THE STORY OF
HE ENGLISH TOWNS

LONDON

P.H.Ditchfield

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VISSCHER'S LONG VIEW OF LONDON FROM S. SIDE OF RIVER (EASTERN HALF) 1616

THE STORY OF THE ENGLISH TOWNS

THE CITY OF LONDON

BY

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TO

COLONEL THE RIGHT HON.
SIR JAMES ROLL, BARONET
LORD MAYOR OF LONDON (1920–1921)

THIS LITTLE BOOK IS DEDICATED WITH THE AUTHOR'S HOMAGE AND FRATERNAL REGARDS

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PREFACE

If Minor Canon Westlake has found some difficulty in compressing the story of Westminster into one volume of this series, what can be said of mine, the greater task of recording this history of the great City within so small a compass? But the deed has been done, and I hope that I have omitted nothing of importance in the annals of London. If any of my readers fail to discover what they need within these pages, "Of y^r charitye" I would crave that they would attribute this to lack of space, and not to want of research or care, or knowledge. Of the making of books on London there is no end, but its treasures of history are inexhaustible. In the Library and Museum at the Guildhall, in the Halls of the City Companies, in many wanderings through its streets and lanes, and churches, alone and in company of learned societies that concern themselves with unravelling its mysteries, I have gained much information, and in many books which I have collected, only a small portion of which I have included in the bibliography.

Novel theories have been started with regard to the origin of London, of its continuance from Roman times during the whole Saxon period to the present day. It seems to me to be an idea founded on a very slender basis, and one that I have been unable to follow in these pages. I have been obliged to traverse some ground that has often been travelled over before; but a recent author, writing on the City, that innermost "square mile," the richest field for historical associations in all our world Empire, states that the average City man knows nothing of it, that

his ignorance is abyssmal. If that be so, perhaps he may find this book useful and be encouraged to study larger works, and it may be hoped that our children may learn to regard the City as the most interesting spot in the whole world.

Most of the illustrations are taken from drawings by Mr. E. L. Wratten, and are here reproduced by the kind permission of an old friend, Sir Algernon Methuen, and his firm of publishers, Messrs. Methuen & Co.

P. H. DITCHFIELD.

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THE CITY OF LONDON

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

LONDON is the most wonderful city in the world. There is no other place like it. It is venerable, dating back to the dawn of history, and yet it is ever renewing its youth, growing greater year by year, "enlarging its bounds and strengthening its stakes." Many cities that were once great and powerful have lost their glory and are practically dead, though beautiful in their decay; but London is always young, too young and too eager, we sometimes think, to pull down its ancient buildings and to build in their place great palaces of trade and commercial emporiums that lack the beauty of its former dwellings. Vast changes has the old city witnessed; divers peoples have dwelt therein. Roman, Saxon, Norman, Dane, Fleming, Italian merchant, Huguenot refugee, and many others have made it their home. Kings and queens of varied characters and nationality have ruled over English land, and yet the life of the city has gone on year after year, governing itself in its own peculiar fashion and managing its own affairs. Plagues have ravaged it; fires have swept away houses and streets and wrought disastrous ruin; and yet with amazing courage, energy, and determination, its citizens have hardly waited for the burning ashes to cool down before they were building again, restoring house after house, street after street, facing their misfortunes with gallant courage and a dauntless heart like the brave Englishmen that they were.

London is the capital of Britain—it is more than

that. It is the unrivalled capital city of that wondrous Empire which by God's especial grace Englishmen have founded throughout the world, and upon which, we may still proudly boast, the sun never sets. Recent events have shown the love that England's daughter nations have to the old Motherland. And now in this ancient city there have arisen Australia House, Canada House, and many others, testifying to the attachment of the Colonies and Dependencies of the British Crown to the old country, showing that England is really their home and London the fair capital of the Empire.

London is very large, and very different from the little community that dwelt in former days within the city walls, regarding askance all "foreigners," and greeting them with sour looks and little favour. It is too large an area, containing so much that abounds with interest, to be treated of in one volume. Westminster has already been described, and this book will concern itself with the City itself, that part of London over which the Lord Mayor of London and the Corporation of the City exercise their authority. What are the boundaries of the City? Many persons who live in London appear to be entirely ignorant about these. Roughly speaking the City extends from Temple Bar on the west to Aldgate on the east, and from the stately Thames on the south to the City Road on the north. Indeed Southwark, on the Surrey side of the Thames, is nominally attached to the City, and has formed for nearly four centuries part of the ward of Bridge Without, but it has not really been a true part of London City, and it may be left to be described in a future volume of this series. This City of London only covers one square mile in area, and it may be said without hesitation that no other square mile of the earth's surface contains so vast an amount of history, so much wealth, commercial enterprise, so many important buildings as this little space upon which the City stands. It is a little difficult to indicate on the map its exact boundaries, but if you have any difficulty in determining whether you are in the City or not, you have only to glance at the nearest

policeman, and if he has a red-and-white band on the sleeve of his coat nigh the wrist you will know that you are there.

Within this area we shall discover many objects of surpassing interest; a cathedral of world-wide fame whose golden cross, shining in the sunlight, greets the wanderers as they return home sailing up the Thames; a fortress of great strength, each stone of which seems to tell some story connected with London and England's annals; many churches that proclaim the renown of a great architect; the Guildhall, the centre of the municipal life; the Exchange with its story of successful commerce; great schools and monasteries; the halls of the City Gilds, to which London owed so much of its trade and commercial prosperity; the Inns of Court, the houses of the lawyers. Moreover the names of the streets record the memories of the old City life, and are full of interest for observant and inquiring minds. In this City we will wander, and while we muse upon the past we will not forget the present and the future. The Londoner is the heir of the ages. His ancestors struggled hard for freedom and settled government. They had a keen sense of duty to the brethren of their gilds, to their City, their Church, and God. Their keenness in trade, their vivacity, their indomitable determination to overcome misfortunes, made their City what it is, the central feature of a world-wide Empire; and those same qualities will enable the modern Londoner to maintain and uphold the heritage he has received from his forefathers, and preserve the glory that is London.

CHAPTER II

THE BEGINNINGS OF LONDON

IT seems that there could hardly have been a time when London was not. Wild Welsh legends tell of one Brutus, who came from Troy and founded the

city which he called Trinovantum or New Troy, about the same time that Eli was the High Priest in Judæa and the Ark was taken by the Philistines, that is to say about 1100 B.C. Also we hear of King Lud, who built beautiful houses and called the place Kaer-Lud, or the City of Lud, with whom some writers have ignorantly associated Ludgate. And I might tell you of Belinus, who made a wonderful gate upon the banks of the Thames with a haven or quay for ships and called it Billingsgate. With such fancies Welsh bards amused themselves. Let us betake ourselves to real history.

Was there ever a Celtic London ? That is a question that can only be answered with difficulty and some uncertainty. In Celtic times, before the Romans came, Verulamium (St. Albans) was the principal town of south-east Britain. It was the capital of Cassivellaunus and the Catuvellauni, and the roads from the south converged to that place, and had little concern with London. Watling Street, leading from Dover, crossed the river Thames by a ford at Westminster and proceeded by Hyde Park Corner, Park Lane, and Edgware Road. The road from the east passed through Romford, Ilford, parallel to Oxford Street, crossing Watling Street at Tyburn on the site of the Marble Arch. The supplementary road started from the site of the Roman settlement, joining the former at Brentford, and proceeding to Staines and Silchester ; and another started from the Sussex coast at Chichester and passed through Tooting, Streatham and London to the North. This was called the Ermine Street. The Britons used chariots in warfare, and therefore needed fair roads, and their trackways were greatly improved by the Romans.*

London bears a Celtic name. It was the Lynn or Lunn (meaning a lake), and dun, a hill or down ; and the Romans called the place Londinium. It was probably only a mere fishing village. But this village of London was a great meeting-place of roads, though the place

* The whole subject of Celtic and Roman roads is fully discussed by Mr. Reginald Smith in the *Victoria County History of London.*

was not otherwise of importance, and this fact, together with its situation on the banks of a great river, was the chief cause of its future greatness. Little, however, can be said of Celtic London. Dr. Guest wrote: "The notion entertained by some antiquaries that a British town preceded a Roman camp has no foundation on which to rest." General Pitt Rivers thought he had found Celtic pit-dwellings in London Wall, but these have turned out to be Roman. My friend, the late Sir Lawrence Gomme, advanced all kinds of reasons in order to prove that Celtic London was an important place, but he failed to carry conviction; and though there may have been a colony of pit-dwellers on either the right or left bank of the Thames, or a British camp on the site of St. Paul's or on Tower Hill, in order to guard the roads, there is little evidence to prove these suggestions, and we must pass on to firmer ground.

We may conclude that the only Celtic remains of London is its name. Not a single Celtic pot has been found. The Roman trader, looking for a good site and place for barter, found this juncture of roads convenient in spite of the fact that on the north were dense forests and on the south streams and marshes; and the dream of a British London must be abandoned.

CHAPTER III

ROMAN LONDON

NOT without a struggle did the Britons yield the crossing of the Thames to the Roman legions. Dio Cassius, the historian, who lived a hundred years later than the events he chronicled, tells the story of the advance of the enemy who crossed the Medway river. The Britons were watching them and thought that the river would stop them; and when their hopes were not realised they fled eastwards towards the mouth of the

river,* and knowing the fords they gained the northern bank and the Romans failed to overtake them. Now the Celti † were excellent swimmers, and even when armed could swim with ease over the most rapid waters. So some of them swam to the northern bank, while others crossed by the ford ‡ where Westminster now stands, attacked the enemy on every side, and cut off many; but rashly pressing on the remainder, they wandered into pathless marshes and lost many of their soldiers. However, the legionaries were irresistible, and the site of London passed into the hands of the conquerors.

This took place in A.D. 43 under Aulus Plautius, the Roman general. He built a bridge across the Thames in a line with Botolph Lane in the vicinity of London Bridge, a little lower down the river, and established a settlement on the rising ground at its northern end. This was really the foundaticn of London, and Tacitus, who wrote A.D. 62, records that the town was famous for its trade and commerce.

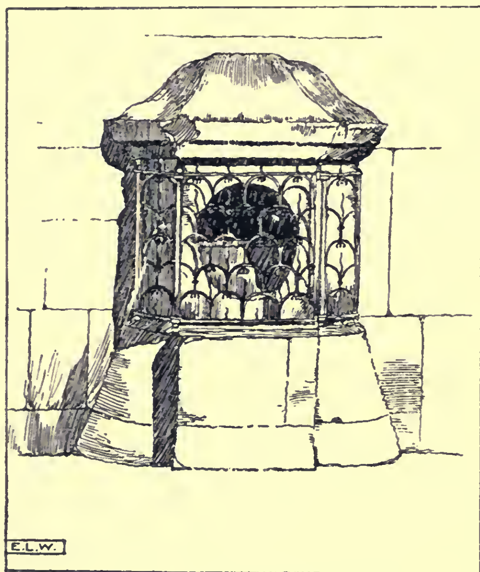
The settlement covered the site that is now occupied by Cannon Street and Eastcheap on the south, King William Street, Lombard Street, Cornhill, Threadneedle Street, the Royal Exchange, the Bank, Throgmorton Street, part of the Mansion House, in fact the heart of the present City. The Walbrook protected it on its western side, and the other sides were guarded by a fosse. Cemeteries have been discovered on the site of St. Paul's and Cheapside, and as no burials were allowed

* "The Britons retreated to the Thames where it disembogues itself into the ocean and becomes an estuary at high tide, and easily passing it, as they were well acquainted with those parts which were firm and fordable, the Romans pursued them and failed to overtake them." Such is the translation of the Greek text of Dio Cassius. The river, before it was embanked, was very wide-spreading, and might easily have been mistaken by the observer for an estuary. (See *Victoria County History of London.*)

† The Celti formed part of the Roman army.

‡ Dio Cassius mentions a bridge, but none existed across the Thames until the Romans built one near the site of the old London Bridge.

to be made within a town, these spots must have been extra-mural.* In the city was set up the famous London Stone which has been moved from its former position. You will find it opposite Cannon Street railway station, built up in the wall of the church of St. Swithin and protected by an iron grille. It is a Roman *miliarium* or



London Stone, Cannon Street.

milestone, whence all the great Roman roads radiated and were measured in the Itineraries. Stow mentions it, and tells of a "fair written Gospel booke, given by Ethelstane, King of the West Saxons, to Christes Church in Canterburie," containing an entry concerning some land lying near London Stone.

* Another cemetery has been found in Deverell Street, and interments in Mark Lane, Goring Street, Camomile Street Bishopsgate Street, and on the site of Liverpool Street station.

In this place was the Prætorium where the Roman governor lived, and the remains of pavements and buildings and relics have been discovered here. Tacitus, who wrote about A.D. 90, tells us of the houses of the merchants that lined the Walbrook stream which ran under the site of the present Mansion House, and of the abundance of merchandise. Even in those early times London was developing itself as a great trading centre, though it did not attain to the dignity of Camalodunum (Colchester), which was a Colonium, nor to that of Verulam (St. Albans), a Municipium, and was classed by the conquerors only as a Prefectura ; * nor had it a mint as the other two towns had.† The suburbs of this original heart of London grew, but they were entirely undefended. It was not until nearly the end of the Roman period that the walls were built, about A.D. 360. During the long interval between the founding of the settlement by Aulus Plautius and before the erection of the walls many things had happened. The City had extended itself. It had grown rich and prosperous. Houses had been built along the streets, which, according to the usual town-planning of the Romans, crossed each other at right angles, forming *insulæ*. On these island spaces they erected their dwellings and planted their gardens. The houses were of the "corridor" type, consisting of a row of rooms with a corridor or verandah along one side. This corridor formed the means of access to the various chambers. There were summer and winter quarters, the rooms of the latter being heated by a hypercaust. The houses were built mainly of timbers set vertically and horizontally so as to form panels, which were filled in with "wattle-and-daub," such as you may see in old cottages and farm-

* A name given to cities where fairs were held and justice administered.

† In the time of Caransius (A.D. 287–293) there was a mint for London and Colchester, and then for London only. The site of this mint was probably near where the Tower of London stands to-day, as a silver ingot was found there "from the workshop of Honorinus." It may be noticed that the mint at the present day is in the same district.

houses. They often had two storeys, and were roofed with large red tiles or stone slabs. The windows were glazed, and the interior of the walls was plastered and painted in gay colours.

The principal building was the forum or market-place with a basilica or hall of justice, a large building similar in plan to a church. It had two aisles separated by pillars from the nave, and an apse at either one or both ends. London's forum was situate at Leadenhall, and Mr. Loftus Brock discovered there a basilica crossing Gracechurch Street. The Romans brought with them the worship of many gods and goddesses, and erected temples to their honour, and in addition to their native deities they added the cults of the various gods of the conquered peoples. Diana seems to have been a favourite deity. Her altar was discovered at Goldsmiths' Hall, and a statuette near the cathedral. Altars dedicated to Apollo, Mercury, Jupiter, Cybele, and Atys, have been found. Domestic altars have also been discovered.

In the first century of the Christian era Christianity came to Britain, and legends have connected its introduction with St. Paul, St. Peter, Joseph of Arimathea, and others ; but we know not certainly who the first preachers of the Gospel in Britain were. Its message was borne to our land probably by merchants from Gaul, by soldiers, and traders. "The wind bloweth where it listeth." At any rate the Gospel came and the British Church began its career, bringing blessings to our land. Amidst the temples of divers false deities arose the Christian churches, of which a fine example was unearthed at Silchester. Somewhere, fifteen feet below the present surface of London ground, doubtless, are the remains of one or more churches, and there was a Bishop of London in A.D. 314 named Restitutus, who with two others was present at the Council of Arles. There is evidence that Christianity existed in Britain in A.D. 208 when Tertulian tells us that "the Kingdom of Christ had advanced among the Gauls and Britons, and that Christ was solemnly worshipped by them," and similar testimony is given by Origen, Bede, and others, while the soundness

of the faith of the British Church is borne witness to by St. Hilary, St. Athanasius and St. Chrysostom. It suffered severely during the Diocletian persecution, but "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church," and Christianity spread rapidly through the country.

London would also have its amphitheatre where gladiatorial sports took place. Mr. Roach Smith conjectured that this was situate outside Newgate. The figure of a Retiarius and a trident, one of his weapons, have been found. The city had many baths, one of which still exists in a lane off the Strand, though the usual form of bath was similar to that which we now call a Turkish bath. Another remains under the Coal Exchange in Lower Thames Street, by Billingsgate.

In the height of its growing prosperity a grievous calamity befell the city. Queen Boadicea, maddened by the treatment and cruelty of some Roman officers, raised the British battle-cry and descended on defenceless London attacking fiercely. The Roman general, Suetonius, made a strategical retreat and withdrew from the open town, and held to Verulam and Camalodunum, which had walls. Historians relate that seventy thousand citizens and their allies were slain. Fired by hate and vengeance the Britons plundered and ravaged the place with fire and sword. With merciless axes they cut down the timber houses and left London a smoking ruin. This calamity occurred about A.D. 350. We need not follow the working out of Roman revenge upon the brave British lady, whose statue adorns Westminster Bridge, and who seems to be looking for those distant

> "Regions Cæsar never knew
> Thy posterity shall sway."

So it occurred to the Roman authorities that this open city was not a very safe place to live in, and that it ought to have protecting walls. Hence they began to rear the famous London Walls, and evidences of haste are observable in the construction, while they set to work to rebuild their houses and temples, baths and churches.

In the reign of Diocletian and Maximian, the usurper

Allectus attacked the city and plundered it, but he was surprised and defeated by Constantius, who sailed up the Thames and disembarked his soldiers under the walls. The Picts and Scots were troublesome, and when Julian was Emperor the Roman general Lupicinus came here to devise plans for overcoming those turbulent neighbours of the province, and Theodosius also came for the same purpose. Ammianus records that Londinium received the honour of the title Augusta.

A great store of treasures and Roman relics have been dug up. Professor Haverfield stated that London is the one place in our island which has yielded Roman objects of artistic merit and in abundance. These enable us to picture in some way the life of the citizens. As at Silchester, so here, they spoke the language and wore the costume of the conquerors. They used boats on the Thames, and one of them was recovered when the County Council began to build its new offices on the southern bank. They wore sandals, some of which have been recovered. Many coins have been found. A line of these was discovered in the bed of the Thames, marking the site of the Roman bridge, dropped possibly as offerings to the river god or by careless passengers. Many of them were forged *denarii* made of lead or brass. A visit to the Guildhall Museum reveals numerous ornaments worn by Roman ladies, fibulæ, hairpins, amulets, and many keys, tools, scales, pottery, etc., far more than I have space to record here. In the cases of the Museum you will be able to see these objects for yourselves. A full account of these Roman relics would require a volume as large as this book. A fairly complete record is given in the *Victoria County History of London*.

The Walls of London

It is necessary to describe briefly the Walls of the City built by the Romans and subsequently strengthened and increased in mediæval times. In some places, if you know where to look, you may see the Roman wall built solidly and well, and above this the mediæval

portion which the citizens added to guard their city. Much of it is, however, hidden and much has been pulled down; but new discoveries have been recently made which help us to trace its course. We begin our survey at the Tower of London, where, amongst the remains of the Wardrobe Tower, there is a portion long concealed by modern brickwork. It was continued to the river on the south. Proceeding northward, across the moat, the wall ran through Tower Hill to Trinity Place, where we see a large portion from the level of the street. Thence it goes to Barber's Bonded Warehouse, Cooper's Row, where there is a length of 112 feet and a height of 35 feet. You can walk along the rampart where the guard passed centuries ago. Thence to Crutched Friars where there is the "Roman Wall House," and a fine piece of walling. Thence it went by Jewry Street and Vine Street to Aldgate, and turning slightly to the west it passed Houndsditch which was the moat of the City, and was so named, perhaps, because so many bodies of dead dogs were thrown into it. In Camomile Street there is a bastion, discovered in 1876. Across Bishopsgate the wall continued due west along Wormwood Street and London Wall Street, where, north-west of the Church of St. Alphege, there is a fine fragment preserved in the disused churchyard. On the north side of All Hallows' Church it passed, and the vestry is built on the base of one of the bastions. Past Moorgate it went to Cripplegate and the churchyard of St. Giles, where a portion remains in sight. Thence it turned southward by the Church of St. Ann and St. Agnes to the churchyard of St. Botolph, where it can be seen, and then to the old site of Christ's Hospital, now the Post Office, where a fine bit has been found beneath the ground, and you can descend some steps in order to view it. Thence it ran probably through Printing House Square to the river. Fitz-Stephen, the monkish chronicler who lived in the reign of John, stated that the wall was continued along the bank of the Thames, but that this part was washed away and never rebuilt. The whole length was two miles and a half and 608 feet.

ANCIENT NORTH-EAST VIEW OF CORNHILL

p. 12

A word must be added about the several gates of the city. There were eight of these, viz.: Aldgate, Bishopsgate, Moorgate, Cripplegate, Aldersgate, Newgate, Ludgate, and Bridgegate. Of these Newgate * and Bishopsgate † belong to the Roman period. Aldgate, which does not mean Ealdgate or Old Gate, as Stow imagined, but Allgate, a gate open to all, was probably erected by Queen Maud in A.D. 1110. ‡ It fell into decay in the time of King John, and the barons entered the City by stealth through it in the darkness of the night. It was then repaired. The citizens plundered the houses of the Jews in order to get stone, and did not scruple to force the monks to provide money and materials. Cripplegate and Moorgate which were originally posterns, belonged to a later period. Stow's attempts at etymology seem to sound like cumbersome jokes. He thought that Cripplegate was named after the begging cripples who frequented it, whereas it means a covered way (Crepul-geat).§ Ludgate used to be thought to be connected with an imaginary King Lud, whereas it signifies a postern. Moorgate was opened in 1415 for the citizens to go out into the fields. In the thirteenth century the wall was extended westward to the Fleet and made to include Blackfriars. Such were the fortifications of London.

The Roman life of the City continued until A.D. 418, when the legions were summoned to the Continent to defend Rome against the German barbarians, the Huns

* Stow says Newgate was built in the time of Henry I, but excavations have proved its Roman origin.

† Bishopsgate was certainly Roman, but it derives its name from some bishop who rebuilt it.

‡ The ancient mode of spelling the name was Alegate or Algate, and many guesses have been made with regard to its etymology. I am not sure that the interpretation given above is correct, as I suppose all the gates were open to all. It may mean "ale" in the sense of a feast, *e.g.* church-ale, or is perhaps derived from some personal name.

§ The *Liber St. Bartilmew* in the British Museum (12th century) calls it the *porta contractorum*. The neighbouring church is dedicated to St. Giles, the patron saint of cripples and beggars, so something may be said for the older theories. (Cf. Harbin's *Dictionary*.)

and Goths. Most of the bands of soldiers would pass through the City on their way to Dover, and with sad countenances the citizens would see them depart. History books used to tell us that the natives, enfeebled by Roman luxury, made a weak resistance to their foes, the Picts and Scots on the north and the Saxon hordes on the east. That seems to be an entirely erroneous statement. For a century at least they defended themselves, and during that period and for some other centuries a black pall falls on London City, and we cannot tell what really happened. For some years the life of the place would go on as before. There were numerous prosperous British and Gaulish merchants to carry on its trade, and possibly the existence of the City was not disturbed.

CHAPTER IV

THE COMING OF THE SAXONS, AND SAXON LONDON

A RUDE awakening came to London. The Saxons had arrived at Ebbsfleet in A.D. 449. In the forum of London the news came that a battle had been fought at Aylesford six years later, and in A.D. 457 Crayford sealed for a time the doom of the British. As a result of the fight "the Britons forsook Kent, and in great fear fled to Londonborough," which may mean Southwark.

From that time historical record is a blank, and various attempts have been made to fill up the gap. But there is a distinct gap, both historical and archæological, that cannot be bridged. On the one hand we have the conjectures of Sir Lawrence Gomme, who imagined that the City was never stormed and captured by the on-coming English, but left alone and solitary by them, and that within the walls, safe and secure, the Romano-British folk carried on their lives as before, bequeathing to future generations their laws and customs

and forms of government. Such a conjecture seems hardly credible. It is not likely that the victorious English, who were bent on conquering the country, would leave behind them a strongly fortified place, a rallying point for their enemies, whence they could issue forth, cut off their retreat and attack them in the rear. On the other hand we have the theory of Major Godsal, who in his book, the *Storming of London*, gives a vivid picture of the English pressing forward on Southwark, of their vessels sailing up the Thames, destroying the bridge, and thus dividing the British defenders. The English fleet sailed to the walls and with ladders the men scaled the height, effected a lodgment, and then, joined by others, their rush became irresistible, the Britons fled, and London was taken. With fire and sword the army of pagan warriors set to work to destroy all traces of a civilisation which they knew not and despised. Countless Britons were slain, and darkness closed over the smoking city, save when occasional flashes of flames burst forth from the burning houses. So London perished, destined not to rise again for many a long year. So complete was the destruction, so absolute the rout of the Romano-British that not a single name of Roman or British origin remained, save the words Thames and London.

The English liked not walled towns, and preferred the open country; and outside the walls presently, when they had fully conquered the Thames Valley, they began to make their settlements; and Kensington, Paddington, Islington, all patronymic names, and many other villages, were founded. But a thick and impenetrable veil falls on London, darker than our densest fogs, and envelopes the City for 150 years. Even after that period the veil is only partially lifted, and it is only possible to catch, occasionally, glimpses of London.

From the pages of the Venerable (and incomparable) Bede we gather that in the year 604 Mellitus was made Bishop of London. Eight years before, Augustine and his companions had landed at Ebbsfleet and had soon converted Ethelbert, King of Kent, to Christianity.

His nephew Sebert reigned over the kingdom of the East Saxons which included, besides Essex, Middlesex, and parts of Hertfordshire, and also embraced the Christian religion. So Mellitus, as Bede states, was sent "to preach to the province of the East Saxons who were divided from Kent by the river Thames and border on the eastern sea. Their metropolis is the City of Lundonia, which is placed on the bank of that river, and is the mart of many nations resorting to it by land and sea." Mellitus proved himself a successful missionary, and when the province had been converted "King Ethelbert built the church of St. Paul in the City of Lundonia where Mellitus and his successors should have their episcopal see."

Here, then, we have the first glimpse of the city that was arising from its ruins. It was the principal place in the East Saxon kingdom or province. Many foreign nations resorted unto it for trade, and it was so important that it became the seat of the bishopric, and the first cathedral of St. Paul was built. However, rapid conversions are not always lasting, and after the death of Sebert, London lapsed into paganism. Mellitus was driven from his see and the inhabitants refused to receive him back. Fifty years elapsed. Sigebert was King of the East Saxons. He was converted to Christianity by King Oswy of Northumbria, and begged that some good man might be sent to instruct his people in the truth. The choice fell on Cedd, brother of the more famous Chad, and he was consecrated Bishop of the East Saxons. He was not made Bishop of London, which was then a stronghold of heathenism. However, he won the affection of the people of the city, and St. Paul's was re-opened for Christian worship in A.D. 664. Bishop Erkenwald, formerly Abbot of Chertsey, was appointed to the see in 675, and both he and King Sebbi, who remained firm when the East Saxons again returned to paganism, probably resided within the walls. Indeed, London at this period was attached to Mercia, that kingdom having extended its borders at the expense of Essex. London was then increasing. The old desolation

had partially disappeared, and several charters mention the port and the ships resorting to it.

Then came the Danish invasions, which brought ruin to London. The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, under the date 839, states that there was great slaughter in London, and Stow informs us:

"This citie of London having been destroyed and brent by the Danes and other pagan ennemies about the yere of Christ, 839, was by Alfred King of the West Saxons, in the year 886, repayred and honorably restored and made again habitable."

And in Green's *Conquest of England* we read:

"To London the war brought all but ruin; so violent, in fact, was the shock to its life that its very bishoprick seemed for a time to cease to exist. The Roman walls must have been broken and ruined, for we hear of no resistance as that which, in later days, make the city England's main bulwark against northern attack."

Early London was again a scene of desolation; and so it remained for many years. The "army," as the Anglo-Saxon chronicler styles the Danish hosts, did not occupy the place, and there is a document in existence, recording a grant of land by the Mercian King Burgred to Bishop Alhun of Worcester of a "little cabbage garden" called Cæolmundingchaga, or the enclosure of Ceolmund, not far from Westgate, the old name for Newgate. This must now be represented by some part of Coleman Street. But the Danes were not far away. The chronicler states that in 872 "the army went from Reading to London, and there took up their winter quarters." Moreover, he tells us that the Mercians made peace with the "army." Hence what was left of the former city and anything that had grown up since the disaster of 838 were spared.

But an avenger was on the track of the marauders. The victories of King Alfred the Great drove the Danes out of London in 884, and two years later he began his restoration of the City. This was the most important event in the early history of London, and a spirited

representation may be seen on the walls of the Royal Exchange. As I have said, Stow records this restoration, and Asser in his *Life of Alfred* tells that he *restauravit civitatem et habitatbilem facit*. The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle confirms this, and adds that the King committed the town to the keeping of Ethelred the ealdorman. The walls he made so strong and firm that they were able to resist all subsequent attacks, even those of Sweyn and Cnut ; and during the closing years of the eighth century houses would spring up and streets be laid out, and the good King, ere he died in 901, would have been able to gaze upon the City that he rescued from ruin, and to see the foreign ships in the port establishing a great trade. Nor would he leave it without some settled form of government. Ethelred the ealdorman, or alderman, was the chief ruler, occupying the position now held by the Lord Mayor, and the most ancient of the institutions of the City at the present day date from Anglo-Saxon times. There are still aldermen and sheriffs or shire-reeves, the assemblies of the folk-mote, the court of hustings and the ward-mote.

The story of London after Alfred is a little uncertain. Alfred's grandson, Athelstan, built for himself a house in the City which it has been conjectured was situate in Addle Street, formerly Adel Street, a corruption of Atheling Street.* He compiled the *Judicia Civitatis Londoniæ*, which mentions the Frith gilds of the Londoners who were pledged to preserve the peace and good behaviour of the citizens, and under King Edgar there arose the Knighten Gild, a company of thirteen knights who had a grant of land from the King on the condition that they should victoriously accomplish three combats, one above ground, the second underground, and the third in the water, and on a certain day run with spears against all comers at Smithfield. Some of the famous City Companies commenced their careers during this Saxon period. The Guildhall was the meeting-place

* This is suggested in the 1633 edition of Stow's *Surrey*, which also states that the street was called "King Adel Street," but there does not seem any evidence for this.

of the various gilds that arose, and, as we shall see presently, began to play an important part in the life of the City.

King Edgar greatly encouraged the trade with foreigners, and there were settlements of strangers just outside the City. The name of the church, St. Clement Danes, marks the situation of one of these, and another Danish colony existed in Southwark. Tooley Street is a corruption of St. Olave Street, and is named after the Norwegian warrior, Saint Olaf; the church dedicated to him in Tooley Street has just fallen a victim to modern iconoclasm. Billingsgate was then, as now the place for fish to be brought to London.

The reign of Ethelred the Unready (978–1016) is not a glorious one. The militant Danes again attacked London, but owing to the strength of the walls, repaired by Alfred, they were not able to enter it. The cowardly King seems to have shut himself up within the City. Sweyn, the Dane, with the help of Olaf, also failed to capture London "because the townsmen refused to submit, but held out against him with all their might, as King Ethelred was within and Thurkill with him." However, Sweyn's power grew. He conquered in the west country and all the people held him king. Then did the townsmen of London submit and delivered hostages, because they dreaded lest he should utterly destroy them. Harsh terms were inflicted on them by the conqueror, a full tribute and provisions for the Danish hosts who plundered as they pleased. Ethelred the Unready monarch fled to the Isle of Wight and then overseas to his brother, Richard Duke of Normandy. However, in the following year (1014) Sweyn ended his days, and Alwy was consecrated Bishop of London. The Unready one seems, however, to have held the affections of his subjects, who declared that no lord was dearer to them than their natural lord, if he would rule them better than he had done before. He promised to be their loving lord, and in Lent he came home to his people, and he was gladly received by them. Every Danish king they declared to be an outlaw for ever.

However, Cnut cared little for that, and there were fighting and murderings, and pillaging throughout the land. There is a wild story of the massacre of the Danes in the days of Ethelred recorded in the *Joms-vikinga Saga* and in Strype's *Continuation of Stow.* It tells how Sweyn warred in the land of King Ethelred and drove him out.

"He put *Thingumennalid* in Lundunaborg (London) which was ruled by Eilif Thorgilnon, who had 60 ships in the Temps (Thames). The Thingumen * made a law that no one should stay away a whole night. They gathered at the Bura church every night when a large bell was rung, but without weapons. The English thought it would be the easiest to slay the Thingumen while Cnut was young (he was ten winters old) and Sweyn dead. About Yule waggons went into the town to the market and were all tented over by the treacherous advice of Ulfkel Snelling and Ethelred's sons. Thord, a man of the *Thingumennalid*, went out of the town to the house of his mistress who asked him to stay, because the death was planned of all the Thingumen by Englishmen concealed in the waggons, when the Danes would go unarmed to the church. Thord went into the town and told it to Eilif. They heard the bell ringing, and when they came to the churchyard there was a great crowd who attacked them. Eilif escaped with three ships and went to Denmark, Some time after Edmund was made king. After three winters, Cnut, Thorkel, and Eric went with 800 ships to England. Thorkel had 30 ships and slew Ulfkel Snelling and married Ulfhild, his wife, daughter of King Ethelred. With Ulfkel was slain every man on 60 ships, and Cnut took Lundunaborg (London)."

Matthew of Westminster also records this massacre of the Danes, and other authorities consider that the account in the *Saga* is founded on fact.

One fact in the endless marching and counter-marching is revealed. Cnut was in Warwickshire, where he was opposed by Edmund the Etheling, who was in command of the King's army. However, the men refused

* The *Thing* was the folk-moot of the Scandinavian races, and the "Thingumen" were its members.

to fight unless they had the help of the citizens of London and the presence of the King himself. This statement shows the growing importance of the City and the valour of its citizens. But Ethelred remained snugly in London, where he was joined by his son Edmund the Etheling. And Cnut sailed up the river to capture the city; but before he arrived Ethelred died on St. George's Day and was buried in St. Paul's. Cnut attacked with all his might, but the walls and the stout hearts of Edmund, now King, and the brave citizens resisted. Cnut, in order to take the city, dug a great ditch on the south side from Bermondsey to Battersea, and one of the piles is preserved to this day in the Guildhall Museum. Moreover, they ditched the city round, so that no one could go in or out; and repeatedly they fought, but it was all in vain. London stood fast. Twice later the Danes came against the City with the same result.*

We need not follow the continuous fighting. By the treachery of Edric the Ealderman, Edmund lost the battle of Assingdon Down in Essex, and at length at Osney, near Deerhurst, the rival kings were reconciled, and the realm divided. The gallant King Edmund died at the end of the year, and Cnut, the Dane, obtained the whole kingdom.

The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle is singularly silent after this about London affairs. One or two councils were held there, and King Edward the Confessor set to work to build for himself a palace and to rear the beautiful Abbey of Westminster, the story of which has been told in a previous volume of this series. By his presence and frequent residence there the pious King enhanced the greatness of London City. Trade increased; foreign ships entered its port, and foreigners in larger numbers than before settled there. There were many Normans and Danes residing there. The people of the Danish colonies increased largely. The older lists of the aldermen and sturdy citizens contain many names of foreigners who had made London their home, and carried on their

* A spirited account of a siege of the city is given by Polydore Vergil, vol. i. p. 253 (Camden Society).

trade as merchants, chiefly coming from Flanders, Normandy, and France. We find that the merchants of Rouen were entitled to certain consideration in the tax they paid on cargoes of wine, and the names of Hogge (Sluys), Leodium (Liege), and Nivella (Nivelle) occur.

During the last part of the Saxon period the country was distracted by civil war, and in 1052 there was a great council "without London," when the Confessor, Earl Godwin, and Harold his son were reconciled. Bishop Stigand exorcised on more than one occasion the passions of the people, whereas Archbishop Robert was a fomenter of strife and was declared outlaw. The Conquest by the Normans soon followed after the fatal battle of Senlac. We need not follow the march of the Conqueror through Sussex and Kent. London did not open its gates to him, and he burned Southwark, and then through Berkshire and other shires he marched till he approached the city on the north at Berkhampstead. The chief men of London, among whom was a strong Norman element, then submitted to him; he vowed that he would be a loving lord to them and granted them a charter; but as the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle remarks, this did not prevent him from levying heavy taxation. This earliest charter is a very precious document, a mere scrap of parchment, measuring six inches by one, and is still preserved among the City records at Guildhall. It runs as follows: "William the King friendly salutes William the bishop and Godfrey the portreeve, and all the burgesses within London, both French and English. And I declare that I grant you to be all law-worthy, as you were in the days of King Edward; and I grant that every child shall be his father's heir, after his father's days: and I will not suffer any person to do you wrong. God keep you." An excellent painting in the Royal Exchange represents the dramatic scene of the Conqueror granting the charter to the citizens of London.

There are many relics of Saxon London stored in the Guildhall Museum, including an interesting series of circular fibulæ, or broaches, beads, finger-rings, all made

of pewter, and all discovered in Cheapside opposite Bow Church. They belong to the period after Alfred's restoration. A large number of personal ornaments and requisites, both of metal and bone, and horn, have been discovered, such as beads, buckles, pins, brooches, tweezers, etc., and weapons and tools, axe-heads, knives, iron arrow-heads, spear-heads of iron, etc., can be seen in the Museum. A late Saxon crozier was found in Smithfield. One interesting Danish monumental stone of the eleventh century was found on the south of St. Paul's churchyard. It has some curious carving and a runic inscription: "KONAL AND TUKI CAUSED THIS STONE TO BE LAID."

CHAPTER V

NORMAN LONDON

WE pass now into the Norman City which began to erect for itself several new and important buildings in the style which we characterise as Norman. It was no new style introduced by foreign masons brought over by the Conqueror, but a development of pre-Conquest building. The life of London was little disturbed by the advent of William. The ships from foreign lands brought in their wines and other merchandise, and took back with them wool and other produce of our isle. There was an increase in trade and wealth, and numbers of Frenchmen followed in the wake of the Conqueror. We know some of their names. There was Albert the Lotharingian, after whom Lothbury is called; William "de Pontearch" and William Malet, and Ansgar the staller, who was Portreeve at the time of the Conquest, and who received the charter from William in the name of the City. We hear also of a governing gild, and of reeveland, or a portsoken, which furnished an endowment. Sired, a canon of St. Paul's, built a church on land belonging to the Knighten Gild,

which I have already mentioned. The bishop was an Alderman of the City. The Portreeve accounted to the King for his dues and corresponded to the Lord Mayor of later times. He was the justice and was elected by the citizens with the approval of the King. Under him were the aldermen of the wards, answering to the lords of manors or sokes.* The people had their folkmote, their weekly hustings which became a " county court," and there was a wardmote which eventually abolished the proprietary aldermen and elected them by vote of the wards. Hence it will be seen that the constitution of the City corresponded to that of a county, as Bishop Stubbs and Freeman have pointed out. A great increase to the power and influence of the city was given by the grant of the whole of Middlesex to the citizens by Henry I., a grant that was not revoked until 1888 by Act of Parliament. They could, thus, hunt the deer in the forests of that shire and had the power which earls exercised in counties.

What was the appearance of London in Norman times? Soon after the Conquest, in 1087, the City was a scene of desolation. A great fire raged in that year and destroyed St. Paul's and much else. Fire has always been a great foe to London, especially in these early days when the houses were, for the most part, built of wood with wattle and daub, and roofed with thatch. Fifty years later, in 1136, again a great fire raged which destroyed many houses, reaching as far as the Cathedral on the west and to Aldgate on the east. In order to obviate the continued danger of fire the court of aldermen ordered in 1189 that houses should no longer be built of wood, but that they should have an outer wall of stone raised sixteen feet from the ground, and be roofed with slate or tiles. But this order seems to have been very partially obeyed. It is, however, possible to form an accurate idea and paint a picture of early Norman London, before the master-hand of William Fitz-Stephen,

* In the earliest list of wards (1130) they are named after the Alderman and not topographically, *e.g. Warda Haconis, Warda Godwini filii, Ergari*, etc. Attempts have been made to identify them with existing wards.

clerk and friend of Thomas à Becket, drew for us a fairly complete sketch.

The Norman City was girt by its Roman walls repaired by Alfred, with its several towers and seven gates. It had a protecting moat on all sides except on the south, where it was guarded by the Thames. St. Paul's Cathedral had risen from its ashes and been rebuilt in Norman style, the superb nave of which remained until the great fire of 1666 levelled it to the ground. Hollar's drawing shows its beautiful design and grand proportions. Fitz-Stephen, the monk of Canterbury, who wrote in the latter half of the twelfth century, states that there were in his time thirteen larger conventual churches in London and in the suburbs, besides 136 lesser parochial ones. The Norman period was, therefore, a great era of building in spite of the disastrous fires that occurred, and also of the great hurricane that marked the passing away of the Conqueror when 600 houses were blown down and many churches, and Bow Church roof was carried away bodily.

East of St. Paul's there was a large open market of which the modern Cheapside, or West Cheap, as it used to be called, formed part. Where the General Post Office stood till quite recently was the College of the Dean and secular Canons of St. Martin, founded ten years before the Conquest, enclosed within a wall that surrounded the precincts. It had the privilege of sanctuary, so that any person guilty of crime found therein a refuge—a privilege that continued after the dissolution of the College converting it into an Alsatia wherein lawless men, thieves, and vagabonds, were safe from justice. By Aldgate, Maud, Queen of Henry I., in 1108 founded the Priory of Holy Trinity, which seems to have been the first monastic building within the City. London Bridge spanned the river from the City to Southwark. The story of London Bridge is a long one and will be referred to later on. The old bridge was destroyed by fire in 1136, and was replaced forty years later by a stone one that existed with much reparation until 1832.

East of the bridge in the Conqueror's time began

to arise the great White Keep of the Tower of London. Part of the Roman wall was cut away and the Keep was built partly inside and partly outside the City. The Conqueror could not trust himself to "the fickle citizens of the proud and prosperous city." First he raised one of his wooden fortresses of the motte and bailey type,* and then the great architect of his age, the builder of Rochester Cathedral, Bishop Gundulf, erected for him this White Tower which was not completed until the end of the reign of William Rufus. On the west of the City stood Baynard's Castle, built by a follower of the Conqueror, on the site of the entrance to Blackfriars Bridge, close to Printing House Square, the home of the *Times*.† Near Baynard's Castle stood another tower named Montfichet, the castle of Baron Montfichet.‡ The streets were lined with houses, and many of the streets bore the names with which we are now familiar. Close to Newgate there was a portal called Chamberlayne's Gate, where stood the Church of St. Edmund, now known as that of St. Sepulchre. The road through Newgate descended into the valley of the Holeburne, which we now call Holborn, and ran a little to the south of the present line of Holborn and Oxford Street, but in the same direction, to Tyburn Corner, where it joined the old Roman Watling Street leading to Verulam (St. Albans) and the north. The stream in the valley flowed from Hampstead Hill along Farringdon Street and New Bridge Street, emptying itself into the Thames at Blackfriars Bridge, and was known later as the Fleet river. It now flows underground, as do many other streams and brooks that watered the primitive

* The *motte* is a French word signifying the hillock upon which a castle was built. It was surrounded by a wooden stockade and in the centre of the court or bailey was erected a wooden tower. Four of the pictures in the Bayeux tapestry show a wooden tower inside a stockade on a motte.

† In Ogilby and Morgan's map of 1677 "the King's Printing House" occupied the site.

‡ In 1275 the Blackfriars obtained a grant of both Castle Baynard and Montfichet Tower, and a new Baynard's Castle was built further east, and was destroyed in the Great Fire.

site of old London. The construction of the Holborn Viaduct in modern times has changed the appearance of this City suburb, which ended at Holborn Bars. On the side of the hill opposite the City stood the Church of St. Andrew, Holborn, as it does to-day, though all except the tower was destroyed in the Great Fire and rebuilt by Wren. North of St. Sepulchre's were fields, and not far away forest lands, wherein the citizens of a sporting turn of mind could hunt the deer and wild boar; and near the church was the famous Smithfield with the Church and Hospital of St. Bartholomew, which we shall visit later on. The choir of this church presents a splendid example of Norman architecture. In the crypt of St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside, we find the columns and vault of the original Norman church. The Round of the Temple Church begun in 1170 and finished in 1185 is late or Transition Norman, just outside the boundaries of the area of which we treat. A very interesting Norman building is the crypt of the Priory Church of the Knights of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem at Clerkenwell, which still exists beneath the eighteenth-century reconstructed church. In the East End suburbs outside our district is the Norman church of East Ham.

The relations of the City with the sovereigns were fairly amicable. Henry I. granted a charter to the citizens, and it is noticeable that in that and subsequent charters reference is made to the laws of Edward the Confessor as being a standard of justice and equity. However, Henry I. did not always conform to the agreement. The City supported Stephen in his war against the Empress Maud, though he demanded money as a price of their privileges. But the power of the City had grown, and whichever side gained the support of the Londoners was bound to win. It was so in Stuart days; it was so then. The Empress might have gained the aid of the citizens, but by her imperious and tyrannical conduct she estranged them, or she might have won the crown. For this lack of support her son Henry II. revenged himself by severe methods, demanding from them large

supplies of money, and thus began that system of forced loans or gifts which proved in after times so great a burden on the citizens that it was almost intolerable.

Fitz-Stephen records many details of the life of the City at the end of the Norman period. It possessed, he wrote, abundant wealth, extensive commerce and magnificence. It had many excellent springs of water, notably Holywell, Clerkenwell, and St. Clement's Well, much frequented by scholars of the schools. The City was ennobled by her men, graced by her arms, and peopled by a multitude of inhabitants. It provided 20,000 horsemen and 60,000 infantry. The matrons were perfect Sabines—a cryptic utterance; but a reference to Horace and Juvenal shows that by that term he meant that they were celebrated for their chastity and good housewifery. There were several schools, the principal ones being attached to the three principal churches, the scholars of which used to dispute in the churches on festival days in logic and wordy warfare, touching with Socratic wit the failings of their school-fellows or of greater personages. On the bank of the Thames amongst the wineshops there was the earliest form of restaurant, a public eating house and cookery, a great convenience to the City and a "distinguishing mark of civilisation."

And then we go with our monkish guide to the smooth-field or Smithfield, just without one of the gates, where on every Friday there was a show of well-bred horses for sale. Many flocked there, earls and barons and knights and citizens. The sight of the horses pleased the monk amazingly, but the passage is too long to quote here. Especially did he delight to see the racing and the expert jockeys. Moreover there were oxen and sheep, and farm-horses and colts, and all sorts of goods from near and far:

> "Arabia's gold, Sabæa's spice and incense,
> Scythia's keen weapons, and his oil of palms,
> From Babylon's rich soil, Nile's precious gems,
> Norway's soft peltries, Russia's costly sables,
> Sera's rich vestures and the wines of Gaul,
> Hither are sent."

Fitz-Stephen has many a good word to say for London. He wrote: "I think that there is no city in which more approved customs are observed —in attending churches, honouring God's ordinances, keeping festivals, giving alms, receiving strangers, confirming espousals, contracting marriages, celebrating weddings, preparing entertainments, welcoming guests, and also in the arrangement of the funeral ceremonies and the burial of the dead. The only inconveniences were the immoderate drinking of foolish persons and the frequent fires. He enlarges considerably on the Londoners' love of sports and games and describes at length their accustomed pastimes. Miracle plays caused both devotion and amusement, the person acting the part of the Devil being very diverting. Boys on Shrove Tuesday delighted in the cruel sport of cock-fighting. Young men played football in the fields. Sham fights with lances and shields were indulged in in the fields, and the young men of the Court came to try their skill in a sort of tournament. Quintains on the river, leaping, archery, wrestling, stone-throwing, slinging javelins, fighting with bucklers, were some of the sports of London youths, while "Cytherea led the dances of the maidens, who trip it merrily along the ground beneath the uprisen moon." Bull-baiting was a favourite pastime, and boars endured the same treatment. Sliding on the ice and skating with skates made of the shinbones of some animal were winter sports. These adventurous spirits used to charge each other on the ice, as knights did in a tournament, and often break a leg or an arm. Many of the citizens went a-hawking with merlins, and other birds of prey, and hunted with dogs the deer, wild boar, and wild white bulls that frequented the adjacent forest. There is much else that the good monk, Fitz-Stephen, tells us, but this I must leave for the present. The monk shows himself as very human. He took pleasure in witnessing other people's pleasures; and he leaves an impression that London was a very excellent place to live in, that it was very thriving and prosperous, and that everything was extraordinarily well managed,

and that every one was happy in this best of possible cities. There is, however, a reverse side; and when we hear of lawless bands perambulating London at night, and of the exploits of a certain "John the Olde" who with his criminal crew plundered the houses of the rich, we are not quite sure whether the City was the Paradise which the monkish chronicler painted.

CHAPTER VI

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

WE will now visit some of the chief buildings and centres of the City, and first wend our way to that grand church that has always been the centre of the religious life of the citizens. The present cathedral still occupies that position. In all great crises of the nation's history, whether of joy or sorrow, of national thanksgiving or distress, both sovereign and people flock to the great church, there to sing the hymns of thanksgiving to the Most High, or to plead for His help and mercy when trouble comes. It is a testimony to the great genius of a wonderful architect, Sir Christopher Wren, whose was the first grave sunk within its walls, and bearing the fitting inscription:

"LECTOR, SI MONUMENTUM REQUIRIS, CIRCUMSPICE."

As we approach the building from Lugdate Hill, the grandeur of its majestic dome is most impressive. The style is English Renaissance. We notice first the west front which was erected last, and therefore bears the stamp of Wren's matured genius. There are two storeys, each composed of a row of Corinthian columns arranged in pairs. On the triangular pediment above is a carving of the conversion of St. Paul, while a statue of the Saint crowns the apex, the other statues representing SS. Peter and James and the Four Evangelists. Towers stand on each side of the front, and complete a superb

effect. These contain a grand peal of twelve bells, and perhaps you may have heard Great Paul tolling on some solemn occasion when a sovereign passes away or an old year dies.

On the north and south sides the two-storeyed construction is continued, having graceful Corinthian pilasters arranged in pairs with round-headed windows between them. Above these is another row of pilasters of the Composite order; and between these, where one would have expected windows, there are niches. This second storey is only a screen to hide the flying buttresses supporting the cloistery, as Wren thought them a disfigurement. You will notice the excellently carved festoons of foliage and birds and cherubs, which the Renaissance architects dearly loved. The north and south fronts have Corinthian pillars, and figures of the Apostles adorn the triangular-shaped pediment and balustrade. On the south side is the figure of a Phœnix which reminds us that this glorious building arose from the ashes of the older Temple, which perished in the Great Fire.

The magnificent dome is composed of an outward and an inward shell, and between these rises a cone-shaped structure which supports the lantern, crowned with its golden ball and cross. The view on entering the cathedral at the west is most impressive. The magnitude of the design, the sense of strength and stability, as well as the beauty of the majestic proportions, are very striking. The mosaics, and modern glass, the choir with its carved stalls, the work of Grinling Gibbons, the pulpit made of rich marble, the reredos, add great beauty to the sacred building, and the monuments of national heroes, the makers of the Empire, and most of our distinguished painters are contained in the "citizens' church."

But this is not the earliest church. We need not concern ourselves with the legend propounded by Camden and other fanciful historians that a Roman temple dedicated to Diana once stood here; but when Wren dug the foundations of the present cathedral

he certainly found several Saxon stone coffins and also Celtic and Roman remains. The first church was built by good King Ethelbert of Kent in A.D. 610, and, as I have said, St. Mellitus, the companion of St. Augustine, was the first English Bishop of London. I have already stated that fires destroyed this building in A.D. 961 and 1086, and immediately after this last conflagration Bishop Maurice and the citizens began the building that endured until the Great Fire of 1666. It must have been a very noble cathedral, with its walls a blaze of colour, richly canopied tombs, pictures and frescoes, books and vestments glittering with gold, silver and precious stones. It was cruciform with a high tower and spire in the centre of the crossing. The nave was long and noble, built in the late Norman style, having twelve bays. William of Malmesbury described it as being "so stately and beautiful that it was worthily numbered amongst the most famous buildings." At the west end were two towers for bells, and they were sometimes used as prisons. The central tower had flying buttresses. Besides the high altar there were seventy or eighty chantries with their own altars all ablaze with rich draperies. The church contained many relics. Its "pride and glory and fountain of wealth" was the body of Bishop St. Erkenwald covered with a golden shrine, behind the high altar. Pilgrims' offerings amounted to £9000 a year. The choir was rebuilt in 1221, and the Lady Chapel was added in 1225. There was a very large east window and a rose-window over it. The choir had twelve bays and was not finished until the end of the thirteenth century. The wooden spire was raised to the height of 460 feet in 1314, and was then the highest in the world; but it was ultimately destroyed by lightning.

It is impossible in this book to find space in which to describe all the historical events that took place in St. Paul's. Every event in connection with the life of London and of the country seems to be associated with it, and divers kings came here to offer their thanksgiving to God for victories or other national blessings. An enormous number of persons was employed on the staff,

and old inventories tell of the great wealth of the church in costly furniture, shrines and relics. In later times this noble church was much desecrated by a profane crowd, and "Paul's Walk" became a scandal. Gentlemen, courtiers, and men of all professions, used to meet before and after dinner, and discuss their businesses and other news. Shakespeare represents Falstaff as having "bought Bardolph in Paul's," and Dekker tells of the assembly of knights, gallants, upstarts, the gentlemen, clown, apple-squire, lawyer, usurer, citizen, scholar, beggar, doctor, idiot, ruffian, Puritan, cut-throat, highman, lowman, and thief; and concludes: "Thus while Devotion kneels at her prayers, doth Profanation walk under her nose in contempt of Religion." Lawyers received their clients, usurers their victims. If you wanted a servant or a ruffian to do some infamous deed, you could easily find one in "Paul's Walk"; and the tombs and fonts were convenient for the exchange of money, and the rattle of gold and silver was constantly heard amidst the loud talking of the crowd. Nor were the fair sex absent, and old plays show that "Paul's Walk" was used as a convenient place for assignations. Hucksters and pedlars sold their wares, and men tramped through the nave carrying baskets of bread and fish, flesh and fruit, vessels of ale, sacks of coal, and even dead mules and horses and other beasts. In 1569 the first great public lottery was drawn before the west doors.

At the Reformation great havoc was wrought. All images and crucifixes were pulled down, costly chalices and chasubles, altars and rich hangings, books and vestments, were all seized and sold by the greedy ministers of Edward VI. Tombs were destroyed, chantries and chapels desecrated, cloisters and Chapter House removed bodily to Somerset House by Protector Somerset for the building of his new palace, and all was wreckage, spoliation, and robbery. During Mary's reign many ears of "heretics" were nailed to the pillory nigh Paul's Cross, and many Protestants condemned in the cathedral to the fires at Smithfield, and

many horrors enacted which Englishmen like not to remember. The glory of "old St. Paul's" had departed, and its ruinous condition was the despair of the clergy and citizens and the distress of rulers. During the Civil war Cromwell's troopers "did after their kind," and destroyed any beautiful relics that had escaped the former pillage. It was a cavalry barracks, save that at the east end a conventicle was set up. The soldiers played games, and brawled and drank in the church, and much scandal was created.

Some attempts were made to restore the fabric, and then came the Great Fire which has been graphically described by the diarists, Pepys and Evelyn, whose accounts of the awful scene of destruction are well known, and need not be repeated here. At length, in 1674, the workmen began to clear away the old ruins; for many years the building was continued, and in 1710 it was finished by the skill, genius, and determination of one man, Sir Christopher Wren, whose memory deserves to be ever honoured by all Englishmen.

As of yore before irreligion profaned the sanctuary, the Cathedral of St. Paul, year by year, enters more and more into the life and heart of citizens of London and the peoples of England and of the Empire, the great centre of Anglican Christianity.

The precincts of St. Paul's are full of interest. A high wall surrounded the whole space which extended from Carter Lane on the south to Creed Lane, including Paternoster Row. The old Chapter House stood on the west side of the south transept, a very beautiful building which Protector Somerset carried off for his palace in the Strand. The present Chapter House is on the north, and was designed by Wren and erected in 1712. The Bishop's Palace was on the north-west of the Cathedral, and is represented now by London House Yard. The Deanery is at the south-west corner of the precincts, and is an interesting example of Wren's domestic architecture. Amongst other buildings there were St. Paul's College, and a charnel house with chapel over it, St. Gregory's Church and the Lollard's Tower which really formed

part of the Cathedral, Pardon Church Haugh surrounded by a cloister which had a gruesome picture of the Dance of Death, the hall of the Petty Canons and the Chapel and Library of Walter Sheryngton. A separate Bell Tower stood at the east end of the churchyard. You can still see traces of the eastern wall of the choir of old St. Paul's, and the old Chapter House and Cloisters in the churchyard south of the present nave. Some recent excavations have revealed some brickwork.

The names of streets preserve the remembrance of buildings that have long passed away. Thus there are Paternoster Row, Amen Corner, Ave Maria Lane, Creed Lane. It is believed that these took their names from the course of the processions round the close, the choir chanting Paternoster along that street, afterwards the favourite haunt of booksellers, until they came to the end of it and sang "Amen"; they chanted "Ave Maria" along the lane that bears that name, and the "Creed" along Creed Lane. An alternative derivation of Paternoster Row is that the makers of beads for rosaries, called "Paternosters," lived and sold their goods there. And one other object in the churchyard must be mentioned, and that is St. Paul's Cross, which played an important part in the civic and religious life of London. There proclamations were made, decrees announced, Papal Bulls read; and there the people held their folkmoot. Originally it was a high cross of stone on a platform. This gave way to the well-known pulpit shown in the picture of 1620; but this did not please the Puritans who pulled it down in 1643. A cross was re-erected on the site in 1913. If you find Godliman Street on the south leading to Carter Street, you may like to know that its former name was Paul's Chain, as in ancient times a chain was stretched across the roadway to keep back wheeled traffic during divine service.

CHAPTER VII

THE TOWER OF LONDON

THE Tower of London is far superior to all the great fortress-palaces in Europe. It is an epitome of English history and of that of the City. When William received the submission of the citizens, in order to preserve his power he built one of his wooden forts adjoining the ancient Roman wall, which extended right across the inner ward. I have seen a portion of this which was discovered twenty-five years ago when some later buildings were pulled down. The fire of 1077 probably extended to this timber fort, and William determined to build a stone castle to overawe the turbulent citizens and preserve the power of the Crown. He did not live to accomplish much building, and left his son Rufus to continue the work to which other later sovereigns contributed. Its architect was the brilliant mason-bishop of Rochester, Gundulf, who also built the great Keeps of Colchester and Rochester. What is known as the White Tower is his work, and remains to this day very much the same as he left it.

But the fortress was not complete. William Rufus determined to encircle it with a wall, as the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle records that in 1091, "a stone wall was being wrought about the Tower, a stone bridge across the Thames was being built, and a great hall was being erected at Westminster, whereby the citizens of London were grievously oppressed." They regarded it with so much awe and fear that a legend grew up, recorded by Fitz-Stephen, that the mortar was mixed with the blood of animals. Within this encircling wall there arose many buildings, some of which have long ago disappeared, an inner or palace ward on the south of the Keep, a forebuilding to the Keep, the gatehouse of the inner ward, Wakefield tower, a great hall for the King's palace with its kitchens, and the chapel of St. Peter-ad-Vincula. Richard I. added projecting towers so as

to increase the strength of the fortress, and greatly enlarged the fortified area. He threw down the Roman wall and built a new wall on the east with towers and made other considerable alterations.

So the castle grew. In the Pipe Rolls the expenses of building are duly recorded in each reign, and each monarch seems to have added something to the strength of the fortress, while in later and modern times there have been endless alterations, the construction of unsightly buildings, and the destruction of ancient features.

It may be advisable to make a tour of the Tower. Think not that when you have been conducted by a quaintly garbed old soldier, called a "beaf-eater," to the White and Beauchamp Towers, meditated on the tragedies that occurred on Tower Green, visited the Church of St. Peter-ad-Vincula, you have seen all that the Tower contains. It is only when you are permitted to wander at will through endless passages, up dark staircases, and are admitted into secret dungeons, and try to understand the whole plan of the fortress, and compare it with others, that you can begin to know anything of real value as to the story of the Tower.

The entrance is on the south-west side through the Middle Tower gate, built by Henry III. Formerly there was, on the west of the moat, the old Bulwark Gate, the Lion's Gate, and the Lion's Tower; these were all destroyed in 1834. In the Lion's Tower there was kept a collection of animals, a miniature "Zoo" which was begun in Henry III.'s time. Some of the creatures were a little dangerous. A "man tyger," an orang-outang, in 1754 killed a boy by throwing a cannon-ball at him. A white bear used to fish in the Thames, and the sheriffs of London were ordered to provide a stout cord to hold it, as well as a muzzle and chain when it was out of the water.

We now cross the bridge that spans the moat which is now dry, and schoolboys play therein, and during the war I saw soldiers being drilled and trained for fighting. At the end of the bridge we arrive at the Byward Tower

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Gate and are now in the centre of the outer ward, constructed, as I have said, by Richard I., though the Gate was built by Henry III. and rebuilt in the reign of Richard II.

On the left is Bell Tower, where Bishop Fisher and Lady Arabella Stuart were imprisoned, and the back of the King's House, called also the Governor's House, or the Lieutenant's Lodgings. This is entered from Tower Green. In Harrison Ainsworth's novel, *The Tower of London*, mention is made of the stone kitchen nigh Byward Tower wherein the dwarf and others made merry. You will look in vain for this. Further on, on the right, is St. Thomas's Tower, named after Thomas à Becket or St. Thomas of Canterbury. Therein the Keeper of the Crown Jewels resides. It was built by Henry III. The Keeper is usually some distinguished soldier, and he has a responsible task. There is a little bridge, across which I have walked, connecting the residence with the Wakefield Tower opposite, wherein the jewels are stored. This house is constructed of timber and brick on the northern front, but facing the river it is built of stone. Here, too, is the Traitor's Gate which conjures up the memory of many unhappy victims who have passed to their doom through that gloomy, low-browed arch. We see a sad procession, Anne Boleyn, Sir Thomas More, Archbishops Cranmer and Laud, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sidney, Russell, and a host of other victims of political vengeance or religious persecution, passing on their way across that narrow way to the Bloody Tower Gate.

Further on we come to Mint Street where money used to be coined and the Cradle Tower which protected a drawbridge across the moat. You can still see the grooves of the portcullis. We now retrace our steps and pass through the gateway of the Bloody Tower, formerly known by a sweeter name as the Garden Tower. Tradition says that therein the young princes were murdered by Richard III. Their bodies were found at the foot of the staircase of the White Tower, and were removed to Westminster by order of Charles II. On

the right is the Wakefield Tower containing the Crown Jewels. Henry VI. is said to have been murdered here, and you can still see his oratory.

Close at hand is the White Tower which has a basement and three floors. A wall running from north to south divides each floor into two portions, and another wall at the southern end of the eastern portion cuts off that exquisite gem of Norman architecture, St. John's Chapel, its crypt, and sub-crypt. The last is known as "Little Ease," where it is said Guy Fawkes was imprisoned, and in the crypt Sir Walter Raleigh was confined in a dark cell.* He could not, however, have written his *History of the World* in that gloomy dungeon. The Banqueting Hall, the Council Chamber, and the Royal Apartment, are to be visited. They are mighty chilly apartments and there were no fireplaces. No wonder that Henry III. found them intolerable and sought a warmer dwelling. St. John's Chapel is a perfect model of early Norman work. It has circular piers crowned with cushion capitals, plain arches, beautiful in their simplicity and sturdiness. It consists of a nave with vaulted aisles and an eastern apse, a triforium, and barrel vaulting—a very noble building.

The basements of the White Tower were formerly used as prisons and torture chambers, and the groans and shrieks of unhappy victims of the rack, thumbscrew and other gentle implements of persuasion, seem to haunt the place, and we are glad to escape into the open air. But on Tower Green our feelings are again harrowed by the memory of all the victims who have been slaughtered there by the headsman's axe. We pass with a shudder the stone that marks the site of the block, where many a noble head has fallen, and visit the chapel of St. Peter-ad-Vincula which was in existence in 1210 and was rebuilt about 1305 and then decorated and subsequently altered at the close of the Gothic period by Henry VIII. It contains the

* A misguiding notice records this untrue statement, and might with advantage be removed. Sir Walter was imprisoned for some time in the Bloody Tower, and also in Brick Tower.

memorials of many celebrated men and of many others who were beheaded on the neighbouring block. On the north was a hermit's cell who received 1*d.* a day and other gifts from the King.

There are numerous towers that strengthen the walls and guard the fortress. They bear the names of the builders or of the distinguished prisoners who were incarcerated in them. The Beauchamp Tower takes its name from Thomas Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who was imprisoned by Richard II. Its walls are covered by pathetic inscriptions carved by prisoners to beguile the weary hours of their captivity. The Devereux Tower takes its name from Henry Devereux, Earl of Essex, the favourite of Queen Elizabeth. You will remember the story of the ring which was never delivered. I have read the original letters sent by him to the Queen, which are endorsed by her own hand, and labelled *malcontent*, when he was angry at being away from Court fighting in Ireland, and *d'amour* when he was especially loving to his royal mistress. Its former name was that of Robert the Devil. Flint Tower has been rebuilt, and Bowyer's Tower was the workshop of the master bowyer who furnished such wonderful arms for our English archers. In the Brick Tower, Lady Jane Grey and Sir Walter Raleigh were confined, and in the Martin Tower the Seven Bishops who so boldly resisted the attempt of James II. to establish Papacy, patiently awaited their release and the acclaim of the London citizens. Some of Grinling Gibbon's carving is preserved here. We pass the Constable and Broad Arrow Towers, and arrive at the Salt Tower, which some deem to be a corruption of Assault Tower. This stands at the south-east corner of the inner ward, and turning westward we find the Lanthorn Tower, and our circuit of the walls is complete.

Before the days of modern warfare the fortress seemed powerful enough to resist all attacks. It has endured various sieges and only once surrendered in 1460. It was once surprised by a mob in 1381 when Simon of Sudbury, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Sir

Robert Hales, the Treasurer, were slain by those lawless miscreants. The head of the former is preserved in the vestry cupboard of a church at Sudbury. Possibly treachery enabled the mob to enter the formidable fortress. There are many mysteries in the Tower. Readers of Ainsworth's novel will remember that horrible rat-pit dungeon. His description was entirely imaginary, but twenty years ago a fearful subterranean prison pit was discovered under the south-west angle of the Keep, doubtless serving as the oubliette of the Tower. A passage—a sewer—led from it to the moat and river through which rats would be attracted by the garbage of the kitchen, and the fate of the prisoner can well be imagined. A volume might be written on the illustrious prisoners confined here. It is pleasant to reflect that some managed to escape. The earliest lucky one was Bishop Flambard, who was confined in fetters in the time of Henry I. However, a long rope was conveyed to him in a cask of wine. He invited his keepers to a banquet, made them drunk, tied the rope to a mullion of the window, and catching his pastoral staff, began to lower himself. The rope was not long enough, but he managed to escape with severe bruises and lacerated hands, and was carried off by his friends, overseas. He lived to return to his See and complete the glorious pile of Durham. Father Gerard, though tortured, eluded his captors in 1597. The most romantic escape was that of Lord Nithsdale, a Jacobite, captured in the '45, who was saved by his wife. She obtained permission for a last interview before his execution and was accompanied by her Welsh maid to his cell. With quick hands she disguised her husband in the maid's garments, and contrived to get him past the sentries. The next morning he would have been *decollatus* with his Scottish friends.

It is time that we left this fortress of many memories, this palace, arsenal, and prison. It is still a military station, and modern "improvements" have somewhat disfigured its ancient features. The palace buildings have all disappeared. The Wellington Barracks occupy

the site of some storehouses that were burned down in 1841. The new guard house built in 1899, of hideous red brick, is a monstrosity that could well have been spared, and Wren wrought mischief on the Keep by plastering the walls and "Italianising" the windows. However, in spite of all, it remains the most interesting building in London.

The neighbourhood of the Tower abounds with interest. From Tower Hill the best view of the fortress is obtained. The spot is historical as many noble heads have fallen there, and there, as Stow records, "is always a large scaffold and gallows of timber for the execution of such Traitors or Transgressors as are delivered out of the Tower." It was situate in Trinity Square gardens, and was removed in 1745 when the last beheadings took place, the victims being Prince Charlie's Scottish chiefs, the Lords Kilmarnock, Balmerino, and Lovet. Facing the Tower is Trinity House, the home of an interesting gild formed to help seamen and shipping by Sir Thomas Spert in 1529.* The present building dates from 1795. Close at hand is the Church of Allhallows, Barking, which derives its name from the convent of Barking in Essex, to which it belonged, and in the reign of Stephen it was called "Barking Church." It played an important part in the life of the City. Here citizens used to meet "in their best apparel" before presenting themselves at the Tower on official occasions, and here kings used to stop to worship. The Knights Templars were tried here in 1311. Richard I. founded a chapel in which Edward I. placed a painted figure of the Virgin. Edward IV. founded two chantries, and Richard III. made it a Collegiate church with a dean and six canons. This was suppressed at the Reformation. The circular pillars at the west end are the remains of the Norman church. Much of the old work has been destroyed by "restoration." The old tower was injured by a gunpowder explosion in 1649, and the present brick tower is a good specimen of Cromwellian building. The

* It now has charge of all light-houses and beacons around the coast of England.

graveyard contains the bodies of many notable victims of the scaffold on Tower Hill, Bishop Fisher (1535), the Earl of Surrey (1547), Lord Thomas Grey, Archbishop Laud, and others. The woodwork of Grinling Gibbons, sword-rests, and memorial brasses, the finest in London, are remarkable. The church only just escaped destruction in the Great Fire, as recorded by Pepys. William Penn was born in the parish and baptised here, and a monument to him was raised in 1911.

There is much else to see and to study in this south-east corner of the City, but space is limited and we must pass on to other scenes.

CHAPTER VIII

MONASTIC LONDON

THE student of Old London will soon discover how large a part ecclesiastical buildings occupied in the City and its immediate suburbs. No less than two-thirds of the City area were held by the Church. There was a vast number of churches, a tithe of which remain, though many ancient parishes have been united. Some churches perished in the Great Fire and were never rebuilt, and in modern times several have been pulled down. In addition to the churches were the monasteries which exercised a powerful influence on the minds of the people. These all disappeared as institutions at the Reformation, but some of their buildings have survived and may be briefly referred to. Foremost among the monastic masons were the Benedictines who achieved a great grandeur and magnificence. Mr. Edward S. Prior has well said:

"The style of the Benedictine architecture was indeed part of that monkish imperialism by which the civilisation of Europe was first essayed. There was no misgiving in the heart of the monastic claim to empire: one language, one rule of life, one faith, the same in all nations, stood above

the anarchy and ferocity of barbarous warfare. So for some eighty years there appeared an imperial building art—with a style of masoncraft independent of nationality—and it is difficult to tell from a carving or a scroll whether the specimen is from the Rhine, Lombardy, or England."

The greatest Benedictine establishment in London was, of course, Westminster, which has already been described in this series, by the master-hand of Mr. Westlake. Just outside the City stands all that remains of the noble minster of St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield. It was founded by Rahere in 1123, whom Stow describes as "a pleasant-witted gentleman, and therefore in his time called the King's minstrel." This a libel on the memory of the good man who, during a visit to Rome, was influenced by a vision to found the hospital and the Augustinian priory of . St. Bartholomew. He lived twenty years after his buildings were begun, first as master of the hospital, and then as prior. The priory was not completed before 150 years had elapsed. Only a portion of the building remains, viz. the choir and Lady Chapel, two bays of the nave. It was cruciform, the transepts, with nave and choir, forming the cross. Both nave and choir had aisles, and an ambulatory was formed at the back of the altar. On the south was the cloister court with the chapter house and conventual buildings. The remains of the cloisters have recently been discovered, and it is proposed to rescue and restore them. In Gothic times there was much reconstruction. The Lady Chapel was rebuilt in the early years of the fourteenth century, and in the fifteenth a new clerestory was added, and a square end substituted for the eastern apse. The west doorway is thirteenth-century work.

Life in the monastery passed tranquilly away, except occasionally, as when the foreigner, Boniface, ruled as Archbishop and presumed to visit the priory and claim jurisdiction over it. There was a mighty fracas in the church, the Archbishop striking the sub-prior and tearing his cope. The canons rushed to his rescue and knocked Boniface down, whose soldiers attacked them, and there were some broken heads; and the canons rushed off to

ST. BARTHOLOMEW THE GREAT

SHOWING A PART OF THE CHOIR AND THE RUINS OF THE SOUTH TRANSEPT
FROM A DRAWING BY NASH

p. 44

lay their complaints before the King and the Bishop of London, and the citizens arose in their wrath and would have torn Master Boniface in pieces, and the crowd shouted: "Where is this ruffian? that cruel smiter." So Master Boniface had to make amends, and wished that he had never set foot in this stormy England, but stayed quietly in peaceful Provence.

At the Reformation the priory was, of course, dissolved, the nave pulled down, the choir converted into a parish church, and the rest of the buildings given to Sir Richard Rich, Speaker of the House of Commons. In Mary's reign some Dominican friars entered into possession, and opposite the gate they saw the burning of many "heretics," and heard the shrieks of dying martyrs. Subsequently much desecration took place, including the setting up of a forge and a fringe factory within the sacred building. A fire in 1830 destroyed the Chapter House and south transept. I have a drawing made in 1863 showing the strange ecclesiastical taste that had prevailed in the Georgian period. Happily the high pews, the two hideous pulpits with great stairs and much else, have been removed, and the best of modern architectural knowledge and skill have been bestowed upon it to make it fair and beautiful as it was aforetime. Space forbids to describe the monuments. One only must be mentioned, the fine fifteenth-century tomb of the founder, Rahere, with the inscription:

HIC JACET RAHERUS PRIMUS CANONICUS ET PRIMUS PRIOR HUJUS ECCLESIÆ.

I should like to dwell on the history of the Priory's twin foundation, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, which for 800 years has carried on the beneficent work entrusted to it by its founder. A large book has recently been published on its annals by Dr. Norman Moore, which renders all future volumes on the subject superfluous. Cloth Fair, a memory of the old Bartholomew Fair, an interesting group of old timber-framed houses, has recently passed away.

Another monastic building is the Temple, the beautiful

abode of the Knights Templars whose first home was in Holborn at the north end of Chancery Lane ; whence they migrated to the New Temple in 1185. Here they built the well-known round church in Transitional Norman style, and in 1240 added the fine Early English portion. After their overthrow in 1309 the buildings passed to the Knights Hospitallers, but the unconsecrated area belonged to the Earl of Lancaster, who leased it to "certain lawyers," who ultimately came into possession of the whole. The story of Inner and Middle Temple, their records, their buildings and association with the greatest literary names in history, is too long to be told here.

The priory of St. John of Jerusalem at Clerkenwell was the original home of the Knights Hospitallers, or the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. They began to build their church in the time of Henry I. on some land granted to them by Jorden de Briset, erecting a crypt, which they gradually enlarged, building a round church similar to the Temple Church, with an apsidal chancel corresponding with the centre aisle of the crypt below. You can still trace the outline of the original Round by the marks on the pavement. The three western bays of the crypt are pure Norman. The windows are small and round-headed, and there is a stone bench ; the date is 1140. The two east bays and the side chapels are a little later, about 1181 ; and the choir above them was consecrated in that year by Heraclius, Patriarch of Jerusalem, who also did the like service for the Temple Church. The cloisters were built in stone by Grand Prior William de Henley at the end of the thirteenth century. The Knights grew rich and the people liked them not, and during Wat Tyler's rebellion they burnt the house, hospital, minster, and all. Again the Knights set to work to rebuild their house, Sir Thomas Docwra, prior at the end of the fifteenth century, being the moving spirit. He built a new nave on a rectangular plan, and according to Camden, "The house increased to the size of a palace, and had a beautiful tower carried up to such a height as to be a singular ornament to the City." He

built also the fine St. John's Gate which remains the home of the present Order of St. John of Jerusalem,

St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell.

reconstituted in 1887. Henry VIII. suppressed the priory and appropriated the buildings for storehouses. It has had many vicissitudes, which cannot be recorded here; but happily the church was rescued from its ruinous condition in the reign of Queen Anne by one Simon Michel. St. John's Gate has many interesting memorials of the Order, and in the church is the fine alabaster effigy of Vergara, a sixteenth-century knight, which was presented in 1914, and came from the cathedral of Valladolid. The work of the modern Order during the war has been vast and noble, and it is well that it should be housed in the ancient home of the knights. A Benedictine nunnery once stood where the modern church of St. James now stands.

Another conventual church is that of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, called the "Westminster Abbey of the City" on account of the monuments of so many worthies of London who were buried there. A church existed there at the end of the eleventh century; it was granted by Ranulph to the dean and chapter of St. Paul's, who gave it to William, the son of William the Goldsmith, so that he might found a nunnery there. The nuns had the northern part of the church and the parishioners the southern portion, formerly separated by a wooden screen. I have described elsewhere the story of the architecture,* some of which is Early English, but mainly Perpendicular. The nuns' convent was on the north, and the door remains whereby they entered the church. Their stalls are in the choir and the squint whereby they had a view of the high altar still exists. The neighbouring church of St. Ethelburga belonged to the nuns, who were, of course, driven out at the Reformation, and the Leathersellers' Company used the refectory as their Hall until it was destroyed in 1799.

Another monastic house was the Charterhouse founded in 1371 by a great hero in the French war, Sir Walter Manny, near the site of "No Man's Land," where many of the victims of the Black Death had been interred; the chapel on the ground, Stow states

* London Survivals.

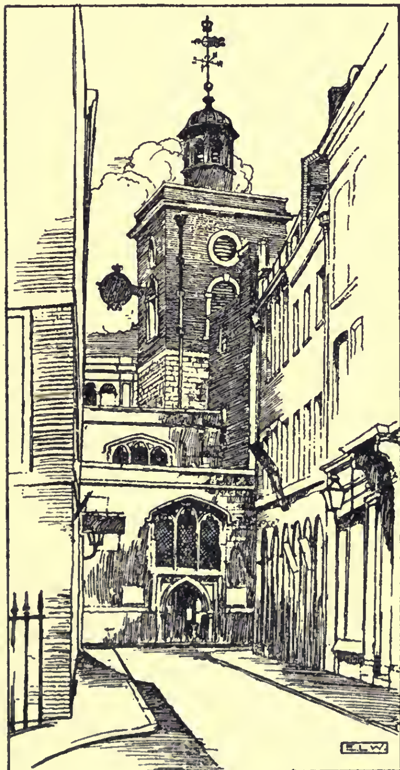
"remained till our time by the name of Pardon Churchyard." Charterhouse is an English form of Charteuse-house—Chartreuse, near Grenoble, being the original home of the Order founded by St. Bruno. It was the strictest of all the monastic Orders, and had for its proud motto, "Always reformed because never deformed." The fifteenth-century gatehouse, part of the present chapel and tower, and the beautiful little quadrangle, are portions of the monastic buildings. Great cruelty and persecution marked the close of this holy home. Sir Edward North, afterwards Lord North, gained possession of the buildings, and sold them to the Duke of Norfolk, and from him they passed to Sir Thomas Sutton, the benefactor and founder of the hospital for old men and a free school for boys. This, as Fuller quaintly observed, "is the masterpiece of Protestant charity." The buildings are charming, but cannot here be described. Every one knows that the Charterhouse forms the background of *The Newcomes* by Thackeray. The Charterhouse School has retired into the country, but the Merchant Taylors' School has taken its place and is a worthy successor to the Charterhouse in this corner of London.

Stow records the existence of an alien priory of Cluniac monks without Aldersgate that was suppressed by Henry V., where afterwards a brotherhood of the Trinity was founded and suppressed by Henry VIII.; also of the priory of St. John Baptist, called Holywell, a house of nuns; and the priory of the Holy Trinity called Christ Church on the right hand within Aldgate which surpassed all the priories in the City of London or those of Middlesex.

Between Tower Hill and Aldgate there was a small abbey of the nuns of St. Clare, called the Minories, and there was a nunnery in Gay Spur Lane which became the priory or hospital of St. Mary the Virgin. Doubtless there were many other monastic houses.

And then came the Friars, who, by their zeal and earnest preaching, created a revival of religious fervour, and subsequently sadly deteriorated, the Grey Friars,

Black Friars, White Friars, Crutched Friars, etc., some of which orders have left their names behind them. The Grey Friars had a great church where Christ's Hospital afterwards stood; it was destroyed in the Great Fire. The Black Friars had a house in Holborn, and then migrated and gave their name to the district which we call Blackfriars. The White Friars did the same, and some remains of their church have recently been discovered. The Crutched Friars had their home in the street that still bears their name. The Mendicant Friars, or *Fratres de Sacca*, so called because they dressed in sackcloth, who came to England in 1257, had their house outside Aldersgate, and were given the Jews' Synagogue in Lothbury, who had been expelled by Edward I.



St. Olave's, Hart Street.

The best remains of the Friars is the old church of the Austin Friars, the London house of the Friars Hermits, of the Order of St. Augustine of Hippo. It stands on the north of Throgmorton Street. It owes its preserva-

tion to its grant by Queen Elizabeth to the Dutch Reformed Church, and has remained in the possession of that body ever since.

As to monks and friars old London seems to have had sufficient. Then there were the parish churches. Those which escaped the ravages of the Great Fire are St. Ethelburga, Bishopsgate, St. Andrew Undershaft, St. Katherine Cree, St. Olave's, Hart Street, St. Giles', Cripplegate, St. Alphege, London Wall (which has now been pulled down, with the exception of the tower), and those which I have already mentioned, St. Bartholomew's, St. Helen's, and All Hallows', Barking. Besides these, there were numerous churches which were destroyed by the Fire and rebuilt by Wren; while some were never rebuilt, and others have disappeared in modern times. It will have been seen that the Church in mediæval times played an important part in the life of the City; but there were other powers that governed its existence, that of the King, of the City and its gilds, which must be considered in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IX

THE RISE OF THE GILDS AND MEDIÆVAL LONDON LIFE

THE Guildhall is the centre of the life of the City, and speaks to us of its municipal government and the stirring scenes that were enacted within its walls. The importance and power and traditions of the City were so great that its citizens claimed to be independent of the State. London claimed to govern itself. Such is the "Law of London," they said; and the dispute was at an end. Come what may, the Londoners would have no king but their own mayor. Such a disposition naturally involved them in disputes with the Crown. But kings always wanted money, and the rich merchants of London were the only persons who could supply it, except the Jews who were expelled from England by

Edward I. in 1290. Hence the sovereigns were not too eager to quarrel with the City; moreover, the powerful aid of the Londoners in arms and men as well as in money brought success to the cause they espoused. Until the time of Richard I. the chief magistrate was the port-reeve, but the *Liber Antiquis Legibus* states that in 1189 the first mayor, Henry FitzAylwin, was appointed, and reigned till his death in 1212. Richard was much attached to the City. Indeed he owed his freedom from captivity mainly to the liberality of the citizens who subscribed nobly to his ransom. By his charter he gave them complete jurisdiction over the Thames river. King John tried to conciliate and gain the support of the Londoners by granting to them charters, but they espoused the cause of the barons, and a special claim was inserted in Magna Charta granting to the City its ancient privileges.

We have seen that the affairs of the City in early times were regulated by the powerful families who were the hereditary owners and aldermen of the sokes or wards; but they liked not the growing power of the commune, and began in the time of the third Henry to leave London, retaining only their houses when they came there for national or private business.

Such were the Basings who gave their name to Basinghall Street (Basings' Haw) and Basinghall Ward; one of the family was Mayor in 1216; the Bukerels, who have left their memorial in Bucklersbury, and the Farringdons in Farringdon Ward. The leading merchants became aldermen of the wards, and practically ruled the City.

But the claim of London to independent government was not always recognised. There was trouble when FitzThomas was elected mayor in 1261, and the King had a playful way of displacing the mayor and appointing an official whom he called a warden to preside in his place. This caused a mighty discontent among the citizens who were growing very democratic, and liked not the interference of the King in their own affairs. On another occasion they besieged the ears of the dying

Edward III. at Westminster, shouting, "We are the commune, and we will choose our own mayor." So democratic were they that they began to dispute with the wealthy merchants who were aldermen, and clamoured for popular election and control.

At this period there arose some bodies of men who exercised great power over the affairs of the City. I refer to the crafts-gilds. These gilds were associations of men engaged in the same craft or trade, fraternities, the objects of which were to benefit their trade and their brethren, support them in sickness, aid them in distress, exercise government of the members, prevent bad work, or the infraction of their rules, such as regards labouring on Sundays or Saints' days. Moreover, they regulated their craft, created a monopoly, so that no one who did not belong to their gild could live or work in the City or its suburbs. He was a "foreigner," and was treated as modern workmen often treat a "black-leg." Later on, in Tudor times, when owing to the landlords and farmers turning their estates into sheep-farms, country labourers were dispossessed, and crowds flocked to London, these craftsmen became alarmed; the apprentices rose in the City and cried: "Clubs! Clubs!" on that fatal May-day morning, and the great riot took place, and the "foreigners" were expelled. The gilds were of a religious nature. Each had its own patron saint, its chaplain, and the members attended Mass on regular days at stated intervals. They had their own palls for use at the funerals of the members. Nor were their feasts forgotten which tended to promote good fellowship and good-will.

To found a gild it was necessary to have a charter: some sprang into being and did not apply for a charter. So they were termed "adulterine gilds," and had to pay a fine. Their power increased; charters were granted to them, and in 1319 they succeeded in acquiring the right to elect the Common Council of the City.

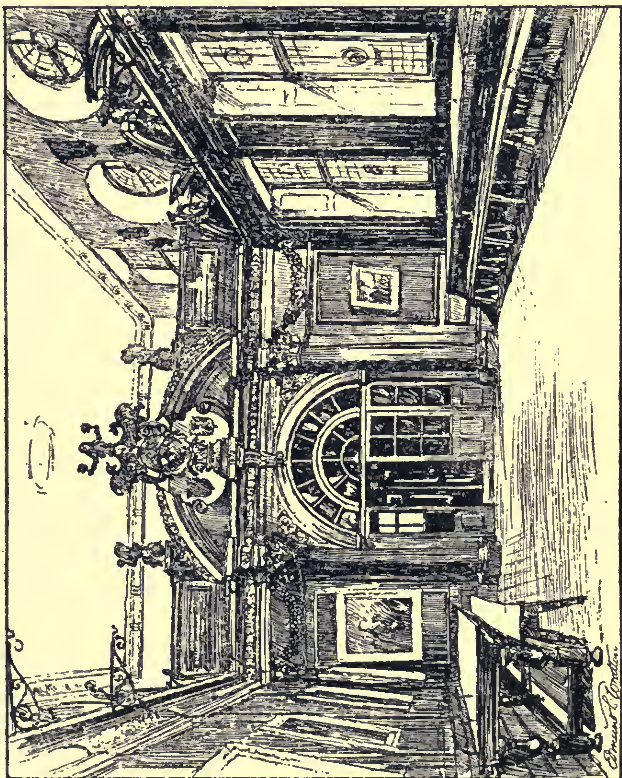
Such was the origin of the City Companies of London which exist to this day, and carry on their beneficent charitable work. The twelve great Companies are the

Mercers, Grocers, Drapers, Fishmongers, Goldsmiths, Skinners, Merchant Taylors, Haberdashers, Salters, Ironmongers, Vintners, and Clothworkers. These rank in precedence, but many of the Lesser Companies are quite equal to the first twelve in wealth and importance. The Armourers, Carpenters, Leathersellers, and Saddlers, are especially wealthy corporations, and have fine halls scarcely surpassed by any in London. Sometimes they quarrelled amongst themselves as to precedence. There was a great disturbance between the Skinners and Merchant Taylors ; but the mayor and court of aldermen quieted the dispute by arranging that they should occupy the first place in alternate years, and annually dine at each other's halls to cement the friendship.* Edward III. was very popular with the gilds and a member of the Merchant Taylors'. The Vintners or Merchant Wine-Tonners of Gascoigne, on a memorable occasion entertained five kings, and commemorate the banquet by giving five cheers at their dinners. Curious customs remain. When I preached the sermon at the installation of the Master, I carried a bouquet to protect me from the plague, and the porters with brooms swept the street on the way to the church, a reminiscence of the time when London streets were a sea of mud, though now as hard and dry as a board. The halls of the companies are the most interesting buildings in the City. A large number were destroyed in the Great Fire, and have been rebuilt. Merchant Taylors' Hall in Threadneedle Street is perhaps the most interesting, as it was not completely destroyed in the Great Fire. The walls are mediæval, and there is a vaulted crypt. It is impossible to record here the story of the gilds which I have already told in my larger book, *The City Companies of London.*

The Apothecaries' Company have a very charming little hall in Water Lane, Blackfriars, built in 1670. The early hall was founded by Gideon de Laune, the son of a Huguenot refugee, and apothecary to Anne of

* This feast of amity is still observed. A picture of this renewed fellowship appears on the walls of the Royal Exchange.

Denmark, Queen of James I., upon the site of which the present hall stands. The Barber-Surgeons' Hall, in Monkwell Street, has a Court-room designed by Inigo Jones; the Company possesses the famous painting by



Hall of the Brewers' Company, Addle St., E.C.

Holbein of Henry VIII. granting a charter to it; a portrait of Inigo Jones, and a loving cup presented by Charles II., called the Royal Oak Cup, and one by Henry VIII. The Brewers have a very interesting hall built after the Great Fire in 1673 by Wren. A few years

later is Girdlers' Hall in Basinghall Street. Mercers' Hall stands on the site of the Hospital of the Knights of St. Thomas of Acon, a semi-religious body founded on the model of the Templars. It had a stately church, and in it Sir John Watney, late Clerk of the Company, states, "Our ancestors worshipped and in its immediate vicinity held their feasts and dispensed their charity for nearly 700 years. In it, too, they were buried, and for centuries their good deeds have been held in remembrance by their successors, animated by the same devotion to their God, the same loyalty to their sovereign, and the same love and care for their brethren." The Hall was rebuilt after the Great Fire, and is a magnificent building. The dining-hall on the first floor is supported by Doric columns, wainscoted and richly ornamented. The Company has, like many others, a great store of plate and portraits. Amongst other interesting halls are those of the Skinners, Girdlers, Innholders, Fishmongers, not forgetting the interesting Parish Clerks' and the Watermen's. A large number like the Grocers', and the Armourers', have been entirely rebuilt in modern times.

They did not always love each other, these City Companies, as there were many opposing interests. The victualling gilds, such as the Fishmongers and the Grocers, wanted to be protected against the competition of foreign imports, while the manufacturing gilds wanted no protection and plenty of cheap food. It is an old dispute that has survived to the present day. John of Northampton, mayor, was the head of the cheap food party, and Brembre, a fishmonger, and afterwards mayor, of the protectionists. At first one party won and then the other; both leaders were in jeopardy of their lives, and Brembre, who had vast ambitions and threatened the freedom of the City, was hanged at Tyburn in 1388.

London was not a very peaceful place to live in in mediæval times. Riots were not infrequent. The 'prentices were always ready with their "Clubs," and those who lived in one merchant's house would rush together and attack the 'prentices of a rival merchant,

or unite forces and pursue the hated foreigner. Far more serious was the riot in support of Queen Eleanor and the Earl of Mortimer against Edward II., when the citizens sacked the house of Bishop Stapleton, of Exeter, and cut off his head in Cheapside, rioting to their hearts' content. Part of the story of the Peasants' revolt has already been told, when they sacked the Savoy Palace, the Temple and Clerkenwell, rioting and massacring until Walworth's dagger slew Wat Tyler at Smithfield. Again the City was in turmoil, caused by Jack Cade's rebellion in June, 1450. He called himself Mortimer, claimed to be of royal descent, rode in triumph through the City, and came to London Stone, struck it with his sword, exclaiming, "Now is Mortimer lord of the City" (cf. Shakespeare's *Henry VI.*, Part II.). His followers held the City for several days. A great fight took place on London Bridge, in which the Londoners triumphed, and Cade's head was added to the gruesome relics on the spikes of the gate of the same bridge.

A typical mediæval merchant was Sir Richard Whittington, about whom legends are told. He was a mercer, and portraits of him are preserved in the hall of the Company. One of these shows his famous cat which, according to the storybooks, made his fortune. It has been suggested that this was the name of one of his ships that brought him wealth. Sir Richard was four times mayor, and was a princely benefactor to the City, his Company and the poor. He had many worthy compeers, men who earned great wealth by their energy and perseverance, and devoted a great part of it for the public benefit. I might mention many names, such as Sir Paul Pinder of Stuart times, or Sir John Crosby, whose house is now at Chelsea, and others, whose homes and merits I have described in *London Survivals* and other books on London that I have written. The Earl of Warwick has been called the "King-maker," but London better deserves that title. The will of the City was usually all-powerful. Both Edward IV. and Richard III. owed their crowns to the Londoners. London endured a siege in Henry VI.'s reign when the

" bastard " Fauconberg tried in vain to get within its walls.

Adding to the diversity of London life there were the houses of the great nobles, which were great buildings capable of housing a large retinue. Richard, Duke of York, came to the City in 1457 with 400 men, who were lodged at Baynard's Castle. The Earl of Salisbury came with 500 men on horseback. The Earl of Warwick brought 600 men and lodged in his inn in Warwick Lane, where, says Stow, " there were oftentimes 6 oxen eaten at a breakfast." An inscribed stone marks the site of his inn.

The Londoners loved the " ridings " in the Cheap, that is, the processions and pageants that took place when a king or queen rode in state to the City to celebrate some great occasion, a victory or a thanksgiving for some special mercy vouchsafed to the nation or the City. The City Companies took a leading part in the organisation of these great functions, and the members used to appear in gorgeous liveries such as " red-and-white with the connusances of their mysteries embroidered on their sleeves," and there were huge cars with emblematical figures such as Vigilance, Wisdom, Charity, Prudence, Justice, and other virtues.* Religious or miracle plays, lasting several days, were performed by the Skinners' and the Parish Clerks' Companies. Tournaments and jousts took place at Smithfield, as when in 1389, Froissart tells us, heralds were sent to every country in Europe where chivalry was honoured, inviting knights and nobles to take part in the great contests. These lasted five days, and were as much enjoyed by the spectators as by the combatants. Young men used to copy their betters and practise feats of war, riding on horseback and using disarmed lances and shields. Battles were fought on the water, when young men in boats with lance in rest, charged a shield hung on a pole fixed in the midst of the stream. On account of the badness of the roads the river was the

* A description of these pageants appears in my books *The City Companies and their Good Works*, and *Memorials of Old London*.

great highway, and the Companies had their barges and processions on the Thames, and pageants that rivalled those on land. Leaping, dancing, shooting with bows and arrows, were the favourite amusements of the London youths, while the maidens tripped it merrily in the evenings to the sound of their timbrels, and danced as long as they could see. In winter, boars were set to fight, bulls and bears were baited, and cockfighting was the recognised amusement of schoolboys. Then there were the May-day junketings, the setting up of the May-pole in Cornhill, before the Church of St. Andrew, hence called Undershaft, soon to be deemed an idol by Puritans and destroyed, the Mayings at early dawn, the bringing in of the may, the archers, Morris-dancers and players, Robin Hood and Maid Marian, and much else that tells of the joyous life of the people.

Savage punishments were inflicted on offending tradesmen. The *Liber Albus* reveals this. A baker who made faulty bread was drawn on a hurdle through the great streets, especially through those that were most muddy, with the bad bread hanging round his neck. A baker guilty of a second offence was placed in a pillory and could be seen with his face all bloody, where cruel stones had hit him, and rotten eggs and filth were hurled at him during one hour " at least," during which he had to remain there.

Such, in short, was mediæval London. Life was not all joy. There was much actual misery. The dark, narrow, unsavoury, insanitary streets bred dire fevers and plagues. Thousands died from this dread malady. The houses of the artisans and craftsmen were not remarkable for comfort. They were bound down by strict regulations as regards their work. No one could dwell where he liked, but only in the particular locality where the craftsmen of his own trade lived. But, on the whole, the lot of the Londoners of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries was not an unhappy one. They were very quick, easily aroused, turbulent, savage in their punishments, brutal in some of their sports. Religion entered much into their lives. They had churches in every

street. In their gilds religion entered into all their observances, and they had many good qualities which helped to raise England to attain her high rank among the nations of the world. They left behind them sturdy sons and daughters who made London great and their country honoured.

The appearance of the "Cheap" was greatly improved by the erection of the noble cross which Edward I. reared in memory of his beloved wife, Eleanor—one of the series that marked the spots where her body rested on that last sad journey from Lincoln to Westminster. Another conspicuous object was the conduit erected in 1285 to supply London with water that was brought in pipes from the springs at Tyburn. If I mistake not I have seen some of these wooden pipes that were dug up in Oxford Street.

Through London there would be passing frequently streams of pilgrims on their way to the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury, and there was one who took note of the same. Geoffrey Chaucer, the father of English poetry, was a Londoner and was born in Thames Street, and afterwards lived above Aldgate. Usefully engaged in important works for the King he found time to produce his immortal poems, and amongst them the doings and sayings of the Canterbury Pilgrims as they crossed London Bridge and sojourned at the "Tabard."

CHAPTER X

TUDOR LONDON

IN early Tudor times London was pronounced by travellers to be the most beautiful city in Europe.* They were particularly impressed by the majestic Thames, and by the series of noble palaces and gardens

* Polydore Vergil, who came to England in 1503, states that "in our times it is the most princely city of all others; the head of the nation; the palace of kings; most abounding in riches."

that stretched from London Bridge to Chelsea, many of them the town residences of nobles and bishops, the busy wharfs such as the Queenhithe, Paul's Wharf, Cranes' Wharf, with interesting "black-and-white" half-timbered inns and hostels. Lord Berkeley's house was built of marble and stone, and there were many "tall, fair houses" such as Sandys House, once the Inn of the Abbots of Chertsey; Scroop's Inn; Le Neve House in Thames Street, owned by John Montague, Earl of Salisbury, and later on by Sir Thomas Erpingham, Warden of the Cinque Ports. It was a large and stately mansion with a noble hall and chapel. Space forbids a sketch of these riverside palaces. At that time also ecclesiastical London was complete. No desecrating hand had been laid upon the monasteries, hospitals, and churches which abounded in the City, and, as I have said, occupied no less than two-thirds of its area. Rich and prosperous merchants not only had built for themselves splendid houses, but they loved to enrich the churches with countless works of art, pictures, carved and gilded Flemish triptychs, wonderfully wrought ironwork, plate, jewels, vestments, altar-tombs, and memorial brasses. Edwardian inventories disclose the wealth of the minsters and parish churches in fittings and costly furniture which fell a prey to fanaticism or to the greed of the courtiers and their masters.

But when Henry Tudor reigned the destruction had not begun. His rule was an era of great commercial activity, and the expansion of trade. A Venetian traveller stated that "in one single street, named the Strand, (? Cheapside), leading to St. Paul's, there are fifty-two goldsmiths' shops, so rich and full of silver vessels great and small, that in all the shops in Milan, Rome, Venice, and Florence put together, I do not think there would be found so many of the magnificences that are to be seen in London."

Peace reigned in the land, and for this the citizens were grateful to the King. He traded himself and encouraged trade, though he taxed the city merchants heavily and was very parsimonious. However, he

actually paid back a loan of 3000 marks, which was unexpected and gratifying. There was a slight panic in the City when news was brought that Perkin Warbeck had assembled an army in Blackheath to attack London. However, Henry VII. soon summoned his forces, routed the pretender, and led him as a prisoner to the Tower.

I have already alluded to the continual growth of the City without the walls, where strangers settled and carried on their trade without being subject to municipal and gild restrictions and burdens. The City traders regarded them with growing dislike, and they were often sufferers by violent attacks. A terrible event happened on May Day, 1517, when the London workers, apprentices, and watermen turned the usual procession on May Day into a violent insurrection against foreigners. Dr. Bell preached a Spital sermon in Easter week, and was induced to inflame the people by recounting their grievances against the foreigners. The tumult began. Vast crowds raged through the eve of May Day, plundering and destroying the houses, shops, and warehouses of the foreigners until the sun shone upon a scene of ruin and destruction. The magistrates seized 300 of the rioters who were punished. The date was long known as Evil May Day.

Pomp, processions, and pageantry stirred the life of the city. Royal weddings and funerals were celebrated with much observance. Henry VIII.'s court indulged in one perpetual pageant. He loved masques and shows and disguisings and tournaments, and London witnessed them with much joy, especially that most magnificent of all that took place at Greenwich in 1527, when the league of peace between France and England was ratified. A gorgeous picture of Tudor London is painted by foreigners, Venetian and Italian ambassadors, and others. They describe a large and populous place, with narrow streets, but large shops and a great number of taverns. The churches are very fine and as numerous as in Rome itself. The people are pious, the churches crowded, most people go to Mass every day, and are a very merry people, and as courteous as the Italians. Crowds of

pilgrims pass along the roads to famous shrines. The river is gay with boats and barges, and as beautiful as the Canal Grande at Venice.

But a change came over the spirit of London. There were many gruesome and horrible scenes, and the foreign ambassadors remark on the large number of heads of traitors which were spiked on London Bridge, the burnings at Smithfield, the tortures of the pillory, the processions of doomed victims of a tyrant's power to the Tower, and then the Dissolution of the monasteries. The Franciscans first felt the weight of Henry's wrath, and the Carthusians quickly followed, and soon a large part of the City was covered by the ruins of splendid Gothic edifices with their gardens and precincts, which were sold or granted to rich noblemen and courtiers who reared town-houses for themselves on the sites and plundered the churches. The arch-destroyer was Protector Somerset, to whose evil deeds I have already alluded, and an era of vandalism set in, which plundered the churches of all the valuables presented by generations of pious personages and caused wholesale destruction.

This is not the place for the discussion of the Reformation. Reform was needed, and many devout men like Dean Colet of St. Paul's were working to remove scandals and improve the condition of the church. Many pious men and good churchmen were of opinion that the monastic system had had its day, and that its usefulness had passed away. They saw that there were far more monasteries than were needed, that many of them had a diminished number of monks or nuns. Thinned by the Black Death, many houses had never recovered their former numbers. The great wealth and resources of the monasteries might well have been diverted by the Church into other channels more useful for the service of humanity. All these reasons may be sound, but nothing can excuse the shameless rapacity of the King and his courtiers, who pillaged the Church of her wealth and appropriated the spoil for their own base and profane uses. Not without reason did Sir Henry Spelman point out the dire punishment that fell upon the heads of the

chief spoliators, many of whom perished miserably on the block, by torture or hanging, or by painful disease, or lost their only sons and their families died out. He concludes, "Did these men die the common death of all men, or were they visited after the manner of all men? If not, we must believe they provoked the Lord." *

One effect of the suppression of chantreys and of all benefactions that contained clauses for the provisions of Masses for the repose of the soul of the deceased, was the impoverishment of the Gilds and Companies, who spent vast sums in redeeming their confiscated estates. The Dissolution of Monasteries increased considerably the poor, especially at a time when the charitable work of the old hospitals and religious houses was sorely needed. Throughout the country the landowners were converting their arable land into sheep-farms which required little labour, and were pulling down cottages. Hence crowds of houseless labourers flocked to London to seek for work and shelter. The monasteries employed a vast number of officials, servants, and labourers, who were after the suppression, homeless. They all gravitated towards London which, within its walls, had scarcely room for them. Hence suburbs arose outside the City walls, and we see the beginnings of the great, teeming, ever-spreading modern London. Over this new population the powers of the City Companies for the regulation of trade were extended, and the butchers, drapers, and other tradesfolk in the suburbs found themselves under the jurisdiction of these powerful gilds.

But the poor and sick folk were in evil case. They had no hostels ever ready to succour them, and misery stalked in London streets. The gates of St. Bartholomew's Hospital and of St. Mary of Bethlehem (Bedlam), and of St. Thomas's at Southwark were closed fast, and even the blind folk were turned out of their hostel and

* A particularly disgraceful transaction was connected with the bells that swung in the old bell tower of St. Paul's: Four of them were owned by the Gild of Jesus, and when that body was dissolved they reverted to the Crown, and were lost by the King when playing at dice with Sir Miles Partridge.

thrown upon the pitiless streets. In vain did Sir Thomas Gresham, in 1537, beseech Henry VIII. to open three hospitals, St. Mary's, Spital, "Barts.," and St. Thomas's. However, three years before his death he caused the re-opening of St. Bartholomew's, "for the comfort of prisoners, visitation of the sick, shelter for the poor, food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, clothes to the naked, and sepulchres for the dead." He also handed over the hostel for lunatics, St. Mary of Bethlehem, to the Corporation, which also secured St. Thomas's, and in Edward VI.'s time the disestablished Greyfriars became the famous school for the education of poor men's sons, still known as Blue Coat School. The former palace of Bridewell was also handed over to the Corporation for the housing and correction of vagabonds. Think not that these few benefactions satisfactorily solved the problems of poverty. Beggars were liable to be seized and beaten, but that did not diminish the number of hungry and homeless wanderers. The miseries of the poor caused partly by the dissolution of the monasteries, but chiefly owing to economic causes, necessitated the passing of sundry Acts of Parliament for their relief, and no less than four such Acts were passed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth with only poor results.

Under the rule of Protector Somerset the churches of London suffered greatly. All so-called "idols" were ordered to be destroyed, roods were pulled down and altars destroyed. Beautiful paintings, triptychs, crucifixes, were turned out of the churches, burned, or sent in shiploads overseas. Lovely illuminated manuscripts, choir-books, missals and other priceless volumes were burned or sold. The choir books of St. Paul's went to Spain, and those of Westminster were recently found in private hands at Genoa. Magnificent mediæval stained glass windows were broken and destroyed, as they were deemed to be "superstitious," wall-paintings plastered over, church plate carried off to swell the heap of spoil in the Royal Exchequer or filched by Somerset and his crew of church robbers. The shops of the brassmakers were full of memorial brasses taken from the churches,

and these they used again for the monuments of subsequent worthies by making figures and inscriptions on the reverse sides. Hence is the origin of what are known as palimpsests. The bare walls of the City churches newly whitewashed were all that was left of their former beauty and magnificence. In Mary's reign the roods and altars were restored as much as possible. The citizens were not loath to welcome her, until they heard the shrieks of the martyrs at Smithfield, saw the sinister presence of her Spanish husband among them with his spies and informers, and feared for their liberty. The news of the Spanish marriage roused London as few other events had done. Sir Thomas Wyatt raised a serious revolt in Kent and marched on London. The Duke of Norfolk led a host of trained bands against the insurgents, but they deserted to the rebels shouting, "A Wyatt! A Wyatt! we be all Englishmen." If Wyatt had marched on quickly he might have won the day; but he delayed. The Queen rode hastily to the Guildhall, appealed to the loyalty of the City, and when Wyatt arrived at the southern end of London Bridge the gates were closed against him. He marched round by Kingston, struggled gallantly on, expecting the citizens to rise in his favour. His troops were defeated where Hyde Park Corner is now, and he and a few followers reached Ludgate exhausted. Soon Wyatt and his chiefs were dangling on gibbets round London. The five years of England's martyrdom passed. No wonder the citizens threw up their caps with joy when Mary's miserable reign ended and welcomed Elizabeth with triumphal gladness.

What was London like when the Virgin Queen entered it? It was not overcrowded then. Its population did not exceed 100,000 souls. But the City began to grow. Crowds from the country flocked into it. Soon the gardens and open spaces were built over with mean hovels where plagues germinated. The streets were narrow and irregular, and in spite of the royal edict prohibiting the creation of buildings on new sites within a radius of three miles from the City Gates, or the

dividing of the houses into two or more tenements, poor people continued to flock into London, and the City became overcrowded. Plague stalked abroad in the narrow, ill-drained, tortuous streets, in the "stinking lanes," such as Turnagain Lane that ran down the slopes to Fleet Ditch, and in the crowded pestilential dwellings in inner and outer London.

In spite of all this London was a noble city, a city of palaces and towers, of fine churches and splendid residences of nobles and bishops, of great inns, of busy wharves and bustling commerce; and over all towered the great steeple of old St. Paul's, shorn of its spire, a magnificent cathedral, though time had laid its heavy hand upon its fabric. Looking at an old map of London we see on the east the Tower of London standing out conspicuously with its guarding walls and strong fortifications, Old London Bridge connecting the City with Bankside, where the church of St. Mary Ouverie (now Southwark Cathedral), the Globe Theatre, and the Bear Garden, are conspicuous, Barnard Castle, many a tower or spire of the City churches; but the grand Cathedral of St. Paul seems to dominate the scene, while the hills of Hampstead and Highgate form a pleasing background.

But the chief source of its greatness was its river, which gave to London a port. Camden wrote: "The Thames by its safe and deep channel was able to entertain the greatest ships in existence, daily bringing in so great riches from all parts that it striveth with the mart-towns of Christendom for the second prize, and affordeth a most sure and beautiful Roade for shipping." The river was the great highway in Elizabethan times. The Queen, nobles, Lord Mayor and City Companies had their state barges. The streets were badly paved, muddy, narrow, and inconvenient, and if you wished to travel from one part of the City to another you would descend one of the stairs that led to the waterside and be rowed in a wherry, of which Stow says there were 2000, employing 3000 watermen. Rowing down the river from Westminster we must pass by the palaces in the Strand, as they are not within the compass of this book, note

the Temple Gardens, and see the grand Middle Temple Hall wherein *Twelfth Night* was acted on February 2nd, 1601–2. Where once Whitefriars stood, Stow says there were "many fair houses for noblemen and others." It became the Alsatia of outcasts of society; and near it was Bridewell, once a royal palace, at this time a workhouse. Near here the unsavoury waters of the Fleet Ditch emptied themselves into the Thames. Playhouse Yard proclaims the site of Burbage's Theatre, and Shakespeare had a house here, formerly owned by William Ireland, and Ireland Yard preserves his name. Glasshouse Yard marks the site of the Queen's glass-making industry.

London Bridge was considered one of the wonders of Europe, but it was a somewhat mean and unsuitable structure, acting as a dam and causing an accumulation of *dêbris*, so that "shooting London Bridge" was a very perilous adventure. On the bridge were various buildings, the chapel of St. Thomas of Canterbury, Nonsuch House, a wooden building imported from Holland, rows of shops, and Traitor's Gate, with its spikes holding human heads, guarded the entrance.* At one side of the bridge there was a waterfall, and an ingenious Dutchman contrived, by means of a waterwheel, to raise water for the supply of the inhabitants of the higher parts of the City.

The vastness of the port is realised by the large number of wharfs, Paul's Wharf, Queen Hythe and the Three Cranes, where casks of wine from Bordeaux and Spain were craned up on the Vintry Wharf. The Steelyard is there, where the King's beam weighed the tonnage of goods brought to London, and where the Hanse merchants had a gloomy hall, and exercised their

* Polydore Vergil who lived in the reign of Henry VIII. thus described it: "In this most renowned city there is a bridge of stone of wondrous artificial workmanship, for therein are contained xx piles of square stone, lx foot of height, xxx of breadth, the one being distant from the other xx foot, yet knit and joined with arches, in the top whereof houses on both sides are so subtily builded, that it rather representeth a street of great length than a bridge."

St Magnus London Bridge

ancient privileges of German "peaceful penetration," whose extortionate career that hampered British trade was ruthlessly stopped by the imperious Queen. Billingsgate is full of fish, and the Custom House, newly built, Gallery Key, and then the Tower and St. Katherine's Hospital, founded by Queen Matilda, the wife of King Stephen, which blossomed anew in recent times in Regent's Park, complete the points of interest recorded in Norden's Map of the City.

As we wander through Elizabethan London we enter St. Paul's Cathedral and are astonished at the irreverent, motley crowds that throng the sacred building. This shameful desecration I have already described. Hurriedly we pass out and notice Paul's Cross, which Stow describes as "a pulpit cross of timber mounted on steps of stone and covered with lead, in which are sermons preached every Sunday in the forenoon."

Through St. Augustine's Gate we pass and walk along Old 'Change. Close at hand is the Alsatian colony of St. Martin's-le-Grand, which enjoyed the privilege of sanctuary, where broken men, rufflers, fraudulent debtors, and outlaws congregated and defied the myrmidons of the law. At the west end of West Cheap, now called Cheapside, was the Little Conduit, and the Church of St. Michael-le-Querne, and then one of the wonders of London, Goldsmiths' Row,* exhibiting in its windows Venetian gold cups, jugs, ear-rings, etc., which the Queen greatly admired. Here, too, is Bread Street where the bakers congregated, and Friday Street with its fish-shops, and with a front to both streets stood the Mermaid Inn where poets and wits assembled—Shakespeare, Raleigh, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Donne, Selden, and a host of others. No wonder Beaumont wrote: "What things have we seen Done at the Mermaid?" and the rest of the oft-quoted lines. Bucklersbury had the shops of grocers, apothecaries, and herbalists. Mercers' Hall stood where it is to-day, the home of the premier and most bountiful of City

* This is described by Stow, and was built by Thomas Wood, goldsmith, in 1491. It was newly painted and gilded in 1594.

Companies. Old Jewry, Bow Church, the Eleanor Cross, the Great Conduit, the Standard, where Lord Say was killed by Cade's rebels—all these we pass.

The Guildhall was newly built in 1411, and though the Great Fire swept away most of this early fifteenth-century structure, and a new building stands upon its site, some remains of the older edifice are left. Notably the splendid crypt and a window, recently discovered, with cusped-headed lights in the hall, belong to the ancient home of the Corporation. The south porch happily retains much of the work set up in 1425, when it was adorned with seven statues representing Virtues, Law and Learning, surmounted by a figure of the Saviour. The statues are gone, but the groined vaulting remains. In Elizabeth's time Sir Thomas Gresham held great civic banquets as the Lord Mayor does to-day, and many historic scenes have taken place within its walls.*

Resuming our perigrinations in Elizabethan times we pass Grocers' Hall, now entirely rebuilt, and come to Sir Thomas Gresham's famous building, the Great or Goodly Bourse, or the Royal Exchange. The present one is the third that has stood upon this spot, the central point of London City. Gresham's "Burse" was of Flemish design, having been built by a Flemish architect and Flemish workmen, after the pattern of the Burse at Antwerp. Hollar's engraving shows well its character. It consisted of a large court with an arcade, a corridor or "pawn" of stalls above, and, in the high-pitched roof, chambers with dormer windows. At noon a bell sounded in the lofty bell-tower proclaiming the call to 'Change. The cosmopolitan character of London is shown by the various walks assigned to various nationalities—"Scotch," "Hamburg," "Irish," "Swedish," "Norwegian," "American," "Jamaica," "Spanish," "Portugal," "French," "Greek," and "Dutch and Jewellers'," walks. The Queen came to open the building, and tradesmen set up their shops in

* I have recorded several of these in my book, *London Survivals*, p. 231.

the corridor, and milliners or haberdashers sold mouse-traps, bird-cages, shoeing-horns, Jews' trumps, etc., and armourers, apothecaries, booksellers, goldsmiths, and glass-sellers displayed their wares. The Queen declared that it should be called the Royal Exchange. This fine building was destroyed in the Great Fire. Again its successor was burned in 1838, and a few years later the present building was erected and opened in state by Queen Victoria.

Rambling through London when Queen Bess reigned we should have found many fine houses of rich merchants. Sir Thomas Gresham had a house in Bishopsgate Street; Crosby Hall, built by that famous citizen Sir John Crosby, now removed to Chelsea, was then inhabited by Sir John Spencer, whose daughter eloped with William Lord Compton, being carried off in a bread basket. The old house has many stories to tell, of the good and gallant founder who was knighted for fighting against Falconbridge.* Stow calls him "Grocer and Woolman," and he appears in Heywood's play, *Edward IV*. The house is represented in Shakespeare's *Richard III.*, for there Richard lived and plotted the death of the young princes in the Tower, won over the Lord Mayor, Sir Edmund Shaw, and the citizens, until his career was ended at Bosworth Field. It was here Sir Bartholomew Reed, Lord Mayor, gave gorgeous feasts to some German Ambassadors. Sir Thomas More lived here and wrote his *Utopia* and his *Life of Richard III.*, and many other events happened at Crosby Place which I have no space to chronicle nor can I stay to describe the house architecturally. It was at his other house, Canonbury, that Lord Compton stole away Sir John Spencer's daughter.

The front of Sir Paul Pinder's house is in the Victoria and Albert Museum. Sir Francis Walsingham lived close by at the Papey, formerly a hospital for poor priests.† John Stow, who was then writing his *Chronicles*

* Or Fauconberg; cf. p. 58.

† This was founded by Thomas Symmeson, Rector of All Hallows, London Wall, in 1442. The origin of the name is conjectural. Kingsford suggests that as it was connected with

of London, lived close to the Church of St. Andrew Undershaft, wherein is his monument.

There is much else to be recorded of Elizabethan London. In Finsbury Fields the first theatre was built by James Burbage, called the Theatre, and near it stood another named the Curtain, erected by his rival. The Theatre was subsequently taken across the river and set up at Bankside. The increase in trade and commerce was enormous. Great merchant trading companies carried on trade with foreign countries and enjoyed monopolies. The Merchant Adventurers were the pioneers of England's commercial enterprise, and during this period the Russia Company, the Company of New Trades, the Company of Tripoli Merchants, the Eastland Company, which subsequently became the East India Company, were formed and vastly increased the trade and wealth of England. Such was this wonderful Elizabethan London. The Puritan, Philip Stubbes, scoffed at its abuses, its wickedness, its profligacy, the fashions of its women and the brutality of its men, as they appeared to his biased mind; but it was a great age, this Elizabethan age which fully set forth "the glory that is London."

CHAPTER XI

THE STUART AND COMMONWEALTH PERIOD

UNTIL the time of the "sapient" James I., London remained to all appearance a mediæval city, but, as we have seen, its trade and commerce had vastly increased. It was fast developing into a world capital. Antwerp was its only serious rival, but by the wars in

the Church of St. Augustine Papey, and as the relics of the saints were preserved in the Church of San Pietro in Pavia, the name may be a corruption of the name of that town. But Papey is a northern name for an anchorite, and possibly one of that body had his abode near the church and hospital.

the Netherlands, the atrocities of the Spaniards under the Duke of Alva, and the siege of that city, Antwerp was dethroned from its high position as one of the chief ports in the world, and London entered upon its inheritance. After the brilliancy of Elizabethan triumphs the reign of James I. has sometimes been deemed a period of stagnation, but that was far from being the case. The King was glad to grant monopolies to trading companies, which increased enormously. The first beginnings of colonisation were inaugurated. A great scheme was devised by the City and the City Companies for the colonisation of Virginia; hence London laid the foundations of the great empire of which England is so proud to-day, and to which she owes her safety. An entry in the books of the Merchant Taylors' Company shows that "the making some adventure in Virginia" (so-called by Sir Walter Raleigh in honour of the Virgin Queen, Elizabeth) was to rid the City of a swarm of unhappy persons who were a continual cause of dearth and plague, and who were to be "enticed" to go by offers of food, clothing, a house and garden and 100 acres. The company agreed to embark £200 on this scheme.

Another scheme of colonisation was carried out in 1609. Owing to the Irish rebellion in Ulster in the reign of Elizabeth the northern parts of the island were laid waste, and James sent a precept to the Companies with "Motives and Reasons," urging them to acquire the vacant lands, which, he pointed out, were likely to be fertile and possessed of many advantages. The Companies regarded the King's proposals favourably, formed the "Irish Society," raised £60,000, built towns and divided the lands by lot to each Company. The old town Derry thus became Londonderry, and the Companies by their liberality made Ulster the most prosperous part of Ireland. Charles I. foolishly and wrongfully revoked the charter, but this was restored by his son, and the Companies received ample reward, though the initial cost was somewhat overwhelming.

The King was a great believer in granting monopolies. They brought gain to his exchequer, but did not add to

his popularity. The City regarded the process with great disfavour. He founded no less than fifteen new Companies, and meddled much with the old ones, transferring the elective franchise from the "communities" to the courts of the Companies. He seemed to consider them as milch kine, and whenever he wanted money he issued precepts demanding the amount to be paid forthwith. The books of the Companies show these large demands, but occasionally they refused to pay these forced loans on account of their "inability" or other excellent reason. By his unwise conduct and extortionate demands James sowed the seed of that sad harvest of trouble which his son was forced to reap. Court scenes at Whitehall are beyond our survey, but the citizens would hear with disgust of the drunkenness and unseemliness that prevailed, such as when the actors in a masque drank freely, and Victory lay in a drunken slumber and Peace was quarrelsome, and fought with her olive branch, and the scenes were disgraceful. Shameless vice reared its head in aristocratic circles and "lurked in the thievish corners of the streets."

But all was not black in James's reign. Notably there sprang into being, as if by a miracle, that wonderful translation of the Bible to which we all cling with affection and reverent regard. No Revised Version of the Holy Scriptures has superseded it. Its beautiful English, the splendid scholarship displayed in its execution, the rhythm of its sublime passages, the work of men whose names are almost forgotten, are a standing memorial of the greatness of that brilliant band of scholars who gave to us that incomparable treasure. Shakespeare was still alive, and his immortal plays were being enacted at Bankside in the Globe Theatre, and Ben Jonson, Middleton, and many others were keeping alive the lamp of literature that had been lighted in the "spacious days" of Queen Elizabeth. If cleanliness is next godliness, there ought to have been an increasing supply in the time of the first of the Stuarts, as Sir Hugh Middleton devised his grand scheme of supplying the City with water. In 1605–6 he prospected the

springs in Hertfordshire, and brought the water by a canal from near Ware to Islington, where he constructed his new River Head. In 1613 the huge task was finished and the works were opened by his brother, Sir Thomas Middleton, who happened to be the Lord Mayor for that year.

Scientific men were on the alert. The Apothecaries', Stationers', and the Surgeons' Companies were the "learned societies" of the time. The circulation of the blood was discovered and logarithms were invented. The Society of Antiquaries first founded in 1572 was suppressed by James, to be revived later on, and the Royal Society was not yet born, but scientific research was in the air, and progress was being made. Architecture was being studied afresh under the inspiration of Inigo Jones, the father of the English Renaissance, whose chapel at Lincoln's Inn and the Banqueting Hall at Whitehall were erected during James's reign. He began the restoration of Old St. Paul's at the West End, and wrought splendidly, but the ancient building was falling to pieces by its own weight, and was quite unsafe.

The streets were as busy and crowded as ever. The populace was very cosmopolitan. London attracted every one as a honeycomb tempts wasps. The Apollo and Devil Taverns, and others of the same kind, were popular resorts. Ben Jonson and minor wits used to assemble at the Devil, where Dr. Johnson and his friends in later times foregathered. The apprentices still fought their battles in the streets when the cries of "Clubs! Clubs!" were raised, and Alsatia, in the precincts of the old Whitefriars' sanctuary, was a nest of thieves, robbers, cut-throats, bankrupts, broken attorneys, bullies, and viragoes, into whose den it was never safe for an honest citizen to enter.

City pageants delighted the populace and were arrayed with magnificence, though they did not give the same pleasure as in Elizabeth's time. When James's daughter, the unhappy Queen of Bohemia, was married, the entertainment consisted of "fantastique or enchanted castles, rocks, bowers, forests, and other devices floating

A NORTH-EAST VIEW OF CHEAPSIDE WITH THE CROSS AND CONDUIT

FROM LA SERRE'S *Entrée Royalle*

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on the water. . . . A stately fleet of ships, galeons, argoses, galleys, and bergantines, furnished with cannons and guns, sailed up the river between London Bridge and Whitehall, and encountered the King's pinnace and other ships of war; and the castles and rocks and beacons, and the Turkish galleys resembled Algiers, and the whole was meant to represent the battle of Lepanto, the show being rather spoilt by the coming in of the tide and the contrary wind." The pageants on land were no less extravagant. When Sir John Lemon of the Fishmongers' Company was made Lord Mayor in 1616 they erected a large tree, described as a "*lemon tree*," and at its foot a pelican feeding her young, alluding to the love of the mayor for the citizens, children dressed as the *five senses*, viz.: "the flower, fruit, rind, pith, and juice" of the lemon. Preceding the pageant was a winged royal figure with a sword, riding on a white horse, trumpeters, eight figures in armour carrying banners, etc. Such was the lively fancy of the promoters.

Along Cheapside, much wider then than now, there were arrayed benches enriched with ballusters, all covered with blue cloth. All the Companies appeared in gowns trimmed with martin skin, every Company displaying its banner. Streets were adorned with tapestry, Flemish or Chinese embroidery, or Indian drapery. Such were some of the gallant sights in old London.

But ominous clouds were gathering over the City. Charles I. interfered with the Companies and the Corporation persistently. These were pin-pricks and attempted dagger-thrusts. He instituted a system of intolerable exaction and spoliation. In 1640 he demanded of the City £200,000 on account of his danger from disputes with Parliament and the discontent of the Scots. In the Guildhall there is a tablet recording the visit of the King to demand the surrender of five Members of Parliament who had opposed his policy in the House. They were not surrendered, and the King was furious. The Puritans were strong in London and were opposed to the King and to the Church party led

by Archbishop Laud. But it is not necessary here to mention all the causes which led the citizens to turn against their sovereign. Moreover, the City was a great military power. Its "trained bands" constituted a fine body of soldiers. It could muster 20,000 men, its army consisting of twelve regiments of foot and two of horse. If Charles had not exasperated the City this force might have fought on his side, and he would never have lost his crown and his head. The trained bands marched out of London and relieved besieged Gloucester. Though the City at first espoused the cause of the King, the citizens were obliged to raise vast sums to support the cause of the Parliament. Many of the rich merchants impoverished themselves and the City Companies were forced to pawn their plate. An extensive fortification was made round London, consisting of an earthen rampart. The name Mount Street in the West End marks the site of one of the redoubts, then called Oliver's Mount. The Commissioners of the Parliament sat in Haberdashers' Hall, and issued thence their orders and demands, which the citizens were forced to obey. Moreover, a system of plunder and destruction was devised. The halls were searched for all relics of "superstition," and figures in priceless ancient tapestry were defaced. The churches were served in the same fashion, soldiers used them as barracks and stables, and whatever beautiful relics of ancient worship reforming zeal had left, were destroyed. In the western portico of St. Paul's shops were set up for sempstresses and hucksters; Dr. Burgess, a Puritan divine, thundered forth in his conventicle in the East End, and the rest of the Cathedral was turned into a cavalry barracks. The conduct of the rough troopers created great scandal. They played games, brawled and drank in the church, but on account of numerous complaints they were forbidden from playing ninepins from 6 a.m. to 9 p.m. The *Mercurius Eleneticus* in 1648 waxed scornful, and states that "the saints in Paul's were teaching their horses to ride up the great steps that lead to the Quire, where, as they derided, they might perhaps learn to chant an anthem; but one

of them fell and broke his leg and the neck of the rider, which hath spoilt his chanting, for he was buried on Saturday night last, a just judgment of God on such a profane and sacrilegious wretch." All the beautiful old crosses were doomed to destruction, and amongst them Paul's Cross was pulled down, "its leaden roof being melted into bullets, or mixed with tin for culinary pewter," as Carlyle wrote.

At length the citizens grew weary of Puritan oppression, and Charles II., on his Restoration on his birthday (May 29th, 1660) was received by the Londoners with enthusiastic joy. As he rode with 20,000 horse and foot from the Tower to Whitehall he enjoyed a continued triumph. The soldiers brandished their swords and shouted, the roads were strewn with flowers, the bells were rung, the streets were hung with tapestry, fountains ran with wine. The Lord Mayor and the Companies donned their brightest liveries—never was there so brave a sight. The valuable diaries of Pepys and Evelyn help us to form an idea of the London of this period. While these were being written two of the greatest calamities that could befall any city occurred. In 1665 the great Plague fell like a destroying angel on London. On June 5th, 1665, Pepys saw for the first time two or three houses marked with the red cross and the legend, "Lord, have mercy upon us," upon the doors. He promptly bought some roll tobacco to smell and chew. The Bills of Mortality record a daily increase in the number of victims. Before Christmas 68,596 had perished. Many people fled. Thousands were buried in the Pest-field nigh Conduit Street. "Bring out your dead," was heard as the death-carts rumbled along the streets. Some brave doctors remained, and most of them died of the disease. Evelyn, Pepys, the Duke of Albemarle, remained, and the King gave some silver flagons to several who, for the sake of humanity, boldly faced the scourge.

This great calamity had scarcely ended before the second began. The Great Fire commenced on September 1st, 1666. At 3 a.m. on the morning of

the 2nd, his servant Jane awoke Pepys to tell him that a great fire was blazing. Thinking little of the maid's story he went to sleep again, but in the morning he found that 300 houses had been burned. Both diarists tell the sad story, and both helped, as well as the King and the Duke of York, to stay the conflagration. The long tale cannot be told here. Five-sixths of the whole city was destroyed, and outside the walls an oblong space measuring one and a half miles by half a mile, was cleared. The alarm and distress of the people may be imagined.* Evelyn records that towards Islington and Highgate there were seen "200,000 people of all ranks and degrees lying along by their heaps of what they could save from the fire, deploring their loss, and though ready to perish for hunger and destitution yet not asking one penny for relief." One reads with amaze his description of the pitiful destruction of the City, the fall of St. Paul's, and of the churches, halls, Exchange, hospitals, monuments, the flames leaping from house to house and street to street. "Oh, the miserable and calamitous spectacle! . . . London was, and is no more."

The Great Fire showed the stern resolution and indomitable courage and energy of the people of London. Scarcely were the ashes cold before they were building again on the old lines. Evelyn and others devised plans for the rebuilding and re-arranging of the streets, but the people would not wait, and it speaks well for their goodwill and for the skill of Sir Matthew Hale, who managed everything, that Burnet was able to state that there were no disputes nor suits of law over the rebuilding of London. But some one was needed to devise architectural designs, and the hour and crisis brought the man. This was Sir Christopher Wren, most famous of masons. Mr. Walter Godfrey † says that :—

"He had all the qualities necessary to grapple with the amazing difficulties of the situation ; he had the power of seizing the essential points, and of compelling and leading

* A picture of the retreat of the citizens escaping from the fire is shown in the Royal Exchange.

† *Architecture in London*, p. 260.

VISSCHER'S LONG VIEW OF LONDON FROM S. SIDE OF RIVER (WESTERN HALF) 1616

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MAP OF THE CITY OF LONDON. 1666

SHOWING DAMAGE CAUSED BY THE GREAT FIRE

the style of the day. His influence eventually extended throughout the length and breadth of the land, and for the first time the English made for themselves a coherent and intelligible phase of the Renaissance which every craftsman could understand, and which all desired to follow."

It would require a large space in which to record even the names of Wren's achievements within and without the City. The grand Cathedral of St. Paul's, one of the best late Renaissance buildings in Europe, the hospitals of Greenwich and Chelsea, his work at Hampton Court, the Monument, Temple Bar (now in Theobald's Park), Marlborough House, the Middle Temple Gatehouse, Morden College, fifty-two churches in the City, some of the Halls of the Companies, and many private houses, form a list of works, stupendously large, exhibiting Wren's genius and industry.* Of his churches there are three types, the domed, basilican and miscellaneous orders. Of the first was St. Stephen's, Walbrook, considered Wren's masterpiece ; St. Swithin's, Cannon Street (remodelled fifty years ago) ; St. Benetfink (destroyed) ; St. Antholin's † (destroyed in 1876) ; St. Mary Abchurch, or Up-church, which has a fine dome supported by eight arches, and paintings by Thornhill ; St. Mary-at-Hill, in Love Lane, Eastcheap, a very richly furnished church in mediæval times. It has some old account books that throw light on City customs.

Of the second type, consisting of nave and aisles

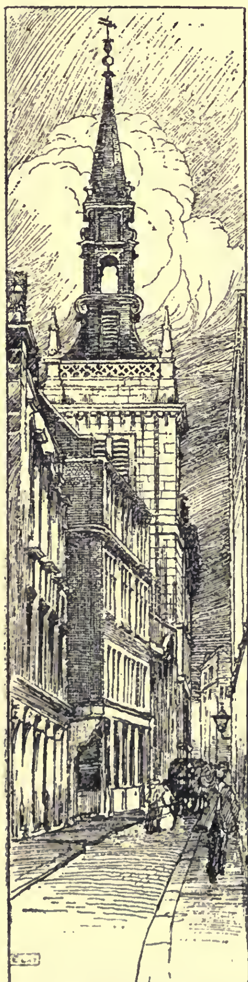
* It is questionable whether Wren actually accomplished all the works that are attributed to him. A recent writer, Mr. W. G. Bell, in his book on *The Great Fire*, states that there is little evidence of his handiwork in the City to-day except the building of St. Paul's, the City churches, the Deanery and the College of Arms, and possibly a merchant's house in Aldermanbury, No. 11, Love Lane. The archives of the City do not disclose his activities. In Eversley Church there is a tablet in memory of John James, who is credited with being the architect of St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and fifty-two churches in the City of London. A prodigious claim ! Mr. Bell considers that the re-creation of London owed more to King Charles II. than to Sir Christopher Wren, a somewhat daring statement.

† The earliest form of the name is "Antonin," or "Antony," signifying St. Anthony, the Hermit.

separated by pillars with sometimes a clerestory, is the famous church af St. Mary-le-Bow; the bells of the elder building recalled Whittington to London. I cannot find space to tell its ancient story, which is full

Temple Bar from Strand, from a drawing by J. C. Dibbin, in the British Museum, 1848.

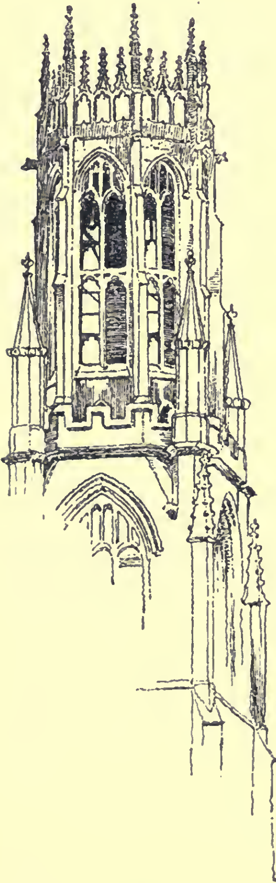
of interest. Wren's Bow Church has a nave and side aisles separated by piers capped with acanthus cornices. The ceiling is arched and there is a clerestory of low arches. All the fittings are later than Wren's time.



St. Augustine and St. Faith, Old 'Change.

There are several memorials of great men, including a tablet in memory of Milton brought from All Hallows, Bread Street. The Court of Arches formerly met in the Vestry where the confirmation of Bishops takes place. Other churches of the same type are St. Magnus (a Scandinavian Saint), St. Dunstan's-in-the-East, St. Andrew's by the Wardrobe,* Queen Victoria Street, and St. Augustine and St. Faith's, Watling Street. Of the third type are St. Lawrence, Jewry; All Hallows, Lombard Street; St. Martin's, Ludgate; St. Anne and St. Agnes, Aldersgate Street. Wren restored St. Sepulchre's, which was partly destroyed by the Great Fire. Its bell tolled when prisoners in Newgate were led out to execution. Christ Church, Newgate Street, was also built by Wren. It has a splendid font and some excellent woodwork by Grinling Gibbons, who also enriched St. Margaret Pattens, Eastcheap; St. Benet's, Paul's Wharf; St. Stephens', Coleman Street, and St. Michael's, Paternoster Royal. This last church had been rebuilt by Sir Richard Whittington. This does not exhaust the churches of London, but I have

* The King's Wardrobe was a branch of the Exchequer, where the personal accounts of the Sovereign were kept.



St. Dunstan's-in-the-West.

St. Dunstan's-in-the-East.

tried to mention the best examples. He enlisted the service of other men, such as Grinling Gibbons, who executed such wonderful wood-carving in the City, and of Tigou, the charming metal-worker, who fashioned such magnificent gates, sword-stands, and other specimens of his art in the City churches. Alas! only thirty of these remain out of the fifty-two, and these often maintain a chequered life, as the present ecclesiastical policy seems to be to destroy these fine examples of Renaissance art, and to employ the realised funds for the erection of new churches in the densely populated districts of East London.

Wren's spires and towers of some of these churches show his genius and originality, notably the spire of St. Mary-le-Bow; St. Bride's, Fleet Street; St. Vedast, Foster Lane; Christ Church, Newgate Street; St. Magnus, near London Bridge. Outside the boundaries of the City there are many examples of his art in domestic and palatial buildings, nor must we forget Temple Bar, which the City has lost, though it is still safe in Theobald's Park, Cheshunt. Some of us remember it well when it stood in Fleet Street and marked the limits of the Lord Mayor's jurisdiction.

The preachers of the day thundered forth denunciations against the wickedness of the Londoners of that age, who needed this terrible visitation to convince them of their sins. A naked boy that adorns the "Fortune of War," an inn at the corner of Cock Lane and Gilspur Street, where the fire ended, states that the fire was caused "by the sin of gluttony." Others attributed it to the machinations of Papists. The Monument, erected in 1680 by the King's desire, and designed by Wren, by an inscription pronounced "that the burning of this Protestant city was begun and carried on by ye treachery and malice of ye popish faction," causing Pope to write:

> "Where London's column, pointing at the skies,
> Like a great bully, lifts the head and lies."

The inscription was obliterated by James II., renewed by William III., and finally defaced in 1831. But

SHIP YARD, TEMPLE BAR

FROM A DRAWING BY SHNEBBELIE, 1815

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St. Michael's, College Hill, Cannon Street.

the Great Fire did some good service. It swept away the rookeries and plague-stricken houses which were replaced by cleaner and healthier dwellings. The City Companies were hardly hit, as nearly all their Halls were destroyed, as well as their plate, many records and their City property. With characteristic energy they immediately set to work to rebuild and restore again their shattered fortunes, and nobly did they face the difficulties of their arduous task.

They began to rear their ancient Halls, and though many have been rebuilt in later times, there are some which belong to this period of the City's resurrection. That beautiful little Hall in Water Lane, the home of the Apothecaries' Company, was reared four years after the Fire. The Court room of Barber Surgeon's Hall built by Inigo Jones survived the great conflagration, but the carved doorway dates back to 1678. The Brewers began to build again a year after the Fire, from a design attributed to Wren, and nobly did they set to work, erecting a fine courtyard, hall, and other chambers; and ere the century had finished its course the Girdlers, Haberdashers, Innholders, Mercers, Merchant Taylors, Parish Clerks, Skinners, Stationers, Tallow Chandlers, and Vintners had rebuilt their Halls, which still are left to us as monuments of their activity and example of seventeenth-century architecture. In addition, we may notice that charming little Nevill's Court, Fetter Lane, and that fine city merchant's house, 32 and 33 Mark Lane, which was built at the end of the century. The front of this was pulled down and rebuilt in 1888. It is said to have been the residence of the Spanish ambassadors in the time of Queen Mary.

So London, at least its ruined portion, was built again, and we may catch a glimpse of the City ere the century closed, ere James cowardly fled and William of Orange mounted the steps of the throne. London was not deserted when the evening shadows fall, as it is to-day. The rich merchants lived in the City in their fine mansions, and the tradesmen over their shops, and they all took great pride in it. Fashion had left the civic

regions, and had begun to establish itself in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where Inigo Jones had built one of his domestic masterpieces, Lindsay House, said to have been erected for Robert Bertie, Earl of Lindsay, who was slain at Edgehill, and afterwards called Ancester House, when the fourth Earl was created Duke of Ancester. Inigo Jones planned and laid out the Square which has been much altered in recent times, when the old archway and the former Sardinia Street made way for the offices of the Public Trustee. The adjoining house to Lindsay House was built in 1630, but destroyed by fire in 1736. Its successor was the abode of Mr. Tulkinghorn, of *Bleak House*, whose original was Dickens' friend, John Forster. Newcastle House on the north-west corner of the Fields had just been finished. It was built for Lord Powis, and has a long history which I have told in *London Survivals*. The Square had an unsavoury reputation. In 1683, William, Lord Russell, was beheaded there for a supposed connection with the Rye House Plot, and Gay tells of its dangers, the lurking thief and the treacherous linkman. In 1735 the Fields were enclosed and "from a heap of rubbish and a receptable of ruffians and vagabonds it became one of the finest squares in the world."

Other haunts of fashion were Covent Garden, in spite of the noisy and uncleanly market, Southampton Square now known as Bloomsbury, and the King's Square in Soho Fields, now known as Soho Square. Names linger on and tell us of times not far remote when St. Martin's, St. Giles, Soho, were all in the fields, and green lanes and meadows could be frequented by the citizens close to the City Walls.

The state of the streets was miserable, the pavements were bad, and there was little or no drainage. Torrents of black muddy water often ran down Snow Hill and Ludgate Hill. Passengers were splashed from head to foot by the dirt thrown up by passing vehicles, and slops were emptied by the simple process of throwing them out of the upper windows of the houses regardless of the passers-by. Each house was distinguished by a painted

signboard, that creaked as it swung over the heads of passengers, until at length they were deemed dangerous and were ordered to be removed. Moreover, at night the streets were dark as pitch in spite of the invention of Master Hemming who devised a system of lighting the streets by oil lanterns. Gay, in recording the dangers of Lincoln's Inn Fields, advises his readers to—

> "Still keep the public streets whose oily rays
> Shot from the crystal lamp o'erspread the ways."

But Hemming's lanterns did little to lighten the darkness of the streets, which were frequented at night by noisy bands of revellers and thieves, by young men bent on mischief, the terror of the watchmen and of all decent citizens. They were known by various titles such as Roaring Boys, Bonaventors, Bravadors, Quarterers in early Stuart times, and were succeeded by the Muns and Tityre Tus, the Hectors, the Nickers, the Hawcubites and the Mohawks—"all sons of Belial, flown with insolence and wine." They would break windows, upset sedan-chairs, assault and beat quiet and honest folk, and molest women. The watchmen numbered a thousand, and special constables were appointed, but these people preferred not to interfere with the amusements of the roving bands of Roaring Boys and Hectors, and liked better the comfort of an alehouse fireside.

A notable feature of the age was the coffee-houses, a new institution which was very popular. A manuscript of 1659 * says that at that date there was—

> "A Turkish drink to be sould almost in every street, called coffee, and another kind of drink called Tee, and also a drink called chocolate, which was a very harty drink."

From this period to the end of the eighteenth century these coffee-houses flourished and often performed a useful function, furnishing meeting places for men of like tastes or business. Thus the booksellers met at the "Chapter" in Paternoster Row, the clergy at "St. Paul's," the doctors at "Batson's," the stockjobbers at "Garraway's," the wits at the "Bedford," the Tory

* *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1852, Part I., p. 477.

politicians at the "Cocoa Tree," the Whigs at "St. James's." The first coffee-house was established in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, by one Bowman, servant of a Turkey merchant, in 1652, and the second was the famous "Rainbow" in Fleet Street by the Inner Temple Gate. At "Will's," in Russell Street, Covent Garden, Pepys used to drop in to hear the conversation, where Dryden had his seat of honour surrounded by Addison, Wycherly, Congreve and the juvenile Pope and other "wits." Across the road at "Buttons" Whig politicians talked about politics and books, where Addison reigned, and Steele, Tickell, Budgell, Rowe, and Ambrose Phillips foregathered. Coffee-houses were great places for news. All the news-sheets were to be found there, letters were written and received, and interviews arranged. Merchants transacted their business at the "Jerusalem" in Exchange Alley, Jacobites concocted plots at "Bromfield's" coffee-house in Spring Gardens, and rectors engaged curates at "St. Paul's." At the "Chapter" there was a good library. At these houses sales took place, quack medicines were sold, and other beverages besides coffee could be obtained. Ultimately they died, though slowly, and the better sort were merged into clubs, while taverns and public-houses took the place of the lower sort.

An important new suburb sprang up at this time. Owing to the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes many Huguenots fled to this country, and a colony was formed in Spitalfields where they established silk mills.

The memory of Charles II. is not much revered in the City, which had many excitements at this time. Titus Oates, an unfrocked clergyman, pretended to reveal a vast conspiracy of the Roman Catholics against English Protestants. The cry of "No Popery" began to be heard in the streets. Judge Godfrey's body was found murdered. London was mad with hatred and fear. The trained bands were on guard every night, and Whitehall was protected by cannon. The jails were full of Papists. Monmouth, Charles's natural son, won the hearts of the people, posing as a protector of

Protestantism. Rascals began to discover that it was profitable to invent plots, and constant rumours ran through the City. The Rye House Plot was an attempt to kill the King, but it was discovered, and Earl Russell, as we have seen, was judicially murdered, being beheaded in Lincoln's Inn Fields. James, Duke of York, heir to the throne, was believed to be a Roman Catholic, and Parliament brought in the Exclusion Bill to prevent him from reigning. Neither the King nor the Duke liked the City authorities, who did not readily bow before tyrannical acts, and who were somewhat independent, and had long purses into which the Stuarts often wished to dip. The liberties of the City the royal brothers devised to crush; so, after the manner of the time, they brought false accusations against the citizens. They alleged that the City had dared to raise the market tolls, and also that the Corporation had actually presumed to print a petition to the King stating that his prorogation of Parliament had interrupted public justice. The King then issued a writ *quo warranto* * in 1683, and the Court of King's Bench consisting of subservient judges declared the charter forfeited. He then proceeded to "purge" the Corporation, removing the aldermen who had opposed his wishes, and appointing others, besides a new Lord Mayor, recorder and sheriffs. Not content with this high-handed action, by the same writ he divested the City Companies of their charters. The resentment in the City was great, and not even the festivities of the Frost Fair on the Thames when the ice was nearly a foot thick could banish sullen looks and slumbering discontent. Charles did not long survive these imperious doings; but when James came to the throne the citizens discovered that they had escaped "out of the frying-pan into the fire." The fortunes of the City were at their lowest ebb. The King, who had hitherto somewhat concealed his Roman Catholicism,

* Two statutes (6 Edw. I. and 18 Edw. I) were so called as making writs of *quo warranto* returnable only before the Justiciars in Eyre; such writs commanding the defendant to show "by what warrant" he claim such a franchise, office, or liberty.

now threw off all disguise. He appointed men of his own faith to high offices in the State. The Londoners saw monks and friars in the streets, the erection of a convent at Clerkenwell, a house for Franciscans in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and a Jesuits' College in the Savoy; and the excitement grew when the Resident of the Elector Palatine reared a chapel in Lime Street. Angry crowds gathered in Cheapside and began rioting and pulling down the buildings. The trained bands were ordered to quell the rioters, but they made common cause with them. James determined to overawe the City, and assembled an army of 13,000 men on Hounslow Heath. Terror reigned. The Londoners thought they would be all massacred. But nothing terrible happened. They used to visit the camp, and fraternised with the soldiers who had not much intention of obeying orders if they had been told to attack the City. James "purged" the Corporation as his brother had done, indicted Alderman Cornish of treason, and contrary to all the laws of the City placed a creature of his own who was not even a freeman in the Mayoral chair.

Then came the affair of the Declaration of Indulgence, which the King ordered to be read in every parish church. It abrogated all laws against Roman Catholics and Non-conformists, and the King hoped that the latter would unite with him against the Church of England; but in this he was disappointed. The appointed Sunday came, but none of the clergy, except a few hirelings, would read the Declaration. When one of the latter began to read it the whole congregation left the church. The King was furious. The Bishops supported their clergy. Seven Bishops were committed to the Tower. The famous trial began, so graphically described by Macaulay, and when the verdict "Not Guilty" was pronounced there was such a scene as London never saw before, and possibly may never see again. "Lord Halifax sprang up and waved his hat—at that signal benches and galleries raised a shout—in a moment ten thousand persons who crowded the great hall replied with a still louder shout which made the old

oaken roof crack, and in another moment the innumerable crowd without set up a third huzzah which was heard at Temple Bar. The boats that covered the Thames gave an answering cheer. A peal of gunpowder was heard on the water, and another, and so in a few moments the glad tidings went past the Savoy and the Friars to London Bridge, and the forests of masts below. As the news spread, streets and squares, market-places and coffee-houses broke forth into acclamations. Meanwhile, from the outskirts of the multitude, horsemen were spurring off to bear along the great roads intelligence of the victory of our Church and nation."

The bishops were the champions of the national liberties, and the nation knew this. When they marched out of the hall free men the populace crowded around them, knelt and sought a blessing; mothers held their children up above the sea of faces that they might in future years look back with pride upon a day of triumph, and be able to say that they had seen those men who had redeemed the national liberties. Never had the Church of England and the bishops been so popular, and so dear to the heart of the nation.

Mortified, disappointed, angry, James heard the shouting, and soon he learned of the landing of the Prince of Orange. Alarmed he tried to win the affections of the City by restoring to the Corporation and the Companies their charters, and soon he was a cowardly fugitive. Anarchy broke out in London. The citizens raised a cry against the Roman Catholics, and attacked the colony at Clerkenwell. A bonfire of cartloads of their books and vestments was made in Holborn; and thousands of thieves and vagabonds issued from Alsatia and destroyed the chapels at Lincoln's Inn Fields, Lime Street, Bucklersbury, and elsewhere; and London looked like a pillaged city. Then rumour reported that Irish troops were coming to sack the homes of the Londoners and cut their throats, and there was a panic. The Prince hastened to London, and all classes united in welcoming him, and at last peace settled upon a distracted city.

The events of the reigns of William and Mary and her sister Anne must be recorded briefly. Neither "Dutch Will," as he was called, nor his queen were popular with the citizens. He liked not London. The smoke gave him asthma. He bought Nottingham House and converted it into Kensington Palace. Whitehall was burned down in 1691. His personal appearance, his atrocious manners and sullen countenance did not help him to find favour in the City, and Mary was quite as unpopular. However, at the beginning of his reign he wanted money. Everything was in disorder, but the City, with its usual liberality, made to him a loan of £200,000.

The first service held at St. Paul's after its completion was a thanksgiving for the Peace of Ryswick, which ended the European war. There were "ridings" in the Cheap. A magnificent show was prepared at an immense cost. Twelve thousand pounds were expended in fireworks, and the King received a tumultuous and joyous welcome to the capital. St. Paul's Cathedral had at last been completed, and on December 2nd, 1697, it was opened to celebrate the blessing of peace as well as the completion of Wren's stupendous task.

Great commercial activity existed at this period. The East India Company received much help from the King, and in 1693 a Bill was passed regulating its trade, enlarging its scope, and increasing the number of its members, whereby it became very prosperous. The Bank of England was founded in this reign by William Paterson in 1691, and incorporated in 1694. It had small premises under the governorship of Sir John Houblon, whose house and garden stood on the site of the present building. In front of it was the Stocks Market, where the Mansion House now stands. The present Bank buildings were designed by Sir John Soane in 1765 on the model of the Temple of Vesta at Tivoli, and of that of the Sun and Moon at Rome with the Arch of Constantine copied in the entrance of the Bullion Yard. The directors first met at Mercers' Hall. The Church of St. Christopher-le-Stock stood on the site of the

present Bank. The Mansion House was built in 1753 by the architect Dance, in the Italian style. It resembles a Palladian Palace. Its conspicuous front with Corinthian columns supporting a pediment, in the centre of which is a group of allegorical sculpture, forms a prominent feature of the centre of London, and is a worthy home for London's Lord Mayor.

At the centre of the City meet several important streets; Cornhill, a very ancient road, the name of which sounds rather out of place in the midst of the great City*; Threadneedle Street, which reminds us of the Merchant Taylors, whose Hall stands therein, and Lombard Street that took its name from the Italian or Lombard merchants who settled here in the time of Edward II., and became our first bankers.† The Three Golden Balls, the sign of the modern pawnbroker, constituted originally that of the Lombard merchants. Many illustrious bankers and goldsmiths have lived in this street, including Sir Thomas Gresham, whose sign was a gilt grasshopper. Besides the Exchange he founded Gresham College and the Gresham Lectures that are still delivered by our experts. Close by is Throgmorton Street, beloved of stockbrokers, and named after Nicholas Throgmorton, who is said to have been poisoned by the Earl of Leicester in Elizabeth's reign. There is Drapers' Hall, a modern building; and close by, in Cornhill, is the oldest shop-front in the City belonging to the family of Birch, who supply good refreshments to customers, and also the Lord Mayor's feasts. One is tempted to wander further along these streets, but considerations of time and space prevent it. The name of the street, St. Mary Axe, may be noticed. It is

* Cornhill is first mentioned in 1125. Stow say that a corn market was held there time out of mind, and it is often referred to in the *Liber Albus* and *Liber Custumarum*. Another corn and hay market was held at Gracechurch, nigh St. Benet Gracechurch; the word *grace* being derived from "gracs," meaning hay or grass.

† The first mention of Lombard Street occurs in 1319, but there is evidence that these Langobards, or Lombards, were carrying on a thriving business as bankers and moneylenders in the twelth century.

ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH, SOUTHWARK

FROM A DRAWING BY C. I. M. WHICHELO, 1813

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called after a church of that name that has long disappeared. It was dedicated to St. Ursula and the eleven thousand virgins martyred on the Rhine, and possessed one of the axes by which their slaughter was accomplished.*

During the reign of Anne, whose chief characteristics were her affection for the Church and her passion for hunting, an Act was passed for the building of fifty churches within the suburbs and liberties outside the City walls. Most of these are beyond our limits, but we may mention the fine church of St. Mary-le-Strand, the appearance of which is greatly improved by its now isolated position and the removal of Holywell Street and the adjoining houses. It was designed by that excellent architect James Gibbs, who also built the noble church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, and the steeple of St. Clement Danes. Another accomplished architect was Wren's pupil, Hawksmore who designed St. Anne's Limehouse, St. George's-in-the-East, St. Mary Woolnoth, and Christ Church, Spitalfields, a very fine original design.

The period of the last of the Stuarts was an Augustan age of literature, science, and art, of which London was the centre. Swift's caustic pen satirised the follies of the time, and Addison, Steele, Pope, Prior, Defoe, Arbuthnot, formed a group of writers who did honour to letters. Sir Godfrey Kneller, Hudson, and Thornhill represented painting; Godolphin and Somers, Harley, Walpole, and St. John were distinguished in the political world, and Marlborough and Peterborough in the art of war, while Newton and Berkeley were celebrated as philosophers and scientists. The Royal Society, founded by Charles II., continued its useful life, and among its presidents in the Stuart period were Wren, Pepys, Somers, Newton, and Sir Hans Sloane. Thus the light of learning and literature shone on London City.

* It is perhaps unnecessary to state that the legend of the eleven thousand virgins arose from the mis-reading of XI. M., where the letter signified *martyrs* and not the numeral.

CHAPTER XII

GEORGIAN LONDON

IT used to be the fashion to abuse the builders of the Georgian period and to see no beauty in public buildings or in the streets of private houses that were reared during the eighteenth century. However, shamed by the productions of the early Victorians, we have begun to appreciate them better. Mr. Godfrey, the distinguished architect, writes: "The main significance of the Georgian period is to be found in the 'vernacular' building—the great quantity of comparatively small houses which were characterised by a sane and quiet excellence of design and a solidity of construction that are the best evidence of the widespread influence which Sir Christopher Wren had exercised."

It is true that there is a certain heaviness and inelasticity about these buildings, but they are not unworthy. Most of these lie beyond our borders. Many in the City have given place to modern palatial houses of trade and commerce, but it is possible to discover a few. Opening out of the Strand are Essex Street and Buckingham Street. Off Holborn are Bedford Row, the haunt of solicitors, and Featherstone Buildings. Several of the courts of the Temple and Gray's Inn; Sergeant's Inn, Fleet Street; Catherine Court, Mincing Lane, and some houses in Crutched Friars belong to this period. These are all built of brickwork, the favourite material of the Georgian builder. Shell porches, dormer windows jutting out from the roof, good iron railings with standards and torch extinguishers, reminiscent of linkmen who lighted home the wayfarers, are some of the details of these dwellings, the interiors of which were characterised by lightness and elegance strangely contrasting with their exterior solidness. Amongst the great houses Sir William Chambers's new Somerset House, on the site of that built by Protector Somerset, is a noble palace of great beauty in the Italian

Gray's Inn Hall.

style, and the Brothers Adam have left us examples of their art in the Adelphi, and in many other buildings that lie outside our area.

Amongst the principal architects of the Georgian period was Dance the younger, the son of the builder of the Mansion House, who built Newgate Prison, which has recently been replaced by a far less satisfactory building. Dance's Newgate and Chambers' Somerset House were two of the finest public buildings erected in Britain since the time of Wren, and represent the final effort of eighteenth-century tradition. Dance also designed the church of All Hallows, London Wall, Finsbury Square (1777–91), Albert Place and Crescent, Bloomsbury, the Hospital of St. Luke's, Old Street, the Church of St. Bartholomew the Less. Some houses in Crane Court, Fleet Street, belong to this period; and amongst the other eighteenth-century buildings in the City there may be mentioned, Waterman's Hall, Lower Thames Street, some houses in Amen Corner, Hatton Garden, Dr. Johnson's house in Gough Square, and Bakers' Hall.

It is difficult to realise the appearance of London at this period. Even as late as the eighteenth century no citizen had need to walk more than a mile in order to find himself among green fields. De Saussure, a foreign resident in 1725, wrote that "outside the town you scarcely see anything but large pastures, where all the year round thousands of cows graze. . . . Beyond these pastures there are many charming country houses, with fine large gardens, flourishing villages, but very little cultivated land." Amongst these villages he enumerates Chelsea, Kensington, Marylebone, "where many people went on Sundays," Paddington, a small village, Islington, a large one, and on the way thither you would pass London Spa and Sadler's Wells, where there is always daily entertainment. He also mentions the villages of Hackney and Hampstead and Highgate, Hammersmith, Fulham, Wandsworth, and Putney. The citizen could go nutting on Notting Hill, and it was possible to see Temple Bar from Leicester Square, then called Leicester Fields, and with a telescope observe the

heads of the Scotch rebels which adorned the spikes of the old gateway. The names of such districts as Spitalfields, Bethnal Green and Moorfields indicate their rural character. Fifty years later a map of London shows that many of these and also Stepney, Hoxton, Pancras, and Knightsbridge, are country outskirts to the town

Changes were taking place in the City. Coaches and sedan-chairs came into fashion, people used less and less the river as their chief highway, and the waterman's trade languished. That pestilential stream, the receptacle of filth and dead dogs, the Fleet Ditch, was covered over in 1737, and as I have said the Mansion House occupied the site of the Stocks Market, which was removed to Farringdon Street and called the Fleet Market. Hitherto only London Bridge spanned the Thames. The story of the London bridges is a long one and cannot be told fully here. For 600 years the old bridge stood, lined by houses. It was much dilapidated, as may be seen in Hogarth's 6th plate of *Marriage à la Mode.* In 1756 all the houses were swept away. In Fishmongers' Hall there is a chair made from the piles of the bridge, thus recording its history:

"I am the first stone that was put down for the foundation of old London Bridge in June, 1176, by a priest named Peter who was vicar of Colechurch in London, and I remained there undisturbed safe on the same old piles this chair is made from till the Rev. William John Joliffe, curate of Colmer, Hampshire, took me up in July, 1832, when clearing away the old bridge after new London Bridge was completed."

Westminster Bridge was opened in 1750, and the City was moved by rivalry to improve their own communications. As I have said, they cleared away the houses and obstructions on the old bridge and then began to build Blackfriars Bridge in 1760, the architect being Robert Mylne, a Scotsman. Waterloo Bridge had to wait till 1817, and is perhaps the most successful of all the crossings. Canova said that it was worth

going across Europe to see it. Nothing need be said of Southwark Bridge and of the rest which span the Thames save to wonder that any one should admire such a monstrosity as the Tower Bridge. Westminster and Blackfriars have both been rebuilt in modern days.

The utilitarians of 1760 thought fit to destroy the old City Gates, which were sold at an average of £100 a-piece. The statue of Queen Elizabeth from Ludgate is preserved outside St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street. This church was rebuilt from designs by John Shaw, in 1831.

When George I. came to the English throne in 1714 Sir Robert Walpole was in power, and he guided the affairs of the nation with wisdom and prudence. The Jacobite rising in 1715 little disturbed the tranquillity of London, save that thousands flocked to see the heads of several gallant Scottish chieftains struck off on Tower Hill.

Though the Jacobites were active in London and throughout the country, the City had no love for the Pretender, Jacobitism, or Roman Catholicism, and preferred the House of Hanover. George I. had told the Lord Mayor and Corporation: "I have lately been made sensible of what consequence the City of London is, and therefore shall be sure to take all their privileges and interests into my particular protection."

The City was very prosperous. Commerce increased by leaps and bounds, and this produced the mania of wild speculation which affected all classes of society. It reached its climax in the spring and summer of 1720, and was known as the affair of the South Sea Bubble. It began with a proposal of Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, to Parliament to establish a stupendous company for exploiting trade in the South Sea. He was induced to devise this scheme in order to pay off a heavy National Debt, for which the South Sea Company made itself responsible. The Director promised that the Company would be in a year's time the richest the world ever saw. The bait took; thousands of persons of all classes, peers and peeresses, country squires, parsons, tradesmen, doctors, farmers, actors and actresses, thronged 'Change

Alley seeking wealth. Vast riches it would bring from Peru and Mexico. Eldorado was in view. The exploits of Drake and the dreams of Raleigh were recalled. George I. became Governor. Million after million were subscribed by the public. Never was there such a success in company-promoting. The hundred-pound shares rose to 890.

Nor was this wondrous Company the only outlet for speculation during that period of madness. All kinds of wild schemes were started for the promotion of fantastic objects. The South Sea Company was a giant bubble in an ocean of bubbles which caused the ruin of many a fool and the enrichment of many a rogue. But at length the bubble was pricked. A complete crash came. Thousands were ruined. A few clever folk like Robert Walpole netted tens of thousands of pounds, but the financial stability of the country was undermined. The Bank of England, with difficulty, weathered the storm. Several Members of Parliament were sent to the Tower, tried, found guilty, and had their estates confiscated. The King incurred the wrath of the people, and if the Pretender had chosen the opportunity of landing in England it is possible that the Stuart dynasty might have been restored.

The condition of Society was wretched, especially in the first half of the eighteenth century. You have only to see the pictures of Hogarth, reflecting the spirit of the age, its vice, shamelessness. and cruelty, in order to realise its character. In the upper and lower classes there was a revolt against religion. In the higher circles of society "every one laughs," said Montesquieu, on his visit to England, "if onc talks of religion." Prominent statesmen were unbelievers in any form of Christianity, and led grossly immoral lives. Drunkenness was very common, and purity and fidelity to the marriage vows were sneered out of fashion. Lord Chesterfield's letters to his son reveal the depravity of the age. The condition of the masses was worse. They were brutalised by cruel sports and by witnessing public executions at Tyburn and Newgate. The warning bell

at St. Sepulchre's Church was always ringing to warn prisoners at Newgate of their approaching fate, and the bellman crying, "All good people pray heartily unto God for these poor sinners who are now going to their death." But there were no prayers, only brutal mirth, callousness, the yelling of comic songs by thousands of thieves, vagabonds, and ruffians of all kinds lasting all the night long till the sun arose upon that sea of hideous faces of brutalised men and women who had waited all through the night to watch the hideous sight. One of Hogarth's pictures of the Rake's Progress depicts the scene, and Rowlandson gave another illustration showing several well-dressed people among the crowd watching three wretches hanged. George Augustus Selwyn who died in 1791 made a point of never missing the ghastly sight. Green * observes that the introduction of gin gave a new impetus to drunkenness. "In the streets of London, at one time, gin-shops invited passers-by to get drunk for a penny, or dead drunk for two-pence."

Sports were cruel and brutalising. Bulls and bears were baited at Hockly Hole, and there was much cock-fighting. The names of some streets still preserve the location of cock-pits. The fairs at Smithfield, Southwark, and Greenwich were wild saturnalia, and were patronised by royalty and the nobility, and Mayfair was the scene of much vice and depravity until, on account of the scenes that occurred there, it was suppressed. The state of the prisons was disgraceful. At Newgate, the prisoners were like wild beasts and fought and scrambled for a few coppers, and every gaol was a chaos of cruelty and immorality. It was not until 1774 that John Howard, the great prison reformer and philanthropist, began his mission and compelled the authorities to introduce discipline and abolish abuses.

Bedlam, otherwise the Hospital of St. Mary of Bethlehem, where lunatics were confined, situate in Moorfields and removed to St. George's Fields, Southwark, in 1815, was a sink of filth, cruelty, and shame, and it is

* "History of the English People."

a proof of the callousness of the age that fashionable folk were pleased on Sundays to visit the poor wretches and delight in the antics of the demented.

Londoners were always eager for sights and shows, however degrading or however harmless. Whether it was a public execution, or the miniature Zoo at the Tower, or waxworks at Mrs. Salmon's, Fleet Street, or fairs or fireworks, which were very popular, crowds were always present, and Folly reigned in the Pleasure Haunts of Vauxhall and Ranelegh. But in the middle of the eighteenth century a religious revival took place. It began with the little company of Oxford students who were called "Methodists" on account of the methodical regularity of their lives and religious devotion. They came to London in 1738, and Whitefield made a great impression upon the masses by his earnest preaching. He and John Wesley preached to thousands on Kennington Common and Moorfields. Whitefield's chapel in Tottenham Court Road was erected in 1751. The great evangelical revival followed the Methodists and created a healthy tone in society, banishing much of the proflicacy that had disgraced the upper classes during the earlier portion of the Georgian period, and influencing the lower.

The coffee-houses were very popular, and also the taverns. Though Boswell omits to mention it, Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, and his other friends are said to have foregathered at the "Cheshire Cheese;" and if you descend into the cellars you can see the beams that were blackened in the Great Fire. Other remarkable taverns, some haunted by the Doctor's shade, were the "Mitre," the "Boar's Head," the "Pope's Head" near Cornhill, the "Salutation and Cat" in Newgate Street, the "Globe" in Fleet Street, and the "Cock" which still exists, though it has moved from the other side of Fleet Street since Johnson's day. You can see a picture of the "Rose" in Covent Garden in Hogarth's "Rake's Progress (3rd picture).

The eighteenth century saw the rise of clubs, and the taverns were their original birthplace. Addison refers in the *Spectator* (1711) to the Beefsteak and October Clubs

which met in various taverns. Their primary objects were political or literary, and for the promotion of good fellowship. The Royal Society Club, founded in 1743, was devoted to science, and met in a tavern in Abchurch Lane. The Scribblers' Club was founded in 1714 with Swift as its leader, and Pope, Gray, Arbuthnot and other celebrities as members. The Kit Kat Club boasted of such illustrious members as Halifax, Walpole, Vanburgh, Addison, and Congreve. Kneller's portraits of its members are famous. It took its name from Christopher Kat, proprietor of the "Cat and Fiddle," at whose house they met. In the latter half of the Georgian period clubs increased greatly, and Dr. Johnson's name is associated with several. There was the Ivy Lane Club which met at the King's Head, Ivy Lane, Newgate Street, the Essex Head Club held at a tavern of that name in Essex Street; the Literary Club founded by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Dr. Johnson which met at the Turk's Head, Gerrard Street. Besides these and kindred associations there were the famous clubs that flourished in the neighbourhood of St. James's Street, White's founded in 1693, Brook's, Boodles', the Cocoa Tree and others, wherein much wagering and gambling were carried on. As a temporary member of the Cocoa Tree I was shown on one occasion the old gaming counters which tell their story of vast sums that changed hands in the last half of the eighteenth century. During the year 1780 no less than £180,000 was lost there in a single week. But these West End clubs lie beyond our border, and their story would take too long to tell here.

John Wilkes created much excitement in the City in the course of his notorious career. He was a literary hack writer, professed to be an atheist, edited the *North Briton*, and was a libertine and evil-liver. He could behave well when he pleased, was notoriously ugly, but exercised a curious fascination on women. He managed to get elected to Parliament in 1757. In his paper he wrote a fiery article against the King, for which he was sent to the Tower; but the Judge acquitted him on

account of his privileges as a Member. The people were delighted. He was one of the most successful of demagogues. When the Government ordered the copy of the *North Briton* to be burned by the hangman in Cheapside, the mob raised a riot, shouting, "Wilkes and Liberty," rescued the paper, and drove the officials away, covering them with mud. He was arrested again and sent to prison, and the mob nearly tore down the gates. There was much rioting and damage in the City, and then *mirabile dictu* Wilkes was elected Lord Mayor, which proved the climax of his career. There was much poverty and discontent among the working classes in London and throughout the country at the end of the eighteenth century on account of high prices and scarcity of food.

In 1778 a Bill was brought forward for the repeal of the penal laws against Roman Catholics, and this was the signal for the raising of the familiar cry, "No Popery." The Protestants signed a huge petition and resolved to present it to Parliament. They found a leader in Lord George Gordon, son of the Duke of Gordon, a somewhat crack-brained man, and fifty thousand persons marched over London Bridge to Westminster with Gordon at their head. All the peers going to the House had to run the gauntlet of the mob, who jeered, insulted, and attacked them. Dickens's novel, *Barnaby Rudge*, contains a true account of the riots. They first attacked Sardinia Chapel, attached to the Sardinia Embassy, wherein services according to the rites of the Roman Church were celebrated. This they sacked and burned. The houses and furniture of Roman Catholics in all parts of London were set on fire. They attacked Newgate prison, burned the Governor's house and released the prisoners. The jail was also destroyed by the fire, and some of the prisoners perished with it. They broke into Clerkenwell prison and released prisoners. Lord Mansfield's house in Bloomsbury Square with its valuable library, Sir George Savile's house in Leicester Square, Sir John Fielding's house, Lord Petre's in Park Lane, and many others were burned. They attacked the Bank,

but were driven off by some volunteers led by Wilkes. In Holborn they fired the house of a rich distiller, whose spirits ran down the gutters, and the rioters lay down to drink. For a whole week London was at the mercy of the mob. At length the soldiers were ordered to attack them. Many were killed and wounded, and several arrested and executed. Gordon managed to escape, but after some ridiculous adventures died in Newgate. London looked as if it had endured a siege.

Nor was this the only riot that occurred at the close of the eighteenth century. Owing to the war with France the cost of provisions rose enormously, reminding us of the present time, but wages, instead of increasing as now, fell a third of their former amount. Taxes were heavy; grievances innumerable. The agitation for reform was everywhere. The Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, and State trials for treason were frequent. George III. was hooted in the streets, and in 1790 his carriage was stoned as he went to open Parliament. Life in London must have been peculiarly exciting during that period of the nation's history.

In spite of much that was deplorable in London during the Georgian period it had several redeeming features. In its later years it gave birth to a remarkable school of painters which may be said to represent the best of English art. Amongst the number appear the names of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Thomas Gainsborough, Romney, Kneller, and Hogarth. Sir Joshua had his studio in Leicester Fields, Gainsborough at Schomberg House, and Kneller in Covent Garden. Literature had raised its head from the defilements of Grub Street, and though there were still writers who inhabited the purlieu of that unsavoury neighbourhood, the period produced such giants as Dr. Johnson, Addison, Steele, Richardson, Fielding who frequented the literary clubs which I have described, and whose memories are still honoured. The period saw the rise of the first great London newspapers, the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Morning Post*, the *Morning Herald* and the *Times* written, not by the hacks of Grub Street, but by men of literary eminence

and sound judgment, by statesmen and philosophers, who used the Press in order to influence public opinion. The theatre was rescued from the obsenities of the Restoration period and could boast of such great actors as Garrick and Mrs. Siddons, and the public had the good taste to appreciate the music of Handel and the great operatic singers at Covent Garden. The picture of London in the days of the Georges is in many respects rather gruesome and terrible, but there were redeeming features which it is pleasant to contemplate.

CHAPTER XIII

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

THE nineteenth century dawned dark and threatening upon a disturbed London. The ideas of the French Revolution animated many fiery spirits, and there were ignorant masses of the population who had neither religion nor morals, always ready to raise a riot. There was no loyalty either to the Crown, the Constitution, or the Church. Until Waterloo was fought and won the war pressed hardly upon the nation, and London felt severely the aftermath of the struggle. George IV. alienated his subjects by his base treatment of his wife. The year of his coronation (1820) was signalised by an event that brought one street in London into notoriety. A plot was devised by some desperate men with Arthur Thistlewood as their leader for the assassination of the whole of the Ministers of the Crown. This was known as the Cato-Street conspiracy, as the plotters met in a loft over a stable in Cato Street, off the Edgware Road. They heard that a Cabinet dinner was about to take place in the house of Earl Harrowby, in Grosvenor Square, and resolved to kill them all together and bring away the heads of Lord Sidmouth and Castlereagh in bags, for the delectation of the mob. They intended to fire the cavalry barracks, and lead their triumphant forces to capture the Bank and the Tower. But the

plot was discovered. Bow Street runners seized the men as they were arming themselves for their dark deed, and four were executed. You will not find the name of the street on the map. It was changed to Homer Street.

The year 1829 saw the advent of the New Police introduced by Sir Robert Peel in place of inefficient Bow Street runners and street watchmen who paraded the streets at night calling out the hour and the state of the weather. From the name of the inventor of the new force the policemen were called "Peelers" or "Bobbies," a word that still lingers amongst us. Their efforts were sorely needed in the numerous riots that followed the accession of William IV., the "Patriot King," as he was absurdly called, and the agitation for Parliamentary Reform. The king dared not go to the City on Lord Mayor's Day in 1830, and there was no Lord Mayor's Show. Rumours of a Revolution were spread abroad. The people armed. Crowds paraded the streets shouting, "Reform! Down with the police! No Peel! No Wellington!" It were vain to record the excitement that prevailed when the Reform Bill was rejected. The King's carriage was stoned and Apsley House pelted, and stones were cast at the Duke, the King, and the Archbishop of Canterbury; the Queen was hissed, and riots were frequent. Not without relief London heard of the death of the King, and the accession of the young Queen in 1837 who by her life and example awakened the sentiment of loyalty in the hearts of her people and gradually won the personal devotion of her subjects.

This was not the work of a moment. The people were hankering after republican and revolutionary ideas, and several scurrilous news-sheets encouraged and inculcated these principles. The way that they thought would lead to the attainment of their Eldorado in which every one was to be equal, as clever, as capable, as rich, and as happy as his neighbour, was Chartism. They wanted to carry six measures in Parliament —Universal Suffrage, Annual Parliaments, Vote by Ballot, Abolition of Property Qualification, Payment of Members, and Equal Electoral Districts. This was

to be the great Charter of English Liberties; the "People's Charter." There was much agitation in the provinces, but London was to be the scene of the great demonstration. Half a million people were said to have assembled at Kennington Common in 1848, ready to march on the House of Commons to present a petition signed by 6,000,000 names. Some of the men wished to imitate the French Revolution, and seize all power in the City. There was much alarm. The military were called out, and the Duke of Wellington concealed his forces at the approach to the bridges. The Bank was guarded. Thousands of special constables were enrolled. But the affair proved itself a fiasco. Only about 50,000 men assembled at Kennington, and the hearts of the leaders failed. The monster petition was presented in a peaceful fashion, and the signatures were many of them false, and the number grossly exaggerated. Chartism soon died a natural death, as prosperity returned and relieved the masses of most of their grievances. And what has happened since? Four at least of the six points have practically been obtained. The people have now the power. Let us hope that they will use it with wisdom.

In a short history of London, events of recent times need not be chronicled, but some of the changes in the City must be noted. In 1836 the railways came to London and the line connecting the City with Greenwich was opened. During the next decade railways were projected connecting the city with Bristol, Southampton, Birmingham, Brighton, etc., and soon that vast system of steam traffic was inaugurated which has revolutionised the old system of coach and canal communications and changed the life of the City. Not without regret were the old coaches with their spanking teams and the merry sound of the post-horn driven off the roads, and old inn yards surrounded by galleries (the first location of the embryo stage) doomed to neglect, decay, and removal. Hugh railway stations have arisen possessing little architectural merit, though St. Pancras is a fine work by Sir Gilbert Scott, and the enormous arch of Euston by

Hardman, has dignity. King's Cross was formerly known as Battle Bridge from a legend that there Boadicea defeated the Romans. On the site of Ludgate Railway Station stood the Fleet prison, which had peculiar privileges, the liberty of the Fleet allowing the prisoners to go on bail and lodge in the neighbourhood of the prison. The district was disgraced by the scandal of the Fleet marriages.

Architecture during the first half of the century was at its lowest ebb, though the architects imagined themselves perfect artists. In 1827 Britton wrote: "The architectural improvements of the present age exceed in extent, variety, number, and taste, those of any former period." But it was all dull and debased art. Baron d'Haussez wrote in 1833 that so much pains had been taken to reproduce the ancient style of architecture that one might fancy one's self in an ancient Greek or Roman city. "The slightest examination reveals the numerous imperfections, the glaring faults of imitation without taste, without reason, and at variance with the commonest rules of art." However, there were some exceptions to this universal condemnation.

The extensions of London in the nineteenth century were mainly westward, and, therefore, concern little the actual City. The grandest street in London, Regent Street, was planned in 1807, and the town increased enormously in size. In 1838 the Royal Exchange had, for a second time, been burned down, and a new building was erected by the architect, Sir William Tite. It was opened by the Queen, in person, accompanied by her royal consort, Prince Albert, in 1844, The Corinthian portico is crowned by a tympanum group by Westmacott, representing commerce, and on the architrave are the words "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof" (Psalm xxiv. 1).

There were several great alterations in the streets during this century. In 1867 Queen Victoria Street was created running from Blackfriars to the heart of the City where Bank, Exchange, and Mansion House vaunt themselves. It necessitated the removal of St. Antholin's

Church, Budge Row, one of Wren's churches, which had a beautiful octagonal stone spire, and the demolition deprived the City of one of its most striking ornaments. Part of Sise (St. Osyth) Lane, New Earl Street, and many buildings were swept away in order to make room for the new street. The extension of Cannon Street in 1853 absorbed some old courts, called Cross Keys, Key, Maidenhead, Bee Hive, and Eagle; also Little St. Thomas Apostle Lane, Basing Lane, and Distaff Lane. Cannon Street has no connection with big guns. Its ancient name was Candelwich (twelfth century). It was part of the old Roman highway running through the City and called Watling Street. It was probably the candle-makers' quarter, and is near to Tallow-Chandlers' Hall in Dowgate Hill; Watling Street was the Prætorian Way of Roman London. The street names, churches, and other associations tempt one to linger in this part of the City; but we must note other improvements or alterations.

King William Street was formed by Act of Parliament, passed in 1829, to connect the centre of the City, the Bank, with London Bridge and Moorgate Street, and extends northward, having been widened and constructed in order to connect the north of London with the centre of London Bridge. It was named after William IV. and caused the demolition of the Church of St. Michael, Crooked Lane, and parts of many ancient streets, including Lamb Alley, Sherborne Lane, Nicholas and Abchurch Lane, St. Swithin's Lane, part of Eastcheap, and Crooked Lane. I have already recorded the completion of the new London Bridge in 1831. It was designed by John Rennie and constructed by his sons, Sir John and George Rennie. The removal of Christ's Hospital during the present century and the pulling down of its interesting buildings caused much regret to all lovers of old London; but the school has taken a new lease of life at Horsham. It has had a great history. I may quote the words of the School Commissioners in 1867, who stated:

"Christ's Hospital is a thing without parallel in this country and *sui generis*. It is a grand relic of mediæval spirit—a monument of the profuse munificence of that

spirit, and of that constant stream of individual munificence which is so often found to flow around institutions of that character. It has kept up its main features, its traditions, its antique ceremonies almost unchanged for a period of upwards of three centuries. It has a long and goodly list of worthies."

Some of us remember well the hall built in the Tudor style by John Shaw, with its open arcade, buttresses, and octagonal towers, and embattled and pinnacled walls. It was one of the finest rooms in London, and we can recall to mind the picturesque cloisters, and the quaint dress of the Blue Coat boys as they played football in their playground north of Newgate street. The gateway has gone with the boys to Horsham.

Notable is the construction of the Holborn Viaduct. This was mooted as early as 1863, and commenced in 1867, which time was a great era for London building. It seems that at various times in its history the citizens became active in increasing its size. In 1832 they set to work in Regent's Park, Lambeth, Bermondsey, and Southwark, Islington, St. Pancras, Shoreditch, Bethnal Green, and Mile End. And what kind of houses did they build? They set up hideous dwellings, unlovely houses in unlovely streets, without any attempt at architectural beauty. Slum property has been a disgrace to London. The descriptions furnished by the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes are too hideous to be set down in print. In 1857, in Gray's Inn Road, stood Tyndall's buildings swarming with vermin, long alleys defective in all sanitary arrangements in which two or three hundred people lived, the air foul and pestilential. People lived over cesspools; rats invaded them in swarms. Water was scarce and bad, and so the horrible tale runs on. London, whether Greater or Civic, must sweep away its slums, build good thoroughfares instead of mean streets, and make it worthy of itself. This good work is going on now. Many "Rookeries" have been cleansed or removed. The erection of the Law Courts necessitated the clearing away of a vast number of mean streets and houses that

had seen better days, and had once sheltered fashionable folk, but had degenerated into poor dwellings. The opening out of Kingsway has caused the removal of narrow streets and slums—Clare Market, Wyld Street, and unsavoury courts. Where butchers exposed their meat, two centuries and a half ago the Earl of Clare lived in princely fashion. Wych * still survives in name —the Aldwych (as my late friend, Sir Lawrence Gomme, cleverly christened it), but the curious old houses are gone, and the old "White Lion" where Jack Sheppard used to meet his friends has vanished.

A much to be regretted piece of vandalism was the destruction of Sion College, which stood on the site of Elsinge Spital. It was founded in 1623 by Dr. White, vicar of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, for the benefit of the clergy of London. A huge warehouse occupies the site, and its loss is scarcely compensated by the erection of a somewhat fantastic structure on the Embankment.

Holywell Street has gone—but I am wandering too far westward, and must go back to the City proper. We regret the removal of Cloth Fair and the other streets near St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, which have gone in order to make room for cold storage, and the removal of Crosby House and the pulling down of many an old house which has been unable to resist the attacks of extended commerce. Banks and insurance offices, and the homes of great trading companies, newspaper and printing offices, have overthrown these ancient landmarks of the City's history, though its authorities ever strive to maintain them.

The formation of the London County Council, 1888, consolidated the governance of outer London which before had been controlled by the Metropolitan Board of Works and other bodies with overlapping jurisdiction; but the governance of the City remains as in ancient days, and consists of the Lord Mayor, the Courts of Aldermen, and the Common Council. The City is

* The word *Wyc* or *Wych* is Danish, signifying a settlement, and preserves the memory of the Danish colony that was located around St. Clement Danes Church.

divided into twenty-five wards, and the ratepayers of each ward elect annually the members of the Common Council, and also an alderman when a vacancy occurs, as the Aldermen hold their office for life. From their body the Lord Mayor is elected by the liverymen of the City Companies in Common Hall, who also elect the two sheriffs, chamberlain, and other officers. As we have seen in the course of this history the Lord Mayor holds chief sway in the City, and is a very important person. The password of the Tower of London is sent to him every quarter, and soldiers, when marching through the City, trail their arms. Long may these old customs remain and the City preserve the dignity, form, and unique constitution of its governance.

CHAPTER XIV

TOPOGRAPHY AND SOME NOTABLE BUILDINGS

EVERY street in London records some feature of the Old City life. As we walk down Chancery Lane,* formerly Chancellor's Lane, we see one of the homes of the lawyers, one of the Inns of Court, Lincoln's Inn. It was once the town house of the Bishops of Chichester, and the names of the two adjacent courts, Chichester Rents and Bishop's Court, preserve the memory. The Inn takes its name from Henry de Lacey, Earl of Lincoln, who encouraged the study of the Law. In 1422 the colony of lawyers migrated here. The fine Tudor gateway was built by Sir Thomas Lovel, and bears his arms and those of Henry VIII., and the first founder. The Hall was built in 1489, and the chapel by Inigo Jones in 1620. Both have been much altered, and a German bomb shattered Van Linge's fine windows. There is some good eighteenth-century building in Old Square, and Stone Buildings and the fine New Hall was

* So called from John de Langton, Chancellor of England (1292–1302), Bishop of Chichester

designed by Hardwick in 1843 in the Tudor-Gothic style.

We have already visited the Temple which Charles Lamb describes as "the most elegant spot in the Metropolis." Gray's Inn takes its name from Richard de Grey, Justiciar of Chester, in 1294. The main gateway

Staple Inn, Holborn.

is Elizabethan. The Inn is divided into three portions, Gray's Inn Square, South Square, and the Gardens, and there are blocks of eighteenth-century work. The hall is the most beautiful specimen of an Elizabethan hall

in London, rivalling Middle Temple Hall. Lord Bacon lived here during his retirement, and he planned the garden wherein Pepys and Charles Lamb and many other notables used to walk.

These four Inns of Court, Lincoln's Inn, Gray's Inn, and the Inner and Middle Temple, remain, but nearly all the Inns of Chancery, which were smaller schools of legal learning, have vanished. "The Monster City," of which Hawthorne speaks, has eaten up Furnival's, Thavie's, Dane's, Sergeant's, Lyon's Inn, and others. But Staple Inn, happily, still presents its charming frontage to Holborn, and continues to be a home of ancient peace. That front was built between the years 1570 and 1586. The Wool-Staplers settled here in the fourteenth century, and it was a sort of custom house and wool court, well situated here, as it commanded the entrance of the City at Holborn Bars. When the woolmen went out the lawyers came in, and in 1529 the Inn was sold to Gray's Inn, of which for some time it was an appendage until it gained its freedom. It has a charming hall, and the Inn has many literary associations upon which I may not dwell now. There is a vivid description of its quiet courts in the pages of *Edwin Drood*.

Barnard's Inn is now the home of Mercers' School, one of the oldest in England, and Clifford's Inn remains, taking its name from Robert Clifford, to whom the site was granted by Edward II. Clifford's widow let the hall to some students of laws, and it remained in the hands of that legal society until the present century dawned. All the other Inns have vanished.

Close to Staple Inn is Ely Place, the former residence of the Bishops of that See, to whom it was bequeathed by John de Kirkeby, Bishop of Ely in 1290. It is the only remnant of the episcopal town houses that is left, except, of course, Lambeth, and that is beyond our area. It remained in the hands of the See until 1772, when the bishops found a new home in Dover Street. All that remains of the house is the chapel of St. Etheldreda, which is now used as a Roman Catholic chapel. It is a

fine example of decorated architecture. There is a crypt below the church. The house was sometimes let to laymen, and Sir Christopher Hatton, Elizabeth's Chancellor, leased it, and desired to possess it; he invoked the aid of the queen, and there was a pretty quarrel between her and the bishop. The Chancellor's name is preserved in Hatton Garden, wherein he grew strawberries and where diamonds are now plentiful. It formerly produced an abundance of roses, and when the bishop let his house to Hatton it is expressly stated in the lease that he might gather twenty bushels yearly. As an instance of the conservation of names it may be noted that Bishop Kirkeby's name is still preserved in Kirby Street, and close to the house is Mitre Court, wherein is an inn called "The Mitre," bearing that sign of episcopal rank and the date 1546. Near this house is Brooke Street, where formerly stood the residence of Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, "the friend of Sir Philip Sydney." He was murdered by one of his servants.

The College of Arms in Queen Victoria Street is a notable building. It was first erected by Thomas Stanley, second Earl of Derby, and was known as Stanley or Derby House. In 1555 it was sold to Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, who bequeathed it to the Garter King-of-Arms, Sir Gilbert Dethick and his associates. The Great Fire played havoc with it, but the nobles and the heralds came to the rescue and rebuilt it. Wren was the architect, but it was much altered in 1844. The heralds play a prominent part in royal functions and maintain their ancient privileges. Near the College is Knightrider Street (formerly Old Fish Street), the location of the Pursuivants who used to act as King's messengers, bear royal messages to distant courts, and conduct the affairs of princes with bravery, dignity, and address.

The names of London streets afford an endless study, and we are compelled to abandon, in many cases, the derivations suggested by former antiquaries. Stow informs us that Sermon Lane is a corruption of Shiremoniers' Lane, who "cut and rounded the plates to be

coined and stamped into sterling pence." It is probably derived from Adam de Sermoner, who held property here in Henry III.'s reign. Lothbury is not deemed to derive its name from its loathsomeness, because of the noise of the founders, nor is it a corruption of Latenbury, the place where these founders "cast candlesticks, spice mortars and such like copper or baton work," but from "Lode," meaning a way or path. Of course people sold their fowls in the Poultry, fish and milk and bread in the streets bearing their names, and leather in Leather Lane, and soap in Soper's Lane, near Eastcheap, the markets of the butchers naturally stood Cooke's Row, along Thames Street. Streets have often changed their names. Middlesex Street, north of Aldgate Street, was formerly known as Hog Lane, and then when the Jews came and sold there old clothes it was called Petticoat Lane, which name still clings to it. But the nomenclature of streets is an endless study, and on account of exigences of space cannot here be pursued further.

In unexpected places we find gems of architectural art, although so much has vanished. In College Hill, Cannon Street, which takes its name from Richard Whittington's College and almshouses founded nigh his own house that bore the sign of the "Tabard," are two doorways beautifully carved in the Later Renaissance period; and in the same neighbourhood at Nos. 1 and 2, Laurence Pountney Hill, are some remarkable examples of the same style, and one is dated 1703. A whole chapter might be written on the old Signs of London and on the curious tablets, such as those in Panyer Ally * and Warwick Lane, Ironmonger Lane, and others in the Guildhall Museum. But it is time that our wanderings through the City should cease, and with reluctance I must draw these musings to a close.

I have tried to sketch the story of our old City, to picture something of "the greatness that is London,"

* Panyer Ally takes its name from the basket which bakers used to take their bread to their customers.

to show how it has grown from a tiny acorn to be this mighty centre of epoch-making activity. Not yet does it show any signs of decay and disintegration. It is the mother-city of a vast Empire, and loving eyes from overseas, from Oceania and Africa, from India, from Canada and elsewhere, look to London as the great world capital. It has stood the strain of relentless war. Time after time have hostile airmen hovered overhead, and tried to destroy it. But the danger only called out the brave spirit of its sons and daughters, and the traces of devastation pass away and London renews its life, repairs its wounds, as her children have always done in every chapter of her history. She still remains the economic centre of the world. And what of her future? That no man can foretell. Gloomy prophets utter Jeremiads, and foresee the clouds of anarchy and revolution gathering over city, country, and Empire; but it cannot be that England and London which have been so marvellously preserved through crisis after crisis, through storms and stress for over a thousand years by the mercy of Divine Providence, will sink into shame and oblivion, but by the same Almighty power hand down "the glory that is London" to future generations.

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