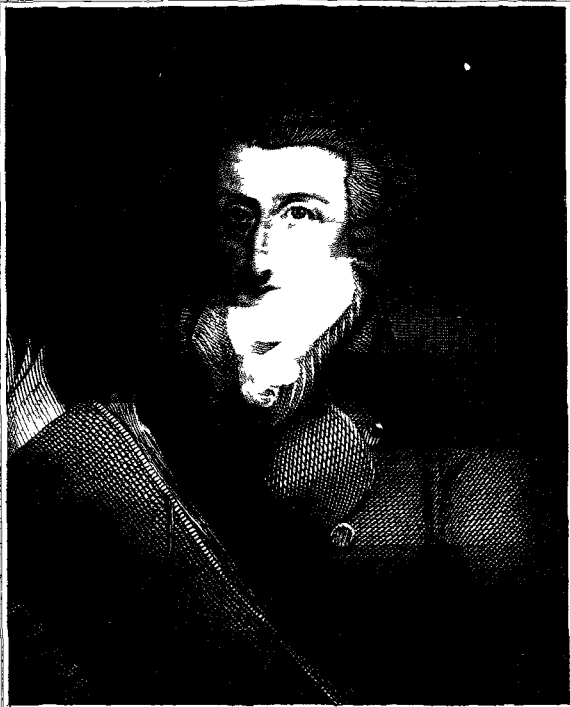


TAVERN ANECDOTES,
(including the)
 (ORIGIN OF SIGNS,
AND)
Reminiscences,
connected with
 TAVERNS, COFFEE HOUSES, CLUBS,
&c. &c.



The Moon-fakers



MR CHRISTOPHER BROWN.

To the free & easy Counsellors under the Cauliflower

This Portrait of MR BROWN then worthy Secretary

is respectfully dedicated by their very humble Servt

JOHANNES ECKSTEIN

TAVERN ANECDOTES,

AND

REMINISCENCES

OF

THE ORIGIN OF

SIGNS, CLUBS, COFFEE-HOUSES, STREETS,
CITY COMPANIES, WARDS, &c.

INTENDED AS

A LOUNGE-BOOK

FOR LONDONERS AND THEIR COUNTRY COUSINS



BY ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

“ Whoe'er his travel'd life's dull round,
Where'er his various tour has been
May sigh, to think how oft he found
His warmest welcome—at an inn ”
SHENSTONE

LONDON

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P R E F A C E.

JUST as we were thinking of writing a preface, one of the luckiest of our literary "reminiscences" came pat to our purpose. "Prefaces to books (says a *learned* author) are like SIGNS to PUBLIC-HOUSES! they are intended to give one an idea of the kind of entertainment to be found within;" but whether this *very appropriate* quotation be founded in truth, or not, we leave to the superior sagacity of those who may take the trouble to peruse the following sheets.

In our humble opinion the *preface apologetic* is, of all the prefaces that are penned, the most irksome to an author, and the least satisfactory to his readers; but as there are few which do not contain more or less matter of an excusatory character, that amiable weakness of our nature (by cynics miscalled vanity), with which authors are so pre-eminently gifted, will not receive a shock quite so

terrible as it otherwise might, and the confession to which we are coming will consequently be rendered in some measure endurable.

Ye good-natured souls, then,—“the liberal and discerning public” we mean, of course,—whose breasts overflow with the milk of human kindness, we throw ourselves at your feet, and ask forgiveness for having ushered into the world a production which our modesty compels us to admit is imperfect. That we have sins of commission to answer for before your august tribunal there can be little doubt, but our sins of omission are far more numerous still. We have ostentatiously presumed to call this volume “TAVERN ANECDOTES,” and yet where is there one among you who could not furnish us with some anecdote equally rare and interesting as the best which we have collected? We have pompously professed to give the “Origin of Signs;” yet how barren our resources were, your prolific brains and retentive memories will too clearly testify! We have descanted on “Clubs,” and yet how many good things have we passed by unnoticed, that in all those right merry societies have from time immemorial “set the table in a roar!” We have talked of streets and buildings, as though we knew the ichnography of London to an inch; yet how miserably we have fallen short in

relating all the wonderful things that have happened on their respective sites, must be too evident to every one who knows any thing about metropolitan localities ! But, generous patrons, while we acknowledge our faults, let it not be supposed that we are prompted to the act by any abject motive. No ; humble as we are, we verily believe that in this *melange*, perhaps too hastily thrown together, there will be found many matters worthy of your attention ; and we hesitate not in declaring, that our object in coming to your confessional is for the public good.

In one word, then, as *pro bono publico* is our motto, we earnestly entreat your assistance. Having acknowledged the incompleteness of our first attempt, our highest aim will be to render *future editions* of “ ‘Tavern Anecdotes’ ” worthy of the encouragement you may kindly show to this ; and we therefore invite you, most respectfully, to favour us with whatever communications of interest may occur to you as likely to enrich the work, and make it the depository of stray notices on the various subjects which it professes to treat of. We are not such niggards as to ask you to pay the postage : let your communications be but gratuitous, and we shall be thankful ; while you will experience the gratification of knowing that your services will en-

lighten the public—mark *that!*—and you will have the satisfaction of seeing your labours in print—a point of no trifling importance to the aspiring mind of a *young* writer, and by no means to be sneered at even by an *old* one, troubled with the *cacoethes scribendi*.

Communications to be addressed to the “Editor of Tavern Anecdotes, at the Publisher’s, 10, Newgate-street.”

N. B. Our Readers will not fail to observe, that we have already availed ourselves of the friendly offices of one Correspondent, who supplied us with the supplementary matter, inserted under the head “Addenda.”

Nov. 1, 1825.

INTRODUCTION.

I'm amused at the signs,
As I pass through the town,
To see the odd mixture—
A Magpye and Crown ;
The Whale and the Crow ,
The Razor and Hen ;
The Leg and Seven Stars ,
The Axe and the Bottle ;
The Tun and the Lute ;
The Eagle and Child ;
The Shovel and Boot.

British Apollo, 1710.

THE absurdities which Tavern Signs present are often curious enough, but may in general be traced to that inveterate propensity which the vulgar of all countries have, to make havoc with every thing in the shape of a proper name.

What a Magpie could have to do with a Crown, or a Whale with a Crow, or a Hen with a Razor, is as difficult to conjecture, as to trace the corruption

of language, in which the connexion more probably originated. The sign of the *Leg and the Seven Stars* was merely an orthographical deviation from the *League and the Seven Stars*, or *Seven United Provinces*; and the *Axe and Bottle* was, doubtless, a transposition of the *Battle-axe*, a very appropriate and significant sign in warlike times. The *Tun and Lute* seem quite emblematical of the pleasures arising from the association of *Wine and Music*.

The *Eagle and Child* had some meaning, but no application; but, when we approach the *Shovel and Boot*, nonsense again triumphs, and we labour in vain to come at any rational definition of the affinity.

The *Swan with two Necks* has long been an object of mystery to the curious; but this mystery has been explained by the alteration of a single letter. The sign was originally written, the *Swan with two Nicks*; the meaning of which we find to be thus fully explained in a communication to the Antiquarian Society, by the late Sir Joseph Banks.

At a meeting of the Antiquarian Society, held in the year 1810, Sir Joseph Banks presented a curious roll of parchment, exhibiting the marks or *nicks* made on the beaks of the swans and cygnets in the rivers and lakes in Lincolnshire; accompanied with an account of the privileges of certain persons for keeping swans in these waters, and the duties of the king's swanherd in guarding these fowls against

depredators; also for regulating their marks, and for preventing any two persons from adopting the same figures and marks on the bills of their swans.

The number of marks contained in the parchment roll amounted to two hundred and nineteen, every one of which were distinct, although confined to the small extent of the bill of the swan. The outline was an oblong square, circular at one end, and containing dots, notches, arrows, or such like figures, in order to constitute a difference in the marks of the swans belonging to different individuals.—So late as the 12th of Queen Elizabeth, laws were enacted for the preservation of the swans in Lincolnshire.

The sign of the *Goat and Compasses* has been supposed to have arisen from the resemblance between the bounding of a goat, and the expansion of a pair of compasses; but this is more fanciful than appropriate.

This sign is of the days of the Commonwealth, when it was the fashion of the enthusiasts of that period to append scriptural quotations to the names given them by their parents, or to adopt them entirely instead. This rage for sacred titles induced them to coin new names also for places and things. The corruption from “God encompasseth us,” to *Goat and Compasses*, is obvious, and seems quite natural; and it is not unlikely that Praise God Barebones preferred drinking his tankard of ale at

the " God encompasseth us," rather than frequent a house retaining its old and heathenish title.

Richard Flecknoe, in his " Enigmatical Character," published in 1665, speaking of the " fanatic reformers," observes, " As for the signs, they have pretty well begun their reformation already, changing the sign of the Salutation of the Angel and our Lady into the *Soldier and Citizen*, and the Katherine Wheel into the *Cat and Wheel*; so as there only wants their making the Dragon to kill St. George, and the Devil to tweak St. Dunstan by the nose, to make the reformation complete. Such ridiculous work they make of their reformation, and so zealous are they against all mirth and jollity, that they would pluck down the sign of the *Cat and Fiddle* too, if it durst but play so loud as they might hear it."

The *Bag of Nails*, at Chelsea, is claimed by the smiths and carpenters in its neighbourhood, as a house originally intended for their peculiar accommodation; but, had it not been for the corruption of the times, it still would have belonged to the Bacchanals, who, in the days of the rare Ben Jonson, were accustomed to make a holiday excursion to that pleasant part of the environs of London. One age has contrived to convert Bacchanals into *Bag-o'-Nails*; may not a future age take the liberty of converting the term Bacchanalians into that of *Bag-o'-nailians*?

The very common sign of the *Chequers*, which



we see either on the door-posts or window-shutters of most public-houses, has given rise to much conjecture and discussion among the learned, as to its origin. One writer supposes that they were meant to signify that the game of draughts was allowed to be played within; another has been informed, and that by "a high and noble personage," that in the reign of Philip and Mary, the Earl of Arundel of that time had a grant for the licensing of public-houses, and that the chequer-board, being a part of the armorial bearings of that nobleman, this mark was attached to his sign by the publican, in order to shew that he possessed a licence.

Unfortunately for both of these solutions, and also for the honours of the "Howards," the Antiquarian Society were lately presented by Sir W. Hamilton with a view of a street in Pompeii, in which we find that shops with the sign of the chequers were common among the Romans. The true origin of this emblem, therefore, still remains involved in uncertainty, if not obscurity.

The most *witty*, though assuredly not the most *genuine* explanation, was that given by the late George Selwyn, who frequently expressed his astonishment how antiquarians could be at any loss to discover why *draughts* were an appropriate emblem for *drinking* houses.

In the year 1807, an annotator on Beloe's *Anec-*

dotes of Literature says, " I remember many years ago passing through a court in Rosemary-lane, where I observed an ancient sign over the door of an alehouse, which was called the Four Alls. There was the figure of a King, and on a label " I rule all;" the figure of a Priest, motto, " I pray for all;" a Soldier, " I fight for all;" and a Yeoman, " I pay all." About two years ago I passed through the same thoroughfare, and looking up for my curious sign, I was amazed to see a painted board occupy its place, with these words inscribed, "*The Four Awls.*"

In Whitechapel-road there is a public-house, which has a written sign, " The Grave Morris." A painter was commissioned to embody the inscription; but this knight of the brush was not possessed of a poet's eye, and therefore could not depict the form of things unknown or imaginary. In this dilemma he had recourse to a friend, who had studied more particularly " the signs of the times," who immediately extricated him out of his difficulty, and the painter forthwith delineated, in his best manner, "*The Graaf Maurice,*" which is frequently mentioned in the "*Epistolæ Ho-elianæ.*"

Curiosities for the Ingenious.

TAVERN ANECDOTES,

&c. &c.

ORIGIN OF SIGNS.

BULL AND MOUTH, BULL AND MOUTH-STREET.

THIS sign, like those noticed in the "Introduction," exhibits an instance of the corruption and perversion of language. Every body knows that a bull has a mouth, but every one does not know that there is such a place as Boulogne, where there is a harbour, which necessarily must have an entrance, commonly called a mouth.

The original name of this was Boulogne Mouth, in allusion to the town and harbour of Boulogne; but the *gne* being generally pronounced by the Londoners *on*, it gradually became *an*, and it only required the small addition of *d* to make *and* of it; the first part being before this made a *bull* of, it was ultimately converted into the *Bull and Mouth*,—the unmeaning title which it now bears. This is a house of much business, from whence several of the mails, and various other coaches, to all parts of the kingdom, take their departure. The late proprietor,

Mr. Willan, who conducted this respectable concern for many years, realised a considerable property, and died at a good old age ; since which it has been disposed of, and being a large concern, several gentlemen became joint purchasers.

JOHN O' GROAT'S HOUSE, WINDMILL-STREET.

James the Fourth, of Scotland, sent Malcolm Gavin and John de Groat, two brothers, into Caithness, with a letter written in Latin, recommending them to the kind regards of the people of that county. They became possessed of lands in the parish of Anisley, on the banks of the Pentland firth, which was equally divided between them. In course of time there were eight families of the same name, who shared alike, and lived comfortably and in peace for many years. These were accustomed to meet, to celebrate the anniversary of the arrival of their progenitors. At one of these meetings it became a matter of dispute which of them was entitled to enter first, and take the head of the table ; which had likely to have terminated fatally, but for the presence of mind of John de Groat, proprietor of the ferry, who remonstrated with them ; pointed out the necessity of unanimity, as regarded their own happiness, their respectability among their neighbours, and general safety from the inroads of those clans, who might envy them, and take advantage of their dissensions. He then proposed the building of a house, to which they should contribute equally ; and he promised that at their next meeting

he should so order matters, as to prevent any dispute about precedence.

Having gained their assent, he proceeded to build a house, with a distinct room, of an octagonal form, having eight doors and eight windows, in which he placed a table of oak, with eight sides. At the next annual meeting he desired each to enter singly at different doors, and take the head of the table, himself entering the last, and taking the remaining unoccupied seat. By this ingenious manœuvre they were all placed on an equal footing, and good humour and harmony were restored and established.

THE COCK,

The ancient emblem of *France*, but now adopted in *England* as a sign, in allusion to the origin of cock-fighting.—When Themistocles led an army of his countrymen against their barbarian neighbours, he saw two cocks in furious combat. This spectacle was not lost upon the general, who made his forces halt, and thus addressed them:—"These cocks, my gallant soldiers, are not fighting for their country, or their paternal gods; neither do they endure thus for the monuments of their ancestors, for their offspring, or for glory, in defence of liberty. The only motive is, the one is heroically resolved not to yield to the other."—This opportune harangue made a strong impression, rekindled their ardour, and led them on to conquest. After their successive victories over the *Persians*, the *Athenians* decreed that one day should be set apart in every succeeding

year for the public exhibition of cock-fighting, the expenses of which were to be defrayed by the state.

On the 4th of April, 1789, died, in a most awful manner, John Ardesoif, Esq. a young man of large fortune. He had won much upon a favourite cock, but the loss of the last bet so enraged him, that he had the poor fowl tied to a spit, and roasted alive before a large fire. Its cries were so affecting, that some gentlemen present interfered, which so exasperated him, that he seized a poker, and declared that he would kill the first who touched it; but, in the height of his passion, he suddenly dropt down and died!—If such inhuman feelings are cherished by this sport, how can it be encouraged or defended?

THE GREYHOUND.

The sign of the Greyhound is very common throughout England, and seems a very appropriate one in a sporting country, such as Great Britain anciently was, and still continues to be. The greyhound, under the ancient name of the gazehound, was one of the earliest dogs of the chase, and from the nature of his first appellation, was originally intended to run by sight. He was the companion of royalty in field sports. King John received greyhounds in lieu of fines and forfeitures; but it is not certain whether he received them only because he could obtain nothing better. The dog of that day was long haired, and resembling, but probably larger than the one used by warreners; and in the oldest pictures now extant, the spaniel, and some-

times the pointer, accompanied the sportsman in what was then termed coursing.

The greyhound forms part of the armorial bearings of some noble families. The talbot forms that of the Earl of Shrewsbury, in which town there is a large and respectable inn, long established, bearing this latter sign.

THE HORSE.

The sign of the Horse, under various colours, black, grey, sorrel, pied, and white, is very general in London, and other towns. This noble animal has always been justly held in high estimation, possessing so many qualities, that render him valuable to man, either for his amusement, for domestic purposes, or for carrying him through the field of danger. His utility, and the attachment he shews to a kind master, one would think, should ensure him kind treatment, and render parliamentary interference unnecessary between a horse and his owner. Numerous works abound with interesting anecdotes of the horse and the dog, which are familiar to every one. Some, like Caligula, have treated the horse not only with kindness, but with veneration; and it is with feelings of no very agreeable nature that we hear of men inheriting high notions of honour, &c. shewing themselves destitute of the amiable feelings, in their conduct toward this noble animal.

Dr. Hawkesworth, in the thirty-seventh number of "The Adventurer," has immortalized Tregouville

Frampton, who was keeper of the running horses to William the Third, Queen Anne, George the First, and George the Second, who died at the age of eighty-six, on the 12th of March, 1727. The allusion is to the treatment of his horse Dragon, whom the doctor feelingly represents as speaking from the elysium of beasts and birds. "It is true," replied the steed, "I was a favourite; but what avails it to be the favourite of caprice, avarice, and barbarity? My tyrant was a man who had gained a considerable fortune by play, particularly by racing. I had won him many large sums; but being at length excepted out of every match, as having no equal, he regarded even my excellence with malignity, when it was no longer subservient to his interest. Yet still I lived in ease and plenty; and as he was able to sell even my pleasure, though my labour was become useless, I had a seraglio, in which there was a perpetual succession of new beauties. At last, however, another competitor appeared; I enjoyed a new triumph by anticipation; I rushed into the field, panting for the conquest, and the first heat I put my master in possession of the stakes, which amounted to one thousand guineas. Mr. —, the proprietor of the mare that I had distanced, notwithstanding this disgrace, declared, with great zeal, that she should run the next day against any gelding in the world for double the sum. My master immediately accepted the challenge, and told him that he would the next day produce a gelding that should beat her; but what was my astonishment and indignation when I discovered that he most cruelly and fraudulently intended to qualify

me for the match upon the spot, and to sacrifice my life at the very moment in which every nerve should be strained in his service. As I knew it would be in vain to resist, I suffered myself to be bound: the operation was performed, and I was instantly mounted, and spurred on to the goal. Injured as I was, the love of glory was still superior to the desire of revenge; I determined to die as I had lived, without an equal; and having again won the race, I sunk down at the post in an agony, which soon after put an end to my life."

"When I had heard this horrid narrative, which indeed I remembered to be *true*, I turned about in honest confusion, and blushed that I was a man!"

MUNDAY'S COFFEE-HOUSE,

Late of ROUND-COURT, STRAND, now in MAIDEN-LANE,

Was formerly kept by John, familiarly styled Jack Munday, where the sporting and betting gentlemen might be met with every evening; where Dick, *alias* Captain England, Dennis O'Kelly, Hull, the Clarkes, Tetherington, and others of turf notoriety resorted, and were ready to lay bets to any amount, or to favour those who required it with a bet on either side of the question. The company were also amused by the general fund of sporting anecdotes of old Medley; here the big Butcher challenged Dick England as being a thief, and alluded sarcastically to his origin, which compelled the "captain" to have recourse to the *argumentum fisticum* instantanter; and the renowned knight of the

cleaver feeling convinced, by many knock-down arguments, which *softened* him much, at last acknowledged that he had spoken falsely; but in this he lied again.

GOLDEN CROSS, CHARING-CROSS,

An inn of very considerable business, where many coaches arrive, and from whence as many depart to all parts of the country. Here Dick England, the noted gambler and black-leg, was accustomed to resort, and was constantly on the watch for raw Irishmen coming to town by the coaches, whom he invariably contrived to *pluck*. His rapid success soon enabled him to repair to an elegant house in St. Alban's-street, where he engaged various masters to teach him the polite arts, and he gained a slight knowledge of the French language. In the years 1779 and 1783, he was, probably, at the height of his prosperity, for he then kept a good house and table, sported his *vis-à-vis*, and was remarkably choice in the hackneys he rode, giving eighty or ninety guineas for a horse, a price supposed equal to 200 guineas at the present time. He also frequented Munday's coffee-house, as before noticed, where there was an ordinary on certain days at four o'clock, when he generally presided. On these occasions his manner was polite, and his conversation shrewd, evincing the industry he used to supply the defects of education, of which he affected at times to make a shew, by introducing classical terms in his conversation. Being at times the hero of his own story, he unguardedly exposed some of his own cha-

racteristic traits, which his acquired self-possession, in general, enabled him to conceal. His conduct among men of rank and family, with whom he happened to associate in the way of his profession, was so polite and guarded, that he gained general respect; but he was resolute in enforcing payment of sums he had won. One evening he met a young tradesman at a house in Leicester-fields, to have an hour's diversion at *rattling the bones*, when he contrived to lose a few score pounds, for which he gave a draft upon Haulrey's; but requested to have his revenge, in a few more throws, when he soon regained what he had lost, and as much in addition. Upon which, being late, he proposed for both to retire, being past three in the morning; but the tradesman, conceiving himself tricked, refused payment of what he had lost. England then tripped up his heels, rolled him in the carpet, took a case-knife from the sideboard, which he flourished over him, and using menacing language, at last cut off the young citizen's long hair, close to the scalp. Dreading worse proceedings, the youth, on being allowed to gain an erect posture, gave a check for the amount, wished the captain a good morning civilly, and although he frequently saw England afterward, never spoke of the circumstance.

England had at one time a fat cook, whom he, after a little acquaintance with her, elevated from the kitchen to the head of his table. George Mahon, one of his competitors, was a frequent visitor at his table; and she proved so unfaithful, as to tamper her affections, and in a few weeks she eloped with Mahon; which England soon discovered, but con-

cealed his knowledge of the affair, until he had an opportunity of taking some revenge on the enamoured swain. He persuaded Mahon to meet him at an inn at Barnett, on a pretended trotting match, when he threw him on the floor, and with a sharp knife he had provided bereft him of his queue, and kicked him into the street. England afterwards remarked, "Had it been my wife, I could have forgiven him; but to seduce my w—, it was not to be endured." At loading a dye he was unrivalled; but his despatches produced him the most, as he would often swear, "By J—s, there is nothing equal to a few pigeons, with a pair of despatches." At Newmarket he quarrelled with a gentleman blackleg, whom he accused with having loaded dice always with him; and received for answer, "that if he had, he knew who made them for England." Being at York, during the races, along with Mr. Maynard, his brother-in-law, they joined their ten pounds, and proposed going to the hazard table. On sallying out, they inquired where Hell was kept this year? A sharp lad (for there are few flats in York) answered, "It is kept at the Clerk's of the Minster, in the Minster-yard, next the Church!"

England fought a duel, at Cranford-bridge, June 18, 1784, with Mr. Le Rowles, a brewer at Kingston, from whom he had won a large sum, for which a bond had been given; and not being paid, after a considerable time, he arrested his late friend, which ended in the duel, fatally to Mr. Le Rowles. England fled to Paris, and was outlawed; but it is reported, that in the early period of the Revolution, he furnished some useful intelligence to our army,

in the campaign in Flanders, for which he was remunerated by the British Cabinet. While in France, he was several times imprisoned, and once ordered to the guillotine, but pardoned, through the exertion and influence of one of the Convention, who also procured a passport, by which he once more reached his native country. After an absence of twelve years, he was tried for the murder; and found guilty of man-slaughter, fined one shilling, and sentenced to one year's imprisonment.

During his trial he conducted himself respectfully; and, after his release, he passed the remaining part of his life in obscurity, at his house in Leicester-square, where he lived to the age of eighty, and was found, on being called to dinner, lying dead on his sofa.

MRS. BUTLER'S, COVENT-GARDEN,

Alas "The Finish."

Some place that's like the *Finish*, lads,
Where all your high pedestrian pads,
That have been *up*, and *out* all night,
Running their rigs among the rattlers,
At morning meet—and, honour bright—
Agree to share the *blunt* and *tattlers*.

Tom Cribb's Memorial to Congress.

This lately celebrated house of call for the *turn outs*, was kept, until a few years ago, by Mrs. Butler, who has retired from a publican's life, although not from public life, as we hear of her occasionally at the meetings of the Committee of Drury-lane

Proprietors, of which property she has purchased some shares. Her successor, either not being possessed of the same knack in managing a house of such a description, or from the "powers that be" not tolerating that in another which they winked at in her, has been compelled to shut up shop, and the house, which was formerly the nightly resort of statesmen, poets, players, pugilists, and any one who had the privilege of the *entré*, and knew the signal for admission, or paid due attention to the white-pated waiter. This lately privileged house is now occupied by a vender of coffee and tea, hot rolls and butter, with which the frequenters of the market, and others, may be accommodated in seasonable hours; *i. e.* from five A.M. to nine P.M. It is situated about half way between Southampton-street and the Hummums, on the south side of the market.

This lady had considerable influence in the neighbourhood, and was of great service to the popular candidate, during elections for Westminster. The late Mr. Fox, and the sprightly Sheridan, were constant frequenters of her parlour, on these and other occasions. Mr. K—n, Mr. B—y—e, and various other tragedians and comedians, might be met with, after they had strutted their hour on the stage. These, and others, resorted here to finish the evening.

THE FLYING HORSE.

The Flying Horse seems to have no affinity to any thing connected with inns, unless it has been originally intended to represent the Pegasus of the

ancients ; in which case it is not so unmeaning
sign ; for,

If with water you fill up your glasses,
You'll never write any thing wise ;
For wine is the horse of Parnassus,
Which hurries a bard to the skies.

GUY FAWKES.

This title seems to have been adopted by some loyalist, shortly after the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot, for blowing up the King, (James I.) Prince Henry, and all the Lords and Commoners who might be then assembled at the opening of the Session of Parliament. The 5th of November brings annually before our eyes various grotesque figures, destined to the flames, reminding us of the providential escape of the King and Parliament. "The dreadful secret," says Hume, "though communicated to above twenty persons, had been religiously kept for above a year and a half. No remorse, no pity, no fear of punishment, no hope of reward, had as yet induced any one conspirator either to abandon the enterprise, or make a discovery of it. The holy fury had extinguished in their breasts every other motive, and it was an indiscretion, at least, proceeding chiefly from those very bigotted prejudices and partialities, which saved the nation. In consequence of an anonymous and warning letter being received by Lord Monteagle, a catholic, which being made known to the King, he caused a search to be made in the cellars under the house on the day preceding the meeting of Parliament, where

was found Guido Fawkes, with matches ready to set fire to the train. He was tried and executed in Old Palace-yard, in 1606."

THE HOLE IN THE WALL.

There are various houses known by this name. That in Chancery-lane, nearly opposite to the gate leading into Lincoln's Inn Old-square, is kept by Jack Randall, who has obtained the proud title of the *Nonpareil*, he having fought above a dozen pitched battles, with the most of his opponents superior to him in weight, and proving the victor in every rencounter. He weighs about ten stone six pounds, and his height is about five feet six inches ; but he has now retired from the ring, having netted some *blunt*.

Then blame me not, *swells, kids, or lads of the fancy*,
For opening a *lush crib* in Chancery-lane ;
An appropriate spot 'tis, you doubtless all can see,
Since *heads* I've oft placed there, and let out again.

There is also a noted "Hole in the Wall" in Fleet-street, where compositors have long held their orgies, and where many a portentous question relating to the price of their labour, has been debated in full conclave

THE MAGDALEN.

A house, under the above title, in the vicinity of the Magdalen Asylum, for females who are desirous of escaping from the miseries of prostitution, and

being restored again to respectable society, has evidently adopted the name from the circumstance of contiguity. The excellent institution alluded to has been productive of much good, in restoring many a wandering daughter to the arms of a fond parent; and it well deserves the support of the affluent, the liberal, and the humane.

Nothing but being in the neighbourhood of such an institution could have rendered such a sign in any way appropriate for a public-house; for we have never perceived any thing in the manner of conducting such concerns as was conducive to virtue, but rather destructive to the morals of youth, and particularly of females.

THE NEW YORK COFFEE-HOUSE,

So named, in reference to the Trans-atlantic capital. This house, which is in the vicinity of the Royal Exchange, is much frequented by commercial men belonging to or connected with America, where the various English and American papers may be referred to. Turning over one of the latter files, viz. the New York Evening Post, the other evening, I lighted upon the following instance of Yankee wit:

“An American officer, bearer of a flag to the British lines, was afterwards invited to dinner by the British commander. The wine being in circulation, a British officer was called upon to give a toast, when he proposed, ‘Mr. Madison, dead or alive,’ which the American drank with apparent indifference. When the Yankee was requested to pro-

pose a toast, he gave, 'The P— R—, drunk or sober.' 'Sir,' said the British officer, "that is an insult." 'No, answered Yankee, coolly, 'it is only a reply to one.'"

THE GRENADIER.

This sign is of frequent observation at places where the military are, or have been resident, and seems to have been adopted in compliment to the private soldier, as others have been to that of their commanders.

GUY, EARL OF WARWICK.

There are many signs in the country put up in remembrance of the above nobleman, who rendered himself so famous in the transactions of his times; none of which have figured more in traditionary history, than his encounter with the dun cow, and his defeat of Colbrand, the Danish giant.

GUY'S HEAD.

This sign is doubtless intended to do honour to the philanthropy of Mr. Thomas Guy, who founded the hospital in the Borough which bears his name, and which cost the sum of £18,793. 16s. 1d.; and the sum left for the endowment of it was £219,499 0s. 4d. Had he been of the Romish church, he might have been honoured with a niche in their calendar, where many have been placed for acts neither of so benevolent or noble a nature. Mr. Guy had agreed to marry a female servant, whose manners pleased

him. Some days before the time intended to celebrate the nuptials, he had ordered the pavement before his door to be repaired to a particular spot; having left home, his servant discovering a broken flag beyond the spot pointed out by her intended, desired it also to be replaced by another, thus prematurely assuming an authority, by telling the workmen to say to Mr. Guy, "I bid you, and he wont be angry." On his discovering of her conduct, he renounced his engagement, and devoted his ample fortune to public charity. What a lesson this to aspiring spinsters!

ST. DUNSTAN.

St. Dunstan was born on the 19th May, 924, at Glastonbury, and educated in the abbey. He became a great scholar, and skilled in painting, sculpture, music, and in the art of refining and forging metals, so that he was first deemed a conjurer, and then named a saint. He made two large bells for the church of Abingdon. Edmund made him abbot of Glastonbury; Edred, his successor, made him royal confessor, confidant, and prime minister; Edwy ordered him into exile; but Edgar recalled him, and promoted him successively to the bishoprics of Worcester and London; and to the archiepiscopal chair of Canterbury, which he filled twenty-seven years, and died 19th May, 988.

When a boy, he is stated by the monks of his time to have studied theology so sedulously, as to reduce him to the point of death, when he was suddenly restored by a divine medicine sent by an

angel in a storm. In the impulse of gratitude, he instantly started from bed, and hastened to the church; but was met by the way by the devil, surrounded by a number of black dogs, who endeavoured to stop him. He prayed for help, and was enabled to cudgel the devil and his dogs so heartily, that they were glad to leave him and his assisting angel masters of the field. The angel finding the doors of the church fastened, took him up, and conveyed him through the roof.

The arch-enemy at another time made an attack upon his chastity. While the saint was at work at his forge, the devil appeared before him in the form of a beautiful woman; but the saint was too sharp for him, for immediately recognising Satan, he took his tongs, red-hot from the fire, and revenged the insult, by heartily pinching the devil's nose. There is in Goldsmith's-hall, London, a painting, representing angels rejoicing at the saint's conquest of Satan. St. Dunstan is said to have invented the *Æolian* harp, which was the first cause of his being considered divinely gifted: for he is said to have been able to play upon the harp without touching it:

St. Dunstan's harp, fast by the wall,
Upon a pin did hang-a;
The harp itself, with ty and all,
Untouched by hand did twang-a.

THE CROWN AND ANCHOR, STRAND.

The union of these titles, as applied to other houses, appears appropriate enough; but this tavern being in the parish of St. Clement Danes, seems to

have derived its second title from the legend of St. Clement; which states, that he was cast into the sea with an anchor about his neck, and that on the first anniversary of his death the sea retired three miles from the shore, and discovered on the place where he suffered a superb temple of fine marble, in which was a monument of the saint; and that for several years the sea withdrew for seven days in succession. In allusion to this, the device of the anchor may be seen on the boundary marks of the parish, and in various parts of the church of St. Clement Danes, Strand.

St. Clement, a Roman, is stated to have been converted by St. Peter, and he was a zealous coadjutor of the Apostles.—(See Philip iv. 3.) Several works are attributed to him; but his Epistle to the Church at Corinth only is considered genuine. It is generally believed that this great and good man died a natural death, about A.D. 100, at the commencement of the reign of the Emperor Trajan.

THE DEVIL TAVERN, FLEET-STREET.

The Devil tavern is stated, by Mr. Pennant, as being near Temple-bar. It occupied the ground which is now named Child's-place. This tavern, well known to the facetious Ben Jonson, and others, had for a sign the Devil, and St. Dunstan tweaking him by the nose with a pair of hot tongs. The celebrated libertine, Lord Rochester, also takes notice of this notorious scene of revelry.

This tavern appears to have been open in the

days of Goldsmith, who notices Dr. Kenrick, the lecturer, at the above tavern, which the doctor entitled the School of Shakspeare, in the poem of "Retaliation." It does not appear in any of "the books," whether his Satanic majesty was pleased with, or patronised the said tavern; but, doubtless, he looked in there at times to see his friends, perhaps under cover of the smoke they raised. Ben Jonson passing along Fleet-street, near to the above tavern, observed a countryman staring at a grocer's sign; he tapped him on the shoulder, and asked him what so engaged his attention? "Why, master," he replied, "I be admiring that nice piece of poetry over the shop." "How can you make that rhyme?" said Ben; "the words are, 'Coffee and tea to be sold.'" "Why thus," replies Ralph:—

" Coffee and tea
To be s-o-l-d."

This so pleased the poet, that Ralph was taken into his service immediately, and he continued to serve him until Jonson's death.

The late Duke of Montague, of facetious memory, gave an entertainment at the Devil tavern, to several nobles and gentry, whom he knew to be convivialists, and fond of their bottle; among whom was Heidegger, the Swiss musician, who was soon *sewed up*, and carried to bed. While in sound sleep, the duke caused a cast to be taken from his face, from which a mask was afterwards made by the duke's order. From Heidegger's valet the duke learnt the dress he meant to go in to the next masquerade at the King's Theatre, and he procured one like it, in

which he attired a person of the same stature, who went along with the duke to the same masquerade. When his Majesty entered, Heidegger ordered the music to strike up the national anthem of "God Save the King;" and had no sooner turned round than the masked Heidegger called to play, "Over the Water to Charlie," which astonished all those who were not in the secret. Heidegger ran to the gallery, storming, while his Majesty and others enjoyed a hearty laugh. After putting them to rights, as he thought finally, he retired to one of the dancing rooms, when the mask again placed himself in the front of the gallery, and ordered them peremptorily to give, "Over the Water to Charlie." They paused; but conceiving they must obey, began it again, which threw the company into some confusion. Heidegger again returned to the gallery, and rated the musicians roundly. Here the duke whispered to him, that his Majesty was very angry, and he had better apologise, and then dismiss the musicians. He approached the King, and had just finished an humble apology, when the mask advanced to do the same, adding, that it was not his fault, as that devil had taken his likeness; which so confounded Heidegger, that he stared, grew pale, and was utterly speechless. The duke, thinking the joke had been carried far enough, whispered in his ear the plot that had been carried on, and relieved him from his distress. Heidegger was exceedingly harsh featured, but could joke upon his own ugliness. The Earl of Chesterfield lost a bet with him, by not being able to produce one so ugly as he. A woman was found very strangely fea-

tured ; but, upon placing her cap on his head, he appeared uglier than ever.

THE MARINER.

This sign, like that of the “ Jolly Sailor,” “ Mariner’s Compass,” “ Ship,” “ Boat,” “ Barge,” &c. has been adopted in seaport towns, evidently in compliment to the seafaring man, as others have adopted the names of some favourite or fortunate admiral, commodore, captain, &c.

THE GUILDHALL COFFEE-HOUSE.

This, I believe, is the only house in London under its title ; its vicinity to Guildhall, in King-street, sufficiently denotes its origin. It is frequented much by lawyers and their clients, who have business in the courts of law held in the city ; or having occasion to attend the commissioners of bankrupts, whose office, newly erected in Basinghall-street, forms one of the important modern improvements in the city.

THE MANSION-HOUSE.

The vicinity of this public-house to the residence of the chief magistrate, also denotes its origin. It is much resorted to by parties who are brought by, or the bringer of others before the Lord Mayor, in his judicial capacity. And here some differences, that can be made up, are settled over a jug of *heavy*,

a drop of *max*, with a bit o' *sume-ut* to eat, and something to the officer for his trouble.

At one of the public dinners at the Mansion-house, during Wilkes's mayoralty, Boswell perceiving George Colman at a loss for a seat, having secured good room for himself, called to him, and gave him a seat by his side; remarking, at the same time, how important a matter it was to have a *Scotchman* for his friend at such a table. Shortly after this they happened to be helped to something by a waiter who was a foreigner, to whom Mr. Boswell spoke in German; when Mr. Colman observed, that he thought he had mistaken the place. "I did think I was at the Mansion-house, but I am certainly at St. James's, for here are none but Scots and Germans!"

THE ADMIRAL DRAKE.

This sign also figures occasionally by the water-side, in honour of the brave admiral of that name.

Quaint conceit of an old writer on Queen Elizabeth and Sir Francis Drake:—

O, Nature! to Old England still
Continue these mistakes:
Still give us for our kings *such* queens,
And for our dux *such* drakes!

THE DOG AND DUCK.

This sign seems to have been adopted by some publican, whose house being contiguous to a pond

or river, was the resort of those accustomed to the cruel sport of duck-hunting; a practice still kept up, and, to the disgrace of the metropolis, has been lately seen taking place on the morning of a Sunday, in the New River, a short way above Islington. The Dog and Duck, in St. George's-fields, was long known as a house of resort of the metropolitans.

THE CATHERINE WHEEL.

The Catherine Wheel is used for a sign to several public houses, and is also given to a species of fire works. Catherine, the virgin and martyr, was born, according to her legend, at Alexandria, and of so wonderful a capacity, that having soon after her conversion to Christianity, A. D. 305, disputed with fifty heathen philosophers, she not only vanquished them by the strength of her reasoning, but, in the end, painted to them the Divine truths of the Gospel in such glowing colours, that she converted them all to the true faith. For this offence, so heinous in the eyes of the Emperor Maxentius, that tyrant caused her instantly to be cast into prison; where the Empress, and one of the principal generals, who visited her out of curiosity, were likewise converted by the irresistible power of her eloquence and learning; which was deemed so great an aggravation of her crime, that the emperor not only condemned the virgin saint to a cruel death, but caused the fifty philosophers to be burnt alive.

The Emperor Maxentius then ordered the saint to be tortured with four cutting wheels, in which

were saws of iron, sharp nails, and sharp knives; the wheels turned one against another, and the saws, knives, and nails met.

She was tied to one of the wheels, that the other being turned the contrary way, her body might be torn in different places with the sharp instruments, and was afterwards beheaded; but angels, we are assured, rescued her remains, and conveyed them to Mount Sinai; where in the beginning of the ninth century, they were happily discovered, in an uncorrupted state.

That these sacred relics should work miracles was a natural consequence, and pilgrimages to her tomb became frequent, until the year 1063; when traveling on this devout errand having become extremely dangerous, on account of the hordes of Arabs which infested the way, an order of knighthood, upon the model of that of the holy sepulchre, was established, and placed under the immediate protection of St. Catherine, whose name they bore. These knights bound themselves, by the most solemn oaths, to guard the shrine of their murdered saint, and keep the roads leading to it secure of access. Their habits were white, in token of the spotless purity of their patroness, and were ornamented with a half wheel, armed with spikes, and traversed with a sword stained with blood, to keep them in constant remembrance of the horrid death intended to her, and of the providential escape she experienced from such barbarity, by the intervention of a divine agency.

Such is the outline of the legend of St. Catherine, of whom nothing appears upon record before the

alleged discovery of her uncorrupted remains; a circumstance that has given rise to much controversy, even as to the actual existence of this saint.

SAINT ANDREW.

St. Andrew was the younger brother of Simon, surnamed, by our Lord, Peter. The Scotch have chosen him as their tutelar saint; and it is asserted, that his remains were deposited in the County of Fife, in the year 368. The town and university of St. Andrew, in Fifeshire, are named in commemoration of him.

St. Andrew, upon the dispersion of the Apostles, traversed the vast northern regions of Scythia, surmounting every difficulty: he passed over the countries of Thrace, Macedonia, &c.; and at Patra, he was so wonderfully successful in the execution of his heavenly trust, that Ageas, the pro-consul, condemned him to be scourged, and then crucified; which sentence was put in force with peculiar cruelty. Seven lictors alternately exerted their strength on the shoulders of the apostle; and in order that his death, after such torture, should be the more lingering and painful, he was fastened to the cross with cords instead of nails. He remained in this state of agony two days, preaching and instructing the surrounding populace in that faith, which enabled him to sustain his sufferings without a murmur: a faith, which afforded to him the consummation of his riches, in a prospect of eternal life with his Saviour, whose doctrines he had so

strenuously inculcated. His body was embalmed, and honourably entombed by a Christian lady of quality and fortune; and some time afterwards his relics were removed, by Constantine the Great, to Byzantium. St. Andrew is known, in all paintings, pictures, &c. by his bearing his cross, in the form of the letter X.

THE KING'S HEAD

At various times, houses of accommodation have been opened under the above sign, and we may fairly infer that the keepers were not republicans, and that few, if any, were set up, for the first time, during the usurpation of Cromwell. The King's Head, in the Poultry, is much frequented by the citizens who are fond of turtle; and during elections, for the office of alderman, &c. it is generally selected by one of the candidates for the meeting of their committee.

ROBIN HOOD, WINDMILL-STREET.

Every one is familiar with the history of Robin Hood. About half a century ago there existed a debating society in London, called "The Robin Hood Society," which gave name to the house where it met.

The Hon. Charles Townshend hearing it asserted, that when Jeacock, the baker, was president, there was better speaking at the Robin Hood than at St. Stephen's Chapel; he replied, "You are not to

wonder that people should go to the *baker* for oratory, when so many come to the House of Commons for *bread*."

THE ALPHABET.

This seems to have been originally *Alpha, Beta*; if so, it had a sacred allusion, like many others of Commonwealth origin. A house so called, in the neighbourhood of Clare-market, has the whole of the letters, from great A to little z, over the door, as a distinguishing sign. In the seventh chapter of Ezra, the twenty-first verse contains all the letters of the alphabet.

THE CROSS INN.

The Cross has, very naturally, been made the emblem of our Christian faith, from the earliest ages of Christianity: it has adorned our cathedrals, churches, chapels, and other places devoted to religion; and has been adopted in former times by various professions, and amongst others by the keepers of inns for the accommodation of pilgrims, who would, most likely, prefer sojourning at a house bearing so distinguishing a mark of Christianity. In these latter times there are many who exhibit this sign, without any other intention than merely to distinguish one particular house from another.

The Romish church celebrates a feast on the 3d of May, named the "Invention of the Cross." It is said, that on this day St. Helena found the true

cross on Mount Calvary, deep in the ground. Three crosses were found; but the cross of Christ was soon distinguished from those on which the two thieves were crucified, by a sick woman touching it, and being immediately healed. The custody of the cross was committed to the Bishop of Jerusalem; and on every Easter Sunday it was exposed to view, and pilgrims from all countries were indulged with small pieces of it, encased in gold, or gems, notwithstanding which, it is said, it never lessened, being possessed of a wonderful and secret power of vegetation. The cross became the private mark, or signal, whereby Christians distinguished each other from their Pagan enemies in times of persecution, and their public emblem in times less dangerous; and is still the sign used in Christian churches, to mark those who are baptised. Wherever the Gospel was preached, a pious curé caused crosses to be erected, as standards, round which the faithful might assemble the more conveniently to hear divine truths; and by degrees this symbol was fixed in every place of public resort, as may be remarked in many towns in Great Britain, where crosses are or have been erected in the centre of four streets, pointing directly to the four cardinal points, where engagements were entered into, whether of a religious or worldly nature. Royal proclamations still are made, in the first place, at such as remain, or on the spot where they formerly stood, which still retains the title. Every church-yard formerly had a cross, on which the deceased body was laid, while the preacher gave his lesson on the mutability of life. At the turning of every public

road a cross was placed, for resting the bearers, and for reminding the traveller of a crucified Saviour. The boundaries of parishes were distinguished by crosses, at which, during their perambulations, the people alternately prayed and regaled themselves.

The grants from sovereigns or nobles, and all engagements between individuals, were also marked with the cross; and in all cases, even to this day, where the parties could not write, this emblem was and is considered an efficient substitute for the subscription of a name.

THE KING'S ARMS.

The same remarks may apply to this as to the "King's Head."

A certain amorous king holding dalliance with a fair damsel at a public court ball, one of the courtiers wishing to retire to some tavern for refreshment, inquired of another what house he would recommend; who wittily replied, "that he had better not go to the *King's Arms*, as they were *full*, but that the *King's Head* was *empty*!"

THE DEVIL AND BAG OF NAILS.

Some years since, a board with this designation appeared by the turnpike, just beyond the Queen's garden wall at Pimlico; but modern refinement has farther encroached on the liberty originally taken with his Infernal Majesty, as to leave him now entirely

out. About fifty years ago the original sign might have been seen at the front of the house, which was a Satyr of the Woods, and a group of jolly dogs, ycleped Bacchanals. But the Satyr having been painted with cloven feet, and painted black, it was by the common people called the *Devil*; while the Bacchanalians were transmuted, by a comical process, into a *bag of nails*. By this appellation the house was known for many years; till the refiners of times and manners thought fit to eject the Devil from the sign altogether, and retain only the most unmeaning part of it, that of the *Bag o' Nails*.

THE MITRE INN.

This appears to have been an ancient sign, coeval with the introduction and establishment of prelacy in England. There is a good inn so named, in the city of Oxford.

Hearne copied the following anecdote from a paper, in the hand-writing of Dr. Richard Rawlinson:—"Of Daniel Rawlinson, who kept the Mitre Tavern in Fenchurch-street, and of whose being sequestered in the *rump* time I have heard much. The Whigs tell this, that upon the King's murder, he hung his sign in mourning: he certainly judged right. The honour of the mitre was much eclipsed, through the loss of so good a parent of the church of England.

Those rogues say, this endeared him so much to the churchmen, that he soon throve amain, and got a good estate."

THE ROYAL OAK.

This sign was set up soon after the restoration of Charles II. in allusion to his being concealed in an oak from the observation of his pursuers. Hence styled "Royal."

The restoration of our ancient monarchical constitution, and with it our episcopal establishment, diffused gladness throughout the kingdom. "Traditions remain of men, particularly Oughtred, the mathematician, who died of pleasure, when informed of this happy and surprising event."—*Hume*.

The common people still continue the practice of wearing oak leaves in their hats; thus perpetuating the remembrance of Charles' concealment in the oak, after the battle of Worcester. The dress he wore, by way of disguise, is thus described in a tract of that period, now scarce:—"He had on a white steeple crowned hat, without any other lining besides grease, both sides of the brim so doubled up with handling, that they looked like two water spouts; a leather doublet, full of holes, and almost black with grease about the sleeves, collar, and waist; an old green woodriff's coat, threadbare, and patched in most places; with a pair of breeches of the same cloth, and in the same condition, the tops hanging down loose to the middle of the leg; hose and shoes of different parishes; the hose were grey stirrups, much darned and clouted, especially about the knees; under which he had a pair of flannel stockings of his own, the tops of them cut off; his shoes had been cobbled, being pierced both on the soles and seams, and the upper leathers so

cut and slashed, to fit them to his feet, that they were quite unfit to befriend him, either from the water or dirt. This exotic and deformed dress, added to his short hair, cut off by the ears, his face coloured brown, with walnut-tree leaves, and a rough crooked thorn stick in his hand, had so metamorphosed him, that it was hard even for those who had before been acquainted with his person, and conversant with him, to have discovered who he was."

This celebrated tree was situated near to Boscobel, in the parish of Donnington. By some it is stated to have been in a flourishing state; while others assert, with apparently more reason, that it was old, and so much decayed, that Charles concealed himself in its hollow trunk. The remains of the tree were enclosed by a handsome wall, with the following inscription in gold letters, on the stone over the arch of the door: "*FELICISSIMAM ARBOREM QUAM IN ASYLUM PONTENTISSIMI REGIS CAROLI II^{NDI} DEUS, OP: MAX. PER QUAM REGES REGNANT. HIC CRESCERE VOLUIT, &c.*"

A modern tourist asserts that this ancient tree is no longer standing, but that a young and thriving sapling, taken from it, fills its place within the enclosure, the wall of which has been taken down and nearly rebuilt.

We may here remark that guineas were first introduced in the reign of this prince; and the figure of Britannia on the copper coin was first used by his order, in compliment to the fine form and graceful symmetry of his accomplished cousin, Frances Stuart.

ST. HELENA,

Discoverer of the holy cross, or the true cross of Christ, the chief part of which remained in the custody of the Bishop of Jerusalem, by whom it was annually exhibited at Easter, until Cosroes, king of Persia, plundered Jerusalem, and seized the sacred relic, about the year of Christ 615. Heraclius, the Roman emperor, vanquished Cosroes, and resolved to remove this object of veneration to Mount Calvary; for which purpose he attired himself in his imperial robes, but he could not lift the holy wood from the ground. A voice from Heaven admonished him, that Christ himself, lowly and meek, and mounted on an ass, had entered Jerusalem, while Heraclius had attempted to pollute the hallowed cross. The emperor immediately disrobed himself, and then, with the greatest ease, conveyed the wood to the appointed place. The identity of the cross being thus ascertained, it was deposited in the great church of the twelve apostles at Constantinople. This is the legendary narrative of the circumstance, that gave rise to the festival of the "Exaltation of the Cross."

There is an inn, with tea-gardens attached, about half way between London and Deptford, which has borne this designation for many years; but it does not appear whether it was intended to honour the above saint, or in allusion to the island of that name, which serves as a watering place to oriental voyagers, as this does for a resting place, or half-way house for the cockney, or yokel traveller.

THE GREEN MAN AND STILL.

Mr. Jekyll meeting his friend Lord Erskine, said, "May I congratulate you, my lord, on having the green ribbon?" "Yes," replied his lordship, "yet I am the same man still." "Then," rejoined the humorous barrister, "it will be a most evident sign of your deserts, and therefore you must be the *Green Man and Still*."

THE MERMAID, HACKNEY,

A creature much talked of, but seldom, if ever, seen, has induced some few to adopt the title as a novel distinction. Here are very neat gardens, and the large room is well adapted for public meetings. The county meetings are frequently held here, at which the "members" and others attend to inform their constituents what they have done, and are told in return what they have not done, and ought to do.

At the Mermaid Inn at Rochester, a clergyman called some time since, and ordered dinner for the Dean of Canterbury, whom he said he had met on the road; the Canon of Winchester; the Provost of Lichfield; the Rector of Orpington; the Vicar of Romney; and one of the King's Chaplains; all of which livings were held by the dean. The landlord made ample provision; and when the dean arrived, he found a large table set out, and expressed his surprise that Boniface had shown him into a room intended for a large party. "No, please your

reverence, for Parson *Singlechurch* called about two hours ago, and told me to provide for your honour, and the Canon of Winchester, and I know not how many more." "Well, well," interrupted the dean, who soon perceived the joke, "I see I ought to have asked Mr. *Singlechurch* to dinner."

ST. JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE.

A well regulated house, elegantly appointed in all things fitting for the vicinity of a royal palace, and the resort of many noble and distinguished characters.

Dr. Goldsmith, and some of his friends, occasionally dined at the St. James's coffee-house. One day it was proposed to write epitaphs on him; his country, dialect, and person, furnished objects of witticism. He was called on for retaliation; and at their next meeting produced the poem, entitled "*Retaliation*," in which the following persons are humorously characterised: — the Master of the Coffee-house; Dr. Bernard, dean of Derry; Edmund Burke, Esq.; Messrs. William and Richard Burke; Richard Cumberland, Esq.; Dr. Douglas; David Garrick, Esq.; John Ridge, Esq. an Irish barrister; Mr. Hickey, the eminent attorney; Sir Joshua Reynolds; Thomas Townsend, Esq. M.P. for *Whitchurch*; Dr. Dodd; Dr. Kenrick, who read lectures at the Devil tavern, which he entitled "*The School of Shakspeare*;" James Macpherson, Esq. the author or translator of "*Ossian's Poems*;" Mr. Hugh Kelly, author of "*False Delicacy*," &c.;

Mr. W. Woodfall, printer of the *Morning Chronicle*; Mr. Whitefoord, a humorous writer for the *Public Advertiser*; and Mr. Woodfall, the printer of the latter journal.

THE BIBLE.

A house, the only one we know of the name, is situated in Shire-lane, Temple-bar. This was formerly a house of call for printers, and probably was so titled in honour of the typographic art, without intending any respect for religion, the sacred writings being among the first books that gave employment to that class of artizans.

THE LION INN.

This is a very general sign throughout the country. Being a national emblem, it is used by various tradesmen; but we do not see how it is characteristic of the trade of a publican; it is more appropriate to the profession of a sailor or a soldier.

THE RED LION, DRURY-LANE.

Where the Red Lion, staring o'er the way,
Invites each passing stranger that can pay,
Where Calvert's butt, and Parson's black champaign,
Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury-lane;
There, in a lonely room, from bailiffs snug,
The Muse found Scroggen stretch'd beneath a rug,



TAVERN ANECDOTES.

A window, patch'd with paper, lent a ray,
That dimly shew'd the state in which he lay;
The sanded floor that grits beneath the tread,
The humid wall with paltry pictures spread;
'The royal game of Goose was there in view,
And the Twelve Rules the royal martyr drew;
The Seasons, fram'd with listing, found a place,
And brave Prince William shew'd his lamp-black face:
The morn was cold; he views with keen desire
The rusty grate unconscious of a fire;
With beer and milk arrears the frieze was scor'd,
And five crack'd tea-cups dress'd the chimney-board;
A nightcap deck'd his brows instead of bay,
A cap by night—a stocking all the day!

Dr. Goldsmith, doubtless from his own experience of the drudgery of composing and compiling for the Row, at per sheet, described the case of authors, and the whole fraternity of bookmakers, when he wrote the Epitaph on Edward Purdon:—

Who long was a bookseller's hack,
He led such a damnable life in this world
I don't think he'll wish to come back.

HOLY ROOD HOUSE.

Holy Rood was an image of Christ on the cross, placed on what was called the rood-loft, built in churches, over the passage that leads to the chancel. The most famous of these crucifixes was found at Boxley Abbey, in Kent: it was called the "rood of grace;" and, by the aid of springs, the eyes and lips were moved, and the head turned at the plea-

sure of its keeper. This identical image was exhibited at Paul's Cross in the year 1537, and after a sermon was delivered upon the relic, it was broken in pieces. At this place was erected a wooden pulpit, on stone steps, and covered with lead, in which the most eminent divines were appointed to preach every Sunday morning; and they were attended by the court, the lord mayor and aldermen, and the principal citizens.

THE FORTUNE OF WAR.

This title is of considerable antiquity, and probably originated with some veteran warrior, who had obtained prize-money sufficient to enable him to retire, and become publican. In Giltspur-street there is a house retaining that name: it is at the corner of Cock-lane, of ghost notoriety.

In front of this house there is still retained an ancient figure, said to represent a glutton, and being the spot where the great fire terminated, was intended to remind the citizens of the sin of eating and drinking inordinately; which was said, by some of the good folks of that time, to have caused the visitation of this dreadful calamity, which commenced at Pudding-lane, and ended at Pie-corner.

However calamitous in its immediate consequences, subsequent generations felt its beneficial effects, in its completely putting a stop to the plague, which in the previous year had swept off 68,590 individuals; while in the great fire, only six persons lost their lives.

Out of the ashes of this fire have arisen most of our fine public buildings, the streets have been greatly widened, and other improvements made, rendering the metropolis as agreeable a capital as any in the world.

THE CASTLE TAVERN, HOLBORN.

A general house of resort for the gentlemen of the "Fancy," conducted in a most respectable way by one who has figured in the prize ring, but has now retired from it, excepting acting occasionally as a second, or exhibiting at the Fives'-court for a benefit. This house has been kept by two others connected with the ring, but had not become the head quarters until the present landlord, Mr. Thomas Belcher, became its owner. Here the "Fancy" meet very frequently; and the curious stranger, who may wish to have a peep at life, need be under no apprehension in visiting the house, as Tom is a civil landlord, and preserves good order in his *crib*. On many evenings there may be heard some good singing; on every night good humour prevails, with a mixture of *chaffing*; store of good liquors are kept for the thirsty; and the hungry may have a bit of something good for the maw, from a well supplied larder. On the near approach of any great match, the house is crowded by the curious, the adventurous better, the veteran pugilist, and the juvenile aspirant; and on the night immediately preceding, numbers throng thither to form parties, and to learn, if possible, the scene of action, which is

dispersed about, yet still left as a matter of uncertainty, as it always is; for, although a place may be intended, something may occur to prevent its taking place; yet if the company can ascertain which way the keeper of the ring is to bend his course in the morning, they can generally form a pretty good guess of the probable spot. Tom being a responsible man, is often a holder of considerable stakes, and many nights after a *mill* the Castle is much frequented, in order to settle bets, blow a cloud, or wet the whistle, with from port to humble *daffy*. “On such a night as this” the President of the Daffy Club is sometimes invisible at the farther end of the room, “so thick a cloud serene bedims” the orbs. Portraits, in attitude, of many of the most famous heroes of the fist, adorn the long room; among whom we notice, Jem Belcher, Burke, Mr. Jackson, Tom Belcher, old Joe Ward, Dutch Sam, Gregson, Humphreys, Mendoza, Cribb, Molyneux, Gulley, Randall, Turner, Martin, Harmer, Spring, Neat, Hickman, Painter, Scroggins, Tom Owen, &c. and other sporting prints, &c. particularly of the famous dog Trusty, the present of Lord Camelford to Jem Belcher, and the victor in fifty battles. Many of these heroes may occasionally be seen in *propria personæ*, blowing a *steamer*, quaffing the *heavy wet*, *blue ruin*, or other liquid, as suits their fancy, without any dread of other than a friendly shake of their *mawleys*.

Last Friday night a bang-up set
Of milling blades at Belcher’s met,
All high-bred heroes of the ring,
Whose very gammon would delight one;

Who, nurs'd beneath the Fancy's wing,
 Show all her feathers but the white one.
 Brave Tom, the Champion, with an air
 Almost Corinthian, took the chair,
 And kept the coves in quiet tune,
 By shewing such a hist of mutton,
 As on a point of order soon
 Would take the shine from Speaker Sutton.
 And all the lads look'd gay and bright,
 And gin and genius flash'd about,
 And whosoe'er grew unpolite,
 The well-bred Champion serv'd him out.

Tom's words, you know,
 Come, like his hitting, strong but slow.

His fame I need not tell,
 For that, my friends, all England's loud with;
 But this I say, a civiller swell
 I'd never wish to blow a cloud with.

Cribb's Memorial to Congress.

THE WRESTLERS.

Wrestling has been one of the athletic sports of the good people of England for some centuries, and the sign of two men, in attitude for the throw, may be met with in various counties, particularly in Somerset; whence the term to throw a somerset, or, as some write it, *summerset*. Exhibitions of this kind were common among the royal sports.

In the year 1520, Francis I. and Henry VIII. attended by their respective courtiers, met on a plain near Calais, which, by the historians, was named "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," on account

of the splendour of the dresses, and the various appointments. Mareschal de Fleureuyes, who was present, mentioned one circumstance, which is not related by any of the writers. "After the sports the kings retired to a tent, and drank together. Henry, seemingly elated with the success of his party, who beat the French wrestlers, wished to have a *turn up* with the French king, and gave the challenge, 'My brother, I must wrestle with you,' which Francis accepted; and being more expert than Henry expected, he threw the king of England with great violence. Henry wished to have another chance; but the courtiers interfered, and prevented the royal wrestlers from coming again to the *scratch*."

THE RED LION INN. HAMPTON-COURT,

The resort of the frequenters of Moulsey Hurst, and the house of call for the "Fancy," where there is always plenty of good store for the *victualling office*, either on sporting day or holiday; and the liqueurs, &c. may be obtained as free from *aqua pura* here, notwithstanding its contiguity to the Thames, as at any of the metropolitan houses of call for strangers.

NELL GWYNNE, JEW'S-ROW, CHELSEA.

The name of this house appears to have been first adopted, when this celebrated favourite of Henry the Eighth, of wife-killing notoriety, was in the zenith of her influence, and most likely had

only the portrait of her as a sign; but the public being accustomed to give her the familiar name of Nell, instead of Eleanor, it also became the common name of the house.

THE BLACK SWAN.

A house, with this sign, situated in Brown's-lane, Spitalfields, became the place of meeting of a society, chiefly composed of the middling classes. In the year 1717, a Mathematical Society was established by Joseph Middleton; and, in the year 1772, another society was incorporated with it; and in 1782 they removed to this house. In 1783 an Historical Society, held in Carter's-rents, Spitalfields, joined these, bringing their library along with them, when they printed their regulations. Many eminent mathematicians have been members of this society. Their library and apparatus, in the year 1795, was valued at £501 16s. 6d.

THE BROWN BEAR.

There are various houses in London having the figure of a Bear, white, black, and brown; it is difficult to conjecture how that has been adopted. It may be appropriate enough, if, in allusion to the disposition of some of the keepers of such houses, whose manners are not of the most gentle kind. A house, well known by the frequenters of Bow-street, called the Brown Bear, is nearly opposite to the Public-office, and is much resorted to by those who have business at the said office; and here many

matters are made up between plaintiff and defendant, who retire hither to settle differences, over a drop of that which probably gave rise to them. If a night's accommodation is required, a good bed may be obtained by paying for it; and there is no danger of one's running out in his sleep, unless at the window, for due care is taken of that by a careful waiter securing the door upon you, which also prevents your being intruded upon during the hours of rest: a matter of security to those who chance at times to leave their led-room doors open during the night, in a strange place.

THE BLACK BELL.

In the time of Stow, the historian of London, there was an inn of this name nearly opposite to the spot where the Monument now stands. It was a large house of stone, and was before the residence of the famed Edward the Black Prince, which probably induced the new proprietor to set up the sign of the Black Bell.

THE CROWN INN.

In 1246 there was an inn, or hosterie, with this sign, at the east end of the Crown-field, an open space in Cheapside, so called after it. This emblem and ornament of royalty has been adopted by many besides innkeepers, and varied, in several modes of arrangement, with other articles relating to the business; viz. the Bible and Crown, (*i. e.* church and

state,) at a metropolitan bookseller's in St. Paul's Church-yard; the same, with the addition of the Constitution, at a loyal bookseller's in Cornhill; the Crown and Anchor, Crown and Thistle, Rose and Crown, &c. in various parts of town and country.

THE SARACEN'S HEAD.

An inn, so named, has been on Snow-hill, near to St. Sepulchre's church, for a great length of time, and most probably had its origin from this circumstance:—The mother of St. Thomas à Becket, whose father was a Saracen, became the wife of the meek saint, when on one of his journies into the Holy Land; and it was usual in those times to adopt signs, in honour of persons high either in the church or the state.

GERARD'S HALL INN.

This ancient inn is situated in Basing-lane, (formerly called Turnbase-lane.) It was built by the father of Sir John Gisors, who, in 1245, was Lord Mayor, and Constable of the Tower, and should therefore, more properly, be named Gisors' Hall Inn.

Stow says, "Sure I am I have not yet read of any *Basing*, or Gerard the Giant, having any thing there to do." He describes it as a great house, built upon arched vaults of stone, brought from Caen, in Normandy. These vaults escaped the

great fire, and still exhibit the style of the old English architecture.

A large fir-pole, which was thirty-nine feet long, and fifteen inches thick, stood in the hall, which was reported to have been used by Gerard as a weapon of warfare, was evidently a maypole, which was used in this parish like all the others, and set up before the principal house. There was a ladder of the same length in the hall, for the purpose of getting to the top of the pole, and of the hall, for decorating them at Christmas with holly and ivy.

THE ANGEL, BISHOPSGATE-STREET.

This was the sign at which the Parish Clerks, who were incorporated in 1232, by Henry III. kept their hall. They kept the account of christenings, casualties, &c. and published the bills of mortality; and, among other privileges of their charter, they were exempted from parish duties in that wherein they officiated; they attended at funerals, and proceeded on foot before, singing, until they reached the church; and had also public feasts, with music and song.

POPE'S HEAD TAVERN

Was originally a part of a vast structure of stone, supposed to have been the residence of King John. Latterly it has been almost entirely rebuilt, and the court, or alley, named after the tavern; since which it has become the resort of stock-brokers, notaries,

and merchants. His holiness is now not much honoured, by having his head put up for a sign by publicans, or others.

THE WORLD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN.

A sign, so named, is observable on the road to Greenwich. It is a representation of the globe, with a man walking on the lower part; *i. e.* antipodes to our part of it. This is more whimsical than witty, unless it alludes to a person in a state of inebriation, who sometimes is said to suppose himself walking on the crown of his head.

We all know that the world is nearly round; therefore there is no upper nor under part, but in idea, from our situation upon it.

The celebrated Anson, in his voyages round the world, had accumulated much wealth, but unfortunately was addicted to gaming, and lost much money among the sharpers of London and Bath; which induced one to make the observation, "that his lordship had been *round* the world, and *over* the world, but never had been *in* the world."

THE MAGPIE AND CROWN.

A ridiculous association, but when once joined not to be separated without injury to the concern, as it happened in the case of a Mr. Kenton, who was originally waiter at a house of this name in Aldgate, famous for its ale, which was sent out in great quantities. The landlord becoming rich.

pride followed, and he thought of giving wing to the Magpie, retaining only the royal title of the Crown. The ale went out for a short time, as usual, but it was not from the Magpie and Crown, and the customers fancied it was not so good as usual, consequently the business fell off. The landlord died, and Kenton purchased the concern, caught the Magpie, and restored it to its ancient situation; the ale improved in the opinion of the public, and its consumption increased so much, that Kenton, at his death, left behind him property amounting to £600,000, chiefly the profits of the Magpie and Crown ale.

THE MAGPIE AND STUMP.

This bird sometimes does rest on a stump, so that the association is not improper, although unmeaning. A house so named, in Newgate-street, serves good liquors, and as a booking-office for errand-carts.

THE MARQUIS OF GRANBY.

This British hero, whose head figures as a sign to many public houses, once went to Frank Hayman, the painter for the gardens at Vauxhall, to sit for his portrait, to be placed in the rotunda. The marquis having some notion of boxing, proposed a bout with the painter, who had a fancy also for the science. Hayman declined it, on account of his gout and age; but the marquis pleaded that exercise would do him good, and that having heard of his skill in

the art, he wished to have a fair trial with him. The painter was compelled, at last, to *set to* with the marquis, before he *sat to* him; and after several bouts, with equal chances, Hayman hit the marquis so violent a blow, that he was *floored* in an instant. The painter, seeing the marquis's plight, endeavoured to raise him, but in the attempt he had the misfortune to fall upon the man of war, so that the noise brought up Mrs. Hayman, in a state of alarm, who found the two heroes rolling together on the carpet. Might not some publican take the hint from this for a new sign, for a new or an old house?

THE LONDON 'PRENTICE.

A house so styled is situated in Old-street-road, near to Shoreditch church.

This may have allusion to the rising of the city apprentices, or, perhaps, more probably taken from Hogarth's representation of the Industrious and the Idle Apprentices. Chaucer, in describing an idle apprentice, says,

A 'prentice whilom dwelt in our citee,
At every bridale would he sing and hoppe;
He loved bet the taverne than the shoppe,
For when ther any riding was in Chepe,*
Out of the shoppe thither would he lepe,
And 'till that he all the sight ysein,
And danced wel, he would not come agen.

* Chepe, the ancient name of Cheapside, which being, as it is now, the chief thoroughfare in London, was the spot where tilts and tournaments were held, and other diversions going on, which attracted the notice of the inhabitants and strangers from all parts.

THE NAG'S HEAD TAVERN.

A house so entitled, and of much note in former times, stood opposite to the cross in Cheapside. A view of this ancient house was preserved in a print of the entry of Mary de Medici, "*Mere du Roy*," when she paid a visit to her son-in-law and daughter, the unfortunate Charles I. and his fair queen. The cross erected by Edward I. to the memory of Queen Eleanor, stood opposite to the end of Woodstreet; but it was destroyed in 1643, by the orders of the Parliament. Nearly opposite the end of the Old Change stood another, called the Old Cross, which was taken down in the reign of Richard II. when a conduit was erected in its place. At present the Nag's Head, in the Borough, is a house well frequented by the men of Kent.

MOORGATE COFFEE-HOUSE.

This house is situated at the east end of Forestreet, opposite to which stood the postern or gate so named, which was built by Thomas Falconer, mayor, in the year 1415, and kept in repair by various of his successors, until 1672, when it was rebuilt with stone, having a lofty arch and two posterns, it being the intention of the citizens to convert Moorfields into a hay-market. The gate subsequently became the residence of one of the city officers, who again rented it out as a coffee-house; but that gate sharing the fate of the other gates, about the middle of the last century, the coffee-house was of course removed, but still re-

tains the name. Near to this spot the city wall commenced, a part of which remained until within about ten years back, when old Bethlehem was removed (the back of which rested upon a portion of the wall,) to make way for the present improvements.

THE PUNCH-BOWL.

This, and the Bottle, the Tun, and the Barrel, are appropriate enough emblems for public-houses, although not so common as others less appropriate. A man having stolen a silver ladle from a tavern, was tried before Lord Mansfield. The counsel for the prosecution was very severe upon the prisoner, who, he was informed, had been an attorney. His lordship, in a half whisper, interrupted the counsel, begging him not to misrepresent matters; "for if," said his lordship, "the fellow had been an attorney, he would not have been content with the ladle, but would have taken the bowl also."

THE PAINTED TAVERN.

There was anciently a house so named in a lane adjoining the Three Cranes Wharf, which was of note in the time of Richard II. The three cranes were the machines used in landing wines, and this wharf being in the "manor of the Vintre," was one of those, in olden times, allotted by royal order for the landing of wines. In this vicinity stood the great house called the "Vintrie," underneath which were very extensive wine-vaults.

Sir John Gisors, lord mayor, and constable of the Tower, resided in this house in 1314; and, in the year 1356, Sir Henry Picard, vintner, lord mayor, and then occupier, did here, "in one day, sumptuously feast Edward, king of England; John, king of France; the King of Cipres (then arrived in England); David, king of Scots; Edward, prince of Wales; with many noblemen, and others. And after the sayd Henry Picard kept his hall against all comers whosoever, that were willing to play at dice or hazard. In like manner the Lady Margaret, his wife, did keep her chamber to the same intent."

JONATHAN'S COFFEE-HOUSE,

In Change-alley, Cornhill, was formerly the rendezvous of dealers in the funds, and the term *Alley* is still a cant phrase for the Stock Exchange, and hence a petty speculator in the funds is styled "a dabbler in the alley." A stock-broker is one who buys and sells stock for another: his commission is one-eighth per cent.—A stock-jobber is one who buys and sells on his own account, buys in when low, and endeavours to sell out at a profit.—A gambler in the funds is one who speculates to buy or sell at a future time for a present price, who may lose or gain according as the prices then fall or rise. This being illegal, no action for recovery of loss can be maintained.—The buyers are styled *bears*, as they endeavour to trample down the prices; the sellers are named *bulls*, for a like reason, as they attempt to toss them as high as

possible.—One who becomes bankrupt is termed a *lame duck*, and he is said to *waddle out of the alley*. Those who have thus *waddled* are not again admitted to the Stock Exchange.

THE HAT.

This sign seems to have been adopted by one of the trade turned publican, or as a house of call for the hat-makers.

EPISODE OF A HAT.

“ Pat Jennings in the upper gallery sat,
But leaning forward Jennings lost his hat,
Down from the gallery the beaver flew,
And spurned the one, to settle in the two.
How shall he act? Pay, at the gallery door,
Two shillings for what cost, when new, but four;
Or ’till half price, to save his shilling, wait,
And gain his hat again at half-past eight?
Now while his fears anticipate a thief,
John Mullins whispers, “ take my handkerchief.”
“ Thank you,” cries Pat, “ but one won’t make a line;”
“ Take mine,” cried Wilson, and cried Stokes “ take mine.”
A motley cable soon Pat Jennings ties,
Where Spitalfields with real India vies;
Like Iris’ bow down darts the painted hue,
Starr’d, striped, and spotted—yellow, red, and blue,
Old calico, torn silk, and muslin new.
George Green below, with palpitating hand,
Loops the last ’kerchief to the beaver’s band.
Up soars the prize: the youth, with joy unfeign’d,
Regain’d the *felt*, and felt what he regain’d;
While, to th’ applauding galleries, grateful Pat
Made a low bow, and touch’d the ransom’d hat.”

THE FEATHERS.

The Feathers, and Plume of Feathers, like the Crown, are evidently of royal descent, being the emblem of the Prince of Wales, which is the title of the eldest son of the British sovereign. This sign is very common in Wales, and on the borders. There is an excellent house, for the accommodation of gentlemen and travellers, in the city of Chester, so named. It is also very general throughout the country.

The Prince of Wales has the same origin and allusion.

THE HAT AND FEATHERS.

This may have originally been the sign of the Hat, to which the addition of the Feathers has been made, in compliment to the Prince of Wales, in order to distinguish the house from that of the Old Hat, which had been adopted by others in opposition to the New Hat, as has been the case with many other houses, when another took the same name, with the title of new, which consequently gave the title of old, or original, to the first of the name; or it might have a military origin, being the upper ornament of a foot soldier.

THE HAT AND TUN.

A house so named is in the vicinity of Hatton-garden, was evidently intended to allude to the family of the Hattons, whose mansion formerly

stood near the spot. The house has been recently rebuilt, and a spacious room on the one pair appropriated for parties.

THE GROVE.

A house in the country may be so named with propriety; but to give such a title to a house in a crowded capital, the chief room of which is situated under ground, is rather paradoxical.

The Grove in Spring-gardens may have, at a distant period, been situated in a garden, but at present we have to enter a house surrounded by others, and to descend into a cellar, which is indeed painted with shrubbery; but the only fragrance that can be inhaled is that of the *weed*, arising in spiry columns, from numerous tubes of clay, rendering at times the well painted walls, and the physiogs of the nearest friends, invisible. However, good ale may be had there.

THE CHEQUERS.

There was formerly an inn so named in Chequer-yard, which took its name from the sign of the house, which was a brewery at first, but an inn at last. The checquers, or azure, form one of the quarterings of the Howard family, collaterally descended from the Warrens, earls of Surry, who had the grant of licensing public-houses; and it is conjectured, that as these were the armorial bearings of that family, this mark of distinction was

attached to such houses, in order to facilitate the collection of the duties and dues payable by the innkeeper for his licence, &c.

THE AUCTION MART COFFEE-HOUSE.

This forms part of the Mart in Bartholomew-lane, and is frequented by those who come there, either to buy or dispose of the various property submitted to sale. The Mart is a convenient building, and well adapted for its avowed purpose.

THE HORNS TAVERN.

In London, and its vicinity, there are many houses so named, appropriated to the accommodation of the public, the most noted of which are, the Horns tavern, in the vicinity of St. Paul's, and the Horns at Kennington. Most of the public-houses at Highgate have a large pair of horns fixed on the end of a long staff, by which it has been an ancient custom to swear persons that they will never eat brown bread when they can get white : and never kiss the maid when they can kiss the mistress. If it is a female to whom the burlesque oath is administered, the words "man and master" are substituted ; but they are permitted to add to each article, "unless they like the other better," the hand of the party being on the horns all the time ; after which they must kiss the horns, and pay one shilling, to be spent in the house.

The town of **Hornchurch**, near Romford, was formerly called **Horn monastery**, from a large pair of leaden horns, which tradition says a pious king caused to be placed there, and changed the name of *Hore* church, (spelling obsolete), which it had obtained from being built by a frail sister, as an atonement for her backslidings, into that of **Horn church**.

SIMON, THE TANNER OF JOPPA.

In Long-lane, Southwark, there is a house so named, probably having its origin in the times when Scripture names were adopted for men and things.

In Acts, c. x, v. 32, we read, that the Apostle Peter dwelt for some time at the house of Simon, a tanner.

THE BOAR'S HEAD TAVERN.

There are several with that sign in London, but the most noted was that immortalized by our Shakspeare, which was situated in Eastcheap. Here Falstaff and his merry mates used to repair; and although the memory of the house is only preserved here by the figure of a boar's head cut in stone, in front of one of the modern houses erected on its scite, yet we shall not cease to laugh at the humour of the jovial knight, the hostess, Bardolph, and Pistol, as exhibited to us by the bard of Avon. The famous Hal, prince of Wales, was not the only one of his family given to youthful frolic and riot.

John and Thomas, his brothers, kicked up such a row one morning, between two and three, that the mayor was compelled to interfere, which the princes considered insulting to persons of their quality, and the magistrates were had before Gascoigne, chief justice; here they defended their conduct, and proved that they performed a duty incumbent upon them, by preventing any farther breach of the peace, and they were most honourably dismissed.

THE RAINBOW ; OR, NANDO'S COFFEE-HOUSE.

This house is situated in Fleet-street, near to the Inner Temple gate, and is of very ancient date, being one of the first in England. In the year 1667 it was kept by one James à Barbe ; when it was presented by the inquest of the ward of St. Dunstan's in the West, "for making and selling a sort of liquor called coffee, as a great nuisance and prejudice to the neighbourhood."

THE HUMMUMS, OLD AND NEW.

Two houses so named are situated in Covent-garden, and are well known as affording excellent accommodation to gentlemen and families, and where there are commodious hot and cold baths.

Dr. Shaw, in his Travels, says, that "hummums is a corruption of *hammum*, the Arabic term for a bath, or bagnio.

The first bagnio or bath, for sweating and hot bathing, in England, it is believed, was that in

Bagnio-court, Newgate-street, which afterwards became a hotel or lodging house ; after which the Hummums in Covent-garden were opened on the same plan.

THE QUEEN'S ARMS, NEWGATE-STREET.

This is a house of respectable business, and has been the resort of many who have since figured at the bar and in the senate, and have shone in the world of letters. There was formerly one of the Schools of Oratory, conducted upon the same plan as the celebrated Robin Hood, near to Temple-bar, where many eminent public characters were wont to meet, to discuss and declaim.

The Queen's Arms, on the south side of St. Paul's Church-yard, is a good tavern for gentlemen, and has spacious rooms for parties, &c. The statue of Queen Anne, in the church-yard opposite this house, may have given rise to the adoption of this sign. It is sometimes remarked of this statue, that the queen has her back to the church, and her face toward the gin-shop, one of which is nearly facing the statue.

THE APPLE TREE.

The probability is, that this name has been obtained from one of these trees growing near to the house, and serving as a guide to it. A house so named, nearly facing the entrance to the House of Correction, Coldbath-fields, was kept, in 1741, by

Topham, the strong man, who exhibited here, and in the neighbourhood; he lifted, with ease, three hogsheads of water, weighing 1836 lbs.; he pulled against one horse, and would have succeeded against two, or even four, had he taken a proper position; but in pulling against two he was jerked from his seat, and had one of his knees much hurt. He rolled up a large pewter dish with his fingers; he lifted a table six feet long with his teeth, with half a hundred weight at the farther end of it, and held it in a horizontal position; at one blow he struck a bar of iron, one inch in diameter, against his arm, and bent it like a bow. When at the Virgin inn, at Derby, where he was exhibiting, the ostler having insulted him, he took a spit from off the kitchen shelf, and bent it round his neck; which he undid again, when the company had enjoyed the laugh at the ostler with the iron cravat. One night, finding a watchman asleep in his box in Chiswell-street, he lifted both with ease, and dropped box and man over the wall of Tindal's burying-ground, without disturbing the repose of the guardian of the night, who was sadly frightened when he awoke. When he was a publican, two men having quarrelled would fight, and on his interfering they shewed fight to him, when he seized each by the nape of the neck, and knocked their heads together, until they apologised and called for quarter. A blow from him would have been fatal to any of the heroes of the fist of the present day; he was very irritable, but had attained considerable self command, and would lock himself in a room until he got calm. Being jealous of his wife, he beat her

so severely, that remorse, and the dread of the consequences, operated so strongly upon him, that he put an end to his own existence. It is said, that on being opened his ribs were found connected as one solid bone.

There were several signs in London, some years since, which alluded to Topham's strength. The last was one in East Smithfield, where he was represented as "The strong Man pulling against two Horses."

THE WHITE HART.

There are several of this name in London, &c.; that in Holborn is a house of considerable standing and business.

The White Hart, in Bishopsgate, is of very ancient date; in front of the present building is the date, 1480. This spot being the boundary of the hospital or priory of Old Bethlem, it is considered that this building must have been part of the same, and probably the hostellary or inn for the entertainment of strangers, as was the custom in those days.

PEEL'S COFFEE-HOUSE.

This is a house much frequented by strangers and citizens, where the mind as well as the body can be well entertained. Regular files of all the town and country newspapers are kept for the amusement or reference of visitors, who are desirous of learning

the news of their particular county or town, or of knowing what property is to be disposed of in or out of London, &c. By referring to these files, any person who has sent an advertisement to a paper may know if it has appeared at the time ordered. Here is also good accommodation as to beds, and a good bill of fare.

THE HALF MOON TAVERN, ALDERSGATE-STREET,

Now a private dwelling, nearly opposite to Lauderdale House, (now a distillery), is a very ancient structure, where the wits, or rather the toad-eaters of the time of Charles, used to resort: Duke Lauderdale being one of the wits of the court, and one of the cabal in the time of Charles II.

THE BELLE SAUVAGE INN.

This is situated in a yard so named, on the north side of Ludgate-hill, and is a house of considerable business, and whence several coaches take their departure to various parts of the country. The painter of the first sign not being aware of the origin of the name, exhibited the figures of a Bell and a Wild Man, or Savage; but this is now disused, it is presumed, in consequence of the information given respecting it in "The Spectator;" who gives the true derivation of it to be from an ancient French romance, in which is a description of a beautiful woman being found in a wilderness in a savage state, there styled *La Belle Sauvage*.

This inn appears to have been bestowed on the Cutler's Company, in trust for charitable uses, by Mrs. Craithorne, a painting of whom is in their hall in Cloak-lane.

THE ALBANY HOTEL

Is situated to the east of Burlington House, in Piccadilly. It was first possessed by Lord Melbourne, and afterwards by the Duke of York and Albany; who having quitted it, the present proprietors built on the gardens, and converted the whole into chambers, for the occasional residence of such nobles and gentry as have no regular town residence.

THE FOX.

This sign is more common in the country than in large towns; and very naturally so, the country being the scene of the chase.

THE FOX AND GRAPES.

This has doubtless a fabulous origin. Every person is familiar with the fable of the fox, when he found he could not reach what he longed for, immediately pronounced them sour. Such a feeling in mankind exhibits any thing but philosophy.

THE GRAPES.

In Panmer-alley, which leads from Paternoster-row into Newgate-street, is the figure in stone of a

boy, naked, and sitting upon a pannier, with a bunch of grapes held between his hand and foot, which is supposed to have been originally a sign to some tavern. This marks the highest spot of ground in London, as is announced underneath by the following couplet:—

When you have searched the city round,
Yet still this is the highest ground.

OLD PARR'S HEAD.

The aged have been held in reverence by the well bred of all nations and ages, but they have differed in the manner of shewing their respect. Some considering the latter years of an old man miserable to himself, deem it an act of kindness to shorten his days; while others, who entertain a different opinion of the present and future state, do all in their power to render the latter days of the man of grey hairs agreeable. Had Parr been a native of some of the uncivilised tribes, he might not have had the chance of living so long; but being born in a country where age is respected, he fell ripe, and full of years.

The rage for novelty, perhaps, more than a regard for the venerable in years, has induced the adoption of his head for a sign, as it is not altogether appropriate; for it does not often happen, that constant frequenters of a bar, either of a public-house or a court of justice, live to a great age.

A house, situated in Aldersgate-street, has adopted this sign, on the window of which is an

ill painted figure of the ancient gentleman; under which are the following half borrowed and half original lines:—

Your head cool,
Your feet warm,
But a glass of good gin
Would do you no harm.

BUTLER'S HEAD.

So named, after the celebrated author of “ Hudibras.” A house of good repute, so entitled, is situated in a court leading from Basinghall-street to Coleman-street, in the city; where parties can be accommodated with a choice of chops, steaks, or other eatables, and whatever they may wish for from the bar or the cellar.

CHALK FARM,

A well known tavern and tea-gardens, in the fields near to Primrose-hill, *alias* Cockney-mount, between Hampstead and Highgate, much resorted to by those who cannot settle a dispute without the use of powder and shot. It was at this celebrated arena that two little men, of great minds, met some time ago: the one, in defence of his character as a reviewer; and the other, of his, as a moral poet.

It was reported, that the seconds in this memorable affair deeming that the world could ill spare either of the knights, had determined that they should do no harm to each other, and presented them each with a pistol, well charged and primed,

but without ball. Before either could take aim, some friendly but ungallant officer from a public office made his appearance, and bound them to the peace, much against their will. On drawing the pistols, the officer found one charged with the leaf of a northern review ; and the other with a leaf of certain amatory epistles, in harmonious rhyme !

This house is said to have taken its name from the farm being of a chalky soil ; or, query, do they use *double*, or *no* chalk to their customers, who frequent this house either for amusement or mischief ?—This place was first distinguished by the assassination of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey.

BAPTIST HEAD COFFEE-HOUSE.

A respectable house of accommodation for gentlemen and travellers, bearing this sign, is situated in Aldermanbury. It is of considerable standing, and the name was, doubtless, adopted in allusion to St. John, and most likely had its origin in the days of the Commonwealth, when the example of the Protector was imitated by all ranks, by christianising persons and things. So much for the effect of the example of a court upon the manners and conduct of a people.

THE COCK AND PIE.

About the middle of last century a house, famed for conviviality, so named, stood on the scite of Rathbone-place. This house was the resort of the

“Fancy” of those days. Busts of several of the heroes of the ring—Broughton, Slack, G. Taylor, Stevenson, and a train of their coadjutors, who exhibited in the neighbouring booth, or at Broughton’s amphitheatre in Tottenham-court-road, were exhibited in the garden of this house; these were cast in Plaster of Paris, and fancifully coloured. A row of venerable elms connected this house with another, then celebrated for the manufacture of Bath buns and Tunbridge-water cakes.

THE WHITE HORSE.

A house so named is situated in the neighbourhood of Warwick House (Lord Holland’s) at Kensington. Here Addison frequently retired to write. Several of the “Spectators” were written in this house. The old house, which was of wood, has been very lately pulled down, and a commodious house of brick built immediately behind it, which was finished before the old one, which projected into the road, was pulled down, by which the road has been widened and improved. The old sign, however, is not lost, but is preserved as a memorial of the times that are gone.

THE CHERRY TREE.

A house so named is situated in Bowling-green-lane, Clerkenwell. It would appear to have taken its name from a number of trees bearing that fruit growing upon the grounds, which are still exten-

sive, although they have been larger. There are still a tree or two of that kind on the grounds, which seems to sanction the idea.

There appears to have been a bowling-green here, which gave name to the lane so called.

There are still subscription grounds for the game of nine-pins, knock-'em-downs, &c. ; and the house being retired, is much resorted to by the Clerkenwellers, and others, who are fond of a little amusement and exercise.

THE LAMB.

This figure of innocence would appear a more appropriate sign for a church or chapel than an alehouse, yet it is very common. Had it originated, like many others, in the days of the pilgrimages, it was a very significant mark for a house of rest, and if the host and hostess were like tempered, the sojourner might expect civil treatment, and small charges. It might have allusion more particularly to the wool trade ; and the history of St. Agnes will apply to both. This saint, who suffered martyrdom when only fourteen years of age, in the year 306, is usually painted with a lamb at her side. It is reported that her parents, shortly after her execution, went to pray at her tomb, and continuing all night, they saw a glorious company of angels, among whom was their own daughter, with a snow-white lamb by her. The Roman ladies still offer yearly two of the purest lambs at St. Agnes' altar, from whence they are taken, by the order of the Pope, and placed in a rich pasturage

until the time of sheep-shearing, when they are shorn, and the wool is hallowed, and made into a fine white cloth, which is consecrated every year by the Pope, for the purpose of being sent to every archbishop, to be worn as a pall; for which an exorbitant price is required, and no one can exercise metropolitan jurisdiction without one.

THE PLOUGH.

This agricultural emblem has been set up by many publicans and innkeepers in various parts of the country. “Generous Britons” justly “venerate the Plough.” The inn at Cheltenham, so named, is well known to the fashionable world as a house of good accommodation, and is much frequented by persons of rank, &c. during the season.

One would suppose that this title had been given to this house as a landmark to the agriculturist, as also the sign of the Harrow, Barley-mow, Hayrick, Wheatsheaf, &c. which all have an allusion to farming.

On the second Monday in December, called in the north Plough Monday, the *fool* ploughman goes about, accompanied by a number of sword dancers, dragging a plough, some in a very grotesque dress, the Bessy being habited like an old woman, and the fool nearly covered with skins, with a hairy cap, and the tail of some beast projecting from behind. The office of one is to go round rattling a box, and collecting small donations among the lookers on at the dance.

ABERCROMBIE TAVERN.

This title has been assumed in honour of the brave and skilful hero who fell in Egypt, fighting the battles of his country, in the late war. An elegant marble monument, to perpetuate his fame, is erected in St. Paul's Cathedral.

A house in Lombard-street bears the above name. Here was lately a society held, who entitled themselves the "House of Lords," who met, like many others, for the purposes of harmony, and occasional debate. Admission cost three shillings each, which was spent in wine or negus, as soon as the treasurer had sufficient funds to pay for a bottle or a bowl; and the noble lord on the *wooden chair* distributed to each of the nobles present a glass, while the toast went merrily round. The writer, on being ennobled a few years back, became, during the ceremony, so amused with the appearance of nobility, that he could not maintain his gravity, which at last infected the *messenger* at arms, so that he could not proceed with the instructions; the infection became general, and it was at last got through with some difficulty. Several thousands were enrolled, among whom were many names of some consideration, who relished a bit of humour.

THE ANTELOPE.

A house of call for the thirsty, so named, is situated in White-hart-yard, Drury-lane. Here the celebrated comedian, Macklin, used to frequent;

and, as is the case in other well regulated houses, the chair was invariably resigned to the most venerable. The chair is still shewn, in which sat for many an evening "the Jew that Shakspeare drew," enlivening the company with his wit.

THE BUSH.

In the olden times, when the good people of England were not so conversant with letters as at present, it was customary to hang out a sign without any inscription, which latter would have been useless to the illiterate; and this being familiar to all, was adopted by the wine-merchants, as well as the sign of the Grapes, to point out the place where a drop of the genuine juice might be had. A landlord who keeps a good cellar soon becomes known to the lovers of good liquor; and our worthy forefathers were not behind us in taste, for they could distinguish a house of this sort instinctively from another, without looking out for a sign; and hence originated with them the very old proverb, "Good wine needs no bush."

The Bush tavern, in the city of Bristol, is a good house for commercial travellers, and others.

JOHNNY GILPIN.

At "merry Edmonton" is a house, having for its sign a representation of the adventure of the renowned citizen, Johnny Gilpin, so humorously described by the poet Cowper, near to which the fair

was accustomed to be held until within a few years back, when a band of most daring thieves made an attack upon every person, male and female, robbing and rudely treating every one that came in their way, which induced the county magistrates to prohibit the holding of a fair at any future period.

THE BEAR AND RAGGED STAFF.

This being part of the armorial bearings of the Earls of Warwick, has been set up in honour of that noble house; while others bear the name of the "Earl of Warwick," and "Guy, Earl of Warwick." The arms were, doubtless, the original sign, but latterly only the name has been used.

THE HAND AND SHEARS.

A house of call for the gentle craft, the knights of the thimble, with the above sign, is situated very appropriately in Cloth-fair, Smithfield. The sign of the Goose (not a feathered one) would be a proper sign for a new house of call for the same profession, or that of the Cabbage; but as these might give offence to the fraternity, we do not perceive that any one has ventured to adopt either. Many jokes have been passed upon these adorners of our persons; but the following instance of *fool* wit not being familiar to every one, we give it, as it seems to fit well:—

Chancellor Talbot had a steward, who had formerly been a tailor; his lordship also kept a Welsh

jester, named Rees Peugelding, who had a small farm on the estate, for which he was in arrears of rent. The steward owing the jester a good turn, distrained upon him, at the same time saying, "I'll fit you, sirrah!" "Then," replied the fool, "it will be the first time in your life that you ever fitted any one."

Lady Holland's mob, as it is commonly called, generally make for this house on the eve of opening Bartholomew fair.

THE MAY-POLE.

In various parts of the country May-poles may be observed at all times of the year, and some persons have adopted the title for their houses, as a house of resort during the merry-making in the beginning of May, and at other times of jollity. The last May-pole in London was stationed where the New Church in the Strand, opposite Somerset-house, is now erected.*

Amidst the area wide they took their stand,
Where the tall May-pole once o'erlook'd the Strand.

POPE.

In old authors the name of ale-stake is often to be met with, as signifying a May-pole, to point out the places in the villages where refreshments were to be obtained.

* This pole was taken down in 1717; its height above ground was originally above one hundred feet; it was afterwards fixed in Wanstead Park, Essex, as the supporter of a very large telescope.

The only thing remarkable on May-day in the metropolis now, is the grotesque appearance of the chimney-sweepers, who make a parade with rude music, shovel and brush, &c. dancing before the doors of their customers, soliciting money to make up for the deficiency of their trade at this and the approaching season.

GEORGE AND BLUE BOAR,

An association not quite so classical as that of the George and Dragon.

The George and Boar might have reference to royalty hunting the wild boar; but why it is termed blue, can only be accounted for in the whim of the painter giving it that colour when depicting the sign, as I believe the most prying naturalist never saw a living one of that colour.

A good tavern, so titled, is situated in Holborn, from whence a number of coaches start, particularly for the west. There is good accommodation for travellers and others, and the viands, wines, and liqueurs, are of the best quality.

GEORGE INN.

This has undoubtedly been set up in compliment to the late sovereigns of Great Britain of that name, and like the King's Head, the King's Arms, &c. originated in loyalty to the powers that be. In the country they are more numerous in proportion than in the capital, as it frequently has happened that

where a sovereign happened to stop, either from choice or accident, the Boniface of the time has taken advantage of the circumstance, and set up the royal insignia, having been once honoured by the visit of a crowned head.

Bishop Newton relates an anecdote of his late majesty, George III. on his coronation :—

“ His whole manner, on his ascending and seating himself on his throne, was justly admired and commended by every one. When the king approached the communion table, in order to receive the sacrament, he inquired of the archbishop whether he should not lay aside the crown. The archbishop asked the bishop of Rochester, but neither of them could say what had been the usual form. The king determined within himself that humility best became such a solemn act of devotion, and laid it down during the administration.” His after life gave evident proof that this considerate act were not from the impulse of the moment, but from an inherent feeling of the importance of sacred duties, and the proper observance of the ceremonies of religion.

A good commercial inn, so named, in the Borough High-street, is well known, whence several coaches and many waggons depart, laden with the merchandise of the metropolis ; in return for which they bring back, from various parts of Kent, &c. that staple article of the country, for which we are indebted to the good quality of the London porter.

THE KING OF DENMARK.

We do not see how a foreign monarch can consider himself honoured by having his head placed over the door of a public-house in this country, where he never, perhaps, has been, and consequently could not have favoured the particular house with a visit. It may have originated in compliment to the Danes, when they invaded this country; if so, it must be of rather ancient origin, but the sign is not very common.

One house of the name, in the Old Bailey, is well known by the peep-o'-day boys, and the ladies on the *pavè*. Being what is commonly called a "night-house," it is much resorted to by the hackney-coachmen by night and day. Some scenes of life, high and low, may be witnessed here at times; and on a busy night the door is often beset by a motley crowd, as eager to get admission, for the purpose of getting a *drop*, as the admirers of the drama to obtain admission into a theatre on a particular night.

Query.—Are night-houses tolerated by the powers that be, or do they know of the scenes that occur at these late hours? Regular houses are strictly looked after.

THE AXE INN.

There is a good inn so named in Aldermanbury. The name must have had its origin in the olden time, when the axe formed the chief instrument of war. In modern times, the various instruments of modern warfare have been set up by the keepers of

inns, &c. in compliment to the army, by whom they are much benefitted when quartered in their neighbourhood. In allusion to the army, we have the sign of the Gun, the Mortar (at Woolwich), the Cannon, the Dragon, the Grenadier, the Sharpshooter, the Volunteer, &c.; and we generally find these situated near to barracks, or such places where the military have been stationed. Thus the army and navy have been both considered by the publican, who doubtless had an eye to his own interest, when he adopted either of the titles.

THE SHIP INN.

In maritime towns this sign is very common, and nothing could be more appropriate. The Ship inn, at Dover, is well known to travellers; being a large and commodious house, and in the direct line of communication with the Continent, it receives as great a variety of persons as any house of accommodation in the kingdom, from the crowned head, or his representative, to the scientific traveller, or man of business. A commercial nation like Great Britain, whose navy has always been her pride and best bulwark, will always respect this sign, whether it appear in the figure of the Old Harry, the modern first-rater, frigate, sloop, &c.

A stranger, taking a sail down the river Thames from London-bridge, must be struck with surprise at the number of shipping in the river appearing like a forest of masts, giving a grand idea of the extent of the commerce of London; and our ene-

mies have often been compelled to acknowledge the importance of the British navy in many conflicts, when they have reluctantly yielded to British skill and valour.

THE PITT'S HEAD.

Statesmen, warriors, poets, and players, have had their busts and portraits placed in halls, public buildings, and private collections, in honourable remembrance of their patriotism, valour, genius, or dramatic talent.

The above sign has been adopted in honour of the great Earl of Chatham, whose virtues, as a statesman and a man, have been justly held in the highest estimation by an admiring and grateful nation. We may refer to anecdotes of this great man, published in three vols. 8vo. for many good things.

Contrasted with such a character, we subjoin a few lines upon another statesman, not quite so *virtuous*:—

On Sir R— W—'s Marriage with Miss Skerrett.

You can't conceive why, in decline of life,
Sir Blue String should betroth a second wife;
You can't suppose he feels an amorous rage,
Thus swelled by fat, and thus excused by age.
He surely don't; but wonder not, my friend,
In this the knight pursues his constant end:
He, long enured to plunder and to fraud,
Unmov'd by virtue, and by shame unaw'd,
Converts to private use a public wh—e,
That he may rob the public one way more,
The only way he had not done before.

THE BLUE LAST.

The Last is, doubtless, an appropriate sign for a house of call for the sons of St. Crispin; but why it should have the addition of blue appended we feel some difficulty in accounting, as we never have seen one either painted or dyed in use among the craft.

Crispin and his brother Crispianus were born at Rome, and in the year 303 went to Soissons, in France, on a Christian mission; but they were shortly after beheaded by order of Rictionarius, the governor of the place. While there the brothers worked as shoemakers, and hence it is probable that this saint has been selected as the tutelar of the gentle craft of cordwainers. The feast of St. Crispin is held on the 25th of October, a memorable day in the annals of British warfare, immortalized by the bard of Avon, by the speech he has put in the mouth of Henry V. before the battle of Agincourt:—

This day is called—the feast of Crispian :
He, that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He, that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,
And say—to-morrow is saint Crispian :
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars,
And say, these wounds I had on Crispin's day.
Old men forget; yet all shall not forget,
But he'll remember, with advantages,
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,

Familiar in their mouths as household words,—
Harry the king, Bedford, and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.

THE ANGEL INN.

The sign of the Angel is very general through the country. St. Michael being considered the highest of the heavenly host, we think it most probable that the honour was intended chiefly for him, and we find that churches were dedicated to him, particularly such as were erected on elevated spots; as St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall, and one in Normandy, which seem to confirm the idea of his being deemed the highest of the celestial host. St. Michael was the reputed guardian of the church, and the first day held in honour of this saint was in the year 487, then styled "St. Michael and his Angels." This day is better known now as a settling day, being quarter day, for payment of rent, than as a day of feasting; but those who have their rents ready, and have a little to spare, still contrive to have a goose to dinner on that day, being the season when they are in the highest perfection; for,

By custom, right divine,
Geese are ordain'd to bleed at Michael's shrine.

It was anciently the custom for landlords to treat their tenants with a goose on that day; but this, like many others of the good customs of our forefathers, has fallen into disuse, and the tenant must now buy one for himself, or dine as he can.

The Angel inn, at Islington, has been lately rebuilt in a handsome stile. Another, under the name, is situated near to St. Giles's church.

THE GOOSE AND GRIDIRON.

There is a sign of some standing of this name on the north side of St. Paul's Church-yard, well known as a booking-house for coaches, &c. for Hammersmith, and the villages to the west of London.

The goose, *solus*, might be in some degree appropriate for a house of call for taylors, but being accompanied by a cooking utensil, it must have allusion to feasting, for which the good citizens are rather famed.

Would not a spit, a roasting-jack, be a more proper associate for this bird? Perhaps it means to intimate, that those, who are fond of a taste, may be gratified with a leg or wing done upon the grid-iron, and well seasoned or devilled; if so, it was no bad idea in the original inventor, as this proves a good stimulus to drinking.

THE FREEMASONS' TAVERN.

A very commodious and handsome house, so named, is situated in Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields. This being the head quarters of the society of which his present Majesty was lately grand master, they have a hall appropriated to their use, which is, on other occasions, at the disposal of

the lessee, who rents the premises of the society, to which the building belongs. There are held many of the public meetings for charitable and religious, as well as political, literary, and scientific purposes; assemblies and balls are also frequently held here, to which purpose the large room is well adapted. At a public dinner, a visitor will be much gratified by the expedition with which the "good things" are served up, and with the good things that are said after the glass begins to circulate.

For the history of freemasonry, we refer the reader to "Preston's Illustrations of Masonry;" for,

I know no word, boast no directing sign,
And not one token of the race is mine;
Whether with Hiram, that wise widow's son,
They came from Tyre to royal Solomon:
Two pillars raising, by their skill profound,
Boaz and Iachin thro' the east renowned;
Whether the sacred books their rise express,
Or books profane, 'tis vain for me to guess;
It may be lost in date remote and high,
They know not what their own antiquity;
It may be, too, derived from cause so low,
They have no wish their origin to show;
If, as crusaders, they combined to wrest
From heathen lords the land they long possess'd;
Or were, at first, some harmless club, who made
Their idle meetings solemn by parade,
Is but conjecture; for the task unfit,
Awe-struck and mute, the puzzling theme I quit;
Yet, if such blessing from their order flow,
We should be glad their moral code to know;

Trowels of silver are but simple things,
And aprons worthless as their apron strings ;
But if, indeed, you have the power to teach
A social spirit, now beyond our reach ;
If man's warm passions you can guide and bind,
And plant the virtues in the wayward mind ;
If you can wake to Christian love the heart,
In mercy something of your power impart.

THE GRAVE MAURICE.

A house so named stands opposite the London Hospital, to which we made allusion in the "Introduction." As its origin appears to have puzzled more heads than that of the painter there noticed, we subjoin the following particulars:—

In Junius's Etymologicon, Grave is explained to be Comes, or Count, as Palsgrave is Palatine Count ; of which we have an instance in Palsgrave-head-court, Strand, so called in memory of the Palsgrave, Count or Elector Palatine, who married Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I.

Their issue were, the Palsgrave Charles Louis, the Grave Count or Prince Palatine Rupert, and the Grave Count or Prince Maurice, who all distinguished themselves during the civil wars in the reign of Charles I.

The Princess Sophia, their youngest sister, was the mother of King George I. and, had she lived, would have been Regent of England, after Queen Anne ; so that the Grave or Prince Maurice was a collateral ancestor to his present Majesty.

The two princes, Rupert and Maurice, for their

courage, and the generosity with which they espoused the cause of their uncle, the unfortunate Charles, were, after the restoration, the darlings of the people; and, as we have an idea that the mount at Whitechapel was raised to overawe the city, the latter, before he proceeded to the west, might have the command of the works on the east side of the metropolis, and a temporary residence on the spot where his sign was so lately exhibited.

Rupert and Maurice defeated Colonel Sands at Worcester; took Cirencester, Litchfield, and Bristol; besieged Latham-house; and brought off the king from Oxford. At the battle of Nazeby, Grave Maurice commanded the right wing of the grand royal army. At the close of the troubles of this reign, these two brave princes retired with their friends to Norton-house, fourteen miles from Newark; where they requested, and obtained permission from the parliament, to retire from the kingdom.

We find little more account of either of them until the year 1652, when Prince, or Grave Rupert, with the Swallow, and a prize laden with tobacco, and some smaller vessels, and his brother Grave Maurice with him, endeavouring, in the West Indies, to give what annoyance they could to the enemies of Charles II.; where the brave prince, the Grave Maurice, lost his life in a hurricane, and was drowned.

The sign of the Grave Maurice, of which we have been speaking, remained against the house till the year 1806, when it was taken down to be repainted. The hero it represented appeared in a hat and feather, like a drum major, dressed in a blue coat, &c.

The tradition of the neighbourhood is, that it is the portrait of a Prince of Hesse, who was a great warrior, but of so inflexible a countenance, that he was never seen to smile in his life, and that he was therefore most properly termed Grave.

But leaving this rumour, in which truth and fiction seem to be blended, we must, as we are upon the subject of signs, remark, that the Palsgrave, his father, however unfortunate in the events of his life, was once a popular character in England; and a tavern, denominated from his portrait, stood on the site where Palsgrave-place is now erected. Another, called the Palatine's Head, was to be seen near the French Change, Soho. The head of the Queen of Bohemia, his wife, long stood in the front of a public house, which was once part of her palace, in Wych-street.

THE HORSE SHOE.

Whether this was originally set up as a house of accommodation for the farriers, we have no historical evidence, but there are many of the name, where there is no farrier's forge near them.

A superstition still exists among publicans, and others, that if they happen to find a horse's shoe, which has been thrown by one of these quadrupeds, and nail it on the step of the door, they will prove fortunate in business, &c.

In the neighbourhood of Tower-hill, near to the Mint, is a house with the sign of the Hoop and Horse-shoe: a strange association, unless the original setter up intended to monopolize the trade,

and endeavour to accommodate the coopers and farriers under one roof; but the more probable occasion of this being put up in this neighbourhood seems to be, that such articles are of use, when old, for manufacturing into muskets, of which there are many manufactories near to the Tower.

VALENTINE AND ORSON.

There is a house so named in long-lane, Bermondsey. It would appear to have originated with some romantic reader, who had been affected with the tale of these two brothers, who were sons of the emperor of Constantinople, Alexander, who married the beautiful sister of Pepin, king of France, named Bellisant; who being banished by the emperor during her pregnancy, having been falsely accused by his prime minister, she took refuge in the forest of Orleans, in France, where she was delivered of male twins: one of which was taken from her by a she bear, and suckled by it for some time, hence called Orson. The other being discovered by the king, Pepin, her brother, during her search after Orson, was brought up at the court of his uncle. Orson being a terror to the neighbourhood, when he grew up, was overcome by his brother, and tamed so far as to be brought to court. Shortly after overcoming the green knight, he received the hand of the Lady Fezon, previous to which he had attained the power of speech; and Valentine married Eglantine, the king's daughter, when they discovered that they were cousins.

QUEEN'S HEAD, LOWER-STREET, ISLINGTON.

This ancient wooden fabric, if tradition may be relied on, was once the residence of Lord Burleigh, treasurer to Elizabeth, as also of her favourite, the Earl of Essex, and was often visited by the "Virgin Queen." The architecture is of the age of Elizabeth, being built of wood, and ornamented with various figures, as was the custom of that period. When first erected it must have been level with the road, or perhaps had to be approached by steps; but the various alterations in the road, the bringing in the New River, &c. have caused the road to be elevated, so that there is now a descent of a few steps (four feet) to get into the house.

This house is an attraction to many, on account of its antiquity, and the goodness of the home-brewed. Like other buildings of the same time, it has panelled wainscotting of oak, and the ceilings are stuccoed; that in the parlour is adorned with dolphins, cherubims, acorns, &c.; and these are bordered by a wreath of fruit and foliage. Near to the middle of the ceiling is a medallion of a Roman head, crowned with bays; there is also a small shield, with the initials I. M. round which is cherubim and glory. The supporters of the chimney-piece are two stones, curiously carved into figures and festoons. The stone slab over the fireplace represents the story of Danaë and Actæon, in relief, with the figures of Venus, Bacchus, and Ceres; but now mutilated from the lapse of time, &c. The centre of this building projects several feet, forming a porch, supported in front by two

caryatides of carved oak, crowned with Ionic scrolls. Above it consists of three stories, each one projecting over the other, as was the ancient custom of building in London, &c. The windows also project, and are supported by wooden brackets and caryatides, grotesquely carved. This ancient, and yet substantial house, is the most perfect specimen of the ancient architecture, which modern improvements has allowed to remain, either in the vicinity of the metropolis or in the country, and will afford the curious traveller a treat, and a retreat.

THE SHIP AND SHOVEL.

This is a sign appropriate for a house by the side of a navigable river. One so named is situated near to Dagenham Beach, in Essex, eleven miles from London, where Parish and Hadbrook fought a hard contested battle of forty-one rounds, on the 13th of March, 1820, which terminated in favour of Parish, in thirty-eight minutes. The Ship and Shovel was the house of call for that day,

WHITE CONDUIT HOUSE.

So named from a spring of fine water in the vicinity, over which was erected a building, composed of flint and stone, and being mixed with chalk, it had a light white appearance. The workmen were regaling themselves upon the completion of this building, at the instant Charles I. was beheaded at Whitehall. Some part of this building

still remains, and is used as a shed for tools, &c. for the labourers. The water, which, till within about three years back, still flowed, has now entirely disappeared; the canal which is cut through the hill, nearly direct under it, seems to have cut off the spring.

The gardens here are extensive, and the rooms capacious for parties or clubs. In the long room is a good organ, with which the visitors are entertained, by a performer engaged by the proprietor on the summer evenings.

Of late several balloons have set off from these gardens, which, being extensive, are favourable for admitting a great number of spectators, who pay three shillings, or three and sixpence entrance.

NOBIS INN.

A man, of the name of Nobis, having opened a public accommodation on the high road leading from Pappenburgh, his neighbours caused him no little vexation by their opposition, &c.; but this, and other difficulties, he overcame by industry and perseverance; and after he had established himself, he made the following addition to his signboard:—*“ Si Deus pro nobis, quis contra nobis.”* If God be for us, who can be against us.

THE GOLDEN BALL.

This is a sign of several public houses, originally set up in honour of royalty. The emperor Constantine, when at York, was presented by the

British soldiers with a Hesa, or golden ball, symbolic of the sovereignty he had obtained over Great Britain. With this he was so much pleased, that upon embracing Christianity he had a cross placed upon it, and it was carried before him in all the royal processions; since which it has been used by all the other Christian sovereigns in this country, as a symbol of royal majesty.

THE COCK AND BOTTLE.

A house in the Strand, nearly opposite to Southampton-street, has this sign, but how it originated we cannot rationally account for. It is now represented by the figure of Chanticleer, and a Bottle under him. Either might do well enough for a sign, but the association appears quite absurd. Perhaps, like many others, a corruption may have crept in, as in the Axe and Bottle; and it may have been the Cock and Battle, alluding to the battle royal, wherein sometimes thirty of these birds were cruelly set to strive together, and from which only one could escape alive. Cock-throwing was one of the ancient amusements, which was yet more cruel than cock-fighting, where one had a chance of escape; but the poor creature thrown at being fixed, had no such chance, but was tormented to death. This is now in disuse, and the school boys now throw at a wooden one. Even the lowest of those, near London, substitute the throwing a bludgeon at boxes, knives, oranges, &c. which are styled cocks, as may be witnessed at all the fairs in the neighbourhood.

Many publicans in the north have a more appropriate sign, which might be styled **Cork and Bottle**, being the representation of a brisk bottle of beer, throwing the cork to a considerable height, and the strong beer flowing over the bottle.

THE EAGLE AND CHILD.

This is part of the crest of the Earls of Derby, which was adopted by that noble family from the following circumstance:—In the time of Edward III. Sir Thomas Latham, who had only a legitimate child, named Isabel, had also an illegitimate son by Mary Oskatel. This boy he ordered to be laid at the foot of a tree on which an eagle had built a nest, and pretending to have found the child in this situation, he prevailed upon his lady to adopt it, and assumed for his crest an eagle looking backward, as for something lost, or taken from her. This boy, afterwards named Sir Oskatel Latham, was long considered the heir to the estate; but Sir Thomas, a little before his decease, disclosed the fraud, and left the chief of his property to his daughter Isabel, whom Sir John Stanley married. The crest was afterwards altered by the descendant of the family to an eagle preying upon a child.

THE LONDON TAVERN.

This elegant house is situated in Bishopsgate-street Within, near to Cornhill. Here the accommodations are of the most superior kind, either for

individuals, small or large parties. The large room, where many of the public meetings and city feasts are held, has often within its walls hundreds of persons of all ranks, convened together for the purpose of charity, patriotic and public affairs, or the enjoyment of the pleasures of the dance. In digging the foundation for this house, the remains of a chapel were discovered, but its name and founder could not be traced. Near to it other ruins were found, which had been obscured by the gradual rising of the ground.

THE CITY OF LONDON TAVERN.

This has been recently rebuilt in a manner suited to the capital of Britain, and rivals the former in its accommodations, &c. In estimating the expenses attendant on this house, it has been calculated that above one hundred thousand pounds would be requisite for building, furnishing, and laying in a stock of wines, &c. It is situated opposite to Threadneedle-street.

THE BULL INN, WHITECHAPEL.

This inn, about seventy years ago, was the resort of the Essex farmers, who came to London once a week to dispose of their corn, &c. The landlord, named Johnson, who was formerly "Boots" at this inn, being in good credit with his customers, they occasionally left their samples with him, and he acted as a middle-man so much to their satisfaction,

that he shortly after opened an office upon Bear-quay, styling himself "The Factor of the Essex Farmers." Having no rival, he acquired a good fortune, which he left to his son; it afterwards descended to his grandson, whose partner, a Mr. Neville, afterwards assumed the name of Claude Scott; and with the money bequeathed by the father of his partner, carried on an extensive business as a corn-factor.

THE BOAR'S HEAD TAVERN, EASTCHEAP.

Mr. Pennant says, that a friend of his, who used to frequent the old house, when it was a tavern, informed him, that the sign was originally above the chimneypiece in the great eating-room. The head of a boar is still preserved in the front of two houses in Great Eastcheap, so placed as to cover part of the house (No. 210,) and of the adjoining house, which were since built upon the spot whereon stood the said tavern.

Our readers will doubtless recollect Shakspeare's Falstaff. The house given to the church by the above Walter Warden, was the very house occupied by Mrs. Quickly, who, in the second part of Henry IV. exclaims against Falstaff to the Chief Justice:—"O, my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit."

C. J. "For what sum?"

Mrs. Q. "It is more than for some, my lord; 't is for all, all I have: he hath eaten me out of house

and home ; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his !”

In the church-yard behind this tavern there was formerly a tablet with this inscription :—“ To the Memory of Robert Preston, late Drawer at the Bear’s Head Tavern in Great Eastcheap, who departed this Life March 16, A.D. 1730, aged twenty-seven Years.” Also several lines of poetry, setting forth Bob’s sundry virtues, particularly his honesty and sobriety ; in that,

Tho’ nurs’d among full hogsheads, he defied
The charms of wine, as well as others’ pride.

He possessed also the singular virtue of drawing good wine, and of taking care to “ fill his pots,” as appears by the concluding lines of admonition :—

Ye that on Bacchus have the like dependance,
Pray copy Bob in measure and attendance.

THE JEW’S HARP.

There was a house so named situated near to the top of Portland-place, but now moved more to the eastward, in consequence of the laying out of the grounds for the Regent’s Park. It was long known and resorted to as a tea-garden, &c. by parties on holidays, and well spoken of for good entertainment. Mr. A. Onslow, when Speaker of the House, was wont to go to this house, in plain attire, and take his seat in the chimney-corner in the kitchen, joining familiarly in the humours of the customers, and was for two or three years a great favourite

with the landlord, his family and visitors ; who, not knowing his name, usually spoke of him as “ The Gentleman.” Mr. Onslow being seen one day in his state carriage going to the House by the landlord, mine host was somewhat alarmed at the discovery, and hurried home to tell his family what he had discovered, which disconcerted them not a little, knowing with how little ceremony they had hitherto treated him. The Speaker came as usual in the evening to the “ Harp ;” but finding, from the reserved manners of the landlord, his wife, and the children, who were accustomed to climb upon his knees, and take liberties with his wig, &c. that his name and character had become known to the circle, paid his bill, and, without taking any farther notice, left the house, to which he never afterwards returned.

THE SUN.

Many tavern-keepers have adopted the sign, under which several have painted, “ The best Ale sold here under the Sun.”

Rich, the celebrated comedian and harlequin, returning one evening from the theatre in a hackney-coach, gave orders to be driven to the Sun tavern, in Clare-market. On passing one of the windows, which happened to be open, he sprung out of the coach into the room. The coachman, on pulling up at the door, and letting down the step, was astonished to find his coach empty, and after cursing his fare for a bilker, remounted his box, and was about to drive off, when Rich, who in the meantime had

jumped back again, ordered Jarvis to turn and set him down, which he did with no very pleasant ideas of his customer; who, upon getting out, began to rail at the coachman for being so very stupid, and then offered him the fare. This Jarvis declined accepting, saying, that his master had ordered him not to take any money that night. Rich answers, that his master must be a fool, and makes an offer of a shilling to the coachman; who in the meantime had gained his box again, but he declined taking any thing; adding, "I know you well, notwithstanding your shoes, and so, Mr. Devil, you are outwitted for once."

BRACE TAVERN, KING'S BENCH.

Originally kept by two brothers of the name of Partridge, from whom it obtained the present title, being a pun upon their name, they being a brace of Partridges.—The following appropriate Parody of one of Moore's Irish Melodies is, we think, drawn with characteristic fidelity, and deserves to be inserted here:—

THE BENCHER; OR, WHITEWASHING-DAY.

AIR—*Though dark are our sorrows, to-day we'll forget them.*

Though num'rous our debts are, yet soon we forget them,

When free from a baliff's or turnkey's rude powers;

For never were hearts, if the *nabmen* would let them,

More form'd to be jovial and light than our's.

But though without cash

We oft cut a dash,

And *credit* besprinkles our path with flowers,

Yet the day will come
When we're *found at home*!

Oh! the joy that we taste, like the light of the poles,
Is a flash amid darkness, too brilliant to stay;
But though 'twere the last little spark in our souls,
Let us light it up now—for 'tis *Whitewashing Day*!

The devil take tradesmen, who say we're ungrateful,
Though we fly from the *grabs*, to our friends we are true!
If we *can't* pay, *we can't*! then what is more hateful
Than taking one's body for sums over due?

Vile creditors blight
Our prospects outright;
And when they have *nail'd* us, cry, "Pay me, sir, pay!"
So, unless we give bail,
We're lugg'd off to jail:

But since I'm now *up*, were I summon'd next minute,
I'd laugh, drink, and sing, look cheerful and gay,
And shew what the head of a *Bencher* has in it,
Who has pass'd the ordeal of *Whitewashing Day*!

We no longer are *green*, and our *sprees* are recorded
By men who have *suffer'd* too much to forget;
With hope they were gull'd, and with promise rewarded,
While our *quarterly pilgrimage* spung'd out the debt!

Their hearts may be broke,
Yet *we* laugh at the joke,
For nothing can make an *Old Bencher* pay;
He's *up* and he's *down*
To the tricks of the town;

He lives by his wits, and plays a bold part,
With an impudent air that ne'er will decay;
Though his poverty's great, still greater's his art,
For he clears off all scores by *Whitewashing Day*!

THE BELL.

Bells, in superstitious times, were held in great veneration, and it excites no wonder that such should be adopted as a characteristic and distinguishing sign by the publican; hence we have the Bell, both old and new, in all parts of the country. The Ring of Bells, Five Bells, and Eight Bells, allude to the practice of playing on a number of bells, which are either carried about by the player, or in some houses kept for the professor or the amateur, to amuse the frequenters of the house.

Around the face of blue-ey'd Sue,
Did auburn ringlets curl,
Her lips seem'd coral dipp'd in dew,
Her teeth, two rows of pearl.
Joe, of the Bell, whose wine, they said,
Was new in cask, as he in trade,
Espous'd this nonpareil;
" You keep the bar," said Joe, " my dear,
But be obliging, Sue, d'ye hear,
And prove to all who love good chcer,
They're welcome to the Bell."

A London rider chanc'd to slip
Behind the bar, to dine,
And found sweet Susan's yielding lip
Much mellower than her wine.
As Joe stepp'd in, he stamp'd and tore,
And for the London beau, he swore
He'd dust his jacket well.
" Heyday!" says Sue, " what's this, I trow!
You bade me be obliging, Joe:
I'm only proving to the beau,
He's welcome to the Bell."

THE BOLT-IN-TUN.

There is a well-known inn so named in Fleet-street. The representation of this sign is an arrow entering into a barrel, or hogshead, by the bung-hole, apparently shot from a bow at this instead of a target. Bolt was an old name for the arrow, and ton, or tun, a common term for a pipe of wine; hence the name of Vintner, or Wintonners, the title of the Company of Vintners in the City of London.

Query. Were the bowmen of former days in the habit of trying their skill in this way? or, before cork-screws were common, might it not be the practice to draw the bung, by forcing an arrow into it?

Bolt-court, Fleet-street, nearly opposite, is remarkable as being the residence of our great lexicographer and moralist, Dr. Samuel Johnson, whose life has been ably written by James Boswell, Esq. of Auchinleck, (his companion to the Hebrides,) and by Sir John Hawkins, Knt.

Many years before Johnson's decease, his house in Bolt-court had been an asylum for several necessitated persons; among whom was Mr. Robert Levett, whose sudden death is recorded in some of the finest lines that were ever produced in the English language.

In the beginning of the year 1782, death deprived the doctor of his old friend and companion; he who had, for near forty years, had the care of his health, and had attended him almost constantly every morning, to enquire after the state of his body, and pour out his tea; the mute, the officious,

and the humble Dr. Levett. Of this disastrous event, which happened at seven in the morning, on the 17th of January, the doctor was informed, by a special messenger sent to Mr. Thrale's, where the doctor was on a visit, and had just finished his breakfast. Immediately on receiving the news, he reclined back in his chair, and produced the following lines, which were committed to paper by Mrs. Thrale :—

Condemn'd to hope's delusive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blast, or slow decline,
Our social comforts drop away.

Well tried through many a varying year,
See Levett to the grave descend ;
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
Obscurely wise, and coarsely kind,
Nor, letter'd arrogance, deny
Thy praise to merit unrefin'd.

When fainting nature call'd for aid,
And hov'ring death prepar'd the blow,
The vig'rous remedy display'd,
The power of art, without the show.

In mis'ry's darkest caverns known,
His useful care was ever nigh ;
Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,
And lonely want retir'd to die.

No summons mock'd by chill delay,
No petty gain disdain'd by pride ;
The modest wants of ev'ry day,
The toil of ev'ry day supply'd.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void ;
And sure the eternal Master found
The single talent well employ'd.

The busy day, the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by :
His frame was firm, his pow'rs were bright,
Though now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then with no throb of fiery pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his soul the nearest way.

CASTLE AND FALCON INN, ALDERSGATE-STREET.

Opposite to this inn formerly stood Aldersgate, which shared the fate of the other gates in the beginning of the late reign. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth it was occupied by the celebrated printer, Mr. John Day. In an old book printed by him is a portrait in the title, representing him with a whip in his hand in a room at the top of the gate, where his boys slept; the sun appears to be shining upon them, and he awakens them with these words, "Arise! for it is day."

THE COAL-HOLE, STRAND.

This house is situated on the south side of the Strand, near to the Savoy, and is much frequented by theatrical gentlemen after their hours of exhibition upon the stage. Being erected on the spot

which was formerly a coal-wharf and store-house, it was not inappropriately named the Coal-hole.

It was at this house that "The Wolves" held their club, the leader or patron of which was Kean, the actor. So disorderly and uproarious, however, was this society, that it became a nuisance even to a Coal-hole, and it was accordingly broken up.

THE THATCHED-HOUSE TAVERN.

The famous and noble Order of Bucks now holds its meetings at this tavern, which is in St. James's-street. This society formerly held its meetings at the Sun, in Monkwell-street; but, as it increased in number and respectability, it was removed nearer to the court, for the accommodation of the nobility and gentry, of which it is composed.

THE MOON-RAKERS.

A house, with this sign, stands near Suffolk-street, Southwark, and is well known to the inhabitants of that district. The natives of most counties are honoured by some ludicrous appellation by their neighbours, and a moon-raker has long been synonymous with a Wiltshireman. What it really originated from we do not pretend to know; but the countrymen themselves say, that they obtained it from the following circumstance:—A party of Wiltshire smugglers having deposited their casks of contraband spirits in a pond, were in the act of raking them out, on a moonlight night, when some

excisemen came near. Upon the latter demanding what they were about, one of the smugglers, with affected *naïveté*, replied, "Whoy, don't you zee that cheese there?" Then a boy belonging to the party taking the hint, and splashing the water with his rake, cried out, "Lord! lord! there be a thousand little cheeses now, feyther; rake away!" The idea that these pretended simpletons had actually mistaken the reflection of the moon for a cheese, so diverted the excisemen, that they laughed heartily, and went away; and by this manœuvre, they say, the smugglers' kegs remained in safety, for another and more favourable opportunity.—As, however, we have been favoured with a different version of the moon-raking story, in verse, we beg to introduce it here, leaving the truth (if any truth there be belonging to it) to be discovered by more diligent searchers into "origins and inventions."

THE MOON-RAKERS.

Not far from Sarum's city, whose high spire
 Serves as a landmark to the country round—
 Tho' at a distant ken
 It seems scarce bigger than a pin,
 Piercing the clouds, or glitt'ring in the sun—
 Full many a hardy husbandman is found :
 'Twas there, in days long past, a wealthy squire
 A quiet life of gainful thrift had run,
 And therefore reckon'd poverty a sin
 In other men,
 Who ne'er could boast of barns o'erstock'd with grain,
 Or count their fleecy treasures on the plain :
 For he had flocks of sheep and herds of swine,
 But mostly did he prize his herds of kine—

And well he might, since he so wond'rous rich
 Had grown, by making tons on tons of cheese ;
 No wonder cheese, then, did his mind bewitch,
 No wonder Doll and Bet were made to squeeze
 And press the creamy curds with all their might,
 Nor was it wonderful he dreamt of cheese at night.

One night, it seems, our squire had gone to rest
 With nought but thoughts of cheese within his breast,
 (And doctors tell us, cheese will not digest)
 When, starting from a dream—"Thieves! thieves!" he
 cried—

"They're in the storehouse, carrying off the cheese!
 Here, Jack! Dick! Will!"—Jack, with a yawn, replied,
 "Ees—ees—Zur! I be comin'—what's the matter?"

(Just at that moment Jowler gave a sneeze)
 "What, can't you hear the thieves?"—"Noa, nought
 but clatter

That all the volk be makin in the house ;
 Bat, howsomdever, pretty soon we'll try
 If there be any rogues—for Will and I
 Would sarve 'em just as puss would sarve a mouse."

Down stairs they ran, and to the store-house hied,
 Then search'd it round and round, but all in vain,
 No thieves were there,
 Yet none could swear

Whether some cheeses might not have been ta'en.
 But as they pass'd the pond, the squire 'spied

What seem'd to him, as tho' the rogues, in haste,
 Had unintentionally giv'n a clue,

By which the stolen treasure might be trac'd—
 The fact was, Luna had the water grac'd
 With something cheese-like, both in form and hue.
 "Gadzooks! the squire cried, "go fetch your rakes—
 Who would have thought the rogues had been such cakes

To put their cheeses here—
But that they have, 'tis clear :
The rakes were quickly brought, and at it hard they
went,
But not a cheese they caught, tho' all on raking bent.
For hours they toil'd—indeed, till morning grey
Too plainly show'd that raking was in vain,
For Luna stole to bed at break of day,
And left the rakers spent with fruitless pain !

Oh, had you seen each worthy with his rake,
Now buoy'd with hope, and now despairing grown,
You must have pitied him, for mercy's sake—
And yet you might have crack'd your sides, I own !
To paint their looks, their gestures, ev'ry feature,
Would challenge Hogarth's utmost stretch of art,
Altho' so true he pictur'd human nature—
So earnestly the clodpoles play'd their part.
But I'll not dwell on all they did or said,
Suffice it that I tell you, they found out
Their error after Luna went to bed,
And wish'd that they had been there too, no doubt.

THE CROWN AND ANCHOR.

The association of the navy with the crown is natural. The most noted house with this sign is in the Strand, and is famous for the meetings of modern reformers. Among the public characters who have occasionally "held forth" here, for the public good, none are more distinguished for manly independence and general consistency than Sir Francis Burdett. Whatever opinion may be formed of his political bias by adverse parties, certain it is

that history does not furnish a brighter example of steady perseverance in the cause of rational liberty, than has been shewn by him in his long and popular career. Alas ! how few there are who figure away for a time as “ friends of the people,” that deserve a similar encomium. The following epigrammatic lines were written on the duel which the baronet fought with a person named Paul, and on his being supposed to have pensioned the noisy demagogue, Peter F—— !

Knights of the post of old strove all
By robbing Peter to pay Paul ;
Sir Francis Burdett nicks it neater,
He pistols Paul, and pensions Peter.

THE ROSE TAVERN.

There are several taverns in London, and elsewhere, with this sign, the emblem of England. A remarkable event took place in the year 1649, at the Rose tavern, which was situated two doors from Allhallows church, Barking, at the bottom of Seething-lane, Tower-street. The parish officers, and several of the inhabitants, being at a parish feast in this house, all perished by the explosion of twenty-seven barrels of gunpowder, which took fire in a ship-chandler's in Tower-street. The landlady was found, on clearing away the rubbish, sitting upright in the bar, and the waiter, with a pot in his hand, standing without ; both preserved from contusion by the crossing of timbers, but both dead through suffocation ; and a cradle, with a child in it, was

carried by the explosion to the top of the leads of Allhallows church, whence it was taken down next day, and, to the surprise of every one, it was found to have suffered no injury.

When Pope wrote his poem of "Windsor Forest," he often took some refreshment at the sign of the Rose, in Wokingham, Berkshire, a town on the skirt of Windsor Forest, where he was sometimes accompanied by Swift. The landlady, a Mrs. Mogg, was a good-tempered woman, and very handsome. Being confined by rain one afternoon, they to amuse themselves, celebrated her charms in the well-known ballad of "Sweet Molly Mogg of the Rose," each writing a verse alternately. Within a very short distance from the town, on the forest, Pope had a low bench fastened to the trunk of an oak tree, where he was accustomed to sit and admire the surrounding scenery. Some time after his death a board was nailed to the tree about twelve feet above the ground, with the following inscription painted on it:—

BENEATH THE BRANCHES OF THIS TREE
POPE SAT AND SANG.

Mrs. Mogg continued to be landlady of the Rose many years after Pope and Swift's decease.

Gay has also celebrated the charms of Mrs. Mogg in a humorous song, entitled,

MOLLY MOGG.

Says my uncle, I pray now discover,
What has been the cause of your woes ;
That you pine and you whine like a lover ?
I've seen Molly Mogg of the Rose.

O nephew, your grief is but folly,
In town you may find better progg,
Half-a-crown there will get you a Molly,
A Molly much better than Mogg.

The school-boy's delight is a play-day,
The school-master's joy is to flog,
A fop's the delight of a lady,
But mine is in sweet Molly Mogg.

Will-o'-wisp leads the trav'ler a-gadding,
Thro' ditch, and thro' quagmire, and bog,
But no light can e'er set me a-madding,
Like the eyes of my sweet Molly Mogg.

For guineas in other men's breeches,
Your gamesters will paum and will cog,
But I envy them none of their riches,
So I paum my sweet Molly Mogg.

The heart that's half wounded is ranging,
It here and there leaps like a frog,
But my heart can never be changing,
'Tis so fix'd on my sweet Molly Mogg.

I know that by wits 'tis recited,
That women, at best, are a clog,
But I'm not so easily frightened,
From loving my sweet Molly Mogg.

A letter when I am inditing,
Comes Cupid, and gives me a jog,
And I fill all my paper with writing,
Of nothing but sweet Molly Mogg

I feel I'm in love to distraction,
My senses are lost in a fog,
And in nothing can find satisfaction,
But in thoughts of my sweet Molly Mogg.

If I would not give up the three Graces,
I wish I were hang'd like a dog,
And at court all the drawing-room faces,
For a glance at my sweet Molly Mogg.

For these faces want nature and spirit,
And seem as cut out of a log ;
Juno, Venus, and Pallas's merit,
Unite in my sweet Molly Mogg.

Were Virgil alive with his Phillis,
And writing another eclogue,
Both his Phillis and fair Amaryllis,
He'd give for my sweet Molly Mogg.

When Molly comes up with the liquor,
Then jealousy sets me a-gog ;
To be sure she's a bit for the vicar,
And so I shall lose Molly Mogg.

ACCOUNT OF COFFEE AND COFFEE-HOUSES.

The first coffee-house in the metropolis was established in the Tilt-yard in 1652. In Paris coffee was not known until several years afterwards. Thevenot, the traveller, was the first who brought it into France; and a Greek servant, named Pesqua, whom Mr. Daniel Edwards, a Turkey merchant, brought into England in 1652, for the purpose of making his coffee, was the first person who set up coffee-man, and introduced the drink among us.

The first mention of it in our statute book is in the year 1660, when a duty of four-pence was laid on every gallon of coffee made and sold.

One of the oldest coffee-houses in the metropolis was kept by a barber, named James Farr, at the sign of the Rainbow, opposite Chancery-lane, which still goes by the same name. In 1708 he was presented by the inquest of St. Dunstan in the West for making and selling a liquor called coffee, as a great nuisance, and prejudicial to the neighbourhood. Who would then have imagined, that in the progress of fifty succeeding years such nuisances would have increased to no less a number than three thousand. In 1768, when the signs were taken down, to give free circulation to the air in the streets of the metropolis, and the numerous taverns decreased, coffee-houses continued to multiply, in

consequence of the opinions of the College of Physicians, who stated publicly that coffee was a wholesome beverage. It was then received into general estimation, and continued to be drank with avidity until the present day ; when it appears by the register of the licensing office, that there are unwards of nine thousand coffee-houses existing in London.

The French first conveyed some plants to Martinico in 1727, whence it probably spread to the neighbouring islands. The word "coffee" is originally Arabic, and the Turks pronounce it *cahuch*, and the Arabs *cahuel* ; which some authors maintain to be a general name for any thing that promotes appetite ; and others say that it is a name for any thing that gives strength and vigour. Another coffee-house was established in 1669 ; since which period, more particularly of late years, the number of coffee-houses has become increased almost beyond belief, and the quantity of the article consumed (including the whole of Europe) far exceeds that of tea, the chief consumption of which is confined to the British dominions.

The circumstance that first made it known in this country, consigned it primarily to the hands of the clergy. The prior of a convent having remarked the cordial and exhilarating effects of the leaves upon goats who browsed upon them, tried the effect of an infusion of the berry upon some of his monks, who were more disposed to drowsiness than to prayer. This had the desired effect, for they became vigilant in their devotions, and thus the reputation of the berry became notorious, and it was brought into general use. Coffee has been known

among the Turks and eastern nations above three hundred and fifty years, and in Europe above one hundred and fifty years.

LLOYD'S COFFEE-HOUSE.

This important establishment derived its name from the person who was the first keeper of it. It became the resort of merchants, brokers, and underwriters, who at first mutually agreed to share alike in the losses sustained at sea. It is now the centre mart of mercantile intelligence, and the Minister of the day generally communicates any important news to the Chairman of the Committee at Lloyd's, from whence it soon spreads through the mercantile world, and the reporter is sure of belief, if he can say he had his news from Lloyd's. The committee have correspondence with all parts of the world; and for extent of information, utility, power, and commercial sway, there is not a place in the world can vie with this and the "Royal Exchange," with which it is intimately connected.

THE CHAPTER COFFEE-HOUSE.

This is situated in Chapter-house-court, and has also an entrance from Paternoster-row. Here are kept files of the chief newspapers, and various periodical reviews and magazines are taken in, for the amusement of the numerous frequenters of this literary coffee-house.

The London booksellers, usually denominated "The Trade," generally meet here, for the purpose

of agreeing upon giving out a book to print, in which they have shares, or for dividing a work, when printed, and on other business connected with the trade.

It is much frequented by literary characters, and the accommodations are good in every respect.

STEEL-YARD COFFEE-HOUSE, UPPER THAMES-STREET.

So named, being the resort of the merchants of Cologne, Triers, Hamburg, Hunondale, and Munster, who were the proprietors of the steel-yard in the neighbourhood.

In 1282 the city of London obliged these merchants, who were known by the name of the Company of the Steel-yard, to pay two hundred and ten marks for the repairs of one of the city gates, called Bishop's-gate, and engage to keep the same in repair in future. It divided Bishopsgate-street without, from Bishopsgate-street which was within the walls.

SIGN AT RAG SHOPS.

The Black Doll, used as a sign by the dealers in rags, originated with a person who kept a house for the sale of toys and rags in Norton Falgate, about sixty years ago. An old woman brought him a large bundle for sale, but desired it might remain unopened until she called again to see it weighed. Several weeks elapsed without her appearing, which induced the master of the shop to open the bundle,

when he found a black doll, neatly dressed, with a pair of gold ear-rings appended. This he hung up over his door, for the purpose of being owned by the woman who left it. Shortly after this she called, and presented the doll to the shopkeeper, as a mark of gratitude for his having, by its means, enabled her to find out her bundle. The story having gained circulation, this figure has been generally used by dealers in rags ever since this original instance of honesty in this class of merchants.

OLD SIGNS.

Before 1766, the signs are described as large, finely gilt, and very absurd. Golden perriwigs, saws, axes, razors, trees, lancets, knives, cheese, salmon, blacks' heads with gilt hair, half moons, sugar-loaves, and Westphalia hams, were repeated unmercifully from Whitechapel to Piccadilly. One perambulating the streets must have felt rather unpleasantly during a high wind, when hundreds of signs were swinging on rusty hinges above him, threatening a descent; and penthouses and spouts pouring cascades upon his luckless head. In 1718, the sign and front of a house in Fleet-street, opposite Bride-lane, fell down, and killed two young ladies, the king's jeweller, and a cobbler. Many other accidents having occurred by the falling of signs, the city at last compelled shopkeepers to fix their signs against the walls without projection; and spouts were so constructed, as to discharge the water without saluting passengers.

CLUBS.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

ON observing the ruling spirit of each, we can perceive what a powerful influence they must have exercised on the character of the times, especially of those in London, who flourished about the end of the seventeenth century. Although they have **not** published their "transactions" and "reports," by which the "world has been defrauded of many a high design," yet, agreeable to the judicious remarks of a writer, in a periodical of the present day, "perhaps the influence of such clubs was stronger when confined to *viva voce* and extempore communications between themselves and the public, than can be justly claimed by any of the modern philosophical institutions. It is undeniable, that much truth evaporates in conversation, and is lost; but it is equally so, that much truth is compressed in written documents, and is never found.

"Thus, one year's transactions of the Kit-Cat and the Golden Fleece, may have told more effectually on the age, than one year's transactions of the Royal Society. Those members spoke, and what they said is forgotten. These members wrote, and what they did write, if not forgotten, is at least not remembered. But the clubs to which I allude

exerted a living influence: they blended with the spirit of the age; they coloured it, and were coloured by it; in every company some unknown member lurked; their jokes, their gibes, their criticisms, their manners, their speculations, their opinions, sometimes won, and sometimes forced their way into ordinary life; and thus the dress, the language, the deportment, the current ideas of the day were all, by means unperceived by dim-eyed moralists, characterized by these all-powerful associations of convivial spirits."

The object of clubs is often asserted to be, the promotion of trade, human conversation, and the communication of curious and scientific matter; but, according to an old writer, he gives this opinion, that "most considerate men, who have ever been engaged in such sort of computations, have found, by experience, that the general end thereof is a promiscuous encouragement of vice, faction, and folly, at the unnecessary expense of that time and money, which might be better employed in their own business, or spent with much more comfort in their own families. But as all ages have been made merry by the fantastical whimsies and ridiculous affections of such humoursome societies, as have made themselves a town-talk by their singular follies, inebrious extravagancies, comical projections, vicious encouragements, and uncommon practices, I am persuaded to believe, it can be thought no breach of morality or good manners to expose the vanity of those whimsical clubs, who have been proud to distinguish themselves by such amusing denominations, that the most morose

cynic would be scarce able to hear their titles, without bursting into laughter; nor have the frantic customs, jocular diversions, and preposterous government of such fuddle-cap assemblies, been less remarkable than their several distinctions. If these remarks were considered justly applicable to the societies and clubs of the last century, with what additional force may they be applied to those of the present day; but few of whom have any other object in view than present gratification, and spending an idle hour that would otherwise hang heavy on their hands; and many of which originate with a landlord, or some one having an interest in a particular house, to which they wish to draw custom; yet, while we condemn the principle of some, we cannot withhold our commendation of others, who combine philanthropy with their hilarity, making stated or occasional collections among themselves for the relief of the distressed, the infirm, and the aged, who have claims upon the public benevolence.

THE TERRIBLE CLUB.

ARTICLES.

Imprimis. That the club do meet at midnight in the Great Armory-hall in the Tower (if leave can be obtained) the first Monday in every month.

II. That the president be seated upon a drum, at the upper end of the table, accoutred with a helmet, a basket-hilt sword, and a buff belt.

III. That the president be always obliged to pro-

vide for the first and standing dish of the club, a pastie of bull-beef baked in a target, made for that purpose.

IV. That the members do cut their meat with bayonets instead of knives.

V. That every member do sit to the table, and eat with his hat, his sword, and his gloves on.

VI. That there be no liquor drank but rack-punch, quickened with brandy and gunpowder.

VII. That a large mortar be made use of for a punch-bowl.

THE FOX-HUNTERS' CLUB.

Their attire should be the same as their huntsman's, and none should be admitted into this green conversation piece except he had broke his collar-bone thrice; a broken rib or two might also admit a man, without the least opposition. The president must necessarily have broke his neck, and have been taken up for dead once or twice; for the more maims this brotherhood shall have met with, the easier will their conversation flow and keep up; and when any of these vigorous invalids had finished his narration of the collar-bone, this naturally would introduce the history of the ribs. Besides, the different circumstances of their falls and fractures would help to prolong and diversify their relations.

There should also be another club, who had not succeeded so well in maiming themselves, but are, however, in the constant pursuit of these accomplishments.

THE LAZY CLUB.

The members of this fraternity generally met attired in their night-gowns, with their stockings about their heels, and frequently with only a single stocking on. Their salutation on their entrance, was a yawn and a stretch, and then without farther ceremony, each took his place at the lolling table.

THE FREE AND EASY CLUB.

Numerous houses in London have their "Free and Easies," which meet on various evenings, according as suits the neighbourhood, the publican, or his favourite chairman, and his fellow chaunters. Some pretty good singing of glees, catches, and songs, may be heard at some of these meetings.

Saturday evening, as it suited the pockets of the frequenters of such, was generally the fullest meeting nights in most; but the late stir among the magistracy, about late hours, has curtailed their hours of harmony *without* "the city;" but, *within*, the publican sometimes ventures to allow harmony to go on somewhat beyond the hour of eleven. It is very amusing to a stranger, who has patience to hear a bad singer, who is sometimes called on, in compliment to his vanity, attempting a song which requires both science and voice to render it tolerable, and aping the tone, shake, and action of some of the first singers on the stage; yet so polite are these gentlemen auditors, that they are ready with their plaudits on the conclusion of the strain, as they feel convinced that he has done his best, and say, "the best can do no better." Should the

often-repeated toast follow, "May our endeavours to please be crowned with success," another plaudit succeeds, as the sentiment shews that the performer had the desire to please.

Mr. Crabbe thus describes a club of this sort, in the country :—

The club, whereto their friends in town
Our country neighbours once a month come down ;
We term it "Free and Easy," and yet we
Find it no easy matter to be free.
Even in our small assembly, friends among,
Are minds perverse, there's something will be wrong ;
Men are not equal, some will claim a right
To be the kings and heroes of the night—
Will their own themes and favourite notions start,
And you must hear, offend them, or depart.
Man feels his weakness, and to numbers run,
Himself to strengthen, or himself to shun ;
But tho' to this our weakness may be prone,
Let's learn to live, for we must die alone'

THE HUM-DRUM CLUB.

This was accustomed to meet at a house in Ivy-lane, where the original Dolly accommodated the public with chops and steaks. The house is now occupied as a warehouse, by Messrs. Sherwood and Co. booksellers, but the name is still retained, being gradually moved from house to house, until it reached its present situation in Queen's-head-passage, leading from Newgate-street to Pater-noster-row. This club was inimical to noise, and was composed of very peaceable gentlemen, who met to smoke their pipes till midnight, and were

never known to have a dispute or an angry word amongst them; because, like a similar club, called the Mum Club, they looked wise and said nothing.

THE KIT CAT CLUB.

This was formed in the year 1703, by a number of noblemen and gentlemen, who were zealous for the protestant succession in the house of Hanover. It took its name from Christopher Kat, a pastry-cook, who lived near the tavern, in King-street, Westminster, where the club met, who supplied the society with pastry. Jacob Tonson was their book-seller, and his descendants are in possession of the original members of this club. The design of these personages was to recommend and encourage true loyalty, by the influence of wit and humour.

Sir Samuel Garth distinguished himself by the extempore epigrams he made on their toasts, which were inscribed on their drinking glasses. Their portraits (in number forty-eight) were painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller. The room in which those paintings were first hung being too low to admit half-lengths, they were painted somewhat shorter, which gave rise to the name of Kit-Cat given to all portraits of that length.

THE DAFFY CLUB.

This club, which is of rather modern date, and the account of which we quote from the work of a well-known flash linguist, is held at the Castle Tavern, Holborn. The title is a new term, lately coined in the *Mint* of the *Fancy*, for it does not

appear in any of the works of the great lexicographers. However, the article which gives name to the club is of rather ancient date. It is known in various circles, by sundry names, such as, White Wine, Old Tom, Max, Blue Ruin, a Flash of Lightning, Jacky, Stark Naked, and Fuller's Earth; but generally by the old name, "Gin." Being a sporting club, they deemed this old fashioned title not quite so agreeable to the listener, to which the term Gin Club would have been rather unmusical; and, as sporting characters, they would be nothing without being flash, they determined to meet under the title of the Daffy Club. This club is without any written or printed rules; no fines are exacted for non-attendance, their only rule is, *to do what is right*; yet they are very remarkable for accommodation, as they show their good breeding in the case of an inventive relator of a story, doing it rather too brown (such as stating, with a face of day, that in the country he ran a mile in two minutes and three-quarters,) so as almost to spoil the steadiness of the mugs of the club; the president therefore gently reminds them, that as being staunch members, of course they will accommodate the gentleman in his story. Very few evenings pass over without one such bouncer making his appearance, and causing the gentle chaff to circulate, "Do you believe it?"

Every member is expected to be in spirits; and the Daffies seldom drink by halves, but generally together, by way of trio; and it rarely happens that a Daffyonian is under the necessity of muzzing solus. "I'll take a third!" is the assent made,

whenever the office is given to have a taste. Harmony is the basis of the Daffies ; and between the different heats of betting, some good characteristic chaunting often adds an interest to the scene at the castle ; and the president is always ready to further the wishes of the company by his throwing off, without the least hesitation.

THE KING'S CLUB.

This was formed soon after the restoration of Charles II. Men of all qualities and professions were admissible, provided they were surnamed King, which they deemed sufficient evidence that the applicant was untainted with republican principles.

THE LOOKERS-ON CLUB.

“The fundamental article in the constitution of this society, is the prohibition of every kind of noise. Any elevation of voice above a certain pitch, is illegal, and punishable. The abuse of superlatives is also cognizable among us, and no man is allowed to say, that his house is the pleasantest in the neighbourhood, that his dogs run the best, or that his crops are the most plentiful. Whatever carries the notion of a challenge with it, or can lead to a wager, we are pledged to discountenance. We admit neither toasting nor singing upon any pretext, and it would be as great an offence to raise a horse laugh in a Quaker's meeting, as to encourage any rude expression of joy among us.

THE SILENT CLUB.

This society was instituted in the year 1694, and consisted of twelve members, who met in Dumb-alley, in Holborn. They considered themselves as the relics of the old Pythagoreans, and had this maxim in common with them, that "Talking spoils company." The president was one who had been born both deaf and dumb, owing that blessing to nature, which the others owed to industry.—The following extract is upon record:—

"I find, upon inquiry, that the greatest part of us are married men, and such whose wives are remarkably loud at home. Hither we fly for refuge, and enjoy at once the two greatest and most valuable blessings, company and retirement."

THE LAWYERS' CLUB.

This club is thus described in the Spectator, No. 372:—"You must know, sir, that this club consists only of attornies, and at this meeting every one proposes to the board the cause he has then in hand, upon which each member gives his judgment, according to the experience he has met with. If it happens that any one puts a case, of which they have had no precedent, it is noted down by their chief clerk, Will Goosequill, (who registers all their proceedings,) that one of them may go with it next day to a counsel. This is, indeed, commendable, and ought to be the principal end of their meeting; but had you been there, to have heard them relate their methods of managing a cause, their manner of drawing out their bills, and, in

short, their arguments upon the several ways of abusing their clients, with the applause that is given to him who has done it most artfully, you would before now have given your remarks.

They are so conscious that their discourses ought to be kept a secret, that they are very cautious of admitting any person who is not of their profession. When any who are not of the law are let in, the person who introduces him, says, he is a very honest gentleman, and he is taken, as their cant is, to pay costs. I am admitted upon the recommendation of one of their principals, as a very honest, good-natured fellow, that will never be in a plot, and only desires to drink his bottle, and smoke his pipe."

THE LITTLE CLUB.

"They began by sending invitations to those not exceeding five feet in height, to repair to the assembly, but many sent excuses, or pretended a non-application. They proceeded to fit up a room for their accommodation, and in the first place, had all the chairs, stools, and tables removed, which had served the more bulky portion of mankind for many years, previous to which they laboured under very great disadvantages. The president's whole person was sunk in the elbow chair, and when his arms were spread over it, he appeared (to the great lessening of his dignity) like a child in a go-cart. It was also so wide in the seat, as to give a wag occasion of saying, 'That notwithstanding the president sat in it, there was a *sede vacante*.'

“ The table was so high, that one who came by chance to the door, seeing our chins just above the pewter dishes, took us for a circle of men that sat ready to be shaved, and sent in half a dozen of barbers. Another time, one of the club spoke contumeliously of the president, imagining he had been absent, when he was only eclipsed by a flask of Florence, which stood on the table, in a parallel line before his face. We therefore new furnished the room in all respects proportionably to us, and had the door made lower, so as to admit no man above five feet high, without brushing his foretop ; which, whoever does, is utterly unqualified to sit among us.”—See *The Guardian*, Nos. 91, and 92, for farther particulars of this curious club.

THE TALL CLUB.

“ When a man rises beyond six feet, he is an hypermetic, and may be admitted into the tall club. We have already chosen thirty members, the most sightly of all her majesty’s subjects. We elected a president, as many of the ancients did their Kings, by reason of his height, having only confirmed him in that station above us, which nature had given him ; he is a Scotch Highlander, and within an inch of a show. As for my own part, I am but a sesquipedal, having only six feet and a half in stature. Being the shortest member of the society, I am appointed secretary. If you saw us all together, you would take us for the sons of Anak. Our meetings are held like the old gothic parlia-

ments, *sub dio*, in the open air, but we shall make an interest if we can, that we may hold our assemblies in Westminster Hall, when it is not term time. I must add to the honour of our club, that it is one of our club who is now finding out the longitude. The device of our public seal, is a crane, grasping a pigmy in his right foot."

THE MORAL PHILOSOPHERS' CLUB.

RULES.

I. We, being a laudable society of moral philosophers, intend to dispute, twice a week, about religion and priestcraft, leaving behind us old wives' tales, and following good learning and sound sense; and if so be that any other persons have a mind to be of the society, they shall be entitled so to do upon paying the sum of three shillings, to be spent by the company in punch.

II. That no member be intoxicated before nine of the clock, upon pain of forfeiting three-pence, to be spent by the company in punch.

III. That as members are sometimes apt to go away without paying, every person shall pay six-pence upon his entering the room; and all disputes shall be settled by a majority, and all fines shall be paid in punch.

IV. That sixpence shall be every night given to the president, in order to buy books of learning for the good of the society; the president has already put himself to a good deal of expense in buying books for the club, particularly the works of Tully,

Socrates, and Cicero, which he will soon read to the society.

V. All those who bring a new argument against religion, and who, being philosophers and men of learning, as the rest of us are, shall be admitted to the freedom of the society upon paying sixpence only, to be spent in punch.

VI. Whenever we are to have an extraordinary meeting, it shall be advertised by some outlandish name, in the newspapers.

SAUNDERS MACWILD, President.

ANTHONY BLEWIT, Vice,

his X mark.

WILLIAM TURPIN, Secretary.

THE TWO-PENNY CLUB.

Laws enacted by a knot of artizans and mechanics, who used to meet every night for the preservation of friendship and good neighbourhood :—

I. Every member at his first coming in, shall lay down his two-pence.

II. Every member shall fill his own pipe, out of his own box.

III. If any member absents himself, he shall forfeit a penny for the use of the club, unless in case of sickness, or imprisonment.

IV. If any member swears, his neighbour may give him a kick upon the shins.

V. If any member tells stories in the club, that are not true, he shall forfeit for every third lie, an halfpenny.

VI. If any member strikes another wrongfully, he shall pay his club for him.

VII. If any member brings his wife into the club, he shall pay for whatever she drinks, or smokes.

VIII. If any member's wife comes to fetch him home from the club, she shall speak to him without the door.

IX. None shall be admitted into the club, that is of the same trade with any member of it.

X. None of the club shall have his clothes or shoes, made or mended, but by a brother member.



THE CLUB OF SMOKERS.

That there have been clubs so designated is most certain ; but the practice of smoking is too universal to misapply the term when speaking of clubs in general.

A club there is of smokers, dare you come
To that close crowded, hot, narcotic room ?
When, midnight past, the very candles seem
Dying for air, and give a ghastly gleam ;
When curling fumes in lazy wreaths arise,
And prozing toppers reel their winking eyes ;
When the long tale renewed, when last they met,
Is spliced anew, and is unfinished yet ;
When but a few are left the house to tire,
And they half sleeping by the sleepy fire ,
Even the poor ventilating vane that flew
Of late, so fast, is now grown sleepy too.

CRABEE

THE BEEF-STEAK CLUB.

This club met in a house in Ivy-lane, now occupied by a bookseller as a warehouse. Smollett, Johnson, and many of their friends, were members of it, as well as the absent and eccentric Rev. G. Harvest, of whom many anecdotes are related. One evening, while walking in the Temple-gardens, he picked up a pebble of so peculiar a form, that he thought of presenting it to the virtuoso, Lord Bute. On being asked what o'clock it was, he pulled out his watch, and in a few minutes after threw it into the river, and deliberately put the pebble into his fob. One day, being in a boat, his wig fell off into the water, and he jumped after it, not seemingly aware of his danger, and was got out with difficulty. Being along with Lord Sandwich at Calais, and parading on the ramparts, musing on something that engrossed his attention, he parted from his lordship, and, as he could not speak French, he was at a loss to find his way to the inn; at last, recollecting that it was the sign of the Silver Lion, he clapped a shilling in his mouth, and assumed the attitude of a lion rampant. A soldier meeting him, supposed him deranged, led him back to the inn from whence he supposed he had escaped from his keepers.

Having to preach at a visitation, he provided three sermons for the occasion, which having mentioned to some of his brethren, they determined on playing him a trick. Accordingly, they got the sermons from his pocket, and displaced the pages, sewing them up again. When he began his sermon

all seemed right; but when he reached the third page he became confused, but still continued, until the archdeacon, clergy, churchwardens, and the congregation, all took themselves off, when the sexton admonished him that he was addressing himself to empty pews, which he would not otherwise have observed.

THE NO NOSE CLUB.

A whimsical gentleman, as related in "The Secret History of the clubs in London," having a desire to see a large party of noseless persons together, invited as many as he met with in the streets, or elsewhere, to dine with him on a particular day at a tavern, where he formed a brotherhood, bearing the above designation.

The gentleman against the time having ordered a very plentiful dinner, acquainted the vintner who were like to be his guests, that he might not be surprised at so ill-favoured an appearance, but pay them that respect, when they came to ask for him, that might encourage them to tarry. When the morning came, no sooner was the hand of Covent-garden dial upon the stroke of the hour prefixed, but the No Nose Company began to drop in apace, like scaldheads and cripples to a mumper's, asking for Mr. Crumpton, which was the feigned name the gentleman had taken upon him, succeeding one another so thick, with jarring voices, like the brazen strings of a cracked dulcimer, that the drawer could scarce shew one up stairs before he had another to conduct; the answer at the bar being to

all that enquired, "That Mr. Crumpton had been there, and desired every one that asked for him would walk up stairs, and he would wait upon them presently." As the number increased, the surprise grew the greater among all that were present, who stared at one another with such unaccustomed bashfulness, and confused address, as if every sinner beheld their own iniquities in the faces of their companions. However, seeing the cloth laid in extraordinary order, every one was curious, when once entered, to attend the sequel. At length a snorting old fellow, whose nose was utterly swallowed up by his cheeks, as if his head had been troubled with an earthquake, having a little more impudence than the rest of the Muffletonians, "Egad," says he, "if by chance we should fall together by the ears, how long might we all fight before we should have bloody noses." "Adsflesh," says another, "now you talk of noses, I have been looking this half hour to find one in the company." "God be praised," says a third, that we have no noses, we have every one a mouth, and that, by the spreading of the table, seems at present to be the most useful member." "A mere trick, I dare engage," says a bridge-fallen lady, "that is put upon us by some whimsical gentleman, that loves to make a jest of other people's misfortunes." "Let him jest and be damned," cries a dub-snouted bully, "if he comes but among us, and treats us handsomely; if he does not, I'll pull him by the nose, till he wishes himself without one, like the rest of the company." "Pray, gentlemen and ladies," cries an old drowthy captain of Whitefriars, who had forsaken

the pleasures of women for those of drinking, “don’t let us sit and choak at the fountain head;” and with that they knocked for the drawer, and asked him, if they might not call for wine, without the danger of being stopped for the reckoning;” who answered, “yes, for what they pleased; only the gentleman desired it might be the forfeiture of a quart, if any one should presume to put their nose in the glass!”

This club continued their monthly meetings for one merry year, when its founder and patron died, and then the flat-faced community were unhappily dissolved.

At their last meeting an elegy was recited, of which we subjoin an extract:—

Mourn for the loss of such a generous friend,
Whose lofty nose no humble snout disdain’d ;
But though of Roman height, could stoop so low,
As to soothe those who ne’er a nose could show.
Ah! sure no noseless club could ever find
One single Nose so bountiful and kind ;
But now, alas! has sunk into the deep,
Where neither kings nor slaves a nose shall keep ;
But where proud beauties, strutting beaux, and all
Must soon into the noseless fashion fall ;
Thither your friend in complaisance is gone,
To have his nose, like your’s, reduced to none.

THE CLUB OF UGLY FACES.

In the same work, the tallyman of this club is described as having a “superabounding *snout*; a second had a chin as long as a grave patriarchal

beard, and in shape like a shoeing horn; a third, disfigured with a mouth like a gallon pot, when both sides are squeezed nearly close together; a fourth, with a nose like the pummel of an andiron, and as full of warts as the beak of a cropper pigeon; a fifth, with eyes like a tumbler, one bigger than the other; a sixth, with a pair of convex cheeks, as if, like *Æolus*, the god of the winds, he had stopped his breath for a time, to be the better able to discharge a hurricane; a seventh, with as many wens and warts upon his forehead, as there are knots and prickles upon an old thornback; an eighth, with a pair of skinny jaws, that wrapped over in folds like the top of an old boot, or the hide of a rhinoceros; a ninth, with a tusk strutting beyond his lips, as if he had been begot by a man-tiger; a tenth, with a hair-lip, that had drawn his mouth into as many corners as a minced pie, made by the hussify wife of a formal mathematician; the eleventh, with a huge *Lauderdale* head, as big in circumference as the golden ball under *St. Paul's* cross, and a face so fiery, that the ruddy front of the orbicular lump which stood so elevated upon his lofty shoulders, made it look like the flaming urn on the top of the *Monument*; a twelfth, with a countenance, as if his parents, when he was young, had clapped his chin upon an anvil, and gave him a knock upon the crown with a smith's sledge, that had shortened his phiz, and struck all his features out of their proper places; with many other such comical, clownish, surly, antic, moody, booby faces, that the wooden gravers, who cut the prints for the frightful heads upon the stone bottles, and the carvers who used to

notch out preposterous cherubs upon baseviols, and stern whiskers upon barbers' blocks, were often introduced upon their club-nights, by some interest or other, on purpose to oblige their fancy with new originals, that each might sell their commodities for the singularity of the faces with which they had adorned them."

This club continued but a few years, in consequence of the president (who was esteemed the ugliest man of his day) leaving the chair, as he considered they had behaved very unhandsomely in black-balling a candidate, who was every way qualified; the club lost its principal deformity, and the members felt no longer a pride in belonging to it; the secretary-treasurer gave in his resignation; and the funds, amounting to seventeen shillings and four-pence, were divided equally among thirty-seven persons, and the club of ugly faces became extinct.

THE MAN-HUNTING CLUB.

This club was held at a tavern near to the Tennis-court Playhouse, at the back of Lincoln's-inn-fields. It was composed, originally, of a number of young rakes, in the offices of law and equity in Chancery-lane, and its vicinity. The first who attended was entitled to the chair for the evening; and one of their whimsical pastimes was, that the chairman should nominate two or three couple of hair-brained puppies, at the hour of ten or eleven at night, who were immediately to sally forth, like hounds, wolves, or tigers, in search of prey, and return

betimes, to give a relation of their sport, for the amusement of the club.

These would lay upon the borders of the fields, until they heard the tread of a single person going along the foot path, when they would start up, draw their swords, and give chase, bawling out, "That's he, bloody wounds—that's he!" Upon which away would run the person, as if the devil drove him; and, in order to escape the fury of his assailants, he would "spur on nature with his fear to such a violent speed, that with overstraining the poor hunted runaway (especially if a coward) generally performed an act, that made him perfume the air as strong as either a fox or a pole-cat;" and happy would he be to reach a street, and betake himself to an alehouse, to recover breath and courage, and to mundify his breeches, and still farther relieve himself, by relating to the company how he had been beset, and how bravely he had defended himself against a gang of rogues, or a drunken company of madmen. Should these men-hunters happen to meet with a sturdy fellow, who would rather shew fight than owe his safety to his heels, they would cowardly sheer off, crying they were mistaken in their man; but whoever run for it, they pursued as close as if they were fully resolved both for robbery and murder; that their game being terrified with dreadful apprehensions, would scour o'er the field like an insolvent debtor before a herd of bailiffs, or a new-married seaman from a gang of press-masters; and when the rake-helly hunters had thus delighted themselves with the mad recreation of three or four chases, and

tired with their sport, they would return to the club, and entertain their associates with the particulars of their pastime.

THE SURLY CLUB.

This wrangling society was chiefly composed of master carmen, lightermen, old Billingsgate porters, and rusty tunnelled badge watermen, and was kept at a muggril tavern, near Billingsgate-dock, where city dames used to treat their journey-men with *sneakers* of punch, and new oysters.

The principal ends that the members proposed in thus convening themselves together once a week, were—to exercise the spirit of contradiction; and to teach and perfect one another in “the art and mystery” of *foul* language, that they might not want impudence to abuse passengers upon the Thames, gentlemen in the street, lash their horses for their own faults, and curse one another heartily, when they happened to meet and jostle at the corner of a street. He that put on a countenance like a boatswain in hard weather, and growled and snarled like a mastiff over a bullock’s liver, was a member fit for the thwarting society; and the more indirect answers, or surly impertinent returns he could make to any question, the more he was respected for his contradictory humour and cross-grained abilities; for if any grumbling associate was so far corrupted with good manners, as to make a civil reply to any thing that was asked him, he was looked upon to be an effeminate coxcomb, who

had sucked in too much of his mother's milk, and for his affectation of gentility was turned out of the company; for, by the orders of the society, their whole evening's conversation was to consist of nothing but surly interruptions and cross purposes. And when any new candidate made a tender of his services to the noisy board, if the responses that he gave upon his knotty examination were not as opposite to their queries as the petulant answers of a provoked wife to the whimsical interrogatories of a drunken husband, he was rejected, as unworthy of any post in this contumacious assembly.

This growling society existed but for a few years, and were at last indicted for a nuisance.

THE VIRTUOSOS' CLUB.

This club was originally established by a few of the chief members of the Royal Society; its design was to propagate new whims, advance mechanical exercises, and to promote useless as well as useful experiments.

Some, by those hermetical bellows called an eolipile, would be trying with an empty bottle whether nature would admit of a vacuum; others, like busy chancellors, would be handling their scales, to discover nicely the difference in the weight between wine and water; a third sort of philosophers would be condensing the smoke of their tobacco into oil upon their pipes, and then assert the same, in spite of her nine lives, to be rank poison to a cat; a fifth cabal, perhaps, would be a knot of ma-

thematicians, who would sit so long wrangling about squaring the circle, that at last, with drinking and rattling, they were ready to let fall a nauseous perpendicular from their mouths.

On a full night, when some eminent maggot-monger, for the satisfaction of the society, had appointed to demonstrate the force of air by some hermetical pop-gun, to show the difference of the gravity between the smoke of tobacco and that of coltsfoot and bittany, or to try some other such like experiment, this club was always composed of such an odd mixture of mankind, that, like a society of ringers at a quarterly feast—here sat a nice beau, next to a dirty blacksmith; there a purblind philosopher, next to a talkative spectacle-maker; yonder a half-witted whim of quality, next to a ragged mathematician. On the other side, a consumptive astronomer, next to a water-gruel physician; above them a transmutator of metals, next a philosopher's stone hunter; at the lower end a prating engineer, next to a clumsy-footed mason; at the upper end of all, perhaps, an atheistical chemist, next to a whimsy-headed lecturer; and these, the learned of the wiseacres, wedged nere and there with quaint artificers, and noisy operators in all faculties; some bending beneath the load of years and indefatigable labour; some, as thin-jawed and heavy-eyed, with abstemious living and nocturnal study, as if, like Pharaoh's lean kine, they were designed by Heaven to warn the world of a famine; others, looking as wild, and deporting themselves as frenzically as if the disappointment of their projects had made them subject to a lunacy. Many jests used to be put by

the ridiculers of ingenuity upon this grave assembly of virtuosos, till at length, quite tired with the affronts of the town, and their own unprofitable labours, they dwindled from an eminent club of experimental philosophers into a little cynical cabal of half-pint moralists, who for a time met every night at the same tavern, over their fivepenny nipperkins, and set themselves up for nice regulators of their natural appetites, refusing all healths, each taking off his *thimble-full*, according to the liberty of his own conscience ; paying, just to a farthing, what he called for ; and starting at a minute, so as they might have one leg in bed exactly as Bow bell proclaimed the hour of nine. This club fell thus into decay, and was gradually dissolved.

THE OVERSEERS' CLUB.

In the early part of the reign of Queen Anne, this club was established in the parish of St. Margaret's, in Westminster. One of these gentlemen having bought a tobacco-box at Charlton fair, presented it to the club, and at the end of his year of service had his name, &c. engraved upon a piece of silver, and fixed on the box ; and it has been customary for every succeeding chairman, on going out of office, to add a piece of silver, with his name, or some particular event of the year, inscribed upon it.

The original box being at last so covered with these, it required several additions to contain the annual inscriptions, and it now stands above two feet high. It is now valued to be intrinsically worth

four hundred guineas : the original box, and its covering, being full of these inscriptions, executed upon silver.

THE GOLDEN FLEECE CLUB.

This rattle-brained society of mechanic worthies was originally held at a house in Cornhill, so entitled. They were most solemnly established by the whimsical contrivance of a merry company of tippling citizens and jocular change brokers, that they might meet every night, and wash away their consciences with salubrious claret ; that the mental reservations, and fallacious assurances, the one had used in their shops, and the deceitful wheedles, and stock-jobbing honesty, by which the other had outwitted their merchants, might be no impediment to their night's rest ; but that they might sleep without repentance, and rise next day with a strong propensity to the same practice.

Each member, on his admission, had a characteristic name assigned to him. Example :—Sir Timothy Addlepate, Sir Nimmy Sneer, Sir Talkative Do-little, Sir Skinny Fretwell, Sir Rumbus Rattle, Sir Boozy Prateall, Sir Nicholas Ninny Sipall, Sir Gregory Growler, Sir Pay-little, &c. This club flourished until the decease of the leading member, who laid violent hands upon himself ; when the dull fraternity, through the want of a merry Zany, to exercise their lungs with a little seasonable laughter, and neglecting to be shaved and blooded, fell into such a fit of the melancholy dumps, that several of the order were in danger of a straw bed and a dark room, if they had not neglected their

nocturnal revels, and forsaken frenzical claret for sober water-gruel, and worse company for the penitential conversation of their own families; so that upon these misfortunes the knights put a stop to their collar days, laid aside their instalment, proclaimed a cessation of bumpers for some time, till those who were sick recovered their health, and others their senses; and then the better to prevent the debasement of their honour, by its growing too common, they adjoured their society from the Fleece in Cornhill to the Three Tuns in Southwark, that they might be more retired from the bows and compliments of the London apprentices, who used to salute the noble knights by their titles, as they passed to and fro about their common occasions.

THE EVERLASTING CLUB.

So notorious was this society in former days, that if a man were an idle worthless fellow, who neglected his family, and spent most of his time over a bottle, he was called, in derision, a member of the Everlasting Club; which is thus described:—

“The Everlasting Club consists of an hundred members, who divide the whole twenty-four hours among them in such a manner, that the club sits day and night from one end of the year to another: no party presuming to rise till they are relieved by those who are in course to succeed them. By this means a member of the Everlasting Club never wants company; for though he is not upon duty himself, he is sure to find some who are; so that if

he be disposed to take a whet, a nooning, an evening's draught, or a bottle after midnight, he goes to the club, and finds a knot of friends to his mind.

"It is a maxim in this club, that the steward never dies; for as they succeed one another by way of rotation, no man is to quit the great elbow-chair, which stands at the upper end of the table, till his successor is in readiness to fill it; insomuch that there has not been a *Sede vacante* in their memory.

"This club was instituted towards the end, or, as some of them say, about the middle of the Civil Wars, and continued without interruption till the time of the Great Fire, which burnt them out, and dispersed them for several weeks. The steward at that time maintained his post till he had like to have been blown up with a neighbouring house, which was demolished in order to stop the fire: and would not leave the chair at last, till he had emptied all the bottles upon the table, and received repeated directions from the club to withdraw himself. This steward is frequently talked of in the club, and looked upon by every member of it as a greater man than the famous captain mentioned in my Lord Clarendon, who was burnt in his ship because he would not quit it without orders. It is said that towards the close of 1700, being the great year of jubilee, the club had it under consideration whether they should break up or continue their session; but, after many speeches and debates, it was at length agreed to sit out the other century. This resolution passed in a general club *nemine contradicente*.

"It appears by their books in general, that, since their first institution they have smoked fifty tuns of

tobacco, drank thirty thousand butts of ale, one thousand hogsheads of red port, two hundred barrels of brandy, and a kilderkin of small beer. There had been likewise a great consumption of cards. It is also said, that they observe the law in Ben Jonson's club, which orders the fire to be always kept in, *focus perennis esto*, as well for the convenience of lighting their pipes, as to cure the dampness of the club-room. They have an old woman, in the nature of a vestal, whose business is to cherish and perpetuate the fire, which burns from generation to generation, and has seen the glass-house fires in and out above an hundred times.

“ The Everlasting Club treats all other clubs with an eye of contempt, and talks even of the Kit-Cat and October as a couple of upstarts. Their ordinary discourse, as much as I have been able to learn of it, turns altogether upon such adventures as have passed in their own assembly ; of members who have taken the glass in their turns for a week together, without stirring out of the club ; of others who have not missed their morning's draught for twenty years together ; sometimes they speak in raptures of a run of ale in King Charles's reign ; and sometimes reflect with astonishment upon games at whist, which have been miraculously recovered by members of the society, when in all human probability the case was desperate.

“ They delight in several old catches, which they sing at all hours, to encourage one another to moisten their clay, and grow immortal by drinking ; with many other edifying exhortations of the like nature.

“ There are four general clubs held in a year, at which time they fill up vacancies, appoint waiters, confirm the old fire-maker or elect a new one, settle contributions for coals, pipes, tobacco, and other necessities.

“ The senior member has outlived the whole club twice over, and has been drunk with the grandfathers of some of the present sitting members.”

But were we to enumerate all the clubs which in this mushroom age have sprung up in and about town, our volume might be filled with a bare catalogue of their names. Heroes of all professions, and men of all pretensions, have *clubbed* together ; some few forming societies for mutual protection, but far more, for the purpose of organizing fraternities of special plunderers ; while numerous others are of so nondescript a character, and are composed of such heterogeneous parts, that it would puzzle the Pope, or Old Nick himself, to assign a motive for their thus congregating. or to point out one atom of benefit that can possibly be derived from their associated orgies.

So, *vale ! vale !* clubs and clubbers,
Whate'er *I* say, you'll flock together ;
For be your pastime pipes or rubbers,
Each bird will seek its kindred feather.

LONDON STREETS,

&c.

THEIR NAMES, AND ORIGIN

As ours is decidedly a lounge-book, which is to be taken up whenever a fit of *ennui* is likely to come on, and to be laid by as soon as more important studies or business render it necessary, we shall not apologise for branching out into a subject that may not be within the strict letter of our title, but proceed, though not exactly *secundum artem*, with such matter as we conceive most likely to interest those persons for whose amusement (and may we not add *instruction* too?) the volume has been compiled.

When we look at the vast metropolis of Britain, and reflect on the mighty changes which have been there effected by the wonder-working hand of commerce—when, stretching far and wide, we see new streets rising up, where lately the verdant grass covered the hills and plains—while the tide of wealth, in the homely shape of bricks and mortar, seems “rolling for ever on”—may it not be recreative to the mind to take a retrospective view of what London was in the olden time, and amuse ourselves by tracing the origin of the names which distinguish some of its most busy marts and bustling thoroughfares? Truly we think so; and that others have held similar opinions, will be evident from the very

first article, which picturesque and animated sketch we have gleaned from the pages of that excellent draughtsman, Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.

LITTLE BRITAIN.

“ In the centre of the great City of London lies a small neighbourhood, consisting of a cluster of narrow streets and courts, of very venerable and debilitated houses, which goes by the name of Little Britain. Christ Church School and St. Bartholomew’s Hospital bound it on the west ; Smithfield and Long-lane on the north ; Aldersgate-street, like an arm of the sea, divides it from the eastern part of the city ; whilst the yawning gulph of Bull-and-Mouth-street separates it from Butcherhall-lane, and the regions of Newgate. Over this little territory, thus bounded and designated, the great dome of St. Paul’s, swelling above the intervening houses of Paternoster-row, Amen-corner, and Ave-Maria-lane, looks down with an air of motherly protection.

“ This quarter derives its appellation from having been, in ancient times, the residence of the Dukes of Brittany. As London increased, however, rank and fashion rolled off to the west, and trade creeping on at their heels, took possession of their deserted abodes. For some time Little Britain became the great mart of learning, and was peopled by the busy and prolific race of booksellers ; these also gradually deserted it, and emigrating beyond the great strait of Newgate-street, settled down in Paternoster-row, and St. Paul’s Church-yard ; where they continue to increase and multiply even at the present day.

“ But though thus fallen into decline, Little Britain still bears traces of its former splendour. There are several houses ready to tumble down, the fronts of which are magnificently enriched with old oaken carvings of hideous faces, unknown birds, beasts, and fishes; and fruits and flowers, which it would perplex a naturalist to classify. There are also, in Aldersgate-street, certain remains of what were once spacious and lordly family mansions, but which have in latter days been subdivided into several tenements. Here may often be found the family of a petty tradesman, with its trumpery furniture, burrowing among the relics of antiquated finery, in great rambling time-stained apartments, with fretted ceilings, gilded cornices, and enormous marble fire-places. The lanes and courts also contain many smaller houses, not on so grand a scale, but, like your small ancient gentry, sturdily maintaining their claims to equal antiquity. These have their gable ends to the street; great bow windows, with diamond panes set in lead; grotesque carvings; and low arched doorways.*

“ In this most venerable and sheltered little nest have I passed several quiet years of existence; comfortably lodged in the second floor of one of the smallest, but oldest edifices. My sitting room is an old wainscotted chamber, with small pannels, and set off with a miscellaneous array of furniture. I have a particular respect for three or four high-

* It is evident that the author of this interesting communication has included in his general title of Little Britain, many of those little lanes and courts that belong immediately to Cloth-fair.

backed claw-footed chairs, covered with tarnished brocade; which bear the marks of having seen better days, and have doubtless figured in some of the old palaces of Little Britain. They seem to me to keep together, and to look down with sovereign contempt upon their leathern-bottomed neighbours; as I have seen decayed gentry carry a high head among the plebeian society with which they were reduced to associate. The whole front of my sitting room is taken up with a bow window, on the panes of which are recorded the names of previous occupants for many generations; mingled with scraps of very indifferent, gentleman-like poetry, written in characters which I can scarcely decipher; and which extol the charms of many a beauty of Little Britain, who has long, long since, bloomed, faded and passed away. As I am an idle personage, with no apparent occupation, and pay my bill regularly every week, I am looked upon as the only independent gentleman of the neighbourhood; and being curious to learn the internal state of a community so apparently shut up within itself, I have managed to work my way into all the concerns and secrets of the place.

“Little Britain may truly be called the heart’s core of the city; the strong hold of true John Bullism. It is a fragment of London as it was in its better days, with its antiquated folks and fashions. Here flourish in great preservation many of the holyday games and customs of yore. The inhabitants most religiously eat pancakes on Shrove Tuesday; hot cross-buns on Good Friday, and roast goose at Michaelmas: they send love letters

on Valentine's-day; burn the Pope on the fifth of November, and kiss all the girls under the misseltoe at Christmas. Roast beef and plum pudding are also held in superstitious veneration; and port and sherry maintain their grounds as the only true English wines; all others being considered vile outlandish beverages.

“ Little Britain has its long catalogue of city wonders, which its inhabitants consider the wonders of the world; such as the great bell of St. Paul's, which sours all the beer when it tolls; the figures that strike the hour at St. Dunstan's clock; the Monument; the lions in the Tower; and the wooden giants in Guildhall. They still believe in dreams and fortune-telling, and an old woman that lives in Bull-and-Mouth-street makes a tolerable subsistence by detecting stolen goods, and promising the girls good husbands. They are apt to be rendered uncomfortable by comets and eclipses; and if a dog howls dolefully at night, it is looked upon as a sure sign of a death in the place. There are even many ghost stories current, particularly concerning the old mansion houses; in several of which it is said strange sights are sometimes seen. Lords and ladies, the former in full-bottomed wigs, hanging sleeves and swords; the latter in lappets, stays, hoops, and brocade, have been seen walking up and down the great waste chambers, on moonlight nights; and are supposed to be the shades of the ancient proprietors in their court dresses.

“ Little Britain has likewise its sages and great men. One of the most important of the former is a tall dry old gentleman, of the name of Skryme,

who keeps a small apothecary's shop. He has a cadaverous countenance, full of cavities and projections ; with a brown circle round each eye, like a pair of horn spectacles. He is much thought of by the old women, who consider him as a kind of conjurer, because he has two or three stuffed alligators hanging up in his shop, and several snakes in bottles. He is a great reader of almanacks and newspapers, and is much given to pore over alarming accounts of plots, conspiracies, fires, earthquakes, and volcanic eruptions ; which last phenomena he considers as signs of the times. He has always some dismal tale of the kind to deal out to his customers, with their doses ; and thus at the same time puts both soul and body into an uproar. He is a great believer in omens and predictions ; and has the prophecies of Robert Nixon and Mother Shipton by heart. No man can make so much out of an eclipse, or even an unusually dark day ; and he shook the tail of the last comet over the heads of his customers and disciples, until they were nearly frightened out of their wits. He has lately got hold of a popular legend or prophecy, on which he has been unusually eloquent. There has been a saying current among the ancient Sybils, who treasure up these things, that when the grasshopper on the top of the Exchange shook hands with the dragon on the top of Bow Church steeple, fearful events would take place. This strange conjunction, it seems, has as strangely come to pass. The same architect has been engaged lately on the repairs of the cupola of the Exchange, and the steeple of Bow Church ; and, fearful to relate, the

dragon and the grasshopper actually lie, cheek by jowl, in the yard of his workshop!

“ ‘Others,’ as Mr. Skryme is accustomed to say, ‘may go star-gazing, and look for conjunctions in the heavens, but here is a conjunction on the earth, near at home, and under our own eyes, which surpasses all the signs and calculations of astrologers.’ Since these portentous weathercocks have thus laid their heads together, wonderful events had already occurred. The good old king, notwithstanding that he had lived eighty-two years, had all at once given up the ghost; another king had mounted the throne; a royal duke had died suddenly—another, in France, had been murdered; there had been radical meetings in all parts of the kingdom; the bloody scenes at Manchester; the great plot in Cato-street; and, above all, the Queen had returned to England! All these sinister events are recounted by Mr. Skryme with a mysterious look, and a dismal shake of the head; and, being taken with his drugs, and associated in the minds of his auditors with stuffed sea-monsters, bottled serpents, and his own visage, which is a title-page of tribulation, they have spread great gloom through the minds of the people in Little Britain. They shake their heads whenever they go by Bow Church, and observe, that they never expected any good to come of taking down that steeple, which in old times told nothing but glad tidings, as the history of Whittington and his Cat bears witness.

“The rival oracle of Little Britain is a substantial cheesemonger, who lives in a fragment of one of the old family mansions, and is as magnificently lodged

as a round-bellied mite in the midst of one of his own Cheshires. Indeed, he is a man of no little standing and importance; and his renown extends through Huggin-lane, and Lad-lane, and even unto Aldermanbury. His opinion is very much taken in affairs of state, having read the Sunday papers for the last half century, together with the Gentleman's Magazine, Rapin's History of England, and the Naval Chronicle. His head is stored with invaluable maxims, which have borne the test of time and use for centuries. It is his firm opinion, that 'it is a moral impossible,' so long as England is true to herself, that any thing can shake her: and he has much to say on the subject of the national debt; which, some how or other, he proves to be a great national bulwark and blessing. He passed the greater part of his life in the purlieus of Little Britain, until of late years, when, having become rich, and grown unto the dignity of a Sunday cane, he begins to take his pleasure and see the world. He has therefore made several excursions to Hampstead, Highgate, and other neighbouring towns, where he has passed whole afternoons in looking back upon the metropolis through a telescope, and endeavouring to descry the steeple of St. Bartholomew's. Not a stage coachman of Bull-and-Mouth-street, but touches his hat as he passes; and he is considered quite a patron at the coach-office of the Goose and Gridiron, St. Paul's Church-yard. His family have been very urgent for him to make an expedition to Margate, but he has great doubts of the new gim-cracks the steam-boats, and indeed thinks himself too old to undertake sea voyages.

“ Little Britain has occasionally its factions and divisions, and party spirit ran very high at one time in consequence of two rival “ Burial Societies” being set up in the place. One held its meeting at the Swan and Horse Shoe, and was patronized by the cheesemonger; the other at the Cock and Crown, under the auspices of the apothecary: it is needless to say that the latter was the most flourishing. I have passed an evening or two at each, and have acquired much valuable information as to the best mode of being buried; the comparative merits of church-yards; together with diverse hints on the subject of patent iron coffins. I have heard the question discussed in all its bearings as to the legality of prohibiting the latter on account of their durability. The feuds occasioned by these societies have happily died away of late; but they were for a long time prevailing themes of controversy, the people of Little Britain being extremely solicitous of funeral honours and of lying comfortably in their graves.

“ Besides these two funeral societies, there is a third of quite a different cast, which tends to throw the sunshine of good humour over the whole neighbourhood. It meets once a week at a little old fashioned house, kept by a jolly publican of the name of Wagstaff, and bearing for insignia a resplendent half-moon, with a most seductive bunch of grapes. The whole edifice is covered with inscriptions to catch the eye of the thirsty wayfarer; such as, ‘ Truman, Hanbury, and Co’s. Entire;’ ‘ Wine, Rum, and Brandy Vaults;’ ‘ Old Tom, Rum, and Compounds;’ &c. This indeed has been

a temple of Bacchus and Momus from time immemorial. It has always been in the family of the Wagstaffs, so that its history is tolerably preserved by the present landlord. It was much frequented by the gallants and cavalieros of the reign of Elizabeth, and was looked into now and then by the wits of Charles the Second's day. But what Wagstaff principally prides himself upon, is, that Henry the Eighth, in one of his nocturnal rambles, broke the head of one of his ancestors with his famous walking staff. This, however, is considered as rather a dubious and vainglorious boast of the landlord.

“ The club which now holds its weekly sessions here, goes by the name of “ The Roaring Lads of Little Britain.” They abound in old catches, glees, and choice stories, that are traditional in the place, and not to be met with in any other part of the metropolis. There is a mad-cap undertaker who is inimitable at a merry song; but the life of the club, and indeed the prime wit of Little Britain, is bully Wagstaff himself. His ancestors were all wags before him, and he has inherited with the inn a large stock of songs and jokes, which go with it from generation to generation, as heir looms. He is a dapper little fellow, with bandy legs and pot body, a red face with a moist merry eye, and a little shock of grey hair behind. At the opening of every club-night he is called in to sing his ‘ Confession of Faith,’ which is the famous old drinking trowl from Grammar Gurton's needle. He sings it, to be sure, with many variations, as he received it from his father's lips; for it has been a standing favourite at the Half Moon and Bunch of Grapes ever since it

was written; nay, he affirms that his predecessors have often had the honour of singing it before the nobility and gentry at Christmas mummeries, when Little Britain was in all its glory *

“ It would do one’s heart good to hear on a club

* “ As mine host of the Half-moon’s Confession of Faith may not be familiar to the majority of readers, and as it is a specimen of the current songs of Little Britain, I subjoin it in its original orthography. I would observe that the whole club always join in the chorus, with a fearful thumping on the table, and clattering of pewter pots:

I cannot eate but lytle meate,
 My stomacke is not good,
 But sure I thinke that I could drinke
 With him that weares a hood.
 Though I go bare take ye no care,
 I nothing am a colde,
 I stuff my skyn so full withun,
 Of joly good ale and olde.

CHORUS.

Backe and syde go bare, go bare,
 Booth foote and hand go colde,
 But belly, God send thee good ale ynoughe,
 Whether it be new or olde.

I love no rost, but a nut browne toste,
 And a crab laid in the fyre;
 A little breade shall do me steade,
 Much breade I not desyre.
 No frost nor snow, nor winde, I trowe,
 Can hurte mee if I wolde,
 I am so wrapt and throwly lapt
 Of joly good ale and olde.
 Backe and syde go bare, go bare, &c.

And Tyb my wife, that, as her lyfe,
 Loveth well good ale to seeke,
 Full oft drinckes shee, tyll ye may see,
 The teates run downe her cheeke.

night the shouts of merriment, the *snatches of song*, and now and then the choral bursts of half a dozen discordant voices, which issue from this jovial mansion. At such times the street is lined with listeners, who enjoy a delight equal to that of gazing into a confectioner's window, or snuffing up the steams of a cook shop.

“There are two annual events which produce great stir and sensation in Little Britain; these are St. Bartholomew's Fair, and the Lord Mayor's Day. During the time of the Fair, which is held in the adjoining regions of Smithfield, there is nothing going on but gossiping and gadding about. The late quiet streets of Little Britain are overrun, with an irruption of strange figures and faces; every tavern is a scene of rout and revel. The fiddle and the song are heard from the tap-room, morning, noon, and night; and at each window may be seen some group of boon companions, with half shut eyes, hats on one-side, pipe in mouth, and tankard

Then doth shee trowle to me the bowle,
Even as a mault worme sholde,
And sayth, sweete harte, I took my parte
Of this joly good ale and olde.
Backe and syde go bare, go bare, &c.

Now let them drynke, tyll they nod and winke,
Even as goode fellowes should doe,
They shall not mysse to have the blisse,
Good ale doth bring men to.
And all poore soules that have scowred bowles,
O! have them lustily trolde,
God save the lyves of them and their wives,
Whether they be yonge or olde.
Backe and syde go bare, go bare, &c.

in hand, fondling, and prosing, and singing maudlin songs over their liquor. Even the sober decorum of private families, which I must say is rigidly kept up at other times among my neighbours, is no proof against this saturnalia. There is no such thing as keeping maid servants within doors. Their brains are absolutely set madding with Punch and the Puppet Show; the Flying Horses; Signior Polito; the Fire Eater; the celebrated Mr. Paap, and the Irish Giant. The children, too, lavish all their holyday money in toys and gilt ginger-bread, and fill the house with the Lilliputian din of drums, trumpets, and penny whistles.

“But the Lord Mayor’s Day is the great anniversary. The Lord Mayor is looked up to by the inhabitants of Little Britain as the greatest potentate upon earth; his gilt coach with six horses as the summit of human splendour; and his procession, with all the Sheriffs and Aldermen in his train, as the grandest of earthly pageants. How they exult in the idea, that the King himself dare not enter the city, without first knocking at the gate of Temple Bar, and asking permission of the Lord Mayor: for if he did, heaven and earth! there is no knowing what might be the consequence. The man in armour who rides before the Lord Mayor, and is the city champion, has orders to cut down every body that offends against the dignity of the city: and then there is the little man with a velvet porringer on his head, who sits at the window of the state coach, and holds the city sword, as long as a pike staff—Od’s blood! if he once draws that sword, Majesty itself is not safe!

“ Under the protection of this mighty potentate, therefore, the good people of Little Britain sleep in peace. Temple Bar is an effectual barrier against all inferior foes; and as to foreign invasion, the Lord Mayor has but to throw himself into the Tower, call in the train bands, and put the standing army of Beef-eaters under arms, and he may bid defiance to the world !

“ Thus wrapped up in its own concerns, its own habits, and its own opinions, Little Britain has long flourished as a sound heart to this great fungous metropolis. I have pleased myself with considering it as a chosen spot, where the principles of sturdy John Bullism were garnered up, like seed corn, to renew the national character, when it had run to waste and degeneracy. I have rejoiced also in the general spirit of harmony that prevailed throughout it; for though there might now and then be a few clashes of opinion between the adherents of the cheesemonger and the apothecary, and an occasional feud between the burial societies, yet these were but transient clouds, and soon passed away. The neighbours met with good-will, parted with a shake of the hand, and never abused each other, except behind their backs.

“ I could give rare descriptions of snug junketting parties at which I have been present; where we played at All-Fours, Pope-Joan, Tom-come-tickle-me, and other choice old games; and where we sometimes had a good old English country-dance, to the tune of Sir Roger de Coverly. Once a year also the neighbours would gather together and go on a gipsy party to Epping Forest. It would have

done any man's heart good to see the merriment that took place here as we banquetted on the grass under the trees. How we made the woods ring with bursts of laughter at the songs of little Wagstaff and the merry undertaker ! After dinner, too, the young folks would play at blind-man's-buff and hide-and-seek : and it was amusing to see them tangled among the briars, and to hear a fine romping girl now and then squeak from among the bushes. The elder folks would gather round the cheesemonger and the apothecary, to hear them talk politics ; for they generally brought out a newspaper in their pockets, to pass away time in the country. They would now and then, to be sure, get a little warm in argument ; but their disputes were always adjusted by reference to a worthy old umbrella-maker in a double chin, who, never exactly comprehending the subject, managed, some how or other, to decide in favour of both parties.

“ All empires, however, says some philosopher or historian, are doomed to changes and revolutions. Luxury and innovation creep in ; factions arise ; and families now and then spring up, whose ambition and intrigues throw the whole system into confusion. Thus in latter days has the tranquillity of Little Britain been grievously disturbed, and its golden simplicity of manners threatened with total subversion by the aspiring family of a retired butcher.

“ The family of the Lambs had long been among the most thriving and popular in the neighbourhood : the Miss Lambs were the belles of Little

Britain, and every body was pleased when Old Lamb had made money enough to shut up shop, and put his name on a brass plate on his door. In an evil hour, however, one of the Miss Lambs had the honour of being a lady in attendance on the Lady Mayoress, at her grand annual ball, on which occasion she wore three towering ostrich feathers on her head. The family never got over it; they were immediately smitten with a passion for high life; set up a one-horse carriage, put a bit of gold lace round the errand boy's hat, and have been the talk and detestation of the whole neighbourhood ever since. They could no longer be induced to play at Pope-Joan or blind-man's-buff; they could endure no dances but quadrilles, which nobody had ever heard of in Little Britain; and they took to reading novels, talking bad French, and playing upon the piano. Their brother, too, who had been articled to an attorney, set up for a dandy and a critic, characters hitherto unknown in these parts; and he confounded the worthy folks exceedingly by talking about Kean, the Opera, and the Edinbro' Review.

“What was still worse, the Lambs gave a grand ball, to which they neglected to invite any of their old neighbours; but they had a great deal of genteel company from Theobald's-road, Red-lion-square, and other parts towards the west. There were several beaux of their brother's acquaintance from Gray's-inn-lane and Hatton-garden; and not less than three aldermen's ladies with their daughters. This was not to be forgotten or forgiven. All Little Britain was in an uproar with the smacking

of whips, the lashing of miserable horses, and the rattling and jingling of hackney coaches. The gossips of the neighbourhood might be seen popping their night-caps out at every window, watching the crazy vehicles rumble by; and there was a knot of virulent old crones, that kept a look-out from a house just opposite the retired butcher's, and scanned and criticised every one that knocked at the door.

“This dance was a cause of almost open war, and the whole neighbourhood declared they would have nothing more to say to the Lambs. It is true that Mrs. Lamb, when she had no engagements with her quality acquaintance, would give little hum drum tea junkettings to some of her old cronies, ‘quite,’ as she would say, ‘in a friendly way;’ and it is equally true that her invitations were always accepted, in spite of all previous vows to the contrary. Nay, the good ladies would sit and be delighted with the music of the Miss Lambs, who would condescend to strum an Irish melody for them on the piano; and they would listen with wonderful interest to Mrs. Lamb’s anecdotes of Alderman Plunket’s family of Portsoken-ward, and the Miss Timberlakes, the rich heiresses of Crutchedfriars; but then they relieved their consciences, and averted the reproaches of their confederates, by canvassing at the next gossiping convocation every thing that had passed, and pulling the Lambs and their route all to pieces.

“The only one of the family that could not be made fashionable was the retired butcher himself. Honest Lamb, in spite of the meekness of his name,

was a rough hearty old fellow, with the voice of a lion, a head of black hair like a shoe-brush, and a broad face mottled like his own beef. It was in vain that the daughters always spoke of him as 'the old gentleman,' addressed him as 'papa,' in tones of infinite softness, and endeavoured to coax him into a dressing-gown and slippers, and other gentlemanly habits. Do what they might, there was no keeping down the butcher. His sturdy nature would break through all their glozing. He had a hearty vulgar good humour that was irrepressible. His very jokes made his sensitive daughters shudder; and he persisted in wearing his blue cotton coat of a morning, dining at two o'clock, and having 'a bit of sausage with his tea.'

"He was doomed, however, to share the unpopularity of his family. He found his old comrades gradually growing cold and civil to him; no longer laughing at his jokes; and now and then throwing out a fling at 'some people,' and a hint about 'quality binding'. This both nettled and perplexed the honest butcher; and his wife and daughters, with the consummate policy of the shrewder sex, taking advantage of the circumstance, at length prevailed upon him to give up his afternoon's pipe and tankard at Wagstaff's; to sit after dinner by himself and take his pint of port—a liquor he detested—and to nod in his chair in solitary and dismal gentility.

"The Miss Lambs might now be seen flaunting along the street in French bonnets, with unknown beaux; and talking and laughing so loud that it distressed the nerves of every good lady within

hearing. They even went so far as to attempt patronage, and actually induced a French dancing-master to set up in the neighbourhood; but the worthy folks of Little Britain took fire at it, and did so persecute the poor Gaul, that he was fain to pack up fiddle and dancing pumps, and decamp with such precipitation, that he absolutely forgot to pay for his lodgings.

“I had flattered myself, at first, with the idea that all this fiery indignation on the part of the community, was merely the overflowing of their zeal for good old English manners, and their horror of innovation; and I applauded the silent contempt they were so vociferous in expressing, for upstart pride, French fashions, and the Miss Lambs. But I grieve to say that I soon perceived the infection had taken hold; and that my neighbours, after condemning, were beginning to follow their example. I overheard my landlady importuning her husband to let their daughters have one quarter at French and music, and that they might take a few lessons in the quadrille. I even saw, in the course of a few Sundays, no less than five French bonnets, precisely like those of the Miss Lambs, parading about Little Britain.

“I still had my hopes that all this folly would gradually die away; that the Lambs might move out of the neighbourhood; might die, or might run away with attornies’ apprentices; and that quiet and simplicity might be again restored to the community. But unluckily a rival power arose. An opulent oilman died, and left a widow with a large jointure, and a family of buxom daughters. The

young ladies had long been repining in secret at the parsimony of a prudent father, which kept down all their elegant aspirings. Their ambition being now no longer restrained, broke out into a blaze, and they openly took the field against the family of the butcher.

“It is true that the Lambs, having had the first start, had naturally an advantage of them in the fashionable career. They could speak a little bad French, play the piano, dance quadrilles, and had formed high acquaintances; but the Trotters were not to be distanced. When the Lambs appeared with two feathers in their hats, the two Trotters mounted four, and of twice as fine colours. If the Lambs gave a dance, the Trotters were sure not to be behind hand; and though they might not boast of as good company, yet they had double the number, and were twice as merry.

“The whole community has at length divided itself into fashionable factions, under the banners of these two families. The old games of Pope Joan and Tom-come-tickle-me are entirely discarded; there is no such thing as getting up an honest country-dance; and, on my attempting to kiss a young lady under the missletoe last Christmas, I was indignantly repulsed, the Miss Lambs having pronounced it ‘shocking vulgar’. Bitter rivalry has also broken out as to the most fashionable part of Little Britain; the Lambs standing up for the dignity of Cross-keys-square, and the Trotters for the vicinity of St. Bartholomew’s.

“Thus is this little territory torn by factions and internal dissensions, like the great empire whose

name it bears ; and what will be the result would puzzle the apothecary himself, with all his talent at prognostics, to determine ; though I apprehend that it will terminate in the total downfall of genuine John Bullism.

“ The immediate effects are extremely unpleasant to me. Being a single man, and, as I observed before, rather an idle good-for-nothing personage, I have been considered the only gentleman by profession in the place. I stand therefore in high favour with both parties, and have to hear all their cabinet councils and mutual backbitings. As I am too civil not to agree with the ladies on all occasions, I have committed myself most horribly with both parties, by abusing their opponents. I might manage to reconcile this to my conscience, which is a truly accommodating one, but I cannot to my apprehensions ; if the Lambs and Trotters ever come to a reconciliation, and compare notes, I am ruined.

“ I have determined, therefore, to beat a retreat in time, and am actually looking out for some other nest in this great city, where old English manners are still kept up ; where French is neither eaten, drank, danced, nor spoken ; and where there are no fashionable families of retired tradesmen. This found, I will, like a veteran rat, hasten away before I have an old house about my ears ; bid a long, though a sorrowful, adieu to my present abode ; and leave the rival factions of the Lambs and the Trotters, to divide the distracted empire of Little Britain.”

DERIVATION OF THE NAMES OF PLACES IN LONDON.

ADDLE-STREET.—Tradition reports that King Adelstan, the Saxon, had a house here, with a door into this street, whence it derived its name. In ancient evidences it is written King Adell Street. This Saxon prince began his reign about the year 924.

ALDERMANBURY, the place where the mayor and aldermen held their bury, or court, in a hall which formerly stood on the east side of that street.

ALDGATE, *i. e.* Old Gate, was one of the four original gates of the city, being mentioned as early as the reign of Edgar in 967. The late gate was rebuilt in 1609.

ADELPHI.—This elegant pile of buildings was erected by the two *brothers*, Adams, architects, and named in honour of them. It is built on the site of what was formerly called Durham-yard. The depth of the foundations, the massy piers of brick, and the spacious vaults beneath, excite the wonder of the spectator, and the commendation of the artist. A plan has of late been in agitation for continuing a terrace, &c. to London-bridge, on the east, and to Westminster-bridge, on the west of it.

AMBURY (the Almonry), Westminster. — This was anciently styled the Almonry, from being the place where the abbey alms were distributed, and has been long occupied by very humble dwellings, and still lower characters. It was on this spot that

Caxton first erected a printing press, in 1474, and produced the first book printed in Britain; viz. "The Game and Play of the Chess."

AUSTIN-FRIARS.—There was a monastery bearing the name of St. Austin, who was the first Archbishop of Canterbury (Durovernum). He was sent by Gregory I. from Rome, at the head of forty other monks, to convert the British, and succeeded well. King Ethelbert became a convert through their preaching. St. Austin introduced chanting into divine service, in order to render it interesting as well as instructive. Our Saxon progenitors were so taken with it, that a succession of priests were employed in singing during the night as well as the day; and even penances might be redeemed by singing a certain number of psalms, or by a frequent repetition of the Pater-noster. St. Austin died on the 26th of May, 607, which is one of the holydays in the calendar.

BATTLE-STAIRS.—The Abbot of Battle having a house on the banks of the river, a little below the Bridge-house, gave name to the stairs. Hence also the title, Battle-bridge.

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.—The privilege of this fair was granted, by Henry II., to the priory of St. Bartholomew, annually, at Bartholomew-tide, old style. The clothiers of England, and the drapers of London, had their standings, during the fair, in the Priory church-yard, the gates of which were closed every night for safety. A Court of Pie Poudre was, and continues to be held, during the fair, at which the steward of the Lord of the Manor pre-

sides. It is now held at the sign of the Hand and Shears, in Cloth-fair. After the opening of the fair it was customary for parties to wrestle before the Lord Mayor, who had a tent erected for himself, and the aldermen, &c., who accompanied him. Wild rabbits were hunted for sport by the mob; and the London scholars met at the priory, in order to dispute on grammar and logic. These have long since given place to toymen, exhibitions, &c.*

* In the present rage for mending poor men's morals, a strange hue and cry has, all at once, been raised against Bartholomew Fair: we are gravely assured, that it is the real Pandora's box of the British metropolis—the hot-bed of vice, and the nursery of sin; and it is asserted, with an air of veracity, that this is to be the last fair (1825) which will be held in honour of the saint in London. Really, in our sober judgment, this attempt to put down the metropolitan saturnalia looks far more like puritanical hypocrisy, than the conservation of the public morals. We candidly confess we are enemies to all laws which would deprive the working classes of their long-established merry-makings, and shall therefore put our protest upon record. If our legislators will be legislating to regulate men's amusements, we beg they will not let all their legislation be on the prohibitory side; let them give the poor fellows who, by the right of immemorial custom, look forward to its mirth, some pastime not less mirthful as its equivalent: otherwise, such legislation is the veriest tyranny, and those for whom they legislate may be said to be in the lowest state of vassalage. " 'Tis a poor heart that never rejoices," says the proverb; but one would imagine that the moral menders of the present day thought the virtue of humble life consisted in the outward and visible sign of sadness. We think very differently; a contented heart and a cheerful countenance for us, all the world over. But is it not notorious, that at all places where many persons crowd together (it matters not for what purpose) there will be little irregularities, whether in front of the hustings at Covent-garden, or of St. James's Palace on a court-day,—at Bartholomew Fair, or Parson Irving's chapel? Nay, if this be made the sole pretext for discontinuing the fair, then ought the celebration of the Lord Mayor's Day, with that gaudy pageant, 'yclept "My Lord Mayor's Show," to be discontinued, notwith-

BILLINGSGATE.—Gate, in this instance, signifies a quay, or wharf, to which there is free access; it had been long a small port for shipping, but in 1699 King William made it a free port for the sale of fish. Quantities of oranges and other fruit are landed here; and hence the Gravesend and Margate packets take their departure.

BISHOPSGATE, one of the city gates, supposed to be built about the year 1200, by a bishop; it was

standing they so materially tend to the honour, delight, and edification of all good citizens; for nobody can deny that this civic anniversary gives rise to sundry acts of inordinate eating and drinking, to boisterous mirth, broken heads, picking of pockets, and various other nuisances, so loudly complained of, as exclusively belonging to the holiday-folks at the tide of St. Bartholomew. We wish the *nobs* of the city would just take a retrospective glance at the merry makings and rare doings that formerly took place among the populace; and they will see, that in the “glorious days” it was thought no sin for the poor to laugh heartily at Mister Punch, or to be filled with wonder by miraculous fire-eaters; that to eat gingerbread, and quaff a tankard of ale, was no greater crime than to demolish a haunch of venison and wash it down with three bottles of wine; nay, they will see too, that, with all the dignity which the old English aristocracy possessed, they thought it no degradation to join in the national pastimes, or to patronize the motley crew, who created for them so much “right merrie dyversion.”

But, while we are upon the subject, we would ask, whether Bartholomew fair might not be held without riot, disorder, or nuisance of any kind, provided the peace-officers did their duty; or whether, in fact, there is one-tenth part of the crime committed in the precincts of the fair (in proportion to the numbers which flock thither,) that there is within a circuit of a hundred yards round either of the theatres, on any four days and nights during the season! Truly, this suppression scheme appears to us to be mere affectation of morality—a poor pretence for abridging the sons of labour of their fair share of mirth.—Remember, ye mirth-destroyers, that

“Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,
While every grin, so merry, draws one out.”

situated near Bishopsgate church A stone in front of a house on the east side of the street points out the spot.

BREAD-STREET, Cheapside.—Anciently, in 1352, the bakers, who supplied the metropolis with the staff of life, were obliged to bring their bread to the market which was held here. They were not then allowed to sell bread in their own shops or houses. They had a hallmote every three months, in which all differences were adjusted. Thus it obtained, and still retains, the title of Bread-street.

BUCKLEBURRY derived its name from one of the name of Buckle, who here had a large manor-house built with stone. Buckle, it is stated, lost his life by the falling of a stone, when pulling down an old tower, which was built by Edward I. near to his house, intending to replace it by a “goodly frame of timber.” This, which he could not accomplish, was done by another, who espoused his widow.

BUCKINGHAM HOUSE, built by John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, in 1703. He married the natural daughter of Charles II. who purchased the house of the duke’s natural son, and it has since been entitled the “Queen’s House.” The duke was a frequenter of the famous gaming-house and the bowling-green near Piccadilly, and at the end of each season gave the party who usually met there a dinner, when his parting toast was, “May as many of us as remain unchanged next spring meet here again.” In the witty days of Charles, a wag wrote on the gate of the house, “This is the

house that Jack built;" which so amused the witty duke, that he declared he would as soon have been the author of the joke, as the owner of the mansion.

BRIDGEWATER-SQUARE derives its title from the Earls of Bridgewater, who had a house near to Barbican. In the reign of James II. there were here extensive orchards, producing a great quantity of excellent fruit.

BUTCHER-HALL-LANE, in the time of Henry VIII. was called Stinking-lane; no doubt, appropriately enough, there being then a number of slaughter-houses here. The butchers afterwards built their hall in this lane, since which it has borne its present name.

BRIDEWELL, and ST. BRIDE'S CHURCH.—These both derive their name from the well, which was dedicated to St. Bride or Bridget. Bridewell Palace, which formerly stood on the site of the hospital, now consists of two courts serving as prisons, &c. for refractory city apprentices, naughty women, vagrants, &c. Decayed citizens have also apartments here, and are allowed to take apprentices to their various callings, who are thereby entitled to the city freedom, and to ten pounds, on serving seven years. The old church being burnt by the great fire, the present was built in 1680, and has been several times repaired. This is now seen to great advantage from Fleet-street, in consequence of an open space having been left, since the calamitous fire which lately destroyed several houses that stood in front of the church. The

steeple, which is universally admired for the lightness and elegance of its structure, was damaged by lightning in 1764. The pump, which covers St. Bride's well, is under the east end of the wall of the church-yard.

BUDGE-ROW was so named of Budge Furre, and of skimmers dwelling there.

BOW-LANE derived its name from Bow church, to which it leads. This was founded in the reign of the Conqueror, and called St. Mary de Arcubus, or St. Mary le Bow. It was burnt in 1666; and the present church and beautiful steeple erected by Sir Christopher Wren.

BLIND-CHAPEL-COURT.—This court is situated in Mark-lane; its original name was Blanch Appleton, and in the reign of Richard II. this manor belonged to Sir Thomas Roos, of Hamlake. In the reign of Edward VI. it was assigned as the residence of basket-makers, wire-drawers, and foreigners, such as were not allowed to have open shops in London.

BARBICAN took its name from a watch-tower, or burkkenning, which was destroyed in the year 1267, by Henry III.

BROKEN-WHARF, Thames-street, so named from a part of the wharf having fallen into the Thames, and remaining in that broken state a considerable time.

St. Mary Somerset church is opposite to Broken-wharf. This took its name from a person named Somers, who had a lithe or wharf near, and was

anciently named Somershithe, which has been since corrupted to Somerset.

COVENT-GARDEN, formerly Convent-garden, belonging to the abbot and convent of Westminster. This now central piece of ground and market belongs to his Grace the Duke of Bedford.

CRUTCHED-FRIARS, where was formerly a monastery of the Holy Cross.

CROOKED-LANE. — This lane, which leads from Fishstreet-hill to Miles's-lane and Cannon-street, is very aptly named, being short, with two turnings in it. In 1560 a musket burst, and caused the explosion of a barrel of gunpowder in this lane, by which the house of a Dutchman, named Adrian Arter, with four others, and a part of the church wall, were blown down. Eight men and one woman were killed, and many persons wounded.

CORNHILL.—Here, in early times, had been held the corn-market; but, in the days of Henry V. it was the habitation of fripperers, or upholders and dealers in old clothes and furniture.

Lydgate, a monk of Bury, in his ballad styled "Lyckpenny, (*alias* Lackpenny,) says, that when he called to buy "old apparel and household stuff here, he saw his own hood, which he lost in Westminster-hall, and was forced to pay its price, ere he could get possession of it again."

CLIFFORD'S INN was a house granted by Edward II. to the family of Cliffords, and afterwards leased, and sold to the students of the law.

CHARING (Village of).—This owed its name to Edward I. who set up a cross here to the memory of his *Chere Reine* ; which being pronounced nearly as given in our orthography, has obtained the English name of Charing.

COCKPIT (the), Whitehall.—Here the members of the Privy Council meet, to deliberate and decide upon matters and cases regarding the colonies, &c. It is immediately over a passage leading into the street before Whitehall, and is considered as a part of that ancient palace. Hence the general orders of council are dated from Whitehall, and the decisions regarding colonial jurisprudence are dated from the Cock-pit.

CHARTER HOUSE, or more properly **Chartreux**, (so called from the monastery which stood there, and was dissolved by Henry VIII.) was founded and endowed at the sole cost of Thomas Sutton, Esq., who purchased it of the Earl of Suffolk, for 13,000*l*. It was opened in October, 1614. The estate is now above 6000*l*. per annum.

CANNON-STREET.—This was formerly called **Canwick**, or **Candlewick-street**, it being the residence of the candle-makers, whose trade was of great consideration in superstitious times. The moderns have corrupted the name to Cannon-street, which would lead some to believe that the deadly engine of warfare had been manufactured here ; though a more natural solution might be found from the *Canons* of St. Paul's, where probably that portion of the clergy resided.

CHEAPSIDE, being the site of a market formerly held there, regulated by the city. In the Saxon it is called *Chepe*, and was sometimes called West Chepe, as opposite to East Chepe, which crosses Gracechurch-street.

CLERKENWELL, or Clerke's Well, where the clerks of London were accustomed to meet annually for the purpose of enacting sacred dramas, selected from the histories of the Holy Scriptures.

CARTER-LANE, so named on account of being occupied by stables for the horses of carmen, &c.

CRUTCHED (or CROSS) FRIARS.—This derived its name from an order of Friars who came over from Italy in 1169, and surprised the English by their arrogance, in demanding a house to live in, asserting that they were privileged by the Pope to excommunicate those who doubted them. Two simple citizens, named Ralph Hosier and William Sobernes, whose wealth was more abundant than their wisdom, at last accommodated this fraternity with a house, and joined the brotherhood. After the dissolution their hall was converted into a glasshouse; but it was burnt, along with forty thousand billets of wood, in the year 1575.

CRIPPLEGATE, so named from the church dedicated to St. Giles, who was esteemed the patron of cripples, from his having refused to be cured of an accidental lameness, that he might be enabled to mortify himself more completely. This neighbourhood was consequently the rendezvous of cripples and beggars, soliciting charity at this entrance into

the city. St. Giles died at the mature age of eighty, and was buried in his own abbey, which the King of France had built for him, on the site of his hermitage, where he had lived for some time in a state of complete retirement. This gate and the others, excepting two, St. John's leading into St. John's-square, Clerkenwell, and that at Temple-bar, have been all taken down, as well as the walls: a small part of which could be lately seen before Bedlam, in Moorfields, was removed; it was so compact, that it required great force to separate each stone. In St. Giles's Church the prince of British poets, Milton, was buried, in the year 1674. Although no monument was erected here to the memory of the poet, he has been honoured with one under the sacred roof of Westminster Abbey, among the illustrious dead, of all ranks and stations.

CHISWELL-STREET seems to have derived its name from Richard Chiswell, styled, by John Dunton, "The metropolitan bookseller of England," who was not known to print a bad book, nor on bad paper. Mr. Chiswell was buried, in 1711, in the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate.

DUKE'S-PLACE, Houndsditch.—Here was a priory, founded by Matilda, Queen of Henry I. A.D. 1108. When these were dissolved by Henry VIII. he granted this to Sir Thomas Audley, subsequently Lord Chancellor, who dying here, in 1554, left his daughter sole heiress. By her marriage with Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, the Howard family became its proprietors, and it was thus named Duke's-place. This place is now mostly inhabited by Jews.

who have built an elegant synagogue here, about thirty years ago, on the site of the old one, which was founded by Manasseh Ben Israel, on the spot assigned to the Jews by Cromwell, who professed a friendship for the sons of Israel. Here they are subservient to Portsoken-ward, and are amenable to the Lord Mayor ; but they also have a jurisdiction of their own, and officers of the Jewish persuasion.

D.URY-LANE owes its name to Sir William Drury, who was a commander in the Irish wars. In his house the unfortunate Earl of Essex, the favourite of Elizabeth, frequently held counsels with his friends, relating to the rash enterprise which led to his fatal and untimely end. William, Lord Craven, rebuilt it in the sixteenth century ; but some few years ago it was pulled down.

DOCTORS' COMMONS, a college for students of civil and ecclesiastical law, so named from the doctors in civil law commoning together, as in the other seats of learning. Here wills have been registered from the year 1383.

EXETER 'CHANGE. — Lord Treasurer Burleigh had formerly a noble mansion on this spot, where he died in 1598. His son named it Exeter House. When this building arose, it retained the name, which is also given to the street and court in its vicinity. The upper part is occupied by a collection of wild beasts, for exhibition to the public ; and the under part by various retailers of cutlery, hosiery, gloves, walking-sticks, and articles of fancy.

FINSBURY, in former times named Fensbury, being fenny and moorish.

FLEET-DYKE, or Ditch, was formerly called the River of Fleet, being then navigable for merchant ships as far up as Holborn-bridge, where there was a bridge, whence Holborn-bridge.

FRIDAY STREET, Cheapside, so named from its being near to the fish-market, which was formerly inhabited by the fishmongers who supplied our catholic forefathers with fish on that day.

FENCHURCH-STREET, so named, being fenny or moorish ground, through which ran a stream called Langbourn, whence Langbourn Ward.

GRAY'S INN was a house belonging to the Grays of Wilton, who resided there from 1315, till the reign of Edward III. when they demised it to the students of the law.

GRUB-STREET, the proverbial residence of poor authors, and which now gives a name to mediocre and silly productions, was formerly entitled Grape-street. Perhaps the corruption has arisen from said authors writing for merely the means of existence, vulgarly called their *grub*, the juice of the grape never being tasted by them; consequently their writings were uninspired—mere matters of fact shewing no signs of genius. The makers of every thing relating to archery anciently had their residences here; and here lived, in total seclusion from the sight of any living person, for the space of forty-four years, Henry Welley, Esq. whose life being

attempted by a younger brother, he resolved to seclude himself from the world, notwithstanding he was possessed of an ample fortune; this he found means to apply to charitable and pious purposes, and in other respects his life was most exemplary, to the day of his death, which happened on the 29th of October, 1636.

GROCEK'S-ALLEY.—This narrow passage, leading from the Old Jewry, was anciently called Coney-hope-lane, from being a rabbit-market, at the corner of which was a chapel dedicated to St. Mary de Coney Hope.

GRACECHURCH-STREET is supposed to have derived its name from being formerly the market for hay and grass; as others, such as the Poultry, Bread-street, Fish-street, Milk-street, &c. have obtained their names from the articles sold in them.

GREEN ARBOUR-COURT.—This court leads from the Old Bailey to Seacoal-lane, down Break-neck-steps. In this court Goldsmith lived when he wrote the "Vicar of Wakefield," and the "Traveller," in 1759. The court seems to have derived its name from a garden, in which was an arbour; the lane named from it being a mart for the sale of coals brought to London coastwise; and the stairs, or steps, are said to have been named *break-neck*, from the circumstance of an over-driven ox running up the court, and endeavouring to get down the steps, missed its footing, and fell down, by which means its neck was broken.

HOLBORN was formerly a village called Old-bourne, from a stream which broke out near the place where the bars now stand, and ran down the street to Old-bourne-bridge, and so into the river of Fleet, now Fleet-ditch. This was long ago stopped up at the head, and in other places. Holborn was first paved in 1535.

HICKS'S HALL.—This building formerly stood in St. John's-street, facing West Smithfield; it was built by Sir Baptist Hicks, afterwards Viscount Campden, who was for some time a merchant in Cheapside, and died in 1629. It was named after the builder; and the new building erected as the County Hall for Middlesex, in Clerkenwell-green, still retains the name.

HARLEY-STREET derived its name from the late Earl of Oxford, the ground-landlord, who left it to his lady.

HOUNDSDITCH.—This is now a long and convenient street, leading from Bishopsgate-street to Aldgate, but once the receptacle of dead dogs and carrion, from which it obtained its name. In this filthy ditch the body of Edric, who murdered his master, Edmund Ironside, was thrown, after being drawn through the city by the heels.

HANGMAN'S GAINS.—A striking instance of the corruption of names is observable in a lane, which was in the neighbourhood of St. Catherine's by the Tower, originally named Hammes and Guisnes, from a number of people who formerly lived there, but took refuge in England after the loss of Calais,

in the reign of Queen Mary, and had this quarter allotted to them; but latterly it was only known by the name of Hangman's Gains.

IVY-LANE obtained its present name from the ivy which ornamented the fronts of the houses occupied by the prebends of St. Paul's. These being destroyed by the great fire, this lane was in no way distinguished until the meeting of the literary club, of which Dr. Johnson was a principal member, at a house then known by the name of Dolly's, now used as a bookseller's warehouse.

JERMYN-STREET.—This, and St. Alban's-street, were named after Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Alban's, who had a house at the top of Jermyn-street. It was thought he was married privately to Henrietta Maria, queen dowager of Charles; and he, although a subject, ruled her, notwithstanding she had before ruled a king.

LONDON-HOUSE-YARD.—Here was formerly the town-house of the Bishop of London, which being consumed in the great fire, the house in Aldersgate-street, formerly called Petre-house, was rented for the town residence of the bishop, since which it obtained the title of "London House."

LOMBARD-STREET, Fleet-street.—In this street the old Lombards anciently kept their mistresses. A complaint was made to Edward III. by the White, or Carmelite Friars, who had a handsome church near Water-lane, that many naughty women lived there, whose irregularities and noise interrupted them in their devotions, and the Lord

Mayor was ordered to have them removed ; but this neighbourhood has still been the haunt of the lewd, notwithstanding attempts to dislodge them, on recent occasions.

LEADEN-HALL-MARKET derives its name from a building of great antiquity, which was erected in this street, with flat battlements leaded at the top, in which was the warehouse for selling of leather, the Colchester baize-hall, the meal warehouse, and the wool-hall.

LABOUR-IN-VAIN-HILL, formerly called Old Fish-street-hill, was so named from the steep ascent by modern appropriation.

MILES'S-LANE, more properly **St. Michael's-lane**, as it derived its name from the church of **St. Michael's**, **Crooked-lane** ; which latter addition has been given it, in consequence of its vicinity to this lane, which is remarkable for its turnings, and its manufacture of fishing-tackle, bird-cages, hand-mills, &c. In this church was buried, in 1385, the remains of the gallant **Sir William Wallworth**, who killed the rebel **Wat Tyler** in **Smithfield**. **Sir William** bequeathed all his lands and tenements, per annum 20*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* to this church, to find five meet chaplains ; and **Walter Warden**, the proprietor of the celebrated **Boar's-head** tavern, gave all that tenement to the same church, towards the finding of one chaplain.

MAZE (the), **Borough**, was so named from the **Abbot of Battle** having a luxuriant garden here, in which were many fanciful and intricate windings.

MEWS (the).—This is a name now given to the royal stables at Charing-cross. Mews is a term used in falconry, and here the king's falcons were kept since the reign of Richard II. as were also the houses of Henry VIII.; and although no falcons are now to be found there, the title is retained; and every range of stabling adjoining a square, or principal street in the fashionable part of the metropolis, is now termed a mews.

MAY FAIR.—There was formerly a fair held on the site of May-fair Chapel, on the first days in May, until the year 1565, and on the spot now occupied by Shepherd's-market. There was a pond used for duck-hunting. Several disorders, and some murders, having taken place here, it was partially put down by the magistrates in 1708. In consequence of the buildings increasing in the western part of the metropolis, it assumed its present improved appearance; but it still retains the name, although the sports have been so long discontinued.

MINCING-LANE, originally called Minchun-lane, on account of belonging to the minchuns, or nuns of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate-street.

MOOR-FIELDS, in 1477, were a moorish rotten piece of ground, and impassable but for causeways made for that purpose, and so continued till 1605.

MONKWELL-STREET.—Near to this was anciently a church, named in the old records St. Olave de Mucwell, by reason of its proximity to Mucwell-street. The site of the church, which was destroyed

in 1666 by fire, and never rebuilt, is now a place of burial. In Windsor-court, in this street, is a meeting-house, opened by Mr. Doolittle, being the first place of worship for dissenters opened in the metropolis; and here the celebrated Dr. James Fordyce preached for many years. In this street is also Barber-Surgeons' Hall, considered one of the best works of Inigo Jones.

MINORIES (the), was an abbey of nuns of the order of St. Clare, suppressed in 1539, by Henry VIII.

MILLBANK, Westminster.—The north bank of the Thames, and so named from a mill having formerly stood on the site of a large house (the last in Westminster) called Millbank House, which was rebuilt by the Grosvenor family. The ancient horse-ferry was between this house and the church of St. John.

OLD BARGE-YARD.—This is situated in Bucklersbury, which was formerly open thus far, and barges were towed up nearly to it. In the time of Stowe, there was the sign of the Old Barge upon the spot.

OLD CHANGE, being the King's Exchange, which was kept there for the coining of money in the reign of Henry III.

OLD JEWRY.—This derived its name from the Grand Synagogue, which stood here until the expulsion of the Jews from the kingdom in the year 1291; when the brothers of the sack, an order of friars, got possession of it. These held it but a short time; for as it joined the house of Robert

Fitzwalter, the banner-bearer of the city, he obtained it from them. In 1349 it was possessed by Robert Large, lord-mayor, and shortly afterwards by Sir Hugh Clapton; and, finally, was converted into a tavern, known by the name of the Windmill.

PATERNOSTER-ROW and AVE-MARIA-LANE were so called from the stationers, or text-writers, who dwelt there, and who wrote and sold all sorts of books in use; viz. A B C, with the Pater Noster, Ave, Creed, Graces, &c. There dwelt also turners of beads (for Catholics) and they were called Paternoster-makers.

PICCADILLY owes its name to a taylor, who invented new ruffs, turn-overs, or capes; he built Piccadilla Hall, where Sackville-street now is. The first good house built here was Burlington House, being then the farthest house west, the noble owner being determined, he said, that no one should build beyond. In 1642 it was built as far as Berkely-street; at present it reaches to Hyde Park, ending with Apsley House, late the residence of Lord Bathurst, but now the residence of the Duke of Wellington.

PETTY FRANCE, near to Broadstreet-buildings, City, and another part in Westminster, were so named; the first being the residence of the French Protestant refugees, of whom some thousands took up their residence in that vicinity and in Spital-fields, previous to the revocation of the edict of Nantz. From that circumstance it should be, and doubtless was first, styled *Petit France*.

PUDDING-LANE was anciently named **Rother-lane**, or **Red-rose-lane**, from a sign of the **Red-rose**, but it obtained its present title from the butchers of **Eastcheap**, who had here their scalding-houses for hogs, from whence the puddings, and other rubbish, were put into dung-boats on the **Thames**. Here commenced the great fire, in 1666.

POULTRY, so named from being the site of the market for the sale of poultry in former times.

POPLAR.—This is a chapelry, in the parish of **Stepney**, and was anciently a royal manor, and so named from the number of poplar trees growing upon it.

QUEEN-HITHE.—This hithe, or wharf, was anciently called **Edred's hithe**. **King Stephen** gave it to **William de Ypres**, who bestowed it on the **Convent of the Holy Trinity without Aldgate**. **Henry III.** to whom it afterwards fell, compelled the ships of the **Cinque Ports** to bring all their corn to this wharf, and it then obtained the name of **Queen's hithe**; the receipts of which, it is believed, formed part of the queen's pin-money.

ROOD-LANE.—This lane, which leads out of **Little Tower-street** into **Fenchurch-street**, was so called on account of a rood or cross being placed in the church-yard while the church was rebuilding, to which purpose the oblations then offered to the rood were applied. This was a common mode of raising money for religious and charitable uses. We, although we alter the mode, still continue the practice, in shape of **Easter offerings**, &c. &c.

ROYAL EXCHANGE.—This building was erected by the late Sir Thomas Gresham, who was the son of poor parents. His mother took him into a field one day, and there left him to his fate ; a boy playing in the field being amused with the chirping and leaping of a grasshopper, was induced to follow it, by which means he was led to the spot where young Gresham had been left by his unnatural parent, and the life of this afterwards eminent merchant was thus preserved. In allusion to this, Sir Thomas adopted the grasshopper for his crest, which is placed as a vane on the top of the tower of the Royal Exchange, in Cornhill.

RED LION-COURT.—There is a court so named at the east end of Allhallows church. Here was anciently the figure of a great lion, of timber, “ at a gate leading into a large court, where there are divers fair and large shops, furnished with broad-cloths, and other draperies.”

RED CROSS and WHITE CROSS-STREETS derive their names from there being crosses erected there. The red cross stood at the north end of the street so named, near to the pump.

ST. MILDRED'S-COURT was originally styled Scalding-alley, from its being the place where fowls were scalded before being exposed to sale in the Poultry. It has since changed its name to that of the church, which it is said was founded by the daughter of Merowald, a Saxon prince. The last was burnt in 1666, and the present completed in 1676.

SIZE-LANE, Bucklersbury, is another instance of modern corruption. It was formerly called Penny-Rich-street, but latterly St. Osyth's, *vulgo* Size-lane.

SAVAGE-GARDENS.—This is part of the property of the dissolved monastery of the Brothers of the Holy Cross, or Crutched-friars, which Henry VIII. gave to Thomas Wyatt, the elder, who built a mansion on the spot. Lord Lumley, who distinguished himself at the battle of Flodden-field, became its future possessor; after which it came into the possession of Sir Thomas Savage, created Earl Rivers in the reign of Charles I. whose name it has still retained.

SPICE ISLANDS.—A spot on the south side of the Commercial-road was so named, in consequence of the city soil being deposited there, but it is now built upon.

SILVER-STREET.—This street leads out of Wood-street, Cheapside, and was so named from being the residence of silversmiths.

SOPAR-LANE (now Queen-street) was named in the time of Edward II. from one Alen de Sopar, and not from being the residence of soap-makers, as has been supposed, for soap-making was not known much above a century and a half ago, when "John Lambe, dwelling in Grasse-street, (Grace-church-street,) set up a boiling-house; before which London was supplied from Bristol with this article, which was then sold, the mottled for a penny, and the black for a halfpenny the pound.

SHOREDITCH.—This street, which is a continuation of Bishopsgate-street Without, has been commonly reported to have obtained its name from the husband of the unfortunate Jane Shore; but it owed its title to its lord, Sir John Sordich, a man learned in the laws, who was in the confidence of Edward III. and sent by that prince to Pope Clement VI. with a remonstrance against the Pope's presentation to English benefices of foreigners; who, being non-residents, could not perform any of the duties, although they took the profits of the livings, which they expended in another country.

Barlo, a citizen and inha'itant of this place, in a shooting-match at Windsor before Henry VIII. for his expertness in archery was named by the King "Duke of Shoreditch," on the spot; and this title was retained by the Captain of the London Archers for many years after.

SAINT STEPHEN'S.—The House of Commons is frequently alluded to by public speakers and the public prints by this title. King Stephen built a chapel, the remains of which join the south-east angle of Westminster-hall, and dedicated it to the martyr Stephen. It was rebuilt in 1347 by Edward III. but was not used as a place of meeting of the representatives of the British nation until after the reign of Edward VI.

SOHO-SQUARE was originally named Monmouth-square; but after the death of the duke, brother to James II. it was called Soho: this being the watchword at the unfortunate battle of Sedgemoor, in the West of England.

ST. JOHN'S-GATE.—This has obtained its name evidently from St. John the Evangelist, who was miraculously delivered from a barbarous death *ante porta Latina*; i. e. before the gate Latin. In a very ancient black-letter book, called “The Lives of the Saints,” it is said, that “The Emperor Domycan commanded Johan shold be brought to Rome, and whan he was there they brought him tofore the gate called Porte Latyn, and put hym in a tonne ful of brenning oyle; but he never felte harme ne payne, and wythout suffryng ony harme he yssued out. In that place crysten men dyd to make a faire chyrche; and this day made a solemyne feste, as it were the day of his marterdom.” From this book it appears that he was called Johan Portlatyn, from the circumstance of his being cast into the burning oil before the gate of Port Latyn. The historical evidence for the event itself is, however, by Dr. Doddridge thought to be very uncertain. St. John's-gate is still standing to the north-west of Smithfield; under it is an entrance to a public-house, called the St. John of Jerusalem. A figure of this gate has for a long time been the frontispiece to the “Gentleman's Magazine, by Sylvanus Urban, Gent.,” and we learn it was originally printed in St. John's-square, where there are several printers at this day.

SOMERSET-HOUSE, Strand.—This house was originally built by the protector Somerset, who, however, did not enjoy it, as he suffered on the scaffold in 1552, and on his death it became the property of the crown. The tower. and part of the church of

St. John of Jerusalem, Clerkenwell, were blown up, and the materials used for the building, as were the charnel-house and chapel, and the cloisters, on the north of St. Paul's. The present elegant structure was raised under the direction of that eminent architect, Sir W. Chambers. The navy, stamp, and other public-offices, now occupy various parts of this spacious building. Here also the Royal Academy, the Royal Society, and the Antiquarian Society, have apartments.

SAVOY (the).—Henry III. made a grant of all the houses upon the banks of the Thames, where this house lately stood, to Peter of Savoy, uncle to Eleanor, his queen. Peter here founded the Savoy, and conferred it on the fraternity of Mountjoy. It was rebuilt in a magnificent style before 1356, when it was assigned as the residence of John, king of France, while a prisoner in this country. The mob, under Wat Tyler, nearly demolished it.—Henry VII. and VIII. repaired it; the latter suppressed it; but his daughter Mary again restored it, and her maids of honour furnished it with all kinds of necessaries as an hospital. Elizabeth again suppressed it; since which time it has been used as barracks, and a military prison. Since the erection of Waterloo-bridge it has been pulled down, to make room for improvements in that quarter. St. Mary le Savoy church was originally the chapel to the hospital.

ST. MARGARET PATTENS.—This church is in Rood-lane; and, according to Stowe and others, had the latter title, from pattens being sold near to it.

ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND.—Wythred, King of Kent, founded a college here in the year 700; it was rebuilt about 1056. William the Conqueror made it independent of every other jurisdiction, and other monarchs confirmed all its privileges. Having the privilege of sanctuary, it became the resort of criminals of every stamp. In 1457, its privileges were regulated by royal authority. It was surrendered, and pulled down, in 1548 Henry VII. made a grant of it to the monastery of Westminster, and it is still under the government of the dean of that abbey, and independent of the City of London. The householders have a vote for the members for Westminster. The church, with three others, Bow, St. Giles's, Cripplegate, and Barkin, had the curfew bell sounded, long after the others had been discontinued, in order to warn the inhabitants to keep within, and not subject themselves to insult and robbery during the night. Although the bell is not now sounded, the inhabitants are reminded, at the hour of nine, by the guardian of the night, to "take care of their lights above and below."

ST. MARTIN ORGAR.—This ancient church is situated in St. Martin's-lane, Cannon-street, named Orgar, from its founder Ordgarus. Not being all burnt in the great fire, it was repaired partially by a body of the French protestants: the ancient rectory being joined to St. Clement's, in the lane opposite. It is now (1825) pulling down [entirely. The site of the old church is used as the parish burying ground.

ST. EDMUND, THE KING.—This church, which is situated in Lombard-street, is of singular construction, the architecture of which it would be no easy matter to describe, so as to be understood. The altar is in the northern part of the church, and the pulpit and desk stand where the altar is usually placed; yet we have no doubt but the pious worshipper, who possesses a sincere heart, will find that Our Father is as easily found in the north as in the east; and the Great Omnipotent is better pleased with the devotion of the soul, than with the position of the body. St. Edmund was a Saxon king, of the East Angles, and was killed by the Danes, with arrows, after being tied to a tree, at Hoxton, in Suffolk, in the year 870, for his adherence to the Christian faith.

ST. LAWRENCE JEWRY.—This church is situated in Cateaton-street; it was dedicated to St. Lawrence, a native of Huesca, in Arragon, who suffered under the Emperor Valerian, by being cruelly broiled alive upon a gridiron until he died. It is styled Jewry, from the number of Jews who formerly resided near to it, and to distinguish it from St. Lawrence Poultney, now demolished. This latter was so designated from Mr. John Poultney, who founded a college there.

SOUTHWARK.—This borough was, according to Pennant, named by our Saxon forefathers *Suth-verke*, or the Southwork, in allusion to some fortifications south of the capital. It now is the twenty-sixth ward of the city, named "Bridge Ward." Many dealers in hops and wool. tanners, hatters,

rope and sail-makers, reside here; also several brewers, the chief of whom is the extensive concern of Barclay, Perkins, and Co. whose beer and stout are held in such estimation by the public, that one-third more is consumed of their brewing, than of any other brewer in London.

ST. MARY WOOLNORTH CHURCH is situated in Lombard-street, at the corner of St. Swithin's-lane. After the great fire, to this was added that of St. Mary Woolchurch, so called on account of having a large beam in the church-yard for weighing wool, being in the immediate vicinity of the Woolstaple, formerly here.

ST. NICHOLAS COLE ABBEY.—This, according to Stowe, was named Cold-bay, being, like Cold-harbour, exposed to the weather.

TEMPLE (the) derives its name from the Crusaders, the Knights Templars, who came into this country in the reign of Stephen. Their first house was situated in Holborn; and in 1185 they founded this, called the New Temple; but the order being suppressed in 1310, it became the property of several noblemen, until it was given to the Students of Common Law in the reign of Edward III. The church, which was founded by the Templars in the time of Henry II. is built on the model of the Holy Sepulchre, and contains the tombs and effigies of several Knights Templars. The organ is deemed one of the best in the world. Here, among the illustrious dead, he entombed the learned and amiable Selden, and the able and upright Plowden. The entrance

into the Temple, from Fleet-street, is the work of Sir Christopher Wren, and was built in 1684. The figure of the Lamb, over the archway, was the armorial ensign of the Knights Templars.

TOWER (the).—This once important fortress originated with William the Conqueror, who employed Gundulph, Bishop of Rochester, as architect. The first built was the White Tower. It was first inclosed by William Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, and Lord Chancellor in the reign of Richard I. who erected the walls, and made the ditch, into which the water from the Thames was afterwards introduced. Other works were added by various sovereigns. The contents within the walls are twelve acres, five roods; circumference, outside of the ditch, one thousand and fifty-two feet. Henry III. farther enclosed it with a wall of mud outside the ditch, but the citizens pulled this down, as it encroached on the city wall, for which the King fined them one thousand marks. Edward IV. built the bulwark, now the Lion's Tower. Charles II. caused the ditch to be cleansed, in 1663, and rebuilt the wharfs with brick and stone, and erected the sluices for admitting the water into the ditch. James II. began the grand Storehouse, which was finished by King William, who also built the small Armoury, where he, and Mary, his queen, once dined in great state, having all the workmen as their attendants, dressed in white gloves, and aprons, the habit of Free-masons. Besides houses for the officers, and barracks for the military, here is the Record-office, the Ordnance-office, and the Jewel-office. The

Mint, which was formerly within these walls, is now transferred to an elegant building, lately erected in the vicinity of the Tower. The various armouries are objects of great curiosity, containing many ancient suits and pieces of ordnance, and other instruments of older warfare. The small Armoury is the store for instruments of modern warfare, many of which are arranged, so as to form curious figures. In the Jewel-office are kept the imperial crown, globe, sceptre, and the other ornaments of majesty, which are now only used at the coronation or when the King goes in state to the Parliament-house. Within are deposited numerous articles of warfare, captured during the many wars in which this country has been engaged, and the whole is well worthy the inspection of the curious, the building and its contents being so intimately connected with the history of our country.

TRIPE-YARD, Petticoat-lane, is another instance of the corruption of the moderns. It doubtless should be named Strype's yard, from the historian of that name, who had a house in this lane, where he died in the year 1757.

TURNMILL-STREET, so named from the brook which passes near it, on which were formerly several mills. The brook is now named the Fleet. A small brook, which formerly rose near to Middle-row, Holborn, descended to the Fleet at Holborn-bridge; and the few houses then on its banks obtained the name of the village of Oldbourne, now modernized into Holborn.

WATLING-STREET. — This was anciently called Atheling (*i. e.* Noble) street, afterwards corrupted to Watheling-street, and now to Watling-street. This gave name to the Roman road, which was so called.

London Stone, in Cannon-street, being in the line of this street, has been supposed to be the standard from which the Romans computed their distances; while others believe it to be a relic of heathen superstition, and to have belonged to the Britons; but its origin and use are both involved in uncertainty. It formerly stood in the middle of the street, but is now cased with another stone, and placed against the church wall opposite.

Jack Cade struck this stone with his sword when he exclaimed, “Now is Mortimer lord of this city!” and some suppose that he looked upon this action as a confirmation of his authority, and all proclamations to the people were delivered from it.

WARDROBE-COURT, Doctors’-commons, so named from being on the site of a house built by Guy, Earl of Warwick; whose son sold it to Edward III. who kept his wardrobe in the said house.

WARWICK-LANE derived its name from Richard Nevil, the great Earl of Warwick, who had here his town-house, or inn. In the famous Convention of 1458 he came to town with six hundred men, all in red jackets embroidered, with ragged staves, and was lodged in this lane. In his house six oxen were eaten at a breakfast, and every tavern was full of his meat. “He that had any acquaintance in that house, might have there so much of sodden

and rost meate as he could pricke, and carry upon a long dagger." A small stone statue, placed in the side front of a tobacconist's, at the corner of the lane next to Newgate-street, preserveth the memory of this "king-making earl."

WESTMORLAND-BUILDINGS, so named from the earls of that title having a city mansion here.

WELL-STREET, Jewin-street.—Stowe describes Crowley's, or Crowder's well, here, to be a fair pool of clear water, which was filled up in the reign of Henry VI. and the spring arched over with steps to go down to it, at the expense of the executors of Sir R. Whittington. About thirty years since, a handsome stone pump was erected upon it.

WESTMINSTER.—Henry VIII. in the thirty-seventh year of his reign, erected this into a bishopric, and shortly after took up his residence in St. James's Palace, and enclosed the Park.—Edward VI. dissolved the charter, by which the title of "city" was lost to it; although, as a matter of courtesy, it still retains the same.

W A R D S

OF THE

CITY OF LONDON.

LONDON and its liberties are divided into twenty-six wards. There appears no doubt that the division into wards, or *aldermanries*, is as remote as the early Saxon times, and that as the population increased, these were progressively augmented; for we find, that in the reign of Henry I. the prior of the church of the Holy Trinity was admitted to a seat in the City Council as alderman of Portsoken ward. Each ward is governed by an alderman, and a number of common-council men, with subordinate officers.

AIDGATE WARD, so named from its being contiguous to the old eastern gate of the city; it sends six common-council men, and is divided into seven precincts, lying chiefly in the parishes of St. James, St. Catherine Cree Church, St. Andrew Undershaft, St. Catherine Undershaft, St. Catherine Coleman, and in Duke's-place.

ALDERSGATE WARD.—The ancient gate which stood in the street so named, gave the title to this ward, and divided it into “within” and “without.” Within contains four precincts, viz.—St. Leonard,

Foster-lane; St. John Zachery, St. Mary Staining, and St. Anne. Without is comprised by four precincts, in the parish of St. Botolph. The ward returns four common-council men.

BISHOPSGATE WARD derived its name from the gate, which divided it into two parts, distinguished by the names of Bishopsgate Within and Bishopsgate Without. The latter contains four precincts; the former contains the following five: viz.—Allhallows, St. Peter, St. Martin Outwich, St. Helen, and St. Ethelburge. The whole ward returns fourteen common-council men.

BROAD-STRELT WARD returns twelve common-council men, and is divided into ten precincts; viz.—St. Mildred Woolchurch, St. Christopher, St. Bartholomew Upper, St. Bartholomew Lower, St. Margaret Lothbury, St. Bennet Fink, St. Martin Outwich, St. Peter le Poor, and Allhallows, London-wall.

BILLINGSGATE WARD returns ten common-council men, and is divided into twelve precincts; viz.—Billingsgate, St. Mary at Hill, Smart's-quay, Love-lane, the three precincts of Botolph's, Billingsgate, the two of St. Andrew Hubbard, and three of St. George, Botolph-lane, Pudding-lane, and Rood-lane.

BRIDGE WARD WITHIN returns fifteen members to the common-council; it is divided into fourteen precincts; viz.—three of London-bridge, three of Thames-street, three of New Fish-street, two (upper and lower) of St. Leonard, Eastcheap, and the

upper precincts of St. Bennet, Gracechurch-street, and Allhallows, Lombard-street.

BASSISHAW WARD derives its name from Basing's haugh, or hall, of which it is a corruption. The two precincts of Basinghall-street comprise the whole of this ward, which returns four members to the court of common-council.

BRIDGE WARD Without is so named from its being wholly in the county of Surrey; it comprehends the principal part of the borough and liberties of Southwark. Although it is so extensive, it has never had the privilege of electing an alderman, but the city has been accustomed to confer the government of this ward upon the senior alderman of the court, who is styled the "Father of the City," as an honourable sinecure, which relieves him from the fatigues of general business. The district known by the name of the Borough Liberty comprises the greater part of the five parishes of St. Olave, St. Saviour, St. John, St. Thomas, and St. George.

BREAD-STREET WARD was named from Bread-street, which was "itself so called of Bread in old time there sold, for it appeareth by records, that in the year 1302, which was the 30th of Edward the First, the bakers of London were bounden to sell no bread in their shops or houses, but only in the market." This ward returns twelve common-council men, and is divided into thirteen precincts.

CANDLEWICK-STREET WARD was so named from Candlewick-street (now called Cannon-street), which was chiefly inhabited by candlewrights in wax and

tallow. Though small, it returns eight common-council men, and is divided into seven precincts: *viz.* St. Mary Abchurch; St. Lawrence Poulteney; St. Martin Ongar; St. Clement, Eastcheap; St. Leonard, Eastcheap; and the east and west precincts of St. Michael.

CASTLE-BAYNARD WARD took its name from an old castle, originally built on the banks of the river by Baynard, one of the military characters who came over with William the Norman. The ward returns ten common-council men, and is divided into ten precincts.

CHEAP WARD.—This ward, which is in the centre of the city, is so named from being the site of the second Chepe, or market, that of East Chepe being the first. It returns twelve common-council men, and is divided into nine precincts: *viz.* St. Mary-le-Bow, Allhallows; St. Lawrence, Cateaton-street; St. Martin, Ironmonger-lane; St. Mary Colechurch; St. Mildred, Poultry; St. Stephen and St. Bennet; and St. Pancras, Sopar-lane.

COLEMAN-STREET WARD returns six common-council men, and is divided into six precincts: *viz.* St. Margaret, Lothbury; St. Olave, Jewry; and the four of St. Stephen, Coleman-street.

CORDWAINER-STREET WARD derived its name from the street of that name, where the cordwainers, or shoemakers, curriers, and workers of leather, resided: this street is now called Bow-lane. The ward returns eight members to the common-council, and it is divided into eight precincts: *viz.* St. Mary,

Aldermanbury, upper and lower; Allhallows, Broadstreet: St. Mary-le-Bow, St. Antholin, Upper and Lower St. Pancras, St. Bennet Sherehog and St. John, and St. Thomas the Apostle and Trinity.

CORNHILL WARD was “so called of a corne market, time out of mind, there holden.” It is divided into four precincts, and returns six members to the common-council.

CRIPPLEGATE WARD is divided into two parts distinguished by Without and Within, in allusion to the gate where cripples were wont to beg. It returns twelve common-council men.—*Within* is divided into nine precincts: *viz.* St. Lawrence; St. Mary Magdalen, Milk-street; St. Peter; St. Michael, Wood-street; St. John Zachary; St. Alban, Wood-street; St. Olave, Silver-street; St. Alphage and Aldermanbury.—*Without* consists of four precincts: *viz.* Redcross-street, Whitecross-street, Forestreet, and Grub-street.

DOWGATE WARD was so named from the ancient water-gate (Dwyr-gate), which formed the termination of the Middlesex branch of the Watling-street, and was, in all probability, the place of the British *trajectus*, or ferry, into Surry. It returns eight common-council men, and is divided into eight precincts.

FARRINGDON WARDS, Within and Without, were originally but one ward, which derived its name from William Farindon, or Farendon, goldsmith, and sheriff in the reign of Edward the First; and it descended to his heirs, and continued under the

government of that family for upwards of eighty-two years. In consequence of the increase of the population, this extensive ward was divided into two in the 17th of Richard the Second, and the ward Within returns seventeen members to the common-council, and is comprised in eighteen precincts: *viz.* St. Peter; St. Matthew, Goldsmith's-row; Saddler's Hall, Gutter-lane; St. Austin; St. Michael-le-Quern, North and South; St. Faith, Paternoster-row; St. Faith, St. Paul's church-yard; St. Martin, Ludgate, North and South; first and second of Christ Church; St. Sepulchre, Monkwell-street; and St. Anne, Blackfriars.

FARRINGDON Without returns sixteen members to the common-council; it is a very extensive and populous liberty, and is divided into fourteen precincts.

LANGBOLN WARD "is so called, of a long borne (bourn) of sweete water which, in olden time, breaking out into Feuchurch-street, ran down it and Lombard-street, to the west end of St. Mary's Woolnoth Church; where, turning south and breaking itself into many small *shares*, rills, or streams, it left the name of Share-borne-lane, or Southborne-lane, because it ran south to the river Thames." This ward returns ten common-council men, and is divided into twelve precincts: *viz.* St. Mary Woolnoth, North and South; Nicholas-lane, Birchin-lane, Lombard-street, Clement's-lane; Allhallows, Lombard-street; St. Bennet, Gracechurch-street; St. Dionis, Bank Church; St. Gabriel and Allhallows Staining.

LIME-STREET WARD has neither a church nor a complete street within its limits, although it extends into several parishes. It returns four common-council men, and is divided into four precincts.

PORTSOKEN WARD lies wholly without the city, and extends from Aldgate to Whitechapel-bars eastward, and from Billingsgate to the Thames north and south. Stow says, "This Portsoken, which soundeth as much as the 'Franchise at the Gate,' was some time a guild, being named by Edgar 'Knigheten Guilde.'" Since the year 1531, this ward has been governed by an alderman, five common-council men, and subordinate officers. It is divided into five precincts: *viz.* Houndsditch, High-street, the Bars, Tower-hill, and Convent-garden.

QUEENHITHE WARD.—This ward derived its title from the wharf or hithe being named in honour of one of our queens, to whom it for some time belonged. It had, at one time, very considerable traffic, but is now of less consequence, the number of wharfs having increased so much. The ward returns six members to the court of common-council, and is divided into nine precincts.

TOWER WARD derived its name from its contiguity to the Tower, and sends twelve members to the court of common-council. It is divided into twelve precincts: *viz.* Dolphin, Mincing-lane, Salutation-road, Dice-quay, Bear-quay, Petty Wales, Seething-lane, Mark-lane, and Angel.

VINTRY WARD was, according to Stow, so named "of vintners, and of the vintrie, a part of the banke

of the river Thames, where the merchants of Bourdeaux craned their wines out of lighters and other vessels. It returns nine members to the common-council, and is divided into nine precincts.

WALBROOK WARD took its name from the rivulet which entered the city from Moorfields, and, dividing into two parts afterwards, flowed into the Thames at Dowgate. It sends eight members to the common-council, and is divided into seven precincts: *viz.* two of St. Swithin, St. Mary Woolchurch, St. Stephen Walbrook; St. John Baptist, St. Mary Bothaw, and St. Mary Abchurch.

LIST OF THE CITY COMPANIES,

IN THEIR ORDER OF SENIORITY,

WITH THE DATES OF THEIR INCORPORATION, SITES
OF HALLS, &c.

THE associations of early times were called guilds, fellowships, or fraternities, secular and ecclesiastical. The secular guilds, &c. included the merchants and traders, and were called *Gilda Mercatoria*; and, as the chief towns increased in population, the artisans, dealers, and craftsmen, procured charters for monopolizing the business of their own burghs or cities. Although called merchant guilds at first, yet the maintenance of their particular "arts and mysteries" was generally mixed with ecclesiastical ob-

servances, and they were not considered entirely secular until after the Reformation.

The earliest certain notice which Mr. Madox could find of a guild, or fraternity of tradesmen, in this country, is in the record of a payment of sixteen pounds into the Exchequer, in the reign of Henry the First, by Robert, the son of Leuestan, as the rent, or ferme, for the Guild of Weavers of London. The earliest dated patent of incorporation, now preserved, is that granted to the goldsmiths and the skinnners by Edward the Third, in 1327. The first twelve of the city companies on the list are the chief, and to one of these the lord mayor elect must belong before he can be sworn in.

1. The **MERCERS** were first incorporated in the 17th of Richard the Second (1393). Their hall and chapel are in Cheapside. This company consists of a principal warden and three others, a court of assistants, and a livery, forming together a body of about 110 persons.—The name of Mercers was anciently given to dealers in toys and small wares. Their hall was rebuilt in its present form shortly after the great fire. Many eminent men have belonged to this company. The celebrated Whittington, Gresham, and above sixty other Lord Mayors, have been of this respectable company.

2. The **GROCERS** were incorporated by Edward the Third (1345); their hall is in the Poultry, in Grocer's-hall Court. It consists of a master, three wardens, fifty-two assistants, and an extensive livery. Grocers were originally called Pepperers, being extensive dealers in that article. Their hall was formed, in 1411, out of a chapel purchased of Fitz-

walter for 340 marks: after being new-fronted, it was employed many years as the Bank of England. The old building, at the north-east corner of the garden, it is believed, was part of the mansion of the said Fitzwalter, and consequently the most ancient building within the walls of the city.

3. The **DRAPERS**, by Henry the Sixth (1439), governed by a master, four wardens, and a court of assistants. Their hall is situated in Throgmorton-street.

4. The **FISHMONGERS**, by Henry the Eighth (1536). Their hall is in Thames-street (Upper), near to London-bridge. It consists of a prime warden and five others, a court of assistants, and a livery.

5. The **GOLDSMITHS**, in the reign of Edward the Third (1326). Their hall is in Foster-lane, Cheapside. It is governed by a prime warden, three others, and a large court of assistants.

6. The **SKINNERS**, by Edward the Third (1327). Their hall is on Dowgate-hill. It is governed by a master, four wardens, and about sixty assistants.

7. The **MERCHANT TAYLORS**, confirmed in the 28th of Edward the First, but more regularly by Edward the Fourth (1466), and re-incorporated by Henry the Seventh (1503), and governed by a master, four wardens, and about forty assistants. Their hall is in Threadneedle-street.

8. The **HABERDASHERS**, first by Henry the Sixth, (1447), and confirmed by Henry the Seventh. Their hall is in Maiden-lane, Wood-street. Governed by

a master, four wardens, and about twenty assistants; and the livery amount to about 350 persons.

9. The **SALTERS** had a livery from Richard the Second (1394), and were first regularly incorporated by Elizabeth (1558). Their hall is in Oxford-court, St. Swithin's-lane. It is governed by a master, two wardens, and assistants.

10. The **IRONMONGERS**, by Edward the Fourth (1464); confirmed by Philip and Mary (1558), by Elizabeth (1560), and by James the Second (1685). Their hall is situated on the north side of Fenchurch-street.

11. The **VINTNERS**, formerly composed of *Vintarii* and *Tabernarii*, incorporated by Edward the Third (1365); but it was not until 1437, in the reign of Henry the Sixth, that they had their charter as the master, wardens, &c. of the Mystery of Vintners. Freemen of this company may retail wine without a licence. Their hall is in Upper Thames-street, near to the Southwark-bridge. A master, three wardens, and twenty-eight assistants, govern this company.

12. The **CLOTHWORKERS**, by Edward the Sixth (1482), and got their present title from Elizabeth, whose charter was again confirmed by Charles the First (1634). Their hall is on the east side of Mincing-lane. A master, four wardens, and about forty assistants, govern this company.—This is the last of the Twelve.

13. The **DYERS**, said to have been one of the twelve, was incorporated by Edward the Fourth

(1472). Their hall is in Great Elbow-lane, Dowgate-hill.

14. The **BREWERS**, by Henry the Sixth (1438), and confirmed by Edward the Fourth, with a power to make by-laws. Their hall is on the north side of Addle-street. The patrons of this company were—The Blessed Virgin, and St. Thomas-à-Beckett, whose arms were incorporated with theirs; but Henry the Eighth having unsainted Thomas, he granted the brewers a new crest.

15. The **LEATHER-SELLERS**.—Stow states their incorporation to be in the 21st of Richard the Second, yet Maitland states it to have been by charter of Henry the Sixth, in 1442. Henry the Seventh empowered the company to inspect all leather made of sheep, lamb, and calf skins. Their hall, which was in St. Helen's, Bishopsgate-street, was pulled down about thirty-four years ago, and their meetings are now held in an ancient building in Little St. Helen's.

16. The **PEWTERERS**, by Edward the Fourth (1474). The wardens are empowered to inspect all articles made of pewter. Their hall is in Lime-street.

17. The **BARBERS** received their first charter from Edward the Fourth (24th Feb. 1641-2); they were then styled Barber Surgeons, as the two arts were practised by the same person. In 1745 the barbers were formed into a separate company. Their hall, which is a very handsome building, is founded partly on the ancient wall on the west side of Monkwell-

street, and adorned with some very fine paintings, &c.

18. The **CUTLERS**, by Henry the Fifth (1417). Their hall is in Cloak-lane. In this is a portrait of Mrs. Crawthorne, who bequeathed the Belle Sauvage Inn, in trust, to this company, for charitable purposes.

19. The **BAKERS**, originally distinguished by White Bakers and Brown Bakers: the first, who made the wheaten bread, were incorporated by Edward the Second (about 1307); the second, who made the brown bread, by James the First (1621). Their hall is in Harp-lane.

20. The **WAX-CHANDLERS**, by Richard the Third (1483). Their hall is in Maiden-lane, Wood-street.

21. The **TALLOW-CHANDLERS**, by Edward the Fourth (1460), and confirmed by James the First. Elizabeth, about 1576, empowered the master and wardens to be searchers, &c. of all vinegar, soap, butter, oil, hops, &c.; but, the city opposing the execution of this, it has been abrogated. Their hall is on Dowgate-hill, on the west side.

22. The **ARMOURERS** and **BRAZIERS** (originally named Armourers only), by Henry the Sixth (1423). Their hall is in Coleman-street, at the north end.

23. The **GIRDERS**, by Henry the Sixth (1449), and by Elizabeth, along with the "**PINNERS** and **WIRE-DRAWERS**," in October, 1568. Their hall is in Basinghall-street.

24. The **BUTCHERS** is very ancient, being fined as “adulterine” in the 26th of Henry the Second. Their old hall was in Butcherhall-lane; their present one is in Pudding-lane.

25. The **SADDLERS** existed as a company in the reign of Richard the Lion-hearted, but were only legally incorporated in the time of Edward the First. Their hall is in a small court between Foster and Gutter Lanes, Cheapside.

26. The **CARPENTERS**, by Edward the Third (1344), and reincorporated by Edward the Fourth (July, 1478). Their hall, now let as a carpet warehouse, is in London-wall.

27. The **CORDWAINERS**, by Henry the Fourth (1410), as the “Cordwainers and Cobblers,” but afterwards as Cordwainers alone. Their hall is in Distaff-lane.

28. The **PAINTER STAINERS**, by Elizabeth (1582); and James the First passed an act that no *plasterer* should practise painting in the city unless he had served, or was serving, a seven years’ apprenticeship to the “trade.” Their hall is on the west side of Trinity-lane, and contains a great number of fine paintings by some of the first masters.

28. The **CURRIERS**, by James the First (1605). Their hall, which was “new built and glassed” in 1670, is situated in a small court on the south side of London-wall.

30. The **MASONS**, by Henry the Fourth, under the title of Free Masons, but in the charter of

Charles the Second (1677) styled "Masons" only. Their hall is in Masons'-alley, Basinghall-street, but it is now let as a carpet warehouse.

31. The **PLUMBERS**, incorporated in 1611: their old hall was in Anchor-lane; their present hall is in Great Bush-lane, Cannon-street.

32. The **INNOLDERS**, incorporated by Henry the Eighth (1515), and they are governed by a master, three wardens, and twenty assistants, and have a livery of 139 members, whose fine upon admission is £10. Their hall, which is a convenient and handsome building, is situated in Elbow-lane.

33. The **FOUNDERS**, by James the First (1614); and all brass weights made within three miles round London must be stamped with their mark. Their hall is in a court in Lothbury, and has been long let to a congregation of Protestant Dissenters.

34. The **POULTERERS**, incorporated in 1504. They have no hall, although they have a livery.

35. The **COOKS**, in the year 1480, and had confirmatory charters from Elizabeth and James the First. Their hall, which stood nearly opposite to Little Britain, in Aldersgate-street, being burnt down about forty years ago, the site has been occupied by other houses.

36. The **COOPERS**, by Henry the Seventh (1501), and, by the 28th of Henry the Eighth, empowered to 'search and gauge' all barrels, &c. made for the sale of ale, beer, &c. in London, and two miles round, and that no brewer shall expose to sale any

barrel, &c. until marked by the Coopers, or forfeit for each 3s. 4d. Their hall is on the west side of Basinghall-street, and in it, for several years past, the State Lottery has been drawn.

37. The TYLERS and BRICKLAYERS, in the year 1568. Bricklayers-hall is in a court on the south side of Leadenhall-street; it was built, in 1627, of timber, lath, and plaster, and has been long deserted by the company, and is now a Jews' synagogue.

38. The BOWYERS, in the 18th of James the First, when bows were of little use, fire-arms being introduced. They have a livery, but no hall.

39. The FLETCHERS (from *fleche*, an arrow) is only a prescriptive company, although possessing both arms and a livery. They had formerly a hall in St. Mary-Axe.

40. The BLACKSMITHS, by Elizabeth, in 1571, and confirmed by James the First. Their hall, which has been long unoccupied, stands on the west side of Lambert-hill, and is fast hastening to decay.

41. The JOINERS, by Elizabeth (1569), as "the faculty of the Joiners and Cielers of London." Although they at present have no hall, they had one destroyed in the great fire; and another, which lately stood on the east side of Joiners'-buildings, Upper Thames-street, met with the same fate in December, 1811.

42. The WEAVERS, or *Fellarii*, existed as a guild in the reign of Henry the First, who received of them an annual rent of £16. Henry the Second

confirmed their franchises in his thirty-first year; but the jealousy of their rights causing many disputes, this company was, by an act of the 7th of Henry the Fourth, put under the governance of the city magistracy, who have since regulated the concerns of this trade. Their hall is on the east side of Basinghall-street.

43. The **WOOLMEN**, only by prescription, and have neither hall nor livery.

44. The **SCRIVENERS** (originally styled "the Writers of the Court Letters of the City of London"), by James the First (1616). They had a hall in Noble-street, but necessity reduced them to dispose of it to the coachmakers.

45. The **FRUITERERS**, in 1605: they have a livery, but they have no hall.

46. The **PLASTERERS**, by Henry the Seventh (1501); confirmed by Charles the Second (1667). By an act of common-council in the 6th of William and Mary, no person can exercise the trade without being free of this company. Their hall is in Addle-street, north side; and, being latterly occupied as a dancing-room, &c. has lost much of its decoration.

47. The **STATIONERS**, on the 4th of May, 1556, in the reign of Philip and Mary, confirmed by Elizabeth, and by an act in the time of William and Mary. They had their livery in the 2d of Elizabeth. James the First granted them the right of printing "Prymers, Psalters, and Psalms," and "all manner of Almanackes and Prognostycacions," and "Books and

Pamphlets tendyng to the same purpose." Their right was tried by Mr. Thos. Carnan, bookseller, early in the reign of George the Third, and the monopoly of almanacks was dispelled. Every book or pamphlet published must be entered at their hall in Ludgate-hill, and eleven copies of the work left there, which gives a security against piracy under certain penalties. The hall is handsome, and contains some good paintings.

48. The EMBROIDERERS, by Elizabeth (1561). Their hall is in a court on the north side of Gutter-lane, Cheapside, but is now rented by a merchant.

49. The UPHOLDERS, by Charles the First (1627), and the

50. MUSICIANS, by James the First (1604): both of these have a livery, but no hall.

51. The TURNERS, by James the First. They have a livery, and a small hall on College-hill.

52. The BASKET-MAKERS, only by prescription, and have neither livery nor hall.

53. The GLAZIERS, by Charles the First. They have a livery, but no hall since the fire of 1666.

54. The HORNERS, in 1638, but they have no livery nor hall.

55. The FARRIERS, in 1673. They have a livery, but no hall.

56. The PAVIORS are a company by prescription, yet have neither a livery nor a hall.

57. The **LORINERS** or *Lorimers*, makers of spurs, &c., by Queen Anne, in 1712. They have a livery, but no hall.

58. The **APOTHECARIES**, originally with the **GROCCERS**, in 1606 ; but, eleven years afterwards, James the First granted them a distinct charter: its members are exempted from all ward and parish offices. Their hall is in Water-lane, Blackfriars, and contains some fine paintings ; there are also laboratories for preparing medicine, drugs, &c., which are sold, as warranted genuine, to the public, and to the profession.

59. The **SHIPWRIGHTS**, by James the First (1605) ; admitted to a livery in 1782. They had a hall at Ratcliffe-cross, but it has been pulled down, and not rebuilt.

60. The **SPECTACLE-MAKERS**, in 1630 ; but they have neither livery nor a hall.

61. The **CLOCK-MAKERS**, in 1632. They have a livery, and no hall.

62. The **GLOVERS**, in 1638, and have a livery ; but their hall, then in Beech-lane, Barbican, having fallen into decay, has been converted into tenements.

63. The **COMB-MAKERS**, in 1636 ; but have neither livery nor hall.

64. The **FELT-MAKERS**, or *Hat-makers*, were formerly incorporated with the **HABERDASHERS** ; but James the First, in 1604, gave them a separate charter : they have a livery, but no hall.

65. The **FRAME-WORK-KNITTERS**, in 1663. They have a livery, but no hall.

66. The **SILK-THROWERS**, or *Throwsters*, in 1630. No hall nor livery.

67. The **SILKMEN**, in 1631 ; but have neither hall nor livery.

68. The **PIN-MAKERS**, in 1636. They have no livery, but have a hall in Pinner's-court, Old Broad-street, long rented by a congregation of Protestant Dissenters.

69. The **NEEDLE-MAKERS**, by Oliver Cromwell, in 1656. They have a livery, but no hall.

70. The **GARDENERS**, in 1616 ; but have neither hall nor livery.

71. The **SOAP-MAKERS**, in 1638, and have neither hall nor livery.

72. The **TIN-PLATE-WORKERS**, in 1670, and have neither hall nor livery.

73. The **WHEELWRIGHTS**, in 1670, and have a livery, but no hall.

74. The **DISTILLERS**, in 1638, and have a livery, but no hall.

75. The **HAT-BAND-MAKERS**, in 1638, but have neither livery nor hall.

76. The **PATTEN-MAKERS**, in 1670. They have a livery, but no hall.

77. The GLASS-SELLERS, in 1664, and have a livery, but no hall.

78. The TOBACCO-PIPE-MAKERS of LONDON and WESTMINSTER, in 1663; but have neither hall nor livery.

79. The COACH and HARNESS-MAKERS, in 1671, and have a livery, and the hall in Noble-street, purchased of the Scriveners, and now rented to various persons.

80. The GUN-MAKERS, in 1638; but have neither hall nor livery.

81. The GOLD and SILVER-WIRE-DRAWERS, in 1623, and re-incorporated in 1693.

82. The LONG-BOW STRING-MAKERS are a company by prescription only.

83. The CARD-MAKERS, in 1629.

84. The FAN-MAKERS of LONDON and WESTMINSTER, in 1709.

85. The WOODMONGERS, in 1606.

86. The STARCH-MAKERS, in 1662.

87. The FISHERMEN, in 1687; but neither of these eight last have hall or livery.

88. The PARISH CLERKS, by Henry the Third, as the fraternity of St. Nicholas, but were dissolved in the time of Edward the Sixth. James the First re-incorporated them in 1611, and Charles the First confirmed the grant in 1636. It includes all the clerks in the parishes within the bills of mortality,

which they have the privilege of printing. Their hall is an old building, on the west side of Wood-street, and lately occupied by a whalebone-cutter, excepting one room, in which the company occasionally meet on business, or to improve their voices.—Clerkenwell derives its name from this ancient fraternity annually performing “Scriptural Dramas,” in the open air, near to the well, which still exists at the bottom of the Green, to the right.

89. The CARMEN, made a fellowship of the city, by an act of the common-council, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, joined with the JEWELLERS in 1606, and named Woodmongers; but the latter having thrown up their charter in 1668, the Carmen were re-constituted by the common-council, and the regulation of the body vested, by act of Parliament, in the 13th of George the Second, in the city magistrates.

90. The PORTERS, commonly styled *Fellowship Porters*, were constituted by the common-council in 1646. There are *Tackle Porters* and *Ticket Porters*: the former must be freemen, and appointed by the twelve principal companies; and each person must give bond, with four sureties, for £500, to make good losses by damage or otherwise; the latter must also be freemen, and give bond, with two sureties, for £100, to the corporation, by whom they are appointed. These work under the Tackle Porters, and wear a ‘metal badge, with his name and number.’ An alderman, named by the court, is the governor, and his decision of matters between them is

final. Their hall is on St. Mary's-hill, near Billingsgate.

91. The WATERMEN'S COMPANY, though last in order of precedency, was incorporated by Parliament in 1556, when it was decreed, that their wherries should be twelve feet and a half long, and four feet and a half broad in the midship, or be liable to forfeiture. The act of the 34th of George the Third confirmed the regulation of this body to the city magistrates; and any impropriety of conduct exhibited between Windsor and Gravesend, on the river, or at any of the plying-places, is punishable by fine or imprisonment. No apprentice to a waterman to have the sole care of a boat until he is seventeen; but, if his son, at sixteen; penalty, 10s. There are about 12,000 generally belonging to the company, 2000 of whom are non-freemen, and 2000 apprentices; and, by an act of William and Mary, the Lords of the Admiralty have power to apply for a certain number, when they have occasion for their assistance in the navy. Their hall is situated, also, on St. Mary's-hill, Billingsgate.

ANECDOTES

CONNECTED WITH

TAVERNS, COFFEE-HOUSES, CLUBS, &c.

A MAN HUNG FOR LEAVING HIS LIQUOR :

Origin of the Saying.

STOW mentions a custom which prevailed at the hospital of Matilda, at St Giles's, by which "the prisoners conveyed from the city of London towards *Teybourne*, there to be executed for treasons, felonies, and other trespasses, were presented with a *great bowl of ale*, thereof to drink at their pleasure, as to be their last refreshing in this life." I believe it was from the circumstance of a malefactor's refusing to partake of this farewell draught, whereby he reached Tyburn sooner than was usual, and just time enough to get hung before a reprieve, which had been sent after him, arrived: hence he was said to have been "*hung for leaving his liquor.*"

The Harleian MSS. give another illustration, but not quite so satisfactory:—"At Puxley-green, near Stoney-Stratford, but in Northamptonshire, near Whetlewood-forest, here was an ale-house kept by Jane Tompson; there met a company together, and, drinking healths, one of the company refused to drink off his mug or glass, upon which one said, that man was to be hanged that refused to drink off his cup: so they agreed together, that one was to be

judge, another sheriff, and the others to be of the jury, and whoever refused was to be tried; and one refused, and they brought him in guilty. After that they got a cord and hanged up the man that refused to drink; and the woman came in and said they would spoyle her cord, and cut the cord and let him down, else he had died. Afterwards they appeared, being indited at the assizes: the judge called one ‘Brother Judge,’ a miller, of Parksonham, who was one of the company, named Percivall; therefore, to this day, it is called *Puxley law*, if a man refuse to drink off his glass.”

ADVICE TO TAPSTERS IN GENERAL.

Ye tapsters, who’re wont to draw porter or ale,
And would probably wish to draw more,
You may hear of a plan, from a very short tale,
Which, ’t is likely, you ne’er heard before:—

Giles Trickham, an hostler, the world did begin,
Till, on strength of each traveller’s bounty,
He set up a pot-house, and there he laid in,
I think, the worst ale in the county.

Giles’ maxim was this;—if his profits were great,
The sooner he ’d taste the world’s pleasures:
And hence, like some other wise men in the state,
He would oftentimes deal in *half-measures*!

To a customer once, as conversing they stood,
Giles bragg’d (for he always would speak
Of his trade in the handsomest terms that he could)
That he drew his three hogsheds a week.

“ That’s a vast deal indeed,” quoth the other; “ yet, still,

As you do n’t seem a man to mind trouble,
I’m certain of this, that you may, if you will,
Draw nearly that quantity double.”

“ I suppose,” replied Giles, with a wink of his eye,

“ That you mean me to mix certain drugs
To make people drink.”—“ Why no, truly, not I;
What I meant was, by *filling your mugs!*”

BURTON ALE AND DR. FISCHER.

When the Austrian archdukes passed through Burton, Dr. Fischer, who feels the pulses of their royal highnesses at every stage, inquired of an innkeeper, what the town of Burton was celebrated for: “ The strength of its ale,” replied Boniface; “ Ha, ha!” said the doctor, “ all ting in England, long and strong, trink, trink, trink! Ve foreigner need *strong constitution* to stay long at von place, and *long purse* to go to another.”

DR. RADCLIFFE.

This celebrated *bon-vivant* was not on friendly terms with Lord Chief Justice Holt; notwithstanding, he attended the lady of the judge, during a severe illness, with more assiduity than was customary with him. On some of his bottle companions expressing their surprise at this, the doctor replied, “ That he knew the judge hated his wife; therefore he was determined to keep her alive, in order to plague him.”

POLITENESS AND RUDENESS.

Mr. Hayman, who well merited the title of *bear*, was in the habit of associating with the *polite* Carlini, who always insisted on seeing him home from the Turk's Head, in Gerrard-street, Soho-square. On parting at Hayman's door, his usual manner of thanking his escort was, "There, Mr. Carlini, now you may go and be d——d; good night." To which the polite foreigner always replied, "Tankee, Mr. Hayman," made his bow, and retired.

INFLUENCE OF GROC.

In the Indian campaign of 1756, when Admiral Watson and Colonel Clide were advancing to retake Calcutta, they were interrupted by a pretty strong fort; and, being defended by eighteen cannon, with possession of forty barrels of gunpowder, it was necessary to reduce it before they advanced farther. A sailor, named Strachan, strolling insensibly near to the fort, and suddenly scaling the breach, found himself surrounded by several of the garrison; on which he drew his cutlass, exclaiming, "The place is our's!" He defended himself until some of his comrades, hearing his shouts, joined him, and rushed in and carried all before them. The admiral called Strachan to account for his acting without orders; upon which he rather sulkily replied, "That if there was any harm in what he had done, and he should be flogged, he never would take another fort *by himself* again in his life." This reply disarmed the admiral.

A SIMPLE WAITER.

A veteran who had lost an eye in the service of his country supplied the deficiency of appearance by a *glass* one. When undressing at an inn, he gave it to a simple lad who was waiting upon him, desiring him to lay it upon the table. This done, the simpleton continued waiting, when the officer asked, "What the devil do you wait for now?"—"Only for the *other* eye, sir!"

TOAST AT A COUNTRY CLUB.

The clerk of a country club, who was a school-master, being called on to give a toast, produced the following:—"Addition to the friends of Old England, Subtraction to her wants, Multiplication of her blessings, Division among her foes, and Reduction of her debts and taxes."

BILLS AND ACCEPTANCES.

Two city merchants conversing upon business at the door of the New-York Coffee-house, one of them made some remarks on the badness of the times; and perceiving, at the moment, a flock of pigeons passing over their heads, he exclaimed, "How happy are these pigeons! they have no acceptances to provide for." To which the other replied, "You are rather in error, my friend, for *they* have their **BILLS** to provide for as well as we!"

RESIGNATION.

Beau Nash and Hayman, after enjoying themselves at a tavern, were endeavouring to get home as well as they could; but, Nash having fallen into

the kennel, his friend Hayman could do no less than essay to get him on his legs again. In the attempt he found himself prostrate beside him, for which Nash consoled his friend by muttering out, "What's the use of troubling yourself: the watch will come by soon, and they will pick us *both* up?"

LAUGH FOR LAUGH.

The celebrated Selden relates a story of a blind fiddler, who, in performing before a large company, was much laughed at on account of his sorry scraping: the boy who led him perceiving this, said, "Father, let us be gone; they do nothing but laugh at us:" to which the cautious musician replied, "Hold thy peace, boy: by and by we shall have their money, and then we shall laugh at them!"

COSWAY AND HAYMAN; OR, THE MONKEY AND THE BEAR.

Cosway, whose dress and manners were very different from those of Hayman, having been at court one day, came to the club which was held at the Turk's Head, Gerrard-street, in the evening, dressed in red-heeled shoes, and otherwise *a la macaroni*. The room being full, he could not get seated: "Canst thou find no room?" said Hayman, sneeringly; "come hither, my little Jack-a-dandy, and sit upon my knee, my little monkey."—"If I did," returns Cosway, "it would not be the first time that the *monkey* has rode the *bear*."

DAUCOURT,

The playwright, when he gave a new piece, and it did not '*take*,' consoled himself by supping and

spending the evening, with a few friends, at the sign of the Bagpipes. After the rehearsal of a comedy, to be performed for the first time that evening, he inquired of one of his daughters, under ten years of age, what opinion she had formed of it. She shook her head, and said, "Ah, father! you will go and sup to-night at the *Bagpipes*."

BOTTLE CIRCULATING QUICKLY.

At a dinner-party, of which Hugh Boyd was one, the company, having drank rather too freely, came to high words, and one threw a decanter at the head of a person, which Hugh parried off very dexterously with his hand, observing, at the same time, "That if the bottle should continue to fly about so *rapidly*, not one of them would be able to keep it up for the evening."

ENIGMA ON A CORKSCREW.

Though I, alas! a pris'ner be,
My trade is others to set free:
No slave his lord's behest obeys
With such *insinuating* ways.
My genius, piercing, sharp, and bright,
Wherein the men of *wit* delight.
The clergy keep me for their ease,
And turn and wind me as they please.
A new and wondrous art I show,
Of raising *spirits* from below;
In *scarlet* some, and some in *white*,
They rise, walk round, yet ne'er *affright*.
In at each mouth the spirits pass.
Distinctly seen, as through a glass;

O'er head and body make a rout,
 And drive, at last, all secrets out;
 And still, the more I show my art,
 The more they open every heart.
 Although I'm often out of *case*,
 I'm not asham'd to show my face;
 And the plain squire, when dinner's done,
 Is never pleas'd till I make one.
 I twice a day a hunting go,
 Nor ever fail to seize my foe;
 And, when I have him by the poll,
 I drag him upwards from his hole;
 Though some are of so stubborn kind,
 I'm forc'd to leave a limb behind.
 I hourly wait some fatal end,
 For I can *break*, but never *bend*.

BEAR AND STEAK.

Wilkes happening to meet with a friend in the city, they went into Dolly's Chop-house; and, being seated near to a purse-proud citizen, they were much annoyed by his bawling for his steak. In order to divert the attention of the cit for a little, Mr. Wilkes endeavoured to commence a dialogue with him, but was answered in such a surly manner that made him decline farther communication with him. On the steak being brought in, Mr. W. remarked to his friend, "That there was a difference between the city and the bear-garden; for there the *bear* was brought to the *stake*, but here the *steak* was brought to the *bear*."

RETALIATION: A JOKE FOR JOKE.

In the days of Charles the Second it was a custom, on the health of a lady being drunk, for the gentleman to throw some part of his dress into the fire; and the example was followed by each gentleman present parting with the same article. Sir Charles Sedley being at a tavern with several friends, one of them observing a rich lace cravat round the neck of Sir Charles, on giving a toast, after dinner, threw his own cravat into the fire, in honour of the lady he named; and the others were compelled to do the like. Sir Charles remarked that it was a good joke, but he promised that he should have his joke in turn, and was not long without the opportunity; for, meeting with the same party at dinner, as soon as the cloth was drawn, he called the waiter and desired him to send for a tooth-drawer, and, having given the health of Nell Gwynne, he had a decayed tooth extracted and thrown into the fire. The others reluctantly complied, begging to be excused, but Sir Charles was inexorable, exhorting them respectively to patience under their suffering, for it was only his joke in turn.

HUNGER THE MOTHER OF INVENTION.

The late Duke of Chandos having engaged Dr. Arne, and several other musical performers, to assist at an oratorio in the chapel of Whitchurch, such numbers had come to Cannons, the seat of the duke, that they could not procure any provisions from the house. The doctor and his party repaired to the inn at Edgware, where they found only a solitary

leg of mutton on the spit at the kitchen fire, and *that* was bespoke by a party of gentlemen. The doctor, rubbing his elbow, said to the narrator, "I'll have that mutton; give me a fiddle-string." Having got one, he cut it in small pieces, and, slyly sprinkling it over the mutton, left the kitchen, and waited patiently till the waiter served it up; when he heard one of the party exclaim, "Waiter, this meat is *full of maggots!* take it away." The doctor, waiting the expected opportunity, called to the waiter to bring it to him; who answered, "O, Sir, you can't eat it, for it is full of maggots!"—"Oh, never mind; *fiddlers have strong stomachs!*" replied the doctor: so, bearing it off, he scraped away the *supposed* maggots, and they dined heartily on the mutton.

A landlord, who boasted much of the goodness of his ale, being requested by a traveller to warm a pot for him, took the liberty of passing a curse on the *stomach* that would not warm the ale; which was met by a rejoinder from the traveller, cursing "*the ale that would not warm the stomach* "

WINE AND WALNUTS.

Wine and Walnuts, I own, are a feast quite divine,
When your walnuts are good, and well-flavour'd
your wine;
But the trash which you give us is truly infernal,
For your wine has no spirit—your walnuts no kernel!

GALLOPPERS AND TROTTERS.

Bannister happening to meet a young gentleman in company who had taken more than he could

well carry, and who had, in consequence, remarked upon his own folly, in spending a fortune which his father, a tripe-man, in Clare-market, had left him, Charles inquired how he had spent the money, and was answered, that he had got rid of it by horse-racing. "Never mind," says Charles, "you have lost that by *galloppers* which your father gained by *trotters*."

A HARD PUN.

A late Lord Chancellor, going to attend at a public dinner at a city tavern, stumbled on going up stairs. His successor, being in company, rendered him assistance, else he might have reached the bottom of the staircase. On recovering his equilibrium he remarked, "My Lord, we have tried many *hard cases*, but I find this staircase the *hardest* of all!"

QUANTITY OF WINE.

A late Baron of the Exchequer being of a party where the merits of wine was the subject of discussion, one observed to him, that a *certain quantity* did a person no harm. This his lordship admitted, but added, "That it was the *uncertain* quantity that did all the mischief."

EPITAPH ON AN INNKEEPER AT EXON.

Life's an Inn—my house will show it,—
I *thought* so once, but now I *know* it.
Man's life is but a winter's day :
Some only *breakfast* and decay ;
Others to *dinner* stay, and are full fed ;
The oldest man but *supps*, and then to *bed*.
Large is his debt who lingers out the day !
He who goes *soonest* has the least to pay.

EPITAPH ON THOMAS THATCHER,

On a Tombstone in Winchester Cathedral Churchyard.

Here sleeps in peace a Hampshire grenadier,
Who caught his death by drinking cold small-beer ;
Soldiers, be warn'd by his untimely fall,
And, when you 're hot, drink *strong*, or none at all.

Added by Dr. Warton :—

An honest soldier never is forgot,
Whether he die by musket or by pot.

DR. JOHNSON'S APPROPRIATION OF CLARET, PORT,
AND BRANDY.

The biographer of the doctor has said, "that many a day he fasted, many years he abstained from wine; but when he did eat, it was voraciously, and when he drank, it was copiously. As a proof that he was not insensible to the relative effects of liquors, he thus apportioned them:—claret for boys, port for men, and brandy for heroes. Burke, when he heard the doctor thus decide, said, 'Then let me have claret: I love to be a boy—to have the careless gaiety of boyish days.' 'I should like to drink claret too,' replied Johnson, 'if it would give me that; but it does not—it neither makes boys men, nor men boys. You and I would be drowned in claret, before it would have any effect on us.'"

RHYMING HOST AT STRATFORD.

At the Swan Tavern, kept by Lound,
The best accommodation's found—

Wine, spirits, porter, bottled beer,
You'll find in high perfection here.
If, in the garden with your lass,
You feel inclin'd to take a glass,
There tea and coffee, of the best,
Provided is for every guest ;
And, females not to drive from hence,
His charge is only fifteen pence.
Or, if dispos'd a pipe to smoke,
To sing a song, or crack a joke,
You may repair across the green,
Where naught is heard, though much is seen :
There laugh, and drink, and smoke away,
And but a mod'rate reck'ning pay,—
Which is a most important object,
To every loyal British subject.

In short,

The best accommodation's found,
By those who deign to visit Lound.

ALE, BY THE POUND, IN OXFORD.

An Oxford publican, who lived near the Pound, humorously had put over his door, "Ale sold by the Pound." His ale and wit being alike pithy, the young Oxonians were often induced to remain there beyond the college hours. On this account, one of the Proctors besought the Vice-Chancellor to deprive the *seller by the Pound* of his license; and Boniface was summoned before his Honour. As soon as he came into the presence, he began spitting about the room. Mr. Vice asked what he meant by such conduct; and was answered, that he came there on purpose to *clear* himself.—Vice. "I am

informed that you sell your ale by the pound (meaning weight)." "No, ant please your worship."—Vice. "How do you, then?" "Very well, I thank you, Sir." These replies exciting the risibility of the Vice, he bade Boniface "Get away, for a rascal: I shall say no more to you at present." On crossing the quadrangle, Mr. Boniface met the Proctor who had informed against him, and told him that the Vice wanted to speak to him; and, having accompanied the informer into the presence, he addressed the Vice, saying, "Here he is, Sir—here he is."—"Who, Sir?"—"Why, Sir, the rascal. You sent me for one, and I have brought you the *greatest* one I know of."

RATHER GIVE THAN RECEIVE.

A hamper I receiv'd of wine,
 "As good," Tom says, "as e'er was tasted;"
 And Tom may be suppos'd to know;
 For he contriv'd his matters so,
 As every day with me to dine—
 Much longer than the liquor lasted.
 If such are *presents*—while I live,
 Oh! let me not *receive*, but *give*.

GOING AND RETURNING.

A *bon-vivant* one evening told one of his bottle companions, that he intended to leave the sum of £20, to be spent at his funeral. His companion asked, "Whether the said money was to be spent in going or returning?" and was answered, "*Going*, to be sure; for, when you *return*, you know I shan't be with you."

THE TOBACCO-PIPE.

O precious pipe, the darling of my leisure !
How I can draw and whiff thee with mouth-pleasure !
Thee, first in morning tasted, last at night,
And oft betwixt, keeps all in smoking plight.
With thee—I well enjoy the morning air ;
Without thee—find but small refreshment there :
Without thee—truly, breakfast is not food ;
Without thee—dinner is as little good ;
Without thee—afternoon is dull enough ;
Without thee—tea is poor insipid stuff ;
Without thee—ev'ning's irksome, sad, and drear ;
Without thee—supper tastes like dinner—queer ;
Without thee—bed affords scarce rest at all,
I use my pillow, but the comfort's small :—
When weary most, cast down, perplex'd, distress'd,
With thee in hand, and reach'd to mouth, I'm bless'd.
When thirsty—canst with *streams* of smoke supply ;
If hungry—thou its pangs canst pacify ;
If heated—thy fine smoke can heat appease ;
If starv'd with cold—thy soothing warmth gives ease ;
If angry—thou canst anger suffocate ;
If mirthful—thou canst make me more sedate ;
If sad—thy balmy fumes have pow'r to cheer ;
If medium-temper'd—thou canst keep me there !
O precious pipe ! thy worth what pen can name ?
Though made from clay, myself am from the same.
With thee I cannot part, until I've done
With ev'ry clay-made blessing 'neath the sun.
Thee, *fairer* than the rest, I'll still enjoy,
As long as I can clay-made lips employ ;
Then, when these fail me, I must thee resign,
And, to thy mother clay, give this of mine.

REGULATOR COACH.

A traveller in one so named, and which was not particularly fast in its movements, inquired of a gentleman, next to him, the name of the coach they were in. "The Regulator, Sir; and don't you see that it is very properly named, for *all* the others go *by* it."

THE DRUNKARD.

Bill Soaker lay stretch'd on the bed of grim death,
By brandy burnt up, and a-gasping for breath;
A friend, in great fervour, besought him to think
On his awful approach to eternity's brink.
Says Bill, "For such matters I duly have car'd,
And am for a world of *pure spirits* prepar'd!"

DEAN SWIFT AT THE SIGN OF THE THREE CROSSES.

The Dean was wont to stop at road-side public-houses, when on his pedestrian tours. While at one, known by the sign of the Three Crosses, between Dunchurch and Daventry (in allusion to three roads intersecting), he could not obtain the attention of the landlady to get him breakfast, who at last told him, "she must not leave her customers for *such as he*." Upon which, the Dean took out his diamond, and wrote, on a pane of glass,

To the Landlord.

There hang *three* crosses at thy door,—
Hang up thy wife, and she'll make *four*!

NOBLE TASTE FOR WIT.

A nobleman, eagerly listening to the witty sayings of Foote, thus expressed his gratification:—"You see, Foote, that I swallow all the good things."

“ Do you, my lord duke? then I congratulate your grace on your *digestion*; for, I believe, you never *threw up* one of them in your life.”

A JOVIAL PRIEST'S CONFESSION.

I desire to end my days in a tavern drinking;
 May some Christian hold for me the glass, when I am
 shrinking,
 That the Cherubim may cry, when they see me
 sinking,
 “ God be merciful to a soul of this gentleman's way
 of thinking!”

A PUBLICAN'S HINT TO HIS CUSTOMERS.

Hung up in the tap of a public-house, at Nottingham, a black board, spotted with briny-white tears, with this notice:—This monument is erected to the memory of Mr. Trust, who was, some time since, most shamefully and cruelly murdered by a villain, called Credit, who is prowling about, both in town and country, seeking whom he may devour.

BISHOP OF CAMBRIDGE.

This title is not limited to the wearer of lawn sleeves; for, “*apud Cantabrigiensis*,” port wine, mulled and burnt, with roasted lemons studded with cloves added to it, is dignified with the title of *bishop*:—

“ Perfum'd with Macassar or the otto of roses,
 We'll pass round the *bishop*, the spice-breathing cup,
 And take of that med'cine such wit-breeding doses,
 We'll knock down gay Bacchus, or *he* shall knock us up.”

IN HEALTH, YET OUT OF ORDER.

A gentleman, of the sister country, being at a public meeting at the City of London Tavern, in

the course of his speech made a digression or two, which caused some remarks from the company; but, still continuing wide of the subject relating to the meeting, the noble chairman at last interrupted him with, "I am very sorry, Sir; but I must say, that you are *very much out of order*."—"Oh!" replied Mr. O'L——, "you may make yourself *aisy* on that score, my lord, for *I never was in better health in all my life*."

ANOTHER GLASS, AND THEN.

A country parson, as fond of drinking as of preaching, had a clerk who often partook of a bottle along with him. Having dined with his clerk on the Saturday, Amen detained the parson longer than he intended, with "Another glass, and then." On leaving, he invited the clerk to dine with him on the Sunday, promising him a dish of which he knew him to be particularly fond. Amen was rather sparing in his breakfast, anticipating the treat he was promised; and, before the service had concluded, he turned the *hour-glass* more than once, and gave a significant look up to the parson, who now retorted Roger's answer, "*Another glass, and then*." After having sufficiently punished the expectant appetite of his "dearly-beloved Roger," he at last gave the welcome "*Amen*," which was loudly and heartily responded; and the pair retired to dinner, with what appetite they could.

PUN-CRACKING.

Two young bucks enjoying their pint of port after dinner, one of them took up a nut, and ad-

dressed his friend : “ What would this nut say, if it could speak ? ” — “ Why,” answered the other, “ it would say, *Give me none of your jaw.* ”

THE TOPER AND THE FLIES.

A group of toppers at a table sat,
With punch, that much regales the thirsty soul ;
Flies soon the party join'd, and join'd the chat,
Humming, and pitching round the mantling bowl.

At length those flies got drunk, and, for their sin,
Some hundreds lost their legs, and tumbled in ;
And, sprawling midst the gulf profound,
Like Pharaoh, and his daring host, were drown'd.

Wanting to drink, one of the men
Dipp'd from the bowl the drunken host,
And drank ; then, taking care that none were lost,
He put in every mother's son again.

Up jump'd the Bacchanalian crew, on this,
Taking it very much amiss,
Swearing, and in the attitude to strike.
“ Lord ! ” quoth the man, with gravely-lifted eyes,
“ Though I don't like to swallow flies,
I did not know but others might ! ”

OXYGEN AND HYDROGEN.

While a chymical lecturer was describing the nature of gas, a blue-stocking lady anxiously inquired of a gentleman, what he meant by *oxy-gin* and *hydro-gin*. “ Why, madam,” replied he, “ they are nearly alike ; only *oxy-gin* is *pure gin*, and *hydro-gin* is *gin and water.* ”

OLD TOPING SUSAN.

Dead-drunk old Susan oft was found ;
 But now she's laid beneath the ground,
 As door-nail dead—alas the day !
 Her nose was red, and moist her clay.
 From morn to night, of care bereft,
 She plied her glass, and wet her throttle ;
 Without a sigh her friends she left,
 But much she griev'd to leave her bottle.

A SKILFUL PACKER.

An Irish gentleman, putting up at one of the fashionable hotels, felt aggrieved at the high charge for small bottles of wine. The owner of the hotel coming into the coffee-room, when a friend was drinking a bottle with him, he thus addressed mine host:—"I beg pardon, Sir; but, as the gentleman and I have laid a wager, will you have the politeness to tell me what profession you were bred to?" "To the law," was the reply. "Well, Sir, I have lost, for I bet that you were bred a packer."—"A packer, Sir! What induced you to think so?"—"Really, Sir, I guessed so from the appearance of your wine-measures; for I thought that no one but a skilful packer could possibly put a *quart* of wine into a *pint bottle*."

ON-MR. DAY'S BILKING HIS LANDLORD.

Here Night and Day conspire a secret flight;
 For Day, 'tis said, is gone away by night.
 The Day is past; but, landlord, where's your rent?
 You might have seen that Day was almost spent.
 Day sold at length, put off whate'er he might:
 Though it was ne'er so dark, Day would be light.

WIT AND WINE.

Wine is such a whetstone for wit, that, if it be often set thereon, it will ultimately wear out the steel, and barely leave a back, where there was an edge.

JOHN STUBBS'S SIGN.

At Sevenoaks, in Kent, was a sign with the following lines, the produce of the landlord's own brains :—

I, John Stubbs, liveth here,
Sells good brandy, gin, and beer ;
I made my *borde* a little *whyder*,
To lette you *knoue* I sell good *syder*.

EPITAPH ON A DRUNKARD.

In the Cathedral of Sienna is the following memento to Italian Philpots, not less useful to our native Tobys :—

Wine gives life—it was death to me ; I could not behold the dawn of morning in a sober state ; even my bones are now thirsty. Stranger, sprinkle my grave with wine : empty the flaggons, and come.—Farewell, toppers !

A SPIRITLESS WIFE.

“ Is my wife *out of spirits* ? ” said Jack, with a sigh,
As her voice of a tempest gave warning.
“ Quite *out*, Sir, indeed,” said the maid, in reply,
“ For she emptied the bottle this morning.”

A MASK NATURAL.

A celebrated toper, intending to go to a masquerade, consulted an acquaintance in what disguise

he would advise him to go, and received for answer,
 “ Go there *sober*, for once in your life, and I shall
 undertake that not one of your friends will know
 you.”

EPITAPH ON THE WIFE OF MR. DEATH, A PUBLICAN
 IN NORFOLK.

Here lies Death's wife ; when this way next you
 tread,
 Be not surpris'd should *Death* himself be dead.

“ THE WORD ” NOT CURRENT.

A besotted fellow, in order to raise the wind for
 an additional glass, took his wife's Bible to the ale-
 house ; but the landlord would not let him have any
 more on the faith of the deposit. “ What do you
 mean ? ” said the fellow ; “ are you so unbelieving,
 that neither my word, nor the *Word of God*, will
 pass current with you ? ”

LONGFELLOW'S INN.

Tom Longfellow's name is most justly his due—
 Long his neck, long his bill, which is very long too ;
 Long the time ere your horse to the stable is led,
 Long before he's rubb'd down, and much longer till
 fed ;
 Long indeed you may sit in a comfortless room,
 Till from kitchen, long dirty, your dinner shall
 come ;
 Long the often-told tale that your host will relate,
 Long his face, while complaining how long people
 eat ;
 Long may *Longfellow* long, ere he see me again ;
 Long 'twill be ere I long for *Tom Longfellow's* inn.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

A physician, calling upon a gouty patient, was surprised to find him recovered, and a bottle of Madeira before him, which he invited the doctor to partake of, as it was the first of a pipe he had just had broached. The doctor remarked, that “these pipes were the *cause* of all his suffering.”—“Well,” replied the gay incurable, “fill up your glass: since we have now found out the *cause*, the sooner we get rid of it the better!”

BEN JONSON, AND RALPH THE WAITER.

Ben, being solicited to say grace before King James, gave the following extempore:—

Our King and Queen the Lord God bless,
The Palsgrave, and the Lady Besse;
And God bless ev’ry living thing,
That lives, and breathes, and loves the King;
God bless the Council of Estate,
And Buckingham, the fortunate;
God bless them all, and keep them safe—
And God bless me, and my friend Ralph.

His Majesty requested to know who his friend Ralph was, and was told, by Ben, that he was the *drawer* at the *Swanne* tavern, at Charing-cross, who drew him good *Canarie*.

The King presented Ben with £100 for this piece of spontaneous drollery; but we hope that this information will not excite the cupidity of the present, or future laureates, to venture upon an extemporaneous grace, lest they should fail, through their incapacity, or the defect of liberality in the party lauded.

MY LANDLADY'S NOSE.

My landlady's nose is in noble condition,
For longitude, latitude, shape, and position;
'Tis as round as a horn, and as red as a rose;
Success to the bulk of my landlady's nose!

Old Father O'Flaherty, when on the fuddle,
Pulls out a cigar, and looks up to her noddle;
For the old boy swears, when he gets a full dose,
By "Margery's firebrand," my landlady's nose.

Ye wishy-wash buttermilk-drinkers, so cold,
Come here, and the virtues of brandy behold;
There's red burning Etna—a mountain of snow,
Would be thaw'd into streams by my landlady's nose!

My landlady's nose unto me is a treasure,
A care-killing nostrum, a fountain of pleasure;
If I wish for a laugh, to discard all my woes,
I only look up to my landlady's nose.

WINE *versus* EYES.

A gentleman having experienced a benefit from following the advice of his physician, in abstaining from the use of wine, which had affected his eyesight, called on him, in order to thank him, but was surprised not to find him at home, but in a neighbouring tavern, very merry over a bottle, with a friend, notwithstanding he was labouring under the same infirmity as himself; and he expressed his astonishment that the son of Esculapius did not follow his own prescription. The doctor replied, "As you love your eyes better than wine, I advise you not to drink it; but as, you see, I love my wine better than my eyes, I do drink it."

BILL OF FARE.

Here, waiter! I'll dine in this box—
 I've look'd at your long bill of fare—
 A Pythagorean it shocks,
 To view all the rarities there.
 I'm not overburden'd with cash—
 Roast beef is the dinner for me;
 Then why should I eat calipash?
 Or why should I eat calipee?
 Your trifle's no trifle, I ween,
 To customers prudent as I am;
 Your peas in December are green,
 But I'm not so green as to buy 'em:
 With ven'son I seldom am fed—
 Go, bring me the sirloin, you ninny!
 Who dines at a guinea a head
 Will ne'er by his head win a guinea.

Horace in London.

QUID PRO QUO.

The brother of a celebrated actor, the Rev. Mr. Foote, being in a coffee-house, drinking pretty freely, and giving loose to his tongue, was reproved by one of the "Friends," who sat near him, who observed, that he was a "*scandal to his cloth.*" "No, friend," replied Foote, lifting his arm above his head, and exhibiting a rent or two; "you see that my *cloth is a scandal to me.*"

PUNNING EPITAPH ON A LANDLORD.

While fumbling round the tap-room, Death *tapp'd*
 him on the head;
 So here he lies, quite *flat* and *stale*, because, d'ye
 see, he's *dead*!

BERKSHIRE PUBLICAN.

Friend Isaac, 'tis strange you, that live so near Bray,
Should not set up the sign of the Vicar ;
Though it may be an odd one, you cannot but say
It must be the sign of good liquor.

Reply.

Indeed, Mister Poet, your reason's but poor ;
For the Vicar would think it a sin,
To stand, like a booby, and stare at the door,
'Twere a sign of bad liquor within !

COFFEE-HOUSE BETS.

A gentleman betted twenty guineas, at a coffee-house in the city, that he would walk along Brokers'-row, in Moorfields, without being solicited either to look at or buy a single article ; and made the same bet that he would, immediately after, go over the same ground, and receive an invitation from every trader in " household goods." To win the first wager, he assumed the appearance of a tax-gatherer, with book open, pen in hand, and ink-horn at button-hole ; all shunned and shrunk from him ; and he, consequently, won this bet. He then resumed his former character, and, taking a young lady with him who had a matrimonial appearance, recent or intended, he was saluted by every dealer in chips, and again won the wager.

ADVICE RESPECTING CHAMBERMAIDS.

Oh, let not your passion for Betty, the maid,
E'er cover your cheeks with a blush !
When beauty ennobles, immediately fade
Birth, parentage, duster, and brush.

How many, like you, Sir, have stoop'd for a prize,
 When they thought a cook's figure bewitching! ·
 Or, feeling the force of a housekeeper's eyes,
 Have married the maid of the kitchen!

Then let not your pride from her presence recoil—
 Her smiles all impediments soften;
 And who is more likely to make the pot boil
 Than she, who has boil'd it so often!

Her pedigree, too, may, for aught that you know,
 Be worthy your tenderest love;
 Then raise her at once, from the regions below,
 To shine in the regions above.

GUN NOT CHARGED GOING OFF.

A person went into the shop of a gunsmith, and examined several fowling-pieces, but fixed his attention at last upon a very curious one. The vendor not liking the appearance of his customer, desired him to take care of it, and replace it where he had taken it from. "Why," says the person, "the piece is not charged, and so there is no danger of its going off."—"Yea," replied the vendor, for I had such another in my possession but yesterday, which was stolen from me; so you see that a fowling-piece *may go off* uncharged."

THE BARBER'S SIGN.

In the London-road, there was formerly a sign, representing Absalom hanging on a tree, with these lines.—

Oh, Absalom! my son, my son,
 If thou hadst worn a wig,
 Thou hadst not been undone!

CURRAN'S OPINION OF PUNCH.

Curran attributes the first impulse of his genius to the inspiration of punch. His first effort to speak in public was at a debating society, where his friend, Mr. Apjohn, finding him fail completely, advised him to aspire no higher than a chamber-counsel, as nature seemed not to have intended him for an orator.

ORIGIN OF "BUMPER."

At the time when the English folks were good Catholics, it was customary to drink the health of the Pope out of a full glass, in French *au bon père*, which has been transformed into the English *bumper*.

In the midland counties any thing large is called a bumper: a jolly-sized girl, a bumping lass; an unpolished huge rustic, a bumpkin; and the transition is easy in naming a large glass, filled to the brim, a bumper.

THE RAPID FORTUNE.

Says Tom to Dick, "Your thrifty sire, in trade,
For your dear sake, a rapid fortune made;
You drank, wench'd, gambled, mortgag'd house
and land,
And from the turf to gaol drove four in hand."
"Have done," says Dick, "nor with your *gammon*
stun me:
My fortune was so *rapid*, it *outrun* me."

A BUTT, OR STAVE.

A youth being hardly pressed to sing in a company where Mr. Colman formed one of the party,

solemnly assured the company that he could not gratify them; and at last, rather testily, added, "that they were only wishing to make a *butt* of him." "O, no," says Colman; "my good Sir, we only want to get a *stave* out of you."

THE KISS-CARRIER.

A young girl running after her, ass, which was hastening homewards, met a gentleman on the road, who inquired of her about one of her companions, when he received a satisfactory answer. "Be so good," says he, "as to carry a kiss to her from me, while he attempted to salute her;" but she evaded his grasp, and accosted him sarcastically,—“Why then, Sir, since you seem to be in such a hurry, had you not better kiss my ass, for you see she will be into town before me.”

SHUTER AND GARRICK.

Ned Shuter being one night exceedingly merry at the Bedford Coffee-house, a conversation ensued upon the merits of Garrick, as an actor, which they all agreed were very great; but some one remarking that it was somewhat extraordinary, that, being so great an actor himself, he happened to be very unlucky in his pupils,—“Why, so it is,” says Ned; “though the *little* one is a *great* one, he is something like the famed running-horse, Childers, who, though the *best* racing-horse in England, could never get a colt.”

WATER-DRINKER.

The late Earl of Kelly, who was not one of the most abstemious, was advised by his mother to copy

the example of a person, who enjoyed sound health by living upon herbs and drinking nothing stronger than water. His lordship replied by begging to be excused imitating a person who ate like an *ass*, and drank like a *fish*.

ORIGIN OF THE SAYING, "UNDER THE ROSE."

It is stated, that roses were first brought to England in the year 1522, but were not very plentiful for some considerable time afterwards. The Pope, in the year 1526, gave orders that one or more should be placed over the confessionals in the abbeys and churches, where the "workers of iniquity" went to confess their sins to the priest: hence they were said to confess "*under the rose*."

HOGARTH A GRECIAN.

The celebrated Hogarth seems to have embraced every opportunity of exhibiting his talent for wit. Having to invite a party to dine with him at the Mitre Tavern, he engraved a card, on which was represented, within a circle, a *pie*, with a *mitre* at the top, and the supporters, dexter and sinister, a *knife* and *fork*; and underneath, in Greek characters, the motto, "*Eta beta pi*."

HALF-PRIMED.

Mr. Colman being one of a convivial party, and having, as he thought, as much as he could conveniently carry, was about to leave, when the host strongly pressed him to remain, as he appeared as yet not half-primed. "Not half-primed!" replied the wit; I am both *loaded* and *primed*, and if you wait but an instant you shall see me *go off*."

BACCHANALS.

A publican, accustomed to the unseemly practice of blowing the froth off a pot of porter, on bringing one to a customer, received what is classically termed "a douse in the chops." On Mr. Boniface's demanding a reason for such a compliment, he was answered, "that he had only received *blow* for *blow*."

FAR GONE.

A party dining at a tavern, most of them got top heavy, and on leaving the house two of them missed their footing, and rolled down stairs. The one happened to stop at the first landing-place, while the other went to the ground floor. On some of them coming down to assist, the first one observed, that he was *dead drunk*. "Allowed," says a wag; "but yet he is not so *far gone* as the gentleman below."

WINE AND WIT.

Dr. Busby, while master of Westminster School, invited the father of one of the boys, who came to see him, to take a glass of wine with him. While conversing, the doctor sent for the boy, and thus addressed him:—"Since your father is here, take a glass of wine. *Paucum vini acuit ingenium* *." The boy immediately answered, "*Sed plus vini plus ingenii* †." "Hold, my young fellow," interrupted the doctor, although you argue *mathematically*, you shall have but one glass."

* A little wine sharpens wit.

† But the more wine the more wit.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE WINDOW OF AN INN,
IN FRENCH, TRANSLATED.

He that's determin'd ne'er to see an ass,
Must bar his doors, and break his looking-glass.

CUCKOLD.

Two countrymen conversing together, the one inquired of the other, how many cuckolds he supposed there might be in the parish, not including himself. "Not including me!" ejaculated Hodge, seemingly offended at the exception; which the other immediately made amends for by saying, "Nay, don't be vexed: include yourself, and how many then?"

LINES WRITTEN BY A COMMERCIAL MAN ON
TRAVELLING THROUGH KENT.

Some of the landlords in Kent ought to be sent to
perdition,
For their bad fare, bad beds, and their gross imposition.

Example.

If you wish for to feel how fleas bite, hop, and skip,
Go to Dover, and lodge at the sign of the Ship;
Where, to add to your comfort, the landlord enlarges
Your bill of bad fare by exorbitant charges.
If you are not satisfied with a trial at Dover,
Try Ramsgate; at the King's Head you'll be sweetly
done over.

MAKING TODDY.

A North Briton having drank rather plentifully of the "mountain dew" over night, in the city of Perth, felt the pain of thirst early in the morning,

and repaired to the river Tay, in order to allay it. One of his companions seeing him in the act of lapping up the water with his hand, asked him, "What are you about, Donald?"—"Making Toddy," was Donald's answer. "But where is the whisky?"—"Why," replies Donald, continuing his cooling mixture, "you know I drank that last night!"

A BROAD WAY TROUBLESOME.

A person having got very drunk, but not *dead* drunk, reeled out of a tavern, and set himself to go homeward. Having taken a peep at the moon, he was, as Burns says, "unable to tell whether of horns she had three or four; but he found out the right road, as it were by instinct. Having gone a good distance, as he thought about two miles, which did not exceed one-quarter straight forward, he met a man, of whom he inquired the length of road he had to go, to reach his home; who informed him, that he had a good and *long* two miles of road to go over yet. "O, good luck to you, my friend!" replies he, "it is not the *length* of the road that troubles me, but the *breadth* of it;" at the same time, making a start to go forward, he gave proof of this by his first motion being zig-zag from right to left.

DRUNKEN DISCOVERY.

A physician, after having indulged rather freely with a party at an inn, was sent for by a lady; but, on reaching the house, he found himself scarcely able to go in; when, having made shift to reach the parlour, where the lady was reclining upon a sofa, he found his *faculties* so out of order, that he was

unable to form or express any opinion upon the case before him. Having seized the lady's hand in this condition, he, in allusion to himself, said, in a rather low tone of voice, " Drunk, upon my honour!" and made an abrupt retreat.

Being sent for, on another occasion, by the same lady, he hesitated going; but he summoned up courage, and had an apology prepared; which he was saved the mortification of offering, by the lady's whispering to him, " My dear doctor, how could you possibly find out my condition the other evening: it certainly gave a proof of your skill; but I engage your silence on this subject." The physician thus acquired additional reputation, from a circumstance which might have proved fatal to a man who had not fortune on his side.

A CREDULOUS LANDLADY.

The landlady of a certain inn, who could neither read nor write, but could chalk and reckon pots and pints with any one, was in the habit of getting the news read to her in the morning, before her husband got up, by a near neighbour; who, in order to amuse her one morning, told her a strange story about a man falling from the top of a house, four stories high, who had his fall broken by a flock of swallows flying past at the moment he was coming down. This she related to her husband, who, of course, doubted the truth of the narrative, as he could not find it in the paper. She then passionately declared him to be a provoking credulous fellow, that she believed would not even think her

dead, although he heard her swear it. Mine host calmly replied, that he would rather hear any other person swear it than herself.

WINE AND MUSIC.

A professional singer being informed that Jack Banister generally sang best when he was half-seas over, resolved on swallowing a decent quantity of port, in order to try if it would have the same effect upon him, but found out very soon that it operates very differently upon some individuals. Banister and Colman being together when they heard of the gentleman's experiment, enjoyed a hearty laugh; when Colman remarked that the poor fellow was not quite up to the thing, for he ought to have swallowed a *pipe* each day, and then he would have *piped* well.

IMPROMPTU,

*On seeing Cribb's new House, the Union Arms,
Panton-street.*

The Champion, I see, is again on the list,

His standard—"The Union Arms;"

His customers still he will serve with his fist,

But without creating alarms.

Instead of a *floorer* he tips them a glass,

Divested of joking or fib;

Then, "Lads of the Fancy," don't Tom's house pass,

But take a hand at the game of *Cribb*.

GOOD ACCOMMODATION.

A traveller stopped at an inn, which appeared to him a quiet one, suitable to his mind. On entering

the parlour he rang the bell, and inquired of the servant for the master; who answered, that he was just gone out. "Your mistress?" "She has just gone out too, Sir."—"Well, have you any fire?" "Why, that is just gone out too, Sir."—"So, so," says he; "then I also must go out, and seek for other accommodation."

ORIGIN OF THE NINE OF DIAMONDS BEING CALLED
THE CURSE OF SCOTLAND.

After the battle of Culloden Duke William wrote his sanguinary order, for military executions, on the back of a card, which happening to be the nine of diamonds, this card has ever since been styled the "Curse of Scotland."

GRACE'S CARDS.

The six of hearts is known in various parts of Ireland, more particularly in Kilkenny, by the above name. In a MS. of 1720 it is stated, that Baron Grace was solicited, with promises of royal favour, to espouse the cause of King William; the Baron, in the warmth of the moment, wrote this reply on the back of a card (the six of hearts):—"Tell your master I despise his offer, and that honour and conscience are dearer to a gentleman than all the wealth and titles a prince can bestow." This was conveyed by an emissary of Duke Schomberg's.

THE PRUDENT SPECULATOR.

During the South-Sea bubble mania all the coffee-houses, taverns, and eating-houses, in Change-alley and the neighbourhood, were crowded with specu-

lators daily; and many, who had business to transact, could not even get a corner of a table to write their orders or transfers upon: this induced a little hump-backed man to offer his protuberance, as a desk, for the accommodation of the frequenters of the alley, who could not gain admission into a house, by which he made his fortune: thus proving himself a more prudent speculator than thousands, who were ruined by the mania of that day.

OPTICAL DECEPTIONS.

Tom runs from a wife to get rid of his trouble—
He drinks, and he drinks, till he sees all things
double;
But when he has ceased wine and brandy to mingle,
Oh, what would he give to see himself *single*!

SMALL BEER AND STRONG BEER.

The famous Tom Thyme, remarkable for his hospitality, being accosted at his gate, in the country, by a beggar, who humbly solicited a mug of *small* beer from his worship,—“How now!” says Tom, “what times are these, when beggars must be choosers? I say, William! bring this fellow a mug of *strong* beer!”

COFFEE-HOUSE IMPERTINENCE; ITS EXPOSURE AND REPROOF.

A gentleman, writing a letter in a coffee-house, perceived a tall fellow standing behind him, and taking that liberty which Parmenio used with his friend Alexander, instead of putting a seal upon the lips of the curious impertinent, thought proper to reprove the unmannerly fellow, if not with delicacy,

at least with poetical justice, by concluding the letter thus;—"I would say more, but an impudent puppy is looking over my shoulder and reading every word I write."—"You lie!" exclaims the self-convicted son of impudence.

WIT AND WISDOM.

The celebrated Quin, once disputing, in a coffee-house, with a gentleman, concerning the execution of Charles the First, was asked, as a finishing question, "By what laws the said king was put to death?" To which Quin immediately replied, "By *all* the laws he left them."

VIRTUES OF WINE.

An Asiatic chief being asked his opinion of a pipe of Madeira wine, with which he had been presented by an officer of the East India Company's service, said, "That he thought it a juice extracted from women's tongues and lions' hearts; for, after he had drank a sufficient quantity of it, he could talk for ever, and also fight the devil!"

ALE, PORTER, AND BEER.

Malt liquor appears to have been used in London as early as the fifth century; and, before the Norman conquest, there were considerable breweries in London, chiefly of ales, the prices of which were regulated by the magistrates as early as A. D. 1256.

Beer does not seem to have been generally used until the time of Henry the Seventh; when the breweries, which were then called Berehouses, situ-

ated on the banks of the Thames, at St. Catharine's, Wapping, were twice "spoiled by the king's officers," either for smuggling the liquor, or sending it out too weak for use.

The beverage of porter obtained its appellation, about the year 1730, from these circumstances:—Prior to the above-mentioned period, the malt liquors in general use were, ale, beer, and two-penny, and it was customary to call for a tankard, or pint, of half-and-half (*i. e.* half of beer and half of two-penny). In course of time, it also became the practice to ask for a pint, or tankard, of three-threads, meaning a third of ale, beer, and two-penny: and, thus, the publican had to draw from three casks to serve one customer. To avoid this trouble and waste, a brewer, whose name was Harwood, conceived the idea of making a liquor to partake of the united flavours of ale, beer, and two-penny: he succeeded, and called it "entire, or entire butt beer;" meaning, that it was drawn entirely from one cask, or butt. Being a healthy, nourishing liquor, it was very suitable for porters, and other hard-working people; hence, it acquired the title of Porter. It has formerly been asserted, that the Thames water alone would make good porter; but Whitbread's, which is one of the largest breweries in London, is in part supplied from the New River, and partly from a spring on the premises. One of Mr. Watt's steam-engines works the machinery. It pumps the water, wort, and beer; grinds the malt, stirs the mash-tubs, and raises casks out of the cellars. It is able to do the work of seventy horses, although of a small size, being only a 24-inch

cylinder, and makes little more noise than a spinning-wheel. The Company of Brewers were incorporated in the 6th year of Henry the Sixth. In 1552, Judd being then Lord Mayor, an order was made, by the court, to prevent the adulteration of hops, and searchers appointed to destroy such as were deemed unwholesome. The Flemish hops imported were at length so mixed, that, in 1591, the brewers remonstrated to Lord Burleigh, his majesty's minister, "that certain statutes were made for the assize of bread, ale, and beer, which was regulated by the rising and falling of corn, 6*d.* in the quarter, and which they were content to abide by; but that the last Lord Mayor, Sir John Abbot, under a certain statute, made in the 23d year of Henry the Eighth, did publish, by proclamation, that no brewer should make but two sorts of beer or ale; *viz.* the strong and the double, and that the same should be sold after the rate of 6*s.* 8*d.* per barrel for the best, and 3*s.* 4*d.* of double beer or ale, and not above; at which rates, malt being now at 13*s.* per quarter, hops from £3 6*s.* 8*d.* to £4 10*s.* per cwt. which heretofore were sold at 6*s.* 8*d.* and yet one cwt. then was worth three cwt. of the hops now to be purchased, barrels and coals at twice their former cost, and all other articles in equal advance, the brewers could not sell such goods as are fit for the said city, without their undoing." By the statutes above alluded to, when wheat was 4*s.* per quarter, ale was sold at 1*d.* per gallon. In the reign of Henry the Eighth, a quarter of wheat was sold for 6*s.* 8*d.*; malt, from 4*s.* to 5*s.*; oats, 2*s.* 8*d.*; one cwt. of the best hops, 6*s.* 4*d.*

ADDENDA.

To the Publisher of Tavern Anecdotes, &c.

SIR,

THE moment I saw the above work announced, it awakened many pleasing recollections, so intimately connected with my own views, that I felt no hesitation in communicating them to you; and, although I doubt not that these amusing subjects have fallen into more able hands than mine, that never excelled in sketching characters, costume, or customs, yet I ventured to promise my mite. I therefore take up my pen to perform that promise; indeed, I have often thought that, if time, talent, and my avocations would permit, it would prove to me a pleasing pursuit.

To begin, then: Coffee-houses, clubs, signs, &c., compose so extensive a field in the lexicon of anecdote, that it becomes a matter of difficulty to determine at which part of the subject I should commence; but, fortunately, I am relieved from this dilemma by an article "on Coffee," written by an ingenious friend, the author of "the Lounger's Common-Place Book:"—

COFFEE.

The seed of a tree or shrub of the jessamine species, originally a native of Arabia, but now thriving in the West Indies, where it becomes an important article of English commerce. The flower is yellow, and the berry juicy, containing two seeds; these, when gathered, have a farinaceous, bitter taste, but are wholly without that peculiar smell and flavour imparted to them by fire, and for which an infusion or decoction of them is so generally admired. This fashionable beverage, almost a necessary of life, to the merchant, the politician, and the author, on its first introduction in Asia, caused a violent religious schism among the Mahometan doctors, almost as early as the thirteenth century, although it was not till towards the middle of the sixteenth, that a coffee-house, properly so called, was established at Constantinople; its discovery was announced by a miraculous legendary tale, which *each sect relates in its own way.*

“A dervise,” says a certain heterodox Mussulman, “overflowing with zeal, or with bile, was sorely troubled, on observing, that his brethren were not animated by a spirit so active as his own: he saw, with concern, that they were listless and drowsy in the performance of their religious exercises; their ecstasies, their howlings, their whirlings round, their vertigoes, their bellowings, and laborious breathings, in which, at a certain period, the Turkish priests equalled, or surpassed, the most enthusiastic of the followers of Barclay and of Fox.

“The dissatisfied dervise, taking a solitary walk, to soothe his disturbed spirits or cool his heated

imagination, observed, that the cattle became suddenly and remarkably playful, after feeding on a certain leaf; judging, by analogy, that the same effect might be produced on *other animals*, he gave his companions a strong infusion of it: their heaviness and torpor were almost instantly removed, and they performed the parts allotted to them with exemplary activity and vigour: the leaf, so powerful in its effects, proved to be the shrub from which coffee-berries, afterwards, were gathered."

"Listen not to such profane heresies," says an orthodox doctor of Mecca. "It was in the six hundredth and fifty-sixth year of the Hegira (about the middle of the thirteenth century of the Christian era), that Abouhasan Schuzali, on a pilgrimage to the tomb of our most holy prophet, sinking under fatigue, extreme heat, and old age, called unto him Omar, a venerable scheick, his friend and companion, and thus addressed him:—

"Teacher of the faithful! the angel of death has laid his hand upon me; cleansed from my corruptions in the waters of Paradise, I hope soon to be in the presence of our Prophet; but I cannot depart in peace, till I have done justice to thy zeal, thy faith, and thy friendship: persevere in the path thou hast so long trod, and rely on him who drove the infidels, like sheep, before him, to extricate thee from all thy difficulties. Farewell! sometimes think of Abouhasan; pity his errors, and do justice to his good name.' He would have spoken further, but his breath failed, his eyes became dim, and, pressing that hand he was to press no more, he expired without a groan.

“ Having performed the last office of friendship, Omar pursued his way ; but, a few days after, lost in devout contemplation, or overwhelmed with sorrow, he wandered from his associates in the caravan, and was not sensible of the danger of his situation, till involved in one of those whirlwinds, which, raising into the air the sandy soil of that country, generally prove destructive.

“ Falling on his face, the fury of the blast, and the thick cloud of sand, passed over him. Almost suffocated with dust, notwithstanding the precaution he had taken, separated from the companions of his journey, without water to moisten his parched mouth, and fainting for want of sustenance, he gave himself up for a lost man ; the stream of life was propelled with difficulty, perception and sensation began to fail, and, believing himself in the agonies of death, he poured forth a mental ejaculation to the Allah.

“ An angel of light immediately stood before him. Waving his hand thrice towards the holy city, and pronouncing deliberately three mysterious words, a limpid stream suddenly gushed from the ground, and a luxuriant shrub sprung forth from the barren sand of the desert ; bathing the temples, the eyes, and lips of Omar, with the refreshing fluid, the celestial messenger disappeared.

“ The cool stream, and the berries plucked from the miraculous tree, soon recovered the sinking man ; he poured forth his soul in thanksgiving, and sunk into a deep sleep, from which he awoke in full vigour and spirits.

“ Omar, with renewed strength, soon rejoined the

caravan, and, relating the supernatural circumstance, a mosque was erected on the spot, by the zeal and contributions of true believers. Coffee, that wonderful shrub, the peculiar gift of our Prophet, and, more particularly, the produce of his favoured country, still continues the solace, cordial, and comforter, of his devoted followers."

This singular specimen of Turkish superstition, in which the Mahometan appears to have encroached on the prerogatives of the Vatican, is taken from a curious book, which, previous to the Gallic revolution, was in the library of the King of France, and presented to Louis the Fifteenth by Said, an ambassador from the Porte to the court of Versailles.

It is called, in the title-page, "Dgihan Numa;" that is, a description of the world; and was printed, at Constantinople, in 1731, adorned with plates, and illustrated by maps. The author, or, rather, the compiler, was Kiatib Cheleli, a learned doctor of the Turkish law.

"Coffee," says this enlightened Mussulman, who, shaking off the stupidity and indolence of his countrymen, assumes the character of a medical inquirer, after he has quitted that of an implicit believer; "coffee is a rejoicer of the heart, an enlivener of conversation, a sovereign restorative, after the fatigues of study, of labour, or of love. Its peculiar characteristic is, to comfort the stomach, nourish the nerves, and to protect the frame against the debilitating effects of a hot climate and a fiery atmosphere.

"Taken an hour after dinner, it prevents an accumulation of crudities in the first passages; is an

infallible remedy for the horrors of indigestion, and the *megrims*."

It was not probable that so wholesome and agreeable an article of diet would be long confined to Asia. It is said to have been introduced to the fashionable circles of Paris, by Thevenot, in 1669, but had been made use of, in London, as an exotic luxury, before that time.

The first coffee-house opened in the British metropolis, was in George-yard, Lombard-street, by Resqua,* the Greek servant of a Turkey merchant, in the year 1652. Its flavour was considered so delicate, and it was thought by the statesmen of those days (no very reputable characters) to promote society and political conversation so much, that a duty of fourpence was laid on every gallon made and sold.

But Anthony Wood earnestly insists, that there was a house for selling coffee, at Oxford, two years before Resqua commenced the trade in London; "that those who delighted in *novelty* drank it at the sign of the Angel, in that university—a house kept by an *outlandish Jew*."

In another part of his works he says, that "Nathaniel Conopius, a native of Crete, and a fugitive from Constantinople, but residing, in the year 1648, at Bahol College, Oxford, made and drank, every morning, a drink called *coffee*, the first ever made use of in that ancient university."

This popular beverage is mentioned in a tract published by Judge Rumsey, in 1659, entitled "*Organium Salutis*, or an instrument to clean the sto-

* He is called Pesqua in our former notice, p. 117.

mach ; together with divers New Experiments on the Virtues of Tobacco and Coffee.”

It is observed, in this work, by a correspondent of the author, “ that apprentices, clerks, and others, formerly used to take their morning draught in ale, beer, or wine, which, by the dizziness they cause in the brain, make many unfit for business ; but that now they may safely play the good fellow, in this wakeful, civil drink ; for the introduction of which, first, in London, the respect of the whole nation is due to Mr. Muddiford.”

OF COFFEE-HOUSES.

I shall merely observe, that they have been mostly frequented by our first wits and literary characters, such as Addison, Pope, Steele, Atterbury, Swift, Arbuthnot, &c. &c. ; and those of later date by Johnson, Garrick, Wilkes, Smollett, Goldsmith, Chatterton, &c. Amongst the first, Wills’ Coffee-house was the resort of the writers that formed the modern Augustan age.

OF CLUBS.

That veteran in literature, John Nicholls, says, “ Dr. Johnson’s *Literary Clubs* have been frequently mentioned, but not always accurately distinguished. The earliest of them was established, by our great moralist, in the winter of 1749, at the King’s Head, in Ivy-lane, with a view to enjoy literary discussion and amuse his evening hours. His

associates were, the Rev. Dr. Salter, father of the master of the Charter House; Mr. (afterwards Dr.) John Hawkesworth; Mr. Ryland, a merchant, a relation of Johnson's; Mr. John Payne, then a bookseller, afterwards chief accountant of the Bank; Mr. Samuel Dyer, a learned young man, intended for the dissenting ministry; Dr. William M'Ghie, a Scots physician; Dr. Edmund Barker, a young physician; Dr. Richard Bathurst; and Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Hawkins. This club continued to meet till 1756.

"The second, more peculiarly the *Literary Club*, was established in 1763, at the Turk's Head, in Gerrard-street.

"The third, all the members of which were nominated by Johnson, was held in Essex-street, and consisted of a select number of his friends, who entered very heartily into his scheme, for the pleasure of enjoying his conversation, and of contributing their quota to the general amusement; but it was 'principally supported by the great talents of Johnson, who formed the *nucleus* round which all the subordinate members revolved.' This club was first projected in the winter of 1783, and began to assemble regularly at the beginning of 1784; when a set of resolutions, composed by Johnson, was unanimously confirmed, and prefaced by the following motto:—

" 'To-day deep thoughts with me resolve to drench
In muth, which after no repenting draws.' "

MILTON.

THE FREE AND EASY COUNSELLORS UNDER THE CAULIFLOWER.

THE introduction of the portrait of the late Mr. Christopher Brown into this publication requires, perhaps, some apology, or an explanation, without which, justice would not be done to his character; for let it not be imagined that Mr. Brown was a wine-bibber—an advocate for, or frequenter of, taverns or coffee-houses, merely from the circumstance of his having been secretary, for many years, of a respectable society, where several eminent tradesmen, particularly booksellers, retired, after the fatigues and labours of the day, to unbend, over a bowl of Tabby's exquisite punch,* or a tankard of Whitbread's entire, at the Three Jolly Pigeons,† that will be remembered as long as Gold-

* Tabby, a famous punch-maker of that day, as the father of a late eminent publisher of periodicals, and many other respectable booksellers, experienced, and which, perhaps, caused the interest in so apparently trifling a house to sell for near £2000.

† The Three Pigeons is situate in Butcherhall lane, bounded by Christ Church and Snow hill on the west, St. Martin's le Grand and Cheapside on the east, by Newgate street and Ivy lane (where Dr. Johnson's club was held) and Paternoster row (which we have already adverted to) on the south, and by Little Britain on the north; of the last-mentioned, Washington Irving has given an admirable picture in his "Sketch-Book," which we have quoted (page 151); but, as he has not given a portrait of the last resident bookseller of eminence, in that ancient mart of biblioplists, he has left us the pleasing task of performing an humble attempt in that way. but even we, who knew the character, are almost spared the trouble; for, could the old literary frequenters of Button's and Wills' coffee-houses again appear in human shapes, with their large, wavy, white, curled wigs, coats without a collar, raised hair buttons, square per-

smith's comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer" shall be admired, and as long as that sign shall continue to have a Toney Lumpkin for its advocate.

pendicular cut in front, with immense long hanging sleeves, covering a delicate hand, further graced by fine ruffles; a long waistcoat, with angled-off flaps, descending to the centre of the thigh; the small clothes slashed in front, and closed with three small buttons; with accurate and mathematically-cut, square-toed, short-quartered shoes, with a large tongue, to prevent a small-sized square silver buckle hurting the instep or soiling the fine silken hose, they would present an exact and faithful portrait of the late Edward Ballard, standing at his shop, at the Globe, over against the pump, in Little Britain. He was the last remaining bookseller of that school, if we except the late James Buckland, at the sign of the Buck, in Paternoster-row, with one or two others, and put one in mind of Alexander Pope, in stature, size, dress, and appearance. The writer of this article recollects, when a boy, frequently calling at his shop and purchasing various books, in a new and unbound state, when they were considered to be out of print, and some of them really scarce. This arose from the *obscurity* of the once celebrated Little Britain, and the great age of its last resident bookseller, who to the last retained some shares and copyrights (notwithstanding he and his brother had sold the most valuable to Lintot), in school and religious books; with the last remains of a stock, principally guarded and watched by an old faithful female servant. That venerable labourer in the field of literature, Mr. John Nicholls, gives the following interesting account of the family:—

"The Bullards of Little Britain, famed, for more than a century, as the supporters of literature, were noted for the soundness of their principles in church and state. The father of them was celebrated by John Dunton (*a*); and, of the second grandson, there are a few Bibliomaniacs still living, who recollect his integrity and civility. School-books and divinity catalogues were their particular *forte*. The father, Samuel, who was many years deputy of the ward of Aldersgate Within, died August 27, 1761. The only son, Edward, died January 2, 1796, at the age of eighty eight, in the same house in which he was born. He had outlived his mental

(a) The original name, as appears by the auction catalogues, was Bullard.

Mr. Brown was of the old school of booksellers, and, perhaps, there never was an assistant, in any establishment, that possessed more assiduity and integrity, with an acuteness of feeling for the interest of his employer that could not be exceeded; it was unceasing for upwards of thirty years; and the business he got through, even at an advanced period of life, with clearness, precision, and expedition, was truly astonishing. The writer of this sketch remembers him, with all the early associations and pleasing recollections of that period of his life, above forty years back; and, even then, his thin spare form and bending figure would almost convey the idea that he was worn out by exertion. But it was otherwise; for his cheerfulness and exertions continued unabated for upwards of twenty years afterwards. It was owing to his natural cheerfulness, the suavity of his manners, and amiability of disposition (to which was added a great portion of humour), that he was chosen a permanent secretary in the society of “*Free and Easy Counsellors under*

faculties, and for some time used to be carried about in a chair. He was the last of the profession in Little Britain, once the grand emporium of books (*b*).

(*b*) It is not many years since two booksellers, who resided there, were used to sport their *rubric posts* close to each other, as Tom Davies did in Russell-street. Perhaps Sewell, in Cornhill, was the last who exhibited the leading authors in his shop in that way. How few remember when it was not an uncommon thing to do so!

Note.—The writer recollects Mr. Buckland, of Paternoster-row, and one or two persons in the Strand, adopting these rubric posts, that prevented many good works being soiled, by placing them in the windows.

the Cauliflower;"* and never was there a society conducted with more decorum and prudence. It consisted of steady men of business, who at that day retired from fatigue, and enjoyed a glass in moderation, a pipe, and a cheerful song; and the writer, with hundreds of others, well remembers the vocal powers of Mr. Brown, when poured forth in favour of *Anacreon*, or the gods and goddesses;† but, to turn to his more serious avocations, as a man of business, as a faithful assistant, as an affectionate husband and father, no man could possibly stand higher. Of his talents and industry we shall endeavour to give a faint idea. So long ago as the year 1784, he presented the figure that has already been described, and of which our portrait may be relied upon to be an accurate resemblance, and, we trust, an acceptable one, both to the young as well as to the old *fry*. Nursed in the cradle of the wholesale book trade, Mr. Brown had, at the above period, been many years an assistant to the late Mr. Thomas Longman, of Paternoster-row, until the death of that truly-respectable gentleman, by whom he was not forgotten in his last moments for his long and faithful services; nor did Mr. Brown quit that great establishment for several years, nor until a vast extension of the wholesale foreign and domestic trade, and a new and general

* The large cauliflower painted on the ceiling was intended to represent the cauliflower-top on the *gallon of porter*, which was paid for by every member who sat under it at his initiation.

† Loyal, Anacreontic, and classical songs, upon the gods and goddesses, were the worthy president's favourites.

system of publishing modern works, *and his good old age*, rendered it necessary for him to retire into the bosom of his family.*

A few years subsequent to the above period, Mr. Brown's friend, Evans, whom he used occasionally to assist, resigned business in favour of an only son, who was unfortunate; when the whole of the finest and best selected wholesale book connection in the trade was handed over to the respectable firm of Messrs. Longman, Hurst, and Co. This, with the original capital, stock, and connections, of that house, together with subsequent exertions in increasing the wholesale country and foreign trade, and in publishing the most expensive, valuable, and useful works, has rendered an establishment, formerly conducted by two principals and three assistants, now the first of its kind in the world! And it affords us peculiar satisfaction to state, that the eldest son of our old friend is a partaker of the harvest reaped in the field where his father was so many years a faithful steward and a constant labourer.

In *my* youthful days Spouting-Clubs were greatly in vogue; but the vein of ridicule thrown on them in the prologue to "*The Apprentice*," not only

* His friend, Mr. Thomas Evans, frequently offered to forward his prospects in business, by advancing him money for that purpose; but Mr. Brown as constantly refused, saying, he could not think of leaving Mr. Longman; nor did he ever attempt to do so.

checked the mania at the time, but brought them into a disrepute, from which, fortunately, they have not recovered.

PROLOGUE TO THE APPRENTICE.

Prologues precede the piece, in mournful verse,
 As undertakers walk before a hearse ;
 Whose doleful march may strike the harden'd mind,
 And wake its feelings for the dead, behind.
 To-night, no smuggled scenes from France we show,
 'Tis English—English, sirs!—from top to toe.
 Though coarse the colours, and the hand unskill'd,
 From real life our little cloth is fill'd.
 The hero is a youth,—by Fate design'd
 For culling simples,—but whose stage-struck mind
 Nor Fate could rule, nor his indentures bind.
 A place there is where such young Quixotes meet,
 'Tis call'd the “ Spouting Club,—a glorious treat,”
 Where 'prentic'd kings alarm the gaping street :
 There Brutus starts and stares by midnight taper,
 Who, all the day, enacts—a woollen-drapeer.
 There Hamlet's ghost stalks forth with doubled fist,
 Cries out with hollow voice,—“ Last, list, O list !”
 And frightens Denmark's prince, a young tobacconist.
 The spirit, too, clear'd from his deadly white,
 Rises,—a haberdasher to the sight !
 Not young attorneys have this rage withstood,
 But change their pens for truncheons, ink for blood ;
 And (strange reverse !) die, for their country's good.
 To check these heroes, and their laurels crop,
 To bring 'em back to reason—and their shop,
 Our author wrote ;—O you, Tom, Jack, Dick, Will ;
 Who hold the balance, or who gild the pill !

Who wield the yard, and simpering pay your court,
 And, at each flourish, snip an inch too short,
 Quit not your shops ; there thrift and profit call,
 Whilst here young gentlemen are apt to fall !

[*Bell rings.*

But soft !—the prompter calls !—brief let me be—
 Here groans you'll hear, and flying apples see,
 Be damn'd perhaps, farewell !—remember me !

OF SIGNS.

You have already, doubtlessly, given the origin of many signs, and the cause of the discontinuance of those projections, that not only darkened the metropolis, but, among other *benefits*, in heavy city showers, bestowed, gratis, those baths that were not considered the most salutary. Striking instances of this nature were produced at the various inns, &c., where separate signs were hung across the street, describing the places of destination they had conveyances to ; but what appears most ridiculous in the signs of our forefathers is, the inapplicability of many of them. We shall instance a few of them, particularly such as attach to our literary friends.

Amongst the booksellers, of no very early date, may be enumerated : Crowder, at the sign of the *Looking-glass* ; but, as knowledge is the mirror of the mind, perhaps it was not objectionable. Next comes Longman, at the sign of the *Ship* ; but, as the members of that respectable house have sailed through with so high a character, no objection

ought to be made to their symbol: but Baldwin, at the sign of the *Rose*, and Evans (with whom the writer of this served his apprenticeship), at the sign of the *Red Lion*, cannot so well be accounted for. Of Buckland, at the sign of the *Buck*, except from etymology or similarity of sound, we cannot perceive the sense. Key, at the sign of the *Hare*, perhaps, may be more allowable; for *Jonathan*, like his Transatlantic namesake, was early in the field of the book tribe. White, at *Horace's Head*, in Fleetstreet, and Rivingtons, at the *Bible and Crown*, in St. Paul's Church-yard, were classically and religiously correct; the latter have continued their sign for about a century. Cobbett put up the *Bible, Crown, and Constitution*, in Pall-Mall! but, if we may judge from his general habits, he could only have done so, that he might be afterwards able to say *he had pulled them down*.

As the following title-pages, copied from old books, give us a tolerable idea of the whimsicality of booksellers' signs, at a time when every tradesman had his distinguishing emblem, and may not be altogether unacceptable to the bibliomanist, they are here preserved; they will, at least, be an excuse for any absurdity that may present itself, in that way, in modern times:—

Barclay's Shyp of Folys. Imprentyd in the Cyte of London, in Flete Stre, at the signe of Saynt George, by Richard Pynson, to hys coste and charge. Date, 1509.

Berner's (Juliana) Booke of Hawking, Hunting, Fyshing. Imprynted at London, in Flete Streate, at the sygne of the Rose Garlande, by William Copland.

Barnes' (Barnabe) Divine Centurie of Spirituall Sonnets. London, printed by John Windet, dwelling at Poule's Wharf, at the signe of the Crosse Keys.

The Workes of Geoffrey Chaucer. Imprinted at London, by Wylliam Benham, dwelling in Paule's Church Yarde, at the signe of the Reed Lyon.

Chaucer's Assemble of Foules. Imprynted in London, in Flete strete, at the sygne of the Sonne, agaynst the Condyte, by me, Wynkyn de Warde, the xxiii day of January, in the yere of our Lorde, 1530.

Churchyard's General Rehearsall of Warres. Imprinted in London, by Edward White, dwellyng at the litle north door of Paule's Church, at the signe of the Gunne. 1579.

Goodall's Tryall of Trauell. London, printed by John Norton, and are to be sold by James Upton, at his shop in Paule's Church Yard, at the sign of the Fox. 1630.

Heywood's Pleasant Dialogues and Drammas. Printed by Thomas Slater, in Duck Lane. 1637.

Hayman's Quodlibets, &c. London, printed by Elizabeth All-de, for Roger Mitchell, dwelling in St. Paul's Church Yard, at the signe of the Bull's Head.

Willfride Holmes' Fall and Euil Successe of Rebellion, &c. Imprinted at London, by Henry Bunnemann, dwelling in Knightrider Streate, at the signe of the Mermaide. 1573.

Ben Jonson's Poems. Printed for Thomas Passenger, at the Three Bibles, about the middle of London Bridge. 1672.

Lydgate's Lyfe of our Ladye. Imprinted at London, in Flete Strete, within Temple Barre, at the sygne of the Hand and Starre, by Richard Tottel. 1554.

Lovelace's Lucasta, Epodes, Odes, &c. London, printed by Thomas Harper, and are to be sold by Thomas Ewster, at the Gun, in Ivie Lane. 1649.

The Legend of Captain Jones. London, printed for Samuel Mosely, at the Prince's Armes, in St. Paul's Church Yard. 1659.

Lachrymæ Musarum. To be sold by John Holden, at the Blue Anchor, in the New Exchange. 1650.

William L'Isle's Fovr Books of Du Bartos. London, printed by T. Payne, for Francis Eglesfielde, and are to be sold at the sign of the Marygold, in Paul's Church Yard. 1637.

Literature from the North, and News from All Nations. Printed for John Dunton, at the Black Raven, in the Poultry.

[I believe this was the first review of books published in London; but Mr. Nicholls does not refer to it in his entertaining book, "The Life and Errors of John Dunton." I remember meeting with a copy of Dunton's review at Clonmell, in Ireland. It had a copy of his sign "The Black Raven," as a frontispiece, and a very curious woodcut of a beehive, as a vignette.]

May's Victorious Reign of King Edward the Third. To be sold at the signe of the Talbot, without Aldersgate. 1635.

Maxwell's Laudable Life and Deplorable Death of our peerless Prince Henry. London, printed by Edmond Alde, for Thomas Pauer, dwelling near the Royal Exchange, at the sign of the Cats and Parrot. 1612.

Of Milton's Paradise Lost, it may not be amiss to insert the names and signs of the early printers and publishers. We find a copy noted in the "*Bibliotheca Anglo Poetica*,"—London, printed and are to be sold by Peter Parker, under 'Creed Church, near Aldgate, and by Robert Boulter, at the Turk's Head, in Bishopsgate Street, &c. 1667. 1st edition.

Another Edition, being also the first, with an altered title-page. London, printed by S. Simmons, and to be sold by S. Thomson, at the Bishop's Head, in Duck Lane, &c. 1668.

Another Edition, to be sold by T. Helder, at the Angel, in Little Britain.

Anthony Munday's Banquet of Daintie Conceits. At London, printed by J. C., for Edward White, and are to be sold at the signe of the Gunne, at the little north door of Paule's. Anno 1588

A Night's Search, by Humphrey Mill. London, printed by Richard Bishop, for Laurence Blaicklock, at the Sugar Loaf, next Temple Barre.

Men, Miracles, &c. Printed for William Sheares, Jun., at the Blue Bible, in Bedford Street, in Covent Garden. 1656

Manby's Triumph of Oliver Cromwell. London, printed for John Tey, at the White Lion, in the Strand, near the New Exchange. 1652.

The Mysteries of Love and Eloquence; or, the Arts of Wooing and Complimenting, as they are managed in the Spring Garden, Hide Park, the New Exchange, &c. &c. London, printed by James Rawlins, for Obadiah Blagrove, at the Black Bear and Star, in St. Paul's Church Yard. 1685.

Mason's History of the Young Converted Gallant. London, printed by F. L., for B. Harris, at the Stationers' Arms, in Sweeting's Rents, by the Royal Exchange. 1676.

Niccol's London Artillery. Printed for William Welby, and are to be sold by him, at the signe of the Swanne. 1616.

Naps upon Parnassus, &c. London, printed by express order from the Wits, for N. Brook, at the Angel, in Cornhill. 1658.

Sir Thomas Overbury's Exquisite and Singular Poem, Of the Choice of a Wife, &c. London, printed for Laurence Lisle, and are to be sold at his shop, at the sign of the Tyger's Head, in St Paul's Church Yard. 1614.

Ditto, his Wittie Conceits, &c. Printed for Robert Allott, at the Bear, in St. Paul's Church Yard

The Vision of Pierce Plowman, newly imprinted after the author's olde copy, &c. Imprinted at London, by Owen Rogers, dwelling near unto Great Saint Bartholomew's Gate, at the sygne of the Spred Egle. 1561.

Ditto Ditto. Imprinted at London, by Owen Rogers, dwelling betwixt both Sainct Barthelmewes, at the sign of the Spread Eagle. 1561.

Phaer's Seven First Books of Virgil's Eneid. London, printed for Richard Jugge, dwellyng at the north door of Poule's Church, at the sign of the Bible. 1558.

Phaer and Twine's Virgil. London, printed for Thomas Creede, dwelling at the Old Change, at the signe of the Eagle and Child. 1584.

Peacham's Garden of Heroical Devices. London, printed in Shoe Lane, at the signe of the Faulcon, by Wa. Dight. 1612.

Primrose's Chain of Pearls; or, a Memorial of the Peerles, Graces, &c. of Queen Elizabeth. London, sold by Philip Waterhouse, at his shop, at the signe of St. Paul's Head, in Canning Street, near London Stone. 1630.

The Pleasaunt, Playne, and Pythye Pathway leading to a Vertuos and Honest Lyfe, no less Profitable than Dilectable. Imprinted at London, by Nicholas Hill, for John Case, dwellynge at the signe of the Baule, in Paul's Church Yard.

Thomas Powell's Passionate Poet. London, printed by Valentine Simmes, dwelling on Adling Hill, at the signe of the White Swanne. 1601.

John Phillips's English Fortune-Teller. London, printed by E. Brooksby, at the Golden Bull, in Pye Corner. 1703.

Pendragon; or, the Carpet Knight and his Kalendar. London, printed for John Newton, at the 3 Pigeons, over against the Inner Temple Gate, in Fleet Street. 1698.

Poole's English Parnassus. London, printed for Thomas Johnson, at the Golden Key, in St. Paul's Church Yard. 1657.

Poetical Recreations. London, printed for Benjamin Crayle, at the Peacock and Bible, at the West end of St. Paul's. 1688.

Political Merriment; or, Truth Told to Some Tune.
Sold by S. Keimer, at the sign of the Printing-Press, in
Paternoster Row, in the glorious year of our preservation,
1714.

Samuel Perdage's Poems on several occasions.
Printed by W. G., for Henry Marsh, at the Prince's
Armes, in Chancery Lane, and Peter Dring, in the
Poultry, neer the Counter. 1658.

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