, and the corpse was that of Samuel Pepys's brother Thomas. Mr. A. W. Peart, the parish clerk, pointed out to me the entry in the burial register—

> March 18, 1663[–4].—Mr. Thomas Pepyes.

And here is the record of the christening, in the same church, of the diarist himself—

> March 3, 1632[–3].—Samuell sonn to John Peapis, wyef Margaret.

Samuel Pepys was born on the 23rd February, 1632[–3], and this entry of the christening settles, I think, one point in dispute. Samuel Pepys was a Londoner.

CHAPTER XVI

BUILDINGS AND OLD BOOKSELLERS

> As if the Fire had not only purged the city, the buildings are infinitely more beautiful, more commodious, more solid (the three main virtues of all edifices) than before. They have made their streets much more large and straight, paved on each side with smooth freestone, and guarded the same with many massy posts for the benefit of foot passengers; and whereas before they dwelt in low, dark, wooden houses, they now live in lofty, lightsome, uniform, and very stately brick buildings.—*The Present State of London*, 1681.

THE returning Londoner who came into Fleet Street six years after the Great Fire noticed many changes. He had taken few steps beyond Wren's Temple Bar, itself a new thing, before his attention was sharply arrested. I fancy it will be news to most people that the famous mechanical clock of St. Dunstan's Church still exists, and, moreover, keeps excellent time. Its projecting dial and the two giants who beat the hours and quarter-hours with clubs upon the bells made one of the sights of Fleet Street for more than a century and a half. The automata passed out of the street eighty years ago, and like much else have been forgotten.

In their day they were considered wonderful. Contemporary writers often made mention of them. Sir Walter Scott knew the clock, though his recollection when far away from London seemed singularly confused. "The twa iron carles yonder, at the kirk beside the Port, were just banging out sax o' the clock," observes Richard Moniplies in *The Fortunes of Nigel;* and Jenkin Vincent, the boisterous apprentice, makes fun of Nigel's Scottish retainer as he stands before the church staring in amazement—

> Look at that strange fellow—see how he gapes at every shop, as if he would swallow the wares—O! St. Dunstan has caught his eye; pray God he swallow not the images. See how he stands astonished, as old Adam and Eve ply their ding-dong.

Scott, as I have already said, placed the figures in Fleet Street half a century before their time. Adam and Eve they could not be mistaken for, as they are undeniably masculine, and nude almost to impropriety. They are stiff in motion when the clubs come down with a thwack as moved by the clockwork

mechanism, and clothed only in loincloths and of ferocious aspect, they more aptly fulfil Strype's description as "two savages or Hercules."

Oliver Goldsmith, who lived so much about Fleet Street, has a reference to the clock. Mr. Thornhill told the Vicar of Wakefield's party with an oath that he never knew anything more absurd than calling Miss Wilmot a beauty: "'For strike me ugly,' continued he, 'if I should not find as much pleasure in choosing my mistress by the information of a lamp under the clock of St. Dunstan's.'" Congreve, too, in *Love for Love*, recalls the street's wonder show—

> *Sir Sampson Legend.*—They shall be married to a minute . . . and when the alarum strikes, they shall keep time like the figures of St. Dunstan's, and consummatum est shall ring all over the parish.

Wycherley, Ned Ward, and others might also be cited to whose sense of the marvellous or the grotesque St. Dunstan's giants appealed.

The Church escaped the Great Fire of London, and the clock and its mechanical figures were amongst the earliest features introduced to the newly-built street. The dial, double-faced, stood far out over the pavement, giving the time to those entering or leaving the City. A small building forming an upper storey to the south aisle contained the mechanism, the bells, and the attendant strikers with raised clubs. The clock was made by Mr. Thomas Harrys, living at the end of Water Lane, and was set up on the 28th October, 1671, replacing one of earlier date—no doubt "the dyall" of Queen Elizabeth's day. The ingenious Mr. Harrys had offered in May of that year to build a new clock with chimes, and to erect two figures of men with poleaxes, whose office should be to strike the quarters. "I will do one thing more," he said, "which London shall not show the like; I will make two hands show the hours and minutes without the church, upon a double dial, which will be worth your observation, and to my credit."

All this he proposed to perform, and to keep in order, for the remuneration of £80 and the old clock. The vestry, as appears by their minutes, only paid him £35, with the old clock thrown in, for so much of his plan as they thought proper to adopt, so that, thanks to this grudging parsimony, famous as the automata became, they did not represent the full fruition of Mr. Harrys' horological skill.

The Earl of Londesborough, their present custodian, kindly gave me leave to inspect the giants at St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park, his town house; and there, like any of the gaping sightseers of generations long since dead and gone who have stopped in the street to watch their antics, I stood before these time-honoured relics, which in their day had been a cause of wonderment to young and old. With the dial projecting over the gravelled path, the frame of masonry containing the giants and the bells has been rebuilt on the garden front, just as it was in the old church, and as the sun goes his daily round still the clubs beat the hours and quarter hours.

The story of the clock's preservation is soon told. The third Marquis of Hertford, when a small and impressionable boy, was taken to see the clock at St. Dunstan's Church. His delight in the working figures inspired visions of the joy of ultimate possession, and he declared, "When I am a man I will buy that clock, and put it up in my house." Early last century Marylebone Park became converted into Regent's Park, and the Crown reserved portions of the land for terrace-houses and villas. A site of six acres was taken on lease by Lord Hertford, who built a villa there. It happened that this very year, 1830, old St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street came down for rebuilding, and in the new plan, which placed the church farther back and allowed for a considerable widening of the highway, the clock and giants had no part.

Lord Hertford, then grown a man, seized the opportunity to fulfil his boyish wish. For the clock, the bells, the club-bearing giants, and the storey in which they were framed, together with the ancient statues of King Lud and his two sons, which had been removed when Ludgate was demolished in the previous century and made a gift to the St. Dunstan's Vestry, he offered 200 guineas. That sum was accepted,[1] and the trophies were carted to Regent's Park. Moxon says their removal drew tears from the eyes of Charles Lamb.

Lord Hertford called his new house St. Dunstan's, after the church, and there he placed the clock, as it stands to-day, the structure below bearing niches in which are King Lud

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[1] St. Dunstan's Vestry minutes, 1830, Oct. 22nd. *Notes and Queries*, 7th Ser. i, 214.

and his sons. These three stone effigies are much mutilated, and show indications of scorching by the flames of 1666.

Mr. Wheatley thinks it likely that Harrys got his idea for the clock from similar figures which had previously done duty at St. Paul's, and as early as 1609 were counted among the London sights. Thus the *Gull's Hornbook* of that year : " But howsoever, if Paul's Jacks be once up with their elbows, and quarelling to strike eleven, as soon as ever the clock has parted them, and ended the fray with his hammer, let not the Duke's Gallery contain you any longer " ; and there is also mention of the rival " Jacks " in 1604.[1] St. Dunstan's giants, now black, were in former times gaudily painted and gilt. They served Cowper in an effective simile for bad poetasters—

> When labour and when dulness, club in hand,
> Like the two figures at St. Dunstan's stand,
> Beating alternately, in measur'd time,
> The clockwork tintinabulum of rhyme,
> Exact and regular the sounds will be,
> But such mere quarter strokes are not for me.

The Londoner, having stared his fill at the mechanical clock and passed on, would next have noticed about Fetter Lane a sharp division between old and new in the style of building. Let Charles the Second at least be given credit for great ideas. Riding on horseback about London, he had watched the sad spectacle of his capital burning. It was his aim and desire, declared in his Proclamation to the citizens, to see a new city rise, " so ornamented as should make it appear to the world, rather as purged with the fire (in how lamentable a manner soever) to a wonderful beauty and comeliness, than consumed by it." He had included Fleet Street, with Cheapside and Cornhill, among the " eminent and notorious streets " which should be rebuilt " of such width as might, with God's blessing, prevent the mischief that one side may suffer if the other be on fire." [2]

His was an easy-going soul. In the Library of St. Paul's is shown to the visitor the book of subscriptions for the rebuilding of the great Cathedral, opened by his Sacred Majesty with an annual donation of £1,000. The entry is writ large

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[1] H. B. Wheatley, *London Past and Present*, i, 537.
[2] *Historical Charters, City of London*, Ed. Birch, pp. 224–34.

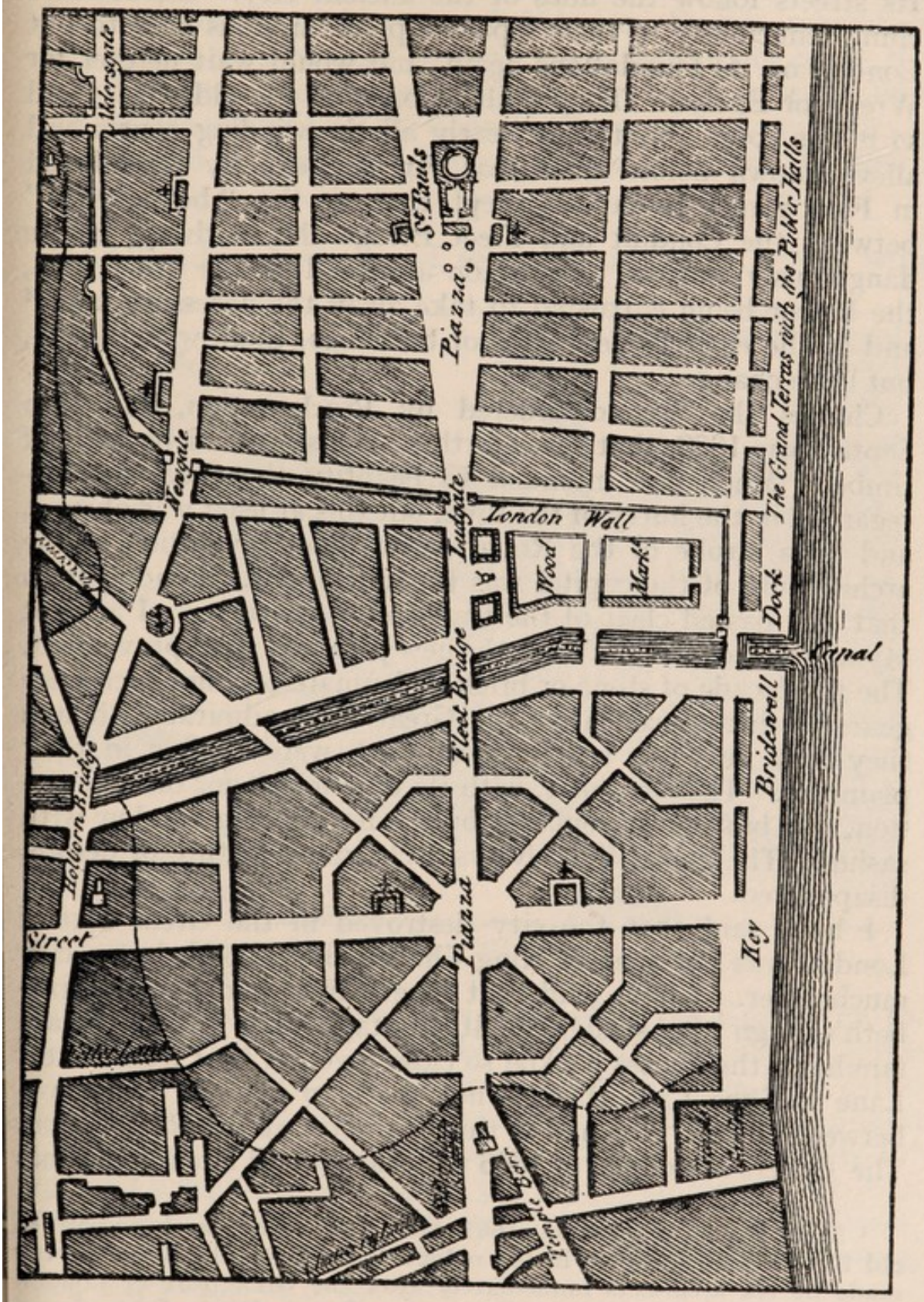
in the Royal hand. But no one has found the entry for the second thousand. There was the lack of practical concern to which is due, in no small measure, the fact that London has come down through the centuries as it is, not as it might have been.

A Court of judges, with Sir Mathew Hale as president, sat in the old hall of Clifford's Inn, just on the edge where the Fire burnt, to decide claims arising out of disputed boundaries and lost landmarks, but they were commissioned to do no more than their limited charge.

Had Sir Christopher Wren's plan for a model city, drawn by the King's command, been carried out, nothing of old Fleet Street and its northern environs would now be recognisable. Wren planned a perfectly straight thoroughfare, ninety feet wide, extending from St. Paul's over Fleet Bridge—where Ludgate Circus opens—to St. Dunstan's, and continuing on the north side of that church, with a road curving off at the church through Temple Bar to the Strand. All Clifford's Inn would have gone. Just above Shoe Lane, where now the offices of the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Daily Chronicle* face one another, he placed a large circular piazza, of a diameter four times the width of the street. Through this, at right angles to Fleet Street, a new main road, also perfectly straight, was to lead north to Holborn and south to the Thames; and along the river bank he projected a public quay and promenade even more ambitious than the Victoria Embankment, for it would have stretched from the Temple Gardens throughout the City's length to the Tower of London.

An octagonal course of streets was designed to surround the piazza, forming an outer ring, and the whole plan being geometrical, every existing street and court as far west as Fetter Lane would have been swept away. This feature was common to the plans both of Wren and John Evelyn—the drawings make them plain. In place of Ludgate, the living tide of traffic passing into the City should enter through a triumphal arch erected in honour of King Charles the Second, the founder of New London.

But it was not to be, and I cannot profess to be sorry. The scheme was too stupendous for the citizens, reduced in numbers by the plague and ruined in fortune by the Fire, and for their careless King. London has not been Hausmannised, like Paris.



WREN'S PLAN FOR REBUILDING LONDON

Its streets follow the lines of the ancient city. Landowners clung tenaciously to their separate plots, anxious only to put London on its foundations again, and would wait neither for Wren nor Evelyn. They built at once on the old sites; and so it has come about that nearly all the winding courts and alleys known before the Great Fire are exactly reproduced in Fleet Street to-day. Except that at the "bottle-neck" between the Conduit and Fleet Bridge the roadway, before dangerously narrow, was made as broad as the other part, the Mayor being entrusted to take away the necessary land,[1] and in the entirely new style of buildings, there was, indeed, but little change.

Charles the Second ordered by Proclamation, the 13th September, 1666, that henceforth no house should be built of timber. Much else intended to beautify the City was disregarded in the hurry of the time, but this at least was obeyed, and by a stroke of the Royal pen a quiet revolution in the architecture of the capital was brought about. London from that day passed clear of the tradition of centuries. I am not saying that to an artist's eye the new plan was an improvement. The flat façade of stone or brick and square coping which were generally introduced after the Great Fire, admirable though they may be when well proportioned, were chilling in their plainness. The casement, with its unique gift for ornamentation, was but poorly replaced by the flat, oblong window with sashes. The gable, too, always a charming feature of design, disappeared.

I have said that the city destroyed in the Great Fire of London was not that of King Charles the Second, but a city much older. I have said that Fleet Street had not in Elizabeth's reign the straight-built frontage with which we are familiar; the houses packed so close together that from Fetter Lane to Shoe Lane there is not space to place a half-crown between them. Nor had it this character at the Restoration. The Orders in Council of 1666 tell that several late inhabitants

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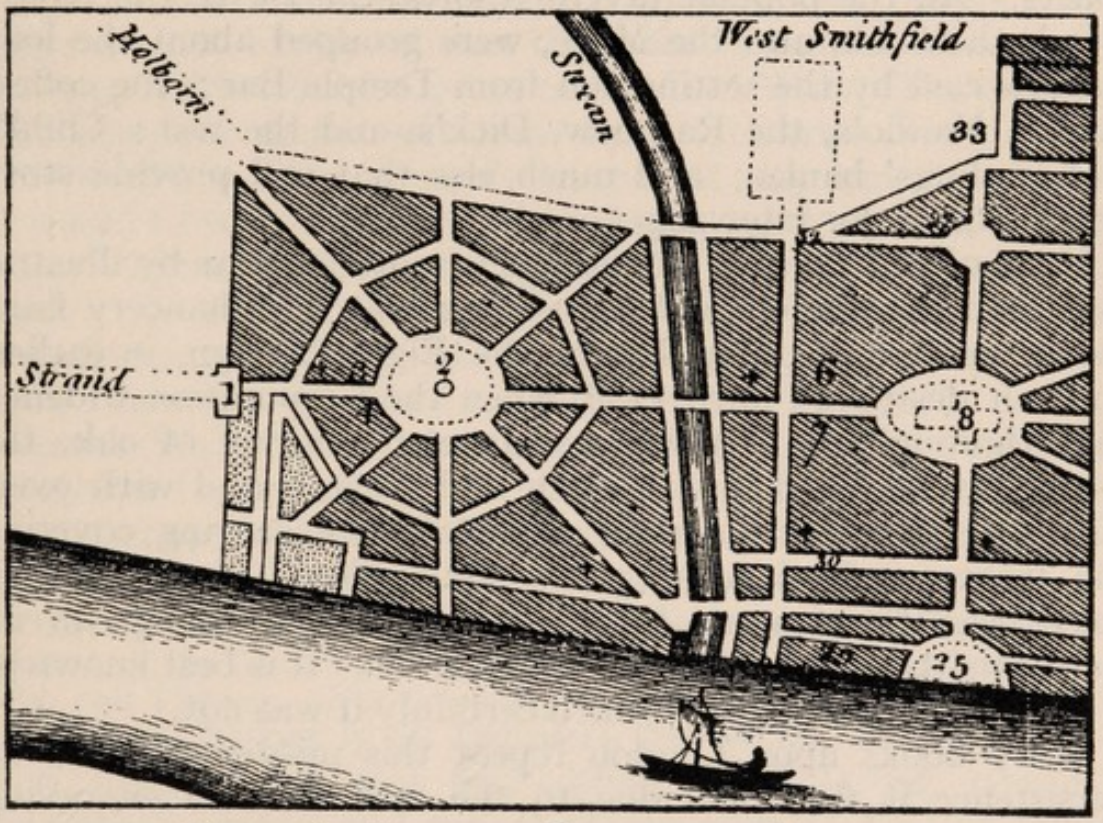
[1] State Papers (Domestic), 1667, Mar. 21st. The varying width of old Fleet Street is shown in the reduction by John Leeke of a survey made by six architects immediately after the Great Fire of London (Add. MS., 5415, E. I. British Museum): Temple Bar to Fetter Lane, 37 ft.; thence to Water Lane, 70 ft.; thence to Bride's Court, 63 ft.; thence to Bride Lane, 32 ft.; and to Fleet Bridge, 23 ft.

of Fleet Street whose houses had stood back, after the Fire petitioned the Lord Mayor and Aldermen that in rebuilding they might be permitted to bring them forward to make the line of the street continuous. Inquiry having been set on foot and reference made to the Council, the prayer of the petition was allowed.[1] This done, and not before, we arrive at modern Fleet Street.

Old London, however, of the days of timber houses with



EVELYN'S PLAN FOR REBUILDING LONDON

plaster fronts and gable roofs, long after the Great Fire remained pictured in the length between Fetter Lane and Temple Bar. For a time the rebuilt area seems to have been called New Fleet Street. That was the name Will Warde, landlord of the Unicorn Tavern, impressed upon his tokens in 1667;[2] but the foolish idea of loading the title of an historic street in such fashion was, happily, soon abandoned. Fleet Street, as rebuilt, evidently had few charms for the print-makers, and engravings of it are rare.

[1] *Historical Charters, City of London*, Ed. Birch, p. 233.
[2] Beaufoy Collection at Guildhall.

The timber-framed houses towards Temple Bar stood throughout the seventeenth century, and many through the eighteenth, and being happily appreciated in an artistic age, their outward features are preserved in quite a number of prints. It is curious that almost all that made the street famous after the Fire was congregated in this short stretch of buildings that escaped the flames. The rest was merely commercial, and the writer upon Fleet Street finds its history till the newspapers came, not in the highway, but in the side courts. All the popular tavern resorts, the Devil, the King's Head, the Cock, and the Mitre, were grouped about the long shadow cast by the setting sun from Temple Bar; the coffee-houses, Nando's, the Rainbow, Dick's, and the rest; Child's and Goslings' banks; and much else that will provide story and anecdote for later pages.

None of Old London's buildings is more familiar by illustration than the glorious old timber house at the Chancery Lane corner erected in King Henry the Eighth's reign, or earlier, and not destroyed until 1799, when the Corporation widened that thoroughfare. It was constructed entirely of oak, the heavy frames filled in with lath and plaster, and with overhanging storeys, gable roof, and elaborate carving covering the front, made a most picturesque pile. This is said to have been the famous King's Head Tavern, though in its last years the sign borne was The Harrow. It is best known as "Izaak Walton's house," which certainly it was not.

Many books upon London repeat this misdescription; its persistence is doubtless due to the fact that an engraving of this delightful corner house appears in every edition of *The Compleat Angler*. Walton's shop was at the more modest building adjoining, two doors west from Chancery Lane.[1] He came into Fleet Street in 1624 after leaving the Royal Exchange, and as he was joint occupier with John Mason, one may conclude that half the shop sufficed for his own hosiery business. In the year 1632 Walton moved into Chancery Lane, seven doors up on the left-hand side, where his trade

[1] The site is definitely fixed by a deed bearing date 1624, cited by Sir John Hawkins in his *Life of Walton*, Ed. 1792, pp. viii, ix, as next door to the old timber-built corner house. I note that the misdescription is repeated in the London Museum.

was described as milliner-sempster, or dealer in shirts. Afterwards his house there became the Mitre tavern. The present Mitre in Chancery Lane covers the site.

In Chancery Lane Izaak Walton's wife died in 1640; the mother of his seven children, none of whom survived infancy. Three years after, when fifty, he retired from shopkeeping, to spend the rest of his long life in the country, angling, when his pleasure so bent, in quiet waters the delight of which he has taught to countless thousands coming after him. Stout Royalist and Churchman, and a most active parish officer, there is much likelihood that the position was made impossible for him in the troubled years of the Civil War. The charm of *The Compleat Angler* will never fade. Charles Lamb wrote: "It would sweeten a man's temper at any time to read it; it would Christianise every discordant, angry passion." Leigh Hunt's impassioned tirade against its cruelty falls harmlessly aside. To those who dissent I fling back Walton's prefaratory repudiation, "If thou be a severe, sour-complexioned man, then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge."

Izaak Walton, ten years after he had left London, sent his *Compleat Angler*, in 1653, to be published by Richard Marriot at his shop in Fleet Street by St. Dunstan's Church. The quaint advertisement in the *Mercurius Politicus* runs—

> There is published a Booke of Eighteen-pence called the Compleat Angler, or the Contemplative man's Recreation; being a Discourse on Fish and Fishing. Not unworthy the perusal of most anglers. Sold by Richard Marriot in St. Dunstan's Churchyard, Flete-street.

A copy of this rare first-edition, price 1s. 6d., bound in original sheepskin, and once the treasure of Frederick Lockyer-Lampson, realised £1,290 in the Van Antwerp sale of 1907. I have yet to trace Milton's footsteps in St. Bride's, but it may be recalled here that Marriot was one of the many booksellers whose names appeared on the title-page of *Paradise Lost* (price 3s.) as agents of Samuel Simmons; and that in Fleet Street a little work of Milton's first saw publication, the poet's unimportant Latin Grammar, "Printed for S. S. [doubtless Samuel Simmons] and are to be sold by John Starkey at the Miter in Fleet Street, next Temple Bar, 1669."[1]

Nathaniel Smith has preserved in another engraving, bearing date 1793, the characteristic exterior of an ancient house

[1] F. A. Mumby, *The Romance of Bookselling*, p. 169.

which stood in Fleet Street until the close of the eighteenth century, at the western corner of Clifford's Inn Passage. Like the more pretentious City merchant's mansion built over Inner Temple Gate, and recently restored, it appears to have dated from the reign of King James the First, and its only known tenant who made any stir in the world was Mrs. Salmon, whose wax-work show for fully a century was one of the sights of the town—

> Tall Polygars
> Dwarf Zanzibars
> Mahomed's Tomb, Killarney's Lake, the Fane of Ammon,
> With all thy Kings and Queens, ingenious Mrs. Salmon![1]

In what year the wax-work was removed from Aldersgate into Fleet Street is unknown, but it is interesting to find Mrs. Salmon's handbills stating that the new position was "a more convenient place for the coaches of the quality to stand unmolested." Of this lady there is more to be said later.

About Temple Bar the few surviving relics of the age before the Great Fire of London include the fine row of buildings at the entrance of Middle Temple Lane, with projecting fronts of lath and rough plaster. They continued a line of similar houses on the western side of Hare Court, which was destroyed in a Temple conflagration of 1679. Others in Clifford's Inn have been already mentioned. A couple of small dwellings of the Stuart period just outside Temple Bar have been saved, and a picturesque old bulk-head shop, dating from King Henry the Eighth, stood next to the bar, north side, till the middle of last century. Wych Street and Holywell Street, so rich in timber gabled houses, are a fading memory.

Long a hardy race of booksellers flourished in Fleet Street, and they, too, occupied the old shops near Temple Bar spared by the Fire, never moving far from St. Dunstan's. None is assured more enduring fame than Jacob Tonson. He set up under the sign of The Judge's Head in Chancery Lane, only a few doors from Fleet Street, in 1678, and there published some of Otway's plays. There, too, began his association with Dryden, whose *Troilus and Cressida* he gave to the world in 1679. Tonson is remembered by a larger public than

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[1] *Probationary Odes for the Laureateship*, 1785.

bibliophiles by three furious lines which Dryden wrote of him when payments were delayed—surely the most terrible portrait of a man that was ever compressed into so few words, and scrawled, by way of added insult, under a print that Tonson had been vain enough to issue of himself—

> With leering looks, bull-faced, and freckled fair,
> With two left legs and Judas-coloured hair,
> And frowzy pores, that taint the ambient air.

"Tell the dog that he who wrote those lines can write more," said Dryden to the messenger who carried them. There is no record that Tonson asked for more. Mutual interest, the strongest of all ties, still brought poet and bookseller together. Many of the letters which passed between Dryden and Tonson have been printed, and reading them, one does not entirely love Dryden, entirely loathe Tonson.

In one of his quarrels about money the Laureate wrote to Tonson: "Some kind of intercourse must be carried on betwixt us while I am translating Virgil. Therefore I give you notice that I have done the seventh Æneid in the country; and intend, some few days hence, to go upon the eighth; when that is finished, I expect fifty pounds in good silver; not such as I have had formerly. I am not obliged to take gold, neither will I; nor stay for it beyond four-and-twenty hours after it is due. . . . I told Mr. Congreave that I knew you too well to believe you meant me any kindness." Dryden, in his anger, could not or would not realise that Tonson was himself suffering from the debased coinage of the time as much as anybody.

Tonson's contemporaries made busy with his character. Probably none more closely approached the truth than John Dutton when writing of Tonson five years after Dryden's death in 1700: "He was the bookseller to the famous Dryden, and is himself a very good judge of persons and authors; and as there is nobody more competently qualified to give their opinion upon one another, so there is none who does it with a more severe exactness, or with less partiality; for to do Mr. Tonson justice, he speaks his mind upon all occasions." Yet he pocketed Dryden's insults, gently flattered him in his letters, and from his shop in Chancery Lane close by the Fleet Street corner published the poet's translations in verse and dramatic pieces for twenty years.

Not in itself an attribute of greatness, but at least evidence

of shrewdness in the business man; for Tonson realised the change that had come about. The publisher having mastered the printer after a severe struggle, was in turn to be himself mastered. Less than a century before, the author had looked almost wholly to the patron for reward. John Stow, for his *Survey of London*, received £3 and forty printed copies. Shakespeare depended upon the theatre for his profits, and thought so little of sales that sixteen of his plays remained unpublished until seven years after his death. John Milton's receipts for *Paradise Lost*, published in 1667, were £10; Simmons, the printer, afterwards acquired from his widow all remaining rights for an additional £8. So rapid and startling was the change in the position of authorship, that within thirty years of *Paradise Lost* Dryden was able to obtain from Tonson and his subscribers £1,200 for his translation of Virgil; and Pope in less than another twenty years received over £5,000 for the *Iliad*.

It may be that Dr. Johnson did not libel the booksellers when (*Life of Dryden*) he spoke of their general conduct as much less liberal in those times than in his own, their views narrower, their manners grosser. Tonson had no great consideration for the small fry of authorship. But the fault cannot be attributed wholly to one side. The author who could command a popular following at the close of the seventeenth century for the first time came by his own, and his use (and more often abuse) of his newly-found position of wealth and independence explains the calamities and quarrels which made the relations of authors and booksellers so extremely bitter, and the attacks upon the latter, of which *The Dunciad* is the most unpleasant example.

Jacob Tonson left Chancery Lane about the time of Dryden's death. He published there Addison's *Poems to his Majesty* (1695), and afterwards other works by Addison and Congreave at Gray's Inn Gate and the Strand, but I cannot follow him over the years to his death at a great age in 1736. He had become secretary of the Kit-Kat Club, founded in Shire Lane, Temple Bar, about 1700, and must have had some clubable qualities; it has, indeed, been supposed that that famous club owed its origin to suppers given by Tonson to his literary friends. He needs no rehabilitation. Dryden himself became more kind. Having sent *Alexander's Feast* to Tonson at

The Judge's Head, the poet wrote, "I hope it has done you service, and will do more." Pope promised to show Lord Oxford a phenomenon worth seeing, "Old Jacob Tonson, who is a perfect image and likeness of Bayle's *Dictionary*, so full of matter, secret history, and wit and spirit, at almost fourscore." The old bookseller left a fortune of £40,000.

"At The Cross Keys and Cushion, next Nando's Coffee-house, Temple Bar," Bernard Lintot had established himself about the year 1698 as Tonson's friendly rival. He, too, is best known as the publisher of a great poet—Alexander Pope. The site of his shop, beyond that it lay between the Temple Gates in Fleet Street, was long in dispute, but now that Nando's coffee-rooms are known to have been in the same building as The Rainbow, and on the floor immediately above, it can be fixed pretty accurately west of Inner Temple Gate.

Pope's *Rape of the Lock* and some other pieces were printed in Lintot's *Miscellanies* in 1712. A twelvemonth later their close relations began with the acceptance of Lintot's terms for publication of the *Iliad*. Pope, at least, was no child in business. He chose the publisher who offered the biggest price; the terms being £200 for each of six volumes that were to appear, copies to be supplied free of cost for all Pope's subscribers. The poet himself, aided by Swift and many friends, had been busy in obtaining subscribers in advance, and so successful were these literary bagmen that although Pope could claim from his publisher only £1,200, his receipts, according to Johnson, were £5,300.

Bernard Lintot stands out as an entirely blameless person; last of all publishers to awaken feelings of malice, hatred, or uncharitableness. He issued from The Cross Keys and Cushion the *Iliad* in successive volumes at one guinea each, the first in June, 1715, and the last in May, 1720. Other poems came from the same house; then Pope found cause for the inevitable quarrel in the publication of the *Odyssey*. Pope's net profits were £4,500, less about £700 payments to his collaborators, Elijah Fenton and William Broome. The poet again bargained for free copies for all his subscribers. Lintot refused to burden himself by providing free copies for Broome's subscribers as well. Pope stormed, and called him a scoundrel and a wretch. Lintot threatened a suit in Chancery. Pope then separated from his publisher, whose portrait he drew

unpleasantly in *The Dunciad*, and could not even leave Jacob Tonson's unfortunate "left legs" out of it—

> As when a dab-chick waddles through the copse
> On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops;
> So lab'ring on, with shoulders, hands, and head,
> Wide as a windmill all his figure spread,
> With arms expanded, Bernard rows his state,
> And left-legg'd Jacob seems to emulate.

Lintot also published at Inner Temple Gate Gay's well-known *Trivia* and *The Wife of Bath*, and the works of many another poet and playwright. He was able to retire from business soon after the attack in *The Dunciad* in 1728.

The brutal side of the publisher's business was exemplified in Edmund Curll, who could boast of authors in his pay "lying three in a bed at the Pewter Platter Inn in Holborn." Ever ready to give offence as to take it, he struck out in retaliation for every blow that he himself received. He was three times brought under arrest before the Houses of Parliament; he certainly was condemned to the pillory; but the story that he lost his ears is false. Curll, too, was among the booksellers about Temple Bar for twelve or fifteen years, during which time occurred those incidents that gave him the most pain in his eventful life. His title-pages show that he was at The Peacock outside Temple Bar, in 1706, and at the Post House at Middle Temple Gate in 1708; a couple of years later he had removed to The Dial and Bible against St. Dunstan's Church, a shop formerly kept by a well-known bookseller, A. Bosvill, and there he remained certainly until 1718; his address in 1720 was next the Temple Coffee-house in Fleet Street.

Curll's press was frankly licentious when indecency was the vice of the age. It has been said that the books issued by him were gross and immoral and nothing else, but that is not the case. Frequent changes of residence indicate that, with all his tricks and ingenuity, he was not a successful tradesman. John Nichols (*Literary Anecdotes*) held that Curll's memory had been transmitted to posterity with an obloquy more severe than he deserved—his memory being enshrined in lines in *The Dunciad*, wherein Pope describes his prostrate rival—

> Obscene with filth the miscreant lies bewray'd,
> Fall'n in the plash his wickedness had laid.

Pope's long-standing quarrel with Curll began with the appearance in 1716, when the bookseller was established under St. Dunstan's Church, of a slim volume called *The Court Poems*. Mysterious hints were given out that these might be by Gay, or Pope, or a Lady of Quality—the actual writer was Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. How far Pope approved or knew of this publication remains one of the unsolved mysteries of literature. Learning from Bernard Lintot that Curll had something to do with it, though his name did not appear, Pope sought an interview, with a resulting memorable scene in the Swan Tavern in Fleet Street.

The matter is recorded in lively fashion by Pope in " A Full and True Account of a Horrid and Barbarous Revenge by Poison on the Body of Mr. Edmund Curll, Bookseller ; with a faithful Copy of his last Will and Testament." This reads like a got-up story solely intended to make Curll ridiculous ; but it would seem that, whether Pope did or did not contrive that an emetic should be administered to his bookseller antagonist, Curll believed, or professed to believe, that the fact was so. The victim's own account was afterwards printed in *The Curliad*, by way of reply to Pope's attack. He says—

> About the year 1715[-16] . . . these Pieces were published by Mr. James Roberts, near the Oxford Arms in Warwick Lane, under the Title of *The Court Poems*. The Profit arising from the sale was equally to be divided between Mr. John Oldmixon, Mr. John Pemberton (a book-seller of Parliamentary Note in Fleet Street, though he has not had the good fortune to be immortalised in the Dunciad) and myself. And I am sure my brother Lintot will, if asked, declare this to be the same state of the Case I laid before Mr. Pope, when he sent for me to the Swan Tavern in Fleet Street to enquire after this publication. My brother Lintot drunk his half Pint of *Old Hock*, Mr. Pope his half Pint of *Sack*, and I the same quantity of an *Emetic* Potion (which was the punishment referred to by our commentator) but no threatenings past. Mr. Pope, indeed, said, *that* Satires *should not be printed* (tho' he has now changed his mind). I *answered*, that they should *not be wrote, for if they were they would be printed.* He replied, Mr. Gay's Interest at Court would be greatly hurt by publishing these Pieces. This was all that passed in our Triumvirate. We then parted, Pope and my brother Lintot went together, to his shop, and I went home and *vomited* heartily. I then despised the action, and have since in another manner sufficiently *Purged* the author of it.

In that same unfortunate year, 1716, Curll was in serious trouble farther west. The learned, pious, and witty Robert South, Prebendary of Westminster and Canon of Christ Church,

Oxford, died. Over his body the captain of the King's Scholars at Westminster School delivered a Latin oration. Curll surreptitiously obtained a copy, and without permission asked published it, believing that the celebrity of South's name would sell the sheet. In an evil day he lost his bearings in Dean's Yard. There he was recognised by the Westminster boys, seized, tossed in a blanket, submitted to the indignity of a flagellation, and finally kicked out of the place amid the ribald laughter and huzzas of the young barbarians. The satirists made busy; especially the author of a sixteen-page account of the incident, which Mr. Thomas has reprinted—[1]

> Oh! how the happy urchins laugh'd,
> To think they'd maul'd thee fore and aft:
> 'Tis such a sensible affront!
> Why, Pope will make an epic on't!
> Bernard will chuckle at thy moan,
> And all the booksellers in town
> From Tonson down to Boddington.
> Fleet Street and Temple Bar around,
> The Strand and Holborn, this shall sound:
> For ever this shall grate thine ear,
> "Which is the way to Westminster."

Honest Bernard Lintot's physical peculiarities did not escape the satirist. Curll was scarcely allowed human form. Thomas Amory draws his portrait in splashes of ink: "He was in person very tall and thin—an ungainly, awkward, white-faced man. His eyes were a light grey—large, projecting, goggle, and purblind. He was splay-footed and baker-kneed. He talked well on some subjects, and was not an infidel. He was a debauchee to the last degree, and so injurious to society, that by filling his translations with wretched notes, forged letters, and bad pictures, he raised the price of a four-shilling book to ten. He likewise printed the lewdest things. As to drink, he was too fond of money to spend any in making himself happy in that way; but at another's expense he would drink every day until he was quite blind and as incapable as a block. This was Edmund Curll."

Gulliver's Travels went out to the world from Fleet Street. In the early eighteenth century Benjamin Motte, an honest bookseller established near Temple Bar, published there works

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[1] *Notes and Queries*, 2nd Ser., ii, 361.

by Swift, Pope, Arbuthnot, and Gay. His imprint is "at the Middle Temple Gate," and probably his business was conducted from a little shop which stood under the gate, and was removed by the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple about 1820 in order to widen the approach.[1] Swift surrounded the publication with a vast deal of mystery. The manuscript of Lemuel Gulliver's immortal adventures he sent from Twickenham (he was staying with Pope) by Charles Ford, who, on his instructions, left the packet at Motte's shop late one night in November, 1726. Afterwards Swift wrote to Motte under the disguised name of R. Sympson, asking that upon undertaking publication he would deliver a bank bill for £200 to Erasmus Lewis, another intermediary whom he employed.

The cautious bookseller demurred until he knew the sales, but agreed to pay the sum demanded in six months "if the success would allow it." In the following April Swift sent Lewis to demand the money "for his cousin Gulliver's book." It was promptly paid. As the author appears to have received no more than this £200, Motte must have done well by the bargain. The two had some differences later on the subject of Irish copyright, but Swift, who scattered his works between a great number of booksellers both in London and Dublin, constantly maintained friendly relations with Motte, whom he utilised at times as a sort of London agent.[2]

With these big names the booksellers of the period gathered within Temple Bar are by no means exhausted. At "The Black Boy, opposite St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street," Arthur Collins in 1709 brought out the first edition of his *Peerage*. Often revised and enlarged, it remained a standard authority long after his death half a century later. Carlyle acknowledged that when writing his *Cromwell* he "got a great deal of help out of poor Collins," whom he called "a diligent and dark London bookseller of about a hundred years ago, a very meritorious man"; he thought the volume "a very poor Peerage as a work of genius, but an excellent book for diligence and fidelity." Collins, an indefatigable genealogist, lived a laborious life, hard pressed by poverty until a pension

[1] *Notes and Queries*, 1st Ser., ii, 490–91.
[2] *Dict. National Biography*, Benjamin Motte.

from the King of £400 a year relieved his wants, his only inducement to persevere, he himself wrote, being an innate desire to preserve the memory of famous men.[1]

Jacob Robinson had his bookshop "on the west side of the gateway leading down Inner Temple Lane"—now Groom's Coffee-house—and there one day was witnessed a curious scene. Robinson produced a review which ventured to criticise David Hume's anonymous *Treatise of Human Nature*, a circumstance, according to Burton, "which so highly provoked our young philosopher that he flew in a violent rage to demand satisfaction of Jacob Robinson, the publisher, whom he kept at bay, during the paroxysm of his anger, at his sword's point, trembling behind the counter, lest a period should be put to the life of a sober critic by a raving philosopher."[2] Lawton Gilliver, Pope's publisher in later years, was established at the Homer's Head against St. Dunstan's Church.

Long through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Fleet Street was a famous ground for demonstrations, the space within Temple Bar being the Trafalgar Square of later days. There bonfires were piled, and effigies of particular objects of popular hatred or derision cast into the flames, smoking the noses of King James the First and his Queen, Anne of Denmark, where they gazed down in stone. On the anniversary of the arrival in London of William of Orange, the 20th December, 1689, a procession with a thousand torches wound through the City to Temple Bar, with figures of all the exiled King James's ministers; these were hanged on gallows, then cast into the bonfire, the gallows themselves, the pillory, and the whipping-posts going the same way.

A huge jack-boot was burnt there in ridicule of Lord Bute in the Wilkes riots of 1763.

Six years later a band of Wilkites closed Temple Bar, to stop a procession of 600 loyal citizens on their way to St. James's to present an address denouncing all attempts to spread sedition and uproot the constitution. The City Marshal, who tried to reopen the gates, was bedaubed with mud, and the carriages were pelted with stones. A hearse drawn by two white

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[1] *Dict. National Biography*, Arthur Collins.
[2] F. A. Mumby, *The Romance of Bookselling*, p. 252.

horses and two black followed the discomfited loyalists when, beaten and dishevelled, they turned up Chancery Lane to reach the Palace by a devious route.

In wild disorderliness the Burning of the Pope was not eclipsed: an annual affair which originated amid the excitement of the Popish Plot of 1679, and was celebrated on the anniversary of Queen Elizabeth's accession. Lord Shaftesbury and the gentlemen of the Green Ribbon Club, who met at the King's Head Tavern in Fleet Street, are credited with having started the demonstration in an excess of Protestant zeal. "Queen Elizabeth's" statue on Temple Bar [1] was on these occasions made to bear in the extended hand a scroll, "The Protestant Religion and Magna Charta!" and the figure was illuminated by flambeaux and candles.

Roger North has left (in the *Examen*) a lively account of the procession: he had taken his place at the Green Dragon tavern in Fleet Street, where the Green Dragon stands to-day—

> When we had posted ourselves at windows expecting the play to begin it was very dark; but we could perceive the street to be full, and the hum of the crowd grew louder and louder; and at length, with help of some lights below, we could discern, not only upwards towards the bar, where the squib-war was maintained, but downwards towards Fleet Bridge, the whole street was crowded with people, which made that which followed seem very strange; for about eight at night we heard a din from below, which came up the street, continually increasing until we could perceive a motion; and that was a row of stout fellows, that came, shouldered together, cross the street, from wall to wall on each side. How the people melted away I cannot tell; but it was plain those fellows made clear board, as if they had swept the street for what was to come after. They went along like a wave; and it was wonderful to see how the crowd made way: I suppose the good people were willing to give obedience to lawful authority.
>
> Behind this wave (which, as all the rest, had many lights attending) there was a vacancy, but it filled apace, till another like wave came up; and so four or five of these waves passed, one after another; and then we discerned more numerous lights, and throats were opened with hoarse and tremendous noise; and with that advanced a pageant, borne along above the heads of the crowd, and upon it sat a huge Pope *in pontificalibus*, in his chair, with a seasonable attendance for state:

[1] Anne of Denmark's statue was made to do duty for the Protestant Queen, whom in popular belief it represented.

but his premier minister, that shared most of his ear, was Il Signior Diavolo, a nimble little fellow, in a proper dress, that had a strange dexterity in climbing and winding about the chair, from one of the Pope's ears to the other.

The next pageant was a parcel of Jesuits ; and after that (for there was always a decent space between them) came another, with some ordinary persons with halters, as I took it, about their necks ; and one with a stenterophonic tube, sounded " Abhorrers ! Abhorrers ! " most infernally ; and, lastly, came one, with a single person upon it, which some said was the pamphleteer, Sir Roger L'Estrange, some the King of France, some the Duke of York ; but, certainly, it was a very complaisant civil gentleman, like the former, that was doing what everybody pleased to have him ; and, taking all in good part, went on his way to the fire.

A rare pamphlet in the British Museum, *The Burning of the Pope at Temple Bar in London*, describes the event in the year of the Popish Plot ; the processionists thousands strong ; innumerable swarms of onlookers seeming to convert the houses into heaps of men, women, and children. Il Signior Diavolo, always a popular figure, was in close attendance. " His Holiness, after some compliments and reluctances, was decently toppled from all his grandeur into the impartial flames, the crafty devil leaving his infallibilityship in the lurch, and laughing as heartily at his ignominious end as subtle Jesuits do at the ruin of "—no matter. " This act of justice was attended with a prodigious shout."

The bonfire was lighted in front of Inner Temple Gate, and there the actors sang a curious part song. One in scarlet represented the English Cardinal (Philip Howard, brother of the Duke of Norfolk, who received the Red Hat in 1675), others the Protestant people. Note the quaint appeal to the figures on Temple Bar—

CARDINAL NORFOLK

From York to London town we come
To talk of Popish ire
To reconcile you all to Rome,
And prevent Smithfield fire.

PLEBEIANS

Cease, Cease, thou Norfolk Cardinal !
See, yonder stands Queen Bess,
Who saved our souls from Popish thrall,
O Queen Bess ! Queen Bess ! Queen Bess !

Your Popish plot and Smithfield threat
We do not fear at all,
For lo! beneath Queen Bess's feet,
You fall! you fall! you fall!

'Tis true our king's on t'other side,
A looking t'wards Whitehall,
But, could we bring him roundabout
He'd counterplot you all.

Then down with James, and up with Charles,
On good Queen Bess's side,
That all true commons, lords and earls,
May wish him a fruitful bride.

Now God preserve great Charles our King,
And eke all honest men,
And traitors all to justice bring,
Amen! Amen! Amen!

Riots were not always in the street, nor in Alsatia, its dissolute backway. A Lord Mayor ventured to intrude into the Temple: with painful results. The Temple has always claimed its own peculiar jurisdiction, and to be free, when so ill-mannered, to tilt its nose and snap its fingers at mayor or alderman. Sir William Turner filled the civic chair in 1668-9. Invited to dine with Mr. Goodfellow, the Reader of Inner Temple, on the 3rd March, he communicated his intention to come in State, bearing his symbols of office. The whole Society protested, whereupon the Mayor declined to come at all; but, evidently piqued, he afterwards sent this message: "I will come and dine with him. I will bear up my sword, and see who dares to take it down."

The Templars did not lightly suffer defiance of this kind upon their own ground. They prepared for the fray. A mob of barristers and students of the Inn, wearing swords under their cloaks, confronted the civic party as they passed into the Temple cloisters, and one Hodges, their spokesman, told the Lord Mayor that unless his sword-bearer at once lowered the civic sword they would not be permitted to enter the hall. It was not the King's, but was the Lord Mayor's sword; "they were as good men as he, and no respect should be paid to him there."

No answer being made to a demand couched in these insolent terms, there was an immediate rush for the mayoral sword—

a gift, by the way, of Queen Elizabeth. It was pulled down, but not captured, and in the struggle the sword-bearer was slightly hurt, and some of the pearls from the scabbard were knocked off. The Cap of Maintenance borne by the same official was partly snatched from him. Worse still fared the City Marshal's men in attendance. They were seized by the law students, and hustled away to be put under the pump, but as the record quaintly says, " were not pumped." Their staffs were taken from them, and they were beaten and maltreated with their own weapons.

Driven into a corner, the Lord Mayor, with his retinue, took shelter in the chamber of Mr. Auditor Phillips. Sir John Nicholas, the Recorder, with the Sheriffs, was despatched to Whitehall to report the affront to King Charles. Sir Richard Browne caused the drums to beat for the trained bands. Here were all the elements of a first-class riot : the Lord Mayor roughly imprisoned ; the Templars in their most warlike mood ; and an appeal to the Crown.

The Sovereign appears to have advised the Lord Mayor to go back to the City.

As soon as the Recorder and Sheriffs had returned, the Mayor and Aldermen attempted to make their way out of the Temple. They were again opposed by the victorious students, with Hodges at their head, and a scene of wild excitement and confusion followed. Blows were showered upon the Aldermen, and one of the Sheriffs was seized by the collar in the frantic attempts by the students to pull down the civic sword. The Mayor and Aldermen were called " cuckolds," and their officers " dogs, rogues, rascals, and other very bad names." Black eyes were distributed among the servants. The students refused to allow the Lord Mayor to depart bearing his sword up, except by way of the infamous Ram Alley, that being regarded as a back door of the Inn.

There was no other course for the Lord Mayor and his party than again to take refuge in the Auditor's chambers. The Sheriffs and Sir John Nicholas were sent off a second time to the King. The benchers then intervened with effect, and it was intimated to his lordship that he might leave without interruption (" the young gentlemen," according to Pepys, had been persuaded to go in to dinner). Finally, the Lord Mayor and his train made a safe exit, though accompanied

to the Temple Gate by members and students of the Inn, shouting and jeering at the party. It is written in the Guildhall records " that the proceedings aforesaid were greatly affrontive and dishonourable to the Government of the City "—which none will dispute.[1] Times change. The Temple was all quietness and decorum when the Lord Mayor, with the Lady Mayoress, in 1909 attended divine service at the Temple Church.

In the London of King George the First, the passer-by often noticed over a tavern door rows of mugs hung out—sure sign that there the friends of the newly-acceded House of Hanover assembled to rally to the Protestant succession, and drink damnation to the Popish Pretender and all his partisans. Mrs. Read's Coffee-house in Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, was one of these political mug-houses. The Whigs gathered there were noisy in their cups. The roar of " King George for ever ! " and loyalty to his Majesty finding expression in fervid toasts, coupled with damnatory anticipations for all his enemies, the orange cockades, ostentatiously displayed, with the motto—

With heart and hand
By George we'll stand—

—these were the sounds and sights at the open windows of the mug-house, well calculated to incense any of the mob who might happen to have assembled outside ; the mob in those days being mostly Tory and Jacobite. The execution of the hapless rebels of 1715 had not improved their temper. Roused to a proper pitch, the Jacobites commenced on the night of Friday, the 20th July, 1716, a furious attack upon Read's house. They swore roundly that they would level it to the ground, and light a bonfire with its materials in the middle of the street.

Closing their windows and barricading the doors, the Whigs hastily sent a messenger, by a back way, to the mug-house in Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, begging that the loyalists there assembled would come to the rescue. The call was responded to with alacrity ; the mug-house men proceeded in a

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[1] Mr. Inderwick, K.C., has given the narrative as told in the Inn (Intro. to *Calendar of Inner Temple Records*, vol. iii) ; Dr. Reginald Sharpe the version preserved in the City's archives (*London and the Kingdom*, ii, 40–43), and there are some illuminating passages in Pepys's *Diary*.

body down the Strand and Fleet Street, armed with staves and bludgeons, and a battle royal began. Being reinforced by those within the house, who sallied out wielding pokers and tongs, and every kind of weapon that hands could be laid upon, they put the mob to flight, and the mug-house men remained masters of the field.

But not for long. On the following Monday a Jacobite mob, with loud shouts of "High Church and Ormond for ever!" and "No King George!" poured into Fleet Street in greatly strengthened numbers. They had found a leader in one Vaughan, formerly a Bridewell boy. Leaving every window smashed at the Boar's Head, near Water Lane, a loyalist resort, they turned into Salisbury Court. Read, the landlord of the mug-house, fearing that they would either burn or pull down his place, threw up a window and presented a loaded musket, threatening that he would shoot the first man who advanced.

This only exasperated the rioters, who charged the door with furious yells. Read fired, and Vaughan fell dead on the spot. The mob, now perfectly frantic, swore to hang the landlord at his own signpost. They battered the door, pulled down the sign, and broke the windows. Late into the night the resistance was maintained, but at last the assailants forced a way in.

Read and some of the Loyal Society managed with difficulty to escape by a back door. Others made a barricade at the stair-head, which they successfully defended. The rioters overran the lower rooms and smashed every bit of furniture into pieces, leaving only the bare walls. Then turning to the cellars, they drank all the ale they could contain, and let the rest run from the taps. Broken chairs and tables were thrown into the street to feed a great bonfire, preparatory to burning down the house. The Sheriffs and a posse of constables arrived. The Riot Act was read, but the destroyers, mad with drink and excitement, paid no heed. Quiet was only restored when a squadron of horse galloped up from Whitehall and cleared the streets. Five of the ringleaders were publicly hanged in Fleet Street, by the entrance to Salisbury Court, and thereafter the mug-house riots abruptly ceased.

I have talked of the booksellers who gathered about Temple Bar, in this far end of Fleet Street's length, where substantial

old houses survived the clearance made elsewhere by the Great Fire, and have passed in rapid review some of its political turmoils ; but the ground has other and more grim associations. Few of those who to-day hurry by are aware what numbers of human lives have been sacrificed to justice upon this spot, in times when public executions were the invariable practice. For the larger part, the gallows claimed but common thieves and murderers, needing no remembrance, but now and again an honoured name appears to brighten the page, or some crime of peculiar infamy marks it with a deeper stain.

There perished Ayloffe, a chief participator in Argyle's hapless rebellion. Brought from Scotland to London, though badly wounded in an attempt made to destroy himself with a small penknife, he was confronted with James the Second before the Privy Council. A story was current among the Whigs that the King said, " You had better be frank with me, Mr. Ayloffe. You know that it is in my power to pardon you." The captive broke his sullen silence, answering, " It may be in your power, but it is not in your nature." He was hanged under an old outlawry before Inner Temple Gate on the 30th October, 1685, and died with stoical composure. " This man," wrote Branston in his memoirs, " had been a great clubber at the King's Head Tavern, a great ribbon man."

On the 31st July, 1703, the pillory was set up on the road within Temple Bar, and a man stood in the pillory—not in itself an unusual sight. Titus Oates had filled this place of shame, and the loathsome creature met with hard usage. But now the conditions were entirely changed. An exulting crowd accompanied the prisoner from Newgate to the place of exposure. The platform had been garlanded with flowers, as if for a festival. With head and hands thrust through the boards, the victim spent two uncomfortable hours, and above him, as was customary, his name was written on a scroll,

DANIEL DEFOE

He stood unabashed. The place of ignominy became a stage of honour. Instead of the usual rotten eggs and garbage, the sympathising throng which filled the street pelted Defoe with flowers. His noble " Hymn to the Pillory," published the same morning, passed from hand to hand, and the populace sang the verses with tremendous enthusiasm—and emphasis, no doubt, on the stinging lines—

Tell them the men that placed him here
Are scandals to the times;
Are at a loss to find his guilt,
And can't commit his crimes.

Long life to the culprit was toasted amid rounds of cheers, the disorderly element customary at such exhibitions being completely overawed.

The writer endeared to all children as the creator of Robinson Crusoe was more active as a political pamphleteer than as a romancer, and at this time was smarting under a sense of injustice and an infamous sentence—three exposures in the pillory, a fine of 200 marks, imprisonment during pleasure, and an order to find securities for seven years. Defoe had published anonymously a satirical pamphlet, *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*, wherein he professed to advocate their extirpation as thoroughly as the French King had dealt with Protestants; a slitting of throats would be an efficacious measure.

Alas for the denseness of human understanding! Some unusually foolish High Churchmen and Tories, staunch supporters of the persecuting Occasional Conformity Bill, took the work in sober earnest and expressed approval; soon, however, to be awakened to its meaning. A Government prosecution resulted. "It seems impossible," Defoe afterwards wrote of his pamphlet, "to imagine it anything but a banter upon the high-flying Churchman. All the fault I can find in myself as to these people is, that when I had drawn the picture I did not, like the Dutchman with his man and his bear, write under them, 'This is the man,' and 'This is the bear,' lest the people should mistake me." As the popular hero descended from the pillory, the acclamations were renewed, and the demonstrators marched back with him from Temple Bar to the prison amid loud shouts of triumph.[1]

The site I recall thirty years later, a mob of people quite as large filling Fleet Street. Sarah Malcolm was brought up from Newgate and hanged before Inner Temple Gate, the 7th March, 1733; her crime an atrocious triple murder committed in the Temple. Hogarth made a painting of this wretched creature, for which she sat in gaol, dressed out in scarlet, two

[1] Wilson's *Memoir of Daniel Defoe*, ii, 69 *et seq.*; Chadwick's *Life and Times of Defoe*, 180–81.



Photograph by Mr. Alexander Anderson

CRANE COURT, FLEET STREET

The house in the foreground, occupied by Messrs. Whelpton, bears date 1671, and is an excellent example of the type of building erected immediately after the Great Fire of London



From a print of Hogarth's Portrait

SARAH MALCOLM, MURDERESS

days before her exit from the world. The picture, now in the Scottish National Gallery, Edinburgh, is that of a cruel, thin-lipped woman, not uncomely, sitting at a table. A portrait in Sir Francis Cook's private collection at Richmond is also said to be that of the murderess, but on very slight evidence.

The crime took place during the night of the 3rd February, 1733, in Tanfield Court, a quiet by-way south-east of the Temple Church, where Sarah Malcolm had acted as charwoman to Mrs. Lydia Duncomb, a lady of eighty years. Her object was to obtain possession of her mistress's hoarded wealth, hoping that she might by the attraction of money find a husband in a man named Alexander, one of two worthless brothers, with whom, and also a woman of low character named Mary Tracy, she had become acquainted.

Mrs. Duncomb had been for some years in occupation of an upper set of rooms in Tanfield Court, her household consisting of an old servant, Elizabeth Harrison, aged sixty, and a girl named Ann Price, about seventeen. Sarah Malcolm came occasionally to help. She had also the care, as "laundress" to Mr. Kerril, a young Irish barrister, of a number of bachelors' rooms—the name is still applied to that necessary and faithful band, given, it is said, because they do anything but washing.

On the day after the murder, a Sunday, a Mrs. Love came by invitation of Mrs. Duncomb to dine. No response was made to her repeated knocks. The old servant Harrison had been very ill. It was feared she was dead. The visitor became alarmed, and espying Sarah Malcolm in the court, she sent her for a smith to force open the door. The woman returned without one, then disappeared. Mrs. Rymer, a friend of the aged lady, was also fetched. A laundress at neighbouring chambers suggested that by getting out of her master's window and walking along the gutter they could break a pane of glass in Mrs. Duncomb's casement, and so open the latch.

Accordingly the three women crawled along the ledge, and gained entrance. The first object presented from the passage was the body of Ann Price, lying on her bed, with throat cut from ear to ear, hair dishevelled and hanging over her eyes, and hands clenched. In the next room lay Elizabeth Harrison, strangled; and in the adjoining room Mrs. Duncomb, also strangled on her bed. A box in which the old lady had

kept her money had been forced open and stripped of its contents, except a few papers. That day passed, and there was no clue as to who had broken in. It was Kerril who gave over Sarah Malcolm to the watch, after having found concealed in his rooms some stained linen and also a silver pint tankard, with blood on the handle.

The woman when at Newgate gave most damning evidence against herself. A search there disclosed a bag concealed as a chignon under her hair, containing twenty moidores, eighteen guineas, five broad-pieces, a half broad-piece, five crowns and two or three shillings. Making a confidant of Roger Johnson, the gaoler, she admitted to him that some of the money was Mrs. Duncomb's. "But, Mr. Johnson," said she, "I will make you a present of it, if you will but keep it to yourself, and let nobody know; for the other things against me are nothing but circumstances, and I shall come off well enough; and I only desire you to let me have threepence or sixpence a day till the sessions are over, and then I shall be at liberty to shift for myself." She told the gaoler afterwards that she had engaged three men for a trifling sum of money to swear that the tankard belonged to her grandmother; that she was the contriver of the robbery, but two men and a woman were concerned with her, and she waited on the stairs below. She had no part, so she asserted, in the atrocity.

Mary Tracy and the two Alexanders were arrested, and when confronted with Sarah Malcolm she charged them in the boldest manner as her accomplices. "Aye! there are the persons who committed the murder," she cried, and turning to Tracy declared, "You know this to be true. See what you have brought me to! It is through you and the Alexanders that I am brought to this shame. You all said you would do no murder, but to my great surprise I found the contrary." These three were liberated. Whether Sarah Malcolm had any assistance in her bloody work has never been decided; most likely not. She was at the Old Bailey sentenced to death, and a special order further directed that her execution should take place in Fleet Street, near the Temple Gate and the scene of her enormous offences.

In gaol the subject that gave her most concern was that she was to be hanged in the public street, amidst her acquaintances; the thought of it, she said, was insupportable. Sarah

Malcolm went to her death dressed in a crape mourning gown, white apron, sarcenet hood, and black gloves. When brought in the cart from Newgate she held up her head with an air, and seemed to be painted. Accounts of her last moments vary. As the Ordinary, in his prayers, commended her soul to God she fainted, and with much difficulty recovered her senses. The crowd in Fleet Street to witness the execution was so dense that a Mrs. Strangeways, who lived near Serjeants' Inn, crossed the street to a house on the opposite side over the heads and shoulders of the mob. Sarah Malcolm was but twenty-two. Ireland tells that the corpse was conveyed to an undertaker's on Snow Hill, where multitudes of people resorted and paid money to see it; among the rest, a gentleman in deep mourning kissed the still face, and gave the attendants half-a-crown.

The Temple was earlier, in 1724, the scene of a murder under most painful circumstances. At daybreak on the 15th February, a resident of Essex Court, named Constantine Macgenius, was seen to drag a woman along the pavement there, lunging at her with his sword. Then he flung her down on the stones, saying she was a witch, and that he would burn her. She proved to be Mrs. Frances Williams, her assailant's laundress. When seized by the watch, Macgenius repeated to him that the woman was a witch, and said that there had been a murder committed in the Tower, but he could not discover it because she had bewitched him. Ample evidence was forthcoming that the unhappy man was mad, and the jury acquitted him as a lunatic.

The infamous Mrs. Brownrigg, who whipped to death a parish apprentice girl in her cellar in Fleur-de-lis Court, Fetter Lane, was hanged at Tyburn.

The pillory survived as a method of punishment until 1830, when on the 24th June Peter Bossy, the last victim to be so exposed, stood in the Old Bailey, for perjury. Mr. Timbs remembered having seen, about the year 1812, four persons exhibited in the pillory at Fleet Market.

CHAPTER XVII

THE FLEET PARSONS[1]

IN walking along the street in my youth, on the side next Fleet Prison, I have often been tempted by the question, "Sir, will you be pleased to walk in and be married?" Along this most lawless space was hung up the frequent sign of a male and female hand conjoined, with "Marriages performed within" written beneath. A dirty fellow invited you in. The parson was seen walking before his shop; a squalid, profligate figure, clad in a tattered plaid night-gown, with a fiery face, and ready to couple you for a dram of gin, or roll of tobacco.—PENNANT, *London*, 1791.

THE discreditable story of the "Fleet parsons" begins with the Fleet Prison, out of which they sprang. This had been the King's prison since Norman rule. Wat Tyler's mob, mad with hate, burnt down the gaol. It was rebuilt, again to be consumed in the Great Fire of London. A third time the Fleet Prison disappeared in the roar of flame, when set alight in 1780 by the Gordon rioters. In its last state it was not destroyed until the year 1846.

No London prison, not even that of the Tower, has such a long record. Henry the Fifth interned at the Fleet some of his French captives taken at the reduction of Honfleur. Wolsey committed there without cause those who thwarted his demands; this was alleged against him in the articles of his impeachment. Henry the Eighth sent others to the Fleet, among them, in 1541, John Gough, a London printer, for printing and selling a seditious book. Shakespeare despatched a distinguished prisoner—

Chief Justice.—Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet:
Take all his company along with him.
Falstaff.—My lord, my lord,—
Chief Justice,—I cannot now speak; I will hear you soon.
Take them away.

(*King Henry IV*, pt. ii, act v, sc. 5.)

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[1] Mr. Burn's slim volume, *The Fleet Registers*, published in 1833, remains the chief authority for the Fleet marriages. Valuable additions have been made by Mr. John Ashton in his book on *The Fleet; its River, Prison, and Marriages* (1888); and to both of these writers I am indebted in this chapter.

The Earl of Surrey, the poet, was a prisoner in the Fleet, which he described as "a noisome place, with a pestilent atmosphere." William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, was there in 1601, committed by Elizabeth after detection in a liaison with one of the Queen's maids of honour; the widowed Countess of Dorset in 1610, six or seven days, "for pressing into the Privy Council and importuning the King, contrary to commandment"—the King being that much importuned monarch, James the First; Lucius Carey, Viscount Falkland, for sending a challenge. Wycherley, the dramatist, ruined through his Countess's settlement being disputed, lay there for seven years. Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, for a while found a refuge in the Fleet rules.

Religious persecutions by Mary and Elizabeth, and in later reigns, sent many martyrs to the Fleet. Bishop Hooper was twice within its walls, which he quitted in 1555 for the stake at Gloucester. In the prison his bed was "a little pad of straw, with a rotten covering," his chamber "vile and stinking." Prynne, under a savage sentence by the Star Chamber of mutilation and life-long imprisonment for writing the *Histrio-Mastix*, in which were found reflections on Queen Henrietta Maria, was detained at Fleet Prison. Lilburne, the Puritan, for libel and sedition, "to be laid well in irons on his hands and legs in the wards of the Fleet," was in addition whipped at the cart-rail up Fleet Street to the pillory at Westminster Hall. Many more might be recalled.

The Fleet gained unhappy notoriety as the Star Chamber prison, and when that court was itself swept away in 1641, became a gaol for debtors and bankrupts of the Court of Chancery, Exchequer, and Common Pleas. A debtors' prison it remained to the last. The office of Warden, anciently a grant by the King and afterwards a freehold, was held jointly with the custody of the Old Palace of Westminster, which came to mean the rents and profits of the shops in Westminster Hall, that were for so long, with curious persistency, permitted to survive. Mr. Wheatley has recalled in this connection that the Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer received annually as late as 1822 (perhaps later) two loaves of sugar from the Warden of Fleet Prison.[1]

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[1] *London Past and Present*, ii, 57.

An ancestor of that veteran sportsman, Sir George Whichcote, Bart., of Aswarby Park, Lincolnshire, obtained the wardenship under the Commonwealth. It is a pretty story told of Jeremy Whichcote. At the request of his exiled Sovereign, Charles the Second, he purchased the office. By officiating at times himself, he was able to shelter the King's agents, and to prevent a treacherous design upon his Royal person. For this service he was honoured with a baronetcy, by patent dated Brussels, 2nd April, 1660.[1] Sir Jeremy, after the Great Fire of London, acquired Caroone (or Caron) House in South Lambeth to accommodate the Fleet prisoners, later rebuilding the prison at his own expense on the old site by Fleet Ditch.

By a legal fiction, prisoners in other gaols not infrequently declared themselves to be debtors to the King, in order to be exchanged to the Fleet. In all conscience it was unsavoury enough, but the prison enjoyed exceptional liberties. The most prized was that of permission to live in the " rules," or liberty, outside the walls, fee being paid to the warden, who greatly profited thereby, and surety given that the bailed prisoner would be forthcoming when required. I have failed to trace when the ground about the gaol first gained this peculiar franchise, but its origin is rooted far back. In the reign of King Richard the Second, privileged prisoners of the Fleet were allowed to go at large, by bail, or with a baston (tipstaff) for days and nights together, paying 8d. a day and 12d. for the keep of the attendant warder—large fees.

In the year 1824, near the prison's last days, the rules of the Fleet were enlarged to include the churches of St. Bride and St. Martin, Ludgate, New Bridge Street, Blackfriars to the Thames, Dorset Street and Salisbury Square, part of Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill to the entrance of St. Paul's churchyard, and the lanes and courts in the vicinity—the whole a circuit of one and a half miles. This was not, however, the historic liberty of the Fleet parsons' time. It was much smaller, comprising roughly a square about the gaol, that building, with its high wall, forming one corner. The boundaries were Ludgate Hill, north side, to Old Bailey ; the Old Bailey, both sides, to Fleet Lane; down Fleet Lane to the Fleet Ditch, or Market ; and by the ditch-side to Ludgate Hill.

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[1] Collins's *Baronetage*, 1741, iii, 12.

Secure upon his own ground, the privileged debtor was immune from legal process, and protected against his creditor. What were known as the "day-rules" enabled him, during term or the sitting of the Courts at Westminster, to go abroad in day time, to transact and arrange his affairs.

Thus for very many years was to be found at the foot of Fleet Street a colony of debtors, owing in the aggregate immense sums. They lived penned like cattle within their liberty. We know the place only as dead and still, dark turnings and shadows under railway arches, and high walls and house-backs, and it is difficult to visualise it as it was. This was one of the busiest hives in London, a honeycomb of unsavoury courts and alleys, now swept away, and even their names forgotten—like Pigeon's Court, Ship Court, George Alley, Peacock Alley, Black and White Court, and many more. Small shops kept by chandlers, cooks, cheap clothiers, and a multitude of others ready to supply every want, jostled one another throughout the length of these winding passages that ran up from Fleet Ditch to the Old Bailey. Taverns abounded, haunts of the lowest life. Seacoal Lane, which to-day has not a single number, was crowded on both sides with brandy shops, gambling cellars, and chandlers' stores. Ben Jonson's lines on the ditch—

> whose banks upon,
> Your Fleet Lane Furies and hot Cooks do dwell,
> That with still scalding steams make the place Hell—

indicate Fleet Lane's characteristic trade, and it altered little after his day.

Rarely was a debtor able to obtain a house, but rooms were let out by landlords at preposterously high charges for the accommodation provided. Lodgings, even the worst, were found with difficulty in the confined liberty, which was densely over-populated. High birth and low life mingled here. The young patrician, reduced after squandering a fortune, and the merchant whose speculations had brought him ruin, mixed in debased camaraderie with the common swindler, the fraudulent debtor, and the besotted refugee. The sun went its round, but the Liberty of the Fleet took little note of the passing hours: a few oil lamps shedding a faint glare and the lights from the shop-windows told of night, when the stir was perhaps more noticeable than in the daytime. The cries were unceasing,

and always the odour went up to St. Paul's, beneath the shadow of which the squalid area lay. It took no care to hide its disgrace from the sight of fashionable beaux and fine gentlewomen who came to shop with the mercers and other tradesmen of substance on Ludgate Hill.

There was one set of residents of the Fleet liberty who brazenly flaunted themselves and their calling before the passer-by. I mean the Fleet parsons and their "plyers," or "setters," or "barkers"—slang terms for the touts paid on results by these disreputable divines—and the tavern-keepers who made a specialty of accommodation for weddings. In this haunt of iniquity it was thought nothing that a taverner should advertise that he *kept* a parson on his premises. The kept parson had a weekly salary of about twenty shillings, and this he expanded into a comfortable income by various lawless means. From windows boards hung out with the words, "Weddings Performed Cheap Here."

The wedding-shops had their typical signs, like any other trade. That of a male and female hand joined was a favourite device. "The Hand and Pen," by Fleet Prison, was a barber's shop where marriages were made, kept by Mrs. Ball; a like sign served for Joshua Lilley, near Fleet Bridge; Matthias Wilson, by Fleet Ditch; and John Burnford, at the foot of Ludgate Hill. Wyatt, "Minister of the Fleet," celebrated at the Two Sawyers, corner of Fleet Lane. With characteristic impudence, James Lando announced as "St. John's Chapel" his den in Half Moon Court. Mrs. Clark "kept" a parson at the Naked Boy. Peter Symson had his "chapel" at the Old Red Hand and Mitre, three doors from Fleet Lane; and a Fleet Market tavern with the sign of the Cock was a well-known marriage house.

"Dr." John Gaynam, (or Gainham) whose unpleasant soubriquet was "The Bishop of Hell," married after 1709 at the Rainbow Coffee-house, by the corner of Fleet Ditch. Asked at a trial for bigamy at the neighbouring Old Bailey if he could remember the prisoner, Gaynam answered, "How can I remember persons; I have married two thousand since that time?"

Clandestine marriages were extraordinarily common in the eighteenth century, owing to the lack of restrictions. The Common Law of England governed these matters until 1754,

the taking of a woman as wife before witnesses and acknowledging her position (which remains Scotch law to-day) being the essentials of the contract, and though the officiating clergyman was required to keep an authentic register, a marriage celebrated in an ale-house was equally binding with that conducted in a cathedral, with every ecclesiastical form observed. The first Fleet marriages took place in the chapel of the Fleet Prison itself, dating back to 1613, but an Act passed in the tenth year of Queen Anne's reign, prohibiting marriages in chapels without banns, drove the trade entirely into the surrounding streets, with results tenfold more harmful.

The Fleet plumbed a depth of infamy hardly reached elsewhere, with its besotted divines mumbling the words of religion, and keeping a register which could always be falsified for a bribe; but it had no monopoly of irregular marriages. There is extant a list of about ninety chapels scattered over the metropolis where these were at different times performed.[1]

Dissolute, disreputable men, mostly prisoners for debt confined to the rules, the Fleet parsons had neither liberty, money, nor credit to lose by any proceedings the bishop might institute against them. Not all of them had taken Holy Orders, but certainly the larger proportion disgraced the cloth, and all alike wore the cassock, gown, and bands. Whoever desired to be married with secrecy and despatch might secure their services. No questions were asked, no stipulations made, except as to the amount of the fee or the quantity of liquor to be provided on the occasion. It not infrequently happened, indeed, that the clergyman, the clerk, the bridegroom, and the bride were drunk at the very time of the ceremony.

"In fact," said a writer a century ago, "all manner of people presented themselves for marriage at the unholy dens in the Fleet taverns—runaway sons and daughters of peers[2]—Irish adventurers and foolish rich widows—clodhoppers and ladies from St. Giles's—footmen and decayed beauties—

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[1] John Ashton, *The Fleet*, p. 336.

[2] The classic case is that of Henry Fox (afterwards Lord Holland) who in May, 1744, ran away with Lady Caroline Lennox, the eldest daughter of the Duke of Richmond, and married her in the Fleet. The *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1735 records: "Fleet Marriage. May 6. Married the Lord Robert Montagu to Mrs. Harriet Dunch of Whitehall, with a fortune of £15,000."

soldiers and servant girls—boys in their teens and old women of seventy—discarded mistresses, 'given away' by their former admirers to pitiable and sordid bridegrooms—night-wanderers and intoxicated apprentices—men and women having already wives and husbands—young heiresses conveyed thither by force and compelled, *in terrorem*, to be brides—and common labourers and female paupers dragged by parish-officers to the profane altar, stained by the relics of drunken orgies, and reeking with the fumes of liquor and tobacco! Nay, it sometimes happened that the 'contracting parties' would send from houses of vile repute for a Fleet parson, who could readily be found to attend even in such places and under such circumstances, and there unite the couple in matrimony!"

How this infamous traffic was fed is shown in a letter published in the *Grub Street Journal* for 1735. The writer, a woman, sets out to expose the evils practised by the Fleet parsons and their touts—

These ministers of wickedness ply about Ludgate Hill, pulling and forcing people to some peddling ale-house or a brandy shop to be married, even on a Sunday stopping them as they go to church, and almost tearing the clothes off their backs.

Since Midsummer last a young lady of birth and good fortune was deluded and forced from her friends, and, by the assistance of a wry-necked swearing parson, married to an atheistical wretch whose life is a continued practice of all manner of vice and debauchery. And since the ruin of my relation, another lady of my acquaintance had like to have been trepanned in the following manner. This lady had appointed to meet a gentlewoman at the Old Playhouse in Drury Lane, but extraordinary business prevented her coming. Being alone when the play was done, she bade a boy call a coach for the city. One dressed like a gentleman helps her into it, and jumps in after her.

"Madam," says he, "this coach is called for me, and since the weather is so bad, and there is no other, I beg leave to bear you company. I am going into the city, and will set you down wherever you please."

The lady begged to be excused; but he bade the coachman drive on. Being come to Ludgate-hill, he told her his sister, who waited his coming but five doors up the court, would go with her in two minutes. He went, and returned with his pretended sister, who asked her to step in one minute, and she would wait upon her in the coach. Deluded with the assurance of having his sister's company, the poor lady foolishly followed her into the house, when instantly the sister vanished, and a tawny fellow in a black coat and a black wig appeared.

"Madam, you are come in good time; the Doctor was just a-going."

"The Doctor!" says she, horribly frightened, fearing it was a mad house; "what has the Doctor to do with me?"

"To marry you to that gentleman. The Doctor has waited for you

these three hours, and will be paid by you or that gentleman before you go!"

"That gentleman," says she, recovering herself, "is worthy a better fortune than mine," and begged hard to be gone. But Doctor Wryneck swore she should be married, or if she would not, he would still have his fee, and register the marriage from that night. The lady, finding she could not escape without money or a pledge, told them she liked the gentleman so well she would certainly meet him to-morrow night, and gave him a ring as pledge, which, says she, "was my mother's gift on her death-bed, enjoining that if ever I married it should be my wedding-ring." By that cunning contrivance she was delivered from the black doctor and his tawny crew.

Some time after this I went with this lady and her brother in a coach to Ludgate-hill in the day time, to see the manner of picking up people to be married. As soon as our coach stopped near Fleet Bridge, up comes one of the myrmidons.

"Madam," says he, "you want a parson?"

"Who are you?" says I.

"I am the clerk and register of the Fleet."

"Show me the chapel."

At which comes a second, desiring me to go along with him. Says he, "That fellow will carry you to a peddling ale-house." Says a third, "Go with me; he will carry you to a brandy-shop." In the interim comes the Doctor. "Madam," says he, "I'll do your job for you presently!"

"Well, gentlemen," says I, "since you can't agree, and I can't be married quietly, I'll put it off till another time," so drove away.

Your constant reader and admirer,

VIRTUOUS.

To a critical eye, this missive (I have omitted the appeal) may suggest the phrasing of a Grub Street hack rather than of unlettered Virtue, but it faithfully describes, says Mr. Burn, the treachery and low habits of the Fleet parsons. That such forcible marriages as here suggested were possible was shown in the historic case of Mistress Annie Leigh, a Buckinghamshire heiress, who was decoyed from her friends, married by a Fleet chaplain against her consent, and cruelly ill-treated by her abductors.

Crime was served in fifty ways by the toleration of the Fleet marriage market.

A spinster or widow in debt desired to cheat her creditors by pretence of marriage before the debt was contracted. The Fleet parson would instantly procure a man on the spot to act as bridegroom for a few shillings. Bribed sufficiently, he could find a blank space in his register for any year desired, so the necessary record, ante-dated, might be made. For

consideration he would obliterate any entry. The sham bridegrooms, under different names, were married over and over again, with the full knowledge of the clerical practitioners; sometimes they were women. The parent who found it necessary to legitimise his natural children could always discover a Fleet parson willing to give a marriage certificate in any required year. Couples were united only under the initials of their names, under false names, without names given at all. For payment a parson would sign a certificate without seeing either of the supposed contracting parties, and these papers might be used for the vilest ends.[1]

There is a record in the Fleet registers, "The woman ran across Ludgate Hill in her shift," it being a popular fallacy long believed that where the wife brought nothing to her husband (not even a toilette) he could not be made liable for her prenuptial debts.

Pitiful enough, the miseries which the Fleet marriages entailed were by no means confined to a single generation. Sir George Trevelyan has recalled how the succession to property was rendered doubtful and insecure. "Every day in term-time produced hearings in Chancery, or appeals in the Lords, concerning the validity of a marriage which had been solemnised thirty years before in the back-parlour of a public house, or in some still more degraded haunt of vice; and the children might be ruined by an act of momentary folly, committed when the father was a midshipman on leave from Sheerness, or a Westminster boy out for a half holiday." A sham marriage enters into the plot of half the novels of the

[1] Edmund Dangerfield was tried at the Old Bailey for bigamy in 1736. The prisoner's defence was: "Arabella Fast said to me, 'There's a minister (naming his name) who often lies with me, and if you'll say you are my husband we may get some money out of him.' I took a room for her, within a fortnight after; she told me the parson was come to London, and now was the time to make him our prize. 'Come into our room (says she) about ten o'clock at night.' I did, and I found Arabella and he a-bed. 'Hey! (says I) how came you a-bed with my spouse.' . . . In the morning the gentleman said, 'I must make you a present if you can produce a certificate.' I knew not what to say. 'Sir,' says Arabella, 'we were married at the Fleet,' and says she to me, 'For a crown I can get a certificate from the Fleet.' I gave her a crown, and in half an hour she brings me a certificate.'" Dr. Gaynam supplied the certificate. Dangerfield was acquitted. —BURN, *The Fleet Registers*, pp. 25–6.

period, and the fate which in fiction poor Olivia Primrose suffered, and the future Lady Grandison narrowly escaped, became a terrible reality to many of their sex.

Parson Keith has survived in unsavoury memory as the most notorious of Fleet divines, though his traffic was mainly farther west. An episcopal Scottish minister, driven from his native land, and in desperate circumstances, he set up within the Fleet rules the trade which long after Lord Hardwicke's Marriage Act of 1753 was practised in front of the blacksmith's anvil at Gretna Green. Prospering there, he transferred his business to May Fair Chapel (near Hyde Park Corner) but was again forced to take refuge in the Fleet. It was said that he and his "journeyman" one morning during the Whitsuntide holidays united at May Fair a larger number of couples than had been married at any ten churches within the bills of mortality.

This barefaced profligate, excommunicated by the Bishop of London, published *The Guide: or, the Christian Pathway to Everlasting Life.* He lived to be eighty-nine, and in old age issued some "Observations," framed in the key-note of "Happy is the wooing that is not long a-doing!" on the legislation which destroyed his own disreputable trade.[1] It seems incredible, but Lord Hardwicke's Marriage Act provoked much hostility. So level-headed a spectator of events as Horace Walpole wrote to Mrs. Conway, the 22nd May, 1753—

> It is well you are married! How would my Lady Ailesbury have liked to be asked in a parish church for three Sundays running? I really believe she would have worn her weeds for ever rather than have passed through so impudent a ceremony! What do you think? But you will want to know the interpretation of this preamble. Why, there is a new bill, which, under the notion of preventing clandestine marriages, has made such a general rummage and reform in the office of matrimony, that every Strephon and Chloe will have as many impediments and formalities to undergo as a treaty of peace. Lord Bath invented the bill, but had it drawn so ill that the Chancellor was forced to draw a new one, and then grew so fond of his own creature, that he has crammed it down the throats of both Houses, though they gave many a gulp before they could swallow it.

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[1] "I shall only tell you a *bon mot* of Keith's, the marriage broker, and conclude. 'D—n the Bishops,' said he (I beg Miss Montagu's pardon), 'so they will hinder my marrying. Well, let 'em, but I'll be revenged; I'll buy two or three acres of ground, and, by G—d, I'll under-bury them all.'"—HORACE WALPOLE, Letter to George Montagu, 1753, June 11th.

On the 24th March, 1754, the day before the Act came into force, a list of 217 weddings celebrated is entered in one register book alone.

Enough has been said already in pages scattered about this book to indicate the character of the Fleet Prison. Its literature contains a long series of petitions and protests against cruelties, extortions, and excesses practised upon those incarcerated in its gloomy wards. There had been an inquiry in Elizabeth's reign, and regulations made for its better governance. Attention was again drawn to the gaol under James the First, during the wardenship of one Alexander Harris, when Sir John Whitebroke was stabbed to death there by a fellow-prisoner. Matters reached a head in the early years of the eighteenth century.

The Warden was then John Huggins. By giving £5,000 to Lord Clarendon, this man had obtained through his lordship's interest a grant of the office for his own and his son's life. Huggins set to work to recoup himself with interest by gross cruelties to prisoners who had relatives to be squeezed, starvation being a favourite means—cruelties only to be bought off by liberal payments to himself. He even detained the dead, sometimes for ten or twelve days, causing great offence throughout the prison, while the price was worked up against relatives who desired to secure for them Christian burial. If negotiations failed, the bodies were thrown into the common burial ground for prisoners.

Huggins, growing old, sold his entire interest in 1727, also for £5,000, to Thomas Bambridge and Dougal Cuthbert, two unprincipled ruffians who showed themselves capable of improving upon his own methods. Their reign was brief. Within two years both men were tried for murder, together with Huggins. A Parliamentary Committee, appointed to examine the state of the gaols, on making an unexpected visit to the Fleet found Sir Thomas Rich confined in a loathsome dungeon and loaded with chains, because he had given some slight offence to Bambridge. A poor Portuguese, Jacob Mendez, had been lying manacled for two months in a filthy hole properly used as a deadhouse, without warmth, ventilation, or light, save such as came through a wicket eight inches square in the door.

After inquiry, the Committee declared Huggins and Bambridge "notoriously guilty of great breaches of trust, extortions, cruelties, and other high crimes and misdemeanours." The two were sent to Newgate. The indictment charged Bambridge with the murder of one Robert Castell. This unfortunate man, an architect, was a prisoner for debt, from whose relatives Bambridge had extorted large sums. At length Castell refused to burden his friends farther, and Bambridge capped a long series of cruelties by sending him to a sponging-house in which scarlet fever was raging, and there he caught the infection and died in a few days. Huggins was accused of the death of a prisoner named Edward Arne, which followed confinement in the vault from which Jacob Mendez had been liberated. The trials at the Old Bailey in May, 1729, resulted in acquittals for want of evidence. Castell's widow also brought an action against Bambridge and Cuthbert for the murder of her husband, with the same result.

Bambridge, declared by Act of Parliament incapable of ever again holding the office of Warden of the Fleet, met with a fitting end. He cut his own throat on the 11th July, 1741, at his chambers, No. 9 Paper Buildings, Temple.

You may see the figure of this abandoned scoundrel in Hogarth's portrait group of the members of the Parliamentary Committee now in the National Portrait Gallery, Trafalgar Square, and made familiar by many prints. The scene is a chamber in the old Fleet Gaol. In the foreground a prisoner explains the mode by which his neck and hands were manacled together. Some of the Committee are examining other instruments of torture, into which the heads and necks of prisoners were screwed. These seem to belong rather to the dungeons of the Inquisition than to a London debtors' prison. The picture was a gift to the nation by the ninth Earl of Carlisle.

Hogarth gave his oil sketch to Horace Walpole, who wrote of Bambridge's portrait: "It is the very figure that Salvator Rosa would have drawn for Iago in the moment of detection. Villainy, fear, and conscience are mixed in yellow and livid on his countenance; his lips are contracted by tremor, his face advances as eager to lie; his legs step back as thinking to make his escape; one hand is thrust precipitately into his bosom, the fingers of the other are catching uncertainly

at his button holes. If this was a portrait, it is the most striking that ever was drawn ; if it was not, it is still finer." [1]

An attorney named Lloyd who, fired by enthusiasm for the principles of the French Revolution, had in 1793 advertised the Fleet Prison to let, " in the first year of English liberty," was set for an hour in the pillory before the Royal Exchange. An immense concourse assembled, and 200 constables kept order, but no violence was attempted. [2]

The Fleet Prison remembered by our grandfathers was built in 1780, after the Gordon rioters had burnt the earlier gaol. It was ugliness personified, without the sombre grandeur of Dance's Newgate. A high brick wall, crowned with a *chevaux de frise*, concealed from below all but the roof of the lofty building enclosed, which was planned lengthways with Farringdon Street. Galleries ran from end to end in every storey, on each side being the prisoners' rooms. There was a constant going in and out, the public freely gaining admittance until the gate-keeper's cry, " All home ! " at nine o'clock, when the wards closed upon the occupants. It had been an early practice to exhibit to public shame in a tub at the gate those who attempted to escape. All sorts of provisions were brought in every day, and cried as in the public streets, for debtors who had means to purchase. The prisoners utilised a large open court as a racquet ground and skittle alley ; they had their " tape " shop, where spirits were sold under that name, and other means by which a dissolute life could be still further hastened downhill.

The Fleet was a scandal still, according to modern ideas. " Garnish " every new-comer had to pay, and fees to the warders, the cook, and other officials if he wished for a tolerable life. When a debtor had means supplied by friends, a common method of extortion was to quarter another debtor of disreputable habits in his rooms, two occupants being allowed by the rules. The undesirable could be removed by payment to himself of a few shillings a week, and the same to the warder. The gaol was an improvement in that the cruelties practised in other days were no longer suffered ; but an improvement greater than all was its abolition by Act of Parliament in 1842,

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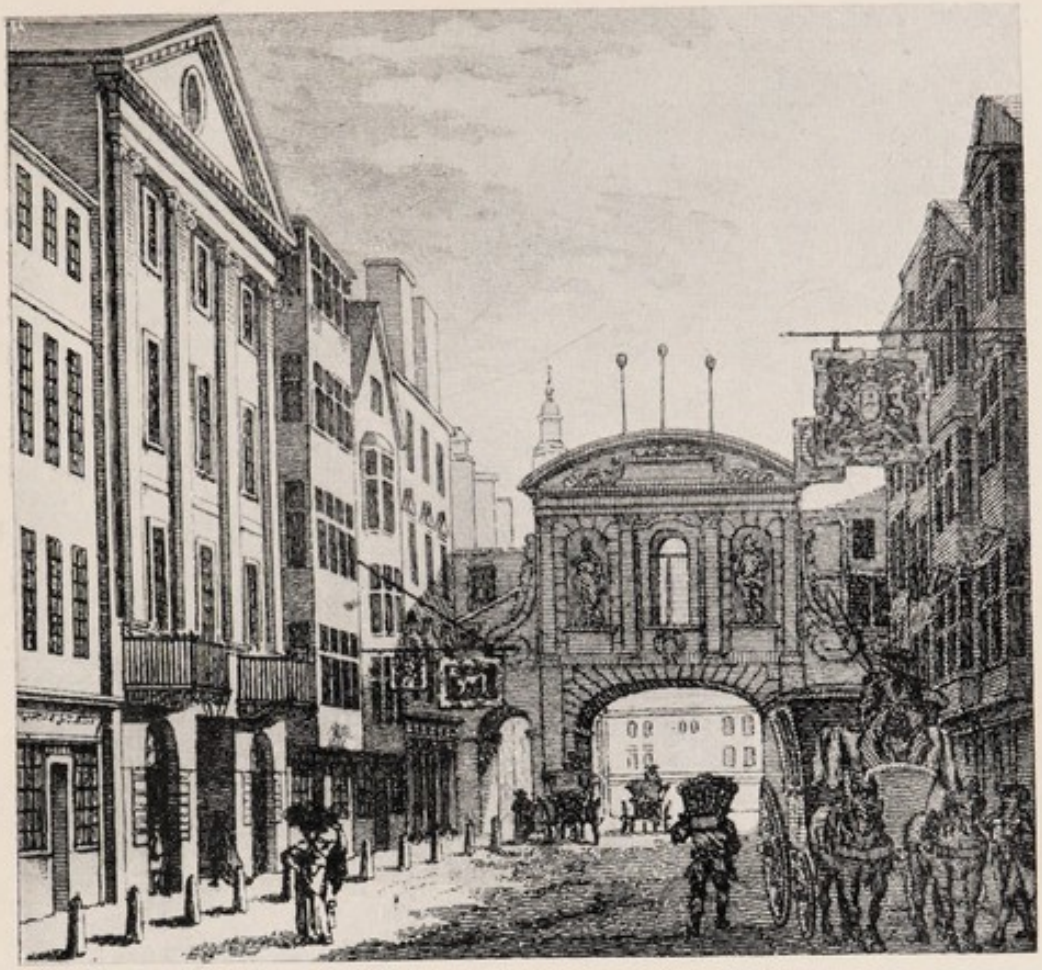
[1] H. B. Wheatley, *Hogarth's London*, p. 391.
[2] Welch, *Modern History of the City of London*, p. 190.



HEADS EXPOSED ON TEMPLE BAR



From a print in possession of Mr. Aleck Abrahams

ALDERMAN WAITHMAN'S SHOP



From a drawing by Shepherd

FLEET PRISON AND FARRINGDON STREET

the few inmates being then drafted to the Queen's Prison in Southwark. The land having been acquired by the City Corporation for £25,000, the buildings were taken down in 1845–6, and the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway was carried across part of the site, after an interval of seventeen years, during which, while lying waste, it had been a resort of betting men, gamblers, and doubtful characters of the town generally. The remainder is covered by the Congregational Memorial Hall, in Farringdon Street.

Like all the debtors' prisons, the Fleet had its begging grate and poor box for the charity of passers-by. The poor box in 1812 bore the following inscription—

Da obolum insolventibus,
Qui in hoc carcere, sine pane, sine pecuniâ,
sine amicis, et oh! sine libertate,
Vitam miserrimam trahunt.[1]

Near at hand, the Royal Palace on the Fleet River bank had been converted into Bridewell Royal Hospital by the boy king Edward the Sixth. This foundation set the keystone to a policy whereby it was sought, wholly ineffectually, to combat the social evils in the capital resulting from the suppression of the religious houses. The great establishments like those of the Black Friars, across the stream, the Carmelite Priory in Fleet Street, and the scattered monasteries had been the chief agencies in the relief of the poor and afflicted, and with such had resorted, to take the friars' shelter and food, many idlers and persons of bad repute—afterwards thrown together upon the world, friendless and abandoned. London swarmed with beggars. Henry the Eighth, blind to his own doings, had himself reproachfully complained of the numbers of masterless men and rogues that were everywhere to be found, especially about London.

In his last days he appointed Bethlem and St. Bartholomew's Hospital for the maimed and diseased. Edward the Sixth founded at the house of the dispossessed Grey Friars (Christ's Hospital) a school for the education of poor children; and further granted Bridewell to the London citizens, to be a lodging wherein poor boys should be trained in useful trades,

[1] *Notes and Queries*, 2nd Ser., iv, 428.

and a house of correction for idle persons, vagabonds, and harlots. Ridley, Bishop of London, had moved the King to give the neglected Palace for this purpose.

Lever, Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, preaching a Lent sermon before the youthful monarch, thus exhorted him: "O merciful Lord, what a number of poor, feeble, halt, blind, lame, sickly, yea, with idle vagabonds and dissembling caitiffs mixed among them, lie and creep, begging in the miry streets of London and Westminster! It is too great pity afore the world, and to utter damnation afore God, to see these begging as they used to do in the street. For there is never a one of these but he lacketh either thy charitable alms to relieve his need, or else thy due correction to punish his fault." The isolated efforts of the hospitals, however, touched but the fringe of a great problem, which was grappled successfully only when the stronger statesmanship of Elizabeth introduced the first Poor Law system.

There is a surprising revelation of the state of London in a document too long for me to quote in full. Great Elizabeth herself was molested by rogues when "in her coache nere Islington taking the air." Mr. Fleetwoode, Recorder of London, in his report to Lord Burghley[1] gives account of the steps he had taken, which kept Bridewell busy. A footman came in haste to the Lord Mayor, and after to the Recorder. That same night warrants were sent out. In the morning the Recorder went abroad himself, and took "seventy-four roogs, whereof some were blynde and yet great usurers and very rich," who were sent to Bridewell. The Governors, after examination, "gave them substantial payment [whipping]. And the stronger we bestowed on the mylle and the lighter; the rest were dismyssed with the promise of a double paye if we met with them agayne." Next day from Lambeth and Southwark came "a shoal of xi roogs, men and women and above"; in St. Paul's the same afternoon he took twenty-two "cloked roogs that there used to kepe standing." A night search brought more offenders to Bridewell, and "eche one receyed his payment according to his deserts; at which tyme the strongest were put to worke, and the others dismissed into their

[1] This most interesting document is printed by Dr. Copeland, F.S.A., *Bridewell Royal Hospital Past and Present*, pp. 139–42.

countries." A batch of roysterers from the Savoy, "tall fellows, that were draymen unto brewers," were "all soundly paydd and sent home to their masters." For three days following came numbers of others: "they were rewarded all according to theyr deserts," and a night search resulted in the seizure of one hundred lewd persons, who were brought before the Master of Bridewell, and immediately given punishment.

Such good results attended the week's activity, that going on the Saturday after to St. Paul's and other places as well within the liberties as elsewhere, the Recorder "founde not one rooge styrryng. . . I'd note also that wee mett not agayne with many in all our searches, they had receyed punishment."

Bridewell was a reformatory for the City, and not a King's prison, but committals were made to it. The State Papers record many such: two of women are interesting. Blanche Cowper, prisoner of Bridewell, petitioned in 1640 Sir John Lambe, Chancellor to the Queen. She had been in prison since last Whitsuntide, "having humbled her soul to God, expressed true hate to sin by confession to man, and true sorrow and repentance, yet she remaineth in this loathsome place, accompanied by vile persons, her health being impaired, and her soul grieved exceedingly. Beseeches you to grant her speedy liberty, and meantime the benefit of walking with a Keeper, to stay her perishing estate."[1]

Elizabeth Pynfould, alias Squire, in 1639 petitioned the Council. She had been a prisoner for seven years in Bridewell, having been committed by a Council warrant, she knew not why, unless it was for petitioning the Lords to cause her husband to allow her means of livelihood. She prayed for liberty, and to be supplied with means. The woman's husband was minister of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch.[2]

A use of Bridewell made by Charles the First was the detention of men pressed for his army, until despatched to their regiments. Thomas Ellwood, the Quaker, was a prisoner. There are in the Council Books of Elizabeth, attached to committals to Bridewell, the words, "to the manacles," "to such torture as is there used," and in one case at least, that of Will Thompson (2nd February, 1598) charged with a purpose

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[1] State Papers (Domestic), 1640, April.
[2] *ibid.*, 1639.

to burn Her Majesty's ships, "to the torture of the rack," which suggest dark doings in this misused house of reformation.

The Governors read their charter as placing upon them a duty to relieve the City of idle and disorderly characters. It was vigorous work. They sent out officers to search taverns, dicing-houses, and places of evil resort. Beadles were instructed to bring in to Bridewell all beggars and vagrants found in their wards. Unhappy the vagrom man introduced to the civility of the house! The whipping-post, for men *and women*, was kept busy, and having suffered what was judged to be a sufficient number of stripes, the victims were sent away. There is little doubt that this police work and summary punishment were wholly illegal. Sir Francis Bacon gave his opinion that accusations against persons of ill repute were not sufficient without indictment or other matters of record, and that imprisonment save by the law of the land was an infringement of Magna Charta.[1]

Yet the practice continued until 1785, when the porter was ordered to receive no prisoners save on a warrant by a justice of the peace. For those detained there was a mill for grinding corn by the feet, the invention of one John Paris about the year 1570—probably the first instance of a treadmill used for punishment—beating of hemp, and various tasks of labour. Ned Ward, in his *London Spy* (1699) has given an unsavoury account of the prison, and is properly indignant at the flogging of women, which he describes—

> My Friend Re-conducted me back into the first Quadrangle, and led me up a pair of Stairs into a Spacious Chamber, where the Court was sitting in great Grandeur and Order. A Grave Gentleman, whose Awful Looks bespoke him some Honourable Citizen, was mounted in the Judgment-Seat, Arm'd with a Hammer, like a *Change-Broker* at *Lloyd's Coffee House*, when selling goods by Inch by Candle, and a Woman under the Lash in the next Room; where Folding doors were open'd, that the whole Court might see the Punishment Inflicted; at last down went the Hammer, and the Scourging ceased. . . . Another Accusation being then delivered by a Flat-Cap against a poor Wench, who having no Friend to speak in her behalf, Proclamation was made, viz.: *All you who are willing* E—th T—ll, *should have present Punishment, pray hold up your hands.* Which was done accordingly: And then she was order'd the Civility of the House, and was forc'd to shew her tender Back and Breasts to the Grave Sages of the August Assembly,

[1] Copeland, *Bridewell Royal Hospital*, p. 61.

who were mov'd by her Modest Mien, together with the whiteness of her Skin, to give her but a gentle Correction.

The inner room, draped from floor to ceiling in black, contained no furniture save the whipping post. Loud calls to knock, especially when women were punished, were incessant until the president's hammer fell. "O good Sir Roger, knock: Pray, good Sir Roger, knock!" became a common cry of reproach among the lower orders, to denote that a woman had been whipped as a harlot in Bridewell. Ned Ward held it a shameful indecency for a woman to expose her naked body to the gaze of men and boys: in the despicable state of public manners it was one of the sights of the town to see the women flogged.

Later the beating of hemp was substituted as a punishment. The interior of the shed at Bridewell, with, as the central figure, a girl handsomely dressed in a flowered brocade petticoat, raising a heavy "beetle," while a warder stands threateningly beside her, is shown in Plate 4 of Hogarth's *A Harlot's Progress.*

The gaol became too crowded for proper supervision, and in 1818 was severely condemned by a House of Commons Committee. No attempt, they said, was made to reclaim prisoners, or to correct them, except by administering corporal punishment, and this was left in great measure to the discretion of the porter. No employment of any description was provided. A few women worked at spinning wheels, but the men for the most part sauntered about.

Bridewell's penal discipline has so monopolised the attention of writers that the excellent work the Royal Hospital has done, and is still doing, is apt to be overshadowed. The Bridewell boys were a somewhat turbulent race. They were apprenticed to various trades, originally taught by "art-masters" in the house, and having faithfully served their indentures were made freemen of the City, and to each one was given £10 towards setting up for himself. In their awkward dress of tight blue cloth jackets without skirts, clumsy trousers of the same thick stuff, and white hats, they were familiar to the public by their privilege of attending fires, doing, says Hone in his *Every-day Book*, more mischief by their audacity and perverseness than they did good by working the Bridewell engine.

To-day the entire income of the foundation is devoted to the support of the King Edward's Schools at Witley, Surrey, and at Southwark, where 240 boys and 240 girls respectively are educated and given a start in life. Sir George Faudel-Phillips, Bart., has since 1897 been President of Bridewell Royal Hospital, the Governors of which are also Governors of Bethlem Hospital.

Bridewell ceased to be a prison when Holloway Gaol was opened in 1864. The only surviving relic of the penal days is a single cell to accommodate recalcitrant City apprentices who may be committed there by the City Chamberlain, but it is rarely used.

The exhalations of the Fleet River have sent a pungent breath into many of the foregoing chapters. That is its history; and always the story has been the same, for the little stream flowing clear from the northern heights below the western wall of London, that might have been such an attractive feature of the suburb, has left through the centuries nothing save the trail of its stink. It is known only by the deplorable abuses to which from the earliest times the watercourse was subjected.

Late in the thirteenth century the Carmelite friars laid plaint: "Help, lest we perish of the stench." Lacy Earl of Lincoln petitioned the Parliament of Edward the First. The butchers of the third Edward, establishing shambles on the bank, sent their offal floating down to Thames; tanners offended with their reeking pits; the steaming cook-shops. The tale runs on through Plantagenet to Tudor days with unvarying monotony; at times the plague, raging with the utmost virulence in the parishes which bordered the fetid ditch, awakened Londoners to the gravity of the peril.

Such had been the case in Henry the Eighth's reign.

But the plague passed, and after came forgetfulness. Fleet Ditch it had become early in the Elizabethan era; in 1585 "the common sewer at Fleet Bridge" was the description given by Thomas Greves, Surveyor of the Queen's Works—an apt description. He proposed the erection of larger flood-gates, so as to admit a barge eighteen feet broad and give a better tidal flush.[1] A survey seems to have been carried

[1] State Papers (Domestic), 1585, March.

out at the instigation of Richard Mayhew, bailiff of the sewers of London, who, at his own cost, had undertaken certain works of improvement, and complained that for seven years they had been neglected ; but the Mayor and Aldermen were concerned only to demonstrate the falseness of his suggestions.[1]

Eight years after plague again desolated London, and William Cecil, an inmate of Fleet Prison, and kept there by the Queen's command, wrote (6th April, 1593) that "the place where he lies is a congregation of the unwholesome smells of the town, and the season contagious, so many have died of the plague." From a memorial preserved in the State Papers, it appears that the neighbourhood of Fleet Ditch had been the most infected part of the whole city and liberties during that terrible plague year. "In the last great plague, [1593] more died about there than in three parishes beside . . . and though the ditch were cast [cleansed] every second year, yet the water coming from the kennels and the slaughter-houses will be very contagious."[2]

The reforming zeal of the Commonwealth was excited. On renewed complaint to the Commissioners of Sewers in 1652, an order was issued for the cleansing of Fleet Ditch and the removal of the "houses of office" which overhung its waters, and made it what the Commissioners call "very stinking and noisome." The ditch is described as quite impassable for boats "by reason of many encroachments thereupon made by keeping of hogs and swine therein and elsewhere near it, the throwing in of offals and other garbage by butchers, soucemen, and others, and by reason of the many houses of office standing over and upon it."

In consequence of this order (a printed copy of the time is in the British Museum) the ditch was cleansed, and the offending buildings were removed from about it.[3]

St. Bride's and St. Martin's, Ludgate, two Fleet-side parishes, had suffered severely in the plague of 1665. A year after came the Great Fire, and the long-delayed opportunity which London, for once to its credit, did not miss. The improvement of the Fleet was seriously taken in hand, and a

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[1] *Remembrancer*, p. 459.
[2] Creighton's *History of Epidemics*.
[3] Wheatley, *London Past and Present*, ii, 53.

great scheme, costing £27,777, was carried to completion by the Corporation ; this charge being apart from the sum paid for additional land required. Ditch no longer, it was called "The New Canal," no doubt in the hope that with another name and better conditions its evil associations had for ever passed. The watercourse was built on the sides with brick and stone, made 40 feet wide, and deepened so that barges could ascend with the tide as far as Holborn. All the small tenements, sheds, and laystalls that encumbered the banks having fortunately been burnt down, a general clearance was effected, and wide and commodious quays built, with landing steps from the water. The full breadth of Farringdon Street, one of London's finest thoroughfares, shows the extent of this daring scheme.

Fleet Bridge was rebuilt of stone, widened to meet the greater width of Fleet Street towards Ludgate, and ornamented with carved pine-apples and the City arms. Pepys approved the work, "which pleased me mightily," and tells in his diary how he had to go round by Newgate to the City while it was in progress. Three other stone bridges spanned the water at Bridewell, Fleet Lane, and Holborn. Oak rails were placed at the waterside. All this was done under the Rebuilding Act of Charles the Second, 1670, and Wren's Holborn Bridge, designed to set the coping stone upon the improvement, was finished in 1674, bearing an inscription commemorating the Mayoralty of William Hooker in that year.

It might have been a bit of Venice in London, with its high-arched bridges, and the once Royal Palace of Bridewell and Fleet Prison on the banks, wanting only a gondola or two and a deeper blue above. Unfortunately it was not.

"A mighty chargeable and beautiful work : the curious stone bridges over it ; the many huge vaults on either side, to treasure up Newcastle coals for the use of the poor," wrote Chamberlayne. The beauty of the scheme is, I think, amply borne out by Scott's oil-painting of the Fleet mouth in the Guildhall Art Gallery ; the Thames has no such cosy corner in these days of hurry and steam.

The Canal proved a most disastrous speculation. Owing to its great cost, the tolls for barges and rent of wharves were excessively high, and very little traffic passed. Care was not taken even to keep the way clean, and as the mud silted up

and the stench revived, it degenerated once more into the old, bad Fleet Ditch, and was quite as unsavoury. Ned Ward, in his *London Spy*, before the century was out poured scorn upon the much vaunted improvement—

> From thence we took a turn down by the Ditch side, I desiring my friend to inform me what great advantage this costly brook contributed to the town, to countervail the expense of £74,000, which I read in a very credible author was the charge of its making : He told me he was wholly unacquainted with any, unless it was now and then to bring up a few chaldron of coals to two or three peddling fuel-merchants, who sell them never the cheaper to the poor for such a conveniency ; and as for those cellars you see on each side design'd for warehouses, they are rendered by their dampness so unfit for that purpose that they are wholly useless except . . . to harbour frogs, toads, and other vermin. The greatest good that ever I heard it did was to the undertaker, who is bound to acknowledge he has found better fishing in that muddy stream than ever he did in clear water.

The ditch sank more and more into the state of an open sewer, fit subject for the contemptuous satire of every ribald versifier of the age. A collection of Fleet Ditch odes would not be edifying. There was nothing for it but to cover up the offence from sight. This was half done in the reign of George the First. The Corporation of London obtained an Act of Parliament giving them powers to arch over the ditch from Holborn to Fleet Bridge, and the work was undertaken in 1733. The cost is given in the accounts to a halfpenny—£10,256 17s. 10½d.

Land being required for the Mansion House, the official residence for the Lord Mayor then about to be built, the Stocks Market was removed to the site thus created, and reopened as a free market, under the name of Fleet Market, on the 30th September, 1737. This was a busy scene at all times, particularly in the season of fruit and vegetables ; flesh and fish were also sold from the stalls, and the market was a famous place for crockery ware. At its southern end two lock-up shops were built, continuing the line of Fleet Street over the ditch. Malcolm complained in 1803 that the never-ceasing hammers of undertakers seemed to have expelled more quiet trades.

Below Fleet Bridge past Bridewell to the Thames, the ditch remained the same yawning chasm of mud and filth and fetid water, smelling rank as ever. The high crowned bridge,

then levelled with the street, was buttressed on the south side to prevent passengers falling over, a necessary precaution—

On the 11th January (1703) a man was found in Fleet Ditch, standing upright and frozen. He appears to have been a barber at Bromley in Kent; had come to town to see his children, and had unfortunately mistaken his way in the night, had slipped into the ditch, and, being in liquor, could not disentangle himself.[1]

A like accident occurred in 1765, when during a dense fog a man slipped into Fleet Ditch, and was suffocated by the mud.

What the open Fleet had been throughout its length two passages shall show. Pope, in *The Dunciad* (Book II) penning his most vitriolic attack on the scurrilous writers and booksellers of his day, found Fleet Ditch by Bridewell the most appropriate setting for his famous diving scene—

> This labour past, by Bridewell all descend,
> (As morning pray'r and flagellation end)
> To where Fleet-ditch with disemboguing streams
> Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,
> The King of Dykes! than whom, no sluice of mud,
> With deeper sable blots the silver flood.
> "Here strip, my children, here at once leap in,
> Here prove who best can dash thro' thick and thin.
> And who the most in love of dirt excel,
> Or dark dexterity of groping well."

Swift, in *The City Shower*, with which began the publication of *The Tatler*, October, 1710, is distressingly photographic in detail—

> Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
> And bear their trophies with them as they go;
> Filth of all kinds and odours seem to tell
> What street they sail'd from by their sight and smell.
> They, as each torrent drives its rapid force,
> From Smithfield to St. Pulchre's shape their course
> And in huge confluence joined at Snowhill ridge,
> Fall from the Conduit prone to Holborn Bridge;
> Sweepings from butcher's stalls, dung, guts, and blood,
> Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drench'd in mud,
> Dead cats, and turnip tops, come tumbling down the flood.

The polite Lord Chesterfield made an effective retort upon an enthusiastic Parisian who asked him if London had any river to show like the Seine: "Yes, and we call it Fleet Ditch."

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[1] *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. 33, p. 43.

Not until 1766 was the half-completed work finished, when the remaining part of the Fleet was covered over to make an approach to the first Thames bridge at Blackfriars. Since then this much-abused stream has flowed underground. Farringdon Street along its length from Holborn to Ludgate Circus is supported by two arches, and thence to Blackfriars Bridge and the Thames is but a single arch. As a rule, there is a strong flow along the channel made in the Fleet River bed, but much of this is surface water; probably little now comes from springs. The river discharges at Blackfriars into the great low-level sewer, but there is still direct communication with the Thames, which is brought into use when violent rainstorm or any breakdown in the main drainage pumping machinery may tax the capacity of the sewer. The penstock is immediately under the shore end of the bridge. When the tide has fallen low, exposing a semicircular culvert, you may at times notice a trickle over the mud mingling with the waters that go down to the sea—all that is left to be seen of the famous Fleet River.

CHAPTER XVIII

LITERARY LANDMARKS

In this book, when it shall be found that much is omitted, let it not be forgotten that much likewise is performed; and though no book was ever spared out of tenderness to the author, and the world is little solicitous to know whence proceed the faults of that which it condemns; yet it may gratify curiosity to inform it, that the *English Dictionary* was written with little assistance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under the shelter of academic bowers, but amidst inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and sorrow.—Samuel Johnson, *Preface to "The English Dictionary," written in Gough Square.*

No street in London is so rich in memories of the great writers of the English tongue as Fleet Street, or so heedless of them. They are worth preserving. Of Shakespeare's plays sold by the booksellers under St. Dunstan's Church I have already spoken. The venerable hall stands amid the secluded courts of Middle Temple wherein *Twelfth Night* was acted at Christmas, 1601. Milton's soaring spirit fretted uneasily for a while in cramped lodgings in St. Bride's Churchyard. These are great names, illuminating a century of literary activity that stands alone; but much else in English literature that lives, and will always live, has been associated with the locality. Fleet Street, given over to the newspapers and to its busy shopping trade, cares nothing for these things.

Walk the street from end to end, and you will not find a brick or stone, not a single plaque, to recall the colony of writers who made it their home. Fleet Street is not wholly blind to fame. An obelisk at Ludgate Circus perpetuates the renown of Alderman Waithman, a forgotten local worthy. John Wilkes, too. But Samuel Johnson, that most persistent of Fleet Street's *habitués*, where is he? You must go beyond Temple Bar, to St. Clement Danes, to find his statue, and that erected only yesterday. Oliver Goldsmith lived, and accomplished his most enduring work, and died and was buried, within earshot of the roar of Fleet Street. His marble tablet, with Johnson's glowing epitaph, is in Westminster Abbey.

The English novel had its birth in Salisbury Square, where

Samuel Richardson wrote those florid and, to this generation, excessively tedious letters of Pamela. What is there of Richardson? A gravestone wholly concealed within the church of St. Bride's. Dryden, too, lived and wrote in Salisbury Court. Ben Jonson spent jovial nights at The Devil tavern; and far from him as the poles asunder, in worldly delights and in spirit, was the gentle Elia, whose shade, one must needs fancy, still haunts his beloved Temple. Stay, there is in Fleet Street an inconspicuous memorial—a solitary one—to a writer, and not the greatest. By the entrance porch of St. Dunstan's Church is a tablet, which some anglers have placed there, bearing this inscription—

To the Memory of
IZAAK WALTON
Born at Stafford, Aug. 9th, 1593, Died Dec. 15th, 1683.
Buried in Winchester Cathedral.
Author of *The Compleat Angler*, also of the *Lives* of *Dr. Donne*, *Richard Hooker*, *George Herbert*, *Dr. Sanderson*, etc.

It tells further that Walton resided for many years in Fleet Street, by the corner of Chancery Lane (west side), and between 1632 and 1644 was overseer of the poor, a sidesman, and a vestryman of St. Dunstan's parish. And so the anglers, close to his old home, recall the memory of their gentle master, that all who pass may read, while those who follow the profession of the pen are content to remain inactive. It cannot be so for want of occasion.

Wynkyn de Worde brought the art of printing to Fleet Street, which has given its character these past four centuries, and made its name familiar all over the globe. He set up his press under the sign of The Sun, near St. Bride's Church, and there from his clear types produced those prints that it is still a delight to scan in some collection like that at the British Museum. His was a picturesque figure, and in him was a life germ of stupendous growth. Was he not worth commemorating? Tyndal preached in St. Dunstan's Church. The originators of the Temple Bar Memorial had no ideas beyond the Victorian Royal House, and so it stands to-day, a meaningless obstruction, typifying nothing save the City's loyalty, which is unquestioned and unquestionable—a monument of wasted opportunity. There might have been something to tell the

traveller who enters the City by this gate of men associated with the street whose lives left a deep impression on their age, of forces born and moulded here that have moved the world. Instead, we have the griffon !

Vain regrets. There are still a few surviving landmarks of the past, and the pleasanter task is to recall the literary associations of courts and buildings. First, one's steps turn naturally towards the Temple, to seek the rooms at No. 2 Brick Court where Oliver Goldsmith passed the closing years of his warm-hearted, irresponsible, thriftless life, and to enter that pathetic little chamber where he breathed his last. This is but a square cupboard—it is little more—with no ventilation through the other walls, and lighted only by a dim pane of glass or the open door. All is unchanged, save that by the present tenant the apartment has been stuffed with books ; a fitting use, and one that no doubt "Goldie" himself would have liked best. The house stands halfway in Middle Temple Lane, and the rooms are two floors up, on the right hand ascending the staircase. A plaque in the wall marks the set.

Goldsmith came to these rooms in 1768 ; with a cheerful spirit, for the outlook was bright ; he had money in hand, although then, as always, deeply in debt. The success of *The Good-Natured Man* at Covent Garden Theatre, after the comedy had been refused by Garrick, had brought him about £500, out of which he purchased a life-lease of the chambers. Johnson is believed to have first spurred on Goldsmith to improve upon his customarily squalid surroundings, little as encouragement in extravagance was needed. He had been a Templar before, at Garden Court, and then in King's Bench Walk. The lease at Brick Court cost him £400, and the balance was soon squandered. As you stand to-day in the charming old sitting room, with three long windows overlooking Essex Court, where the leaves of the trees rustling in the wind fleck the glass panes with shadow, it is easy to imagine the apartments when Goldsmith himself occupied them, furnished with Wilton carpets, blue moreen-covered sofas and chairs corresponding, blue moreen curtains, chimney glasses, Pembroke and card tables, and tasteful bookshelves.

This amply-proportioned room was that in which Goldsmith gave his parties ; his workshop was the smaller room on Brick Court, now in use as a bed-chamber. Mr. H. Hamilton Fox,



From the "Pall Mall Magazine"

OLIVER GOLDSMITH'S CHAMBERS AT NO. 2 BRICK COURT, TEMPLE
Drawn by HANSLIP FLETCHER

the present occupant of the chambers, has followed the example of many previous tenants by treating them with reverent care. Some carvings, picked out, in curious taste, in florid reds and blues and greens, have been coated with sombre black, much to their advantage. Structurally there have been no alterations.

The social life into which Goldsmith launched when settled in Brick Court added to his embarrassments. The bills of Mr. Filby, the tailor at The Harrow in Water Lane, hard by, grew larger. The "Tyrian bloom satin-grain, and garter-blue silk breeches" were charged at £8 2s. 7d. Another suit was "lined with silk, and with gold buttons." You may picture that clumsy little figure here at home, the plain features marked with small-pox, and short thick legs, arrayed "in purple silk small-clothes, a handsome scarlet roquelaure buttoned close under the chin, and with all the additional importance derivable from a full-dress professional wig, a sword, and a gold-headed cane."[1] Often might have been seen the unwieldy form of Samuel Johnson toiling up these same oak stairs, of Sir Joshua Reynolds, of David Garrick, and Edmund Burke, and Hugh Kelly, and others of that brilliant circle of conversationalists in which the host did not shine. There is Garrick's playful epitaph of him—

> Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
> Who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll.

It has been given to the discerning eye of modern criticism, which penetrates farther than is permitted the sight of contemporaries, to discover that Goldsmith was a brilliant talker. Admit that he said many good things: his description of Boswell as "only a bur that Tom Davies (the bookseller) threw at Johnson in jest, and he has stuck to him ever since"; his suggestion to enlarge the club because the original members had by that time "travelled over each other's minds"; his happy remark that if Johnson made little fishes talk, he would make them talk like whales—these are not to be improved upon. I doubt, however, if Goldsmith did anything so foolish as the attempts of his latest biographers to rob his character of its lovable follies.

Goldsmith, it well may be, was happier in those more humble

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[1] Forster's *Life of Goldsmith*.

entertainments in which his could be the lion's part. Recollections of delightful days have been left by the family of Mr. Seguin, an Irish merchant, to two of whose children Goldsmith stood godfather, and who were guests at Brick Court. "They talked," says Forster, "of supper-parties with younger people, as well in the London chambers as in suburban lodgings, preceded by blindman's buff, forfeits, or games of cards, and where Goldsmith, festively entertaining them all, would make frugal supper for himself off boiled milk. They related how he would sing all kinds of Irish songs; with what special enjoyment he gave the Scotch ballad of "Johnny Armstrong" (his old nurse's favourite); how cheerfully he would put the front of his wig behind, or contribute in any other way to the general amusement; and to what accompaniment of uncontrollable laughter he danced a minuet with Mrs. Seguin." Blackstone, labouring at his *Commentaries* in the rooms immediately below, was much disturbed in the work on which successive generations of rising barristers have been nurtured, by the noise of revelry that went on over his head. A Mr. Children succeeded him, and made the same complaint.

London's distractions interfered with Goldsmith's work, and for spells of serious labour he went into country lodgings. *She Stoops to Conquer* was written at Hyde, on a farm six miles on the Edgware Road, to which he often retired. For this reason there is difficulty in saying where his manuscripts were produced. He appears to have written in Brick Court the greater part of *The Deserted Village*, which many consider his most characteristic and beautiful poem. It was commenced in 1768, soon after arrival there. His young lawyer friend and fellow Templar, Cooke, calling when two days' progress upon the poem had been made, found that ten lines (fifth to fourteenth) had been the morning's output; and when Cooke entered his chambers Goldsmith read them aloud—

> Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
> Seats of my youth, when every sport would please,
> How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
> Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
> How often have I paused on every charm,
> The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
> The never failing brook, the busy mill,
> The decent church that topp'd the neighbouring hill,
> The hawthorn bush with seats beneath the shade
> For talking age and whispering lovers made.

"Come," added Goldsmith, "let me tell you this is no bad morning's work; and now, my dear boy, if you are not better engaged, I should be glad to enjoy a shoemaker's holiday with you." The invitation was a prelude to a ramble from the Temple into the country.

For six years Goldsmith maintained close associations with the Temple; broken by many intervals of absence. Happy days were spent when he left care behind, and visited Paris, accompanying Mrs. Horneck and her two daughters, whom he had known through Reynolds. He was in Brick Court in 1773 when a libel by his old enemy Kenrick, printed in the *London Packet*, roused in him ideas of personal vengeance. Kenrick had written insultingly of his passion for the lovely Mary Horneck, the "Jessamy Bride." Goldsmith sallied out to the shop of Evans, the publisher, and struck him with his cane. A struggle ensued; an overturned lamp swinging from the ceiling covered both combatants with oil, and the angry poet, a sorry figure, rode home to the Temple in a coach. He paid £50 to a Welsh charity to compromise a threatened law suit.

Goldsmith returned to Brick Court from Hyde in the middle of March, 1774. He had seen his *Animated Nature*, upon which he had worked in the country, ready for the press, its proceeds long since received and spent; and the burden of debt crushed his spirit. He was worried and ill. "Was ever poet so trusted before?" asked Johnson, reporting Goldsmith's debts to be £2,000. On the 25th of that month he took to his bed. Less than a fortnight's life remained to him. "Is your mind at ease?" asked Dr. Turton, who attended at the bedside. "No, it is not," was Goldsmith's melancholy answer. These were his last words, and at a quarter to five on the morning of Monday, the 4th April, 1774, he expired. I have stood in the stuffy little death chamber, now a library, shut out from the fresh air and the sunlight that floods the open spaces of the Temple, and tried to imagine that moment, and the loss. Goldsmith was but forty-five.

Burke burst into tears when told the news. Reynolds put aside his palate, and did not re-enter the painting room that day. Proposals were made for a public funeral, but were abandoned. Five days after death they carried Goldsmith down the oak stairs, between ranks of wailing women, outcasts of the great solitary city whom he had befriended, and after

service in the Temple Church, laid him in the little graveyard on its north side. A coped stone bears the inscription, "Here lies Oliver Goldsmith," but when it was placed on the ground in 1858 knowledge of the actual site of interment had been lost; the grave is believed to have been nearer the church wall.

A tablet originally fixed in the church nave has been removed by the benchers to the triforum, where none may see it. For many years on each 4th of April a wreath of white flowers was placed on the gravestone, bearing a card stating that it was a tribute to the poet's memory from the last member of the Goldsmith Society. I missed the wreath in 1909.

Winthrop Mackworth Praed came after Goldsmith to No. 2 Brick Court, and there lived; and there, too, Thackeray had chambers. The novelist did not practise the law, but loved the old associations of the Temple, and No. 2 Brick Court was his address in the "Law List" until 1855. He wrote to Forster—

> I was in his [Goldsmith's] chambers in Brick Court the other day. The bedroom is a closet without any light in it. It quite pains one to think of the kind old fellow dying off there. There is some good carved work in the rooms; and one can fancy him with General Oglethorpe and Topham Beauclerc, and the fellow coming in with the screw of tea and sugar. What a fine picture Leslie would make of it!

Those last years are haunting memories of the Temple; but Fleet Street has other associations with Goldsmith, and they will survive as long as English prose is read. He lived in Wine Office Court in 1760–62, and there made the acquaintance of Samuel Johnson; there, too, he wrote the greater part of *The Vicar of Wakefield;* and it was there most likely that gruff old Johnson, finding him in deep distress, and in his possession the manuscript of the immortal novel, was quick to realise its merit, and persuading Newbery, the publisher, to pay £60 for the copyright, was thus able to relieve his more pressing needs. True, it has never been authoritatively decided where the famous interview between Johnson, Goldsmith, and the latter's raging landlady took place. Mrs. Thrale has left a lively account of the incident, not altogether accurate. Boswell professes that his version is in Johnson's own words—

> I received one morning a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a

guinea and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was drest, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return, and having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill.

Johnson played the part of the friend in need rather than that of the exacting literary critic, for it would be difficult to look into the manuscript and estimate the value of so ample a novel as *The Vicar of Wakefield* in a few minutes during a hasty call. Indeed, he did not very enthusiastically share the view of its merit which he impressed upon the publisher. Four years after Goldsmith's death Johnson told Sir Joshua Reynolds that he did not think the novel would be a success; but, rather having regard to Goldsmith's immediate want than to any confident reliance in the value of the manuscript, he asked for and obtained £60. "And, sir, sufficient price when it was sold, for then the fame of Goldsmith had not been elevated, as it afterwards was, by *The Traveller*, and the bookseller had faint hopes of profit by his bargain. After *The Traveller*, to be sure, it was accidentally worth more money." Johnson avowedly preferred the poem, now so little read, to the novel which maintains its place despite all the change that popular fiction has undergone.

The manuscript was taken for sale to Francis Newbery, the nephew, and not to the elder Newbery, whose refusal to make the impecunious author any further advances was doubtless the cause of Goldsmith being confined a prisoner in his lodgings.

Whatever change may lie on the knees of the gods (and the house itself has gone of recent years), it will always be a memory cherished by Fleet Street that in Wine Office Court Goldsmith worked upon *The Vicar of Wakefield*. Out of this narrow passage, then with the same tunnelled exit as to-day, Dr. Primrose and his daughter Olivia stepped into a world that for a century and a half has regarded them only with increasing affection. Forster notwithstanding, I think the balance of evidence is that the scene with the enraged landlady

also took place there. Johnson's narrative indicates that he managed the whole business with expedition. Johnson was then living at No. 1 Inner Temple Lane, but a few minutes away. He sent on a guinea in advance, "and went as soon as I was drest." Knowing Johnson's slow and cumbersome movements, does anybody believe that he looked into the manuscript, bargained with Newbery, and twice ran backwards and forwards from the City to Islington? Goldsmith did not lodge at Islington until towards the end of 1762.

A discovery made not long ago, while introducing some confusion, adds to the probability that at least the larger part of the novel was written in Wine Office Court, and that the incident in question took place there. This opinion is fortified by Sir Leslie Stephen, who says: "Several minute circumstances show that the book was partly written in 1762, but not completed until a later period. Some difficulty has arisen from the discovery of Mr. Welch that Goldsmith sold a third share in the book to Collins, a Salisbury printer, for 20 guineas, on Oct. 28th, 1762. It seems, however, that the statements [Boswell's] may be sufficiently harmonised if we suppose the incident described by Johnson to have taken place in Wine Office Court, before the sale to Collins, and that Johnson obtained, not the full price, but an advance on account of an unfinished story."[1]

Goldsmith's House, so marked upon its front, stood in Wine Office Court until 1903, midway on the left-hand side entering from Fleet Street. The facts absolutely known are that Goldsmith left his wretched habitation in Green Arbour Court, Old Bailey (now swept away) in the later months of 1760 for Wine Office Court, where he had "respectable lodgings" for nearly a couple of years. Forster states that the house belonged to a relative of Newbery, the publisher, and that Goldsmith occupied two rooms.

The authenticity of No. 6 as Goldsmith's residence was hotly disputed, mainly because of a date (my imperfect memory suggests 1832), which appeared below a window-sill. Mr. Hutton, in his *Literary Landmarks of London*, threw it over entirely on this account, and a dozen subsequent writers, following him, have done the same. A dangerous bulging

[1] *Dict. National Biography*: Oliver Goldsmith.



From " London Passed and Passing " (Pitman)

GOLDSMITH'S HOUSE IN WINE OFFICE COURT
Drawn by HANSLIP FLETCHER

developed in the front wall, and the place had to come down somewhat hastily. I knew the house, and watched its demolition, and shall be considerably surprised to be convinced that it was built so recently as 1832. That very likely was the date of the hideous stucco front that concealed the brickwork. The house bore the Georgian stamp. The site is covered (1912) by an extension of the London Press Club.

Johnson had his first supper with Goldsmith in Wine Office Court, smart and trim in a new suit of clothes and new wig powdered. "Sir," he said to Percy, as they walked together from Inner Temple Lane, "I hear that Goldsmith, who is a great slovern, justifies his disregard of cleanliness and decency by quoting my practice; and I am desirous this night to show him a better example." The supper took place on the 31st May, 1761, and as there was no recording Boswell present, the talk has vanished into oblivion.

Time deals with reputations in strange ways, and little as the author of the remark quoted below could have desired or expected. Said Johnson: "The misfortune of Goldsmith in conversation is this: that he goes on without knowing how he is to get off."

Goldsmith's books are still read, and Johnson's conversation.

The gibe is obvious, but conveys a truth, that it is Johnson the man upon whom all our affection is concentrated. The giant's own writings have been overshadowed by the mosaic-like record of his biographer, and he lives, and is admired and loved, not in his own pages, but in those of Boswell. Among a select band of worshippers, Johnson is the master and teacher still: with the rest his volumes, covered with dust, sleep upon the topmost bookshelves.

But as a man, a rough-hewn, stubborn piece of English character, he was great; greater than Goldsmith, towering over the puny Boswell. We who have dipped into *The Rambler* and know *Rasselas*, with a poet's *Life* or two, but have not read Johnson—let us be candid—can yet make the pilgrimage to his shrines with thorough honesty, knowing his life in almost every minute, shouldering him at the turn of each court and passage, standing on terms of close intimacy. He had many homes about Fleet Street, and but one remains, though that is perhaps the one most to be treasured. Johnson

lived at No. 17 Gough Square from 1748 to 1759. A few steps to the top of Wine Office Court, then a sharp turn to the left, bring one to the house. The oak stairs which the doctor so often trod, and up which Lord Macaulay and Carlyle followed in reverence, lead to the rooms where the *Dictionary of the English Language* was compiled. I have many times lingered in the long garret, with its sloping roof, last occupied by a quiet wood engraver, where Johnson's six amanuenses toiled at their heavy task. Its air is that of another century, something apart from the tear and rush of the printing machinery that vibrates all around.

Johnson came to No. 17 Gough Square in June, 1748. Already he had made a start with the English Dictionary, which had been commissioned in the previous year by the chief booksellers of London (the Longmans, Dodsley, Hitch, and Millar among them) for a fee of 1,500 guineas, but in the upper rooms of this old house substantially the whole of the work was done. So vast an undertaking has rarely been attempted by one man as that of reducing to something like order the many varieties of use of words and spelling that were then in vogue. Yet the volumes were completed in eight years, with much other work besides. The method of compilation has been described, not without variation, by different people: by Boswell, by Bishop Percy, and by Sir John Hawkins, Johnson's literary executor. The last-named shall first serve—

> The several articles (says he) Johnson collected by incessantly reading the best authors in each language, in the practise thereof his method was to score with a blacklead pencil the words by him selected. The books he used for this purpose were what he had in his own collection, a copious but miserably ragged one, and all such as he could borrow; which latter, if ever they came back to those who lent them, were so defaced as to be scarce worth owning, and yet some of his friends were glad to receive and entertain them as curiosities.

The topmost room of all, "fitted up like a counting-house," was that used by the copyists, a long narrow apartment extending the length of the building's front. Of late years it has been partitioned into two. Johnson's own particular den was immediately below. He seems to have been indifferent to comfort in his own house, though enjoying it to the full in the taverns to which he resorted. When Sir Joshua Reynolds took Roubillac to Gough Square, the Sage "received them with

great civility, and took them up into a garret, which he considered as his library; where besides his books, all covered with dust, there was an old crazy deal table, and still worse elbow chair, having only three legs." These wrecks of furniture did long service. Dr. Burney also knew them. Having taken tea and dined with Johnson, the latter proposed to him "to go up with him into his garret, which being accepted, he there found about five or six Greek folios, a deal writing desk, and a chair and a half. Johnson gave to his guest the entire seat, and tottered himself on one with only three legs and one arm."

Hawkins upon the making of the great Dictionary needs supplementing from other sources. A skeleton was found in Nathan Bailey's Dictionary, a small and inadequate work then in use, a copy of which Johnson interleaved, before setting himself the task of adding other words. As he read and underlined the passages for quotation, he noted in the margin the first letter of the words under which they would occur. The books were then delivered to the clerks, who transcribed each sentence on a separate slip of paper. The printers were supplied with "copy"—the technical term for manuscript—written upon quarto post, ruled in two columns each page. Johnson wrote in his own hand the words and their explanation, generally two or three words in each column, leaving a space for the authorities cited, which were pasted on as they were collected by the different amanuenses. In this mode the manuscript was so regular that the number of sheets necessary to make a printed page could be very exactly ascertained.

The Dictionary brought fame, but little else. The pay was wretched, and must have been largely exhausted by expenses. At first the copyists received 23s. per week, afterwards increased to £2 2s.—"not out of the £1,575, it is to be hoped," Sir Leslie Stephen has remarked. Johnson's care for those who shared his labours stands high among the manly traits of his character. Shields, one of his copyists, was broken in health, and died of consumption. "At this time," says Barber, the doctor's servant, "he had little for himself, but frequently sent money to Mr. Shields when in distress." Peyton, another copyist, had frequent aid from the bounty of Johnson, who was at last at the expense of burying him and his wife. Also there

was Francis Stewart, a sharp Edinburgh lad who had migrated to London, and was rather addicted to drinking and low life. He is believed to have assisted in the explanations of cant phrases and words used in gambling and card-playing, such as "all-fours," "catch-honours," and so on.

Johnson's irrepressible personality is evident in many pages of the Dictionary, the sombreness of which is relieved by his strongly marked prejudices. Oats he described as "A grain which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports men," inviting the ready rejoinder, "And where else do you find such horses, and such men?" Excise was explained as "A hateful tax levied on commodities, and adjudged not by the common judges of property, but wretches hired by those to whom Excise is paid." Lexicographer was to his mind "a writer of dictionaries, a harmless drudge." The definition of pension as "pay given to a State hireling for treason to his country" caused its author a momentary twinge of pain when he himself became a pensioner.

Johnson was habitually short of money. While the work was in hand the publishers would answer no more demands from him than at the rate of one guinea for every printed page. Strahan paid this on delivery. The doctor lost £20 by having to retranscribe several pages that had inadvertently been written on both sides of the quarto paper. At times he compiled faster than the compositors employed could set the type; when, for instance, the letters D, G, L, were in progress simultaneously. As each guinea parcel came tied up, it was put on a shelf in the correctors' room until wanted. In one of the heaps given out to the compositors, it happened that some sheets of old manuscript already printed were found amongst those paid for. This probably arose through Johnson keeping the old copy, always returned to him with the proofs, in his usual disorderly way, and the mistake was rectified in an hour or so, the quantum required being ready.

A note of weariness is contained in an entry which Boswell found pencilled in Johnson's diary: "Apr. 3, 1753. I began the second vol. of my *Dictionary*, room being left in the first for Preface, Grammar, and History, none of them then begun"; and there follows a pathetic little prayer that he might be enabled to proceed in his labour. Johnson's far too sanguine temperament (he had spoken of three years) led him to promise

completion long before that was possible; he had drawn all his receipts; the publishers were exasperated.

The principal charge of the publication had been taken by Mr. Andrew Millar, a bookseller in the Strand. When the messenger who carried the last proofs to him returned, Johnson asked, "Well, what did he say?"

"Sir, he said 'Thank God I have done with him,'" answered the messenger.

"I am glad that he thanks God for anything," replied Johnson with a smile.

The English Dictionary was the chief output of Johnson's well-stored mind during his eleven years at Gough Square. But the period comprises much else. From this house he published *The Rambler*, writing a paper regularly twice each week amidst his other strenuous tasks. He told a company at the Crown and Anchor tavern, which included Sir Joshua Reynolds, Langton, Sir William Forbes, and, of course, Boswell, that almost all his *Ramblers* were written just as they were wanted for the press; that he sent on a part of an essay, and wrote the remainder while the first portion was printing. When "copy" was required and he had fairly sat down to his task, he was sure it would be done.

During the two years that the paper lasted, never missing an issue, he was relieved of this labour in five numbers only. Richardson wrote No. 97, which enjoyed the largest circulation of all.

Dr. Johnson's wife died in Gough Square on the 17th March, 1752, and *The Rambler* forthwith ceased. Perhaps the faculty for continuous labour, to which he had disciplined himself unwillingly, had been shattered, and the note of melancholy which characterises the last number may have been due to intuition of his approaching bereavement. "Marriage has many pains, but celibacy has no pleasures," he wrote in *Rasselas*. His irritability of temperament had made him a difficult partner in married life, but his warm affection for his wife, the constant care for her well-being, and the tenderness with which he always cherished her memory stand out conspicuously in the pages of his biographers.

From Gough Square Johnson addressed his dignified letter refusing the patronage, too long delayed, of Lord Chesterfield. There, too, he was arrested in a time of need for a paltry debt

of £5 13s., which his kindly friend and neighbour, Samuel Richardson, paid. From the square he set out for Drury Lane to witness Garrick's production of his tragedy, *Irene*. One likes the story repeated by Boswell (probably apocryphal) of Johnson seated among the audience, and being dissatisfied with some of the speeches and the conduct of the play itself, expressing his disapprobation aloud. The same incident is told of La Fontaine. Johnson left Gough Square on the 23rd March, 1759, on which day he wrote to Mrs. Lucy Porter : " I have this day moved my things, and you are now to direct to me at Staple Inn, London. I am going to publish a little story book, which I will send you when it is out." The little story book was the classic *Rasselas*, written in one week, so, it is said, in order that he might meet the expenses of his mother's funeral.

Only in the latter part of last century did No. 17 cease to be a dwelling-house. Externally it stands just as it was when Maitland, in 1751, described the square as " a place lately built with very handsome houses, well inhabited by persons of fashion." How time has changed the neighbourhood ! Although the interior subsequently became a network of printing and bookbinding rooms, the house is now, with little difficulty, about to be restored to its former appearance. When Carlyle made a pilgrimage in 1832 to Gough Square, No. 17 was tenanted by a lodging-house keeper, who believed, in his innocence, that Johnson was a schoolmaster.

It is a stout, old-fashioned, oak-balustraded house ; " I have spent many a pound and penny on it since then," said the worthy landlord : " here you see, this Bedroom was the Doctor's Study ; that was the garden " (a plot of delved ground somewhat larger than a bed-quilt) " where he walked for exercise ; these three great Bedrooms " (where his copyists sat and wrote) " were the place he kept his Pupils in ! " *Tempus edax rerum !* Yet *ferox* also ; for our friend now added, with a wistful look which strove to seem merely historical, " I let it all in lodgings to respectable gentlemen ; by the quarter or month, it's all one to me." [1]

To-day the bed-quilt plot of delved ground has been built over, but stout, old-fashioned, oak-balustraded the house is still. In 1910 No. 17 Gough Square was in grave jeopardy. The passage of time had left evidence of insecurity. All the

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[1] Carlyle, *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays*.

occupants were bidden to leave. Happily those who built in the eighteenth century had done their work well, and the peril of immediate demolition was averted. At this critical juncture Lord Calthorpe, the owner of the house, died, and it was, with other property, willed away from his successor. Again its survival was imperilled. There had often been talk of the County Council taking over the charge and keeping intact this little fragment of London's old self. Then Mr. Cecil Harmsworth purchased No. 17 Gough Square, and his excellent intention is understood to be to preserve it for the public for ever as a Johnson museum in London. Fleet Street, where Johnson lived his day and joined the band of immortals, will treasure this one memorial of him.

Thread Fleet Street's restless traffic to Salisbury Square, not to be recognised as it was when Samuel Richardson lived and wrote there. He first set up as a printer in Fleet Street, having taken his freedom of the Stationers' Company, but within five years moved to Salisbury Court (not yet called the Square), and was established there for the rest of his life. That eminent author was himself responsible for some change from the old order when, in the height of his business prosperity, he pulled down a row of eight tenements to build new printing offices, and transformed his former warehouse into a residence.

Everyone was pleased, he has recorded, except his "worthy-hearted wife"; and small wonder, as the place was neither so large nor so airy as that he had quitted. *Pamela* he had written in Salisbury Court, and *Clarissa Harlowe* and *Sir Charles Grandison* were already published, and his fame was made. The worry of moving and rearrangement, he has said, diverted his thoughts from further literary projects.

Richardson's house was not demolished until 1896. It was taken in the middle of last century by the late Mr. Edward Lloyd, who there built up the fortunes of *Lloyd's Newspaper*, and that journal has penetrated into the remotest quarters of the civilised globe, printed and issued from the old building until its last days. *Lloyd's* new and more commodious offices now cover the site. So the tradition goes on.

Johnson often visited Richardson there, and in the drawing-room had a curious *rencontre* with Hogarth, who thought the Sage mad. Hogarth warmly supported the Hanoverians. He

had discussed with his host the execution of Dr. Cameron for participation in the Stuart rising of 1745. Says Nichols (*Literary Anecdotes*)—

> While he was talking he perceived a person standing at a window in the room, shaking his head and rolling himself about in a ridiculous manner. He concluded he was an idiot, whom his relations had put under the care of Mr. Richardson as a very good man. To his great surprise, however, this figure stalked forward to where he and Mr. Richardson were sitting, and all at once took up the argument, and burst into an invective against George the Second, as one who, upon all occasions, was unrelenting and barbarous; mentioning many instances, particularly that where an officer of high rank had been acquitted by a court martial, George the Second had, with his own hand, struck his name off the list. In short, he displayed such a power of eloquence that Hogarth looked at him in astonishment, and actually imagined that this idiot had been at the moment inspired. Neither Johnson nor Hogarth were made known to each other at this interview.

Richardson is a matter of temperament. Johnson revered that good man, disparaged Fielding to praise him the higher, and introduced his paper to *Rambler* readers as that of a man who "taught the passions to move at the command of virtue." Lord Macaulay's enthusiasm was such that he told Charles Greville he could almost restore *Clarissa Harlowe* if it were lost. Macaulay is said to have been Richardson's last enthusiastic reader. Lesser men than these are frankly bored with Richardson's interminable letters, and can only account for his extraordinary success in England and on the Continent by the paucity of then available prose which really touched the heart and conscience of readers.

"Why, sir," said Johnson, "if you were to read Richardson for the story, your impatience would be so great that you would hang yourself." There we are all with Johnson. The books are the man. No, I cannot warm towards Richardson. Oliver Goldsmith, provokingly senseless in all his dealings, "this idiot in the affairs of the world," as Hawkins said of him, not without reason; Samuel Johnson, overbearing, cross-tempered, ill-mannered, crushing the smaller controversialists about him as with blows from a sledge-hammer—these are men one can admire for the gold that is in them. But not this rotund little man, with his "garden of ladies," admirers all, his downcast eyes, his aggressive perfection, his vanity and smug prosperity; the man who, since a lad, had never known a day's adversity.

Large-hearted, charitable—it does not matter. Richardson had an occasional habit of concealing a half-crown among the types in his printing room, to be a reward for the conscientious workman who came early to his master's work. It is the sort of thing one would have expected of him. Richardson lies in St. Bride's Church by the side of his two wives, the grave being half-way down the centre aisle, covered with a plain stone which records only the dates of birth and death. You have to move the carpet to see the deeply-cut letters. On the opposite wall is a memorial brass of recent date. As a progenitor of the novel of the heart his memory is secure, and Salisbury Square, altered though it be, and the church, are properly places of pilgrimage. Let us be glad that others really have read Richardson, not made the shallow dips into his volumes that have sufficed for so many of us, admire his books on the shelf, in calf—in good calf—and pass on.

Gunpowder Alley is a passage away down Shoe Lane, so narrow that two people cannot enter abreast. It leads by the backs and blank side-walls of printing houses into New Street Hill. All has been rebuilt. There, in squalor and penury, perished a writer who has enriched the English language with certainly two or three of its most enduring lyrics. Lovelace stands high among the Royalist poets only because of his best work, and of that the output is small ; the rest displays careless and slovenly handling, and imagery often quite ridiculous, that it is surprising should have come from the poet who gave us *To Lucasta, going to the Wars,* three verses perfect as a flawless jewel. The romance of his life, with its cares and misfortunes and pitiful end, make Richard Lovelace a figure that will always command interest and sympathy.

He is said in youth to have been "the most amiable and beautiful person that ever eye beheld," with manners "incomparably graceful." He was early a favourite at Court. Heir to Sir William Lovelace, Knight, born to wealth, educated at the Charterhouse and Oxford, his Royalist sympathies were bred in the bone ; and the unselfish performance of public duty brought his first stroke of adversity. The county of Kent, his native shire, chose him in 1642 to deliver their famous petition to the Long Parliament, praying that King Charles might be restored to his rights, and the Government settled.

The result cannot have been unexpected. The petition was ordered to be burnt by the common hangman, and Lovelace himself was thrown into the Gatehouse at Westminster.

We who inherit his song cannot regret that seven weeks' incarceration, for there he wrote that most beautiful of English lyrics, *To Althea, from Prison*—

When love with unconfined wings
  Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
  To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
  And fettered to her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
  Know no such liberty.

—with the two last verses that have been so often read and quoted that their exquisite sweetness is apt to be lost—

When, like committed linnets, I
  With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
  And glories of my King;
When I shall voice aloud, how good
  He is, how great should be,
Enlarged winds that curl the flood
  Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
  Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
  That for a hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love,
  And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
  Enjoy such liberty.

Lovelace was liberated on £20,000 bail, but soon took up arms for the King, and joined Charles at Oxford. After that city had surrendered he escaped to France, and served in the French King's wars, but, returning to England, was again imprisoned, and gained his freedom only after King Charles had suffered on the scaffold. A brother had been slain fighting under the Royalist flag at Carmarthen. Another brother was made captive there. Wood has identified "the lady of his love" to whom Lovelace dedicated his volume of poems, collected during imprisonment, under the title of *Lucasta; Epodes, Odes, Sonnets, Songs, etc.*, as Lucy Sacheverell.

The attachment was unfortunate. Learning by false report that he had died of wounds received at Dunkirk, she had married another suitor, and the gallant young cavalier poet, his love affair wrecked, broken in fortune, "having consumed his whole patrimony in useless attempts to serve his Sovereign," fell into profound melancholy, and want brought on consumption. Anthony Wood says that he became very poor in body and purse, and was the object of charity, "went in ragged clothes (whereas, when he was in his glory, he wore cloth of gold and silver), and mostly lodged in obscure and dirty places, more befitting the worst of beggars than poorest of servants."[1]

Aubrey states that George Petty, a haberdasher of Fleet Street, carried twenty shillings to Lovelace every Monday morning from Sir —— Manny and Charles Cotton for months; but was never repaid. To Cotton, "Thou best of men and friends," the poet had dedicated his unequal verses, *The Grasshopper*. Gunpowder Alley, Shoe Lane, had in the last years of the Commonwealth become a known haunt of indigent refugees, lurking papists, and delinquents. In a poor lodging there, obscure and dirty as Wood has described, the tired soul of Lovelace passed away in April, 1658. It has been said that he was buried in old St. Bride's Church, at the west end. I find no record of the interment in the burial register, which has been well kept.

With others I must be brief. Milton was but a passer-by in Fleet Street. Long before his blindness, and when a young man, on his return from the tour in Italy, he obtained a lodging in St. Bride's Churchyard at the house of one Russell, a tailor, where he first undertook the instruction of his sister's two fatherless boys, the younger one having been committed wholly to his care. He made no long stay there, "necessity of having a place to dispose his books in, and other goods fit for the furnishing of a good handsome house, hastening him to take one; and accordingly a pretty Garden House he took in Aldersgate Street, at the end of an Entry, and therefore the fitter for his turn, by reason of the privacy, and besides that there are few streets in London more free from noise than that."[2]

[1] Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*.
[2] Philip's *Life of Milton*, 1694.

A little scandal. The poet's domestic relations were notoriously unhappy, and report asserts that while Milton was resident in St. Bride's Churchyard his first wife, Mary Powell, who was the mother of his daughters, left her husband on a visit to her family and refused to return, though afterwards relenting. Aubrey says—

> His first wife was brought up and lived where there was a great deal of company and merriment, dancing, etc., and when she came to live with her husband at Mr. Russell's in St. Bride's Churchyard, she found it very solitary; no company came to her, oftentimes heard her nephews beaten and cry; this life was irksome to her, and so she went to her parents.[1]

If the dates can be trusted, Milton's wife must have repented her marriage very early. He was wedded to Mary Powell in 1643, and in the following year is found installed at Aldersgate. It has been said by Howitt, whose authority was "an old and most respectable inhabitant of St. Bride's parish," that Milton's lodging was on the right-hand side of St. Bride's Avenue, entering from Fleet Street. It was a very small, very old, tenement, and was burned down in the calamitous fire which broke out there on the 24th November, 1824, being then occupied by a hairdresser. It was—in proof of age—without party walls and much decayed. The back part of *Punch* office occupied the site.[2] This statement can, of course, rest on nothing more substantial than tradition. The *Punch* office has now gone.

Next to those two glorious old Elizabethan timber-framed houses of Fleet Street, by Fetter Lane corner, which are now a faded memory, Michael Drayton lived—"the bay-windowed house next the east end of St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street," says Aubrey. The building must have gone long ago, for the house (No. 187) now occupying the site is itself a fairly old one, refronted. A few doors away an edition of the *Poems* was published in 1608 by John Smethwick, "under the Diall." The Earl of Dorset was the poet's patron.

Drayton was buried in 1631 in Westminster Abbey. *Sic transit gloria mundi!* A century and a quarter later Goldsmith, reading the lines on his "pious marble" in the south aisle near where Chaucer lies, which declare that his fame can never

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[1] Aubrey's *Lives of Eminent Persons: Milton.*
[2] Hutton, *Literary Landmarks of London.*

fade, professed that he had not heard the name before. And who reads Drayton now? In days when so many appeals in verse and prose are made to patriotism, his spirited *Ballad of Agincourt* is worth recalling, though it seems to have escaped the attention of anthology makers. The *Poly-olbion* is not for the general. The poet looks down upon you from his canvas in the National Portrait Gallery. It is a fine head, set off in a great white ruff, and wearing uneasily the wreath of bays with which the painter has encircled his brow.

A few good steps up Fetter Lane stood until 1892 a building which was pointed out as having been John Dryden's residence. The house, No. 16, entirely unpretentious, bore to its last days an inscription—

Here liv'd
John Dryden
Ye poet,
B. 1631—D. 1700
Glorious John!

When, or by whom, the inscribed stone was dedicated is not known. I am able to reproduce a drawing of this interesting old house, the antiquity of which was beyond question. It was built over an arched entrance to Fleur-de-Lys Court (site vacant in 1912).

There is difficulty in deciding whether, in fact, Dryden ever lived in Fetter Lane. I find nothing beyond the tradition attaching to the old house—admittedly of value, and not lightly to be set aside. It cannot be, as a recent biographer has said, that he was there from 1673 to 1682,[1] for between those particular years the parish rate-books show that John Dryden was living in Salisbury Court, "on the water side of the street."

The ten years of his residence in Salisbury Court till 1682, before the Revolution stripped Dryden of his Poet Laureateship and all his posts, marks a period of great literary activity. There he produced *Absalom and Achitophel*, a political satire (1681) directed against Shaftesbury and Buckingham, and containing some of his strongest work—perhaps,

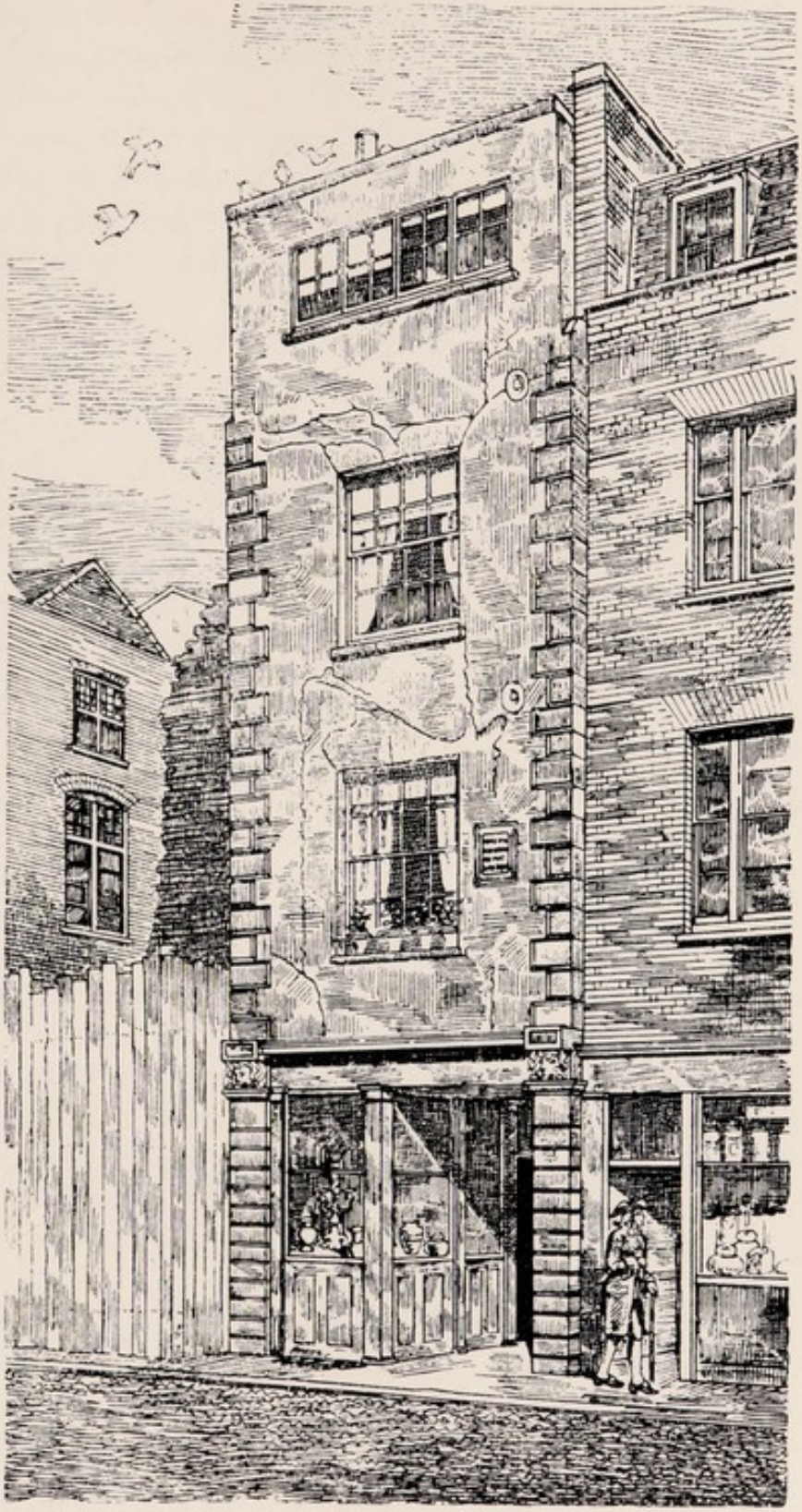
[1] *Dict. National Biography: John Dryden.* On the other hand, Professor Saintsbury (*English Men of Letters: Dryden*) writes: "I know of no reference to this [Fetter Lane] house in any book, nor does Mr. J. Churton Collins, who called my attention to it. If Dryden ever lived there, it must have been between his residence with Herringman and his marriage"—that is to say, before Dec., 1663.

with the exception of *Alexander's Feast*, the best known of all Dryden's poems to modern readers; and also *Aurenazabe* (1675), his last, and in some respects his greatest, rhymed tragedy. Other works were *Troilus and Cressida* (1679) and *The Spanish Friar* (1681), both produced at the adjacent Dorset Garden Theatre, Whitefriars; *All for Love: or The World Well Lost* (1678), a tragedy of Antony and Cleopatra; *Marriage à la Mode* (1681); with *The State of Innocence*, the last a curious rhymed dramatisation of *Paradise Lost*, which is said to have been good-naturedly, though half contemptuously, authorised by Milton himself. ("Ay! young man, you may tag my verses if you will.")

Salisbury Court has a more curious literary memory. More than ten thousand copies of the *Memoirs of Mrs. Mary Ann Clarke* were burnt there in the year 1814. The lady's name had been scandalously associated with Colonel Wardle and the Duke of York, and the outcry consequent upon her traffic in military promotions had forced his Royal Highness to resign office as Commander-in-Chief of the troops. The Duke of York must have had good cause for a suppression of the disclosures the book contained, for a term of the holocaust was that Mrs. Clarke's debts should be paid in full, and an annuity provided for her of £400 a year. The bonfire lasted three days.

I tremble to enter Chancery Lane, and pass the Temple hurriedly by. What single chapter can do more than catalogue their literary associations? And catalogues, like dictionaries, on Lamb's authority are not books. The wayfarer needs no reminder that Charles Lamb was born in Crown Office Row, rebuilt since his time. His other Temple homes in Mitre Court Buildings and Inner Temple Lane no longer exist; but Elia's delightful essays on the shaded courts and quaint old benchers of a bygone day keep fragrant the memory of the Temple as he knew it. "I thought," he wrote to Miss Wordsworth in 1817, "we never could have been torn up from the Temple. Indeed, it was an ugly wrench, but, like a tooth, now 'tis out, and I am easy! We can never strike root so deep in any other ground."

A stranger bundle of nerves and eccentricities than William Hazlitt never walked Chancery Lane. It was at No. 9 Southampton Buildings that he lodged—the house remained standing



From "The Builder"

DRYDEN'S HOUSE IN FETTER LANE
Drawn by T. E. KNIGHTLEY

until 1883—and there was involved in that strange tragi-comedy with "the Madonna-like Sarah Walker," the lodging-house keeper's daughter, with whom he fell fiercely in (and out of) love. More to my purpose than his *Liber Amoris* and the love story is the essay in *Table Talk*, wherein he re-creates for our amusement the characters who frequented the old Southampton Coffee-house off Chancery Lane a century ago. You may go to the Southampton still, on the same site two doors from the Chancery Lane corner, but unenlightened brewers have rebuilt it after their own ideal of splendour—

> Here (says Mr. Patmore) for several years Hazlitt used to hold a sort of evening levee, where after a certain hour at night (and till a very *uncertain* hour of the morning) he was always to be found, and always more or less ready to take part in that sort of desultory talk (the only thing really deserving the name of conversation) in which he excelled every man I have ever met with. Here, in that little bare and comfortless coffee-room have I scores of times seen the daylight peep through the crevices of the window-shutters, upon Table Talk that was worthy an intellectual feast of the gods.

Lamb, too, lived in Chancery Lane—the lane where, in a despairing hour, the eye of the young poet Coleridge caught sight of a placard asking for "smart lads for the Light Dragoons," and, achieving one of life's little ironies, he took the shilling and turned soldier. Sheridan fretted away part of the year 1813 in a sponging house in Took's Court, Cursitor Street, under arrest for debt. "Leviathan" Hobbes was of Fetter Lane, and Samuel Rogers of the Temple, and Locke dated his *Essay on the Human Understanding* from Dorset (Salisbury) Court—but even a catalogue would outrun my space, and these matters have been told in a hundred scattered volumes.

A reminiscence escaped notice in Gough Square, for Dr. Johnson does not entirely exhaust its interests. Hugh Kelly died there, aged only thirty-eight. He is best remembered by two phrases of Johnson's, who said of him—a very vain man—that he "was so fond of displaying on his sideboard the plate which he possessed, that he added to it his spurs." Once paying the doctor a visit, after a brief stay Kelly got up to take his leave, expressing a fear that a long call might be troublesome. Johnson rudely cut him short: "Not in the least, sir; I had forgotten that you were in the room!"

CHAPTER XIX

THE AGE OF JOHNSON

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "let us take a walk down Fleet Street."

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

LET this be nailed down at once: Dr. Johnson did not say it. The thing was inevitable. When told in confidence that I was recalling the story of the historic street, said friends to me, one and all, "Of course, you will begin with 'Sir, let us take a walk down Fleet Street,' as Dr. Johnson said"—or that with a change of but a word or two. I began to fear this was all of Johnson that bears remembrance. And the irritating thing is that it is not Johnson. Rudyard Kipling, among others, has in *Many Inventions* adopted the phrase as the Sage's. So deeply has the fiction taken root that there is no hope of extirpating it, but the culprit shall speak for himself.

The avowal is naked and unashamed.

It occurs in the *Life and Adventures of George Augustus Sala*, 1895, one of the last books that Sala published. Describing a new venture, he says—

> To this periodical I gave the name of *Temple Bar*, and from a rough sketch of mine of the old Bar, which blocked the way in Fleet Street, Mr. Percy Macquoid drew an admirable frontispiece. As a motto I *imagined* a quotation from Boswell: "And now, Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "we will take a walk down Fleet Street."[1] To the best of my knowledge and belief, Dr. Johnson never said a word about taking a walk down Fleet Street; but my innocent *supercherie* was, I fancy, implicitly believed in for at least a generation by the majority of magazine readers.

No one haunted Fleet Street more persistently than Samuel Johnson, who had so many homes there: he lived in Fetter Lane, at No. 17 Gough Square, 1 Inner Temple Lane, 7 Johnson's Court, 8 Bolt Court; with more distant excursions to Staple Inn, and, for a brief spell, Gray's Inn. He knew, and was known at, every tavern, and the company at the Mitre and the Devil heard many of his most famous sayings; but of these by and by. The fact is, that Johnson says very little

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[1] Quaintly, Sala had forgotten his own words. On the cover of *Temple Bar* the passage was printed as I have given it above.

about the street. After some industry with Boswell and an index, these are all the passages discovered—

I talked of the cheerfulness of Fleet Street, owing to the constant quick succession of people which we perceive passing through it. JOHNSON: "Why, Sir, Fleet Street has a very animated appearance, but I think the full tide of human existence is at Charing Cross."

As we walked to St. Clement's Church, I again remarked that Fleet Street was the most cheerful scene in the world. "Fleet Street (said I) is in my mind more delightful than Tempé." JOHNSON: "Ay, Sir, but let it be compared with Mull!"

We walked in the evening in Greenwich Park. He asked me, I suppose, by way of trying my disposition, "Is not this very fine?" Having no exquisite relish of the beauties of Nature, and being more delighted with "the busy hum of men," I answered, "Yes, Sir; but not equal to Fleet Street." JOHNSON: "You are right, Sir."

Johnson, visiting Scotland once only, found a great deal more than this to say, but then he had Boswell ever by him to score off. His biographer has pictured Johnson as he lived with unerring skill, and any adequate description of his life in Fleet Street could only be taken bodily from Boswell's pages. With a single reminiscence I leave the Sage rolling down the street with his awkward gait, to look into some of the courts he knew so well—

On Monday, March 19 [1781] I arrived in London, and on Tuesday, the 20th, (says Boswell) met him in Fleet Street, walking, or rather, indeed, moving along; for his peculiar march is thus described in a very just and picturesque manner, in a short life of him published very soon after his death: "When he walked the streets, what with the constant roll of his head, and the concomitant motion of his body, he appeared to make his way by that motion, independent of his feet." That he was often much stared at while he advanced in this manner, may easily be believed, but it was not safe to make sport of one so robust as he was. Mr. Langton saw him one day, in a fit of absence, by a sudden start, drive the load off a porter's back, and walk forward briskly, without being conscious of what he had done. The porter was very angry, but stood still, and eyed the huge figure with much earnestness, till he was satisfied that his wisest course was to be quiet, and take up his burden again.

Our accidental meeting in the street, after a long separation, was a pleasing surprise to us both. He stepped aside with me into Falcon Court, and made kind inquiries about my family; and, as we were in a hurry going different ways, I promised to call on him next day; he said he was engaged to go out in the morning. "Early, Sir?" said I. JOHNSON: "Why, Sir, a London morning does not go with the sun."

Johnson for many reasons seems near to us, and his age is one in which we take some pride. And human heads were stuck over Temple Bar ! Passing beneath one day, Goldsmith, knowing his companion's Jacobite leanings, directed Johnson's attention to them, slyly whispering a phrase from Ovid that the doctor had himself used an hour before, while together they were surveying the tombs in Poets' Corner at Westminster Abbey—

> " *Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis.*"
> (Perhaps some day our names may mix with *theirs*.)

The savagery of justice continued long after refinement in other matters. Wren made no protest against this misuse of his architectural embellishment of the street—stone effigies of kings and queens raised in their honour below, and the ghastly dismembered relics of subjects impaled and rotting above. Nor does the incongruity seem to have troubled anyone.

The Rye House Plot brought the first trophy to the Golgotha at Wren's Temple Bar in 1684, that of Sir Thomas Armstrong. It was the fore-quarter, placed there after being boiled in pitch at Newgate ; the remainder of the body, save the head, which went over Westminster Hall, was, with a nice distinction of nastiness, sent for exposure at Stafford, which town the victim had represented in Parliament. Eleven years later two heads of conspirators against William the Third, Sir John Friend and one Parkyns, kept the mouldering relic company. Other heads to be hoisted on the spikes above the City's gateway were those of Major Joseph Sullivan, who had enlisted men for the service of the Pretender in 1715 ; Christopher Layer, a Jacobite barrister deeply concerned in the Atterbury Plot of 1722 ; and Colonel Francis Towneley and Fletcher, his fellow officer in the rebellion of '45. The last head exposed on Temple Bar was blown down by the wind in March, 1772. A barrister of the Inner Temple, using the pen-name of Bonel, has written a book about them all, with the title *The City Golgotha*.

A wretched man, his brain apparently turned by loyalty, was arrested before daybreak on the morning of the 20th January, 1766, as he was firing musket bullets at the two heads then remaining on Temple Bar. Each bullet found upon him was wrapped in paper bearing the mysterious motto, " *Eripuit*

ille vitam." It was not until last century that the impaling spikes were removed.

In and about Fleet Street Johnson lived for forty years, and its character in his age was that which lasted throughout the eighteenth century. As he found the street, so he left it; a few years after began the great change. Occasionally to-day the wayfarer in the winding courts on the north side is brought up sharply by the sight of an old City merchant's dwelling-house that arrests attention, evidently built in the days of Queen Anne or the early Georges, or perhaps dating back to the previous century—now, I am sorry to say, very few in number. There are two such houses at the top of Red Lion Court, still bearing a sculptured sign on the front, occupied by Messrs. Taylor and Francis, the well-known printers of scientific publications, and before them by Valpy, publisher of the Delphin Classics. The interiors have stout oak staircases with twisted rails, panelled walls, and figured plaster ceilings of great beauty —oddly out of keeping with the frames and presses and general disorder of a printing establishment that now cover the floors. Another old house, refronted, but preserving its original oak staircase, is in Johnson's Court. Dr. Lettsom's house stands in Bolt Court. One of the best examples surviving of the style of building immediately after the Great Fire is No. 4 Crane Court, occupied by Messrs. Whelpton, which bears the date 1671 upon its front.

What do these here; in the City, but away from its business; close by the highway, yet sheltered and shut out from all noise? They are all that remain to tell that this was for well-nigh a century and a half a favoured area for residence. Dr. Johnson, once having tasted its joys, never moved far away. Only at the commencement of the nineteenth century trade pushed its way up from Fleet Street through the narrow openings, elbowing away the last of the City dwellers. The Fire of London drove out various trades, and those who followed them settled in new quarters beyond the Liberties. But there were many left who combined a liking for City life with a taste for peace and quietness; it had been a tradition of centuries that the London merchant should live over his shop, and the bond which linked him with the City was not to be broken at once even by disaster so complete as the Great Fire.

After the Fire came a transformation, slowly, in what had

been a network of filthy, dark, and unpaved alleys, hemmed in by tottering wooden houses, when first laid out in the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First. True, some alleys remained little altered, if at all, in character, as the wardmote inquests testify, but most were in rebuilding reformed beyond recognition. Look into Racquet Court, entered by a narrow opening and gate almost at the foot of Fleet Street, north side. It is built round with some beautiful old dwelling-houses of the early eighteenth or possibly late seventeenth centuries, and is trim, orderly, well-paved. This is a bit of Johnson's London still left to us, standing at the edge of Fleet Street's busy tide of traffic. In this quiet court on the 3rd February, 1721, Thomas Wicks killed Dennis Connel in a duel.[1]

Lured by the magic of a name, the explorer in Dr. Johnson's footsteps will search out Johnson's Court, Fleet Street. It pleased the Sage's fancy to write himself, in Scottish form, "Johnson of that Ilk," but the court was so named, not after him, but, as already said, another and lesser Johnson. It is a curious fragmentary place, opening in part into a tiny paved square, and then, by an exit tunnelled through a house, leading out to an exterior passage. His house, No. 7, to which he moved in 1765, remaining there eleven years, was at the eastern end of the little square. It has been swept away in memory, and an extension of the rear premises of Anderton's Hotel covers the site, but I have obtained for reproduction a print dating back nearly a century ago.

Close at hand is Bolt Court, hallowed ground to all Johnsonians and true *habitués* of Fleet Street, for this was Samuel Johnson's last home. His break with the widowed Mrs. Thrale took place while he was there, but before Henry Thrale's death he was a good deal at Streatham, never failing to come once a week to visit the extraordinary company of pensioners whom, in his abounding charity, he maintained at No. 8 Bolt Court. The blind poetess, Miss Williams, had been among his earliest dependents. "He nursed," said Mrs. Thrale in her superfluous style, "*whole nests* of people in his house, where the lame, the blind, the sick and the sorrowful always found a sure retreat from all the evils whence his little income could secure them; and commonly spending the middle of the week

[1] Noble, *Memorials of Temple Bar*, p. 120.



HOUSES IN RED LION COURT

Messrs. Taylor & Francis's premises, built shortly after the Great Fire of London

Drawn by T. R. Way

at our house, he kept his numerous family in Fleet Street upon a settled allowance; but returned to them every Saturday to give them three good dinners and his company before he came back to us on the Monday night, treating them with the same, or perhaps more, ceremonious civility, than he would have done by as many people of fashion."

From Bolt Court Johnson wrote to Mrs. Thrale, on her union with Piozzi, that rough letter to which she replied with dignity worthy of Johnson himself—

Madam,

If I interpret your letter right, you are ignominiously married: if it is yet undone, let us once more talk together. If you have abandoned your children and your religion, God forgive your wickedness; if you have forfeited your fame and your country, may your folly do no further mischief. If the last act is yet to do, I, who have loved you, esteemed you, reverenced you, and served you, I, who long thought you the first of woman-kind, entreat that, before your fate is irrevocable, I may once more see you.

I was, I once was, Madam, most truly yours,

SAM. JOHNSON.

July 2, 1784.

The house, for which Dr. Johnson paid £40 rental to Allen, the printer, was at the head of the court. It had a garden at the back, larger than the "bed-quilt plot" in Gough Square, which the old man took delight in watering. "I have three bunches of grapes on the vine in my garden," he wrote to Mrs. Thrale. She visited him there after the rupture. A room on the ground floor was assigned to Miss Williams, and the whole of the second floor was made a repository for his books, one of the rooms thereon being his study.[1]

His was a great courtesy (if somewhat awkward). Mrs. Siddons called upon him at Bolt Court, and his servant Frank Barber, bustling about, could not immediately provide her with a chair. "You see, Madam," said Johnson, "wherever you go there are no seats to be got!"

Miss Reynolds tells this anecdote of Johnson—

He particularly piqued himself upon his nice observance of ceremonious punctilios towards ladies. A remarkable instance of this was his never suffering any lady to walk from his house to her carriage through Bolt Court, unattended by himself to hand her into it; and if any obstacle prevented it from driving off, there he would stand by

[1] Sir J. Hawkins' *Life of Johnson*, p. 530.

the door of it, and gather a mob around him; indeed, they would begin to gather the moment he appeared handing the lady down the steps into Fleet Street. Sometimes he exhibited himself at the distance of eight or ten doors from Bolt Court to get at the carriage, to the no small diversion of the populace.[1]

It was at No. 8 Bolt Court that Samuel Rogers, the banker poet, when a young man, went to see Dr. Johnson, and show him some of his juvenile poems. Rogers knocked at the door, but courage failing him, he scuttled away down the court, fearing to face the dreaded but warm-hearted dictator of letters.

There this great man, who was so frankly afraid of death, made his peaceful end, the 13th December, 1784. "I will take no more physic," he said, "not even my opiates; for I have prayed that I may render up my soul to God unclouded." His was the most commanding figure of Fleet Street. Of all men whom we have never seen, Johnson is the man whom we know best. Above all else, he was a great Englishman. No foreigner can appreciate Johnson; can hope to understand the Englishman's affection for Johnson. He is not for the world, but is in a singular measure entirely our own.

Of late years this whole neighbourhood has been shattered by unceasing rebuilding. As I write all one side of Bolt Court save a single house—and that a noteworthy one—is down, and piles of *débris* at the head of the court alone mark where, since 1858, stood the headmaster's house of the Stationers' Company School (last used as the London County Council School of Engraving) and the school premises at the rear. Among this *débris* somewhere may be found the site of Johnson's last home. Later tenants were the Rev. Mr. Stockdale, the Rev. Mr. Moir,[2] and Copley, a tailor. The building reverted to Bensley, Allen's successor in the printing business in Bolt Court, and a fire in November, 1807, nearly burnt out Johnson's rooms. A second fire, on the 26th June, 1819, destroyed them entirely.

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[1] Wheatley's *London Past and Present*, i, 216.

[2] This divine, an impecunious Presbyterian minister, "with a sickly wife and numerous increasing family, who are all with him in the house inhabited by the late Dr. S. Johnson in Bolt Court, which Mr. M. took with the hope of letting it out in lodgings."—(*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1778.)

James Ferguson, the self-taught Scottish astronomer, lived at No. 4 in the court, and died there in November, 1776.

Nothing of note is left of Bolt Court save No. 3. This picturesque eighteenth-century building is quite unspoilt. It was the residence of Dr. John Coakley Lettsom, who, in 1787, settled the Medical Society of London there.[1] In 1790 he gave the house, which was his freehold, to the council; his other benefactions to the society, of which he was a founder and three times president, included funds and a library of books. The society remained there until 1850, and one of the treasured possessions at their present premises in Chandos Street, Cavendish Square, is a painting by Medley of a meeting of the council in Bolt Court, at which Dr. Lettsom, a tall, spare figure, is presenting the title-deeds. The canvas contains twenty-two portraits of medical men.

Lettsom is recalled by Johnsonians as a guest at the dinner at Dilly's at which Boswell introduced John Wilkes to Johnson, when Wilkes, by constant and judicious attention to the Sage, overcame his strong prejudices. (Johnson: "Sir, it is not so much to be lamented that Old England is lost, as that the Scotch have found it.") Dr. Lettsom, who was a Quaker, became the most popular and fashionable physician in London of his day, with an immense practice. He was a member of many learned societies, and wrote on a variety of subjects outside his profession, most of this work, as well as his private letters, being accomplished while he was driving about to see his patients. His prescriptions were always signed with the old-fashioned initial, "I. Lettsom," whence an epigram, given in many forms—

> If any folk applies to I,
> I blisters, bleeds, and sweats 'em;
> If after that they please to die,
> Well, then—I Lettsom.

The rhyme does violence to the true character of a most humane and generous man. The Medical Society of London has enrolled in its ranks all the distinguished physicians in the capital for upwards of a century, and honours the memory of

[1] The Medical Society of London was founded in 1773, and the first mention in the minutes of "the new house in Bolt Court" occurs in 1787. They had previously met in Crane Court, in premises the lease of which expired in February, 1788.

its most illustrious founder by the Lettsomian Lectures delivered in its theatre. It still owns the old house in Bolt Court. Over the entrance is the society's emblematical tablet, placed there by Lettsom himself. A ribbon bears the name. The central figure, standing in front of a pyramid, is the Isis of Sais, the revealer of the secrets of Nature, who presided over medicine; having discovered the virtue of healing plants, she is said to have invented it. The Sphinx and the coiled serpent on either side of her represent eternity. Within the circle beneath is an inscription in worn Greek capitals, which translated reads: "I am whatever is, or has been, or will be, and no mortal has hitherto drawn aside my veil."

But for a deplorable fire so recently as 1877, the pilgrim to Fleet Street's shrines would as a first duty make for Crane Court, the first below Fetter Lane. A house stood there which had been erected by Nicholas Barebone in 1670, four years after the destruction of London, filling up the far end of the court. Though almost entirely rebuilt, Crane Court retains a Georgian stamp. It is a long "close," reached by a passage between the shops, which affords the only entrance and exit. In Johnson's age this was considered "a very handsome, open place, graced with good buildings, well inhabited by persons of repute."[1]

The house at the head of Crane Court was once the residence of Dr. Edward Browne, a gifted physician of William the Third's reign, a traveller and a writer; eldest son of a yet more gifted father, Sir Thomas Browne, of Norwich, author of the *Religio Medici*. It had associations more noteworthy than these, for over the long period of seventy years it was the home of the Royal Society, in the early part of which time Sir Isaac Newton was president. The Society had met on sufferance at Gresham College before they came into Fleet Street in 1710.

Newton conducted the move in somewhat imperious manner. This was then the largest house in Crane Court, and being purchased for £1,450, made the first home actually owned by the Royal Society. The council recommended Crane Court as "being in the middle of the town, out of the noise," and "very convenient for the society." It is of interest to recall that right through the eighteenth century the Royal Society's house had

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[1] Maitland's *London*, 1751.

a good garden on its north front, 42 ft. by 27 ft.; this would have been nearly twice as large but for space taken by coach-house and stables.

Yet there were many malcontents, one of whom published a protesting pamphlet. "The approach to it, I confess," says he, "is very fair and handsome, through a long court; but then they have no more property in this than in the street before it; and in a heavy rain a man can hardly escape being thoroughly wet through before he can pass through it." The joint brain of the Royal Society had not by 1710 invented the umbrella. On meeting nights, by Newton's order, a lamp was hung above the entrance to the court from Fleet Street.

Sir Isaac Newton presided over the first meeting of the Royal Society in Crane Court on the 8th November, 1710, and at every subsequent gathering, with rare occasions of absence, until his death in 1727. The Society's library and repository were moved there, the latter afterwards going to the British Museum. There is a print of the room in Mr. Weld's *History of the Royal Society*. It was long, low, narrow, by no means an imposing apartment. The president sat at a green baize table with his back to the fireplace, the two secretaries beside him, a silver-gilt mace in front—the last a Royal gift by Charles the Second. A few morocco-covered chairs, and wooden benches rising in tiers along the room, accommodated the fellows, who took their places haphazard.

Our forefathers rose early. While Newton ruled the Royal Society its anniversary meetings were at 9 a.m., followed by a midday dinner. This, since 1746, was taken at The Devil tavern in Fleet Street. The Royal Society Club, still, like the parent, happily flourishing, was founded in Crane Court, and dined at The Mitre; the charge one shilling and sixpence, a pint of wine also to be ordered. The Presidents of the Royal Society while in Crane Court were Sir Isaac Newton, Sir Hans Sloane, Mr. Martin Folkes, the Earl of Macclesfield, the Earl of Morton, Mr. James Burrow, Mr. James West, Sir John Pringle, and last, Sir Joseph Banks. It was of Pringle, really a worthy man, that a wit of his day wrote—

> So when o'er Crane Court's philosophic gods,
> The Jove-like majesty of Pringle nods,
> If e'er he chance to wake in Newton's chair
> He "wonders how the devil he came there!"

The long story of scientific achievement in the seventy years to 1780, when the Society migrated to Somerset House, must be read elsewhere.

In the year they came to Crane Court a regrettable incident disturbed the philosophers' calm. The Fellows expelled Dr. Woodward. Sir Hans Sloane was reading a paper when Woodward made some grossly insulting remarks, of which Sloane complained, moreover asserting that Woodward had often affronted him by making grimaces. It was urged in the delinquent's favour that he was a good natural philosopher. Sir Isaac Newton observed that in a Fellow of the Royal Society they expected a good moral philosopher as well.

Dr. Woodward, a strangely irascible person, had made himself notorious by fighting a duel with Dr. Mead under the gate of Gresham College, the quarrel arising from a difference of opinion on medical treatment. Woodward's foot slipped and he fell. "Take your life!" exclaimed Mead. "Anything but your physic!" replied Woodward.

The Philosophical Society of London rented the house in Crane Court when the Royal Society left, and in the discussion room Coleridge delivered in 1819–20 his course of twelve lectures on Shakespeare. Afterwards came the Scottish Hospital, which, reincorporated as the Scottish Corporation, still has the site. Although other alterations were necessarily made, the great room was reverently preserved exactly as when Newton presided there until, on the 14th November, 1877, the entire building was destroyed by fire.[1] The new and larger premises thereafter erected stand both in Crane Court and Fleur-de-Lys Court.

London Scots are rightly proud of their Scottish Hospital. It is three centuries old, its origin being found at the bottom of a certain "Scottish Box," out of which relief was dispensed early in the reign of James the First to the less fortunate of the crowds of Scotsmen who followed that monarch to London. Charles the Second recognised the beneficent work done in the Plague year by granting a charter. A hospital—in the old sense of the word—was built by Fleet Ditch; but the exiles showed no liking for what was substantially a workhouse three hundred miles from home. Reincorporated by George the

[1] H. B. Wheatley, *London Past and Present*, i, 471.

Third, the Society has since dispensed its abundant charity entirely amongst pensioners of Scottish nationality in distressed circumstances in and about London, and in relief of casual poverty. No philanthropic agency has done more laudable work: incidentally this illustrates an unexpected phase in the natural history of a Scotsman, for in each year's accounts sums appear spent on returning compatriots North.

The Society of Arts first met in Crane Court in 1754, and awarded their chief prize of £15 to Cosway, then a boy of fifteen, afterwards to become the fashionable miniature painter. Other associations of Crane Court have been recalled by Mr. Timbs. In the first house on the right lived Dryden Leach, the printer, who, in 1763, was arrested on a general warrant, upon suspicion of having printed there Wilkes's *North Briton*, No. 45. Leach was taken out of bed at night, his papers were seized, and even his journeymen printers apprehended, the only foundation for the arrest being hearsay that Wilkes had been seen going into the house. Already Wilkes had been sent to the Tower for the "No. 45." After much litigation he obtained a verdict of £4,000, and Leach £300 damages from three of the King's messengers who had executed the illegal warrant.

The saintly William Romaine was instituted to a double lectureship at St. Dunstan's in 1749, succeeding Dr. Terrick, appointed Bishop of London; and there, surviving an early period of storm, he preached for forty-six years till his death at an advanced age in 1795. The lectureship was a feature of peculiar strength in the eighteenth century, wedged immovably in the Church's life, as many of these offices were endowed, and election rendered the occupant independent of his rector or vicar.

Romaine's learning made him the central figure in the evangelical movement, and possessing a winning personality and eloquence of a homely stamp, he brought to St. Dunstan's people who had never before been seen in a place of worship. The doors were besieged, and after all seats were filled throngs stood to listen to him.

The parishioners complained. They had, they said, to force a way to their pews, through "a ragged, unsavoury multitude," "squeezing, shoving, panting, riding on one another's backs." This was after some years during which Romaine had quietly exercised his office. The rector and churchwardens sided with

the protesting parishioners. The rector, disputing the lecturer's right, himself sat in the pulpit while prayers were in progress, in order to prevent Romaine occupying it. Protests were unavailing, and unseemly scenes continued until the matter went to the Court of King's Bench in 1762. Lord Mansfield's decision deprived Romaine of his parish lectureship, supported by voluntary contributions, but confirmed him in that founded by Dr. White, a former rector of St. Dunstan's, for the use of the benchers of the Temple, and endowed with a salary of £18 a year. Lest this should be removed from the parish, the use of the church was granted.

The churchwardens decided that having won at law, Romaine should have the letter of the law. Lord Mansfield's judgment held that seven o'clock in the evening was a convenient time for the lecture. Until the clock struck the hour, they refused to open the church. The judgment gave Romaine no light. They refused in the months when daylight failed to light the church, and frequently the lecturer read prayers and preached by the aid of a single candle held in his hand, his congregation, densely packed, being invisible in the gloom below the pulpit. The doors being shut until the precise moment fixed for the lecture, the congregation assembled outside, waiting for admission, obstructing all who sought to pass along Fleet Street, there at its narrowest neck.

It chanced one evening that among the passers-by was Dr. Terrick. Observing the crowd at the closed door, he inquired the cause, and was told that it was Mr. Romaine's audience. The bishop intervened with the rector and churchwardens, and obtained the concession for the lecturer and his hearers that the service should begin at six o'clock, that the doors be opened in proper time, and that lights be provided for the winter season. About that period Romaine obtained by election the living of St. Anne's, Blackfriars, with St. Andrew by the Wardrobe (a new gallery had to be made to accommodate his vast congregation), but he retained his lectureship, and one evening each week preached at St. Dunstan's till the end of his life. His last sermon was at St. Dunstan's. The church was hung in black at the funeral.[1]

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[1] Works of the late Rev. William Romaine, M.A., 1796, vii, 27 *et seq.* St. Dunstan's vestry minutes.

Dr. Johnson, always dogmatic, had said in 1776: "The characteristic of our own Government at present is imbecility. The magistrates dare not call out the Guards for fear of being hanged. The Guards will not come for fear of being given up to the blind rage of the populace." This gloomy judgment on the position of affairs was largely justified when, four years later, the Gordon Riots broke out, and the mob held possession of the streets, burning and pillaging, with a tale of dead that excels all other London riots—285 persons were killed by musket fire or died of wounds, and 173 wounded prisoners were left in the hands of the troops. This was the official return, but the actual casualties are believed to have exceeded 700.

I pass over a great deal to come at once to "Black Wednesday," the 7th June, 1780. Picture Fleet Street in wholesome alarm, after London had five days' experience of mob law. Every shop had been shut and barred, while those apprehensive of looting crouched within. On doors and windows "No Popery!" was chalked, in hope of assuaging the fury of the insurgents. Bits of blue silk, by way of flags, hung out at most of the houses. Even the Jews in Houndsditch, seized with the universal panic, had made the phrase ridiculous by writing on their shop-fronts, "This house is a true Protestant!" A man rode down Fleet Street, openly demanding money under threats. That last and most dreadful day of the rioting culminated in thirty-six fires blazing in different quarters of the town, all to be seen from one spot.

At length the authorities had been thoroughly roused, and London and Westminster placed under martial law.

About one o'clock on Wednesday morning the mob, frenzied by their success in burning Newgate, swarmed down upon the Fleet Prison. The Warden of the Fleet attempted no resistance. The rioters, overrunning the gaol, were proceeding to demolish it when the prisoners for debt begged that they might have time to remove their goods. To this the leaders consented, and the mob marched away and dispersed, notifying that they would return the same evening to burn down the building. All that day the prisoners, given their liberty, were engaged in carrying out their belongings to places of security.[1]

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[1] *Narrative of the Proceedings of Lord George Gordon*, etc., 1780. (Tracts, 1032, British Museum.)

As evening approached the mob scattered about the town drew in towards the City to fulfil their prearranged programme. At six o'clock the rioters, swollen to a body of huge dimensions, attacked a detachment of Guards drawn up in Fleet Street, and not giving them time to load, were repelled by the bayonet. At this point twenty men fell, and thirty-five were wounded and taken to hospital, two of whom died immediately. The Guards had three in the ranks wounded, and also a young officer named Majoribanks. Lord Amherst had been placed in command of all the troops in London. A footman told that eminent gossip of City news, Horace Walpole, that late that night, as he was on a message to Lord Amherst, he saw the Guards return to barracks, their bayonets steeped in blood.[1]

The mob met with more success at Blackfriars Bridge. They raided the toll-boxes with the sole object of plunder, all distinction of Protestant and Catholic having been forgotten in the general desire for pillage and destruction, and, breaking them open, carried off bushels of halfpence, which fell about the streets. The pay-boxes were then lighted in a bonfire, fed and kept going by any combustible material that could be seized from neighbouring houses. The troops fired, and there was more loss of life. Bodies of the dead, and it was feared of some only wounded, were thrown into the Thames by the rioters as they ran. One man who was shot here ran thirty yards before he dropped, his steps being traced by splashes of blood on the pavement.[2]

These were, however, but the outskirts of the central area of tumult in Fleet Market, at that time a great open space, long and wide, the floor littered with the stalls and wooden shanties of the market people. The high wall of Fleet Prison had faced the market since the ditch had been covered up. Fires blazed on three sides. North, where Holborn descended at Snow Hill to cross the Fleet, Langdale's distillery stores had been set alight. Dickens has described the hideous orgies there most realistically in some famous pages of *Barnaby Rudge*. Flames on both sides of the road closed in the view. South were the bonfires at Blackfriars Bridge ; and on the east, with a shouting, fighting, surging mob below, flame shot out from

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[1] Walpole's *Letters* : To Countess of Ossory, June 9, 1780.
[2] *Annual Register*, 1780.

the Fleet Prison, and dense volumes of smoke, drifting across the town, joined in one black cloud with the smoke issuing from the burning King's Bench Prison and the New Bridewell in St. George's Fields, and the Borough Clink in Tooley Street, all four being on fire simultaneously.

Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, having dined in the West End that night, came down to Holborn about ten o'clock. I give his description of the unparalleled scene—

I would in vain attempt adequately to describe the spectacle which presented itself when we reached the declivity of the hill, close to St. Andrew's Church. The other house and magazines of Mr. Langdale situated in the hollow near the north end of Fleet Market, threw up into the air a pinnacle of flame resembling a volcano. Such was the beautiful and brilliant effect of the illumination that St. Andrew's Church appeared to be almost scorched by the heat of so prodigious a body of fire ; and the figures on the clock were as distinctly perceptible as at noon-day. It resembled, indeed, a tower rather than a private building, in a state of conflagration. . . . The wind did not, however, augment its rage on this occasion, for the night was serene and the sky unclouded, except when it became obscured by the volumes of smoke, which from time to time produced a temporary darkness.

The mob, which completely blocked up the whole street in every part, in all directions, prevented our approaching within fifty or sixty yards of the building. Troops, either horse or foot, we still saw none ; nor, indeed, in the midst of this combination of tumult, terror, and violence, had the ordinary police ceased to continue their functions. While we stood by the wall of St. Andrew's Church, a watchman, with his lanthorn in his hand, passed us calling the hour, as if in a time of profound tranquillity.

Finding it altogether impracticable to force our way further down Holborn Hill, and hearing that the Fleet Prison had been set on fire, we penetrated through a number of narrow lanes, and presently found ourselves in the middle of Fleet Market. Here the same destruction raged, but in a different stage of progress. Mr. Langdale's houses were already at the height of their demolition : the Fleet Prison, on the contrary, was only beginning to blaze, and the sparks or flaming particles that filled the air fell so thick upon us on every side as to render unsafe its immediate vicinity. Meanwhile we began to hear the platoons discharged on the other side of the river, towards St. George's Fields ; and were informed that a considerable number of rioters had been killed on Blackfriars Bridge, which was occupied by the troops.

On approaching it we beheld the King's Bench Prison completely wrapped in flames. It exhibited a sublime sight, and we might be said there to stand in a central point, from whence London offered on every side, before as well as behind us, the picture of a city sacked and abandoned to a ferocious enemy. The shouts of the populace, the cries of the women, the crackling of the fires, the blaze reflected in

the stream of the Thames, and the irregular firing which was kept up both in St. George's Fields as well as towards the quarter of the Mansion House and the Bank—all these sounds or images combined left scarcely anything for the imagination to supply.[1]

Four of the prisoners liberated from Newgate were condemned felons who were to have been hanged next morning. One of these was shot dead at the head of a group of rioters. Through the dense multitude that filled Fleet Market, a way was forced for a fire-engine of the simple and ineffectual type then known to be brought up to play upon the burning Fleet Prison. Before it could be got to work the people cut the pipes and tossed them contemptuously into the flames. The engine itself, quickly wrecked, went the same way. The soldiers again fired on the mob, which broke in confusion, leaving many dead and wounded.

A curious incident occurred. Seated on the roof of the market house were four men and lads, who refused to come down when ordered by the officer commanding the troops. Thereupon the soldiers discharged their muskets into them from the front and at each side, and all four fell prone and apparently dead. It seemed impossible that any could have escaped.

After a considerable time, while the fires went on crackling and blazing unchecked, one of the number, a lad, was observed to raise his head a little, and instantly clap it down again and lie still. This manœuvre he repeated two or three times; then, gaining courage, he ventured to slide down from the roof, and ran away with great celerity. All his companions had been shot dead instantly, and himself shamming death, he had lain between the corpses. In the pockets of one of these victims, a boy chimney-sweep of about sixteen, were found forty gold guineas.[2]

Fears that the soldiers would not fire on the people were falsified by the excellent discipline they maintained. Without water and appliances, however, nothing effectual could be done to subdue the fires which shed a lurid glare over so many parts of London. Fleet Prison was before midnight a roaring

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[1] Wraxall's *Historical Memoirs*, i, 322–24.

[2] William Vincent's *Narrative of the late Disturbances in London and Westminster*, 1780, p. 35. (The author was Thomas Holcroft, using this pseudonym.)

furnace, and the flames spread to adjoining premises. Langdale's involved other property at the upper end of the market in disaster. Some houses in Shoe Lane and in Fetter Lane were burnt; Barnard's Inn narrowly escaped. Horace Walpole saw Fleet Market framed on three sides with fire, which united in one blaze.[1] Brasbridge, a Fleet Street silversmith, climbed to the top of St. Bride's steeple, but live flakes from the burning Fleet Prison reached even that great height, and compelled him to descend. The fires burnt themselves out during the night. And to make the weird scene yet more impressive, as darkness fell the whole of the metropolis had been brightly illuminated as if at carnival. Lights appeared at nearly every window, the rioters having ordered all Protestants to light up, under threats to demolish any house not so distinguished.

The burial registers of St. Bride's record the interment of " a chimney-sweep " and " a man," the names of both unknown, shot at the burning of the Fleet.

Little remained to be done on Thursday, organised resistance having ceased. It was computed that the total amount of the debts of prisoners set free from the Fleet exceeded £200,000, and those of the King's Bench debtors £500,000. The unhappy debtors had little to gain by liberty. Fifty from the Fleet Prison at once surrendered themselves to the Warden. The protection they had enjoyed within the walls or when living in the rules was extended to them until proper accommodation and restraint could be found, provided they continued their several employments, and appeared once each day at an appointed place near the dismantled gaol.

From one public personage in particular the authorities received valued and patriotic assistance, and its acceptance must have caused some little heart-burning. John Wilkes was alderman of Farringdon Without. He had fought the highest powers of the land successfully in a fierce and bitter contest that was unjustly forced upon him, and he had been the pretext, if not the instigation, of the last great riots in London in 1769, when blood was freely spilt. Yet no one took a more distinguished and courageous part than Wilkes in suppressing the Gordon riots. All day, while the disorder lasted, he

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[1] Letter to Earl of Strafford, June 12, 1780.

sat as alderman at The Globe tavern in Fleet Street, examining and committing to gaol rioters brought before him, leaving the tavern only to make a personal tour of the ward to see that all was safe. Mr. Deputy Thorpe, landlord of The Globe, also took a conspicuous part, forming a watch for St. Bride's, with which he patrolled the entire parish every hour. The barristers of the Temple armed themselves, and kept guard within their gates.[1]

Lord George Gordon was indicted for high treason. The prosecution failed, but he died miserably some years later in Newgate Gaol (then rebuilt), a State prisoner charged with a libel on Marie Antoinette. The fanaticism was fed by such stuff as appeared in an infamous paper published in Fleet Street called *The Scourge*, the proprietor of which, early in the week of rioting, thought the opportunity favourable for deepening the purple even of his own lurid pages, and issued the following handbill—

ENGLAND IN BLOOD!

On Thursday morning the 8th inst. at nine o'clock will be published in one sheet and a half, folio, price only threepence, by C. Thompson, No. 159, Fleet Street,

THE THUNDERER

Addressed to Lord George Gordon, and the glorious Protestant Association; shewing the necessity of their persevering and being united as One Man against the infernal designs of the Ministry, to overturn the religious and civil liberties of this country in order to introduce Popery and Slavery. In this paper will be given a full account of the bloody tyrannies, persecutions, plots, and inhuman butcheries exercised on the professors of the Protestant religion in England by the see of Rome, together with the names of the martyrs, and their sufferings; highly necessary to be read at this important moment by every Englishman who loves his God and Country. To which will be added, some reasons why the few misguided people now in Confinement for destroying the Romish Chapels should not suffer, and the dreadful consequences of an attempt to bring them to punishment.

If with Johnson's contemporaries I include some who came after, what matter: how shall time count in the shades? Over the shop-fronts in Fleet Street may still be found a name or two linking the roaring highway of to-day with its more quiet self in the late eighteenth century. Next door to *The Daily*

[1] *Narrative*, etc. (Tracts, 1032, British Museum), pp. 44–6, 55.

Telegraph are the premises of Troughton and Simms. William Simms entered the partnership in 1826, but Edward Troughton, founder of the famous firm of scientific instrument makers, was working there while Johnson was at No. 7 Johnson's Court, and shifted his London home finally to Bolt Court.

Troughton came into Fleet Street in 1770. What man should claim more worthily a place in memory than he who, from out his shop at No. 136, gave to science and to navigation some of the most useful instruments ever placed at their service? The first modern transit-circle was his. The one he built for the Royal Observatory in 1812, preserved as an honoured relic in the transit room, for forty years gave us Greenwich time, and fixed for British astronomy the positions of the fundamental stars. Troughton's sextants were long in almost exclusive use. He it was who suggested the substitution of spider lines for wires in micrometers, where for delicate measurements the finest taut thread obtainable is required; he invented, in 1788, the double-framed sextant; he devised the dipsector, and made improvements in many other instruments of precision the mere names of which would unnerve the layman.

Of the man himself, whose life was his work, there is little to tell, and this is not the place for a list of his scientific honours. A solitary bachelor, he died at an advanced age in 1835.

The late Miss Agnes Clerke, in biographical notice of Troughton, says that towards the last he was seldom absent from his dingy back parlour at 136 Fleet Street, where he sat with a huge ear-trumpet in hand (he was deaf and colour-blind), wearing clothes stained with snuff, and a soiled wig. In manner he was blunt and outspoken, in person slovenly. He took particular pains to meet the requirements of seamen. "Your fancies can wait," he would say to importunate customers, "their necessaries cannot."[1] There is an excellent marble bust of Troughton by Sir Francis Chantrey at the Royal Observatory.

In the window of a tobacconist's shop, No. 146 Fleet Street, at the corner of Wine Office Court, may be seen exhibited an interesting old metal plate, painted with a ship in full sail and an exaggerated star. It is the sign of the Ship and Star, established in 1700. The shop has been kept by the brothers

[1] *Dict. of National Biography:* Edward Troughton.

Radford longer than the oldest Fleet Street *habitué* can remember, and by their father before them. They possess the sign as the successors of William Hoare, who, the plate tells, was the only apprentice of John Hardham. Now Hardham, though perhaps forgotten, and still more Hardham's "No. 37" snuff, were famous in long-distant days of perukes and canes and enamelled snuff-boxes.

It was Hardham who, in his shop at No. 106 Fleet Street, first began the practice of numbering snuffs, and "No. 37" was a brand particularly favoured. Many curious people have puzzled their brains about the origin of "No. 37," though it was possibly merely the number of the drawer from which this snuff was taken. David Garrick, an old friend of Hardham's—the tobacconist was more keenly interested in theatres than in snuff—offered to do him a good turn by introducing it to public notice from the stage; in his part in a new comedy about to be produced he would suggest a pinch from his box to another character, who would extol the excellence of the snuff, when the actor would name it as the renowned "37 of John Hardham." Whether this generous impulse was carried out I cannot say.

The old snuff-maker, who came to London from Chichester, had associated himself with Drury Lane Theatre, where he filled a post now obsolete. He was the numberer; that is to say, the person who counted the number of people in the house, from a hole opened over the top of the stage for the purpose. Baker (*Biographia Dramatica*) says that being passionately fond of theatrical entertainments, he was seldom without embryo Richards and Hotspurs strutting and bellowing in his dining-room, or in the parlour of his shop. Trade must have prospered in Fleet Street in those days, for Hardham on his death in 1772 left a fortune of £22,300. All went to a lady of his acquaintance for life, and on her decease to the poor of his native city, save £10 that he left to Garrick, and another £10 set apart for his funeral; only fools, he said, spent more on such pageants.

Old Macklin, the actor, was a familiar figure in late eighteenth century Fleet Street, whenever he could be persuaded to leave Covent Garden; his favourite tavern The Globe. There he would sit, his mind rooted in memories of long ago, crooning about players dead and forgotten. The English stage

has produced few more remarkable men than Charles Macklin ; a comedian who yet ranked among its greatest Shylocks, a writer himself of comedies. *Love-à-la-Mode* is, perhaps, the only play remembered, but his shrewd conversation and biting sarcasm are preserved in many anecdotes. In a fit of anger he had killed a brother actor in a quarrel over a wig, and was tried for murder. Born, it is said, two months before his father fell fighting for King James in 1690 at the Battle of the Boyne, Macklin died in 1797, thus having witnessed the extremities of two centuries, and very nearly lived into a third.[1]

Does anyone, however fond of life he may be, want to live above one hundred ? It is rare to get true autobiographical details of a centenarian. Macklin, by physical vigour and temperament, should have enjoyed life ; yet one need search far to find a more pathetic, more solitary, figure than that of the old man, eating when he was hungry, at any hour of the day or night, drinking when he was thirsty, and going to bed and rising just as he felt inclined, without reference to time. To his last year he wandered from theatre to theatre, at Drury Lane one night, at the Haymarket the next, often at Covent Garden—impelled by force of habit, his memory gone, his eyes dim, too deaf to catch the spoken words. The pit audiences knew him, and no matter how full the house might be, always made room for him in his accustomed seat, the centre of the first row, next the orchestra.

He bade his farewell to the stage when in his hundredth year, playing his old part of Shylock. His mental powers were then fast ebbing away ; in the second act his memory totally failed, and with great grace and solemnity he came forward and apologised to the audience.

Kirkman, who wrote Macklin's biography, has left a record of the old actor's conversation within a year of his end, and as that of a man of one hundred and six it is probably unique—

KIRKMAN : " You are not afraid to die ? "

MACKLIN : " Not in the least, sir. I never did any person any serious mischief in my life ; even when I gambled I never cheated ; I know that a—a—a—see there, now !—death, I mean, must come, and I am ready to give it up."

In his long experience of life he had witnessed the migration

[1] There is not the certainty of a Somerset House certificate, but Macklin was undoubtedly a centenarian.

from the City westwards, and the beginnings of the change in the social status of the actor. "The players in my day," he said, "all resided in the vicinity of the theatres, so that they could attend rehearsal without inconvenience, or expense of coach-hire. But I do not know how the change has been effected; we, the actors, are all now looking out for high ground, squares, and genteel neighbourhoods, no matter how far distant from the theatres, as if local selection could give rhythm to the profession, or genteel neighbourhoods instantaneously produce good manners."

The wayfarer amidst the perils of street traffic at Ludgate Circus has often cause to be thankful for the safe refuge built about the obelisk of Alderman Waithman. The stone commemorating this City worthy, now almost central in the circus, is only a yard or two in advance of the site where stood Waithman's shawl and calico shop at Fleet Market corner, before he moved across the road to the last shop (Nos. 103 and 104 combined in one) in Fleet Street, south side. This was, of course, before Ludgate Circus or the cutting out of St. Bride Street as a way to Holborn had been dreamt of. Waithman was among the last of the City traders and magnates to live over his premises—for magnate unquestionably he was, Sheriff, Lord Mayor, and elected member for the City in five Parliaments of the two last Georges and of William the Fourth.

Waithman's obelisk is on one side, and opposite in Ludgate Circus is another raised to John Wilkes, Lord Mayor and Alderman of Farringdon Without—surely the oddest guard that ever stood at the gateway of an Imperial city. All the traffic that flows by Fleet Street throughout the day into London's mighty heart, and at night, with quickened pulsations, is thrown back into residential or trading suburbs, must needs pass between the two obelisks, its close-knit line braced on either side by these memorials of John Wilkes (who was himself) and of Robert Waithman, Radical, reformer, and to his contemporaries almost revolutionary. These are the City's representatives memorialised at the foot of the hill, bowing you up, as it were, to St. Paul's.

Wilkes belongs to the nation, whose pride in him is not unalloyed. Waithman is in different case, for he lived in Fleet Street, and made his name and his fame there. Lest we misunderstand him, we must understand his age. Five times

the City returned this turbulent Radical to Parliament; in that fact is evidence of the City's independence, in an epoch when every effort was directed to crushing independence out of the old unreformed Commons. London, Westminster, and Preston figure honourably in the fight for true political representation and liberty, but their vote was overborne by that of the two representatives which Old Sarum continued to send to Parliament long after every house in Old Sarum had disappeared, the two members for the Cornish pocket-borough of Looe, and of many other places similarly franchised. Birmingham and Manchester had no member. The reformer terribly in earnest rarely possesses an attractive personality, though, of course, there are exceptions which everyone will make for himself. The milk of human kindness seems to have dried up in him in the struggle. Waithman had the arrogance, the intolerance, and the conceit of the self-made man ignorant of his own limitations, but he shapes not unfavourably when compared with his companion in Fleet Street's monumental honours, John Wilkes.

Robert Waithman was Welsh, son of a furnaceman of Wrexham. Left an orphan in infancy, he was sent to school by an uncle, and reached London as an apprentice-improver to a City draper. Soon after taking his freedom, he set up in business at the Fleet Market corner in 1786. Zeal for the principles, if not the practices, of the French Revolution when in its red torrent inspired his early public utterances; and he first fledged his oratorical gifts in debates at the Founders' Hall, Lothbury, which have been termed, perhaps not unjustly, "a cauldron of sedition."

The particular *bête-noir* of the Tories, and master, moreover, of a truculent style of speech, a man of unquestioned honesty and of deep convictions, Waithman lived always in strife. It was everything to him, the reason of his being, his mother and his father, and also his aunt Jane. The Court of Aldermen prosecuted him for obstructing the election of a Lord Mayor. He fought them before the King's Bench, and triumphed. Success did not spoil the cool-headed business man, and, amassing a fortune, he was able to retire in favour of his sons, and thereafter devote himself entirely to politics.

Elected Deputy by his neighbours in 1796, he became Alderman of Farringdon Without in 1818, a year before the birth

of Queen Victoria, and in that year also waged the first of his successful fights for the representation of the City in Parliament. Two years after, Sir William Curtis, the Tory member whom he had displaced, defeated him in a fierce struggle, but Waithman recovered the suffrages of the City electors in 1862, and held the seat at the General Elections of 1830, 1831, and 1832, undismayed by a torrent of coarse personalities and gross abuse which the old system of hustings and an open poll made only too familiar at election times.

His mayoral year, 1823–4, was undistinguished. At its close his opponents printed a satirical volume of *The Maxims of Robert, Lord Waithman, sometime Chief Magistrate of London*, which ran through several editions, and bears internal evidence of being the handiwork of Theodore Hook.

The demagogue in him could not resist the temptation of a fling at high game, and when the City Corporation proposed to honour Wellington for his conduct of the Peninsular War by conferring its freedom and a sword, Waithman rose in Common Council almost alone to object. This is the report of his speech in the *Morning Post* of the 10th May, 1811—

> Mr. Waithman opposed the motion, on the ground taken by Mr. Alderman Wood; and in his usual style made a variety of abusive observations.

Editorially the same paper devoted a little more space to Mr. Waithman. I cull the following passage from its leading article, italics, exclamation marks, and all—

> The Court was a very full one, and not more than ten or twelve persons held up their hands against the question; and when it is known, that among these were Aldermen Wood and Goodbehere, Messrs. Waithman and Miller, it will, we think, be admitted, that his Lordship was *at least* as much honoured by the opposition of *such men* as he could possibly have been by their support. Indeed, several of the members who had hitherto supported Mr. Waithman, were so utterly disgusted with his conduct in this instance, that they left the Court, whilst others remained and voted *against him ! !*—Mr. Quin did not content himself with giving a silent vote upon this occasion, but in a very able speech, manfully attacked the policy, and exposed the views of that contemptible faction, to whom, from his generous, unsuspecting nature, he has sometimes, to our great regret, been incautiously led to give his powerful support.

Waithman's bitter opponents and rivals made much of his lack of education. Brasbridge, his neighbour, in a book of recollections, wonders where Waithman began his studies:



From " London Passed and Passing " (Pitman)

RACQUET COURT, FLEET STREET
Drawn by HANSLIP FLETCHER

" It could not be in his shop in Fleet Market, for there he was too busily employed in attending on the fishwomen and other ladies connected with the business of the market. Nor could it be at the corner of Fleet Street, where he was always no less assiduously engaged in ticketing his super-super calicoes at two and twopence, and cutting them off at two and twenty-pence ! "

Cobbett drew this malignant portrait—

A man not destitute of the powers of utterance and a man of sound principles also ; but a man so enveloped, so completely swallowed up by self-conceit, who, though perfectly illiterate, though unable to give to three consecutive sentences a grammatical construction, seemed to look upon himself as the first orator, the first writer, and the first statesman of the whole world.

Alderman Waithman deserves more honourable record than these libels : in an age of scurrility he fared no worse than many another. He lies buried with his wife in St. Bride's Church, and the epitaph on his monument there says without flattery that he was " the friend of liberty in evil times, and of Parliamentary reform in adverse days." He died on the 6th February, 1833. The obelisk in Ludgate Circus was erected the same year, as the inscription records, " By his friends and fellow-citizens." The face in Scriven's fine mezzotint of him is hard and unsympathetic. In its obituary notice of Waithman, *The Times*, bearing testimony to his political integrity, said : " In looking back at City proceedings for the last thirty-five or forty years, we find him always rising above his rivals as a steady and consistent advocate of the rights of his countrymen, and the liberties and privileges of his fellow-citizens." This does him no more than justice.

I am impatient of William Hone, whom in Fleet Street, at least, one ought to like, as a pioneer of cheap literature and of the freedom of the Press—a man who rushed furiously into other people's affairs, hitting out blindly right and left, to the ruin of his own. It is, perhaps, again the case of Richardson ; though the prosperous Samuel Richardson had little in common with Hone, three times bankrupt, and all the while dragging along a pitiful wife and a family growing to twelve children. He settled down in a little shop, No. 55 Fleet Street, about 1812, after having been attorney's clerk and print and book-seller by turn, and there remained producing his political pamphlets, until a public subscription of £3,000 enabled him in 1818 to move to larger premises on Ludgate Hill. Twice his

shop in Fleet Street was plundered at night of its most valuable books, many of them borrowed for the purpose of display.[1]

Cruikshank was Hone's closest friend, illustrated much of his work, and was proud to acknowledge indebtedness to him for suggestions by which collectors of Cruikshank's etchings profit. Charles and Mary Lamb were numbered among Hone's friends, and one would wish to like all Lamb's friends. The irritating man is himself the stumbling-block.

The agnostic became late in life a most devout Christian, and preached at the Weigh House Chapel. Hone published in Fleet Street in 1817 *The Reformer's Register*, a weekly periodical, but it lasted less than eight months. A meteoric success attended the appearance from the same place of his satires, *The Sinecurist's Creed*, *The Political Litany*, and *The Late John Wilkes's Catechism*, in which, with execrable taste, he parodied the Athanasian Creed, the Litany, and the Catechism. These brought down upon him a State prosecution by the Attorney-General for blasphemy. There were three charges, three trials at Guildhall, and acquittals resulted upon them all. This was due in great part to a widespread belief that Hone was prosecuted, not so much for blasphemy or sedition, as for the fearlessness with which he had attacked abuses that were eating into the heart of the nation.

Hone fought every point doggedly, displaying in his three speeches a depth of learning and mental vigour that surprised his antagonists. He came frequently into conflict with Lord Ellenborough, the Lord Chief Justice. "I know what you are come here for, I know what you want," he said defiantly.

"I am come to do justice. My wish is to see justice done," his lordship replied.

"Is it not rather, my lord," retorted Hone, "to send a poor devil of a bookseller to rot in a dungeon?"

Hone enjoyed immense success as a writer of party squibs. His *Political House that Jack Built*, which appeared before the blasphemies, ran through no fewer than fifty-four editions. Countless other "Houses" were built in imitation. It is valueless to-day, when the allusions have no point—the fate of everything written for the passing hour. It was, as a contemporary writer has said—

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[1] *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1843, pt. I, p. 97.

so true, that all confessed the truth; so witty, that all laughed at its wit; but it was so "audacious" that steady-going old people thought that the end of the world was come if even disreputable magnates were to be pulled by the nose, and kicked into the midst of the multitudinous public. The least that could ensue, they thought, would be a halter for Hone. Nevertheless the Bath man lit his squibs and hurled them into the mob, by whom they were taken up and flung from hand to hand; and woe unto him who attempted to put his foot upon them. People who hated Hone and his politics laughed till they were ashamed of their wickedness, and they bought more of his squibs, and laughed and blushed and "d—d the fellow!" and looked eagerly for the next issue.[1]

To the *Quarterly Review* the pamphleteer naturally was but "a poor illiterate creature," "a wretch as contemptible as he is wicked," and whatever other epithets a vigorous stir of the gall pot might produce.

More lasting are Hone's *Every-day Book*, the *Table Book*, and his *Year Book*, collections of odd scraps of information delightfully strung together, illustrated sometimes by Cruikshank, which it is still both pleasant and profitable to pick up and read casually. The gift of miscellany seems to have died out with us. Hone knew the art of these compilations thoroughly, knew exactly whom to recruit for his writers, and as a consequence, his miscellanies have that literary touch so sadly lacking in their modern representatives. The *Every-day Book* was finished in the King's Bench Prison, where Hone was under arrest for debt, but its pleasant pages are free from any suggestion of these painful circumstances.

Afterwards Hone's friends set him up in the Grasshopper Coffee-house in Gracechurch Street, but that also was a failure.

Lamb wrote the "Captain Starkey" paper for the *Every-day Book*, and accepted the dedication in some pleasant verses beginning "I like you, and your book, ingenious Hone," to be found in any collected edition. Occasionally Lamb good-humouredly teased his friend with his criticisms—

Your almanack (he writes) is funny; it only disappointed me as not being an almanack . . . The only information I received from it is this, that New Year's Day happened this year on the 1st of January. I do not see the days even set down on which I ought to go to church, the Dominical Letter—fie!

[1] *Notes and Queries*, 5th Ser., i, 477.

CHAPTER XX

THE CHEESE AND THE COCK

> THERE is no private house in which people can enjoy themselves so well as at a capital tavern. . . . At a tavern there is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome; and the more noise you make, the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for, the welcomer you are. No servants will attend you with the alacrity which waiters do who are incited by the prospect of an immediate reward in proportion as they please. No, Sir; there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn.
>
> DR. JOHNSON.

LITTLE care I whether or not Dr. Johnson ever supped at Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese, surprising as it would be if he did not. What is of value about the house, and makes it unique in London, is that here is a tavern existing to-day just as it was when Dr. Johnson may have used it. Not much remains in Fleet Street to which one can point the finger and say, "That stood here in the eighteenth century," but with this one corner the shade of the great lexicographer must needs be familiar, should it ever revisit the scenes of his activities.

Gough Square lies not three minutes' walk back, and there Samuel Johnson lived for eleven eventful years, while the Dictionary was being compiled. Late hours he kept, and his way home led him up Wine Office Court and past the door of the Cheshire Cheese. The ghostly footstep would need no guide. The court has the same narrow, tunnelled entrance, and every part of the public rooms stands unchanged, beams and panels, and even the small window-panes and wooden shutters.

I am a Johnsonian in this matter, though valuing the tradition more lightly, it may be, than the landlord, with whom it is a chief asset. It is the lodestone that attracts Americans to the house all the summer through. Odd, too, is this hero worship, for Johnson had no sufferance for Americans, though, despite his strong antipathy for Scotsmen, he could tolerate Boswell. "I am willing to love all mankind, except an American," he exclaimed in 1778. "Rascals! robbers! pirates! I would burn and destroy them!" And the stately Anna Seward, who was present at the time, remarked: "Sir,

this is an instance that we are always most violent against those whom we have injured."

A plague upon the people who must have the written word for everything, else remain incredulous! Why, the best part of our old ballads, and a share of history itself, passed from mouth to mouth, and so were preserved before they came to be written down. Boswell came within Dr. Johnson's orbit only after the latter had given up the house in Gough Square, and while he lived in Bolt Court his biographer was in Edinburgh. Sir John Hawkins, the Sage's literary executor, says nothing, nor do half-a-dozen others. They had more serious matters to deal with. Still, there is evidence, let the reader appraise it at its worth.

Dr. Johnson has been drawn so strongly for us, his memory is so green, he is so often talked about to-day, that we must needs regard him as an antiquity. With others we are intimate only at a far distance. He died in 1784. There were men of middle age living less than a century ago who remembered him; men of our own early days who remembered those who remembered him. For instance, Mr. Cyrus Jay—a *bon-vivant*, I take it, for when he published in 1868 a little book entitled *The Law—What I have Seen, Heard, and Known*, he affectionately dedicated it to "The Lawyers and gentlemen with whom I have dined for more than half a century at the Old Cheshire Cheese Tavern." Jay, of Bath, a famous divine, was his father. He should have an hereditary disposition to truthfulness. He says in his preface—

> During the fifty-five years that I have frequented the Cheshire Cheese Tavern . . . there have been only three landlords. When I first visited the house I used to meet several very old gentlemen, who remembered Dr. Johnson nightly at the Cheshire Cheese; and they have told me, what is not generally known, that the Doctor, whilst living in the Temple, always went to the Mitre, or the Essex Head; but when he removed to Gough Square and Bolt Court he was a constant visitor at the Cheshire Cheese, because nothing but a hurricane would have induced him to cross Fleet Street.

One of these very old gentlemen was Colonel Laurence, who carried the colour of the 20th Regiment at Minden. Says Cyrus Jay—

> Colonel Laurence showed me Goldsmith's tomb in the Temple Churchyard; he was never tired of talking of his acquaintance with the poet, whom he knew when Goldsmith, as well as Johnson, lived

hard by the Cheshire Cheese. . . . He used to speak of Goldsmith's ordinary person, and told me the poet never broke in upon the conversation when Johnson was talking. The left-hand room, entering the "Cheshire," and the table on the extreme right upon entering that room, was the table occupied by Johnson and his friends almost uniformly. This table and the room are now as they were when I first saw them. They were, and are still, as Johnson and his friends left them in their time. Goldsmith sat at Johnson's left hand.

Dr. Birkbeck Hill, a Prior of the Johnson Club, and a human repository of Johnsonian lore, accepted Jay as a witness, and gave a recollection of the host of the house—old Beaufoy Moore, churchwarden of St. Bride's, who has long since been gathered to his fathers. Moore knew a very familiar guest, Dr. Poole—he died about 1850, at the age of eighty—who would talk of men of his younger days often boasting that they had spent an evening there with Dr. Samuel Johnson. If more is wanted, then consult Mr. Redding. He went to live in Gough Square in 1806, and has left his *Fifty Years' Recollections, Literary and Personal*, saying the same thing.

Away, then, with all sour-faced doubters. A draught at The Cheese is not for such as they. Knowing Dr. Johnson's habits as we do, the constitutional melancholy that made him dread solitary or vacant moments, who is there can believe that he lived for years within five minutes' walk of the Old Cheshire Cheese, on the same side of Fleet Street—and Goldsmith lodged for a time almost next door—yet never used the tavern? It is incredible.

But stronger evidence to my mind than old men's memories is the fact that there is the Old Cheshire Cheese to-day. What has saved it from descending into a glorified gin-palace such as surrounds us everywhere in Fleet Street, resplendent in shining mahogany and plate-glass and gilt—vulgarity *in excelsis*, the wealth of the brewers flaunted in our faces? The wolves! I would tax them and super-tax them, annually and several times a year, the full value of their own senseless, gaudy, despicable show: but for them Fleet Street to-day might contain half-a-dozen of these old storied taverns, and these chapters have been written very differently. What has kept the Old Cheshire Cheese intact, unchanged, this past century and more but the tradition? And that tradition goes so far back that if the claim were made falsely, there were men then living to give it the lie.

No, I accept Samuel Johnson, the favourite seat and all, even the grease stains left by the wigs on the wall, if you will.

The Great Fire of London, sweeping up Fleet Street, involved all Wine Office Court in ruin. The Old Cheshire Cheese now standing was built just after the fire, and as a house of the period is interesting on that account. The front to the court, seen with difficulty, is most picturesque. Probably it stands on the site of an earlier tavern. It has its own "Book."[1] Therein may be found indiscreet references to Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Sylvester, and many another Elizabethan wit having quaffed the good sack within the older house, amid laughter and eager bandying of jest. In the phrase of John Stow when confronted with doubts, "That I pass by," regretting their inclusion, for on the Johnsonian period the "Book" is full of information, and I have drawn freely upon it. There were other taverns in Fleet Street with authentic history back to James the First and Elizabeth—all, unhappily, swept away —to illustrate its convivial side, without need of conjuring up an ancestor for Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese.

Roystering days the house has known, when three bottles were the measure of a gentleman, and wine warmed the veins and loosened the throat. One can imagine the old drinking song—old as the sixteenth century[2]—being trolled lustily—

I cannot eate but little meat,
My stomack is not good;
But sure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I nothing am acold.
I stuff my skin so full within
With jolly good ale and old.

Chorus—

Back and sides go bare, go bare,
Both foote and hand go cold;
But belly! God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

Even now, on nights when the three or four clubs which make the Cheshire Cheese their headquarters meet in the

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[1] *The Book of the Cheese*, fifth ed., 1908, revised and abridged by Frank Banfield, M.A.

[2] In *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, attributed to Bishop Still (1543–1608) of Bath and Wells, but said to be from a song older than the play.

upstairs rooms, the snatch of a chorus comes down to basement and cellars, but this sadder generation makes mirth less noisily than its predecessors. Apart from the old coffee-room, now transformed into a bar, in which aimless discussions seem as if always struggling towards an end that is never reached, there is an air of sober quiet about the tavern, and especially is this the case in the dining-room, where the manes of Samuel Johnson command respect and reverence.

It is in this apartment that the memories of the place are concentrated—on the left hand as you enter, a large room and low, wainscotted, with heavy timbers in the ceiling. A big open fireplace, brought well out, throws a glow of warmth over all in winter, and the whole place, with its time-worn fittings and floor strewn with clean sawdust, suggests old-fashioned comfort. Against the windows on Wine Office Court are straight, high-backed benches, unrelenting in their stiffness, forming cubicles, each enclosing a small table with neat white cloth, to dine six at a time.

Dr. Johnson's table is laid every day. The Sage looks down from the wall on the scene of feasting, the portrait being a good copy of the famous canvas by Sir Joshua Reynolds in the National Gallery. Below may be read an inscription—

The Favourite Seat of Dr. Johnson.
Born 18th Septr. 1709. Died 13th Decr. 1784.

In him a noble understanding and a masterly intellect were united with grand independence of character, and unfailing goodness of heart, which won the admiration of his own age, and remain as recommendations to the reverence of posterity.

"No, Sir; there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern."

Thackeray and Dickens have dined at this table, and Cruikshank (who drew a menu frontispiece) and Douglas Jerrold and John Leech and Mark Lemon, of *Punch*, and Charles Mathews, and a host of others dead and gone. Nor must one forget George Augustus Sala, prince of good diners and a regular frequenter. The story is yet fresh of Sala's return after one of his periodical visits to Paris, wherefrom, on his favourite topic of cooking, he had tickled the expectant palates of English readers of the *Daily Telegraph* with lavish extollation of the French cuisine. As he burst into the Cheshire Cheese he exclaimed, "William, a Rotherham steak, some potatoes in

their jackets, a pint of ale—and quick! I've not tasted *food* for a fortnight!"

Many of those named have left tributes in prose and verse in praise of this most perfect specimen of an old-fashioned tavern in London. I am fortunate in having permission to reprint from the *Book of the Rhymers' Club* (published by Mr. John Lane) a contribution by Mr. T. W. Rolleston—this exquisite

BALLADE OF THE CHESHIRE CHEESE IN FLEET STREET

I know a home of antique ease
  Within the smoky city's pale,
A spot wherein the spirit sees
  Old London through a thinner veil.
  The modern world so stiff and stale,
You leave behind you when you please,
  For long clay pipes and great old ale
And beefsteaks in the "Cheshire Cheese."

Beneath this board Burke's, Goldsmith's knees
  Were often thrust—so runs the tale—
'Twas here the Doctor took his ease
  And wielded speech that like a flail
  Threshed out the golden truth. All hail,
Great Souls! that met on nights like these
  Till morning made the candles pale,
And revellers left the "Cheshire Cheese."

By kindly sense and old decrees
  Of England's use they set their sail;
We press to never-furrowed seas,
  For vision-worlds we breast the gale,
  And still we seek and still we fail,
For still the "glorious phantom" flees.
  Ah well! no phantom are the ale
And beefsteaks of the "Cheshire Cheese."

ENVOI

If doubts or debts thy soul assail,
  If Fashion's forms its current freeze,
Try a long pipe, a glass of ale,
  And supper at the "Cheshire Cheese."

A list of monarchs from Charles the Second during whose reigns the Cheshire Cheese has flourished, recently painted on the wall beside the entrance door, makes a brave show.

The historic dish of the Old Cheshire Cheese is the beef-steak pudding, with ingredients of larks and oysters, which is known all the world over. Travellers from many lands have written about the tavern, filling a large volume of newspaper cuttings. I am not going to add to the number, but take from the " Book " a vivacious description of the dinner written by an American lady, Miss Sarah Morton, for the *Illustrated Buffalo Express*—

One feels just like sidling into an old-fashioned church pew, for the three tables on the left, each accommodating six persons, are provided with high-backed benches black with age.

" Will you wait for the pudding ? " asks the Imposing Personage.

" What time will it come on ? " I diffidently query.

" Six o'clock to the minute," was the answer.

" I will wait," I replied, and again I was left alone to continue my observations.

Over on the broad window seat is something under glass in a gilt frame. It is a most glowing description of the glories of " Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese," written by Jeems Pipes of Pipesville.

Every seat is occupied.

'Tis just six.

The door swings slowly open. A huge, round white ball is borne aloft, high above the head of The Personage, who enters with slow and stately tread, followed in single file by six serious-faced attendants. The salver is tenderly lowered, and rests upon the table. Every eye is fixed upon it. The room is pervaded with a perfect hush.

The Personage solemnly receives a big spoon and knife from his first gentleman in waiting. The fateful moment has arrived. The pastry is broken. The gravy gently oozes over it.

The Personage gravely approaches me and apologises for not serving me first, but " really the middle portion will be safer for you," he explained.

The plates of the others were heaped upon. My time has come. There is my big dinner plate piled high with—what on earth ? Birds ! yes, tiny bits of birds, skylarks, kidneys, strips of beef, just smothered in pastry like sea-foam, and dark brown gravy, steaming with fragrance, as seasoning.

" Half and half "—British bitter and stout in old-time mugs—was brought ; out of deference to my sex, I suppose, a glass tumbler was placed before me, but I scorned to use it. Didn't Thackeray say it was worth a year's absence in far-away countries to realise the joy that filled one's soul upon returning to Old England and quaffing her bitter from a pewter mug ?

Then came stewed cheese, on the thin shaving of crisp, golden toast in hot silver saucers—so hot that the cheese was of the substance of thick cream, the flavour of purple pansies and red raspberries commingled.

There were only four hundred skylarks put into the pudding made

for the Prince of Wales at the banquet of the Forth Bridge opening in Edinburgh. How many thousands of the "blithe spirits" have been put into the Cheshire Cheese pudding for two hundred years? Shades of Shelley and Keats!

Let us walk up Fleet Street to the Cock. *Bons vivants* remember this house five-and-twenty years ago across the street, near the Chancery Lane corner. A long wooden passage gave access, for it stood behind the buildings, being then the oldest survivor of the historic Fleet Street taverns. It escaped the Great Fire of London, and can be traced back to Elizabeth.[1] Although forced to migrate in 1887, to make room for the Bank of England branch, the jolly old chanticleer still struts over the new doorway, a spot of bright gold in the drab of the street—stay, not the same cock. Thieves (miscalled practical jokers) laid sacrilegious hands upon him when the move took place, but he was restored, and for better security has since been kept within the premises, his outdoor companion being a modern bird. The sign is attributed (with grave doubt) to Grinling Gibbons; unquestionably this vigorous piece of realistic carving is one of the best of the few surviving Fleet Street signs.

When his old home was pulled down, Mr. Colnett, the then proprietor, preserved all that he could of its material parts, but the fame of the Cock depends upon things more enduring than oak and carving. No matter that its straight-backed benches—

> haunts of hungry sinners,
> Old boxes, larded with the steam
> Of thirty thousand dinners—

have been transferred across the way to new quarters; they are still in use, and there, too, is the quaint old Jacobean mantelpiece, an authentic relic of King Jamie, if I am not mistaken, that diners of other days knew, with much of the old fittings. Immured among these, and engaged with the good fare for which the chop-house maintains its historic reputation, it is yet possible to breathe the atmosphere of the old place as it was when Tennyson frequented it, and that generous

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[1] John Garlek writes to Mr. Latimer "at the sign of the Cock, near St. Dunstan's Church" (State Papers Domestic, 1600, April 13th).

"pint of port" inspired his lyrical apostrophe to the "Plump Headwaiter at the Cock":—

High over roaring Temple-bar,
And, set in Heaven's third story,
I look at all things as they are,
But thro' a kind of glory.

* * * * * *

And hence this halo lives about
The waiter's hands, that reach
To each his perfect pint of stout,
His proper chop to each.
He looks not like the common breed
That with the napkin dally;
I think he came like Ganymede
From some delightful valley.

The Cock was of a larger egg
Than modern poultry drop,
Stept forward on a firmer leg,
And cramm'd a plumper crop:
Upon an ampler dunghill trod,
Crow'd lustier late and early,
Sipt wine from silver, praising God,
And raked in golden barley.

Now Will Waterproof, thus raised among the immortals, is but a lyrical memory, having gone the way of men and waiters. Familiarly he was William. His was an uncommunicative soul. "He had," says a diner who recollected him, writing in *The Sportsman's Magazine*, "like others, no thought superior to the Cock stout from the glass. . . William knew our ways, and Charles was getting into them. We are inclined, however, to give our more particular directions to James. We think the Cock chops superior to the steaks."

Charles, who for twenty years had been well known to a large circle of barristers and journalists, daily diners at the Cock, and whose real name was Edward Thorogood, died in July, 1905, having been the successor, as head-waiter, of Tennyson's William.

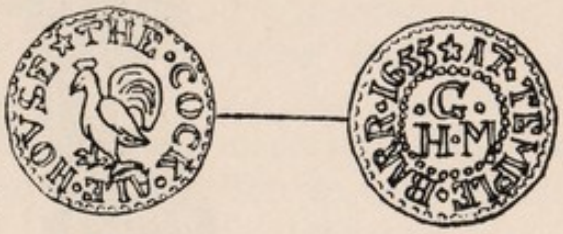
The good things to be obtained at the Cock were well appreciated at the beginning of last century. *The Epicure's Almanac*, 1815, says of the house—

It has the best porter in London, fine poached eggs, and other light things seldom called for before seven or eight in the evening. There are two good reasons for this: 1stly, the room at Mid-day is almost

as dark as Erebus, so that the blazing-faced Bardolph himself would hardly be able to quaff a tankard by the light of his own countenance. 2ndly, the situation of the Cock is just half way between the heart of the city and the purlieus of Covent Garden and Drury Lane. . . . One box at the end of the room is occupied by a knot of sages who admit strangers into their fraternity on being presented with a crown bowl of punch. Mine host used to smoke his pipe among them nightly. Marsh, the oyster-man, attends here the whole season with his Natives, Miltons and Pyfleets: he hath the constancy of the swallow, and in the opening of the shells the dexterity of the squirrel.[1]

The master of the Cock grill retains the full perfection of his art, but since the Benchers of the Temple have taken to providing most excellent lunches at reasonable charge in the halls of their own Inns there has, I fancy, been some falling off of the legal element among the company.

Antiquaries have been puzzled by the sign of the Cock. Mr. Walford suggested that it may have been meant to denote to passers-by that the cruel game of throwing at cocks was played there. It was not, however, the Cock originally, but the Cock and Bottle, as is evident from the advertisement in *The Intelligencer* for 1665, No. 51, quoted on an earlier page, and "cock" is the old word for tap.



Cock Tavern Token

The present proprietor will show the visitor one of the old tavern farthings, or, properly, tokens. On the obverse are the words, "The Cock Ale House," with a figure of a cock in the centre, and on the reverse, "At Temple Barr 1655," and the initials G.H.M. in the field. Every publican and many tradesmen for a period issued tokens, "for necessarie change," as they sometimes inscribed upon them, the fact being that until 1672 there was no sufficiency of small money, though copper coins had been struck under a monopoly first granted by James the First to Lord Harrington. The transaction was so dishonourable towards the public that those issued privately by tradesmen were preferred, until their suppression by Royal Proclamation in 1672. They were revived for a short time between 1811 and 1815, owing to a scarcity of copper coins.

[1] J. Holden MacMichael, *Notes and Queries*, 11th Ser., ii, 13.

The best collection of London tokens is that made by the late Mr. Beaufoy, and now at Guildhall.

Samuel Pepys, the Diarist, whose footsteps may be traced at all the noted Fleet Street taverns, knew the Cock well. There, in an amorous moment, he brought the beautiful Mrs. Knipp, the actress, of whom his wife was greatly jealous, as he records under date the 13th April, 1668—

> Thence by water to the Temple, and thence to the Cock Alehouse, and drank and eat a lobster, and sang, and mighty merry. So almost night I carried Mrs. Pierce home, and then Knipp and I to the Temple again, and took boat, it being darkish, and to Fox Hall, it now being night.



CARVED SIGN OF THE COCK TAVERN
DRAWN BY R. ANNING BELL

CHAPTER XXI

OLD TAVERNS AND COFFEE-HOUSES

FROM thence, along that tipling street,
Distinguished by the Name of Fleet,
Where Tavern-Signs hang thicker far,
Than Trophies down at Westminster;
And ev'ry Bacchanalian Landlord
Displays his Ensign, or his Standard,
Bidding Defiance to each Brother,
As if at Wars with one another.

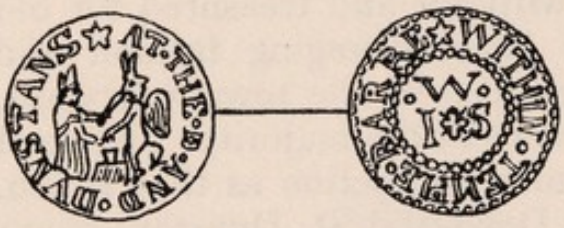
Hudibras Redivivus, 1707.

RARE memories cling to many of those taverns which maintained in unbroken tradition the convivial reputation of Fleet Street from Stuart and Commonwealth times through the reigns of William of Orange and Anne down to the Georges. One or two survive, mellowed with age and treasured for old associations, but the best are gone, changing fashion and custom, and that never-ceasing creep of the town westward, having proved fatal to the existence of the majority. None of these houses had acquired so much distinction as that which, showing the quaint sign of The Devil and St. Dunstan, stood close under Temple Bar for more than a couple of centuries. The saint was commemorated in the parish and the church. The full title being cumbersome, he was conveniently dropped out, and as "The Devil" alone the tavern flourished.

The sign swung by No. 2 in the street, and disappeared with the house in the enlargement of Child's Bank in 1788, when Child's Place was built over the site. Nearly a century later the bank itself swallowed up Child's Place. The board was painted with a vigorous representation of St. Dunstan, the patron of the goldsmith's art, and his sable majesty leering over his shoulder, tempting him from his labour at the forge. Wadloe's token in the Beaufoy Collection at Guildhall shows the two at closer quarters, the saint tweaking the Devil by the nose with his pincers, and this seems to have been the original pictorial sign. Rowley's comedy, *A Match at Midnight*, 1633, so describes it—

Bloodhound.—As you come by Temple Bar, make a step to th' Devil.
Tim.—To the Devil, father?
Sim.—My master means the sign of the Devil; and he cannot hurt you, fool; there's a saint holds him by the nose.

You may accept the tradition as you will, or perhaps like better the ghostly narrative of the *Ingoldsby Legends*. St. Dunstan once dwelt at Mayfield, in Kent. There the local story is that Dunstan's red-hot pincers caused his Satanic majesty such pain that with a diabolical roar he leapt a full league to Tunbridge Wells, and plunged his burning nose in the cool waters, which ever since have had a sulphuric taste. In proof of this there used to be preserved at Mayfield Palace (to-day a convent)—and I believe are preserved still—the identical pincers used by the saint, together with his anvil and sword. Ben Jonson spent roystering nights at The Devil. Under his patronage the tavern sprang into fame in King James the First's reign, and there he founded one of the earliest of those social clubs from which, passing through many stages in taverns, coffee-houses, and tea-houses, the club life of to-day has descended. There he wielded autocratic authority, a rough giant, drawn to the life by Aubrey: "Rare Ben sits over his beloved liquor, Canary, a man of enormous girth and colossal height, weighing close upon twenty stone, the stormy head looking as solid and wild as a sea-rock, and rugged face knotted and seamed by jovial excesses acting on a scorbutic habit, and his brawny person enveloped in a great slovenly wrapper, like a coachman's great coat, with slits under the arms." There came all who desired to be "sealed of the tribe of Ben," poets and wits and roystering gallants—many who before had foregathered at The Mermaid in Cheapside—seeking admission to a company where brilliant intellect and capacity for hard drinking were essential qualifications.



Devil Tavern Token

One night the club's guest was young Randolph, timid and hesitating, broken in fortune, to enjoy for the occasion the sparkling wine and still more sparkling jest; another, Shakerley Marmion, Jonson's enthusiastic admirer, who in his *Fine Companion* has drawn in warm colours a picture of these festive gatherings[1]—

[1] I am a debtor to Mr. H. B. Wheatley for this and other allusions by the old dramatists to taverns in Fleet Street, which are to be found in his invaluable *London Past and Present*.

Careless.—I am full of oracles, I come from Apollo!
Emilia.—From Apollo!
Careless.—From the heaven
Of my delight, where the boon Delphic God
Drinks sack and keeps his Bacchanalia,
And has his incense and his altars smoking,
And speaks in sparkling prophesies; thence I come,
My brains perfumed with the rich Indian vapour,
And heightened with conceits. From tempting beauties,
From dainty music, and poetic strains,
From bowls of nectar, and ambrosiac dishes;
From witty varlets, fine companions,
And from a mighty continent of pleasure
Sails thy brave Careless.

Ben Jonson named his club after Apollo, and the name went to the apartment. To its last days it was known as the Apollo Chamber. It was up a flight of stairs, at the back of the tavern, and by all accounts was an unusually spacious room for its time. The house was of old repute before Ben Jonson, for Mr. Wheatley has found mention of St. Dunstan's, or the Devil Tavern, in an interlude, *Jacke Jugeler*, as early as 1563.

Jonson himself names The Devil in his *Staple of News*, a play in which he pours contempt upon writers of the news-letters, forerunners of the Fleet Street newspapers of to-day. There he composed *The Devil is an Asse*, written "when I and my boys drank bad wine at the Devil," and his memoranda preserved at Dulwich College indicate that he owed much of his inspiration to Simon Wadloe's wines and the convivial hours passed at the tavern—

Mem.—The first speech in my *Catalina*, spoken by Sylla's Ghost, was writ after I parted with my friend at the Devil Tavern: I had drunk well that night, and had brave notions. There is one scene in that play which I think is flat. I resolve to drink no more water with my wine.

Mem.—Upon the 20th May, the King (Heaven reward him!) sent me £100. At that time I often went to the Devil, and before I had spent forty of it wrote my *Alchymist*.

The set of sociable rules, four-and-twenty in number, which Ben Jonson drew up for the club, in elegant Latin, are still preserved in the partners' room of Child's Bank, in gilt letters upon a board. Translations, of varying merit, have frequently been published. I need repeat here only a few lines that are representative of the good intentions of the club's boisterous president, if not of their attainment—

12. Let the contests be rather of books than of wine ;
13. Let the company be neither noisy nor mute ;
14. Let none of things serious, much less of divine,
When belly and heart's full profanely dispute.

15. Let no saucy fiddler presume to intrude,
Unless he is sent for to vary our bliss ;
16. With mirth, wit, and dancing, and singing conclude,
To regale every sense with delight in excess.

17. Let raillery be without malice or hate ;
18. Dull poems to read let none privilege take ;
19. Let no poetaster command or entreat
Another extempore verses to make.

23. Whoever shall publish what's said or what's done,
Be banished for ever our assembly divine ;
24. Let the freedom we take be prevented by none,
To make any guilty by drinking good wine.

Knowing the company and the habits of the time, it is certainly curious to find that the rules expressly contemplated the admission of women to the club's Bacchanalian nights.

It is likely that the rules were drawn up about 1624, as in that year John Chamberlain sends to Sir Dudley Carleton, thinking to please him with an interesting novelty, certain convivial laws of Ben Jonson's, "made for a fair room or chamber lately built at the tavern or sign of the Devil and St. Dunstan by Temple Bar ; they be reasonably good and not improper for such a place."[1]

Another relic of the old Devil to be seen at Child's Bank is a bust of Apollo, which stood in the famous chamber of the tavern. Originally there were beneath it these lines by Ben Jonson—

Welcome all who lead or follow
To the oracle of Apollo—
Here he speaks out of his pottle,
On the tripos, his Tower bottle.
All his answers are divine ;
Truth itself doth flow in wine.
"Hang up all the poor hop-drinkers."
Cries Old Sim, the king of Skinkers.
He the half of life abuses
That sits watering with the Muses.

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[1] State Papers (Domestic), 1624, June 19.

Those dull girls no good can mean us ;
Wine, it is the milk of Venus ;
And the poet's horse accounted ;
Ply it, and you all are mounted.
'Tis the true Phœbian liquor,
Clears the brains, makes wit the quicker,
Pays all debts, cures all diseases,
And at once three senses pleases.
Welcome all who lead or follow
To the oracle of Apollo.

After the poet's death an admirer had written below, from the epitaph in Westminster Abbey—

O, rare Ben Jonson !

" Old Sim, the king of Skinkers " (tapsters), the landlord of Jonson's time, was Simon Wadloe, best known of all the Bonifaces of Fleet Street. He came to The Devil in 1608.[1] In his honour was written—perhaps rewritten, for it is said to be older—that famous drinking song, " Old Sir Simon the King," which Fielding has made the favourite ditty of Squire Western. His life was his tavern, and when he died in 1627, to the sorrow of all its frequenters, the full glory of a Latin epitaph was accorded to him, which Camden preserves in his *Remaines*. It has been thus rendered into English—

Apollo and the Muses nine,
Bacchus the god of grapes and wine,
Ceres the friend of " cakes and ale "
Assembled list to my sad tale.

Gods, goddesses, lament ye all,
At Simon Wadloe's funeral,
He lived right well tho' his sign was evil,
If heaven he know, 'tis thanks to " The Devil."

Old Simon was buried out of Fleet Street, as the burial register of St. Dunstan's for March 30th, 1627, attests. " The Widow Wadlowe " appears in the wardmote return for the two next years, and after an interval John Wadlowe, son of the original vintner. He was landlord at the time of the Restoration, and, as Pepys records in his diary, made a fortune out of the tavern, which he managed to lose. When Charles the Second rode through the streets from the Tower to Westminster before his Coronation, the last of the English monarchs to make that historic journey, " Wadlow, the vintner at the

[1] St. Dunstan's Wardmote Inquest Register.

Devil, in Fleet Street "—in whom none could expect Puritanical leanings—"did lead a fine company of soldiers, all young, comely men, in white doublets." They seemed to have impressed Pepys next to the King himself, wearing a rich embroidered suit and cloak, and looking most noble, and General Monk, riding bareheaded after His Majesty.

Mr. Burn[1] found a ludicrous reference to The Devil in a song describing a visit by James the First to St. Paul's Cathedral on Sunday, 26th March, 1620—

> The Maior layd downe his mace, and cry'd
> "God save your Grace
> And keepe our King from all evill!"
> With all my hart I then wist, the good mace
> Had been in my fist,
> To ha' pawned it for supper at the Devill.

The tavern maintained its reputation throughout the seventeenth and the larger part of the eighteenth centuries, as the resort of lawyers, wits, and literary men.[2] Evelyn tells of a gathering at The Devil in 1690, at which about one hundred and eighty members of the Parliament then prorogued met to feast; King William the Third having resolved on an expedition to Ireland in person, they sent some of their company to the Sovereign to assure him of their service. Swift dined there with Addison, as the former writes to Stella. In the *Tatler*, 11th October, 1709, is Bickerstaff's delightful account of the wedding entertainment at The Devil in honour of his sister Jenny's marriage. Not less pleasant to the surprised guests was Whitelocke's little dinner to four—

> For the music of Shirley's *Triumph of Peace* I gave Mr. Ives and Mr. Lawes £100 apiece; for the four French gentlemen, the Queen's servants, I thought that a liberal gratifying of them would be made known to their mistress, and well taken by her. So I invited them to a collation at St. Dunstan's Tavern in the great room—the oracle of Apollo—where each of them had his plate lay'd for him, covered, and the napkin by it; and when they opened their plates they found in each of them forty pieces of gold, of their master's coin, for the first dish, and they had cause to be much pleased with the surprisal.[3]

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[1] *Tradesmen's Tokens.*

[2] John Verney, writing in 1680 to Sir Richard Verney, says: "Lord Hunsdon is like to be in some trouble for drinking (at the Devil Tavern) confusion to all that were for passing the Bill against the Duke of York." (Historical MS., Sir H. Verney's.)

[3] Burney's *History of Music.*

As a resort of literary men, the tavern was chosen for the rehearsal in the Apollo Chamber, with music, of the Court-day Odes of the Poets Laureate, the subject of Pope's satire, and of some epigrammatic lines by a wit of the day—

> When Laureates make odes, do you ask of what sort ?
> Do you ask if they're good or are evil ?
> You may judge—from the Devil they come to the Court,
> And go from the Court to the Devil.

At The Devil tavern met and dined in 1736 an organisation with the quaint name of the Hurlothumbo Society.

Of course Samuel Johnson used The Devil. There, in the spring of 1751, he gave an entertainment to celebrate the publication of Mrs. Lennox's first novel, the authoress and her husband being of the company. "The supper was elegant," writes Sir John Hawkins. "Johnson had directed that a magnificent hot apple-pie should make a part of it, and this he would have stuck with bay-leaves, because, forsooth, Mrs. Lennox was an authoress and had written verses ; and, further, he had prepared for her a crown of laurel, with which, but not till he had invoked the Muses by some ceremonies of his own invention, he encircled her brows. About five Johnson's face shone with meridian splendour, though his drink had been only lemonade." They sat until daylight streamed in at the windows, leaving at eight in the morning.

The Devil was honoured by a visit paid by King George the Second, and made the occasion of a somewhat laborious jest. The victim was John James Heidegger, Master of the Revels in the *entourage* of the Hanoverian monarch. Heidegger introduced to a willing British public masquerades of doubtful morality. He was the most ugly man that ever was formed. His contemporaries said so, and they should know.

The Duke of Montagu, having an old grudge to pay off against the peppery musician, arranged an entertainment at The Devil tavern, and invited Heidegger first to dine there, with a choice company of hard drinkers. They made him gloriously drunk—no dishonour to a gentleman—and in that state he was carried from the table and thrown upon a bed until sobriety returned. Meanwhile, a messenger, despatched in hot haste to the sign of the Golden Salmon, in Fleet Street, returned with a daughter of Mrs. Salmon, of the wax-work show, who

deftly took a model from the sleeping man's face, and made from it a mask in wax, coloured to nature.

His Majesty, having been told of the plot, promised to attend with the Countess of Yarmouth. Heidegger tottered in as the Royal party entered the Apollo Chamber, and started the orchestra in the gallery with "God save the King." No sooner had he retired, than there fell on his horrified ear the strains of the Jacobite tune, "Over the Water with Charlie." An actor of like size and figure, with the aid of the mask, a suit of clothes obtained by the Duke of Montagu from Heidegger's valet, and a little make up, had proved a sufficiently presentable "double" to deceive the musicians aloft. They thought their master drunk. Raving and storming in a mixture of German and broken English, Heidegger burst into the apartment and stopped the band. But again when his back was turned a figure stepped forward to command them, and again the rebel tune was played, to the scandal and amazement of all that loyal company.

Some officers of the Guards amongst the guests, their fine spirit roused by this second affront to the King, offered in his presence, made hurried advances to storm the gallery and kick the players out. The Duke of Cumberland stopped them, having by this time been let into the secret by his host.

The perilous enterprise ended in laughter all round. The two Heideggers were brought before the monarch, and the impostor, maintaining his unblushing effrontery to the end, declared of the other, "Sire—that—that is the devil in my likeness!" Heidegger, sobered and speechless, took the trick played upon him badly. He was heard to swear that never would he attend another assembly until the wax-work woman had been made to break the mould and melt down the wax mask before his face.

As the eighteenth century drew towards its close the tavern fell on evil days. It has been said—it must be by some apologist—that a habit of the young barristers from the Temple when going out to lunch, of placing on their doors a notice, "Gone to the Devil," gave the start to a phrase which still lingers. But I fancy "The Devil's Own" had another and more bitter origin.

Yet with all the fame acquired during a long life, The Devil

cannot have the same intimate association for the living generation as The Mitre, hard by. Fleet Street takes no care to mark the site of an historic house, and few know that Hoare's Bank now covers the ground.

The Mitre was Johnson's favourite tavern. In a spirit of mischief there he gave utterance to a phrase which has burnt into the memory of Englishmen, to use with malicious delight against the Scot. Oliver Goldsmith was of the company, as was the Rev. Dr. Ogilvie, who was unlucky enough to open conversation with the praises of his native country, observing that Scotland had a great many noble wild prospects.

" JOHNSON : ' I believe, Sir, you have a great many. Norway, too, has noble wild prospects ; and Lapland is remarkable for prodigious noble wild prospects. But, Sir, let me tell you, the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high road that leads him to England ! ' "

Lovers of English literature and sturdy English character must needs keep kindly remembrance of The Mitre, for there took place by appointment the first supper of Samuel Johnson and Boswell. They sat till between one and two o'clock in the morning. " Give me your hand," said the Sage, " I have taken a liking to you." And as they parted, " Sir, I am glad we have met. I hope we shall pass many evenings, and mornings, too, together."

" He agreed to meet me in the evening at The Mitre," says Boswell, describing the occasion, " I called on him, and we went thither at nine. We had a good supper, and port wine, of which he then sometimes drank a bottle. . . . The orthodox, High Church sound of The Mitre—the figure and manner of the celebrated Samuel Johnson—the extraordinary power and precision of his conversation, and the pride arising from finding myself admitted as his companion, produced a variety of sensations, and a pleasing elevation of mind beyond what I had ever experienced."

The Mitre is mentioned more frequently in Boswell's pages than any other inn. It was at this tavern that the tour in the Hebrides was planned. They talked there of many subjects —of London life, for instance. Said Johnson—

" The happiness of London is not to be conceived but by those who have been in it. I will venture to say there is more learning and science within the circumference of ten miles from where we now sit,

than in all the rest of the kingdom." BOSWELL: "The only disadvantage is, the great distance at which people live from one another." JOHNSON: "Yes, Sir; but this is occasioned by the largeness of it, which is the cause of all the other advantages." BOSWELL: "Sometimes I have been in the humour of wishing to retire to a desert." JOHNSON: "Sir, you have desert enough in Scotland."

The great Londoner was fond of the topic. On another occasion it was the Rev. Dr. Maxwell, sometime assistant preacher at the Temple, who enjoyed his confidences at the tavern—

We dined tête-à-tête at the Mitre, as I was preparing to return to Ireland, after an absence of many years. I regretted much leaving London, where I had formed many agreeable connections. "Sir (said he), I don't wonder at it; no man fond of letters leaves London without regret. But remember, sir, you have seen and enjoyed a great deal; you have seen life in its highest decorations, and the world has nothing new to exhibit. No man is so well qualified to leave public life as he who has long tried it and known it well. We are always hankering after untried situations, and imagining greater felicity from them than they can afford."

One other anecdote of The Mitre told by Boswell is exquisite for its quiet fun. Here is the gruff Johnson in a different guise. "Two young women from Staffordshire visited him when I was present, to consult him on the subject of Methodism, to which they were inclined. 'Come (said he) you pretty fools, dine with Maxwell and me at The Mitre, and we will talk over that subject.' Which they did, and after dinner he took one of them up on his knee, and fondled her for half an hour together."[1]

The Mitre was one of the oldest Fleet Street taverns. I have traced it in the St. Dunstan's parish registers back to the year 1603. It was evidently a house of known repute when Lo Barry wrote his comedy *Ram Alley: or Merrie Tricks* (1611), wherein Throat says—

> Meet me straight
> At the Mitre door in Fleet Street; away—
> To get rich wives men must not use delay

and there is a cherished Shakespearian allusion in a volume of poems by Richard Jackson, which was offered for sale by Thorpe, the bookseller, the first verse, beginning "From the Fair Lavinian Shore," being headed "Shakespeare's Rime

[1] Boswell's *Life of Johnson.*



From a woodcut after an original sketch

JOHNSON'S HOUSE IN JOHNSON'S COURT

which he made at ye Myter in Flete Strete." Mr. Noble gives 1625–30 as the date of the volume.

Of tavern habits when good King Charles reigned there is a curious anecdote told by L'Estrange—

> Hacklewitt and another, drinking hard at the Mitre Tavern, and wanting attendance, when the chamberlain came up, in a mad humour took him up and coyted him down to the bottom of the stairs, and almost broke his neck; the fellow complains, his master comes, and expostulates the cause. "Why, sir," says Hacklewitt, "when we wanted our wine we threw down a quart, and presently we had a pottle come up, and I expected a caste of chamberlains upon the throwing down of this, for none would come with a call, therefore we thought a knock was the only summons."[1]

Alsop, a tavern keeper, had The Mitre in 1639, when there is a gleam of light thrown on the manners—and the epistolary style—of the time. George Garrard writes to Edward Viscount Conway—

> Charles Cotton, being drunk, would one evening in Fleet Street have taken a gentlewoman from Sir John Hunt, and pushed her to go into the Mitre Tavern, upon which grew a quarrel. They both drew; Sir John was hurt in the belly, but it missed his guts, so that he escaped death. Cotton fled for a time, but Hunt recovering, he came back, and all is well between them. My Lord of Canterbury's men wear swords.[2]

The survival to-day of another Mitre Tavern, in Mitre Court, Fleet Street, has given rise to much confusion. It possesses a cast from Nollekens' bust of Johnson, to be seen in the upstair's coffee-room. The house has laid claim to be Johnson's Mitre, the scene of his suppers with Boswell, and of so many of his raciest sayings; but for various reasons this claim must be rejected. Boswell's references are all to The Mitre *in* Fleet Street. Dr. Philip Norman kindly gave me the assistance of his extensive knowledge of old London taverns when I was looking into the matter, and his opinion is that a tavern, or coffee-house, in Mitre Court probably took the name soon after the historic Fleet Street inn had closed its doors, in order to attract the custom.

The little court leading down to the Temple undoubtedly enjoyed some reputation for houses of call in the late eighteenth century. Joe's Coffee-house was there, and Brown's, but there

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[1] Thoms, *Anecdotes and Traditions* (Camden Society), p. 12.
[2] State Papers (Domestic), 1639, March 28th.

is no mention of a Mitre in Mitre Court. Dr. Norman tells me that the earliest reference he knows is in the *Epicure's Almanac*, 1815, wherein the writer speaks of the house as The Mitre and Chop house, and mentions Joe's and Brown's as being in the same court—which disposes of another oft-repeated statement, that the present Mitre was originally Joe's Coffee-house. The authentic Mitre Tavern, formerly No. 39 Fleet Street, closed its doors four years after Johnson's death, when Macklin (1788) reopened it as the Poet's Gallery. It was lastly Saunders' auction room, and was finally demolished for the enlargement westwards of Hoare's Bank in 1829. It is interesting to recall that Chamberlain Clarke, who died in 1831, aged ninety-two, was the last survivor of those friends with whom Dr. Johnson foregathered at the Mitre.[1]

The old Mitre, standing on the Hoare's Bank site, is clearly shown on Rocque's map of 1646. A passage ran from the tavern into Mitre Court, and there was a back door to Ram Alley, the whole area at the rear having obviously formed the yard of an important inn. Very likely there was a double yard, as in the case of The Tabard and The White Hart, Southwark. Pepys was at The Mitre in 1660, and Hogarth extended his invitation to his friend Mr. King to meet him at the house "to Eta Beta Py." The Royal Society dined there. The Society of Antiquaries used the tavern from 1729, hence Cawthorn's lines—

> Some Antiquaries grave and loyal,
> Incorporate by Charter Royal,
> Last winter on a Thursday night were
> Met in full senate at the Mitre.

Johnson has cast a spell over The Mitre. So Oliver Goldsmith at The Globe. This—formerly No. 134 Fleet Street—was another of the earliest Stuart taverns,[2] though a late survivor. Mr. Timbs recalled the house about 1830, and has some pleasant chat about it. Goldsmith founded there his "Wednesday Club"—the clubable propensities of this large-hearted, irresponsible genius not being satisfied with the social dignities of The Turk's Head, Gerrard Street, or his shilling-rubber club at The Devil. Forster writes—

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[1] Ralph Nevill, *London Clubs*, p. 8.
[2] See p. 265, *ante*.

Wholly at his ease there (Gerrard Street) he could not always be; and it will happen even to those who are greatest with their great friends to find themselves pleasantest with their least. The very year before Doctor Johnson died he expressed his own strong sense of this in founding the modest club to which he invited Reynolds ("the terms are lax, and the expenses light . . . we meet thrice a week, and he who misses forfeits twopence"); and if it were a want to Johnson to have occasional admixture of inferior intellects to be at ease with, how much more to Goldsmith! . . . What most consoled him for the surrendered haunts of his obscurer days was a minor club (known afterwards by his own name) at the Globe Tavern in Fleet Street, where he attended every Wednesday as regularly as on the Mondays or Fridays in Gerrard Street, and seems to have played the fool as agreeably as when he had no reputation to be damaged by the folly. Songs sung after supper were the leading attraction of the club.[1]

It was Goldsmith's great delight to hear a certain "tun of a man" who frequented the house sing that once famous song, "Nottingham Ale," with rousing chorus, which to the tune "Lillibullero" enlivened the eighteenth century taverns. Confounding the classics, the lyric gave credit for Bacchus himself to that generous brew—

Fair Venus, the Goddess of beauty and love,
Arose from the froth that swam on the Sea,
Minerva leap'd out of the cranium of Jove!
A coy, sullen slut, as most authors agree;
Bold Bacchus, they tell us, the prince of good fellows,
Was his natural son, but attend to my tale,
For they that thus chatter mistake quite the matter,
He sprang from a barrel of Nottingham Ale.
Nottingham Ale!
Nottingham Ale!
No liquor on earth is like Nottingham Ale.

Macklin, the actor, at The Globe I have already alluded to. In company there one night hot dispute arose, and one Billy Upton, a good-tempered fellow with a remarkably gruff voice, turning to Macklin as an authority, asked the veteran in his loudest tones, "Pray, Sir, is it 'Shakespeare' or 'Shakzper?'" "Sir," said Macklin, "I never give any reply to a Thunderbolt!"[2]

A curious company assembled at The Globe. Akerman, the keeper of Newgate, always thought it prudent not to set out from the tavern until daybreak. To his high character Samuel

[1] Forster's *Life of Goldsmith*, ch. 16.
[2] Brasbridge, *Fruits of Experience*.

Johnson paid warm tribute : " He who has long had constantly in his view the worst of mankind, and is yet eminent for the humanity of his disposition, must have had it originally in a great degree, and continued to cultivate it very carefully." Other familiar figures at The Globe were Carnan, the bookseller who defeated the Stationers' Company in the Almanac trial ; William Woodfall, reporter of the Parliamentary debates ; one Glover, a surgeon, who restored to life a man hanged at Dublin, and found him ever after a plague to his deliverer ; and another surgeon living on the Surrey side of the Thames, who had to take a boat every night at an expense of three or four shillings, and risk his life as well, yet when Blackfriars Bridge was built grumbled at having to pay a penny toll.

Anecdote necessarily makes up the story of the old Fleet Street taverns. These chapters are a bundle of patches. So many other houses remain that I can but mention them. Anderton's Hotel is the *doyen* of them all, founded in the fourteenth century with the sign of " The Horn on the Hoop," and for centuries thereafter known in abbreviated fashion as The Horn alone. Its earliest days have been already recalled.

The King's Head, near Chancery Lane, by its swinging signboard displayed to all Fleet Street the large features, full faced, of King Henry the Eighth, which are repeated on the landlord's token. I found when searching the State Papers that the famous old tavern, which has been often mentioned in these pages, dated neither from Elizabeth nor Edward the Sixth, as has frequently been stated, but was earlier in origin. In charges paid in 1531 to Richard Gerves for the purchase of the manors of Northefeilde and Wellas, belonging to Edward Lord Dudley, deceased, occurs a sum " for dinners given at the King's Head in Fletestrete."[1] The site has occasioned considerable difficulty. The tavern has been assumed to be the old timber-framed and carved house that stood at Chancery Lane's western corner, the public rooms being on the first floor. This house, however, at the time of its destruction in 1799, and long before, was known as The Harrow. North wrote of The King's Head tavern, and of the Green Ribbon Club which met there—

The house was double-balconied in front, as may yet be seen, for the

[1] Letters and Papers, Henry VIII, vol. 5, No. 672

clubsters issued forth, in fresco, with hats and no perrukues, pipes in their mouths, merry faces, and diluted throats for vocal encouragement of the *canaglia* below, at bonfires, or unusual or usual occasions.

The antique corner house made familiar by J. T. Smith's print, and represented in substantially all editions of Walton's *Compleat Angler*, had no galleries; indeed, its design made them impossible. A house nearer Temple Bar, displaying the sign of the King's Head, and with two galleries overlooking Fleet Street, is shown by Hogarth in his engraving of "The Burning of The Rumps at Temple Bar." I feel confident that the popular ascription is wrong, and that The King's Head stood a little farther west towards Temple Bar. In the State Papers is a reference to The Queen's Head as opposite, and that house was "between the Temple gates." At this spot the bonfires were lighted in the road.

At the Hercules Pillars, another James the First tavern, Pepys was often to be met, "very merry" at times, as when he carried his wife, Betty Turner, Mercer, and Deb there on the 6th February, 1667–8, "and did give them a kind of supper of about 7s." The gossiping diarist frequently mentions the house. Locke found there some drinks with curious sounding names, such as cock-ale, wormwood ale, scurvy-grass ale, lemon ale, and college ale. The tavern was on the south side, nearly opposite St. Dunstan's Church (site covered by No. 27 Fleet Street), and gave its name to an alley which has long since disappeared.

A memory of an old coaching house is preserved in the Bolt-in-Tun, south side of Fleet Street, now (1912) and for many years past a railway receiving office. Once it possessed a spacious yard, from which the coaches started, but there only survives the coaching office on the street, with the name conspicuously upon the front, the inn and most of the yard having been swallowed up. The name is a punning rebus upon that of Prior Bolton, last Abbot of St. Bartholomew-the-Great, Smithfield, in the unbroken line. A grant of the property, as before stated, was made to the Carmelite Friars as early as 1443.

The Hole-in-the-Wall, in St. Dunstan's Court, was a printers' tavern. It disappeared in 1860. The curious name describes its situation, behind the main line of buildings, and approached through a passage, or hole, in the wall of the front house. Carlin Sunday was regularly celebrated at the Hole-in-the-Wall,

where one learns from an old newspaper of about 1830 that upwards of twelve bushels of grey peas were prepared for the men of the North. The origin of the famous feast was said to be this. Centuries ago a battle was fought at Newcastle. When the inhabitants were on the eve of starvation, a vessel entered the port (on the fifth Sunday in Lent) filled with grey peas. These were promptly fried in oil, and were the means of saving the lives of several thousand persons. A like legend is told of Leith and Marseilles.[1]

Ye Olde Bell is one of the few surviving taverns about Fleet Street built on the ruins of the Great Fire of London. It is said to have been put up to supply the wants of the masons and others engaged in rebuilding St. Bride's Church under Wren's directions, and to stand on the site of an inn consumed in the flames. Seen from the churchyard, with the trees in leaf making a bright foreground in summer, and throwing dancing shadows upon the wall, it is certainly one of the most picturesque taverns of Fleet Street. The house possessed a flat sign of some merit, but this has gone. The gilt bell now seen with difficulty on the roof is modern.

The Crown, hidden away in Crown Court, on the south side of Fleet Street, has been a tavern since 1612.

The Green Dragon (No. 56) preserves the name, but nothing more, of a house which stood in Fleet Street when John Taylor, the water poet, made his thirsty perambulation of "all ye Taverns in ye City and Suburbs" in the year 1636. Others he then found, which have since disappeared, were The Bear, near Fleet Bridge, The Bell within Temple Bar, and The Hound, all in Fleet Street; The Mermaid in Shoe Lane; The Golden Lyon in Fetter Lane; The Three Crowns, Dog, Bishop's Head, and Golden Lyon, in Chancery Lane; and The George, the last the notorious house in Whitefriars sanctuary.[2] A Crown was a little ordinary in Hercules Pillars Alley—"a poor, sorry place," says Pepys. The Young Devil, a near neighbour of his elder majesty, one holds in worthy remembrance as the house at which Wanley, the Fleet Street banker, and Le Neve originated the present Society of Antiquaries. The Cogers' Society, founded more than a century ago, long held their debates at

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[1] *Notes and Queries*, 11th Ser., ii, 392.
[2] *ibid.*, p. 190.

the Barleymow, in Salisbury Court. The Trumpet and The Ship, in Shire Lane, were famous places of resort in their day. Scattered about this book will be found mention of other Fleet Street taverns, but a list with any pretensions to fulness would contain many more names.

The tavern found a rival for a time in another form of convivial entertainment which came into London's life with King James the First, and sprang rapidly into favour. The Three Kings Ordinary stood opposite Shoe Lane. The Jerusalem Ordinary was a house in Fleet Street reported in 1627 as a meeting place of Jesuits.[1] These were not religious assemblies. The ordinary was a public restaurant, where a midday meal was served, and its company and democratic character are sufficiently indicated in a passage written by Dekker in 1612—

> It seemed that all who came thither had clocks in their bellies, for they all struck into the dining-room much at about the very minute of feeding. Our traveller had all the eyes (that came in) thrown upon him (as being a stranger), and he as much took especial notice of them. In observing of whom and of the place, he found that an ordinary was the only Rendevous for the most ingenious, most terse, most travelled and most fantastic gallant; the only book-sellers shop for conference of the best editions, that if a woman (to be a Lady) would cast herself away upon a knight, there a man should hear a catalogue of most of the richest London widows; and last that it was a school where they were fellows of one form, and that a country gentleman was of as great coming as the proudest justice that sat there on the bench above him; for he that had the grain of the table with his bencher paid no more than he that placed himself beneath the salt.
>
> The bolder having cleared the table, cards and dice are served up to the board; they that are full of coin draw; they that have little stand by and give aim; the shuffle and cut on one side, the bones rattle on the other; long have they not played, but oaths fly up and down the room like hail-shot; if the poor dumb dice be but a little out of the square, the pox and a thousand plagues break their necks out at window.[2]

One such ordinary was kept at the Marygold by Temple Bar, the house which afterwards became Child's Bank, and still retains the old sign. It bore a somewhat riotous character, judged from complaint made by the wardmote inquest in December, 1619, against Richard Crompton, for disturbing

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[1] State Papers (Domestic), 1627, June 26th.

[2] Dekker, *O per See: or a New Cry of Lanthorne and Candle-light.*

the quiet of John Clarke and his family (being next door neighbours) late in the night from time to time by ill disorder. It would seem that the house was soon after closed. Daniel Britton in 1645 kept an ordinary and gaming-house in Fleet Street. Then I find his "gaming ordinary" licensed, but after two years his name disappears from the register; the Puritans, it may be, had marked his house for suppression; and under their dour regime the London ordinary as a separate institution itself disappears.[1]

Later the coffee-houses more effectually disputed the tavern's pre-eminence. The phase has passed, but three of these houses survive in Fleet Street to-day, under altered conditions. They rivalled the taverns as popular resorts, especially with the lawyers at the Temple, who foregathered at Nando's or George's or the other houses congregated about Temple Bar, to discuss law or literature, criticise the new play, or retail the freshest Westminster Hall "bite." Here the young bloods of the Inns of Court paraded their Indian gowns and lace caps of a morning, and swaggered in laced coats and Mechlin ruffles at night, after the theatre. The gathering of sedan chairs within Temple Bar, obstructing the way, became a nuisance which called forth a protest from the wardmote.[2]

Let no one imagine that the coffee-houses fostered the idea of temperance. There was no temperance party when the Rainbow set the fashion in Fleet Street, nor when Peele's or Groom's began. John Ashley, on opening the London Coffee-house on Ludgate Hill in 1731, put in the forefront of his advertisement, not his coffee, but the glorious punch that was to be obtained there, made with the best of old Arrack rum or French brandy. This was one of the houses within the Fleet Prison rules.

The coffee-house patron upon entering paid one penny, which made him free of the rooms, and then called for what he desired—coffee steaming hot, or punch, or plain brandy, or may be a pipe of tobacco. The company was mixed, and often the young nobleman in figured silks and laces rubbed shoulders unawares with the well-dressed highwayman or

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[1] Old dramas contain many allusions to the London ordinary. See especially Massinger's *The City Madam*.

[2] St. Dunstan's Wardmote Inquest, 1738.

expert thief from Whitefriars. Aimwell says in *The Beaux' Stratagem:* "Pray, sir, han't I seen your face at Will's coffee-house?" Gibbet: "Yes, sir, and at White's too."

Lord Chancellor Thurlow, then a young and unknown barrister of the Inner Temple, owed to a chance conversation at Nando's his rise at the Bar. Thurlow was the most coarse and cross-tempered lawyer since Jeffreys that ever attained the woolsack. To a clerical applicant for his patronage, whom he received with fury, he observed, "So that damned scoundrel, the Bishop of London, has given you an introduction; as it is he who has introduced you, you will certainly not get the living." "Well, so the Bishop said, my lord," replied the clergyman. "Did the Bishop say so?" thundered Thurlow. "Then he's a damned liar, and I'll prove him so; you *shall* have the living."

Adjourning his court for the Long Vacation, Lord Thurlow left the bench without uttering the then usual valedictory address to the Bar. As he made for the door, a junior counsel exclaimed in a loud aside, "He might at least have said 'Damn you!'"[1]

Few *causes célèbres* created such widespread interest as that of Douglas *v.* Hamilton, now forgotten except by lawyers, and none have been more hotly waged. The sixth Duke of Hamilton disputed the identity of James Edward Douglas, first Baron Douglas, and sought by all means in his power to hinder his accession to the Douglas estates. The Court of Session in Edinburgh in July, 1767, decided against the claimant on an array of minute circumstantial evidence. Thurlow had studied the case with care, and discussing it in Nando's coffee-house, which he frequented, his chambers being near by in Fig Tree Court, he expressed a strong opinion that the decision was wrong. This was overheard by some of the appellant's agents, and the force of his argument led to his being retained for the appeal. The House of Lords in the following February reversed the finding of the court below, and gave judgment in favour of Lord Douglas.

Thurlow fought a duel in Hyde Park with Andrew Stuart, the Duke of Hamilton's agent, who had demanded satisfaction for some severe reflections made upon his conduct.

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[1] Bellot, *The Inner and Middle Temple.*

"No man was ever so wise as Thurlow looks," is a well-remembered *bon-mot* of Fox. The Chancellor lies buried in the south aisle of the Temple Church.

They stood grouped together, the most famous of the Fleet Street coffee-houses, and all on the south side by Temple Bar—the Rainbow, Nando's, Groom's, and Dick's. How the neighbourhood must have reeked of coffee! Nando's for a time overshadowed the others as a popular resort, but its reign appears to have been comparatively short, and even its site until recently remained uncertain. "There was no one who could supply coffee or punch better than Mrs. Humphries; and her fair daughter was always admired At the Bar and By the Bar."[1] Eighteenth century writers have many allusions to the coffee-house, as Anstey's *Pleader's Guide*—

> Alas, how low his pocket grows!
> He cruises oft at Will's or Joe's,
> And oft, as many a greater man does,
> Eats, drinks, and falls asleep at Nando's.

And the young legal buck of the day has been drawn by Lloyd in *The Law Student*—

> By law, let others toil to gain renown!
> Florio's a gentleman, a man o' th' town.
> He nor courts clients, or the law regarding,
> Hurries from Nando's down to Covent Garden.
> Yet he's a scholar; mark him in the pit,
> With critic catcall sound the stops of wit!
> Supreme at George's, he harangues the throng,
> Censor of style, from tragedy to song.

The fine Jacobean house immediately to the east of Inner Temple gate has always been pointed out as Nando's, and the barber's shop as its coffee-room. Dr. Philip Norman has shown quite conclusively that Nando's was not there at all, and that in fact the coffee-house occupied upper rooms in the same building as the Rainbow, at the back of the house, entered by a passage from Fleet Street and stairs.[2]

The Rainbow, No. 15, was the second oldest coffee-house in London. The berry was introduced into England from the East in the middle of the seventeenth century, and there, under the Commonwealth, James Farr, a barber, opened coffee-rooms in or about 1657. Farr was in the street eight years

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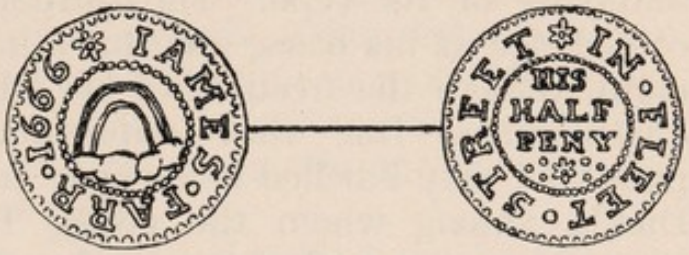
[1] Cradock's *Memoirs*, p. 71.
[2] *Home Counties Magazine*, iii, 90–93.

before, presumably, shaving chins. It was not long, however, before the neighbouring tavern-keepers had him indicted as a nuisance in the parish.

Among the presentments at the inquest at St. Dunstan's, 21st December, 1657, was this: "We present James Farr, barber, for makinge and selling of a drink called coffee whereby in makinge the same he annoyeth his neighbours by evil smells, and for keepinge of Fire for the most part night and day, whereby his chimney and chamber hath been set on Fire, to the great danger and affrightment of his neighbours." Five witnesses testify. Trade rivalry, no doubt, was at the back of this prosecution, but Farr triumphed. His token, dated 1666, is in the Beaufoy Collection at Guildhall. It is figured with an arched rainbow based upon clouds—doubtless an indication to customers that the house had survived the Great Fire of London.



RAINBOW COFFEE-HOUSE TOKEN

Addison knew the coffee-rooms. He writes in the *Spectator*, No. 15: "I have received a letter desiring me to be very satirical upon the little muff that is now in fashion; another informs me of a pair of silver garters buckled below the knee, that have lately been seen at the Rainbow Coffee-house in Fleet Street."

Mr. Timbs has recalled that Moncrieff, the dramatist, and author of *Tom and Jerry*, used to tell that about 1780 the house was kept by his grandfather, Alexander Moncrieff, when it retained its original title of the Rainbow Coffee-house.[1] The coffee-room had an elevated bay window at the south end, looking into the Temple; in the bay was a table set for the elders. A speciality in later years was the toasted cheese and stout. The old place has been swept away, and the modern Rainbow was rebuilt in the same site and reopened by Mr. John Argent in 1860.

Dicks, at No. 8, was naturally Richard's; the name seems to have been used indifferently—Richard Torner, or Turner, to

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[1] *History of Clubs and Club Life*, J. Timbs.

be exact, to whom the house was leased as early as 1680. The place must not be confounded with "Dirty Dick's" elsewhere, for this was a quiet, highly respectable house, which within memory retained an air of old-fashioned comfort, with the coffee-room panelled in oak looking out upon Hare Court, Temple, and the fine staircase with its original banisters. The interior is engraved as a frontispiece to James Miller's play, *The Coffee-house*, which was performed at Drury Lane Theatre in 1737.

Thereby hangs a tale. The artist had no malice. He chanced to draw Dick's, merely because it was a good representative of its type. The author, who used Rousseau's comedietta as his basis, may have had no particular house in mind, though the freedom of his adaptation makes this just questionable. But that unfortunate frontispiece to the published play labelled it for once and all, and frequenters of Dick's, among whom the young Templars were of course prominent, saw in the stage action a slanderous attack upon Mrs. Yarrow and her daughter, who then kept the house. These two were the reigning toasts. The young legal bloods howled and hissed the piece off the stage (it had to be withdrawn), and enlarged their opposition to anything afterwards produced that was suspected to be by Miller.

"Dick's" figures in the *Tatler*. It was there that in 1709 Steele took some country friends to dine, who proved so punctilious about precedence that he had a difficulty in getting them from the narrow crooked passage into the coffee-room. And it was "at Richard's Coffee-house, at breakfast," that the poet Cowper, "flinging down the paper in a strong fit of passion, rushed from the room," determined to poison himself in the first secluded ditch that he could find, his sensitive and overwrought nature having been roused to frenzy by reading in the news columns what he believed to be a satire upon himself.[1] Dick's Coffee-house survived, retaining its old popularity with the Bar, until 1874, when it was altered out of recognition. This was Thackeray's favourite resort. The final demolition of the historic house took place so recently as 1899.

The Groom family maintained an unbroken association with Groom's Coffee-house in Fleet Street, still a flourishing business,

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[1] Southey's *Cowper*.

for more than a century. John Groom opened there in 1777, succeeding a William Biddle. What trade was done in the "shopp" before I cannot say, as the Christ's Hospital leases, which I was permitted to inspect (they go back to King Charles the First) give no information. Richard Groom, confectioner, followed in 1808, David Groom in 1827, and another David Groom in 1850. The last named died in 1874, and his widow, Mrs. Louisa Groom, carried on the trade until her death in 1888, when it passed to new-comers. Several members of the Groom family are buried in St. Dunstan's Church. Like some other old houses of the type, Groom's has its special recipe for the making of coffee, and when the business was sold to the present occupants in 1909, this formula, a guarded secret, went with the property. Recently a new lamp has been hung over the pavement outside Groom's, bearing the inscription "Established 1827," the owners apparently not knowing that their business is fifty years older.

Peele's Coffee-house, now Peele's Hotel, at the Fetter Lane corner of Fleet Street, had one distinguishing characteristic; it kept complete files of all the London daily newspapers, and many of the country journals. This was the magnet which attracted members of the literary and legal professions, and the files were the more appreciated as a century ago there were neither reading rooms in the street nor the British Museum library to resort to. The founder of the house was Edmund Peele, coffeeman, who opened there in 1715.

I have been shown by Mrs. Kesley, the present proprietress, an original deed of that year, bearing Peele's signature and seal. A similar trade had previously been carried on by a widow Nixon, the document reciting that Peele had then taken "an house late the Widow Nixon's Coffee-house being the Corner house of Flower-de-luce Court in Fleet Street." The earliest reference to the coffee-house I had hitherto come across was in 1722. Upon the front is the legend "Established 1518," which may be the date of the original Flower-de-Luce, a house that earlier stood on the site.

Edmund Peele had probably gone the way of all mortality before the collection of the newspapers began, for the earliest kept was the *London Gazette*, dating back to 1759. Next came the *Morning Post*, founded 1773; *The Times*, 1780; *Morning Herald*, 1784; *Morning Chronicle*, 1793; *Morning Advertiser*,

1794, and the first London evening journals from their commencement. They were available for reference on payment of a small fee. The day's issue was always to be seen in the paper room on the first floor overlooking Fleet Street, and as the files accumulated they crowded practically every public apartment of the house.

None were bound. They harboured dust and dirt, and, as was inevitable, the task of keeping them up became too great, though it was not until about 1878 that the files, then very imperfect, were finally cleared out, and the bulk of them sold as so many tons of waste paper.

Charles Dickens was often at Peele's, particularly about the period 1845–46, when, for a brief fortnight, he edited the *Daily News*. There he used to consult the files of the leading newspapers of the day. A veteran correspondent of that journal, recalling some recollections of Peele's in the first half of the nineteenth century, places the great Duke of Wellington among the company ; he was frequently to be seen chatting over the files in the coffee-room. Others at different times were Blomfield, Bishop of London, Lord Macaulay, Hone, the Fleet Street publisher, Alderman Waithman, William Cobbett, Sheil, Nollekens, the sculptor, and Rundell and Bridge, the jewellers of Ludgate Hill, to whom the Court jewels of the day were entrusted for repair and resetting.

The Society for Repealing the Paper Duty had their central committee room at Peele's.

Other houses of note were just beyond Temple Bar, the Grecian and Tom's in Devereaux Court—the last named for two centuries past, and to-day, Twining's tea-house—the Palgrave's Head, and Heycock's, near at hand, but these are outside the scope of this book. I mention George's, which is still preserved in name by the hotel facing the Law Courts, only because Horace Walpole spoils a good story. Shenstone tells in his letters that as the mob were carrying Lord Orford in effigy to behead him on Tower Hill, they came into the box at George's where his lordship himself happened to be sitting, and begged money of him among others.

"I suppose," Horace Walpole writes to Cole on the 14th July, 1769, "Mr. Shenstone thought that, after he quitted his place, he went to the coffee-houses to learn news. I do

remember something like it, but it happened to myself. I met a mob just after my father was out, in Hanover Square, and drove up to it to know what was the matter. They were carrying about a figure of my sister. This probably gave rise to the other story."

CHAPTER XXII

NO. 1 FLEET STREET

> TELSON'S was the triumphant perfection of inconvenience. After bursting open a door of idiotic obstinacy with a weak rattle in its throat, you fell into Telson's down two steps, and came to your senses in a miserable little shop with two little counters, where the oldest of men made your cheque shake as if the wind rustled it, while they examined the signature by the dingiest of windows, which were always under a shower bath of mud from Fleet Street, and which were made the dingier by their own iron bars and the heavy shadow of Temple Bar. If your business necessitated your seeing "the House," you were put into a species of Condemned Hold at the back, where you meditated on a misspent life, until the House came with its hands in its pockets, and you could hardly blink at it in the dismal twilight.—DICKENS, *A Tale of Two Cities*.

ALL the world knows No. 1 Fleet Street, if not by its numerical distinction, then as Child's Bank, the oldest banking house in the City of London.

The noble family of Villiers, Earls of Jersey since 1697, and claiming descent back to a Norman ancestor, have this century past borne the additional surname of Child. How a great fortune went to the Earls of Jersey and was denied to the Earls of Westmorland, and how Sarah Countess of Jersey came to be head of the banking house of Messrs. Child in Fleet Street for the long period of sixty-one years, is one of the romances of the peerage.

Robert Child was principal partner in the bank in the later years of the eighteenth century. Possessing great ambitions, immense wealth, a stately house at Osterley Park, near Hounslow, and a seat in Parliament for Somersetshire, he was yet regarded as a somewhat close-fisted man.

Robert Child had an only daughter and heiress, Sophia Anne, whose charms may still be admired in the portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds at Middleton Park.

One afternoon in May, 1782, Lord Westmorland had dined with the banker at Temple Bar. John, the tenth Earl, was known by the name of "Rapid Westmorland." In the days of gambling for high stakes that conveys its own meaning. A handsome man, as seen in Romney's portrait of him, and of fascinating manners, he had won the heart of the beautiful

Miss Child. His account gave less reason for satisfaction to her father.

"Child, I wish for your opinion on the following case," Lord Westmorland said. "Suppose you were in love with a girl, and her father would not let you marry her, what would you do?"

"Do? Why, run away with her, of course!"

Little can Mr. Child have imagined that his own daughter's future was involved in his prompt reply.

Either that night, or a few nights later, Lord Westmorland eloped with Miss Sarah Child. The girl, carrying a small parcel, walked deliberately out of her father's house in Berkeley Square, the same mansion that is now Lord Rosebery's town residence. A little maid in her confidence accompanied her. Close by, Lord Westmorland was in waiting with a post-chaise and four. She mounted to her lover's side, and away they sped on the long ride to Gretna Green to secure the good offices of the blacksmith parson. It is said that the duenna who slept in the outer room of Miss Child's apartments had been drugged by her maid, and that the flight was only discovered by the "Charley"—the old night-watchman—finding the front door open, and raising an alarm.

How hot was the pursuit has been told in vivacious fashion by the present Countess of Jersey—[1]

"A hue and cry arose ere long, and Mr. Child, having ordered out a second post-chaise in which to pursue the fugitives, sent on in advance a messenger, one Richard Gillam, mounted on his own favourite hunter, with orders to detain them till he should arrive.

"Richard, who doubtless changed horses several times (unless the hunter equalled Black Bess in powers of endurance), came up with the carriage near Rokeby, in Yorkshire, and delivered his master's message to its occupants.

"'Shoot, my lord!' exclaimed Miss Child, who must have been a strong-minded young lady for her years—only seventeen. Lord Westmorland accordingly cut short further discussion by shooting Gillam's horse; and when Mr. Child, who was now approaching the scene of action, saw the poor beast fall, he turned back and would carry the pursuit no farther.

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[1] *Pall Mall Magazine*, January, 1898.

"Gillam ended his life at an advanced age as lodge-keeper at Middleton Park. He used to relate this adventure with great gusto, and from the tone of satisfaction with which 'Shoot, my lord!' was repeated to me by one of his hearers, I gather that the groom's admiration for his young mistress's spirit quite outweighed any resentment for the discomfort which the execution of her orders might have entailed upon himself."

Naturally the narrative varies in detail as it has come down to us. The version generally current has been that Mr. Child himself so nearly approached the runaways in Cumberland that Lord Westmorland was compelled to stand up in his carriage and shoot the leading horse in Mr. Child's post-chaise, which caused the whole vehicle to collapse. This bold procedure gave the fugitives time to get over the border and be married before the angry father could interfere. *The Morning Herald*, however, contained a contemporary account much akin to Lady Jersey's—

Mr. Child, the banker, and his attendants returned yesterday morning to town, after a vain pursuit of the Earl of Westmorland, who carried off that gentleman's daughter early on Friday morning last; two of Mr. Child's pursuers came up with the *amorous fugitives* a little on the other side of Baldock, one of whose horses was instantly shot under him by Lord Westmorland's people, to prevent his getting ahead of them, the man's intent being to retain all the carriages at the next stage and thus stop the lovers' progress; the other servants instantly turned tail, and from that moment the pursuit was abandoned, so that there is not the smallest doubt but that the young, spirited heroine has before this time been hailed the lovely Countess of Westmorland.

Yet another story is that Charles, Lord Gray, a friend of the Earl of Westmorland, was able to assist the flying pair. Lord Gray, a captain of Dragoons, was quartered on the line of flight, and happened to be exercising his troops in marching order when the carriage came thundering along the road. Lord Westmorland, putting his head out of window, begged Lord Gray to throw all impediment possible in the way of Mr. Child, who was close behind, and this the young Dragoon contrived to do by arranging his men in such manner that it required some time to pass them.

Samuel Rogers, the banker poet, who visited Gretna Green five years later, says the couple were not married by the blacksmith, but at a small ale-house by the river between

Gretna and Annan. They stayed there the night, Mr. Henderson, a good-natured old man, leaving his bed for them. Rogers saw the parson at the door—"a tall, sottish, good-looking fellow. His name is Parsley, or Parsfield, a farmer."

It has been said that Mr. Child's income from the bank and inherited wealth was £30,000 a year, which made his daughter and heiress an eligible *parti* amongst the most noble families. George Selwyn wrote to the Earl of Carlisle six months before the elopement that the Duchess of Marlborough was laying a scheme for marrying Lord Blandford to a great fortune: "I am told that Miss Child's alliance is in her Grace's contemplation." The newspapers were full of gossip about the matter—

> The Marquis of G——m is chiefly affected by the late event, his lordship being the adopted choice of the young lady's friends; Mrs. C——d in particular was his advocate.
>
> Lord H—b—t, it is said, feels a severe disappointment in the choice Miss C——d has made, as he considered himself on very good terms with the fair deserter and her relatives.

Mr. Child so far forgave the runaways that his consent was obtained to a subsequent religious marriage—consent being necessary, as the bride was a minor. The ceremony took place privately at Apethorpe, Lord Westmorland's seat in Northamptonshire, on the 7th June, 1782; but the affair still rankled. Mr. Child died suddenly a few weeks later, at the early age of forty-three, it is said of a broken heart, and before his daughter's child was born. He had declared that never should anyone bearing the name of Westmorland inherit wealth of his, and by his will he left his large fortune to the first daughter of Lady Westmorland who should be christened Sarah, and take the name of Child.

The little stranger came into the world next year, the Lady Sarah Sophia Child. She married on May 30, 1804, George Villiers, afterwards fifth Earl of Jersey, and grandfather of the present peer; and so the interest in the bank and possession of Osterley Park passed to the Villiers family. Sarah Countess of Jersey lived to celebrate her golden wedding, dying so recently as 1867. You may see her attractive portrait at the bank, preserving the good looks and a dash of the spirit of her mother.

Child's Bank is much older than this adventure, which makes a purple passage in its annals. John Wheeler, son of a goldsmith in Cheapside, came into Fleet Street in Queen

Elizabeth's reign to set up on his own account, rents then being cheaper outside the City wall. His descendant, William Wheeler, early in the reign of King Charles the First moved the business farther up the street to Temple Bar, taking the shop under the sign of " Ye Marygold," which, as already said, had previously been a public ordinary, and one of a somewhat riotous character. He kept unchanged the old sign that had swung over the shop, and it is the sign of the great banking house to-day. His son succeeded him.

Francis Child, founder of the line of bankers—the first Sir Francis Child, Knight—came into the house soon after the Restoration. A Wiltshire lad, he exemplified in his career the moral story of the industrious apprentice, for he married Wheeler's daughter, was taken into partnership, and when the Wheelers, father and son, had passed away, was partner with Robert Blanchard, who had himself married the widowed Mrs. Wheeler. The whole fortune of the Wheelers and of Blanchard passed to him on the latter's death in 1681, when Child appeared as the first name of the firm, and " Child's " it has been ever since.

Don't think that the Childs have been content with the mere accumulation of wealth. They have given aldermen to the Ward of Farringdon Without, Lord Mayors to the City, and members to Parliament, and their record is closely interwoven with the good administration of St. Dunstan's parish and Fleet Street.

Child's Bank has been fortunate in its historian. The late Mr. F. G. Hilton Price was peculiarly well equipped for the task, being not only a most able antiquary, and Director of the Society of Antiquaries, but also a partner in the bank, a position which gave him liberty to rummage its stores of documents. I have gone to his book, *The Marygold by Temple Bar* (Bernard Quaritch, 1902) for substantially everything here given that is of value, and only regret that acknowledgments come too late to be paid personally. His death in 1909 was a great loss.

His pleasant pages contain a long list of eminent persons who have dealt with the bank. What would not a collector of autographs give for the signatures on their drafts ? Oliver Cromwell was among the customers ; and King William the Third and his Consort kept money at Child's. These scraps of paper, stained with time, recall men and women who have

made English history—John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, and his strong-willed Duchess; Dryden, Poet Laureate; the Earl of Chesterfield, whose witty *Letters* are now more talked about than read; Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; the Earl of Oxford, originator of the South Sea Bubble; Lady Rachael Russell, widow of that Lord William Russell who was "a lover of constitutional liberty," as runs the simple record at the spot where he was beheaded in Lincoln's Inn Fields; Blackstone, of the *Commentaries;* Lord Keeper North; Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford and founder of the Harleian Library; Hyde, Earl of Rochester, and a host besides. The room over the gate of Temple Bar, which the bank occupied as a store-room until its demolition, was stuffed with old ledgers containing these and other accounts.

Fair and frail, too, were some of those who banked with Child's. Charles the Second's mistresses supported the house, which still preserves the debit and credit of Mistress Eleanor Gwynne, and of Barbara Villiers, Countess of Cleveland. Poor Nell Gwynne! She was no scholar, and could only write her mark, "E. G." in great sprawling letters on her drafts. Living extravagantly, she died in 1687 a debtor to Child's to the tune of £6,900. Of this sum her ennobled son, the Duke of St. Alban's, paid off £2,300, plate was accepted by Child's of the value of £3,791, and the bankers were accommodating with respect to the balance, allowing it to stand at five per cent. interest. Titus Oates's signature is endorsed on a cheque of the Duke of Bolton. The rascal wrote a good firm hand.

The ducal houses seem almost without exception to have banked at Child's; indeed, an index of the firm's accounts would constitute a fairly representative list of the British peerage.

An amazing story of a run upon Child's Bank, said to have been engineered by its most formidable rival, is told by Mr. John Francis in his *History of the Bank of England.* He gives Samuel Ireland as his authority—

> About 1745 the practice of bankers was to deliver, in exchange for money deposited, an accountable receipt, which they circulated like a modern cheque. Bank notes were then at a discount, and the Bank of England, jealous of Child's reputation, secretly collected the receipts of their rivals, determined when they had a very large number suddenly to demand money for them, hoping that Child's would not be able to meet their liabilities. Fortunately for the latter, they got

scent of this plot, and in great alarm applied to the celebrated Duchess of Marlborough, who gave them a single cheque for £700,000 on their opponents.

Thus armed, Child's awaited the arrival of the evening. It was arranged that this business should be transacted by one of the partners, and that a confidential clerk, at a given signal, should proceed with all speed to the Bank to get the cheque cashed. At last a clerk from the Bank of England appeared with a full bag, and demanded money for a large number of receipts. The partner was called, who desired him to present them singly.

The signal was given, the confidential clerk hurried on his mission, the partner was very deliberate in his movements, and long before he had taken an account of all the receipts, his emissary returned with £700,000, and the whole amount of £500,000 or £600,000 was paid by Child's in Bank of England notes. In addition to the triumph of this manœuvre, Child's must have made a large sum, from Bank paper being at a considerable discount.

Francis throws doubt on Ireland's story, holding it most difficult of belief that any body of honourable men could act so disgraceful a part. So I should imagine; and a flaw in the tale is that Ireland places the date at 1745—a year after Sarah Duchess of Marlborough's death! That there was a run on Child's Bank, and that it was stopped by the aid of the redoubtable Duchess, seems well established. Owing to the Jacobite Rebellion, Bank of England notes were at a considerable discount, while the notes issued by Child's Bank and that of Messrs. Hoare and Co., in Fleet Street, maintained their credit and circulated at par; and this affords a conceivable ground for an effort by the greater institution to injure its rival. Mr. Hilton Price says that no entry of this matter can be met with in the books of the firm, but thinks it worth mentioning, "as we have no reason for doubting it, these and other stories being mostly founded to a certain degree on facts."

He also gives another version of the incident, which antedates it by half a century, dismissing a suggestion of £100,000 as probably exaggerated. Hogarth painted a small picture inspired by this adventure, entitled "Scene at a Banking House in 1745," the subject of an engraving by Barlow.[1]

The original Child's, close against The Devil tavern, was a narrow slip of a house, and even after swallowing up its roystering neighbour retained its ancient gloom. Dickens's description of the bank (as "Telson's") in the opening chapter

[1] See H. B. Wheatley, *Hogarth's London*, p. 256.

of his *Tale of Two Cities* was, perhaps, not greatly exaggerated. It claims to be the oldest bank, Sir Francis Child having been the first goldsmith entirely to abandon that branch of his trade for the legitimate business of banking. The earliest accounts are largely mixed up with plate and pawnbroking transactions.

In the existing palatial building at Temple Bar many of the traditions are kept alive. The public office overlooking the street is still " the shop," as it was in the goldsmith's days, and that at the back is " the counting house." An excellent custom has remained in force whereby the clerks in seniority become partners, in the same way that the original goldsmith-banker keeping " running cashes " took his apprentice into the business. So Child's goes on flourishing after nearly three centuries of honoured existence. Its cheques still bear a printed representation of Temple Bar.

A pleasant anecdote told by Mr. Hilton Price of the auspicious opening day after the last rebuilding (23rd August, 1880) comes appropriately—

> One of the first people who entered was a small boy with a parcel of newspapers under his arm and a few coppers in his hand, who inquired what the smallest sum was that could be received upon deposit, as he wished to place his small savings in safety; upon telling him that such small accounts were never opened, we asked the reason for his coming in, to which he replied he was induced to do so by seeing a notice board upon the steps, " Entrance to Child's Bank."

Hoare's Bank, now an imposing but somewhat gloomy palace of Mammon, has swallowed up Johnson's Mitre Tavern and other houses, Nos. 34 to 39 in the street, just as Child's displaced The Devil. The old sign of the Golden Bottle may be seen from the street, over the doorway. It has been taken to represent the leather bottle, with its cool draught of nut-brown ale, that James Hore, the founder of the firm, carried with him when he came to London to seek his fortune. Mr. Hilton Price has shown that James Hore was a goldsmith keeping " running cashes " under the sign of the Golden Bottle in Cheapside in 1677.[1] He had been comptroller and Warden of the Mint and Surveyor of the Meltings and Clerk of the Irons, and when he migrated about 1693 to Fleet Street, and there joined in partnership with his cousin, Richard Hoare, it is likely that he took his sign with him.

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[1] *Handbook of London Bankers*, p. 84.

Richard Hoare, a younger man, outlived his partner and carried on the business, became Sir Richard in 1702, and was afterwards elected M.P. for the City of London. He filled office as Lord Mayor in 1712. The family have always been distinguished for active participation in civic affairs, and for their philanthropy.

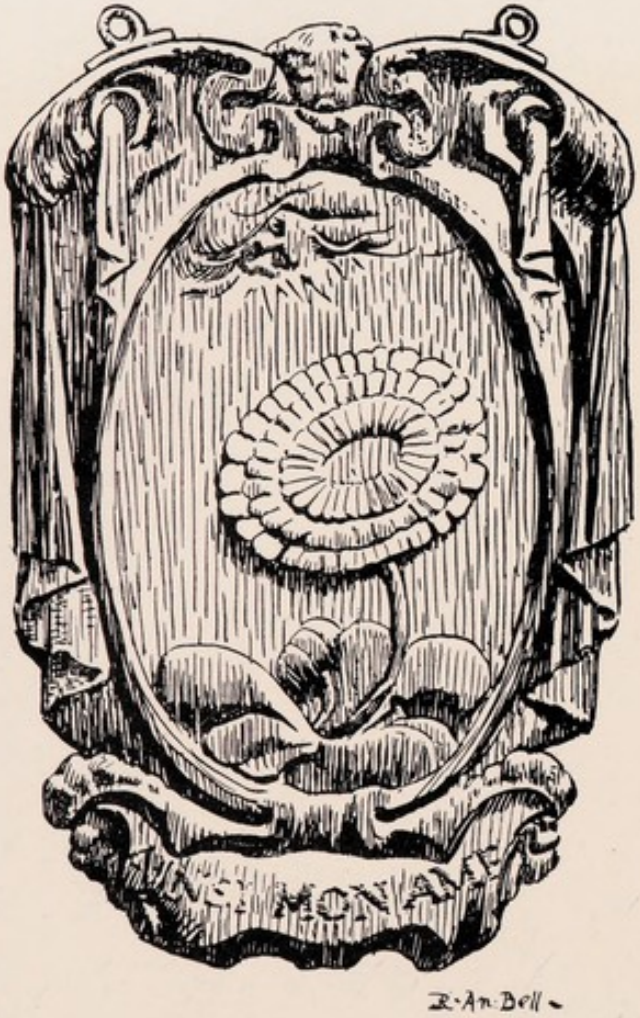
Sir Richard Hoare was accused—it appears maliciously—of attempting with Sir Francis Child a run on the Bank of England in 1707. The story is told as follows in an old pamphlet called *The Anatomy of Exchequer Alley*—

> When the late hurry of an expected invasion [from France by the Pretender] sunk the price of stock 14 or 15 per cent., who were the men that made a run upon the Bank of England, and pushed at them with some particular pique too, if possibly to have run them down, and brought them to a stop of payment ? I hereby refer to, and can recall to memory two goldsmiths (Knights, also, and one of them a Member of Parliament, too) in Fleet Street. . . One of them, it was said, had gathered a quantity of Bank Bills to the value of near one hundred thousand, and the other a great sum, though not so much, and it was said they resolved to demand the whole at once. Let the gentlemen I point at answer with what difficulty Sir Richard Hoare wiped off the imputation of being a favourer of the Pretender, and how often in vain he protested he did it with no such view, and how hard the Whigs were to believe him.

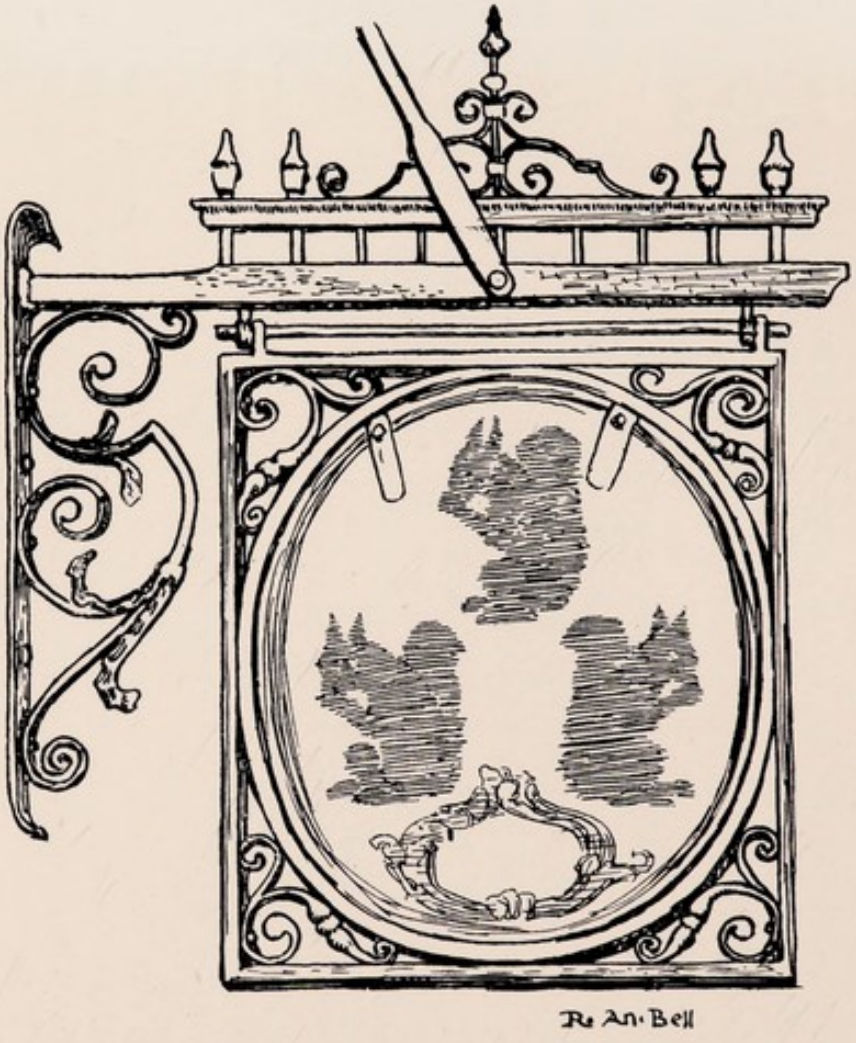
There was a second Sir Richard Hoare, a grandson, Alderman of Farringdon Ward in 1740, and Lord Mayor, who died in 1754. Of him a noble memorial is preserved in St. Dunstan's Church, on the walls of which, after the old church was taken down last century, it was re-erected by the parishioners, as a sincere expression of their admiration and gratitude to a family long resident among them. A medallion contains the bust of the knight, in the great wig of the day. The inscription sets out that he was Lord Mayor of the City in the memorable year of the rebellion of 1745, and in that alarming crisis he discharged the great trust reposed in him with honour and integrity, to the approbation of his Sovereign and the universal satisfaction of his fellow-citizens.

The Golden Bottle became No. 37 Fleet Street in the year 1770. At that time the dress of the ordinary bank clerk was knee breeches, silk stockings, shoes with silver buckles, tail coat, and often a white tie. The white tie is still approved at Messrs. Hoare's.

Between the two banks already dealt with, on the same side



THE MARIGOLD, CHILD'S BANK



THREE SQUIRRELS, GOSLING'S BANK

BANKERS' SIGNS IN FLEET STREET

Drawn by R. Anning Bell

of the street, is Messrs. Goslings, at the Three Squirrels. The old sign, of copper, may be seen in the front office. An amalgamation was made with Messrs. Barclay & Co., in 1896, and the business is now known as Goslings' Branch. This also is a bank of considerable antiquity, for James Chambers, with whom the firm originated, was trading as a goldsmith in 1684 at the Three Squirrels, over against St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street, and probably came there within five years of the Great Fire of London. As early as 1650 a goldsmith named Pinckney had set up at the Three Squirrels, but afterwards had a rival business at the Golden Dragon.[1]

The name of Gosling first comes in in 1742, and since 1796 the style had been Messrs. Gosling and Sharpe. A memorial to a subsequent James Chambers, a partner who died in 1733, is in St. Dunstan's Church. It says that he was a man "Courteous to his Neighbours, Hearty to his Friends, and singularly Just to Every Body, Very beneficent to his Relations." With the last one can well agree, for the inscription further sets out that this disinterested man parted with upwards of £20,000 to his relatives in his lifetime. The Goslings were originally Gostlings, and manufacturers of gold lace.

Many other goldsmiths and bankers have made money in Fleet Street. I need mention two only. James Heriot, a descendant of "Jingling Geordie," the favourite goldsmith of James the First, kept "running cashes" at The Naked Boy when Charles the Second was King. Praeds were an old firm of Cornish bankers, who flourished at No. 189 Fleet Street, shouldering St. Dunstan's for over half a century. Like so many other private banks, they have been amalgamated.[2] Winthrop Mackworth Praed, the poet, who lived in Brick Court, was a relative of the founder. Praeds in 1803 erected on the site of the picturesque old Jacobite building that at one time housed Mrs. Salmon's famous wax-works the large mansion now occupied by the Linotype Company—the trap-door and lift for lowering bullion to the vaults are still *in situ*. Sir John Soane was the architect. Visitors who have gone to look over the building have found their interest wholly

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[1] Hilton Price, *Handbook of London Bankers*, pp. 70, 129.

[2] Originally with Brown, Jansen & Co., who afterwards merged with Lloyds' Bank.

absorbed by the Linotype machine, a marvellous piece of mechanism that has revolutionised the type-setting of newspapers.

I propose in this last rambling chapter to take a hasty glance about Fleet Street, recalling associations of some other surviving buildings. Serjeants' Inn is built upon the street with the stone frontage of the Norwich Union Life Office. This stands upon the site of the Serjeants' hall, destroyed in the Great Fire of London, and of the later offices designed by the brothers Adam for " The Amicable Society for a Perpetual Assurance " —not actually the first corporate society of the kind, but the first stable one. Its single predecessor succumbed after twelve years. The Amicable, if not as perpetual as its name, enjoyed an honoured life of one hundred and sixty years.

The Amicable succeeded because its founders had the genius to recognise that no insurance society can last unless it establishes a sufficient reserve. Its basis was not scientific. All ages paid alike. The policies had no settled value, the system being to distribute each year five-sixths of the members' contributions amongst the representatives of those who had died that year. So the amount paid on each claim depended, first, on the number of deaths in the year it occurred ; secondly, on the number of members. The benefit averaged up to 1749 about £93, and reached £260 in 1760, falling as low as £125 next year. What sum the widow and orphans would receive was always an unknown quantity. This large element of chance made the plan unsatisfactory.

There came the South Sea Bubble. Fifty assurance societies went down in the crash. The Amicable alone stood firm ; and from this parent society sprang in 1760 the first office to transact life insurance business on modern principles. The Equitable gave for an annual premium fixed at the time of taking out the policy a definite and certain sum at death, whenever that might occur. Its establishment was chiefly due to the exertions of one Dodson, who wished to get his life insured, but was refused admittance by the Amicable, as his age was above forty-five, the maximum fixed by that society for new members. Honour to the old Amicable ! Founded in 1705, it was absorbed by the Norwich Union in 1864.

Within Serjeants' Inn, at No. 16, are the rooms where for

thirty-one years lived John Thadeus Delane, the famous editor of *The Times*—"in an old house which had a certain quiet dignity of its own from its good panelled woodwork and well-designed staircase." The place is much altered, and the dining room subdivided wherein had been so many gatherings of wit and intellect. It was from here that Delane, when overtaken by sickness, conducted the policy of *The Times*, admitting few visitors, and inspiring his leader-writers by short and pithy notes, indicating the line to be taken by the paper from day to day. A change made in 1875 in the hour at which the paper went to press allowed Delane to get to bed in Serjeants' Inn at three o'clock instead of five, but the strain (borne since 1841) of editing the leading journal had told upon his constitution; two years later he retired from the editorial chair, and within another two years was dead.[1]

Delane's dining room is to-day a solicitor's office. The London County Council have affixed a plaque to the house. The judges and serjeants-at-law left their Fleet Street Inn in 1758, when, their lease expiring, the property reverted to the freeholders, the Dean and Chapter of York. Soon after the Inn was largely rebuilt. An old sculptured sign, bearing two wheatsheaves and the date 1669, may be seen on the front of No. 9.

Across the street Old Serjeants' Inn has just gone; as I write the entire site is being covered by a huge stone building for the Law Union and Rock Life Insurance Company. Future passers-by may admire this, but it will give small recompense to those who remember a vision of sunny courts and a shady tree seen through the portals in Chancery Lane. Sir Robert Smirke rebuilt the Inn in 1837; the British Museum and St. Martin's-le-Grand Post Office do his memory more credit. The houses made no pretension. This was a quiet by-way, now lost to London, a pleasant passage into the more pleasant Clifford's Inn. One building of note it contained—the hall, dating from Charles the Second, but only the shell was left.

The Society was dissolved in 1876, and no more were called to be Serjeants-at-Law. So the surviving Serjeants sold their property—and divided the proceeds among themselves! This was deemed no little scandal. The purchaser for £57,100

[1] A. J. Dasent, *J. T. Delane: His Life and Correspondence.*

was the late Mr. Serjeant Cox, who stripped the hall of its stained glass and the illuminated arms of the judges, and transferred these, with the furniture and plate, and the crested dinner service of 140 pieces, to his residence at Mill Hill, N. The portraits, twenty-six in number, including Lord Chancellors King, Camden, Eldon, Truro, Lyndhurst, and Campbell; Sir Edward Coke, Sir Mathew Hale, the Earl of Mansfield, Lord Denman, and other distinguished judges, members of the Inn, were presented by the Society to the National Portrait Gallery, where the lawyers are well represented, Barnard's Inn in Holborn having done the same thing.

Lord Lindley, the last Serjeant admitted to the Coif, is to-day the sole survivor of the most ancient, and—as it counted all the judges—the most illustrious of the legal brotherhoods. A relic of the ecclesiastical connection survives in a perpetual rent charge of £180 a year still paid for Old Serjeants' Inn to the Bishop of Ely.

Clifford's Inn lies just behind. I well remember the surprise and pleasure with which, years ago, rambling one day about the City, I came unexpectedly upon this secluded by-way of Fleet Street. Afterwards I lived for several years in Clifford's Inn, and the charm of its quiet, old-world air grew upon one. The surviving houses were mostly built just before the Great Fire of London, and their once bright red brick has toned to a warm brown. There is a little square of sunny garden, with a few trees. Pigeons fly over the green, and strut about the old irregular pavement, that once common feature of London streets which has now all but disappeared.

It was then prettier than to-day, with a passage through Old Serjeants' Inn into Chancery Lane. Bad as was Smirke's architecture, Old Serjeants' Inn was at least restful; but now the huge insurance building that is replacing it rises high above the roofs in great masses of masonry, that seem as if threatening to fall upon and crush completely the little Inn of Chancery that Isabel, widow of Robert de Clifford, leased to the students of law so long ago as 1344. Clifford's Inn has itself lost the first tiny square to the left entered from Fleet Street, now partly built over. The Honourable Society of Clifford's Inn dissolved in 1902, and sold their property for £100,000 to Mr. Willet, the London builder.

Unlike the Serjeants-at-Law, the "Antients" of Clifford's

Inn were not permitted to divide the proceeds wholly among themselves; a sum of about £60,000 is, under the scheme approved by the High Court of Justice, devoted to the education of more lawyers—not, some may think, the best possible use of such rare treasure-trove.

There were quaint customs in hall. At the dinners, the occupant of the chair took up four little loaves, baked together so as to form a cross, and raising this symbol above his head, struck it down three times upon the table—so done, it was understood, in reference to the three persons of the Trinity. The four little loaves were then pushed along the board, past the "Kentish men," to the bottom of the table, indicating (as the ceremony was explained) that what was left of the meal was for the poor. For many years women used to wait at the door of the buttery to receive the broken meats. Only two toasts were given, without speeches, "Antient and Honourable," and "Absent Members." The antients of the society consisted of a Principal and eleven rulers.[1]

The recently instituted Society of Knights Bachelor has acquired the hall and some of the adjacent buildings. These they will preserve. The hall is "builder's gothic," stucco daubed and completely spoilt on the exterior, though pleasant within. By the buttery are the remains of an early pointed arch. What fate may reserve for the rest time alone will show, but one fears the worst.

Few Inns of Chancery enjoyed great legal distinction, for they were places of preparation for students of the Inns of Court. The learned Coke and John Selden were of Clifford's Inn before they entered at the Inner Temple. All the six attorneys of the Marshalsea Court had chambers in Clifford's Inn at one time, and gave the place an unsavoury notoriety. More misery, Mr. Thornbury has said, emanated from this small spot than from any of the most populous counties in England.

But Clifford's Inn has afforded quiet and comfortable rooms for generations of literary men and journalists. George Dyer, Lamb's old friend, and the subject of Elia's inimitable essay, *Amicus Redivivus*, sheltered for many years at No. 13—"like a dove in an asp's nest," over a firm of Marshalsea

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[1] Wheatley, *London Past and Present*, i, 424.

attorneys. The house was rebuilt in 1831. Dyer was a most laborious and erudite scholar, having edited single-handed 140 volumes of Valpy's Delphin Classics, and he wrote poetry in ten-syllable verse. "To G. D. a poem is a poem," says Lamb, "his own as good as anybody's and, God bless him! anybody's as good as his own; for I do not think he has the most distant guess of the possibility of one poem being better than another." Withal he was a man of great simplicity and extraordinary absent-mindedness. Having spent an evening at Leigh Hunt's cottage at Hampstead, "he returned a quarter of an hour after the farewells, when his host had gone to bed, saying that he thought he had left one of his shoes behind him. He had in fact left it under the table, and had gone nearly a mile before he was aware of the loss."

Leigh Hunt came, an invited guest, to a breakfast when "there was no butter, no knife to cut the beef, and the teapot was without a spout." To Dyer's chambers in Clifford's Inn also came Sir Walter Scott, Southey, Sir Thomas Talfourd, and others of the best-known literary men of the day. Late in life Dyer married a Mrs. Mather, a kindly soul whose third husband, a solicitor, had just died in chambers in Clifford's Inn opposite his own, and she took care of him till the end. Left totally blind, he expired in his rooms in 1841.

Lionel Johnson, the young Irish poet, lived in the Inn, and Robert Pultock, the ingenious author of *Peter Wilkins*, the flying man. My opposite neighbour on the floor of No. 15 was Samuel Butler, a quiet, most modest old gentleman, and a charming conversationalist. His books, *Erewhon* (Nowhere), *The Way of All Flesh*, and others had won for him a great reputation among a select but small band, and why he was not more appreciated is one of the mysteries of literary success. Since his death the reissue of his complete works has brought one of the most original of thinkers and versatile of writers before a wider public.

I'll not leave Clifford's Inn to come down without bare mention of weird and eerie things. The place was the "Yellow House," back of the inner court, shallow built, with rooms through which you pass to get from one to another, obviously and properly of all the houses the one for mystery—and what old Inn with unbroken history right back to 1310 can be counted well fitted without a ghost? I forbear to say on which

floor. But two sceptics kept watch during the night, with closed doors in the darkened room. A door opened. The "Presence" entered. One watcher clutched the other, and both saw. Across the room it moved, the opposite door opened, it passed out. The men hastened to both doors, and promptly locked them. An interval, and then the Presence returned, passing *through* the first locked door, again moved across the room, and disappeared through the second door.

No more was seen, but when the first faint daylight entered the chamber, the watchers found on the sand with which they had strewn the floor a well-marked impression of the foot of a huge bird! I give the story as told, making no comment.

St. Dunstan's alone of the two churches stands out in Fleet Street, conspicuous by its tower with pierced octagonal lantern. This is of no great height—130 feet—and the design was frankly inspired by that of St. Helen's, York, but it was an inspiration of genius to place the tower here, crowning the rising ground. As you look west it dominates the street. The architect of the church was John Shaw, who died during its progress, and the building was finished by his son, and consecrated on the 31st July, 1833. London's grime has so cased the yellow freestone that already St. Dunstan's looks older than Wren's St. Bride's, built a century and a half before. The plan is octagonal, and the interior is enriched by a large number of monuments removed from the earlier church it replaced. One curious inscription is to be read on a round marble tablet without ornament—

To the Memory
of HOBSON JUDKIN, ESQ.,
late of Clifford's Inn.
The HONEST SOLICITOR
who departed this life June the 30, 1812.

This tablet was erected by his Clients,
as a Token of Gratitude and Respect for his
honest, faithful, and friendly Conduct to them
thro' life.
GO READER and imitate
HOBSON JUDKIN.

This might be capped by Pennant's inscription from the neighbouring Rolls Chapel, now demolished—"Here lies an honest lawyer—that is STRANGE!"

That St. Bride's Church is visible at all from Fleet Street

is due to the accident of a fire which burnt out the approach that brings the tower and spire into view. Flames were observed at three o'clock on the 14th November, 1824—a Sunday morning—at No. 87, then a draper's store, and burnt the houses right and left and back to St. Bride passage. Watchmen, springing their rattles and shouting "Fire!" roused the sleeping inmates, people were seen in night attire escaping along neighbouring roofs, and from the glare it was imagined that half Fleet Street was alight. The premises of seven firms lay in ruins when the flames were subdued, for this was the biggest fire that has occurred in Fleet Street since 1666. The loss was estimated at £100,000.

Like their forefathers of Charles the Second's time, out of the extremity of their distress the citizens made good. The parishioners of St. Bride's realised the opportunity afforded at last of giving their beautiful church some significance in the street. Liberal contributions poured in. The site was purchased, and a broad open way made to the north porch. *Punch* had offices for many years in the passage so cut, the windows papered with Tenniel's and Sambourne's cartoons.

No. 32 Fleet Street (Messrs. George Philips & Son, publishers) is famous, for there was founded the great publishing house of John Murray. "Many Blockheads in the Trade are making fortunes, and did we not succeed as well as they, I think it must be imputed only to ourselves," wrote Lieutenant John MacMurray in 1768, proposing a partnership to his friend Falconer. The proposal came to nothing, and MacMurray—dropping the "Mac," perhaps in deference to Southern prejudices, and appearing as plain John Murray—started business alone that year with his half-pay from the Army and capital supplied by his father. The shop, built on Falcon Court, in which he succeeded Mr. Sandby, a bookseller, had been long established in the trade. Its sign was the Ship.

John Murray's first publications from No. 32 Fleet Street were Walpole's *Castle of Otranto* and Lord Lyttelton's *Dialogues of the Dead;* he also sent out from there the first volumes of Isaac Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature.*

John Murray the first died on the 6th November, 1793, at the early age of forty-eight, leaving a son still at school, who became John Murray, second of the dynasty—"the Anak of Publishers," in Lord Byron's phrase. The business remained

in control of Samuel Highley, the founder's "faithful shopman," who was taken in as partner; but Highley, an honest, timid soul, too nervous to spend money, was soon at differences with the heir when the younger Murray came to assume the chief part. A dissolution of partnership was proposed in November, 1802, and the two agreed to draw lots for the house. Murray remained at No. 32 Fleet Street, and free to rise (or fall) as his enterprise should decide, then "began a career of publication almost unrivalled in the history of letters."

Those were the heroic days of publishing. Encouraged by the success of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Constable had offered Walter Scott £1,000 for *Marmion* without having seen a line of the poem. Murray had a quarter share in the copyright, and this fact, and his London agency for a time of the *Edinburgh Review*, brought him into intimate relations with Scott. It is on record that he sold 1,500 copies of *Marmion* at his trade sale in Fleet Street before the ship bringing the volumes from Edinburgh arrived. Scott wrote in a letter to Gifford of a visit paid to him at Ashestiel by "John Murray, of Fleet Street, a young bookseller of capital and enterprise, and with more good sense and propriety of sentiment than fall to the share of most of the trade."

From No. 32 Fleet Street, with Gifford as editor, the *Quarterly Review* was launched upon the public at the end of February, 1809.

The memorable association of the house of Murray with Lord Byron began in curious fashion. Byron had made his friend Dallas a gift of the MS. of the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*, with permission to complete his own arrangements for publication. Dallas, having met with one refusal elsewhere, brought the poem to Murray. It was only by the publisher's insistence that the poet permitted his name to be attached as author. Lord Byron often called at the Fleet Street shop while the sheets were passing through the press, fresh from the fencing rooms of Angelo and Jackson, and used to amuse himself, says Smiles, by renewing his practice of *carte et tierce* with his walking cane directed against the bookshelves, while Murray was reading passages from the poem, with occasional ejaculations of admiration; on which Byron would say, "You think that a good idea, do you, Murray?" Then he would fence and lunge with his walking stick at some special book

picked out on the shelves before him. Murray afterwards said "I was often very glad to get rid of him!"

Lord Byron made a great show of anger with John Murray for having permitted Gifford to see the manuscript, despite his definite prohibition, professing a fear that he might be thought to be seeking a favourable review in the *Quarterly*. He wrote to Dallas—

> I will be angry with Murray. It was a book-selling, back-shop, Paternoster Row, paltry proceeding; and if the experiment had turned out as it deserved, I would have raised all Fleet Street, and borrowed the giant's staff from St. Dunstan's Church to immolate the betrayer of trust. I have written to him as he has never been written to before by author, I swear; and I hope you will amplify my vrath, till it has an effect upon him.[1]

John Murray the second left Fleet Street in 1812, and thereafter a century's history of the great publishing house belongs to Albemarle Street. Another literary centre of Fleet Street in the early nineteenth century was No. 93, the offices of the *London Magazine*, and there foregathered its famous contributors, De Quincey, Charles Lamb, Tom Hood, and many m re. The house was perhaps more memorable as that from which Taylor and Hessey published Keats's *Endymion*. Like John Murray's, it has been rebuilt of recent years; to-day it stands four doors west of Bride Lane, south side.

The firm of George Bell & Sons, publishers of Bohn's Libraries and so many other standard works, was founded by George Bell in Bouverie Street in 1834. He soon after moved into Fleet Street. I have at my elbow a catalogue issued in 1845 by "George Bell, university bookseller, at No. 186 Fleet Street, next St. Dunstan's Church." Dodson kept a cheap book-market at this time at No. 137. Messrs. Seeley were the last publishers to leave Fleet Street.

Literary and religious memories linger about Fetter Lane, to-day so plainly commercial. Dryden may not have lived there; certainly "Leviathan" Hobbes did so; Tom Paine, author of *The Rights of Man;* Sir Thomas Wentworth (Strafford), who was baptised in St. Dunstan's Church. That fanatical Puritan leatherseller and City M.P., "Praise-God Barebone," was a resident late in life, but his "great house" in which he preached was the Lock and Key, in Fleet Street, near

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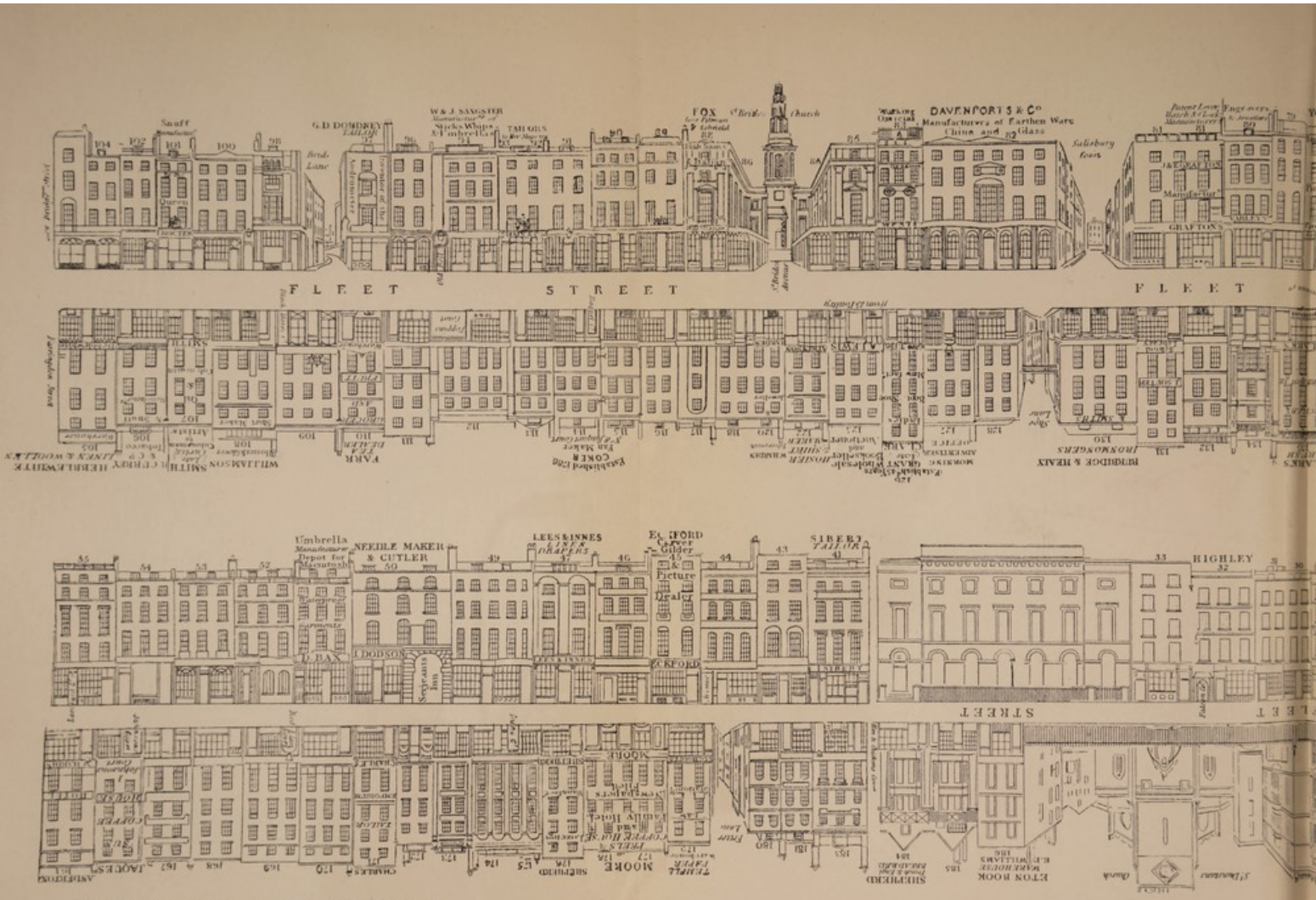
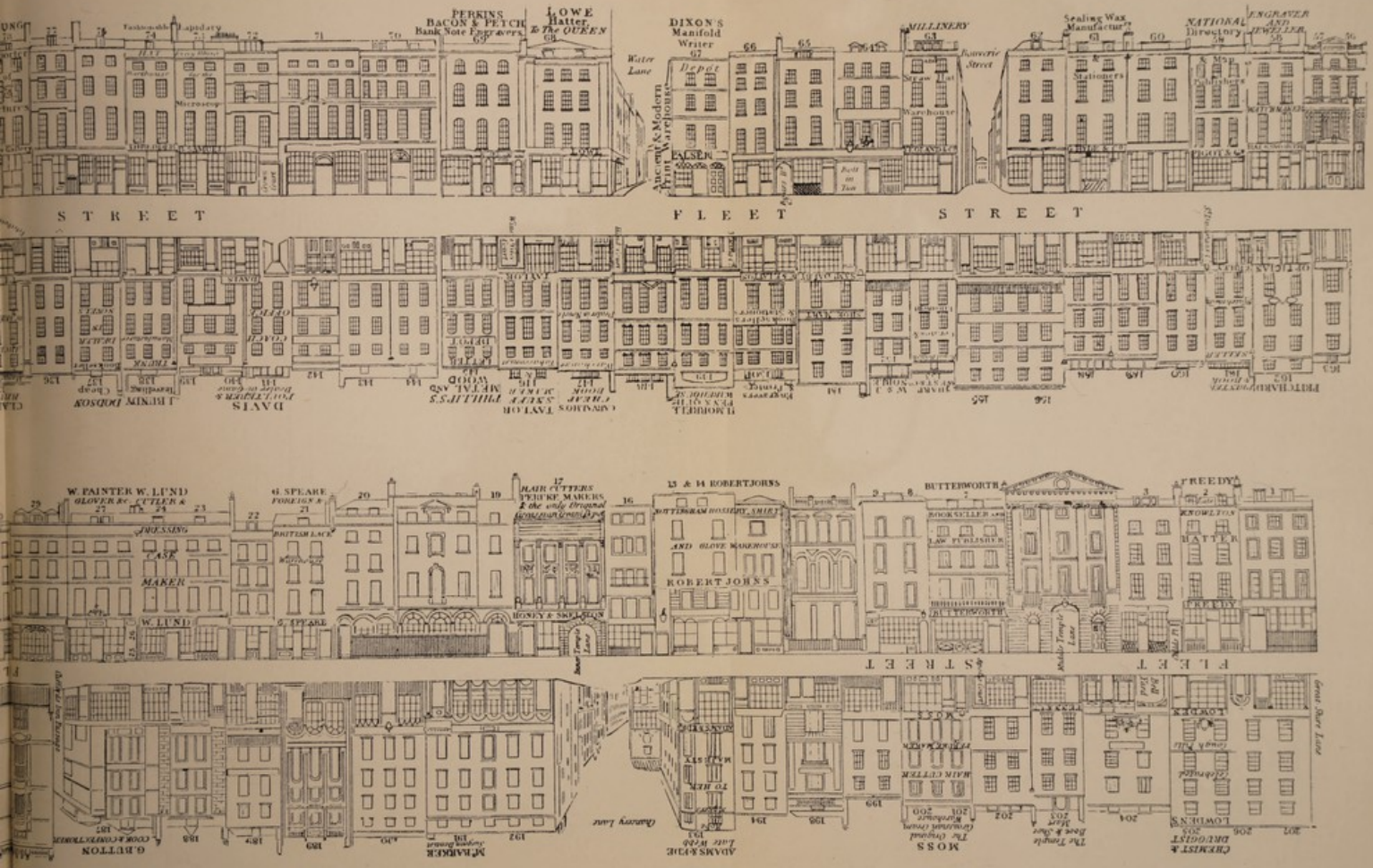
[1] Samuel Smiles, *A Publisher and His Friends*, vol. I.



From Prints in possession of Mr. Aleck Abrahams.

TALLIS'S PANORAMA OF

This illustration is a reproduction of two of "Tallis's London Street Views," a series of which were
Several buildings on the south side will be recognised to-day, but



FLEET STREET, 1838.

ssued, engraved upon steel, and it shows every house in Fleet Street standing in the year 1838.
the north side substantially the whole street has been rebuilt.

Fetter Lane. A brother or son (uncertain) was "If-Christ-had-not-died-for-thee-thou-had-been-damned Barebone." Men called the last for short "Damned Barebone." Praise-God's known son was Nicholas Barebone (properly Barbon), a man of ability, physician, builder, and first successful projector of fire insurance in England, soon after the Great Fire of London. The Phœnix Fire Society, outgrowth of his efforts, met at the Rainbow Coffee-house in Fleet Street, and its operations lasted twenty or thirty years; it had nothing to do with the present Phœnix Fire Office, founded in 1782.

Frederic Harrison and the Positivists have in our time met at the Newton Hall, to extol the Religion of Humanity according to the principles of Comte.

The Moravian Brethren are in Fetter Lane. They always welcome the worshipper to their chapel, entered by a passage running through the offices at No. 32. Protestantism in its most austere aspect is typified here. The preacher teaches a warm-hearted, tolerant Christianity, and the service, the congregation joining in robust fashion in singing the hymns—always a feature of Moravian worship—soon dissipates the first effects created by the chilly surroundings.

Fetter Lane has been the headquarters of the Moravians in England since 1742, but the chapel is much older than they. I believe it is to-day the oldest conventicle in England, and it should be a place of pilgrimage for every Dissenter, for out of here John Wesley went to found the Wesleyan Methodist Church. Wesley and the Moravian Brethren had before joined together in worship with the Fetter Lane Society, founded by James Hutton in "a large room" off the lane; its exact location cannot be fixed. Wesley entered in his "Journal" on the 1st January, 1739—

> Mr. Hall, Kinchin, Ingham, Whitefield, Hutchins, and my brother Charles were present at our love-feast in Fetter Lane, with about sixty of our brethren. About three in the morning, as we were continuing instant at prayer, the power of God came mightily upon us, insomuch that many cried out for exceeding joy, and many fell to the ground. As soon as we were recovered a little from that awe and amazement at the presence of His Majesty, we broke out with one voice, "We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord."

This gathering at the dying year was the first recorded watch-night service held in England.

The chapel was then called the Great Meeting House. It was leased by Hutton for the Fetter Lane Society in 1740. Hardly were they installed when a rift developed and widened, the Wesleys and their followers differing on points of faith from those who had attached themselves to the teaching of the Moravian Brethren. Wesley records under date the 16th July that year—

> One asked whether they should suffer Mr. Wesley to preach at Fetter Lane. After a short time it was answered, "No; this place is taken for the Germans."

Four days later, at the close of a love-feast in the chapel, Holland tells in a short account of the mission—

> Mr. Wesley read some points to the Society, which he had written down, and asked if they were what they believed to be true. A person having answered "Yes," he declared those principles to be erroneous; and desired those members of the Society who were of his opinion to follow him. So he went out of the Society, and several followed him.

Wesley has himself set out the matters at issue, adding that eighteen or nineteen others went with him from the chapel. They met a few evenings afterwards at the Foundry in Upper Moorfields, where Wesley's old chapel (City Road) now stands, and formed the society which in due course developed into the Wesleyan Methodist Church.[1] It was a parting momentous in its consequences. After a century and a half has passed, there can be few who do not share the view so well expressed by Dr. Stevens (*History of Methodism*): "The breach was irreparable; and it is well, perhaps, that it was so. Each party had its peculiar mission in the world; each has since cordially recognised the other; but had it not been for this temporary disturbance, Wesley and his associates might have been merged in the Moravian body, assuredly not with the advantages which have resulted to the world from the distinct organisation of Methodism."

John Huss suffered a martyr's fate at the instance of the Council of Constance in 1415. A religious movement in Bohemia, of deep significance for Protestantism, followed that deplorable error, and in that movement the origin of the Moravian Church is rooted. It was a socialistic community, living in fraternities consisting of many families, holding all

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[1] *Our Oldest Chapel*, pp. 12, 13. Published by the Moravian Chapel Committee.

property in common, marrying by lot ; but in progress of time the constitution of the Moravian Brethren has undergone profound change. They were practically exterminated in their own country by Ferdinand the Second. Emigrants scattered to Hungary, to Transylvania, Wallacia, Poland, some few to find a home in England, and others in the far-distant colonies of America. Count Zinzendorf, landing in England in 1733, first organised the small London congregation. Four years after the breach with Wesley, John Garnbold was ordained their minister. From that time onward the history of the chapel is that of the Moravian Brethren.

They rebuilt the chapel in 1748, and that is the structure that stands to-day. It is in two parishes, the boundary line of St. Bride's and St. Dunstan's passing just in front of the pulpit. There used to be a sash in the eastern window to admit the passage of a boy when " beating the bounds," and at the back of the pulpit a door in the wall for the minister's hasty exit in case of riots, or if the bishop's officers broke in. A space under the gallery divided by a glass partition is still known as " the nursery," from a tradition that little children were left there so as not to disturb the congregation.

Earlier the chapel had belonged to a body of Independents. In days of persecuted Nonconformity most of the chapels, like this one, were concealed behind private houses, where exhortation or public prayer could not be heard by passers-by. The Sacheverell rioters broke into the Fetter Lane chapel at ten at night on the 1st March, 1700, and burnt it ; and eighty years later its successor was in peril in the Gordon Riots, but the attack was happily staved off.

" Bold " Bradbury was the Independents' most famous preacher here, a militant Hanoverian, who on the morning of Sunday, the 1st August, 1714, when Queen Anne expired, was able in his concluding prayer to return thanks to God " for the deliverance of these kingdoms from the designs of their enemies," and to implore a blessing upon King George and the House of Brunswick. Bishop Burnet, summoned to the Palace owing to the critical condition of the Queen, had overtaken Bradbury on his way to service, and promised to send a messenger to the chapel who would notify the preacher should the Queen's death occur, by dropping a handkerchief over the front of the west gallery. Bradbury afterwards

gloried in the fact that in this way he was the first person who publicly announced the change of dynasty. The tale runs that he showed his hatred of the Stuarts by preaching a sermon on the occasion of Anne's funeral from the text, " Go, see now this cursed woman and bury her ; for she is a king's daughter " —but this seems not to be true.

The Independents, requiring larger premises, moved out in 1732, and founded the entirely distinct Fetter Lane Congregational Church, near Graystoke Place, which survived until 1894, and is now represented by the New Fetter Lane Chapel at Leyton, in East London.[1]

The old chapel, long known as the New Street Conventicle (the entrance was formerly by Goldsmith Court, Great New Street), escaped the Fire of London. Most of the City churches having been burnt down, the Fetter Lane chapel was seized under an Act of Parliament passed for sanctioning the use of the eight conventicles then existing for the celebration of the Divine service by orthodox ministers, appointed by the Bishop of London. In time it was restored to the rightful owner. Earlier than this brick chapel, there is said to have stood a timber meeting house, sanctioned by Queen Elizabeth. And to carry the religious associations back yet farther, there is a tradition that on the spot a few Protestants in Queen Mary's reign met, night after night, in a saw-pit, for prayer and mutual encouragement.

The Moravian Chapel is really built back in Nevill's Court, and that is a relic which every lover of old London on his knees should pray may be spared. You do not know Nevill's Court ? Go there for a glimpse of what London was away from the great highways when people were content to live in the City. Houses are there, timber framed, with lath and plaster fronts and projecting storeys, and roofs bent with age, erected when London citizens hailed Elizabeth our Queen. There are three of these buildings, Nos. 13, 14, and 15. As I write, No. 14 has shown signs of collapse, and is shored up. If it be spared—a benison upon the Goldsmiths' Company, the owners !—perhaps in years to come a National Assembly will put on the front a plaque, notifying to all hero-worshippers that here lived Comrade

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[1] See A. Pye-Smith, *Memorials of the Fetter Lane Congregational Church*, 1900.

Keir Hardie, the founder and first chairman of the Labour-Socialist Party in the British Parliament.[1]

Nevill's Court has its "Great House," No. 10, an imposing mansion, untouched and unspoilt by time, a brown old building that would be striking anywhere, with its many long windows lighting the well-proportioned rooms, the pretty casement lights of the roof attics, and covered portico. It dates not long after the Fire of London, which did so much destruction hereabouts, and having been acquired by the Moravian Society in 1744—then called "the great house in Nevill's Alley"—was for many years used as their mission home and minister's house. Its residents have included Henry 55th Count Reuss, and the Rev. C. J. la Trobe, an eminent divine; the house was the birthplace of the latter's son, Charles Joseph la Trobe, first Governor of the Colony of Victoria, who was born there in 1801.

The great have left Nevill's Court. No. 10 and all the dwellings are let out in tenements, and it is the poor man who keeps intact for us this fragment of London's older self.

He keeps, too, collectively, the little gardens which give such character to this City alley—simple gardens before each house, where in the summer hollyhocks and sweet peas bloom, and London Pride, and lines of stock and lobelia make borders for tiny beds. Someone, more ambitious in his gardening, has raised tall sunflowers, their glory nodding at the passer-by along the narrow footway. Old women sit out in chairs, sunning themselves; a dog, chained to his outdoor kennel, lies asleep. Queer little shops line a part of the passage, wherein boots are being cobbled at the sunlit window, or you may buy a paper or fruit. These are the last of London's gardens. You rub your eyes and wonder. Can this really be the City—this hidden place, where people live their lives, and tend their flowers, and die? It is false that no one dies in the City. Low archways admit to the court at either end, and buildings close it in.

Quitting Nevill's Court, with the impression fresh upon him of a London now fast fading away, let the wayfarer step across

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[1] I watched with melancholy interest the demolition of all three buildings under the house-breaker's pickaxe in November, 1911, but so little of old London remains to be described that it seemed best to leave the passage as written. The rest of Nevill's Court survives unchanged.

Fetter Lane to Bream's Buildings, to glance through the railings and read the inscription on a small square headstone in the slip of disused burial ground there. The letters are clear cut—

> Here sleeps our babes in silence heavns thaire rest
> For God takes soonest those he loveth best.
>
> Samewell Marshall, the 2d. sonne of
> Edward Marshall and of Anne his wife
> Dyed May 27, 1631, aged two yeares
> Anne Marshall their first dau dyed 21
> of June 1635 aged one yeare 9 moneths
> Nicholas Marshall their third sonne dyed
> Dece^{r} 5th, 1635, Aged 5 yeares 6 moneths.

The street is new, the towering buildings of *The Field* and Wymans, the Government printers, are aggressively modern, yet here in the press is something to call one back to distant days of Cavaliers and Roundheads. The great newspaper press which groans unceasingly day and night, and has transformed the neighbourhood, had not yet come into its own when the sorrowing parents laid their children for their last long sleep in this then quiet corner. Who was Edward Marshall? Was he Parliament man, as were the bulk of the Londoners, or was his sword for King Charles in the storm that was soon to burst over the country? Time has blotted out all save his name. Anne, too. But generations of printers, men and lads passing by, have stopped to read the simple lines of this headstone, telling a tale of loss which after nearly three centuries makes its appeal with undiminished freshness to our common humanity.

CHAPTER XXIII

WHEN THE NEWSPAPERS CAME

> To us, who are regaled every morning and evening with intelligence, and are supplied from day to day with materials for conversation, it is difficult to conceive how man can subsist without a newspaper, or to what entertainment companies can assemble in those wide regions of the earth that have neither *Chronicles* nor *Magazines*, neither *Gazettes* nor *Advertisers*, neither *Journals* nor *Evening Posts*. All foreigners remark that the knowledge of the common people of England is greater than that of any other vulgar. This superiority we undoubtedly owe to the rivulets of intelligence which are continually trickling among us, which every one may catch, and of which every one partakes.—SAMUEL JOHNSON, *The Idler*.

LEAST of all Fleet Street's interests in the eighteenth century were the newspapers, and that was almost equally true of a century ago. The wayfarer of, let us say, 1750, who alighted from his coach at Temple Bar, keeping an observant eye as he walked down the cobbled thoroughfare, had his attention attracted by many things, but the newspapers were not amongst them. Few sheets of public intelligence existed, and for such as there were this was not then the headquarters, which lay farther west. Stepping out of the shadow of Temple Bar, he found footways separated from the wheeled traffic only by a line of stone posts[1]—those "massy posts" each of which it was Dr. Johnson's nervous habit to touch as he passed. Overhanging the footways was a remarkable wealth of signs. They made the scene picturesque. "Our streets," observed the *Spectator*, "are filled with Blue Boars, Black Swans, and Red Lions, not to mention Flying Pigs and Hogs in Armour, and many other creatures more extraordinary than any in the deserts of Africa."

Hard by Temple Bar hung the carved wooden sign of the

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[1] A raised paving and kerb to separate pedestrians from the wheeled traffic was not introduced until 1766, in which year a quaint wager was contested. "On the 14th of July the new paving of Fleet Street was commenced at Temple Bar, and upon that occasion two English paviours undertook to pave more in that day than four Scotchmen. The English by three o'clock had got so much a-head that they went into a public-house for refreshment, and afterwards returned to their work, beating the Scotchmen hollow."—*Annual Register*, 1766, p. 115.

Marigold, and a jocund sun shining with golden beams upon the flower. This was Child's Bank. Next to it swung a big panel, brightly painted, of St. Dunstan seated at his goldsmith's forge, and the Devil leering over his shoulder—sign of the famous Devil Tavern. The Hand and Star, a few doors away, represented one of the oldest printing houses, so used continuously for over three centuries; and near by, the Three Squirrels of Gosling's Bank figured on their sign. Across the road, only a later comer would have found the board of the *Star*, outlined against Temple Bar, telling that here was at least one newspaper. Rackstrow's "old man" looked down upon passers-by from the museum—an effigy of Sir Isaac Newton, thus irreverently known. A wax figure stood at Mrs. Salmon's door, more conspicuous in the street than the sign of the Golden Salmon above.

If people gathered in little groups before St. Dunstan's Church, be sure it was the giants' hourly levee, most largely attended in the morning. At one or two o'clock the spectacle was over in a moment, but when the automata beat ten, eleven, or twelve strokes on the bells, then the sightseer enjoyed opportunity to unravel the whole mystery.

Fleet Street was crowded beyond most others with signs because of that peculiarity which I have dwelt upon in earlier chapters. Largely it was a double street, with houses concealed up narrow entrance passages, like the Rainbow, Dick's, the Sugar Loaf and Green Lattace, the Cock, the Cheshire Cheese and a host besides. These back houses, as boldly as those in the forefront, put their sign advertisements over the highway, and in the narrow street they showed more conspicuously than would be the case if restored to-day.[1] The signs continued over the footways on both sides until lost in the descent, merging in an indeterminate line, but perhaps where the frontage curved at the Fetter Lane corner the Fleur-de-lis might have been picked out, and opposite the Mitre. The Castle Tavern in Fleet Street, near where had been the Conduit, possessed the largest sign in London, "almost obscuring the sun," and the barbers hung out poles, described by a contemporary writer as "of a huge length, almost as long as a mizzen mast."

[1] The best and most detailed account of the signs of old Fleet Street and their associations is that by the late Mr. Hilton Price in the *Archæological Journal*, 1895.

There came a day when the authorities, alive to a public danger, had all the signs placed flat against the house fronts. Warning had been given when, on the 2nd December, 1718, a heavy signboard opposite Bride Lane, Fleet Street, having loosened the brickwork by its movement, suddenly gave way, and in the fall brought down the house itself. Four persons were killed, one of whom happened to be the King's jeweller,[1] but the order displacing the overhead signs was not issued until 1761. They lost sadly in effectiveness thereby. The numbering of London streets began with New Burlington Street in 1764, and caused great annoyance. So bad was the street lighting at the time that the numbers were most difficult to read, and many persons resorted to the device of painting their door-posts, doors, or fronts of the houses in some glaring colour, as a distinguishing mark. Others placed green, red, or other coloured lamps over their doors, references to which, as a guiding signal, are frequently found in early newspaper advertisements.

Here and there on old houses at the back of Fleet Street sculptured signs still remind the passer-by of earlier days and customs, and some of these I have figured. The oil and colourman who to-day places above his name board painted wooden representations of oil-jars keeps alive one of the earliest trade signs. The tobacconists' "twist," with rings coloured alternately black and yellow, not many years ago a common sign hanging over the doors of old-fashioned tobacco shops, has almost disappeared. I can recall surviving but a single "highlander"—those delightful carved and coloured figures of a plaided Scot, in bonnet and kilt and sporran, with arm half raised and clasped fingers bearing a pinch of snuff to his nose, which seemed in boyhood to be frequent enough. The shops began under George the First to use sash-windows, thrown open in fine weather for the better display of goods, and later had elaborately carved fronts. Probably the best surviving example in London of a carved Georgian shop-front is that of Messrs. Birch, Birch & Co., at the foot of Cornhill, well known to all whose business takes them about the Mansion House and Royal Exchange.

Fleet Street was then a wonder street, but for other reasons

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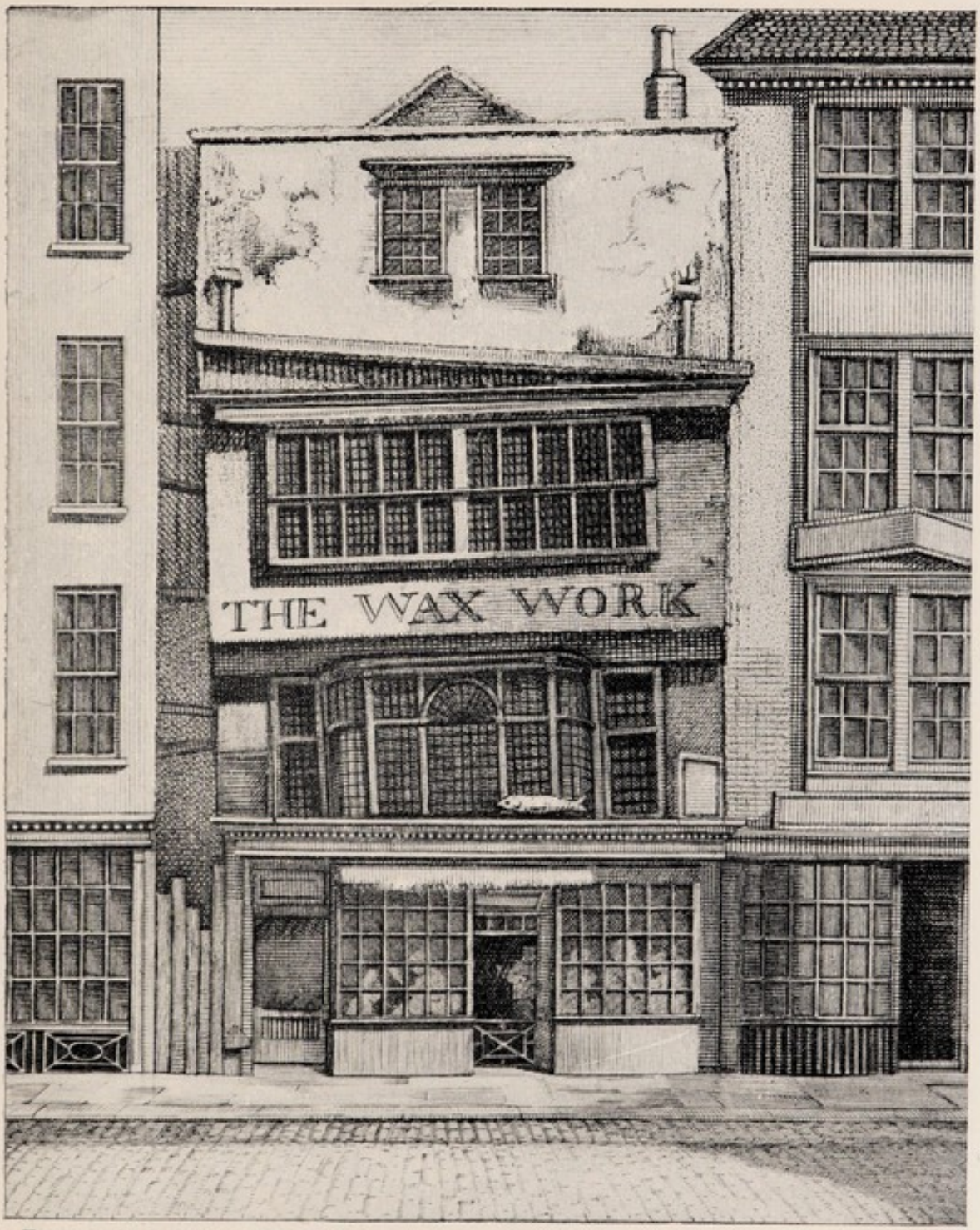
[1] Noble, *Memorials of Temple Bar*, p. 116.

than count to-day. It flaunted no fewer than thirty-seven taverns in the reigns of the Georges—sure testimony of one side of its convivial life. The coaches setting out made the mornings uncommonly lively. They very largely increased in numbers in the early years of last century. As many as twenty-six stage coaches are listed in *Carey's Travellers' Companion* for the year 1817 as starting from the Bolt in-tun, conveying travellers to Bath, into Wales, to Hastings, Dover, Margate and other south coast places, and elsewhere. Many of these ran daily. Seven coaches left the old Black Lion, in what is now Whitefriars Street ; and from the Kings and Key, in Fleet Street (by the present *Daily Telegraph* offices) coaches journeyed to the "circumjacent villages," among which Highgate is included. The White Horse, Fetter Lane, the Angel, just beyond Temple Bar, and the Belle Savage, on Ludgate Hill, were amongst the largest coaching inns, and much of their traffic turned this way, the clatter of each team of galloping horses, and the winding horn of the guard, rousing the echoes of Fleet Street. The bustle revived when the coaches returned at night.

But to the countryman visiting London, the sight of all sights was the shows. Why I cannot tell, but they congregated almost exclusively about this quarter, and not all the wonderful beasts exhibited in Exeter 'Change and at the Golden Cross at Charing Cross could divert popular curiosity westward.

Of the shows—and there were many—none so long held a place in public esteem as Mrs. Salmon's wax-work. I have reproduced Nathaniel Smith's engraving of their first identified home in Fleet Street, where the figures divided attention with the free display of St. Dunstan's giants, a few yards off. Mention is made of Mrs. Salmon in the *Spectator* as early as 1711. Let us pay homage to her genius, for a woman who founded a type of amusement that has given delight for two centuries, and, still drawing throngs to Baker Street, bids fair to do so for generations yet unborn, merits a niche in the Temple of Fame. The idea was her own. Wax figures, like Queen Elizabeth and her fellows in Westminster Abbey, there had been before ; but to Mrs. Salmon, almost uneducated, left a poor widow, with a little shop where she made and sold toys, displaying considerable skill in modelling—to her first came the glorious inspiration to fashion a group of life-like dolls,



From a print by Nathaniel Smith

MRS. SALMON'S WAXWORK, NO. 189 FLEET STREET



From a coloured print in possession of the Author

MAIL COACH ARRIVING AT TEMPLE BAR

and clothe them, and make them a London show, inviting the curious to visit her quiet folk, where, for a low fee, they could be introduced to Court ladies and gentlemen, and even to Royalty itself.

This was one of her early hand-bills—

Mrs. Salmon's Wax-work—Royal Court of England—The Moving Wax-Work—140 Figures as big as life. All made by Mrs. Salmon, who Sells all sorts of moulds and glass eyes, and teaches the full art, &c.

And this the last of the old lady—the announcement was cut from a news-sheet of March, 1760—

Died, Mrs. Steers, aged ninety, but was generally known by the name of her former husband, Mrs. Salmon. She was famed for making several figures in wax, which have been long shown in Fleet Street.

The greatest must die, but the name of Mrs. Salmon lived on, mellowed with age, inseparably connected with the show. The wax-work was purchased by Mr. Clark, a Chancery Lane solicitor, and after his time his widow introduced the company. Near the century's close, six or seven years before the site was required for Praed's Bank, Mrs. Clark moved across the street to historical premises at No. 17, the fashionable migration being duly recorded by the *Morning Herald*, the 28th January, 1795—

The house in which Mrs. Salmon's Wax-work has, for above a century, been exhibited, is pulling down : the figures are removed to the very spacious and handsome apartments at the corner of Inner Temple Gate, which was once the Palace of Henry Prince of Wales, the eldest son of King James the First, and they are now the residence of many a royal guest. Here are held the courts of Alexander the Great, of King Henry the Eighth, of Caractacus, and the present Duke of York. Happy ingenuity to bring heroes together, maugre the lapse of time ! The levées of each of these personages are daily very numerously attended, and we find them all to be of very easy access, since it is secured by a shilling to one of the attendants.

The wax-work survived into last century, but the reminiscences of those who remembered it are somewhat confusing. There was always a figure placed at the street door, at different times a highlander, a "beefeater," a match-seller, and in later days Ann Siggs—the last a well-known character of the town, frequently to be met sidling along on her crutches. Mother Shipton stood at the head of the stairs. Did the incautious visitor chance to tread upon a concealed spring, the witch threw herself into a threatening attitude with her

broom, and gave him a parting kick. Mr. Timbs recollected the figure, but not the kick ; it was the kick that left the most vivid impression upon the antiquary J. T. Smith. The wonder of the moving wax-work was enshrined in a Cockney song, all forgotten except the burden—

Says I, Mrs. Salmon,
Come, none of your gammon,
Your figures are no more alive than yourself.

Perhaps the best account is that of a veteran who, under the pen-name of "Aleph," in the fifties wrote his memories in the *City Press*—

The exhibition was given by lamplight ; there was something dreamy in leaving the street to stumble up darkened stairs, and find yourself all of a sudden groping about among a congregation of dead-alive ladies and gentlemen, who did not seem at all disposed to welcome you. Room 1 rejoiced in some very august personages—King George, Queen Charlotte, the Prince of Wales, Princess Royal, Duke of York, and other smaller Georgian scions, all as fine as velvet, false stones, and tinsel could make them. Mr. Pitt supported royalty on one side, and Mr. Fox on the other. These in their turn were set off by General Wolfe, Dr. Johnson, the Duke of Devonshire, Abercromby, and Admiral Nelson. The likenesses were warranted, but we could not help thinking that there was a strong family resemblance in the whole party. Theodore, King of Corsica, riveted our attention, however, for he wore a beard (beards were novelties then) and looked fiercer than anybody else.

Room 2 contained various celebrities of that period, as Dr. Dodd, General Pichegru, John P. Kemble as Rolla, and Mrs. Siddons as Queen Catherine ; Liberty Wilkes, with a cracked nose ; Mr. Incledon singing "The Storm" without notes, and Braham warbling a duet with Signora Storace. Rather incongruously, several bishops, with Whitefield and Wesley, were placed in juxtaposition with such suspicious characters as Dick Turpin and the old Duke of Queensberry. Room 3 represented quite a pastoral scene—shepherds and shepherdesses with lambs, and a goat or two, making violent love, in a mode scarcely proper, according to our politer notions. In the centre of this room there was a miniature wax man-of-war sailing on a sea of crown glass, and just over it waved a Union Jack of alarming dimensions—no doubt as a proof of the proprietor's loyalty.

Long the glory of Mrs. Salmon's wax-work survived, but with the death of Mrs. Clark (or her successor) in 1812, that glory departed. Soon after, the entire "lot" was sold to a James Templeman for less than £50, and the figures removed, to make a common show of twopence or threepence, to the Water Lane corner of Fleet Street—Tompion the clockmaker's old shop, now the *Daily News* advertisement offices. Thieves

broke in upon the wax folk one might in July, 1827, stole a sum of money, destroyed some of the figures, stripped part of their clothes, and tore the gold lace and trinkets from others; then smashed the wax heads to pieces, and piled them up till they nearly reached the ceiling. Mr. Timbs records that still the wax-work, with repairs and additions, lingered on the spot until 1831, when all the fine folk—Emperors, Kings, and Princes—were dispersed under an execution for rent!

Rackstrow's Museum of Anatomy and Curiosities was a rival eighteenth century attraction. It filled a picturesque old house in Fleet Street, built before the Great Fire, with overhanging front and big bow windows, four doors west of Chancery Lane. Capon's print is here reproduced. The exhibition should have been instructive; it aimed at telling people, by anatomical models, all about themselves, with more detail than in these politer days would be considered desirable in a public show. ("A proper person attends the ladies.") One exhibit, *vide* an early handbill, displayed the internal organs—

> The Circulation of the Blood is imitated (by Liquors resembling the Arterial and Veinous Blood, flowing through Glass Vessels whose Figure and Situation exactly correspond with the natural Blood Vessels) also the action of the Heart and Motion of the Lungs in Breathing. The whole making a most wonderful and beautiful Appearance.

This and the like occupied the first and second rooms; in the third apartment were the bones of beasts and fishes, and figures of Bamford, the giant, and Coan, the Norfolk dwarf; in the fourth wax-work models of his late Majesty King George the Second and other great personages, keeping odd company with the mummy of Pharaoh's daughter. A prodigy of the collection was the skeleton of a whale more than 70 feet long. The admission fee was high—half-a-crown.

Edward Bamford, the giant, standing 7 feet 4 inches high, was a local celebrity. He died in Shire Lane, by Temple Bar, in 1768, and was buried in St. Duntsan's, though a tempting offer of £200 was made for his body for dissection.[1]

Benjamin Rackstrow, then keeping a "statuary," is heard of in 1746, and Boswell tells was a colonel of the Trained Bands in which Dr. Johnson was once drawn to serve. Rackstrow died in his house in Fleet Street in 1772, and seven years later

[1] Noble, *Memorials of Temple Bar*, p. 114.

the collection was dispersed at auction. The London Museum, which followed, enjoyed but short life.

Earlier in Fleet Street than any of these, the changing show at the Duke of Marlborough's Head had attracted the wonder-loving public of Queen Anne and George the First. It stood on the north side, as indicated by Graham the watch-maker's advertisement, next door, or close to, No. 148, to-day the *Sporting Life* offices. Here in 1710 were monsters and dwarfs, "a Peccary much admired by the learned; a Posom from the West Indies, having a false belly to secure her young ones from any danger, she running up a tree and hanging by her tail till her enemies are gone." But Nature paled her ineffectual fires before the Human Marvel's skill—

At the Duke of Marlborough's Head, in the great room, is to be seen the famous Posture Master of Europe, who far exceeds the deceased Posture Masters Clark and Higgins. He extends his body in all deform'd shapes; makes his Hip and Shoulder bones meet together; lays his Head upon the Ground, and turns his body round twice or thrice, without stirring his face from the Place; stands upon one Leg, and extends the other in a perpendicular line half a yard above his head; and extends his Body from a Table, with his Head a Foot below his Heels, having nothing to balance his Body but his Feet. With several other Postures too tedious to mention. Likewise a child of about 9 years of age that shews such postures as never were seen performed by any of his age. Also the famous English Artist, who turns Balls into living Birds and takes an empty Bag, which after being turned, stood, and stampt on, produces some hundreds of Eggs, and at last a living Hen. Side Boxes, 2s., Pit. 1s. To be performed at 6 a Clock every Evening.—*Spectator*, Jan. 8, 1712.

The Peccary and the Posture Master seem to have been but transient side shows to "the most Famous, artificial, and Wonderful Moving Picture," that in various forms was a standing lure for some years. The descriptive handbills run to great length; this is one of the short advertisements—

A Managerie at the Duke of Marlborough's Head in Fleet Street is now to be seen, a invented machine composed of 5 curious pictures, with moving figures, which move artificially as if living, the like not seen before in Europe. The whole contains near 100 figures besides ships, Beasts, Fish, Fowle and other Embellishments. Some near a foot in height; all of which have their respective and peculiar motions, their very Heads, Legs, Arms, Hands, and fingers Artificially moving to what they perform, setting one foot before another like living creatures in such a manner that nothing but nature itself can excel it. It will continue to be seen every day from 10 in the morning 'till 10 at night. The Prices 1s. 6d., and the lowest 6d.

Here, too, in 1718 De Hightrehight, the fire eater, ate burning coals, swallowed flaming brimstone, and sucked a red-hot poker five times a day!

Mr. Noble, the author of *Memorials of Temple Bar*, made a large collection of announcements of these popular exhibitions, which seem to have been a feature of Fleet Street back to Stuart times. In 1611 "the Fleet Street Mandrakes" were to be seen for a penny. Ben Jonson, in *Every Man in his Humour*, speaks of "a new motion of the city of Nineveh, with Jonas and the whale, at Fleet Bridge." In Bell Yard was exhibited in 1702 a model of Amsterdam, 30 feet long by 20 feet wide, which had taken twelve years in making. A child, fourteen years old, without thighs or legs, and 18 inches high, was to be seen at the Eagle and Child, near Shoe Lane. A great Lincolnshire ox, 19 hands high and 4 yards long, as lately shown at Cambridge, drew bucolic visitors to London to the White Horse. Between the Crooked Billet and the Queen's Head, by Fleet Bridge, were shown daily "two strange, wonderful, and remarkably monstrous creatures—an old she-dromedary, 7 feet high and 10 feet long, lately arrived from Tartary, and her young one; being the greatest rarity and novelty that ever was seen in the three kingdoms before." The Blew Boar and Green Tree placed on view an Italian giantess, above 7 feet, weighing 475 lbs., who had been seen by ten reigning Sovereigns. The famous Globe Tavern in Fleet Street had a German dwarf, Mathew Buchinger, "without hands, legs, feet, or thighs, 29 inches high; yet can write, thread a needle, shuffle a pack of cards, play skittles, etc." The Lord Chamberlain stopped the exhibition of a mermaid in Fleet Street in 1822.

Alas! that in these days of blasé, priggish youth, the shows should all have been banned to remote country fairs. The world has no wonders left to us, and the sum of human joy is by that measure lessened. Lingering so long has diverted attention from the larger topic in hand.

I do not attempt the impossible task of writing the history of the Fleet Street Press in the length of five of its own columns, and in these pages shall but gossip about some of its victories, its personalities, and its red-letter days. First to look back to the reign of Anne, and the second year of that reign, just to glance into a small, dark shop that stood "next

to the King's Arms tavern by Fleet Bridge." Was it too insignificant to have its own sign? Unheralded by any preliminary flourish of trumpets, there was taken from the press there the issue of No. 1 of the *Daily Courant*, bearing date the 11th March, 1702[-3]—the first daily newspaper.[1]

None could foresee such developments as the two succeeding centuries have witnessed, and I feel confident that this epoch-marking event cannot have excited one-fiftieth part of the interest that the appearance of a new paper in Fleet Street occasions to-day. The father of the English daily newspaper was Edward Mallet. He has no place in the *Dictionary of National Biography*—indeed, there is nothing to say. He was the son of a stationer and printer.

Mallet seemed at pains himself to minimise the importance of his venture, and unnecessarily to restrict its scope. In his first number he announced—

> It will be found, from the foreign prints which from time to time as occasion offers, will be mentioned in this paper, that the author has taken care to be daily furnished with all that comes from abroad in any language. And, for an assurance that he will not, under pretence of having private intelligence, impose any additions of feigned circumstances to an action, but give his extracts fairly and impartially, at the beginning of each article he will quote the foreign paper from whence 'tis taken, that the public, seeing from what country a piece of news comes with the allowance of that Government, may be better able to judge of the credibility and fairness of the relation. Nor will he take upon him to give any comments or conjectures of his own, but will relate only matter of fact, supposing other people to have sense enough to make reflections for themselves.

To this was added a curiously frank admission—

> This *Courant* (as the title shows) will be published daily; being designed to give all the material news as soon as every post arrives; and is confined to half the compass to save the public at least half the impertinences of ordinary newspapers.

In other words, the news of the world at home was not being touched upon. The *Daily Courant* was a single sheet, somewhat less in size than to-day's *Spectator*, printed on one side only. The first number contained in two columns, besides this editorial pronouncement, six short paragraphs of intelligence

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[1] Four days in succession the *Postboy* published in 1695, and those who so care may claim this as the first daily publication.

from the seat of war in the Low Countries, translated from the *Harlem Courant*, one from the *Amsterdam Courant*, and three from the *Paris Gazette*—nothing more. It bore no price, but the charge appears to have been a penny. Very likely the blank page was so left that those sending the sheet to correspondents might write their own news of the town on the back, in the manner of the old news-letters.

The man was transparently honest. To appreciate the limitations self-imposed, remember that the free licence which the Press had obtained had bred a number of irresponsible, often scurrilous, sheets—soon to be checked by the first penny newspaper stamp imposed in 1712. "Do you know all Grub Street is dead and gone last week," wrote Swift to Stella; "No more ghosts or murders now for love or money!" Mallet calls himself the "author" of his newspaper. News organisation being unknown, these broadsides depended upon the idlest gossip and chatter for filling their columns. Half a century later, Oliver Goldsmith, who, under the signature of "A Citizen of the World," contributed to the *Public Ledger* (founded 1759) had no exalted opinion of the conductors of the Press. "You must not imagine," he wrote, "that they who compile these papers have any actual knowledge of the politics or government of the State; they only collect their materials from the oracle of some coffee-house, which oracle has himself gathered them the night before from a beau at a gaming table, who has pillaged his knowledge from a great man's porter, who has had his information from the great man's gentleman, who has invented the whole story for his own amusement the night preceding."

Samuel Johnson's opinion (*The Idler*) was much the same.

Even last century Lord Byron, writing to his friend Tom Moore, could say: "London journalists have no merit but practice and impudence, both of which we may acquire."

A month after its first appearance the *Daily Courant* changed hands, the imprint for the number of the 22nd April being that of "Samuel Buckley, at the Dolphin in Little Britain," and there the association ends. The paper long survived. The site of Mallet's press is probably covered by the shops about Ludgate Hill station.

London's first daily newspaper was printed and published at the foot of Fleet Street. The first daily evening newspaper

saw the light at Temple Bar ;[1] so Fleet Street legitimately claims that the origins of the great daily Press are rooted in its soil. The evening paper was the *Star*, a name so popular in journalistic annals that twice it has been revived. There is sent out to-day from Stonecutter Street a *Star* whose daily circulation largely exceeds six months' issues of its evening predecessor, which bore the crushing burden of a Government stamp of twopence, in later years fourpence, upon each copy, and was printed on taxed paper, one side at a time, at the old, slow hand press. It takes one back with a shock to calmer days to realise that the first venture with a London evening newspaper only became possible by reason of increased facilities for communication offered by Palmer's mail-coach service, an enterprise of the year 1788.

The *Star* was founded by Peter Stuart, a Scot, and one of two brothers who at that time controlled the *Morning Post*, the oldest of London's surviving morning dailies. The paper gave on a small sheet the latest news received at the office at Temple Bar before going to press. Macdonald, a Scottish poet, was the first editor, author of a forgotten tragedy, *Vimonda*. He seems to have sent an emissary North, charged to induce Robert Burns to come to London and supply communications to the paper at a salary of a guinea a week.[2] The mission failed, or the files of the *Star* might have had more lasting value.

It was for many years the leading evening newspaper on the Whig side, and, surviving till 1831, was then incorporated with the *Albion*.

I have given first place to the *Daily Courant* and the *Star* because they mark stages in the association of Fleet Street with the newspaper Press, not intending to pass over the long span—almost the whole of the eighteenth century—that lies between. Especially in its later years, that century witnessed remarkable developments in journalism, but in these Fleet

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[1] The shop was on the north side, built against the bar, and when afterwards occupied by a barber it was his boast that he had two entrances for customers, one from the City and one from Westminster. Hence *Punch's* joke about Temple Bar as a weak point in London's fortifications : "Bless you, the besieging army would never stay to bombard it—they would dash through the barber's."

[2] Fox Bourne, *English Newspapers*, i, 271.

Street played but a minor part; it was to become "Newspaper Street," but was not so yet. The centres of newspaper production were then in the Strand, and in a wide indefinite area westward of Paternoster Row. Those who to-day associate Fleet Street wholly with newspapers may learn with some surprise that when the nineteenth century began, with the exception of the evening *Star*, not a single one of London's daily papers was published in or about Fleet Street.

The *Globe*, an early rival of the *Star*, and, now in its second century, our oldest evening newspaper, has always been produced in the Strand. The *Morning Post* has never moved from the Strand by Catherine Street. *The Times* offices, from its first number, have been within the site of the old Thames-side priory of the Black Friars, on the spot known from early associations with the King's printer as Printing House Square. The *Public Ledger* has always issued from the heart of the City. None of these ever came within the circuit of Fleet Street. Nor had that historic street part or lot in the greatest of journalistic mysteries. The letters of "Junius" Henry Sampson Woodfall printed in the *Public Advertiser* at the Ivy Lane corner of Paternoster Row.

Woodfall's younger brother, William—"Memory" Woodfall—was intimately associated with Fleet Street, and a resident for many years about Salisbury Square, in the Wilderness and in Dorset Gardens.[1] Later he set up business as a newspaper proprietor, only to experience disappointment and poverty; a somewhat pathetic figure. The ranks of journalism have known no man more remarkably gifted. William Woodfall for fifteen years from 1774 was both editor and printer of the *Morning Chronicle* (another Strand newspaper) and reporter for its pages of the Parliamentary debates.

Woodfall's wonderful gift was his memory. For ten hours, or even twelve, he would sit in a crowded Strangers' Gallery of the House of Commons, listening to the debate. Then, without the aid of a note, or of an amanuensis to ease his labours, he committed to paper a remarkably accurate report of as many (short) columns. His practice in Parliament was to close both eyes, and to lean both hands on a stick. So well acquainted was he with the tone and manner of the different

[1] Mr. Noble found him so rated in the tithe-rate books of St. Bride's.

speakers, that he only deviated from his customary position when a new member addressed the House. Once having heard the name, he had no subsequent occasion for further inquiry.[1]

Just a little uncanny, perhaps. When Woodfall visited Dublin by invitation in 1784, to report the debates on the commercial propositions, his fame had gone before, and crowds followed him about the streets, believing him to possess supernatural powers.[2]

Up to his time, all that the public were permitted to know of the proceedings in Parliament was what journalists might pick up from members casually met, or members might choose to communicate. Even such versions, scrappy, imperfect, and largely incorrect, only appeared after three days' or a week's delay. We all know how Dr. Johnson reported the debates, taking care that "the Whig dogs" had not the best of the argument. Woodfall was the first to give an accurate account of Parliament as soon as practicable after its rising, and in this feature the *Morning Chronicle* enjoyed a great advantage over its contemporaries. As the sittings extended into the morning, his report was not uncommonly a day late. Before Parliament conceded liberty to the newspapers, not as a right, but as a grace, to report its proceedings, Woodfall had suffered imprisonment with the rest.

The back bench of the Strangers' Gallery in the old Houses of Parliament at Westminster, afterwards burnt down, was the reporters' gathering place. In 1803 this space was reserved for their exclusive use. Although not formally recognised hitherto, they were allowed admission by the Speaker and the Serjeant-at-Arms, and rival papers, enjoying these facilities, on occasion published their reports ahead of Woodfall, especially the *Gazetter* under Perry's enterprise. Woodfall could not move with the times; the *Morning Chronicle* lost ground by his old-fashioned management; then he quarrelled with the proprietors.

Throwing up his post, Woodfall in 1789 started his own newspaper, *The Diary*, printing at No. 82 Dorset Street, Salisbury Square. This, too, was a daily venture, the leading feature being his own reports of the debates, published the

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[1] J. Taylor, *Records of My Life*, ii, 245.
[2] *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1803, August, p. 792.

day after they had taken place, and at greater length than ever. His dramatic criticism also assisted the circulation. For a time the paper flourished, but it received the death-blow when Woodfall's peculiar gift of memorising the debates itself became useless. The *Morning Chronicle* had passed into the hands of James Perry, its famous editor. He conceived the idea of sending a staff of shorthand writers in relays into the Parliamentary gallery, and his forceful character overcame all obstacles to its accomplishment. Little matter if by means one need not necessarily approve : he succeeded.[1]

The new method was bound to displace the old.

The *Morning Chronicle* at breakfast time had an ample report carried down to a late hour, while Woodfall, laboriously writing out his columns from his well-stored memory, despite his phenomenal physical and mental powers, could not get his paper published until the afternoon, or on occasions of great and exciting debates until nearly midnight. He abandoned the unequal contest, suffered the *Diary* to expire, and thereafter lived by contributions to other journals. The dread message came to him before fifty—sorrowful to any man—that his day was done. He sought to be appointed Lord Mayor's Remembrancer, and should have filled the office well, but private friendships and superior interest prevailed. Woodfall died at the age of fifty-seven on the 1st August, 1803, and lies buried at St. Margaret's, Westminster. You may see his portrait, painted by Thomas Beech, in the National Portrait Gallery.

The *General Advertiser*, a daily paper founded by William

[1] A share in the *Morning Chronicle* had been taken by old Bellamy, a Chandos Street wine merchant, doorkeeper and caterer to the House of Commons, through whose good offices Perry was able to pass his reporters in and out of the gallery while rival newspapers found the door closed against them. Pitt is said to have asked on his death-bed for one of Bellamy's pork pies. Bellamy made a fortune by the way in which, when the House continued its sittings after the dinner hour, he put a chop or a steak upon the gridiron for the hungry M.P., and served it upon a small table in a corner of the kitchen, with a glass of port or sherry from the wood ; and the story runs that Perry and his co-partners were obliged to take so much of Bellamy's old port that from the purchase of the paper in 1792 until Perry's death in 1821, the anniversary of the purchase never returned without finding enough of the original stock in the cellar to drink to the health of Bellamy and his fellow-adventurers.—C. Peabody, *English Journalism*, p. 77.

Cooke in 1776, and published in Fleet Street, is notable, if for nothing else, for having introduced James Perry to journalism. This was another Scot. Someone has said that Flodden has been avenged in Fleet Street; and there is more than a grain of truth in it, for an army larger than James the Fourth led against the English host has come South to fill posts in English journalism, and to the ability, enterprise, and pushfulness of these pawky Scots English newspapers have been largely indebted. The Scots alone imagine that the debt is wholly to them. Perry's Aberdeen brogue unfitted him for the stage, which he first tried; he next spent two years' toil as a clerk at Manchester, then, when barely twenty-one, gravitated to London.

Perry acquired the *Morning Chronicle* when Woodfall's impermeability to new ideas had reduced its fortunes almost to bankruptcy. When first its editor he lodged in Shire Lane, Fleet Street. The property sold at his death for £42,000. His brilliant gifts made the *Morning Chronicle* the most powerful Whig newspaper of the day, competing vigorously with *The Times*, and challenging its monopoly; and based, moreover, on such sure foundations that, opening with George the Third, it lasted into the mid-Victorian era. Charles Dickens was a reporter on its staff, and in its pages *Sketches by Boz* first appeared. The paper was finally absorbed by the then rising *Daily Telegraph.* Perry was not only an incomparable editor and able writer; a versatile conversationalist and man of fashion, moving in the best society, he became the friend and confidant of the most distinguished Parliamentary leaders of his day, and he it was who first won recognition for his profession against all the deeply-rooted prejudices of that age. Mr. Escott has written of him—

> The services rendered to his craft by this great editor and business man will be the better estimated if one contrasts the honour and authority secured by Perry for his vocation with the discredit and contempt in which he had first found it. Throughout the eighteenth century, and indeed during part of the nineteenth, what Johnson had said in the bitterness of his soul about the newspaper writer's lot was literally true. "Away with these blackguard newspaper scribblers from the parliamentary precincts," had been the pleasant cry throughout the lobbies in 1798. No gentleman, it was said, could stoop to the foul indignity of prostituting his pen to payment at so much a column. The Benchers of Lincoln's Inn excluded all who at any time had written in the daily journals from being called to the Bar. Robert Southey,

who had himself plied for hire under Stuart of the *Morning Post*, told Lord Liverpool that newspaper men were pestilent nuisances who would destroy the Constitution if they were not first exterminated themselves. In or about the year 1830, the Lord Chancellor of the day got into trouble with his Cabinet colleagues for asking the editor of *The Times* to dinner.[1]

A newspaper brought into being for the avowed purpose of attacking a woman does not sound a promising venture. "Other times, other manners." The most scurrilous, shameless, yet clever paper of George the Fourth's reign was *John Bull*—and for a brief day the most prosperous. Queen Caroline was the chief object it assailed, but included within the comprehensive sweep of its slander and abuse were all who were leaders of "the Brandenburgh House party," as her honest sympathisers were called. "This sickening woman" was the gentle phrase by which the Queen was referred to in the first number.

For such work one generation cannot be expected to produce more than one man well equipped, and that man in his generation was Theodore Hook beyond compare, a personage of lively, irrepressible wit, lacking all scruple.

No one ostensibly connected with the paper was worth the cost of the stamps, but its distribution was provided for by unknown patrons, who paid for bundles of copies to be sent to various people. Hook, though suspected, concealed his identity against all attempts by the authorities, by threats and bribes, to fix the responsible man. The editor for the purpose of fine and imprisonment when the outraged courts and Parliament sought a victim, was one Cooper, who was never known to have written a line. The actual printer, William Shackell, sheltered himself behind a compositor in his employ, figuring as registered proprietor. The office was at No. 11 Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, and from there issued on the 20th December, 1820, the first number of *John Bull*, price sevenpence.

Its success was immediate. Within a few hours the town was ablaze. Orders arrived from every quarter, and the office was besieged by applicants.

Hook edited the paper, so far as his work can be said to have been settled anywhere, at Gough Square, Fleet Street,

[1] T. H. S. Escott, *Masters of English Journalism*, p. 158.

and Barham, his biographer, has pictured him there—"seated in a small parlour, situated in a silent, trafficless spot enough, denominated Gough Square; daily newspapers, sheets of copy, 'slips,' 'revises,' fresh, or rather foul, from the printer's hand, with all the many *désagremens* of an editor's room scattered in profusion around." The prosecutions of *John Bull*—for libelling Queen Caroline herself, among others—had the inevitable result of advertisement and greatly increasing the circulation, which by the twelfth number had attained 12,000 copies—an unprecedented sale for a weekly published at sevenpence, bearing a fourpenny Government stamp. Theodore Hook, always needy even in prosperity, had found a gold-mine, and threw all his unquestioned talents into the discreditable work, assisted on its more humane side by Barham himself, best known as the author of *The Ingoldsby Legends*, who wrote some verse.

In the sixth number, displayed in large type, appeared this curious announcement—

> The conceit of some people is amusing. It has been not infrequently remarked that conceit is in abundance where talent is most scarce. Our readers will see that we have received a letter from Mr. Hook, disowning and disavowing all connection with this paper. Partly out of good nature, and partly from our anxiety to show the gentleman how little desirous we are to be associated with him, we have made a declaration which will doubtless be quite satisfactory to his morbid sensibility and affected squeamishness. We are free to confess that two things surprise us in this business—the first that anything which we have thought worth giving to the public should have been mistaken for Mr. Hook's, and, secondly, that such a person as Mr. Hook should think himself disgraced by a connection with *John Bull*.

Theodore Hook wrote that himself!

Hook is familiar in our time as Mr. Wagg of *Pendennis*, and the Lucian Gay of Disraeli's *Coningsby*. He was a figure for the novelists, and in their pages he stands out more vividly than as drawn either by his professed biographer, or by Lockhart in a famous *Quarterly Review* essay. His paper did incalculable mischief, scores of innocent people being placed under suspicion as the authors of particular personal articles. In the curious composition of the man were qualities both humane, generous, and charitable. His character, and the political effects of *John Bull*, have been admirably summed up by the late Dr. Richard Garnett—

X x Numb. 1134.

The Daily Courant.

Saturday, December 1. 1705.

From the Paris Gazette, dated November 21.

Venice, October 31.

GENERAL Delfino has put a new Re-enforcement of Troops into Defenzano, ſo that there are now in that Place 20 Companies of Regular Troops beſides Militia. We have Advice from the Poleſines that the Ferrabutti, or Imperial Banditi, having plunder'd a Bark that was going up the Po, the Podeſta of Rovigo caus'd them to be purſu'd; and their Leader with ſome others were kill'd, 30 taken Priſoners, and the greateſt part of the Booty was recover'd: But the Captain who commanded the Soldiers of the Republick was alſo kill'd. Some Veſſels that are arriv'd from Conſtantinople report that the Turkiſh Fleet is return'd from the Black Sea, after having furniſh'd with all things neceſſary for their Defence, the 2 New Forts built in the Straight of Caffa overagainſt the Muſcovite Forts, for the Security of the Crimee. The 25th Inſtant Signior Nicolo Delfino was choſen by the great Council to be Procurator of St. Mark, in the room of Signior Pietro Venier deceas'd ſome Days before. On this Occaſion there was for 3 Days together Feaſting, Balls, Maſquerades, and Illuminations at Signior Delfino's Palace, as is the Cuſtom here. This new Procurator is Brother of Signior Delfino, General of our Trooos on the *Terra Firma*, and alſo of our Ambaſſador at the Court of Vienna.

From the Amſterdam and Leiden Gazettes, dated November 29. and 29.

Venice, November 6 and 7. The 31ſt of laſt Month an Expreſs arriv'd here from Bruſſels, with Letters from the Elector of Bavaria for the Electreſs, as alſo Bills of Exchange for 10000 Ducats, and a Preſent of fine Flanders-Lace and Linnen. Letters from Bergamo and Crema dated the 31ſt of laſt Month, adviſe that 4000 German Horſe had taken out of 5 Villages of the Bergamaſc, all the Corn, Wine and other Proviſions they could lay their Hands on; and that 2000 French Horſe ent'ring by Night into the Towns of Oſanengo and Ombriano, both lying within a Mile of Crema, plunder'd them and treated the Inhabitants with great Inſolence. Letters from Mantua inform us the Marquis de Biſſi Governour of that Place, has made the neceſſary Diſpoſitions for receiving the General Officers and Troops of the 2 Crowns that are to have their Winter-Quarters there. The Duke of Mantua was expected there in order to his going from thence to Milan, and thence to the Borromean Iſlands for the recovery of his Health.

From the Harlem Courant, dated Nov. 28.

Cologne, November 23. The 21ſt at Noon the Prince of Saxe Zeitz arriv'd here from Bonn in one of the Elector Palatin's Yachts, to receive, in the Name of the Emperor, Homage of this City, and made his Entry in the following manner: 1ſt. Came a Company of Grenadiers; then 20 Coaches drawn by 2 Horſes each; next a Troop of Horſe well mounted and clad, preceded by a good number of led Horſes, Trumpets, and Kettle-Drums; after them came 8 Coaches drawn by 6 Horſes each, in which were the Syndicks and ancient Burgomaſters; then came a Coach in which ſat his Highneſs the Prince, and with him the 2 Ruling Burgomaſters, before and after this Coach rode the Horſe-guards; next came 14 Coaches in which were ſeveral Miniſters, Perſons of Quality, and others; and laſt of all came our City Troop of Horſe very well mounted and accourred. When his Highneſs was come to the Town-houſe our Cannon were fir'd, as they were alſo twice more during a magnificent Entertainment which laſted till 9 at Night. To Day at Noon his Highneſs receiv'd Homage of our Magiſtrates, and of half the Burghers: To Morrow the other half of the Burghers will do Homage, and take an Oath of Allegiance, with like Solemnity.

Plymouth, November 27. This Day put into this Port 4 Ships from Rotterdam, and 3 from Zirickzee in Ballaſt, bound for Burdeaux; and the Marbella of Dublin with Wine from Oporto, Thomas Lee Maſter, bound for Cork.

Weymouth, November 28. Yeſterday was ſent in here by the Marlborough Gally, Peter Tuppey Commander, a ſmall French Veſſel laden with Salt; ſhe was taken out of a Fleet of about 70 Sail under 3 Convoys, with whom 7 Guernzey Privateers fell in, in the Night: Another of 400 Tons with Salt was taken by this Privateer, and one of 500 Tons with Sugar; but how many more by the reſt, it being Night, ſhe cannot give an Account.

Yarmouth, November 28. There continue in our Roads her Majeſty's Ships Adventure and Nightingale, with ſome Ships and Veſſels bound for Holland; and a Galley laden with Hef-

THE FIRST DAILY NEWSPAPER

Single leaf, size 13 inches by 8 inches

A SCOURGE

BY RICHARD CARLILE.

"Thine own mouth condemneth thee, and not I: yea, thine own lips testify against thee."—*Job, Chap.* 15, *ver.* 6.
"And when he had made a Scourge of small cords, he drove them all out of the Temple."—*Acts of Christ.*

No. 9.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1834. [*Price One Penny.*



VIEW OF MR. CARLILE'S HOUSE, 62, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

From a print in possession of Mr. Aleck Abrahams

RICHARD CARLILE'S PROTEST AGAINST CHURCH RATES

Hook's reckless humour and preternatural facility of improvisation now had its full swing, and his powers were never displayed to so much advantage as in this scurrilous, scandalous, but irresistibly facetious, and for a time exceedingly potent, journal. No man with a particle of chivalry could have written as Hook did ; but no such man could have been equally effective in exposing a pernicious, though generous, popular delusion. He undoubtedly proved himself the prince of lampooners. The exuberance of his impetuous fun sweeps away the studied and polished sarcasms of refined satirists like Moore ; he hurls ridicule and invective right and left with a Titanic vigour so admirable in itself as a manifestation of energy that we almost forget that, after all, it is only mud he is showering. Most of it, however, stuck where it was meant to stick, and his disreputable paper must be named with the *Craftsman* and *North Briton* among those which have contributed to mould English history. " It is impossible to deny," says the *Quarterly Review*, " that *Bull* frightened the Whig aristocracy from countenancing the Court of Brandenburgh House. The national movement was arrested, and George the Fourth had mainly *John Bull* to thank for that result. . . ."

His defects were a moral vulgarity, far more offensive than the social vulgarity it ridiculed, and a want of every quality especially characteristic of a high-minded man. Much of his apparent dissipation was forced upon him by the necessity of keeping in society to keep out of gaol.[1]

In decent company it is not quite respectable to mention Richard Carlile, the freethinker, but I confess a sneaking regard for the man, liking him above many another better. Those to whom his views are repulsive may agree with George Jacob Holyoake, that " the faults of Carlile will be forgiven in consideration of his having done more than any other Englishman in his day for the freedom of the Press." What good can one say of the publicist who, taking out the windows above his shop at No. 62 Fleet Street (then the Bouverie Street corner) exhibited in the one life-sized figures of a jolly fat bishop in canonicals, and the devil, linked arm in arm with his lordship ? In the companion window was an effigy of a " broker's man." These were, the placard below set out, " Props of the Church."

Little wonder that Fleet Street was filled with people in the year 1834 to witness this extraordinary spectacle. The shocked parish authorities made complaint, and Carlile went to prison for three years for his protest. I have been lent for reproduction a scarce print of the house with its window show, from the front page of Carlile's weekly publication, *A Scourge*.

[1] *Dict. National Biography :* Theodore Hook.

Admit that to one of his views there was provocation. Church rates had been levied on his house and his goods seized, and little of the passive resister was to be found in Carlile's constitution. There was something of the fiery zeal of the martyr in him. In another age he would have burnt at the stake, but that being out of the question, he suffered no less than nine years and four months' imprisonment for his opinions. Much of this suffering he might have foregone had he been willing to find sureties, but he would abate not a jot of his conscientious scruples, nor ask others to do so for him. He had, too, the rare gift of implanting his enthusiasm in others. His wife, with whom he did not agree, cheerfully went to prison for two years for continuing to issue his publications when he was himself in gaol. His assistants one after another passed into prison. When nine of his shopmen were in gaol together, serving varying terms up to three years' incarceration, Carlile sold his books at his Fleet Street shop by clockwork, so that the buyer was unable to identify the seller. On a dial was written the name of every publication for sale. The purchaser entered and turned the handle till the index-finger pointed to the publication he wanted, and on depositing the money the book dropped down before him.[1]

Imprisonment did not stop Carlile's propaganda, for under the singularly lax prison regulations of the day he was still able to send out writings for his pamphlets from his cell. He wrote and suffered a great deal in vindication of political freedom, and this should weigh heavily in the scale against much else that was offensive and blasphemous. The shop window episode came late in his life. He died in 1843, aged fifty-two. The freethinker left his body to St. Thomas's Hospital for dissection.

William Cobbett issued from No. 183 Fleet Street his *Political Register*, the one great democratic journal of the opening years of last century. Reduced from its original price of 1s. 0½d. to twopence amid the domestic distress which came after the Waterloo campaign, it obtained an enormous circulation among the working-classes. When a fugitive in America in 1819, Cobbett wrote this remarkable passage concerning Sir Robert Peel's Bank Bill—

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[1] *Dict. National Biography :* Richard Carlile.

I, William Cobbett, assert that to carry this Bill into effect is impossible, and I say that if this Bill be carried into full effect, I will give Castlereagh leave to lay me on a gridiron and broil me alive, while Sidmouth may stir the coals, and Canning stand by and laugh at my groans.

The Small-note Bill passed in 1822, partly repealing Peel's Bill, before the day appointed for its coming into full effect, and in December, 1825, the one-pound bank notes came out again. In April, 1827, Cobbett thus headed his *Register*—

It is useless to waste one's time in further prophesies about the matter; there is in my yard *the Gridiron*, a portrait of which is at the head of this Register. It is to go up at the front of the house, No. 183 Fleet Street, whenever one or the other of the following things shall take place: A Repeal of Peel's Bill; a Repeal of the Small-note Bill; a Reduction of the Interest on the National Debt.[1]

None of the statesmen indicated, nor the gridiron, however, had any part in the obsequies, for Cobbett died in his bed.

It would be only tiresome to list the newspapers in and about Fleet Street that, with varying fortunes, flourished and disappeared in the eighteenth century and early years of its successor. The "largest circulations" were not then in Fleet Street. The *Post Boy*, printed by Abel Roper at the Black Boy, over against St. Dunstan's Church, should have mention. There were so-called evening newspapers before the *Star* at Temple Bar, among them the *Halfpenny Post*, printed by Parkins in Salisbury Square, and the *Whitehall Evening Post* at 3 Peterborough Court. Read, of Whitefriars (best known for his *Weekly Journal*), issued another *Halfpenny Post;* but these sheets appeared three times a week.

Four pages only were printed, the largest about the size of to-day's *Globe*, this being as much as the revenue authorities would allow for a single stamp while the stamp duty remained at a penny and twopence upon each copy. Later, as the impost rose to fourpence and fivepence a copy, more was permitted. *John Bull* came out with eight pages in 1820, and *The Times* published its first eight page paper in 1827, although four pages remained the customary size throughout the agitation for the Reform Act of 1832. Half a century ago an historian of the Press said of these early journals that the type used seemed born old, the ink was poor, and the rag

[1] Noble's *Memorials of Temple Bar*, p. 124.

paper on which they were printed was brown-tinted and bad ; but having in sight some of our cheap modern pulp papers, I have no heart to echo that complaint.

To-day the contents bills give newspapers publicity. Every railway station makes a brave show, every shouting newsboy flourishes them in the street. When there were no railways, there were no contents bills. The first publisher of the *Daily News* in 1846, in reminiscences appearing in its jubilee number, expresses regret that he had not the assistance of printed contents bills to give the new venture advertisement. Only occasionally were a few written bills sent to particular places, with announcements as "Latest from Paris," "Debates in Parliament," and the like. Mr. Wellsman, recalling the near period, has said—

> Such things were rare. I can only remember two instances, namely, the bills that used to be put up at the *Sunday Times* office at the corner of Fleet Street (long since cleared away for Ludgate Circus) giving the results of the principal races, and another that was stuck up in February, 1848, during the French Revolution, by the manager of a paper called *The London Telegraph*, published at 183 Fleet Street, stating that "the red flag floated over Paris, and that the Royal Family had fled." I well remember the crowd in the street, and the interest taken in the event.[1]

The strident newsboys, articulate in little save the one word "winner!" are amongst the newspapers' oldest supporters. Such agents hawked in the streets the earliest *Mercuries*, which were chiefly sold, however, not by men, but by women and children. Sir Roger L'Estrange, the ferocious licenser of all printed matter who crushed the free Press out of existence after the Restoration, did not overlook these humbler accomplices in the crime in his plans laid before Charles the Second. Others might deserve death, mutilation, lifelong imprisonment, or exile, but for such disseminators of the peccant prints he would be content that they be made to wear some visible mark of ignominy. A halter instead of a hat-band, headgear stamped with some legend of infamy, or a stocking of different colours on each foot should suffice. "We will let the dog have what he wants," said the careless King, tickled in fancy by such quaint ingenuity.[2]

When the Press regained its liberty in the Revolution, the

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[1] Wellsman, *Fleet Street*, 1846–1890 (privately printed), p. 10.
[2] Escott, *Masters of English Journalism*.

newsboys were again out, making the streets echo with their "Bloody news!"—a cry which announced Marlborough's victories, and was revived for Wellington's campaigns in India and the Napoleonic wars. Old Bennet, an eccentric character who appears to have created much noise in London, was paid the tribute of a lament in verse at his death; the lines were printed by Bernard Lintot in a volume of miscellany without date, but certainly before 1720—

ON THE DEATH OF OLD BENNET, THE NEWS CRYER

One evening, when the sun was just gone down,
As I was walking thro' the noisy town,
A sudden silence through each street was spread,
As if the soul of London had been fled.
Much I inquired the cause, but could not hear,
Till Fame, so frightened, that she did not dare
To raise her voice, thus whisper'd in my ear:
"Bennet, the prince of hawkers, is no more,
Bennet, my Herald on the British shore;
Bennet, by whom I own myself outdone,
Tho' I a hundred mouths he had but one.
He, when the list'ning town he would amuse,
Made echo tremble with his 'Bloody news!'
No more shall Echo now his voice return,
Echo for ever must in silence mourn.
Lament, ye heroes, who frequent the wars,
The great proclaimer of your dreadful scars."
Thus wept the conqueror, who the world o'ercame.
Homer was wanting to enlarge his fame,
Homer, the first of hawkers who is known,
"Great news from Troy!" cried up and down the town.
None like him has there been for ages past,
Till our stentorian Bennet came at last.
Homer and Bennet were in this agreed,
Homer was blind, and Bennet could not read.

"Great Victory!" or more frequently "Extraordinary Gazette!" were the variants in the early part of last century with which the news criers, with leathern lungs, announced the success of British arms overseas when some fast frigate had sailed into port with intelligence. A loud blast on a tin horn gave emphasis to the proclamation. The men exhibited a copy of the "Gazette" or newspaper they were crying affixed under the hatband, in front, and their demand for a paper ran up to a shilling. These itinerants were for the most part linkmen to the theatres, costermongers, and porters assisting in various menial offices during the day, who, when the whisper

ran round the town that great news had arrived, rushed off to the newspaper offices, and bought up editions as fast as the hand-press could turn them out. The blowing of the tin horns was at last condemned as a public nuisance, and before 1827 was prohibited by the magistrates, under penalty for a first offence of ten shillings.[1]

Fleet Street has retained unbroken that long historical association with the printing trade which began when Wynkyn de Worde impressed the first sheets printed at the Sun, in St. Bride's, in 1501. The printers have always found space for their needs back in the maze of winding alleys north and south. In Bolt Court was accomplished the great revolution from the flat hand-press to the cylinder printing machine worked by steam, that alone has made such newspapers as we know to-day possible.

It was at Thomas Bensley's printing shop, next door to the house in which Dr. Johnson died, that the first printing machine was set up in the year 1812, and experimentally worked. König's invention consisted of placing the type, locked flat in a forme, on a carrier moving backwards and forwards under a cylinder, which gave the impression—the principle of all save the rotary and platen machines to-day. He applied in vain to German and other printers. Bensley realised the merit of the invention, and was the first to give him practical aid, himself suggesting an improvement in the inking apparatus, then the weakest part. They were joined by Woodfall and Taylor, both printers, and out of the joint exertions of these four grew cylindrical printing.

All newspapers till that time had been thrown off on the hand-press, and 400 sheets per hour, printed on one side only, was considered a great feat; rarely was an ouput of 350 an hour attained. This slowness of production set a limit on the circulation, and also the size of newspapers, that was severely felt by *The Times*, with its growing power, and the increasing public demand for news of the Napoleonic wars. König promised 1,100 sheets an hour, using two machines for printing separately the two sides. John Walter the second adopted the then improved machine, which he installed with great secrecy at Printing House Square, fearing lest the hand-press

[1] Hone's *Everyday Book*, ii, 1273.

operatives, whose livelihood was threatened, might wreck the plant. *The Times* printed its last issue on the hand-press on the 28th November, 1814. Unexpectedly on the morning of the 29th the public learnt from the news-sheet before them that machine printing of newspapers was accomplished.

The welcome given to steam printing was not unanimous, especially by those who still made their homes in Fleet Street. I found in the St. Dunstan's wardmote register of 1845 this complaint by the jury to the Court of Aldermen—

> We present as an increasing public nuisance of a very injurious character to the health of the inhabitants and the trade of this part of London in particular, the immense quantity of soot emitted day and night from the numerous steam engines constantly at work in this ward. The evil had been effectually remedied in other parts of the kingdom where steam engines abound. We pray for an order therein as to right and justice shall appertain.

Room now to stage a desperate villain. Sweeny Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street, has been the subject of many a boy's "penny blood"—a class of literature that still has birth in the back alleys behind the newspaper offices. The narrative has varied in the telling, but in outline is always the same. The barber, keeping shop near St. Dunstan's Church, enticed customers to his fatal chair. It rested over a trap-door, by means whereof the half-shaved, unsuspecting victim was dropped into the cellar, and there despatched. He reappeared only in the pastry vended by the next door pieman.[1]

I spent much time in pursuit of this elusive desperado. Was he, too, an historic personage? The Newgate Calendar, that Court guide to your true villain, knew nothing of him. Clearly his credentials could not pass without question. At last he was tracked down in that symposium of all curious information, *Notes and Queries*.[2] Sweeny Todd, unlike his Scottish prototype, Sawney Bean, is a figment of fiction. That, at least, it is good to know. Yet he has an historical

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[1] It is a fact that one of the two old gabled houses in Fleet Street, between Fetter Lane and St. Dunstan's Church, was long occupied as a pie-shop, where business appears to have flourished despite the gruesome association.

[2] See Henry C. Porter in *Notes and Queries*, 9th Ser., ix, 345.

basis—let me hasten to say it, happily not English—and a number of different people have in their day been given credit as the originators of his life and adventures in London.

One of them was the late George Augustus Sala—a mere stripling of twelve when the story was well known, for a lurid melodrama, *Sweeny Todd, the Barber of Fleet Street: or, The String of Pearls*, by George Dibdin Pitt, was produced by Samuel Lane at the Britannia Saloon, Hoxton, so far back as 1842. Yet more persistently the authorship was attributed to Edmund Faucit Saville, now a distant memory of old playgoers; the best smuggler bold, and pirate King, and heroic naval officer that ever trod the melodramatic stage. Saville was brother of that beautiful and accomplished actress, Helen Faucit, afterwards Lady Martin. He had a gift in composition as well as in the portrayal of character parts. Of many dramas that came from his pen, *Ada the Betrayed: or, The Murder in the Old Smithy*—a classic of its day—is best remembered. That was a play with bone in it; not the thin strand of sentiment beaten out over three hours which serves for this anæmic generation of playgoers.

Savage, who wrote *Charley Wag*, *The Woman with the Yellow Hair*, and other blood-curdlers of the type, is another for whom Sweeny Todd has been claimed. The ruffian's associations were always dramatic.

The red story came from France, when the seething ferment of the Revolution had not yet quite subsided. There was never a Sweeny Todd in Fleet Street. In the Rue de la Harpe, Faubourg St. Marcelle, Paris, a cruel murder and mutilation of a country gentleman took place within the boutique of a fiend-like Figaro. This man, after appropriating a casket of jewels carried by his victim, disposed of the corpse to his paramour in crime, a pie-maker, whose patties were the rage of Parisian society (this from the French; it is not an embellishment of mine). The subsequent discovery of the remains, as well as of the skeletons and skulls of some 300 human beings who had fallen victims to these monsters, diffused disgust and dismay throughout the French capital. The confession and execution of the murderers, with an edict prohibiting the erection of any habitations in future upon the accursed spot, duly detailed in Fouche's *Archives of the Police*, fix the period of the crime to the year 1800.

Imported in 1823, the narrative first appeared in England in a monthly publication, *The Tell-Tale*, with the title "A Terrific Story of the Rue de la Harpe, Paris." Later, Mr. Edward Lloyd, founder of the great weekly newspaper bearing his name, started a sensational penny library. Either by his suggestion or consent, Thomas Prest, the author of *Tom Gallant : or, The Life of a Sailor, Ashore and Afloat*, and much other fiction of that class, embodied the Gallic details of the Rue de la Harpe in an exciting tale, changed the French criminals into English, and introduced several fresh characters. The action was transferred to near St. Dunstan's church, in Fleet Street, and the pie-shop to Bell Yard, Temple Bar. The tale was issued by Edward Lloyd in 1840, and Pitt's dramatic version, in three acts and eight scenes, was adapted from Prest's thrilling pages.

Many others have since been built on the plot, for *Sweeny Todd* enjoyed considerable popularity, and was staged at the old Britannia Theatre, Hoxton, so late as 1878. The drama has advanced beyond this sort of fare, but the villainous barber and the cannibalistic pie-maker remain the van-boy's delight to this day.

CHAPTER XXIV

NEWSPAPERS OF TO-DAY

"Look at that, Pen. There she is—the great engine. She never sleeps. She has her ambassadors in every quarter of the world, her couriers upon every road. Her officers march along with armies, and her envoys walk into statesmen's cabinets. They are ubiquitous. Yonder journal has an agent at this moment giving bribes at Madrid, and another inspecting the price of potatoes in Covent Garden. Look, here comes the express galloping in. They will be able to give news to Downing Street to-morrow; funds will rise or fall; fortunes be made or lost. Lord B. will get up, holding the paper in his hand, and, seeing the noble Marquis in his place, will make a great speech, and—and Mr. Doolan will be called away from his supper, for he is the foreign sub-editor, and sees the mail on the newspaper sheet before he goes to his own."—Thackeray, *Pendennis*.

Oldest of the Fleet Street newspapers of to-day is the *Morning Advertiser*, which was founded so far back as the 10th February, 1794, though not until the year 1825 did the migration take place from the Strand to the familiar premises by the Shoe Lane corner. It is the stalwart champion of "the trade" whenever attacked. Its origin was based in philanthropy, and in its long career it has provided funds running into hundreds of thousands of pounds for the licensed victuallers' charities. The journal has numbered Mr. James Grant, the historian of the newspaper press, among its editors. At one time, owing to the heavy stamp duty, the sheet sold at sevenpence. Last of the high-priced papers to come into line, the final reduction to one penny took place so recently as 1891.

The *Daily News* (January 21st, 1846) is the child of Charles Dickens, who abandoned the struggling infant after seventeen days of life. Much has been said of Dickens's conscientious labours to place the venture to which he stood committed upon a sound footing, the absorbing whole-heartedness with which he threw himself into his task. "It was a mistake," was his own verdict, written in the preface to the *Pictures from Italy*, upon this journalistic episode, and there, perhaps, the matter is best left. Fortunately for the greater world of literature, it was no more than an episode. The facts are that Dickens was piqued by having been refused by the *Morning Chronicle* the price to which he considered his standing entitled him for a

projected series of articles on Italian travel; that a vast capital sum was at stake, Dickens himself being appointed editor at £2,000 a year, his father chief of the Parliamentary reporters, and his father-in-law, George Hogarth, chief musical critic; and that in less than three weeks he walked out of the office, leaving the paper to its fate, with all those whose fortunes were bound up with it.

Forster, his friend and biographer, himself stepped into the breach, through loyalty to an old friend rather than any pleasure taken in the work, and was acting editor till nearly the end of the year. In four months Dickens's connection with the paper had entirely ceased, even letters under his signature no longer appearing. "God knows," he wrote to Forster on the 28th October, "there has been small comfort for either of us in the *Daily News* nine months. Make a vow (as I have done) never to go down that court with the little news-shop at the corner any more, and let us swear by Jack Straw as in ancient times. I am beginning to get over my sorrow for your nights up aloft in Whitefriars, and to feel nothing but happiness in the contemplation of your enfranchisement." The court alluded to was Pleydell Court, Fleet Street, with a corner tobacconist's shop kept by Mrs. Burton, a former actress, who exposed the *Daily News* for sale. It led down to the back premises of Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, printers and part proprietors of the new paper, where in upper rooms the editorial offices were situated.

The London compositors have preserved a memory of the first number's production, when a little throng, with Charles Dickens at their head and his various writers around him, but the bulk made up of those by whom the *Daily News* had been set in type, assembled round the "stone" in the early morning, to drink success to the enterprise. Speeches were made, and Douglas Jerrold stood there, short of stature, frail of build, with eager eyes, aquiline face, and with hair flying back from his forehead down to his shoulders, and brought his fist down with a bang as he told the men, with emotion which was long remembered among them, how he had "worked his way up through stony-hearted London."[1]

Few then believed that a daily paper on advanced Radical

[1] McCarthy and Robinson, "*The Daily News*" *Jubilee*, p. 20.

lines could pay, and starting thus tempestuously the managerial genius of Charles Wentworth Dilke alone brought round the property to well-established success. The *Daily News* appeared on the eve of the session that was to witness the triumph of the long agitation for repeal of the Corn Laws; it was Charles Dickens's conception; and both the time and the man stamped the paper with a seriousness of purpose which ever since it has retained, which has created its strength, and made the *Daily News* a great force in the fight for political liberty, religious freedom, and social advancement. If it has breasted unpopularity in new causes, it has seen most of them won. In its long life it has displayed all the faults of earnestness. A limited capacity of estimating good in others has irritated and annoyed quite humane and estimable people.

Long years back, in the American Civil War, the *Daily News* alone among the metropolitan daily Press (except one journal now dead) championed the cause of the North, when English prejudices and English self-interest alike favoured the Confederates—odd to think that this was largely due to the strong will and strong work of a woman. That was Harriet Martineau. She suffered constant ill-health, and at times acute pain, but for fourteen years she continued to write articles for the *Daily News*, at first two each week, then four, and afterwards one for each issue of the paper. She was probably the first woman in England to take to the regular work of daily journalism; and it is interesting to recall, in days of the Feminist advance, that the same paper numbered Mrs. Crawford, Mrs. Jessie Mario, and Miss Dyer among its contributors when a woman journalist was an extreme rarity. Keenly observant, with a style of writing concise, clear, strong, and penetrating, Harriet Martineau brought intimate knowledge to bear upon every subject she touched.

Mr. Justin McCarthy, paying warm tribute to Harriet Martineau's work for the *Daily News*, in the Jubilee number says—

> She went in steadily for every great cause, social or political, which came up in her time. In former years she had seen much of the United States, Northern and Southern, and she had become a determined and outspoken abolitionist. For her opinions she had sacrificed the goodwill of society in the southern states, which at first had welcomed her with such cordiality and enthusiasm. Nothing, however, could turn Harriet Martineau from any purpose which she had conscientiously

formed. During her travels in the southern states she was subjected to positive personal danger, for these were fierce and wild times in the south. But she held on her course, and the experience which she had thus obtained in America was of immense advantage to her when she came to write articles for the *Daily News* on the great Civil War.

The paper has been well served by brilliant men—Archibald Forbes, E. H. Vizetelly, "O'Donovan of Merv," Henry Labouchere, Edmund Yates, William Black, Sir Henry Lucy, Herbert Paul, Richard Whiteing, and others whose names are familiar in Fleet Street as household words.

It can be no secret now that adherence to Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy of 1886—the policy of "the old man in a hurry"—rejected by every other London newspaper, by Parliament, and by the country, shattered the prosperity of the *Daily News*, and only after long years are its fortunes being restored by other men and other methods. Mr. Cadbury acquired the control. Mr. Alfred G. Gardiner, a young man at the time of but thirty-seven, and with no London experience, sat in the chair of Charles Dickens. It was unquestionably a bold experiment, which events have amply justified. The *Daily News* had to fit itself into changed conditions which the birth of the "new journalism" had brought about. A first step was the reduction of price to one halfpenny, and skilfully directed by Mr. Gardiner, the *Daily News*, retaining its old sympathies and interests and many of its old supporters, has introduced itself to and won favour with a new generation of newspaper readers. An office in Manchester connected by private wires, to print and circulate the paper in the North simultaneously with its issue in London, has been a recent advance. It is not, of course, the old *Daily News*. In the more diminutive sheet one misses the substance and authority with which Liberalism used to be advocated, the charm that Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. Justin McCarthy gave to every column over which their pens ran. That man must be a dour Tory indeed who does not feel a twinge of regret that the Liberal party to-day is unable to present its case in a single London penny morning newspaper.

Vague, apprehensive, stubborn Toryism marked the career of the historic *Standard*—stubborn in independence of party leaders, as those in our time have had experience. It was not always so. The *Standard* we know as a morning newspaper

dates from 1857, but the parent sheet is much earlier, an evening paper of the same name founded by Charles Baldwin in 1827. Its programme was open resistance to Catholic emancipation, afterwards supplemented by vigorous defence of the Corn Laws and the Navigation Laws.

The first offices were in three old Queen Anne houses in Shoe Lane, on the spot where the paper is still produced, and upon these buildings the Conservative party held a mortgage. The paper printed paragraphs forwarded from the party headquarters, and these as a rule appeared immediately following the leading articles, until (so the story runs) there came a day when the mortgage was paid off, and the astonished Whip received his paragraphs back with a curt line from the then editor, Captain Hamber, that he would see his "Dear Blank" da——dangling at a rope's end before he would print more of his contributions.

Stanley Lees Giffard was the *Standard's* first editor, and served the journal for over a quarter of a century. "The strength of his feelings," says Mr. Grant most tenderly, "led him to misconceive, rather than consciously to misrepresent, the arguments of opponents." In sheer ability, pugnacity, and hard hitting, his traits survive in his son, that vigorous octogenarian, Hardinge Giffard, Earl of Halsbury. But Giffard is overshadowed by another Irishman, and a yet more remarkable personality of early journalistic days in Shoe Lane —"Bright, broken Maginn" of Lockhart's clever and haunting epitaph.

Who does not know him? He has been drawn by Thackeray as the Captain Shandon of *Pendennis* with all the art of that master delineator of character, and what remains for the ordinary person to say? Mr. Escott, who was himself long associated with the journalistic offspring of Maginn's paper, recalls an interesting memory, that at one time there was on the Shoe Lane premises a messenger named Jenman, who, as a small boy, had daily brought Maginn's articles from that very room in the Fleet Prison where Thackeray places Shandon while penning the prospectus of the *Pall Mall Gazette.*[1] Thackeray, however, has not sketched the complete portrait; the appeal to the novelist of that reckless, improvident,

[1] T. H. S. Escott, *Masters of English Journalism*, p. 196.

irresponsible Irish nature was necessarily strong, and has been developed at the cost of obscuring Maginn's really extraordinary gifts.

He arrived in London from Cork on literary adventure in 1823, with the Dublin degree of LL.D. and a knowledge of the classics equalled by few of his day, and soon made his way to distinction. The facility with which he wrote is instanced in almost countless contributions to the magazines and journals. For a time he associated with Hook, taking charge of a Wednesday edition of *John Bull* that was started, and when Hook failed to supply the printer with his "copy"—which was not unseldom—Maginn was at hand to write just the kind of thing required. His careless inconsequence assisted to destruction John Murray the second's short-lived journalistic enterprise, *The Representative.* In Shoe Lane he was Giffard's lieutenant on the evening *Standard.* A born fighter, Maginn revelled in the strife in which that paper lived, and his racy articles and coarse personalities preserve a flavour, acceptable perhaps in their time, that would be oddly out of place in the more sedate journalism of to-day.

Maginn wrote much, and should have done well, but came Fortune to him in her most benign mood, his helpless, hopeless improvidence always outstripped her gifts. He founded the famous *Fraser's Magazine.* A bright genius undoubtedly he was, with lovable qualities that bound friends to him amid all his dissipation, his want of principle, his discreditable dodges to escape for a time the consequences of his mode of life; and in the thick of it all, harassed by creditors and hiding from bailiffs, he sent out to the Press papers that display acute insight, scholarship, and critical skill, and trifles of rollicking entertainment and rare humour. Dr. Garnett considered his *Bob Burke's Duel with Ensign Brady* the raciest Irish story ever written. The brilliantly cynical "Tobias Correspondence" in *Blackwood's Magazine* was written by Maginn while concealed in a garret in Wych Street.[1] His wants and misfortunes brought him very low. He would write a leader in the *Standard* one evening, answer it in the *True Sun* the following day, and abuse both in *John Bull* on the ensuing

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[1] *Dict. National Biography:* William Maginn.

Sunday.[1] He is credited with having been the forerunner of scurrilous society journalism.

Even Maginn's resourcefulness at length failed to keep him out of a debtor's prison. In the Fleet he is said to have conceived the idea and written the whole of the first *Punch Almanac*, in 1841. That honour was, however, disputed by another inmate of the same retreat.[2] While immured in the Fleet consumption rapidly developed, and by the influence of publishers and friends he was let out to die. Maginn expired at Walton-on-Thames, aged forty-nine, and was there buried. Lockhart's epitaph, through the burlesque of its form, rings with true sincerity—

> Here, early to bed, lies kind William Maginn,
> Who with genius, wit, learning, life's trophies to win,
> Had neither great lord nor rich cit of his kin,
> Nor discretion to set himself up as to tin;
> So, his portion soon spent, like the poor heir of Lynn,
> He turned author ere yet there was beard on his chin,
> And, whoever was out, or whoever was in,
> For your Tories his fine Irish brains he would spin;
> Who received prose and rhyme with a promising grin—
> "Go a-head, you queer fish, and more power to your fin,"
> But to save from starvation stirred never a pin.
> Light for long was his heart, though his breeches were thin,
> Else his acting for certain was equal to Quin.
> But at last he was beat and sought help of the bin
> (All the same to the doctor from claret to gin)
> Which led swiftly to jail and consumption therein.
> It was much when the bones rattled loose in the skin,
> He got leave to die here, out of Babylon's din.
> Barring drink and the girls, I ne'er heard a sin:
> Many worse, better few, than bright, broken Maginn.

The *Standard*, enjoying some fluctuating success, became the organ of lost causes; under Baldwin's management the paper fell into the Bankruptcy Court in 1857, and there was picked up by James Johnstone, with whom began a regime famous for close upon half a century. Johnstone was not trained to newspapers. Johnstone, Wintle, Cooper, and Evans constituted a well-known firm of City accountants. With the *Standard* there had come into Baldwin's hands, by the death of his father, the old-established *Morning Herald* (then brought

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[1] J. C. Clarke, *Autobiographical Recollections*.
[2] Spielmann, *History of "Punch,"* p. 32.

into Shoe Lane) and the two papers together—copyright, plant, presses, types, everything—were acquired by Johnstone for £16,500; probably not one-third of the *Standard's* annual profits at a later date. The circulation was then no more than seven hundred copies.

Fast the changes came. The evening sheet became a morning paper on the 29th June, 1857, and coincident with a reduction of price from fourpence to twopence, the four pages were enlarged to eight, and the quantity of news matter doubled. Next year on the 4th February, the *Standard* joined the penny Press. The *Evening Standard*, also a penny paper, was started on the 11th June, 1860, and still prospers—last of the London evening newspapers to be linked with a morning print.

The editor of the morning paper for a time was Sir John Gorst, always independent. He even attacked Lord Carnarvon's colonial policy. That was not in accordance with the then traditions of Shoe Lane, and like Captain Hamber before him, his outburst cost him his chair. The *Standard's* greatest period was when William Mudford became the autocrat of Shoe Lane, and his brilliant conduct of the paper until his retirement in 1900 raised it to prestige and influence rivalled by few contemporaries. James Johnstone by his will in 1878 had appointed Mr. Mudford sole manager of his newspaper properties and irremovable during life, and freed from all peril of the fate that had befallen two of his predecessors, his own position of independence became reflected in the attitude which on occasions the paper assumed towards the Conservative leaders. Wise heads at the Carlton Club might shake, and the whole tribe of Tadpoles and Tapers be filled with misgiving, but the *Standard* represented more faithfully than ever the opinion of the rank and file of the party, and this gave the paper great weight in the country. It had gone so long on its placid, even way, that Fleet Street learnt with surprise, three years after the retirement of its famous editor, that the *Standard* had passed from the younger Johnstones under the control of Mr. Arthur Pearson, a keen man of business and founder of the *Daily Express*. In 1910 Mr. Pearson was replaced as controlling proprietor by Mr. Davidson Dalziel, M.P.

Youngest of the older school of London morning papers—the bright new school I come to later—is the *Daily Chronicle*. Its origin was in a local advertising sheet, the *Clerkenwell News*,

which the late Edward Lloyd acquired in 1876, and established under its present title, with a much more ambitious programme. Edward Lloyd's true monument is, however, the popular *Lloyd's Newspaper*, which he founded when a young man of twenty-seven—a paper that owns the world for its circulation. Its issue of upwards of one million copies each week tends to stagger the imagination, so rarely susceptible to figures. Douglas Jerrold edited *Lloyd's* for many years, coming to the office, it is said, only twice !

The *Daily Chronicle* has represented the Extreme Left of Liberal opinion, and its special mission has been to keep Labour for Liberalism, and Liberalism for Labour. That has not been a thankful task, for the steady drift of Labour has been towards, not Liberalism, but Socialism. The paper has known many editors in five and thirty years (Mr. Robert Donald, the present chief, is the fifth). It has given bold expression to its opinions, and its politics have touched British patriotism in a way that at times has made it exceedingly disliked—not that one need think worse of a newspaper for that : it is the merit of a free Press that it represents every shade of thought. No sadder fate can befall the great institution which has raised itself to the position, in Burke's words, of a Fourth Estate in the Realm, than that by pressure of great interests crushing out individuality, all voices should be silenced save those that serve the popular wishes of the hour.

Politics apart, to the enduring credit of this clever journal stands the fact that it first instituted and nourished and fostered that close alliance between literature and democracy, which in the opinion of many astute observers is one of the most significant and hopeful features of these democratic days. There is a young school of writers who do not, perhaps, stand beside the great Victorians, yet are forces in letters and thought, and one and all have been given ground to prance upon by the *Daily Chronicle.*

If my memory serves, the *Chronicle* was the first morning paper to give systematically a literary page, and these columns are now, under the direction of Mr. James Milne, one of the most valued daily features. The democratic coin being a halfpenny, that is the price at which the now remodelled paper presents itself, and in its smart new dress it has found a wider public.

The youngest of the Fleet Street newspapers is the *Daily Telegraph*, though it was the first penny morning paper—the youngest in spirit. For more than half a century the familiar sheet has appeared on our breakfast tables, keeping pace with time's onward march, never looking back. Some day the history of the London Press, and especially of these last momentous twenty years, will be told with more freedom than I am permitted; and it will be a narrative of violent disturbance among well-established institutions, largely due to the irruption of that aggressive "new journalism" of the late nineties, of changes right and left in proprietorship, in editors, in form, and in price, which have involved the loss to Fleet Street of many old and kindly faces, and brought in a substantially new race of journalists. Through this critical period the *Daily Telegraph* has passed unscathed, absorbing of the *zeitgeist* all that was best, growing in popularity, in prosperity, and in bulk. The twenty-four page paper (168 columns) for a penny, which frequently appears, with its marvellous variety of contents and advertisements, would much less than twenty years ago have been deemed the idle dream of a mad newspaper manager.

If secret there be in the consistent advance of the *Daily Telegraph*, it is in continuity, and in the surprising good fortune that has brought to the head of affairs in succession three men of rare genius for journalism—the late Mr. J. M. Levy; his son, Lord Burnham, to-day the doyen of the London Press; and his grandson, the Hon. Harry Lawson.

No fairy godmother rocked the cradle of the *Daily Telegraph and Courier*, June 29th, 1855, at a time when England with some impatience was awaiting the fall of Sebastopol. Even at twopence it was the cheapest paper published. Colonel Sleigh was the adventurer, a man about town, who little knew the perils of newspaper proprietorship. Very soon he was in difficulties. Mr. J. M. Levy owned the *Sunday Times*, then printing where now is Ludgate Circus, and the new daily paper passed to him. The abolition of the newspaper stamp that year came opportunely. Mr. Levy at once lowered the price to a penny, keeping the same four pages, but dropping *Courier* from the title. Still the tax on paper remained, and —like old wine—every sheet required for printing had to be

taken out of bond. The tax, the last that burdened newspapers, was repealed in 1861.

Every pound so saved the shrewd proprietor devoted to improving his property, adding to the news-service and engaging additional writers, and from that time the fortunes of the *Daily Telegraph* were established. On the 16th December in the same year, the issue containing news of the death of the Prince Consort circulated to the then unprecedented number of 144,000 copies.

To-day it is the largest enterprise in Fleet Street, with offices that have swallowed up Peterborough Court, and cover much more than the site of the old Abbot's hostel and garden. The story used to be told in the long ago, with what pride Mr. Levy informed his staff that his paper had been mentioned in Parliament! It needs such advertisement no longer, when by reason of its world-wide service of news and trenchant expression of views on public affairs, the *Daily Telegraph* is quoted in the Press of every capital in two hemispheres.

Its success has been well used, and no paper has done more for good causes. It has raised huge funds; that for the soldiers' widows and orphans in the Boer War reached the large figure of £253,000. In like spirit the journal has moved its readers to subscribe generously to the hospitals, for the sufferers by the cotton famine in Lancashire in 1862–3, the starving people of Paris after the investment of 1871, and the Indian Mutiny veterans. Rarely has there been a more moving spectacle than that of the old soldiers brought together in the Albert Hall, London, in 1907, to dine and talk over their battles again, and cheer Earl Roberts, who as a youthful officer had led some of them on the plains of India fifty years before. In geographical research the *Daily Telegraph* sent Stanley through the Dark Continent, to make the first survey of Lakes Victoria and Tanganyika; Sir Harry Johnston to Kilimanjaro; Lionel Decle from the Cape to Cairo. For the furtherance of Biblical scholarship the paper despatched George Smith to Ninevah, there to find among the ruins the cuneiform account of the Deluge.

In the passage of years the *Daily Telegraph* has greatly changed, and to look back over the files is to introduce oneself to another race of newspaper readers. What men were those who had time to read the four leading articles which daily

made the most substantial portion of the fare ?—each one a "three-decker," each paragraph of exactly prescribed length. In courtly phrases one recognises the handiwork of Sir Edwin Arnold, whose pen is now still ; and here the encyclopædic knowledge of George Augustus Sala, his column peppered with allusions to the great classics, with whom it flattered his readers to believe themselves on terms of intimacy.

It will be expected that I should recall that vision of the future of Matthew Arnold. He looked forward, he said, to a time when "every voice not of thunder silenced, and the whole earth filled and ennobled every morning by the magnificent roaring of the young lions of the *Daily Telegraph*, we shall all yawn in one another's faces with the dismallest, the most unimpeachable gravity."[1]

The manes of the young lions are now grey, and few are left with us. Lord Burnham himself, Mr. J. M. Le Sage, the brilliant and versatile Managing Editor, whose staff are looking forward with pleasant anticipations to celebrating in 1913 the jubilee of his long association with the paper, Mr. J. Ellerthorpe, and Mr. J. Hall Richardson are the last.

Matthew Arnold's vision has not materialised. Whatever its virtues or faults, the journalism of our day certainly does not invite a yawn. Its fault, under the impelling force of the new halfpenny morning newspaper, has been rather an over-fond regard for sensationalism and too little respect for the scrupulous accuracy of every statement to which it stands committed—that keen, sensitive regard for its own honour which used to be the chief glory of the British newspaper Press. Every day must have its sensation for the democratic paper which appeals to the unthinking million, and who stops to remember the lapse of yesterday when a new excitement is brought with another morning ? In flaring type upon the contents bills the letters of Crippen, the murderer, to his mistress overwhelmed every topic of national and international concern.

But perhaps I am only stirring a graveyard of old bones. The halfpenny morning came to stay. The founders have brought to their side, as competitors, old and staid journals like the *Daily News* and the *Daily Chronicle*, and there are not

[1] Preface to *Essays in Criticism*.

wanting signs (some have come from the law courts) that its flamboyant youth is passing, it is softening some of its asperities, and this important section of the newspaper Press is about to fill a large place in whatever developments the future may have in store. After all, others have been young and raw. Turning back an old newspaper file, I chanced upon these comments made at the appointments of Mr. (afterwards Lord) Macaulay as Secretary at War and Privy Councillor, and Mr. R. L. Shiel to the Privy Council—

> These men Privy Councillors! These men petted at Windsor Castle! Faugh! Why, they are hardly fit to fill up the vacancies that have occurred by the lamented death of her Majesty's two favourite monkeys.

Macaulay forwarded to his Edinburgh constituents an address dated "Windsor Castle"—a lapse he certainly should not have made. The newspaper grew more furious in its attacks, and more grossly personal—

> But if the ground of Mr. Shiel's appointment be still a mystery, there can no longer be any doubt of the qualification which recommended Mr. Babble-tongue Macaulay to the favour of Ministers. No; his letter to the electors of Edinburgh has set that point at rest. His cast-iron impudence has earned his promotion. "Set a beggar on horseback," and our readers know how he will ride. Mr. Babble-tongue Macaulay's epistle furnishes a striking illustration of the truth of that proverbial saying. It seems that his uncouth, uncomfortable presence has been obtruded on her Majesty at Windsor, and the creature has actually had the impudence to date his letter to the *canaille* of the Edinburgh electors from "Windsor Castle!" We would persuade ourselves that the Scotch papers have been hoaxing us, and that Mr. Babble-tongue Macaulay addressed his letter, not from the Castle, but from the Castle Tavern, Windsor, ay, and from the most proper part thereof for the purpose, namely, the tap. But no; he has somehow or other been pitchforked into the Palace; and though, in all probability, he has been admitted as a guest there only for the sake of being made fun of by Lord Melbourne and the ladies, still the "distinguished honour" has given his brain another turn. This is evident from the insufferably conceited strain of his epistle to the scum of the Edinburgh electors.

This is not a cutting from some scurrilous "cheap rag," but is taken from the chaste columns of *The Times* leading article, 1839, the 28th September. It is but fair to say that as the great journal grew older it acknowledged Lord Macaulay's services to literature and to politics in a much more generous spirit.

Lord Northcliffe is the founder of the London halfpenny morning newspaper, though not the first to produce such a sheet. The *Morning Leader* came before, and contemporary with it a little paper called the *Morning*, which did not long survive. It was, however, the *Daily Mail* in 1896, the most militant organ of the "new journalism," which first competed for supremacy and circulation with the old-established daily Press. Lord Northcliffe, then Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, was not experienced in newspapers, but had established a very large business in popular periodicals. Being an acute judge of men individually, he also knew them in the mass—a most important qualification for the director of many newspapers. His right-hand man, with the instinct for popular journalism bred in the bone, was till the other day Mr. Kennedy Jones, who first converted the *Evening News*, with a long record of failure behind it, into an almost immediate success.

The newest paper had no fads and no respect for conventions; no reverence for those things which the Englishman had been trained to worship; no long indigestible reports of Parliament. Its claim was that it was "live"; and it introduced ideas (sometimes from America) that have been adopted by others, to the unquestionable advantage of the hurried reader, and to the despair of those who have looked upon the newspaper as a means of forming and directing public opinion.

I recall an instance of Lord Northcliffe's gift of looking ahead, and knowing what is going to interest people in the near future. He offered one morning a prize of £10,000 for the aviator who first flew from London to Manchester. In the infancy of the art there seemed no great risk of payment being required; and a contemporary and keen rival the same evening came out with a "guy" offer of a hundred thousand for a like feat. Hardly five years passed before the prize was won. Lord Northcliffe was in Newfoundland when the telegram reached him. He cabled directions for the rival's "guy" offer to be hunted up, and printed in the *Daily Mail* at the side of news of Paulhan's successful flight. It was only the joker who looked ridiculous.

To-day the world of newspapers is in a welter of upheaval, every month bringing its surprises, and he would be a bold man who would venture to predict the future. (I have to find room while these pages are undergoing revision to chronicle

the amalgamation of the *Daily News* and *Morning Leader*). That entity so often appealed to, "the man in the street," who takes his newspaper with more avidity than ever, little understands the portentous change that has come about. In times past the newspaper was largely a personal force, directed by some one individual. In what little I have had to say of the newspapers before 1850 attention has been almost monopolised by the men who made those papers, and for whose opinions they were bought—and at a price, for four diminutive pages, that is begrudged for a heavy magazine nowadays. Who ever thinks of the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Political Register*, or *John Bull*, apart from Perry, Cobbett, or Hook? Our own newspapers are better in everything we value—and never was there less personality in journalism than to-day.

It is a paradox which those who care may strive to explain, that with the spread of universal education, and its own immense growth, the influence of the Press on public affairs has steadily declined. The shrunken leader columns, save in very few instances, are no longer the chief subject of anxious concern. A prophet is generally a fool, but I will risk the verdict in saying that the day of the great editor—Perry, Delane, Le Sage, and the rest—has gone. The successful paper to-day depends for its prosperity upon the variety and attractiveness of its news. The editor has been unhorsed by the sub-editor, until recent years a somewhat remote personage seldom called into council; or it would be nearer truth to say that the great editor to-day is he who will bend the mind once engrossed in questions of politics and state to the more mundane task of scouring the world for the best news it has to give.

Far more than this is involved in the change in our time. Less than twenty years ago eight pages was the common size. A pound weight of paper would print half-a-dozen penny morning newspapers, and circulation paid of itself. Now, when twelve, fourteen, and on occasion sixteen pages are given for a halfpenny, circulation as a substantial portion of the profit has been eliminated. Do you remember that barely a dozen years ago the advertiser was kept severely in his place? No paper would take an advertisement with display; a double-line initial letter, or capitals of small type,



From a coloured print in possession of the Author

CARTOON OF THE NEWSPAPER PRESS, 1829

represented the utmost latitude allowed. The reader who at times is angry at the vast areas over which the advertisements range, the entire pages big and black as a wall-poster, should keep in mind that it is the advertisers' support alone that makes the modern newspaper possible.

Look at a list of London daily papers, to take no others, that have either perished or been absorbed within the past twelve or fifteen years—

The Echo; The Sun; The St. James's Gazette; The Morning; The Daily Courier; The Tribune; The Daily Paper (Mr. W. T. Stead); *The Majority; Daily Sport; The Evening Times; The Morning Leader.*

Hardly one of these did not enjoy a circulation much greater than that of their successful contemporaries of fifty years ago. But they did not attract the advertiser, without whom circulation is nothing. The advertiser is the growing power to-day. Mail letters have given place to telegraphed messages at home, cables are set at work from all parts of the world regardless of cost, and wireless telegraphy is the latest additional service. Special newspaper trains and fleets of swift motor-cars provide distribution. The enormous expense of the modern newspaper is fast eliminating the old type of proprietor, the man with a mission, and throwing the business of newspaper production into the hands of a few men of great wealth, or—much more to be dreaded—of syndicates of shareholders, in whose keeping I confess considerable misgiving for the prestige and independence of the British newspaper press.

This cannot be a record of the London Press, and much I leave untouched. Indeed, even the briefest review is impossible. Who knows the London newspapers? How many, outside a strictly commercial circle, are aware that the *Public Ledger*, to which Oliver Goldsmith contributed the "Citizen of the World" papers, still publishes each morning on Tower Hill, in its 153rd year? All London not "down East" lives in ignorance that a paper in Yiddish, the *Jewish Express*, issues every morning from Commercial Road, E., price one halfpenny. It would be a fair puzzle for suburban parties to tell what suburb of London has its own morning newspaper. The *Islington Daily Gazette* was established in 1856. A probable guess at the number of London morning newspapers would be a dozen. Actually there are twenty-six.

Only in our time has the sporting Press attained daily publication. In old days, all true Corinthians affected *Bell's Life in London*, another of the many Strand newspapers. It was a high-priced weekly, filled with excellent sporting news, and its files are still ransacked for the best accounts of famous battles in the prize-ring. Then came a time when it was thought that the sporting public wanted something cheaper than sixpence. A rival *Penny Bell's Life* was started in 1859. Naturally the proprietors of the old-standing paper objected to this appropriation of their title. Out of the resulting litigation arose a circumstance entirely novel, I believe, in the annals of journalism, for while many papers have lost their intended titles by decisions from the bench, this was a case in which a paper actually gained one.

"Why," said Chief Justice Wood, turning to the defendants' counsel, "cannot you call it the *Sporting Life?*" The suggestion was adopted, and to the father of the veteran Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, still happily with us, the now popular daily owes its name.

Henry Fiest, who died in its service, was the first editor. Very early the paper sprang to the front by its report of the championship fight between Tom Sayers and Heenan. This occurred on a Tuesday, and the *Sporting Life*, which published twice a week, one day being Wednesday, came out next morning with a full detail of the encounter. The town was waiting for it. Crowds assembled to obtain copies of the paper, and police had to be brought into Fleet Street to keep the office approaches clear. Night and day the machines were kept working. The fame of the *Sporting Life* was established. It did not become a daily until 1880. Six years later the old rival, *Bell's Life*, was incorporated.

To-day the office window at No. 148, and that of the *Sportsman* (founded 1865), four doors lower down, afford the only raree shows left to Fleet Street. Not an hour passes while daylight lasts but little groups may be seen with noses glued to the panes, and envious eyes inspecting the photographs exhibited of champions and incidents of the ring (niggers largely predominating), the blood-stained gloves fresh from some "boxing contest," and those hideous championship belts—heavy slabs of silver—affected by the prize-fighter.

Fleet Street became the newspaper headquarters only in the

Victorian era. It is, perhaps, the provincial, even more than the London Press, that has made it so. Every house from Chancery Lane to Ludgate Circus displays upon its front the signs, in great gilded letters, of not one, but half-a-dozen newspapers. It is these that compel the attention of the passer-by, and leave him with the impression that Fleet Street is all newspapers—as indeed it is. The London papers with offices actually in the street number but six. The Press to-day lives upon the wires, and every provincial daily paper of standing has its private telegraphic wire at night, connecting it with the centre of news in the capital, and every wire—there are very few exceptions—has its terminal in Fleet Street.

The *Scotsman* came first in 1868, to the house opposite Fetter Lane that is still its London office, and the others have followed. Every room here, back and front, shelters some newspaper, or group of newspapers. Great journals like the *Yorkshire Post* and the *Manchester Guardian* have descended to the shops as well, elbowing out the tradesmen.

The day's population departs, but there comes another in its place. Fleet Street at night is the busiest hive in the world, making no display of its labours, making no noise. It does not seem to hurry. Even the messengers who journey on foot or bicycle to the newspaper offices fall in with the prevailing spirit of orderly, conscientious work. The Post Office wires open at six. Lights go up in the winter at all the windows—up to the roof—when elsewhere the City presents only a vista of dark buildings and deserted streets enshrouded in gloom. In summer, windows are thrown open to admit any wandering breath of air in the stifling street. Curious, you may catch glimpses of tired men in shirt-sleeves, bending over desks. Tap-tap-tap—there comes faintly from each open window the sound of the Morse signalling code. Listen to it. That is the news of the world, which to-morrow in the printed newspapers will be on the breakfast tables of every town in the three Kingdoms.

There is one hour of the twenty-four when Fleet Street is still, when the last of the day's traffic extended into the morning has gone rolling homeward, and the highway stretches bare to St. Paul's. All noises are hushed—until, as two o'clock approaches, the air vibrates with a continuous hum from the

backs of the newspaper offices, and the carts come with a clatter to collect the first bundles of papers hot from the press. In that quiet hour the street is left undisturbed to the solitary ghosts of those who have known it in the centuries past.

I have fancied seeing them when the church clocks are striking one—sometimes a wild night, dark, with driving rain obscuring the lamps. Not London's alone, but England's history, is recalled in that procession of the shadows. Men and women, and children walking with them, costumed in the quaint early English style, citizens of London who walked this same street when the first Edward sat on the English throne; descendants themselves of other men and women who knew Fletestrete well nigh a century before. King John is first, for he had refuge in the Temple in those earliest days of the street. A Knight Templar passes with military stride, the blood-red cross displayed upon his breast.

Then comes in rags a beggar from the White Friars' gate, full fed by the pious brothers' alms. And here a Carmelite friar himself, treading in sandals the muddy track, with long white mantle almost obscuring the brown habit of his Order. He hastens back where, amid wooded enclosures, the conical spire of the conventual church rises into the sky, for lights show at the window crannies, and the sound of voices chanting floats towards the silent Thames.

An Abbot in state, with all his retinue: this must be my Lord Abbot of Peterborough, whose inn and spacious pleasure gardens mark the line of mediæval Fleet Street. A Bishop, too—of Sarum beyond doubt, for across the highway's narrow width you see that prelate's splendid demesne, with frontage at the waterside. Note how thick among the passing throng are these Churchmen. The bishop has good episcopal company—Chichester, St. David's, Norwich, Bangor, Exeter, the shades meet on common ground in this street, which all have known as a favoured place of residence, and with them ghosts of many a dean, and priest, and monk, and friar. A man crouches near by—a Jew. He is out of the House of Converted Jews in Chancery Lane, Henry the Third's foundation. No pride in his race has this man, no Jewish gaberdine distinguishes him; he stands an object of contempt to Christian and co-religionist alike.

The Knight Templar comes no more. But out of the Temple

emerges a figure in black. You know him well, though half concealed be his slung ink-bottle and quill. Centuries roll on, and still from the Temple comes the same figure in black—two, three, four, five, six, even into our own day. Thirty generations of lawyers have lived in Fleet Street.

Mark well this imposing shade, in doublet and hose, wearing the flat cap—the master craftsman, obviously a personage of worth: behind him men in leather aprons, making a large group. It is Wynkyn de Worde, from the sign of the Sun at St. Bride's, and these the earliest English printers.

A King: a Queen: but before them a blaze of scarlet. Wolsey astride his mule, Campeggio borne on his chair by four attendants, pass on to Bridewell. One hears the patter of the rain. King Henry the Eighth and Catherine follow. The Queen from Bridewell crosses the Fleet River to the Great Hall of the Black Friars, there denying the competency of the Legates sitting in judgment on her cause, and with regal dignity withdraws from their court, never to return. "Go thy ways, Kate." Other Queens pass Fleet Street, too, in glad spirit, going in glittering procession to their Coronation; but Catherine of Aragon, in the Royal Palace at its foot, experiences the bitterest moments of her life's tragedy.

A jostling, merry group of shadows, strangely attired. These are from the Whitefriars' playhouses, the players—

"Abstract and brief chronicles of the time"

—nameless for the most part, for the stage had no honour, yet some of the later faces are familiar: Betterton, Mrs. Barry, with the bright eyes, Harris, Jevons, Williams, and more.

All ages and conditions meet where time no longer counts the hours. Sir Thomas Wyatt and Lord Essex keep company, for both met adverse fate at Temple Bar. Strafford's uneasy ghost comes to revisit his birthplace in Fetter Lane; Tyndal to St. Dunstan's, where of old he preached; Cardmaker, the martyr, to St. Bride's. Newton emerges from Crane Court; Ben Jonson, with his fellow-roysterers, turning noisily out of the Devil Tavern; Michael Drayton, Poet Laureate, with the wreath of bays; Lord Buckhurst from Sackville House, author of the first English rhymed tragedy; Lovelace, hiding his genius and his poverty in Gunpowder Alley; honest Izaak Walton from his shop; Lord Sanquhar, fleeing from the crime in

Whitefriars; the eloquent divine Romaine, the pious Baxter; Felton, the assassin; Pepys, "pretty merry" at the Fleet Street inns. Look, there is Milton, coming round from his lodging by St. Bride's Church. Some old booksellers go by: Marriot, who at St. Dunstan's Churchyard sold *Paradise Lost;* "left-legged" Jacob Tonson, from the Judge's Head; the disreputable Curll, Bernard Lintot, Motte, who issued *Gulliver's Travels* at Middle Temple Gate, the first and second John Murray, mixing with the motley throng.

Pride of place for the booksellers, it is their order. But I like better this other group: Defoe, stepped down from the pillory before Inner Temple Gate; Dryden, proud in bearing; the ill-starred Otway, Shadwell, and Davenant, turning into Fleet Street out of Salisbury Court. Oliver Goldsmith is with the shadows, Richardson, dapper and neat, and, towering above them, the unwieldy form of Samuel Johnson—and there at his elbow the obsequious Boswell, "a bur whom Tom Davis, the bookseller, threw at him in jest, and he has stuck to him ever since." Sir Joshua Reynolds has joined them, as in old times. And hurrying after comes Charles Lamb from the Temple, and there Thackeray, and Hazlitt from Chancery Lane, the learned Bowyer out of Whitefriars, and Dickens from the *Daily News*. John Wesley and Bradbury emerge from Fetter Lane. That one is Blackstone. Child, the banker, is of the company, and Ferguson, the astronomer. The shades flit by too rapidly for one to distinguish many, but there is Tompion, the father of English watchmaking, and Troughton, of mathematical instrument fame——and the church clocks strike again, and they are gone, for Fleet Street is starting another day.

What other street in London (I even grant you Cheapside) can show such a procession as this? And to say London is to say the world.

APPENDIX

The play is done, the curtain drops,
  Slow falling to the prompter's bell;
A moment yet the actor stops,
  And looks around to say farewell.
THACKERAY, *Ballads.*

I—LIVING OF ST. DUNSTAN'S WEST

I HOPE to retain the reader's interest for a page or two when recalling the misadventures that have befallen the cure of St. Dunstan's West, so strange and eventful are they. To-day this is a poor City living, and so has always been, attracting for its incumbents men of earnest purpose who can have enjoyed small hope of material reward. The first act of spoliation I have shown to be when King Henry the Third persuaded the Abbot of Westminster in 1236–7 to surrender St. Dunstan's to him, that he might attach its revenues to his House for Converted Jews, then newly founded in Chancery Lane. Thereafter the parish lapsed into godlessness. Richard de Newport, Bishop of London, on making his visitation in 1317 found that neither the Custos of the Rolls nor anyone else assumed the care of the parish church. Aggrieved at this neglect, and anxious for the health of the souls of the parishioners, he arranged, with the consent of King Edward the Second, that for the future the King and his heirs should present to the Bishops of London a fit person to be admitted rector of the church, who should receive all its fruits and bear all burdens properly belonging thereto, paying to the Jews House four marks annually.[1]

Will de Hitch, otherwise Aylmerus de Hicha, a former rector of Allhallows, Lombard Street, was presented to St. Dunstan's in the following year by Edward the Second, and the right of advowson continued in the Crown until 1361.

From St. Dunstan's to the marches of Scotland is a far cry. The association is not particularly obvious. But next we find the revenues of this Fleet Street church going north. The Abbot and Convent of Alnwick, Northumberland, petitioned the Bishop of London. Their monastery stood on the marches. The turbulent Scots had burnt their house. By such incursions, and the continuance of wars, especially when King Edward's troops had passed through on the expedition to Scotland, their revenues had been much diminished, and they were not able to rebuild the same, nor to keep that hospitality which they ought. They prayed for help. Robert de Braybroke, Bishop of London, with the consent and confirmation of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, answered the petition on the 30th October,

[1] Newcourt's *Repertorium*, vol. i, p. 314. Later in the 14th century the sum paid from the church revenues was six marks.

1386, by appropriating the rectory of St. Dunstan's to Alnwick, giving the Abbot and Convent leave for the future to supply the cure by one of their own canons, or other secular priest, removable at their pleasure, who should reside continually at the church, and serve it as was due. The Bishop and the Archdeacon of London reserved to themselves certain small pensions of 6s. 8d. and 3s. 4d.

There is some guidance to Church matters at St. Dunstan's at the close of the Middle Ages, and incidentally to the topography of the parish, contained in a bill, or petition, presented in the 28th Charles the Second to Lord Chancellor Danby.[1] A dispute that arose in the fifteenth century need be mentioned only in so far as it shows that the Convent possessed messuages, shops, and tenements in Fleet Street, either as part of the glebe or otherwise; and that the vicar—St. Dunstan's in 1437 had become an endowed vicarage[2]—found at that time, and for many years afterwards, a large part of his parish to consist of pieces of void land of little annual value. Many houses had large gardens, for which in place of customary dues a sum of money was paid to him. (This and the estimation of population below are valuable bits of topographical salvage.) The Abbot of Alnwick agreed that the vicar should receive all dues, and in satisfaction pay to the Abbot and Convent a yearly pension of £18—then, of course, a much larger sum of money than as counted to-day. Even after this the vicar was left too poor, and representing himself to be at great charge in providing a curate, he obtained a remission of £8.

The Abbot and Convent of Alnwick having in turn neglected the church, there had been founded about 1450 a parochial fraternity, known as the Brotherhood of Our Lady and St. Dunstan, to maintain there a chantry and two priests. This became of some importance: at the valuation of lands and goods of the inhabitants of London for the loan of 1522, the extent of yearly rents belonging to the Brotherhood was returned at £59 6s. 8d.; paid for quit-rents, priests' wages, obits of benefactors, to alms-men, rent-gatherers, etc., £67 7s.; value of the plate, money, and goods belonging to the Brotherhood, 100 marks.[3] It had an illustrious patron and supporter in King Henry the Eighth, in whose payment books at the Public Record Office may be found a sum of 40s. each year (it is described as payment for one half-year) from 1510 through all the troubled later years of his reign until his death.

Henry the Eighth dissolved the religious houses, that of Alnwick among others, and St. Dunstan's thereafter made its payment into the Royal purse. About the fifth year of Edward the Sixth the vicar, then Richard List, made plaint, "that the vicarage (above the yearly value of £20) is greatly in decay by reason of the several statutes made in the reign of King Henry the Eighth," and what follows is admitted

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[1] See Malcolm's *Londinium Redivivus*, iii, 450–52.

[2] The London Registry shows that a perpetual vicar was instituted to St. Dunstan's West in this year.

[3] Letters and Papers Henry the Eighth, vol. iii (2), No. 2486.

in a decree of court: "That the vicar hath a cure of above 1,000 house-dwelling people, and but a small portion to live upon, his curate's wages, the said yearly pension, the tenths and charges being deducted."

The cure had, indeed, been pretty thoroughly stripped. Not only the payment hitherto made to the Abbot became profit to the King, but the Statute of Chantrys threw into the Royal hands a rich endowment that Roger de la Hay had, in the year 1413, given to the vicars for ever, that a priest should be perpetually kept within St. Dunstan's Church to pray for the souls of himself and of Christina, Johanna, and Alice, his wives.[1] In fact, the prayers had long been abandoned, and the money used for repair of the church fabric. For all the vicar's trouble and pleading, Edward held the seized chantry, only giving to the vicar as a right what he had hitherto enjoyed from the Abbot as a grace, namely, the reduction of the pension to £10; with this threat held over him, that should he molest the purchasers of the chantry lands, or their tenants, the full £18 and all arrears became payable.

Elizabeth granted the pension to Edward Haughton and Thomas Smith, through whom it passed to the first Earl of Dorset. With it went the presentation to the church, Lord Dudley having earlier held the advowson by grant of Edward the Sixth. The vicarage had from early times possessed a parsonage house in Fleet Street. It faced the street adjoining the church, on land which extended back to Clifford's Inn garden, a house then standing having been granted, under licence of King Edward the Third in the year 1362, to John de Brampton, parson of St. Dunstan's West, "to hold to the said John and his successors parsons of the said church for the rector's manse thereof, so that he and his successors celebrate Divine service in the said church for the health of the King and the grantors, and on the anniversary of the said David [David de Ravendale, one of the grantors] every year after his death, and for the souls of the faithful departed, distributing to the poor on that day five pence or the value thereof." The document is dated in "the said church," and is attested by John Peeche, Mayor, and the Sheriffs of London.[2]

The house fell into the hands of Henry the Eighth as part of the possessions of the Abbey of Alnwick.

The next attempt seems to have been to strip the impoverished clergyman of his parsonage; for in Elizabeth's reign Dr. White, who held the incumbency for forty-eight years, petitioned the Queen that he should not be able to live by the vicarage alone, if any other, by lease or otherwise, should take over his head the parsonage, and he asked that a grant of the parsonage house might be made to him without fine. There is a document signed by the great Lord Burghley, the 29th January, 1577, directing that Dr. White should have a grant of the parsonage for his lifetime without fine. After him the vicars continued to enjoy the parsonage (or its profits), for when in 1624 Dr. Donne leased the tithes, a proviso expressly excepted the vicarage and two adjoining houses.

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[1] Hustings Wills, ii, 406.

[2] Close Roll, 36th Edward III, Cal., p. 420–21.

The rectory passed from Richard, fifth Earl of Dorset in 1662, and by other hands to Sarah Jevon, widow,[1] who insisted on the parsonage house being her right, while the Rev. Joseph Thompson, then vicar, and Nicholas Overbery, the lay rector and a previous assignee, had sought to levy a tithe of 2s. 9d. in the pound on certain rack-rents in Fleet Street. This brought about a bill presented by Sir Francis Pemberton, serjeant-at-law, and other parishioners of St. Dunstan's, to King Charles the Second's Chancellor, from which, and the proceedings thereon, much of this information is drawn. "Praise-God Barebone," then eighty years of age, was one of the witnesses—a virulent old fanatic, whose opportunities for mischief the Restoration had clipped. He testified that he had lived for twenty-five years in St. Dunstan's parish, and "that a house situate near Fetter Lane, in which all the aforesaid vicars dwelt, was always, during the time he lived in the parish, reputed as belonging to them; and the rent of the shop, that was the forepart of the house, fronting the street."

About the year 1691 the impropriate rectory was devised with the advowson to Mr. Samuel Grant, brother of the then vicar, and he two years later consented to the sale of the parsonage house to a vintner. The ruinous cost of the tithe-rate litigation at the instance of Sir Francis Pemberton is said to have necessitated the sacrifice. The parishioners acquired the various rights in 1820, since which time the cure has been held by a rector, but there is now no rectory house.

From the old parish books Mr. Noble brought to light a rule too curious to be omitted. It is the last of nine orders of the vestry concerning the seating of persons in the church and galleries, to be observed by the churchwardens—

"That no marryed man shall be seated in the chancell untill his wife be first seated either in the body of the church or in the gallerys."

II—ST. BRIDE'S WELL

It is given on authority of Hone (*Everyday Book*) that the last public use of the water of St. Bride's well drained it so much that the inhabitants of St. Bride's parish could not get their usual supply. This was in 1821, the exhaustion being effected by a sudden demand. Several men were engaged in filling thousands of bottles a day or two before the 19th July, on which day King George the Fourth was crowned at Westminster; and Mr. Walker, of the hotel at No. 10 Bridge Street, Blackfriars, purveyor of water to the Coronation,

[1] On the wall of St. Dunstan's vestry room is a large framed parchment, written in Latin, and the initial letter containing a spirited portrait of King Charles the Second. It is a judgment by Chief Baron Mountagu in the Exchequer Court in 1674, in an action brought by Sarah Jevon, widow, against Richard Owen and six others, from whom she claimed £100 damages for trespass, they having by force and arms broken into her pew in the chancel of St. Dunstan's Church, torn down the silk of her three seats there, and excluded her from possession of the seats. She lost her case, and was ordered to pay £9 10s. towards the defendants' costs. It is interesting to note "John Doo and Richard Roo" as pledges of prosecution.

obtained it by the only means through which the sainted fluid was attainable, namely, the cast-iron pump over St. Bride's well in Bride Lane.

III—PAGEANT OF ST. DUNSTAN

St. Dunstan was the patron saint of the goldsmiths' art. The Goldsmiths' Company staged a very elaborate pageant on the occasion of the election of one of their members, Sir John Shorter, Knight, to the office of Lord Mayor in 1687. It was in honour of the saint, displaying his prowess, and in realistic fashion his victorious conflict with the Devil, as told in the legend ; and its chief features, as recalled by Hone's *Everyday Book*, are interesting as typical of the sort of street show that mightily pleased our forefathers each recurring 9th of November. This pageant must have been of amazing size, for it was a "Hieroglyphic of the Company," consisting of a spacious laboratory or workhouse, containing several conveniences and distinct apartments for the different operators and artificers, with forges, anvils, hammers, and all instruments proper for the mystery of goldsmiths.

In the middle of the frontispiece, on a rich golden chair of state, sat St. Dunstan, the tutelar guardian of the Company. He was attired, to express his prelatical dignity and canonization, in a robe of fine lawn, with a cope over it of shining cloth of gold reaching to the ground. He wore a golden mitre beset with precious stones, and bore in his left hand a golden crozier, and in his right a pair of goldsmith's tongs. Behind him were Orpheus and Amphion playing on melodious instruments ; standing more forward were the Cham of Tartary and the Grand Sultan, who, being "conquered by Christian harmony, seemed to sue for reconcilement."

At the steps of the prelatical throne were a goldsmith's forge and furnace, with fire, crucibles, and gold, and a workman blowing the bellows. On each side was a large press of gold and silver plate. Towards the front were shops of artificers and jewellers at work, with anvils, hammers, and instruments for enamelling, beating out gold and silver plate ; on a step below St. Dunstan sat an assay-master, with his trial balance and implements. There are two apartments for the processes of disgrossing, flatting, and drawing gold and silver wire, and the fining, melting, sweating, refining, and separating of gold and silver, both by fire and water. Another apartment contained a forge, with miners in canvas breeches, red waistcoats, and red caps, bearing spades, pickaxes, twibbles, and crows for sinking shafts and making adits.

The Lord Mayor during his progress, having approached and viewed the curiosity of the pageant, was addressed in

A Speech by St. Dunstan

Waked with this musick from my silent urn,
Your patron Dunstan comes t'attend your turn,
Amphion and old Orpheus playing by,
To keep our *forge* in tuneful harmony.
These pontifical ornaments I wear
Are types of rule and order all the year.

In these white robes none can a fault descry,
Since all have liberty as well as I;
Nor need you fear the shipwreck of your cause.
Your loss of charter, or the penal laws,
Indulgence granted by your bounteous prince,
Makes for that loss too great a recompense.
This charm the Lernaean Hydra will reclaim;
Your patron shall the tameless rabble tame.
Of the proud Cham I scorn to be afear'd;
I take the angry Sultan by the beard.
Nay, should the Devil intrude among your foes [*Enter Devil*
Devil.—What then?
St. Dunstan.———Snap, thus, I have him by the nose!

The most prominent feature in the Devil's face being held fast in St. Dunstan's red-hot tongs, after that prelate had duly spurned the Cham of Tartary and the Grand Sultan, a silversmith with three other workmen proceeded to the great anvil, and commenced working a plate of massy metal, singing and keeping time upon the anvil.

IV—BISHOP OF SALISBURY'S LANDS IN FLEET STREET

The document printed below is in the possession of Mr. Aleck Abrahams. It is a transcript, written in a neat Elizabethan legal hand, of the deed to which Queen Elizabeth, John Jewel, Bishop of Salisbury, and Sir Richard Sackville are parties, by which the bishop's house and gardens in Fleet Street, and the manor attached, were conveyed to Sackville on payment of £641 5s. 10½d.—

14 Apr: 6 Eliz. This Indenture made the ffowerteenth daie of Aprill in ye sixth yeere of ye raigne of our soveraigne Lady Elizabeth by ye grace of God Queene of England, ffraunce and Ireland, defender of ye faith BETWEENE the same our said soveraigne Lady ye Queenes Matie on thone parte And ye reverend father in God John BPP of Salry on thother parte WITNESSETH that for ye some of sixe hundred forty one pounds five shillings and ten pence halfe penny of lawfull money of England at ye receipt of our said soveraigne Lady ye Queenes Matyes Exchequer to ye hands of Thomas Gardiner esquier one of her highnes tellers there to her Maties use by Sr Richard Sackevile, Knight under Treasurer of ye said Court of Exchequer well and truly beforehand rendered and paid and at ye humble petition and suite of ye same Sr Richard Sackvile Our said soveraigne Lady ye Queene is pleased and contented and by these pre[sen]ts doth promise and graunt for her heires and Successors to and wth ye said BPP and his successors That her highnes her heires or successors shall and will on this side ye ye (*sic*) 24th of June next coming after ye date hereof by her hses pattente under her greate seale of England in due forme to be made give graunt and assure unto ye said BPP and his successors for ever all that her highnes Lordshipp or Mannor of Morstone Moysey wth rights members and appetenances in ye County of Wilts late parcell of ye lands possessions late assigned to ye Lady Katherine late queene of England and parcell of hir iointor (jointure)

And also all that her graces Messuage or Tenem^{t} and all ye lands meadowes sseedings pastures commons and all other hereditam^{ts} whatsoever to ye said Mess^{e} or Tenem^{t} belonging or apptaining wth their app^{e}ten^{a}ces or soe reserved reputed or taken now or late in ye tenure or occupacon of Edward Burges and Thomas Burges or either of them and w^{h} they or either of them hould for terme of their lives situate lying and being in within ye parish of Laverstock in ye said County of Wiltesheire, sometime parcell of ye possessions of ye late dissolved Monastery of Ives Church al[ia]s Ive Church in ye said County of Wiltes^{s} In consideraton whereof and for divers other causes and considerations hereafter in this present Indenture expressed and declared The same B^{PP} wth ye assent and consent of the Deane and chapter of ye Cathedrall Church of our blessed Lady of Salisburie for him and his Successo^{s} hath given graunted confirmed and surrendred and by these p'ntes for him and his successors doth fully and utterly give graunt confirme and surrender to our said soveraigne Lady ye Queenes Matie all that his Lo[rdshi]^{P} Manno^{r} Capitall Mess[uag]^{e} or Mansion called or known by ye name or names of Salisbury howse al[ia]s Salisbury place al[ia]s Salisbury Court al[ia]s Sackevill place or by whatsoever name or names ye same Lo^{PP} or Manno^{r} Capitall Mess^{e} or Mansion howse is called named or knowne wth thappet^{e}n^{a}ces situate and being wthin ye parish of St Bridget al[ia]s St Brides in ffleete-streete in ye suburbe of ye Citty of London And all his howses edifices buildings halls chambers Cellers Sollers (solars) stables orchards gardens Courts voidegrounde lands Tenem^{ts} Entries outwaies bridges wharfes waies pathes land and soile conduites [? to] tames watercourses easem^{ts} and hereditam^{ts} whatsoever being within wthout or neare ye said Lo^{PP} Manno^{r} Capitall Mess^{e} or Mansion howse or as parte member or parcell of ye said Lo^{PP} Manno^{r} Capitall Messuage or Mansion howse heretofore being had knowen accepted used or reputed on wth ye same heretofore being letten used or occupied wth all and singular their app^{e}ten^{a}ces whatsoever situate lying and being wthin ye said parish of St Bridget al[ia]s St Brides in or neere ffleetestreete in ye suburbes of London aforesaid and now or late in ye tennre or occupation of ye said Sr Richard Sackvill Knight or his Assignes or ye assignes of ye said Bishopp or of any of his predecessors And also all that Mess^{e} or Tenem^{t} called ye hanging sword situate and being in fflettestreete aforesaid within ye said parish of St Bridgett aforesaid and all howses edifices chambers shopps cellers sollers stables gardens voidgroundes lands soyle and ease^{ts} whatsoever to ye said Messuage or Tenem^{t} belonging or wth ye same heretofore being letten or occupied wth all their app^{e}-ten^{a}ces whatsoever now or late in the tenure or occupation of William Mortimer Leonard Pennington or either of them or their assignes or of the assignes of either of them And also all those his Messuages Cottages lands tenem^{ts} shopps Cellers sollers gardens hereditam^{ts} whatsoever situate lying and being in ffleetestreete aforesaid within ye foresaid p[ari]sh of St Bridget and now or late in ye tenure or occupation of Thomas(?) Houlso John Tolbin Thomas ffeild Richard Dixon Du[n]stan Shepard Thomas Mortimer Daniell Amy Richardson Robert Duynty John Kilbin Nicholas Burton Peter(?) Hewes

Larso ye Gardians of ye Vintners Lawrence Shirwood Roger Knowles Roger Palmer Crompton Robert Pittitt Thomas Reuson William Smith Boste William Lever William Brewster Richard Stratton Robert Wayte The Mr or governos of the hospitall of little St Bartholmewe in West smithfeild called Bartholmew spittle Bird David Thomas and ffrauncis Barson or of their assignes or ye assignes of any of them And also all those his Messuages Cattells lands Tenemts shoppes Chambers and gardens now or late in ye severall tenures or occupations of Edward Neale John Barton John Davisson Margaret widdowe John Laborer John Hollibrand Gabrioll Savoie John Both Willm Metralse Lewis Knight Edward Rego Henry Sendall Thomas Rath William Comsay Nicholas Maughan Cha Bradhurst Edward Courters Reynolds John Preise John Loute Thomas Cooper John Adams Leonard Pennington and Thomas Dunnell or any of them with their appetenaces whatsoever situate lying and being within ye land or ally comonly called ye hanging sword ally al[ia]s Ouldwood ally in ye said parish of St Bridget aforesaid And also all and singular those his messuages cottages shopps cellers sollers and gardens now or late in ye severall tennures or occupations of Larke Alice Olner widdowe Robert Withers John Sarrien Richard Heywood Richard Weston the Mr and fellowes of ye Colledge of St Martin in Oxford Thomas Costing The wardens of ye parish Church of St Bridget aforesaid Hind Simon Lowe Bartlett John Trevor Scott John Wood Thomas Carns serieant at the lawe Robert Holden and Robert Stark or of their assignes or of ye assignes of any of them situate and being within the land or ally comonly called Salisbury ally within ye said p[ar]ish of St Bridget And all those his messuages or Tenemts wth thappetenaces now or late in ye severall tennures or occupations of Hugh Hollingshead ffrauncis Alford and ffrancis Sandbeath situate and being in ye greate Court of the said Capitall Messuage And all those his messuages or Tenemts and gardens now or late in ye severall tennures or occupations of Morgan Robins John Burwell warden of ye said Church of St Bridget Edward Bragg Robert Cole Greene widdowe situate lying and being in or nigh or adioyning to the Churchyard of ye said Church of St Bridget aforesaid And all those his wharfes with thappetenaces being neere and adioyning to ye River of Thames And all ye howses edifices buildings stables Barnes and easemts whatsoever being of in or uppon ye land wharfes wth their appetenances whatsoever now or late in ye severall tenures or occupations of Edmund Hill Richard Smith John Andrewe and ye said Sr Richard Sackevill knight And also all other his messuages Cottages howses edifices buildings barnes orchards gardens lands tenemts rents reversions possessions conduits watercourses streames and hereditaments whatsoever of what nature or kind soever they be or by whatsover name or names they be known named used or called situate lying or being in or wthin the aforesaid p[ar]ish of St Bridget or elswhere within ye suburbes and lib[er]ties of ye said Citty of London aforesaid wh to ye foresaid BPP or to any ye predecessors of ye said BPP being BPP of Salisburie aforesaid in ye

right of ye said Bushoprick at any time hereafter belonges or appertainees and wh now are or ought to be in ye seizin hande or possession of ye said now BPP in ye right of ye said Bushiprick And also all his right state title claims interests or demaunds whatsoever wh ye said BPP ever had or hath graunted confirmed and surrendred in forme aforesaid is for and in consideration of a satisfaccon and recompense to be had to ye said Sr Richard Sackvill knight of and for ye some of six hundred fforty one pounds five shillings and Tennepence halfe penny by him to ye Queenes Maties use paid in forme aforesaid And uppon condition and to ye intent that ye same our said soveraigne Lady ye Queenes Matie her heires or successors shall and will uppon request to her highnes her heires or successors thereof to be made by ye said Sr Richard Sackvile his heires or successors vouchsafe incontinent to give graunt and assure to ye said Sr Richard Sackvile and ye Lady Winifride his wife and to ye heires and assignes of ye said of ye said (*sic*) Sir Richard for ever all that ye said LoPP or Mannor Capitall Messuage or mansion house called Salisbury place al[ia]s Salisbury howse al[ia]s Salisbury Courte al[ia]s Sackvill place and all and singular other ye premisses by ye said BPP to our said soveraigne Lady ye Queenes Matie her heires and successors given and graunted by these presents in forme aforesaid To hould ye same of our said soveraigne Lady ye Queenes Maty her heires and successors in free and common soccage and not in cheife as her highnes Mannor of Eastgreenewh in ye county of Kent for all manner of rents services and demands And the said BPP for him and his successors doth covenant and graunt to and wth our said soveraigne Lady ye Queenes Maty her heires and successos That hee ye said BPP and his successors shall from time to time and at all times hereafter from henceforth dischardge acquite exonerate or save harmles as well our said soveraigne Lady ye queenes Maty her heirs and successors of ye said LoPP or Mannor Capitall Messuage or Mansion howse called Salisbury place al[ia]s Salisbury howse al[ia]s Salisbury Cort al[ia]s Sackvill place and all and singular other ye premisses wth their appeten-aces to our said soveraigne Lady ye queene her heires and successors given graunted confirmed and surrendred in forme aforesaid of and from all former bargaines graunts surrendos annuities rents and of and from all other incumbrances whatsoever had done made or suffered by ye said Bushopp And of and from all and all manner of Tenthes and other charges issuing or going out of ye said premisses or of any parcell thereof and due or hereafter to be due to our said soveraigne Lady ye Queene Matie her heires or successors or to any other person or persons in respect of ye Bushoprick of Sa[lisbur]y or of ye premisses except all lawfull leases made by any ye predecessors of ye said BPP of ye said premisses or of any parte thereof In wittnes whereof to the one parte of this Indenture remaining wth our said soveraigne Lady ye Queenes Matie the said John Bushopp of Sa[lisbu]ry hath put his seale and to thother parte remaining wth ye said BPP the same our said soveraigne Lady hath caused her highnes greate seale of England to be putt Given ye day and yeare aforesaid

JO. SA'Y

Recognouit.

V.—INCUMBENTS OF ST. BRIDE'S, FLEET STREET

Below is a list of the incumbents of St. Bride's from the earliest known. It was drawn up by the late Rev. E. C. Hawkins when vicar of the parish, and I have made some additional footnotes. The figures represent the dates of institution and vacating respectively. D. indicates died; Ex. exchanged; and R. resigned.

RECTORS

William de Aula	1306			Thomas Faux (occurs)	1437	D.	1459
John de Wodeford	1308			[1] John Faukes, *or* Vaux	1459	D.	1471
Peter Grevet, *or* Grenet	1349			Henry Sharpe	1471	Ex.	1471
Thomas de Holborn	1351	Ex.	1356	Thomas Arderne	1471	D.	1471
Giles de Bolumbla	1356	D.	1362	Alexander Leigh	1471	R.	1485
Thomas de Hayton	1362	D.	1396	Richard Baldry	1485	R.	1485
William Waltham	1396	R.	1396	Thomas Jann	1485		
John Skarle	1396	D.	1403	Nicholas Myles (occurs)	1507	D.	1529
William Denys	1403	D.	1407				
Henry Harburgh	1407						

VICARS

William Mott, *or* Mote	1529	R.	1530	Henry Dore	1674	D.	1695
William Saxim, *or* Saxey	1530	R.	1543	[4] Peter Birch	1695	D.	1710
[2] John Taylor, *or* Cardmaker	1543	R.	1551	[5] Michael Evans	1710	D.	1732
Christopher Wytton	1551	D.	1552	[6] Richard Bundy	1732	D.	1739
John Harleston, *or* Hairleston	1552	(deprived)	1554	William Barnard	1739	R.	1744
Thomas Marshall	1554			Richard Bullock	1744	R.	1748
William Living	1559	R.	1565	[7] John Wills	1748	D.	1765
Thomas Knellel	1573	R.	1574	[8] John Thomas	1766	R.	1768
Roger Foster	1574	D.	1592	[9] Reeve Ballard	1768	D.	1770
Richard Lloyd	1592	D.	1593	John Blair	1770	R.	1776
Henry Holland	1594	D.	1603	[10] William Bell	1776	R.	1781
Nathaniel Gyffard, *or* Gifford	1603	D.	1615	Edward Cranmer	1781	D.	1802
[3] Thomas (?James) Palmer	1616	D.	1659	Thomas Clare	1802	D.	1829
Paul Boston	1666	D.	1672	Joseph Allen	1829	R.	1834
George Stradling	1672	R.	1674	Thomas Dale	1835	(ceded)	1846
				Charles Marshall	1846	D.	1883
				E. Comerford Hawkins	1883	D.	1906
				W. Cartledge Heaton	1906		

[1] John Faukes, Dean of Westminster.

[2] John Cardmaker, Prebendary and Chancellor of Wells. Burnt at Smithfield. See Chap. X.

[3] Thomas Palmer resigns Oct. 18th, 1645, on account of weakness of voice and decay; and on Nov. 15th, Mr. Thomas Coleman, a member of the Reverend Assembly of Divines succeeds, is nominated, but refuses, Mar. 21st, 1645–6. Whereupon John Dicks is nominated (see Additional MSS., Brit. Mus., 15, 669, etc). Later Richard Pierson is nominated; he signs the burial register as "Ri Pierson, Curate," throughout the whole of the plague year. These names are not inserted among the vicars, doubt being entertained if they were in Holy Orders, or if they had a mission.

[4] Peter Birch. Prebendary of Westminster. Buried in the Abbey.

[5] Michael Evans. Sub-dean of Westminster, and Prebendary there.

[6] Richard Bundy. Prebendary of Westminster, Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the King.

[7] John Wills. Prebendary of Salisbury, and chaplain to Dr. John Thomas, Bishop of Peterborough (and afterwards of Salisbury and Winchester).

[8] John Thomas. Prebendary of Westminster: afterwards Dean. Bishop of Rochester. Died 1793, aged 81. Buried at Westminster Abbey, where see his monument by Bacon, with portrait bust and Latin inscription.

[9] Reeve Ballard. Prebendary of Westminster.

[10] William Bell. Afterwards Prebendary of Westminster.

VI.—INCUMBENTS OF ST. DUNSTAN'S, FLEET STREET

Owing to the circumstances mentioned in Appendix I, this list of incumbents of St. Dunstan's is far from complete.

RECTORS

[1] Wil de Hitch, *alias* Aylmerus de Hicha	1318			John de Thornton	1361		
Robert de Shutlington	1320			Thomas de Koringham	1361		
[2] Thobald de Kedynton	1352	Ex.	1352	John de Brampton	1361	(occurs)	1362

VICARS

John Plougar	1437	D.	1439	[5] James Marsh	1631	sequestd.	
George Adyffe	1439		1491	[6] William Stronge	1648		
Henry Hudson	1491			[7] William Bates	1652		1661
William Stable		R.	1502	Joseph Thompson	1662	D.	1677
Edward Bradle	1502			[8] John Grant	1677	D.	1736
Thomas Greeve		D.	1535	Williams Gibbon	1737	D.	1758
Richard List	1535	R.	1556	Alexander Jacob	1758		1764
Antony Blake	1556			Joseph Williamson	1764	D.	1805
Gilbert Jennins (occurs)	1570	R.	1574	Richard Lloyd (vicar and rector)	1805		1834
[3] Thomas White	1574	D.	1623				
[4] John Donne	1624	D.	1623				

RECTORS

Thomas Snow	1834		1841	William Martin	1880	R.	1897
[9] Edward Auriol	1842	D.	1880	H. Lionel James	1897		

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[1] Will de Hitch was Rector of Allhallows, Lombard Street, in 1290.

[2] Patent Roll, 26th Ed. III. De Kedynton is given, not as Thobald, but "Geoffrey de Kedyngton," rector of St. Dunstan's West, in his will proved in the Court of Husting the same year (Sharpe, Husting Wills, ii, 67).

[3] Dr. White founded Sion College.

[4] Dr. John Donne, Dean of St. Paul's, and subject of Isaac Walton's *Life*.

[5] James Marsh "was sequestered by the rebels, and, if I mistake not, died in foreign parts" (Newcourt, *Repertorium*, i, 337). He died in 1647.

[6] William Stronge. An ordinance was passed on the 3rd Feb., 1648, constituting Mr. William Stronge vicar of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West.

[7] Dr. Bates was turned out of his living for nonconformity. It was announced on the 26th January, 1663, that "At Mr. Munday's, a Coffee-House, over Temple Bar, Dr. Bates holds his conventicle."

[8] John Grant, M.A., Prebendary of Rochester. Died at the age of 80 after enioying the vicarage for 59 years.

[9] Edward Auriol, Canon of St. Paul's.

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