

admired by some. For instance, on one occasion the chairman, an alderman, suffered the whole evening from continuous flashes of this forked lightning. It was, doubtless, because it is so stated, a perfect hailstorm of wit, and it was directed against him by the vice-chairman. At last he lost his patience and cried out, "I wish I had another vice-chairman, so that I could have a gentleman opposite to me." "Why," said the other, "you cannot be more opposite to a gentleman than you are at present." When we read of these feasts of wit, we must admire the patience of those who endured the things that were said. It seems to us, in these latter days, when there is said to be no conversation, that the boasted wit of that time mainly consisted in calling each other, at unexpected moments, and with the aid of unexpected materials, ass, dolt, cad, person of ignoble birth, person of repulsive appearance, person of uncleanly habits, person of contemptible calling. Now and then there would be something said that was extremely witty and unexpected. In the intervals of the wit they took turns to sing songs in praise of wine and women, or in praise of women only. The poet of the Beefsteak Club, Captain Charles Morris, who died at the age of ninety, has left two volumes of facile, fluent verse, the whole of it devoted to the praise of punch and port and woman. It is difficult to get through these two volumes. Perhaps one of the losses of the present age is that we no longer sing and laugh and call each other names at our clubs. The eighteenth was, certainly, a robust and a cheerful century. Formerly, at all the clubs except those of the West End, which were devoted to gaming, at all the taverns, at all the coffee-houses, at the "mug-houses," from one box to another arose in succession the song uplifted for the pleasure of the company. But men became less convivial; the fashion of sitting at taverns and at clubs, drinking punch and singing, died out, partly because people during the long war became poor and pinched in circumstances; partly because they left London and went to live in the suburbs. Charles Morris outlived his own songs; in the year 1827 a writer on London amusements laments that a song is seldom heard at the Cock.

It was to the Beefsteak that Wilkes presented his *Essay on Woman* privately, trusting to the honour of the members, who, if they disapproved of the poem, would at least destroy it and say nothing about it. In fact, the grossness of the poem greatly offended the Society, and Wilkes ceased to attend its dinners. But that Lord Sandwich should stand up in his place in the House of Lords in order to move that Wilkes, for this production, privately communicated to him under cover of his honour, should be taken into custody, was an act of private treason fouler than any that can be recorded against the House of Lords in that age. Thinking of "Jemmy Twitcher," one reads Churchill's lines about him with a peculiar satisfaction:—

"From his youth upwards to the present day,  
When vices more than years have made him grey;  
When riotous excess with wasteful hand  
Shakes life's frail glass, and hastes each ebbing sand;

Unmindful from what stock he drew his birth,  
 Untainted with one deed of real worth—  
 Lothario, holding honour at no price,  
 Folly to folly, added vice to vice,  
 Wrought sin with greediness, and courted shame  
 With greater zeal than good men seek for fame."

The members at one time wore a kind of uniform: a blue coat with red cape and cuffs, and buttons with the initials B. S. It reminds one of the Pickwick Club, whose members also distinguished and decorated themselves in the same way.

It would be a grave omission not to give an example of the Anacreontic verse which delighted the Beefsteaks; the poet delighted them also with the punch which he alone was suffered to compound for them. I have ventured to make one extract from the *Lyra Urbanica*. The reader will recognise that an old-world flavour is already clinging to the lines. The reader will also remember that all this fine sentiment about love and beauty was perfectly conventional. There was no time when there was less gallantry. Puritanism and port and punch among them had killed the spirit of gallantry. These toppers never made love, except to the ladies of Covent Garden, and despised the insipid society of women of their own class.

"Come a toast,—'tis dismal weather,  
 Wine must clear this darken'd air;  
 Sunshine from the glass we'll gather,  
 Beauty's image slumbers there;  
 Bright in Passion's magic mirror,  
 Glow her charms when touch'd with wine;  
 Venus wakes if Fancy stir her,  
 And her sweetest smile is thine.

Like these icy clouds that blight us,  
 Reasoning sinks the heart with spleen;  
 But the sparkling goblets light us  
 Up to Love's celestial scene—  
 Dreams of joy will there transport thee,  
 Hope in fair fruition shine;  
 Sweetly varying visions court thee;  
 And a sip will make them thine.

Love's the charm for life allotted,  
 Cheerful cups exalt the plan;  
 'Tis the cold who live besotted,  
 Care's the muddled state of man—  
 Mark the toils of Pride and Power,  
 See their victims fret in gloom;  
 Mirth's the plant of Nature's bower,  
 And a sprinkle makes it bloom."

The club set apart a room in a tavern for the convenience of its members; the coffee-house admitted the whole world; the tavern, which provided dinner or supper, with wine and strong drink of every kind, was not a rival to either, yet was filled both with those who belonged to a club and those who frequented a coffee-house.

Many of the old inns remained through the eighteenth century—in a few

cases to the present day. For instance, the Belle Sauvage on Ludgate Hill, the Bull and Mouth, the Swan with Two Necks, the George and Blue Boar, the Tabard, the Hercules' Pillars, and many others. In fact, it is only by the site becoming too valuable for a tavern that an old inn is destroyed. It was not, however, on account of their antiquity that taverns were popular, but on account of their catering. Pontack's, for instance, the best place for dinners in London, was opened in the reign of William III., and lasted for three-quarters of a century. Here a dinner might be ordered, Defoe says, from 4s. or 5s. a head to a guinea or what you please. The best wines were charged 7s. a bottle.

Of eighteenth-century taverns the most memorable are the Boar's Head, called in 1739 the chief tavern in London; Pontack's, the above-mentioned famous dining-place; the Old Swan in Thames Street; the Mitre in Wood Street, which had associations with Pepys; the Salutation and Cat in Newgate Street, which was connected with Sir Christopher Wren, and later with Coleridge and Charles Lamb; the African, St. Michael's Alley, frequented by Porson; the Globe, Fleet Street, used by Goldsmith, Macklin, Akerman the keeper of Newgate, and Woodfall the reporter. Concerning the Devil tavern, as of the Boar's Head and many others, a whole history might be written. I have elsewhere noticed the Apollo Club, which was held at the Devil. The Cock of Fleet Street has been made immortal by Tennyson. Pepys frequented the tavern two hundred years before Tennyson. Hercules' Pillars was an alley opposite St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street; it was entirely occupied by taverns. The Mitre in Fleet Street was not the present tavern of the name, which is in a court off Fleet Street: it was No. 39 Fleet Street, and was taken down to enlarge Hoare's Banking House. The Mitre was Dr. Johnson's favourite house for supper. There were also the Fountain, in the Strand; the Coal Hole, where the visitors sang songs every night; and the Rose, Covent Garden, a house of extremely bad reputation:—

“Not far from thence appears a pendent sign,  
Whose bush declares the product of the vine,  
Whence to the traveller's sight the full-blown Rose  
Its dazzling beauties doth in gold disclose,  
And painted faces flock in tally'd clothes.”

Bishopsgate Street Without was famous for its inns. Among them was the White Hart, formerly the Magpie, which stood beside the gateway of Bethlehem Priory, supposed to have been the original hostelry of the Priory, afterwards an inn for travellers and carriers who arrived after the gates had been closed, or desired, for other reasons, to lie outside the city. This was rebuilt in 1480 and was standing in 1810. It was rebuilt in 1829 and stood at the corner of Liverpool Street. Then there was the Bull, where Burbage and his friend performed in the courtyard. Hebron, the Cambridge carrier, used this inn, and on a wall was his effigy in fresco.



One Van Horn frequented the house and drank in his time 35,680 bottles of wine, *i.e.* three bottles a day for thirty years of continuous drinking. There were also the Green Dragon, the Catherine Wheel (the last to be destroyed), and some others.

In 1881 the old inn called the Half Moon, which stood on the west side of Aldersgate Street, was taken down. The house is described by a visitor in 1866 as being filled with carved woodwork of an elaborate kind, and curious panelling. Under a piece of the woodwork was once found a coin dated 1596. These lines of Ben Jonson's refer to the "Half Moon." He went there in search of sack, but finding it closed, repaired to the "Sun" in Long Acre, where he wrote as follows:—

"Since the 'Half Moon' is so unkind  
To make me go about,  
The 'Sun' my money now shall have,  
The 'Moon' shall go without."

The house, a striking object in the street, with its projecting gables, quaint oriels and bow windows, was known locally as "Shakespeare's House."

The third print in "The Rake's Progress," showing a midnight debauch, depicts a room at the Rose. The persons represented are all portraits; this becomes apparent if one studies the faces of the women; there is, however, a contemporary "key" in doggerel which gives the name of every one. The fellow with a silver or pewter tray and a candle entering at the door is the porter of the house; everybody at the time recognised the man and understood the meaning of the tray.

Evans', Covent Garden, is a historic house. Here lived Sir Kenelm Digby after the Restoration; here lived Admiral Russell, afterwards Earl of Orford. The house was opened as a hotel in 1774; for a long time it was famous for its dinners. Its large room was then used as a singing-room; in 1855 the site of the garden was used for the building of a great hall where singing of glees and other entertainments were carried on. The place was closed about five-and-twenty years ago. Since then the house has been used as a club, but not, I believe, successfully.

The Cider Cellar, like the Coal Hole, was a "Midnight Concert-Room." Porson came here frequently. Offley's, Henrietta Street, was another singing-house, but of a higher class; the performers were all amateurs. The Heaven and Hell taverns, Westminster, were two ale-houses or eating-houses abutting on Westminster Hall. Fuller writes of the latter:—

"I could wish it had another name, seeing it is ill jesting with edged tools. I am informed that formerly this place was appointed a prison for the King's debtors, who never were freed thence until they had paid their uttermost due demanded of them. This proverb is since applied to moneys paid into the Exchequer, which thence are irrecoverable, upon what plea or pretence whatever."

At the Star and Garter, Pall Mall, was fought the fatal duel between Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth. There had been a somewhat lively discussion, other gentlemen being present. Mr. Chaworth said in conclusion, "As to myself, your



lordship knows where to find me, in Berkeley Row." He presently paid his reckoning and went out.

"Lord Byron now came out, and found Mr. Chaworth still on the stairs; it is doubtful whether his lordship called upon Mr. Chaworth or Mr. Chaworth called upon Lord Byron; but both went down to the first landing-place—having dined upon the second floor—and both called a waiter to show an empty room, which the waiter did, having first opened the door, and placed a small tallow-candle, which he had in his hand, on the table; he then retired, when the gentlemen entered and shut the door after them.

In a few minutes the affair was decided; the bell was rung, but by whom is uncertain; the waiter went up, and perceiving what had happened, ran down very frightened, told his master of the catastrophe, when he ran up to the room, and found the two antagonists standing close together; Mr. Chaworth had his sword in his left hand, and Lord Byron his sword in his right; Lord Byron's left hand was round Mr. Chaworth, and Mr. Chaworth's right hand was round Lord Byron's neck, and over his shoulder. Mr. Chaworth desired Mr. Fynmore, the landlord, to take his sword, and Lord Byron delivered up his sword at the same moment; a surgeon was sent for and came immediately. In the meantime, six of the company entered the room; when Mr. Chaworth said that he could not live many hours, that he forgave Lord Byron, and hoped the world would; that the affair had passed in the dark, only a small tallow-candle burning in the room; that Lord Byron asked him, if he addressed the observation on the game to Sir Charles Sedley or to him; to which he replied, 'If you have anything to say, we had better shut the door'; that while he was doing this, Lord Byron bid him draw, and in turning he saw his lordship's sword half-drawn, on which he whipped out his own sword and made the first pass; that the sword being through my lord's waistcoat, he thought that he had killed him; and, asking whether he was not mortally wounded, Lord Byron, while he was speaking, shortened his sword and stabbed him in the belly."

The London tavern was famous for its turtle and its immense wine-cellar. Freemasons' tavern, Great Queen Street, and the Glacière, Aldersgate, perhaps make up the list of those taverns which are most worthy of members.

The taverns were more than dining-rooms and the home of clubs. They were frequented as private places where business could be transacted in quiet over a bottle. The attorney attended every day at the tavern, where he met his client and took him to a private room, where the case was discussed over a bottle. The architect produced his plans and his estimates in a tavern—over a bottle. Bargains were concluded in a tavern—over a bottle. Booksellers divided their new books into shares, and sold their old books to each other in a tavern—over a bottle. Every new venture, every new company, was first considered and finally concluded in a tavern—over a bottle. So prevalent was this custom that, in the small area included between Threadneedle Street and Lombard Street, and Gracechurch Street and Bishopsgate Street in the east, there were thirty-three taverns and coffee-houses. Some of the taverns were also, of course, inns. Thus, the High Streets outside the gates—Bishopsgate, Aldersgate or Aldgate—were lined with inns. Those who came from the north put up at an inn in Bishopsgate Street Without. Those who came from Kent or the south went to the Tabard or the Queen's Head or the George of Southwark. These taverns had extensive yards round which they were built in open galleries; the yards were filled with the loaded waggons just arrived from the country on their way to distribution, or just about to

leave London. In the yard, also, were the post-chaise of the better-class traveller, the high gig of the bagman, the stage-coach and the stage waggon and the carrier's cart. Within there were small private rooms where the guests took their meals and performed their business; the food was good, the wine black and sweet and strong; the bedrooms were cold and draughty, the doors opening on the unprotected galleries, but the bed was heavily curtained and the feather bed deep; there was no comfort in the private house to compare with that of a great London tavern. "The true felicity of human life," said Dr. Johnson, "is in a tavern." To sit every evening among a group of men who seemed never sad, never oppressed, never anxious—the atmosphere of the tavern forbade the entrance of care—attracted all men alike. The shopkeeper spent most of his time and much more of his money than he could afford in the tavern. When he broke—an event which then happened much more commonly than at present—he generally retired into the Fleet or the King's Bench, and there he would have been wretched indeed but for the fact that he found a tavern in the prison.

The morning draught, which Pepys notices in the seventeenth century, continued to be a common practice long after the introduction of tea for breakfast. It was just a part of the drinking habits of the time. We are sometimes told by those who love a good round sweeping assertion, that the shopkeepers in the eighteenth century spent most of their time at the tavern. This is, of course, a ridiculous exaggeration. The wealth and trade of London, which increased enormously during the latter part of the century, was never created or enlarged by drunkards; nor did those citizens who spent all their days in the tavern commonly retire, when age fell upon them, to the comfortable villa on Clapham Common.

We must not forget the barmaid, to whom frequent reference is made. She is described by Tom Brown as "all ribbon, lace, and feathers, and making such a noise with her bell and her tongue together, that had half-a-dozen paper-mills been at work within three yards of her, they'd have signified no more to her clamorous voice than so many lutes to a drum, which alarmed two or three nimble fellows aloft, who shot themselves downstairs with as much celerity as a mountebank's mercury upon a rope from the top of a church-steeple, every one charged with a mouthful of coming, coming, coming." The girl (generally a vintner's daughter) is further described as "bred at the dancing-school, becoming a bar well, stepping a minuet finely, playing sweetly on the virginals, 'John, come kiss me now, now, now,' and as proud as she is handsome."

Upon one who considers the tavern of the time there presently falls a reminiscence of the past when we were all living in the eighteenth century. We are standing in the courtyard of a tavern in Leadenhall; our carriage—for we drove into town this morning from the country—is drawn up in the open court, where are also the waggons, now unloaded, which rumbled in from Edinburgh this morning. Three girls, come

up from service all the way from York, which is ten days' journey, are waiting for their new masters to call for them; an old lady, whose smile is meant to be benevolent, is whispering to one of the girls—the prettiest one—that she can offer her a place of much higher wages and much less work; there is a great yohoing and whistling from the stable which one can see—and smell—through the gate on the other side of the court; messengers and porters are bringing parcels for another waggon now receiving its load; at intervals the housemaids running about the galleries above lean over the rails and exchange a little light satire with the grooms below; gentlemen grave of aspect walk into the tavern and call for a bottle and a private room. You can see them through the open window; they exchange papers, they talk in low tones, they make notes, they drink but without merriment. There are twenty or thirty of these rooms; they are all occupied by merchants who are more private here than on 'Change. At four o'clock a company of gentlemen, headed by a rosy-cheeked divine, all of them sleek and some of them even obese, enter the inn with a kind of procession. They are met by the landlord, who bows obsequiously. "Gentlemen," he says, "you are welcome. John, show his Reverence and the Vestry to the Anchor. Gentlemen, you shall be served immediately." It is a parish feast. People from the country arrive, some in post-chaises, some by stage-coach. There is a bride with her bridegroom and her bridesmaid, blushing sweetly. She sees London for the first time; it will be the last time, yet it will remain the dream of her life. Outside there is the bawling of the street criers, the grinding and the rumbling of the carts. Here, in the tavern yard, there is the atmosphere of comfort and of rest. One perceives, after a hundred years, the fragrance of the kitchen; one hears the drawing of corks; one listens to the gobbling of the select Vestry; one hears the laughter of the country visitors. The servants run about; the landlord gives his orders; when the night falls the passengers for the eight o'clock stage arrive, and the great coach, piled high with luggage, rumbles out through the archway into the street.



## CHAPTER XIII

### SUNDRY NOTES

I HAVE before me certain notes on London in the eighteenth century. They are: (1) those by a foreign traveller in 1760; (2) those contained in Corry's *Satirical View*, 1790; (3) notes written in 1810 by a person who was recalling the streets of London and the manners of thirty or forty years before; and lastly, notes collected from a great many sources—from the literature, the diaries, the travels, the magazines, etc., of the time. I put these notes together in some kind of sequence.

On Sunday mornings the people who went to church had to pass on their way rows or groups of drunken men laid out on the pavement before the public-houses till they should recover consciousness. The working-men went habitually to the public-house every Saturday evening and drank until they became senseless, when they were dragged out and laid down on the pavement in rows until they cooled down and recovered. Even in the most respectable streets the ears of ladies were offended at all times in the day by the bawling of the coarsest and most abominable songs in the public-houses and at the corners of the streets by balladmongers. Girls—but in couples, being ashamed to do so if they were alone—would stand and listen to the most ribald songs sung either in these houses or in the streets. The dress of the lower or lowest class of women is described in plain terms, and one asks how the poor creatures could rise out of the slough and mire so long as they dressed in such a manner? Their chief garment was a linsey-woolsey quilted petticoat; this was never washed: it was impossible for it to be washed: it was not made for washing. They wore leathern stays, called "loose jumps," which were never washed and never changed. The better sort wore camlet petticoats lined with wool and quilted, very warm. These, too, were never washed or changed until they fell to pieces. Of under-linen the poorer sort of women seem to have had none. Those a little better wore the same under-linen day and night. Cleanliness of the body was impossible: it was never attempted; the chief reason, therefore, of the great gulf between the working classes and those who washed themselves and changed their clothes becomes immediately apparent. The first step, indeed, in the elevation of the lower classes was the introduction of cotton petticoats, cotton gowns, and other things which could

be washed. Then cleanliness of the body for the first time became possible, and with its sweetness and its comforts came cleanliness of other kinds. Civilisation, in fact, largely depends upon the possibility of wearing cheap garments which can be washed.

The footpath in the streets was four or five feet wide; across the streets were causeways at frequent intervals; the puddles in the roadway and in the broken pavement splashed the mud upon the clothes of the passengers; there were shops of "scourers" wholly occupied in cleaning clothes thus splashed; the 'prentices also were constantly occupied in cleaning and washing the splashed front of the shop.

In the years 1770-1780 there were still many courts and back streets of London into which the flagstones had not penetrated—which were still paved with pebbles, as a few of the courts of the Colleges at Cambridge are to this day. Some, even, were not paved at all. Of one such court we get a glimpse. The houses are small and crazy; the windows are casements; the window-frames and door-posts are black with soot and dirt; the rooms have not been painted or whitewashed for many years; broken panes are pasted over with paper or stuffed with rags; there are no blinds or curtains. The poor people who live in these hovels are perfectly suited to them in their clothes, their dirt, their manners, and their language. The women empty all their pails and pans at their doors; they go in and out in utter shamelessness without a gown on their backs, their leather stays half unlaced, without even a handkerchief over their necks.

A sensible improvement was observed in the manners of the town after the establishment of the Lancastrian schools. A great number of children—boys and girls—were educated in these schools. One rule was rigorously enforced—the children must be sent to school clean.

In quoting from a book professing to take a satirical view, it is necessary to be very careful. The satirist lives by exaggeration; he simulates indignation; he makes his exception stand for the rule; he lumps things together that ought to be taken separately; if he laughs, it is over a caricature; if he weeps, it is over an exaggerated statement; if he is indignant, one may be pretty certain that he is a pretender and a hypocrite, dwelling on pictures of vice for the sake of pleasing his readers as well as himself, while he cries out virtuously upon the wickedness of it, the shamefulness of it, the abomination of it. Out of the exaggerations and the caricatures, and by reading between the lines of the satirist, a sketch, imperfect and incomplete, may be drawn. The imperfections, in some cases, may be filled in from other sources. Yet, when all is done, the restoration of the past can never be complete: the atmosphere has gone out of it, and that no man can bring back.

London at all times contained a very large number of men who had come up from the country in search of fortune. Nearly the whole of the "service"—the carrying, hauling, loading, and unloading—was done by country-bred lads or farm-labourers.

There were many Welsh, Scots, and Irish in the town. The Welsh were characterised by honesty in their dealings, pride of ancestry, and, the satirist adds, "that simple dignity of conduct which is ever the companion of integrity." Was he, himself, a native of the Principality? The Scots made their way by their patience and frugality; among them were many literary adventurers. The Irish were remarkable for their vivacity and their eloquence: you could meet an Irish orator in every tavern. The Germans were distinguished by their bad habit of cavilling at all the institutions of the country which protected them; the French, of course, were vain—the satirist, one perceives, is far from original. Then there were Spaniards and Dutch, and there were Jews. The spirit in which the Jews were regarded is illustrated by the following passage, which is quoted merely for the purpose of comparison with what would be said of them at the present day:—

"A very distinct class of the inhabitants of London consists of Jews. It is computed that they amount to twenty thousand; and though a few of them are respectable characters, the majority are notorious sharpers. Their adherence to the Mosaic law prevents them from mixing with the rest of their fellow-citizens; hence they absolutely subsist on the industry of others, and become public nuisances. The Jewish dealers in wearing apparel, gold, and silver purchase these articles at an undervalue without scruple; hence they are the principal receivers of stolen goods, while the itinerant Jew-boys circulate base money in every direction."

In his remarks upon fashionable manners the author follows the lead of all preceding satirists. Never was there a time more abandoned to luxury: never before did the women dress in fashions so immoderate; never were they so unblushing. You shall judge of the monstrous wickedness of women of fashion. Some, for instance, danced reels; some rode on horseback; one, at least, played the cymbals; at one private house some of the girls played a farce—one enacted the clown and one became the pantaloon; they even allowed their arms as high as the elbow to be bare. Did one ever hear of a more shameless time? After reading so much, it is almost tame to learn that some ladies wore wigs, and that some curled their hair over their foreheads.

On the subject of the clergy the author speaks in general terms only; and as he can bring no charge against them except that of pluralism, and therefore non-residence, we may infer—which, indeed, we know from other sources—that the London clergy of the time were respected for their piety and the general tenor of their lives and conversation.

On the lawyers he has more to say, yet all in general terms. He was, therefore, not a member of the bar or of any Inn of Court. The barristers, so eminently dignified and respectable, are "wholly supported by the folly and vices of their countrymen; and the pride and phrenzy which stimulate to legislation, enrich thousands of virtuous men educated to assist in the administration of justice." The



number of courts of justice in the town amounted to 61; there were 14 prisons; 4 houses of correction; and the whole number of persons employed in the different departments of the law, including catchpoles, was 7040.

"Clean your shoes!" "Black your shoes!" Among the minor customs of London we must not omit the shoeblack. He rose; he flourished; he decayed and disappeared: he has risen again, yet not to the height of prosperity which he formerly enjoyed. The former condition of the streets, which can now be traversed on foot, even after rain, without covering the boot with mud, but then made every foot thick with black mud and filth, gave to the shoeblack a popularity and even a greatness from which he has now fallen. Why, the same man might call for his services a dozen times in a single day. He wanted for his duties nothing but a three-legged stool and a tin kettle, an earthen pot filled with blacking (a mixture of ivory black, brown sugar, vinegar, and earth), two or three brushes, a rag, a knife, a stick, and an old wig with which to wipe off the dust or mud. In every occupation one finally arrives at the one thing which is best for the purpose intended. Thus,



SHOEBLACKS

old woollen stockings, which had been darned until they were one great darn, were proved best for making tinder; and an old wig was found by experience to be the one thing necessary for shoe-blackening. He who walked the streets wore shoes and not boots: he wore shoes with buckles, and the shoeblack showed his dexterity by laying on the blacking without tarnishing the silver buckle.

Umbrellas of some kind have always been in use in hot climates. In 1616 Ben Jonson speaks of an umbrella. Drayton speaks of one made of oiled silk. In 1708 it is defined as a kind of fan or screen used by women to keep off the rain. In 1710 Swift writes:—

"The trick'd-up seamstress walks with hasty strides,  
While streams run down her oiled umbrella's sides."

In 1730 the Duchess of Bedford is represented with a black holding an umbrella over her. Jonas Hanway was the first man who ventured to appear in public with an umbrella. For twenty years and more the mob jeered at any one who carried an umbrella. Chairmen and hackney-coachmen hated the sight of it.

There were fashions in walking as well as in dress. The Ludgate Hill hobble, the Cheapside swing, the City jolt, the City wriggle, are the names of some of these follies.

The print-shops of the time were full of caricatures and squibs; round their windows was always gathered a crowd to stare and laugh if not to buy. Any one who has seen the drawings of Gilray and Rowlandson will understand the

nature of these things: they were clever; they were also coarse—much more coarse than would be tolerated now. People looked at them, laughed, and went on their way; their own talk was quite as coarse as anything the caricaturist drew. Our author, of course, finds that the pictures were injurious to virtue; that girls went in little companies to look at them, being ashamed to go alone; that pickpockets got an opportunity; and that susceptible youth flattened its nose against the pane and imbibed corruption eagerly. For us it is sufficient to note that these caricatures, now scarce and difficult to procure, were formerly exposed openly in the windows. Perhaps posterity will remark with surprise that in this age pictures of the nude were allowed to be exhibited in the picture-shops of the Haymarket and Piccadilly. Perhaps the next age will regard the nude from a purely artistic point of view—any comparison between two ages, as to the extent and the prevalence of any kind of vice, can never be faithful or accurate for want of statistics, which are impossible to procure. Therefore I do not desire to represent the eighteenth century as much worse than our own in the matter of what is called morality, meaning one kind of morality. The "great" were allowed to be above the ordinary restraints of morality. A certain noble lord travelled with a harem of eight, which was, however, considered scandalous. Divorces were frequent for those who could pay for this costly luxury. One lady offered to produce in court thirty-two lovers. I have considered the part played by the courtesan in another place. Suffice it to repeat here that she swarmed in the pleasure-gardens, which were the resort of all classes; that she crowded the lobbies of the theatre; and that the streets were full of her at nightfall.

Here is an eighteenth-century library. At the time it was thought rather an extensive collection of books:—

*Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.*  
*Foxe's Book of Martyrs.*  
*The Whole Duty of Man.*  
*Baker's Chronicles.*  
*The Complete Letter-Writer.*  
*Robinson Crusoe.*

*Robin Hood's Garland.*  
*The Seven Champions.*  
*Turner's Spectator.*  
*The Tale of a Tub.*  
*Culpepper's Herbal.*

So far as can be ascertained, during the greater part of the century the average citizen of the middle class had no books—not even such a collection as the above; nor did he want any. Reading—except of the newspaper—was not part of his life, nor part of the household life. There were a few libraries: those of St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, Sion College, the College of Physicians, the Royal Society, and the King's Library, for instance; but the citizen knew nothing of them. Nor did he concern himself about literature. Poets, he knew, were a ragamuffin tribe: who could respect the muse out at elbows, starving, and mendicant?

Of minor details, we learn that every event from a victory to the hanging of a highwayman was turned into a ballad and bawled about the streets; that the desire to appear opulent led many to ruin; that a prevalent profusion was partly caused by this desire; that there was a general longing for notoriety; that everybody affected to be a critic; that there was a rage to imitate the amusements and pursuits of the nobility; that it was thought genteel to go to Margate or Brighton, to get up private theatricals, to frequent masquerades, and to dress in the City as the beaux and jessamies dressed in Bond Street.

There are a few minor manners and morals. The ladies of the City were by no means fond of staying at home. They had card-parties and they had assemblies. When they went out they were escorted by the 'prentices, who carried clubs and a lantern. The dangers of venturing out after dark are summed up by Johnson with the customary poetic imagination:—

"Prepare for death if here a night you roam,  
And sign your will before you step from home.  
Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,  
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man—  
Some frolic drunkard reeling from a feast,  
Provokes a broil and stabs you for a jest.  
Yet even these heroes mischievously gay,  
Lords of the street and terrors of the way,  
Flushed as they are with folly, youth, and wine,  
Their prudent insults to the poor confine:  
Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,  
And shun the shining train and golden coach."

Those who wished to enter the Civil Service had to buy a place; the pay was small but the perquisites were large, and the opportunities of taking advantage of these perquisites made the service worth entering. Members of Parliament sold their privilege of franking, sometimes for £300 a year. Noble lords sold nominal places in their households for substantial sums: the holders could not be arrested for debt; so that when this misfortune seemed impending, the cautious and the crafty staved it off by becoming, nominally, a servant of some kind to a noble lord. All working-men wore aprons: the apron, sometimes of leather, sometimes of white linen, was the badge of the craftsman. Many shops had some outward mark which denoted the occupation of their tenants: the baker had a lattice; the alehouse had its chequers; the barbers had a pole; the clothier had a golden sheep. Walking along the street, one would notice many little things: the milk-score chalked on every doorpost; the "flying-barber" on the Sunday morning; the white glove on the knocker to show the arrival of a child; the pickpocket under the pump; the butchers' orchestral band of marrow-bones and cleavers congratulating the wedding couple. Through the open windows one could see the wedding feast; at midnight you might meet the washer-women hastening to begin their work.



One of the inconveniences of the street was the projection of doorsteps across the footway ; another was the ruinous condition of the pavement in portions even where the pavement consisted of nothing but round stones ; another was the danger from bullocks driven through the streets ; another from the swarms of dogs—not the quiet dog of our time, but the creature taught to defend the house, to fly at strangers, and to fight in the ring. There were also crowds of beggars ; a continual procession of street-cries ; a continual bawling from the shops ;—these things one expects in a city. The lighting, as we have already seen, was inefficient ; but outside the freedom of the City there was no lighting at all.

Covent Garden and the surrounding streets were the centre of the nocturnal amusements and dissipations. Of these I shall speak at greater length in another place. Near Covent Garden were the two theatres ; here were taverns and night-houses ; here were many of the most notorious bagnios ; here were the coffee-houses. In these places were found the wits in the afternoon, and the rakes at night. Here were many of the shilling ordinaries. The actors lived in the streets about this quarter : Quin, Booth, and Wilks in Bow Street ; Colley Cibber in Charles Street ; Pritchard in Craven Buildings ; Garrick in Southampton Street. The courts of Drury Lane, not then so squalid as at present, provided lodgings for the inferior players.

In the theatre, the better sort, with the ladies, occupied the boxes ; no disreputable or drunken persons were admitted ; it was thought ill-mannered for a man to keep on his hat during the performance ; the pit—there were no stalls—was occupied almost entirely by men, especially by young lawyers, young City men, and students who had read the play and were all ready with their criticism. As to the upper boxes nothing is said ; we may imagine that they were frequented by a lower class. The footmen, for many years, had their own gallery, and very often proved noisy critics ; order, if necessary, was preserved among the gods by the butchers of Clare Market, who were steady patrons of the theatre and staunch upholders of the actors.

The London of fashion lived entirely in the area bounded on the north by Great Berkeley Street and Queen Anne Street ; on the south by Pall Mall ; on the west by the Park ; and on the east by Tottenham Court. A few great houses, such as Southampton House, Thanet House, Bedford House, and Montague House, stood in or near Bloomsbury ; the lawyers, with their Inns of Court, formed a barrier between aristocracy and the City. As has been more than once observed, there was no kind of connection or intercourse between City and West End, to the great loss and injury of both ;—the City growing every day richer, more purse-proud, and more vulgar, while the West End grew every day more insolent and more exclusive. The principal squares were those of Bloomsbury, the Queen, Cavendish, St. James's, Hanover, Portman, and Grosvenor.

Let us illustrate domestic manners and customs by references to one year—the year 1771. It appears that breakfast of tea and bread-and-butter had then begun to be fashionable. This was an improvement on the morning draught of wine. About 3,000,000 lbs. of tea were imported, which is not more than 1 lb. a year for every five persons. If we allow 3 oz. of tea per week to each person, there were no more than 300,000 persons in the United Kingdom who drank tea; the whole of the rest—men, women, and children—had beer. At a certain dining-club of which a note is preserved, they began with a “cool tankard,” composed of strong mountain-wine, “lowered” by a little lemon-and-water, and spiced. The dinner, which was served at three, was simple, consisting chiefly of soup and salt beef; but the guests



GROSVENOR SQUARE

From an engraving by R. Pollard London, July 28, 1789.

complained that the meat was not sufficiently salted. They drank claret with their dinner, but sent for the landlord and complained that the wine possessed none of the silkiness which belongs to good claret. The landlord, however, declared that it was right Chateau Margaux. Dinner over at five, the cloth was taken away, and bottles, glasses, and “dishclouts” were placed upon the table. The drinking began, and continued until nine, every man being expected to drink his two or three bottles.

In this year (1771) the Pantheon was opened, and at the first ball there were over 2000 persons—among them several peers and gentlemen of rank; but it was observed by the critical that “Jew brokers, demi-reps, lottery insurers, and quack doctors” formed a large part of the company. Observe that if one desired this day to convey the idea of a mixed company, not one of these persons would be named.

There was a great deal of play ; yet not, one would think, so much as followed afterwards. Betting, which is a part of gaming, was universal ; yet it seems to have been kept in bounds. We hear of a man taking a purse of a hundred guineas with him to Newmarket : he would lose no more. There was no service of carriers or commissionaires ; yet one could always, at the West End at least, find a man to carry a parcel. They were called messengers ; they were known by wearing red jackets with brass buttons, and they chiefly stood about in the streets where a good many people went to and fro on horseback and wanted their horses held.

Most of the places under the Mayor or in the Government service were then bought and sold. One is not, therefore, surprised to find an advertisement to the



HANOVER SQUARE

From an engraving published by R. Pollard, London, December 1, 1777.

effect that the undersigned undertakes to "manage business in the Government Departments, Treasury, Admiralty, Navy Office, Courts of Equity ; to buy or sell estates ; to lend money on security ; to find and to buy places ; and to take no fee until the business is accomplished."

In 1768 a place of coal-meter becoming vacant was sold for £6510. In the same year a corn-meter's place was sold for £3300.

The place of head keeper of Wood Street Compter was in the gift of the Sheriffs, who, when it fell vacant, sold it for £1500. In the year 1766 it was thought a wonderful thing that the two Sheriffs, Trecothick and Kennet, gave the place without any consideration whatever.

Some of the dangers of this system are illustrated in the case of the Honourable



Elizabeth Harriet Greeve. She appeared unexpectedly in fashionable lodgings; she drove about in a chariot with two footmen; she was closely related to most of the aristocracy, and she was especially a friend of the Hon. Charles James Fox. She drove about the town calling at great people's houses: at least, her carriage stopped at their doors, and she descended and spoke to the servants in the hall. It could not be denied that she was a friend of Fox, because he was to be seen calling at her lodgings nearly every day. Her appearance, her manners, her kindliness, her willingness to oblige, and the belief in her great influence, caused many to use her offices for getting them places and appointments. For these offices she naturally charged them substantial sums. One man paid £30 for a post as "settled tidesman"; another £40 for a post in the Admiralty; and so on. Finding, after an unreasonable delay, that the offices were not forthcoming, the people all trooped off together to Bow Street, where they laid the case before the magistrate. The lady was arrested. Her antecedents were investigated: she was proved to be a returned convict from Virginia, so they sent her to Newgate. Meantime her friendship with Fox was explained. He was at the moment reduced to the condition of impecuniosity which was not unusual with him. The Honourable Elizabeth offered him a West Indian heiress, worth £60,000. It was to inquire after this heiress that Fox called so often at the lodgings.

Of course, there was no heiress; the woman was not connected with any noble or influential people at all; she had no power; she had obtained money under false pretences. They kept her in Newgate for a twelvemonth, and then tried her and sent her out to Virginia again for seven years.

Then, though the time was profligate on the whole, there were not wanting persons of profound piety. To these, meditation among the tombs was found conducive to the religious spirit, which was held to be one of extreme sadness. Thus, we read of a garden constructed near Guildford after the following agreeable manner:—

The garden lay on a hillside; it was provided with winding paths, labyrinths, and groves of trees. There were hung about, for the consideration of the visitor, flags with moral sentences and admonitions. Presently the visitor, already saddened by the moral sentences, arrived at the Temple of Death, which was simply furnished with a desk and a chair for meditation. There was also on the wall a minute-clock to mark and strike the flight of time. Besides the clock, the walls were covered with the finest sentiments and words of the deepest wisdom. Past the Temple an iron gate led to the Valley of the Shadow of Death. At either side of the gate stood a coffin as a pillar with a skull as capital, an inscription under each. You looked into the vale—which was deep, rocky, and gloomy—from a large alcove painted with the dying infidel in one compartment and the dying Christian in the other.

The Quakers of the eighteenth century were all in trade of various kinds; many

of them made large fortunes. As a body they enjoyed the reputation of being honest in their dealings, but keen hands at a bargain. Many of the shops in Gracechurch Street were owned by Quakers: their daughters kept the shops. The Quakeresses are described as pretty but demure; richly but soberly dressed, without hoops. A writer speaking of the dull and monotonous lives led by the Quakers, who had no music, no art, no poetry, no fighting, no change of dress, no dancing, no amusement of any kind, says that the rich Quaker rarely lasted till the age of fifty: he died of sheer stupidity and monotony and dullness. He took no exercise; he ate too much; he had no excitement to keep him alive.

Licences to sell ale were originally granted by the parish to broken-down tradesmen and others as a means of keeping them off the parish. But the business proved so profitable that it was taken up by other persons, especially by men who had been servants in the houses of gentlemen.

The practice of leaving infants on doorsteps is illustrated by a story in *The Midnight Rambler*, when a baby is found in a basket by the watchman. On the child's breast was pinned a label with these lines:—

“Consider, good people, I pray,  
To sin we're by nature inclined.  
Though my father's a sinner, you'll say,  
To his sin—oh! vouchsafe to be kind.  
Convey me to bed and to board,  
And carry me out of the weather,  
Your help to the friendless afford,  
And be to the orphan a father.”

The basket and its contents were taken to the churchwarden, who was then tippling at a tavern. By him the child was ordered to be laid in front of the watch-house fire till morning, and then to be consigned to the tender mercies of the workhouse.

The lamps which were lit at sunset were mostly out by eleven o'clock, because the lighters stole most of the oil.

The city waits went about the streets at eleven playing before the houses every night in the winter.

The following passage is translated from a Frenchman's *Journey to London* during the latter half of the century:—

“My friend C—— called upon me one morning with an air of great importance. ‘Would you like,’ he asked, ‘to see a spectacle that no other country in the world can offer?’

‘Can you doubt it?’

‘Well, then, we must be off at once.’

I followed him, and he brought me to Smithfield, a grand ‘place’ in which is established the greatest market in London for the sale of cattle and sheep.

'Do you bring me here,' I asked, 'in order that you may learn the price of beef and mutton?'

'Patience,' he replied; 'you will very soon see that something else besides beef and mutton is sold here.' In fact, we had hardly been there ten minutes when there came along a man whose exterior announced him as belonging to that class of people who do not belong to the lowest ranks of society, yet can hardly be called of the middle class. He held in his hand a rope, the other end of which was tied round the neck of a woman who accompanied him. She appeared to be from twenty to twenty-three years of age. She was tolerably good-looking, but had one of those decided faces which belong to the *virago*. Several persons followed him, seemingly with the intention of becoming witnesses to the transaction which was going to take place. They marched straight into the middle of the market-place, and there in the midst of the cattle which surrounded them on all sides the husband, for he was a husband, began to bawl at the top of his voice, 'Fifteen shillings for my wife! Who will buy my wife for fifteen shillings?'

'Good heavens!' said I, 'are we in Constantinople, or on the Guinea Coast?'

'You need not be so astonished,' my friend replied. 'The same kind of traffic goes on in Circassia and in Georgia.'

'And in many other parts,' I said, 'but with certain differences.'

During this time the poor husband grew hoarse with crying 'Fifteen shillings for my wife.'

The troops of cattle and sheep round him disappeared by degrees, but his own merchandise rested on his hands; he looked like one who despaired, not knowing whether to stay or to go away. His wife, on the contrary, was completely tranquil, and one would have believed that she was ignorant of what was going on. At last a purchaser presented himself. He examined the woman just as a few minutes before he had been examining one of the cattle. He then approached the husband and offered him the price demanded. He repeated his cries for a few minutes, in the hope that some one would bid higher, but as no one arrived he took the fifteen shillings and went off with his friends, while the purchaser gave his arm to the woman he had bought, and marched off with her on the other side.

'Pray explain this extraordinary scene,' I said.

'The custom of selling one's wife,' my friend replied, 'is not sanctioned by any law, but it has been established in England from time immemorial, and although it is beginning to fall into disuse, from time to time there are examples of the custom.'

'Well,' I asked, 'what becomes of the woman that is sold? Is she the slave of the man who has bought her?'

'By no means, he has no rights at all over her except what she chooses, but it is understood that the husband loses his. It is not a legal divorce, but a kind of voluntary separation. I believe that the custom may have originated in the desire of a husband to rid himself of the responsibility of debts incurred by his wife.'"

Next, I have before me one of those valuable works, a collection of newspaper scraps consisting chiefly of crimes, trials, and executions, belonging to the years 1774 to 1795.

In the year 1774 one Robert Collins was sentenced to a year's imprisonment for stealing a halfpenny. He was subsequently pardoned. In 1775 one Anne Harris was sentenced to be burned alive for false coining; she was, however, transported.

In 1777 one John Duff was executed in Dublin for robbing the mail. He hung for the usual time, when he was cut down and the body given to his friends, who actually restored him to life by bleeding and chafing him.

In 1774 it was discovered that out of 84 prisoners in Newgate only 8 were above twenty years of age.

In 1795 the public executioner and wielder of the cat-o'-nine-tails tendered his resignation unless the salary was raised. His business had fallen off, he said, in consequence of the war with France: there were fewer to hang and fewer to flog. The Court considered his case, raised his salary, and sent him to perform the lower branch of his profession, which he did with more than his usual zeal and skill.

He might have added that it was a post of some danger, as, in the case of a public flogging at the cart's tail, the mob often sided with the prisoner and pelted the executioner.

One or two cases of robbery recorded in these pages deserve to be placed on more permanent record:—

"The following robbery, which borders rather on the marvellous, we are told is absolutely true:—A few nights ago a well-dressed sharper, observing a servant-maid conversing with a young man two doors from her mistress's house, and that she had left the street-door part open, took the opportunity of slipping in, and stepped into a parlour, where an elderly lady was sitting by the fire, with two candles on the table in silver candlesticks. Without the least ceremony he took a chair, and set himself opposite to her, and began with saying: 'Madam, if you please, I will tell you an odd story, which happened a few nights ago to a very worthy woman in our neighbourhood. Her servant-maid was talking at a little distance to a silly fellow, as your own servant now is, and had left her own door open; in the interim in slips a sharper, as I may do, and walks into a room where her mistress, good woman, was sitting before the fire with two candles on a table in silver candlesticks, as you may now do. Well—he had not sat much longer than I have done with you, before he



takes one of the candles out of the candlestick, snuffed it out, and put the candlestick into his pocket, as I may do now. The good woman was planet-struck, as you may be ; upon which he takes out the other candle, as I may do now ; puts the other candlestick into his pocket, as I shall do ; and then wished her a good night, which I most sincerely do you.'—He was going out of the door, when the maid had finished



FLOGGING AT THE OLD BAILEY

From an engraving published by Nuttall, Fisher, and Dixon, Liverpool, September 1, 1809.

her conversation and was coming up the steps ; he accosted her with saying : ' My dear, your mistress has rung twice for you ' ; and wishing her a good night, went clear off with the candlesticks."

"On Saturday eighteen prisoners were tried at the Old Bailey, two of whom were capitally convicted, viz. Richard Mitchell, for feloniously stealing out of a letter, sent by the general post from Mr. Whitfield, of Lewis, to Mr. Moxon at Lymington (and which came to the hands of Mitchell, then a sorter of letters at the general post-office, Lombard Street), a bank-note, value £100.—And William

Clifton, for robbing Mr. Thomas Dicker, of Chelsea, on the highway, near his own house. Dec. 1774."

"On Monday last, at noon, a woman, most handsomely drest, and affecting the woman of fashion, went into the shop of a hosier in the Strand, and appeared (being without a hat) as if she had just stepped out of a carriage; and indeed this was the case. She asked to look at some silk stockings; several pairs were shown her; and presently in came a fellow in livery, who, with his hat off, said, 'Sir Thomas is in the carriage, my lady.' She replied, it was very well, she would be with him in a few minutes. She then paid for two pair of stockings, went away, and got into a post-chaise standing in the street, and the footman followed her into the chaise, which then drove off. This latter circumstance somewhat surprising the hosier, he examined the different loose parcels of stockings that he had opened, and discovered that her ladyship had stolen nine pair."

## CHAPTER XIV

### THE RIVERSIDE

THE Riverside, by which I mean Wapping and Limehouse, was a quarter of London different from any other. It harboured all the men who worked upon the ships—thieves all, to a man—and all the sailors of the mercantile marine. It was full of “fences” and receiving-shops; every other house was a tavern; nearly all the women were sailors’ women—anybody’s women.

The Riverside all through the century swarmed with these women. They were rough, rude, unclean in person, foul in language, and without any morality. As I have said, the introduction of stuffs and clothes that could be washed made a great difference in their condition. This special improvement took place towards the end of the century. They are described about the year 1780 as wearing long “quartered” shoes, large buckles, stockings for the most part clean; many wore no stays—the old-fashioned “loose jump” or leathern stays had then partly gone out. Their frocks cut low in the neck exposed the bosom, which with some was covered with a neckerchief. Their hair hung over their faces in “rats’-tails”; they were generally drunk; they fought with each other—it was as common for these women to stand up for a fight with fists as for the men their companions; their black eyes proclaimed their valour; their hair was full of vermin. They lived in miserable wooden hovels; but indeed the greater part of their life was passed in the taverns, full of noise and dirt and drunkenness, where the merchant-seamen drank and sang and danced. To all appearance, says one who describes the place, their age was between eighteen and twenty-five. What became of them after five-and-twenty the great churchyard of St. George’s Ratcliffe knew full well.

The girl of the Riverside, after a childhood surrounded with every kind of vice and ignorance among other children, all vicious, ignorant, and squalid, fell naturally, without resistance, without repugnance, into the fate common to her sisters Doll and Moll and Poll: she became the sailors’ darling. After a few years of squalid revelry the end came to her that came to all: foul disease and an early death.

The children of Wapping ran about barefooted in the streets, which had no pavement and were never cleaned except by the showers; they climbed about the

barges and prowled over the mud before the Stairs. They picked up coal from the mud, or stole it from the barges; they took it home in their pinafores to their mothers—no one on the Riverside ever bought coal. They learned at a very tender age to aid the robbery that went on all day long. As regards their physique, if we could see once more these children as they were we should be horrified at the many deformities among them—deformities then as common as they are now rare,—the hump back, the twisted shoulder, the bow legs, the knees turned in, the children with the "cheese-cutters"; all showing that the children were turned out to go and to grow as they pleased. The "cheese-cutter" has now quite disappeared—at least one never sees it. It was a form of bandy leg which consisted of an outward curving of the shin, apparently denoting hereditary weakness in the bone. That the children were in rags was a matter of course. Scald head and sores were common among them. That they were covered with vermin was also to be expected.

Billingsgate at midnight was crowded with people, not only those waiting for the arrival of the fishing-smacks, but those waiting for the departure of the Gravesend boats, which sailed at three in the morning. At the tavern outside the gates the visitor found a company of fish dames, fat and greasy, in conversation ribald, foul, and blasphemous. They were sitting round the fire drinking. The watchmen were taking supper—one of broiled red herring, the other of a high-flavoured Cheshire cheese and onions. There came blundering into the house a sailor just paid off: his pockets were full of money, and he ordered the waiter about with as much consequence as if he had been an admiral; however, he was soon observed by a showy lady with many gold rings, who accosted him in a friendly way and sat down to a bowl with him. In another room sat a company waiting for the sailing of the boats. Then there came in two more Jack Tars, also paid off, with bagpipes before them. They entertained the company with a hornpipe. After them came a fellow in the habit of a sergeant of the Guards, who led in four stout-looking country lads, all stupid with drink. He was a crimp, and had got these poor fellows, by means of drink, to enlist in the service of the East India Company.

The taverns of the Riverside were open all night as well as all day. Those of Wapping were frequented by a set of creatures more horrible than could be found in any other part of London. The men were thieves, of all kinds, but especially footpads who carried bludgeons and sometimes knives, and not only robbed the passengers of their money, but inflicted severe injury to their persons. They were attended by women as bad as themselves, whose part was to snare unfortunate sailors up some dark alley where their confederates were waiting to rob them. Not a face in any company of these people that was not marked by a scar: black eyes and bound-up hands were the rule among them, and the women fought with their fists as roundly as the men.

Both above and below Bridge the river presented a far more animated appearance



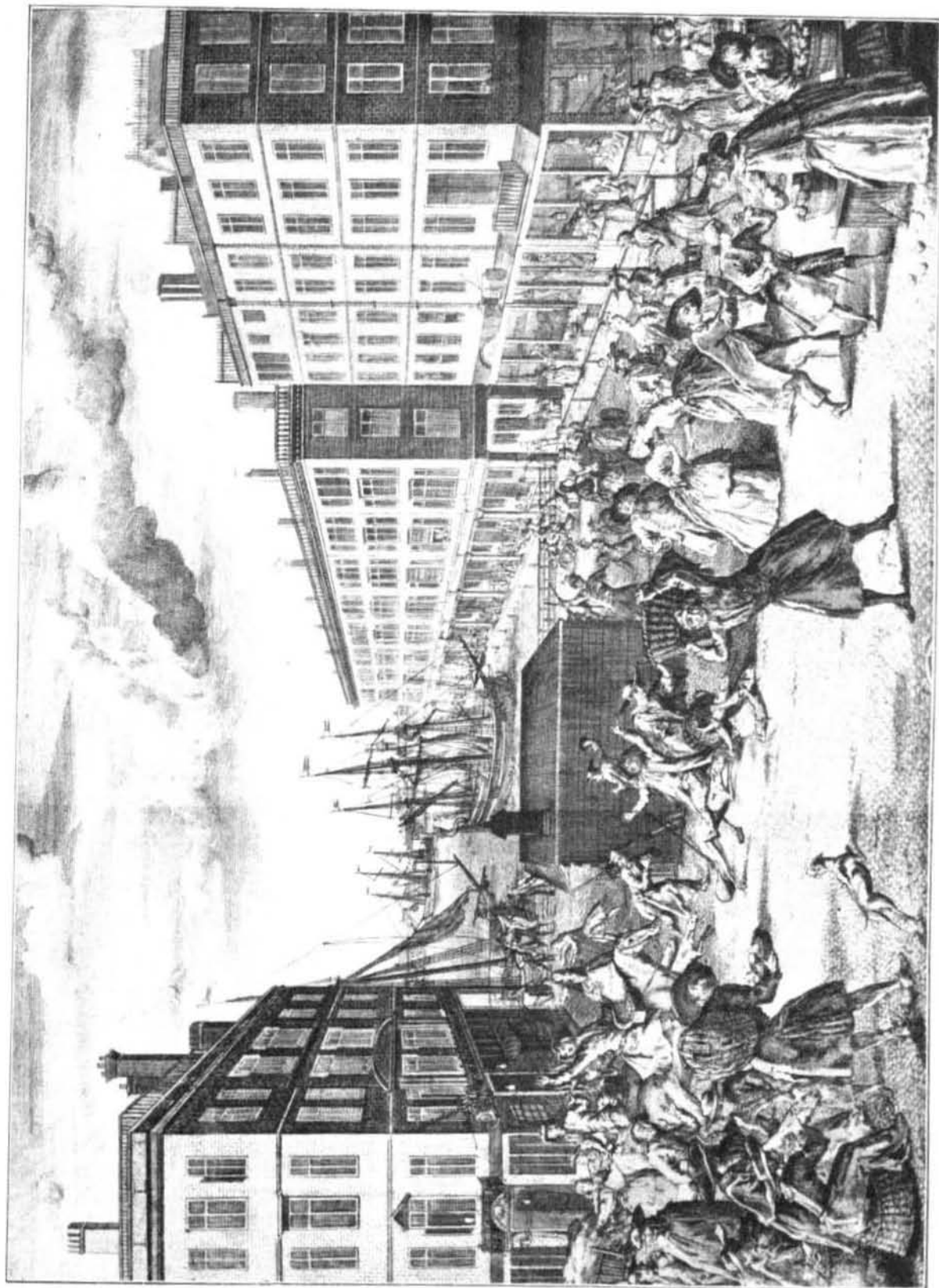
than at present, though the trade of the East has multiplied fivefold. The river above Bridge was crowded with loaded barges making their way up or down with the tide: there were no railways to convey produce or exports, or to distribute about the country the imports. Most of the work now done by railways was then done by rivers and canals, and quite as well done though much more slowly. The river was also covered with boats: although there were three bridges the old custom of getting across, or up and down the City, by means of the boats was still followed. It remained in practice until the introduction of the penny steamboat, which finally drove the watermen off the river.

There was also a sight to be seen every day on the Thames which has now passed wholly away; namely, the fisherman engaged at his work in mid-river. Still the Thames teemed with fish; still the salmon found their way up; still there were colonies of fisher people who lived by their nets: their last haunt was Lambeth. State barges and those of the Lord Mayor and of the City Companies swept up and down in state with their silken curtains, flags and streamers, and gilt and paint. The swans frequented the lower as well as the higher reaches.

Below Bridge the multitude of ships was bewildering: they all took in cargo and unloaded in mid-stream by means of lighters and barges. And besides the number of ships there was the great variety in build and rigging, which gave animation to the scene. These various crafts are portrayed by Cooke (1829), who presents in the first place the newly-introduced steamer with its tall funnel and its paddle-wheels just aft the foremast.

Here we find the sailing barge; the collier; the Dutch galliot; the Scotch smack; the brig-of-war; the oyster-boat; the fishing-smack; the schooner; the sloop-rigged barge; the barque; the hay-boat; the man-o'-war; the coasting schooner; the hatch-boat; the pilot-boat; the West Indiaman; the frigate under sail; the East Indiaman; the City Company's barge; the lugger; and fishing-boats of every kind.

Nor was the river ever without its men-o'-war. At Deptford Dockyard they still built ships: here was a dockyard of considerable importance, if only for the stores which it contained, and for the many offices which it had to bestow—resident commissioner, storekeeper, surveyor, master builder, master shipwright, and others. The squalid old town of Deptford was full of sailors and sailors' taverns. There were taverns for the special delectation of the captains; taverns for the first lieutenants; taverns for the lower—not always the younger—officers. During a war the people were rejoiced by the sight of many a fine prize taken from the French and brought home in safety. During the war of 1744-49 over 2100 ships and small vessels were captured by the King's ships, and nearly 1200 by privateers—a fact which should uplift the national pride but for the corresponding fact that the French took a great many ships from us.



THE THROUGHS OF BELLINGSGATE.  
From a print in the Vandyke Collection.

The City always maintained strenuously the right of keeping the army and the navy outside the walls. No regiment except that still called the " Buffs," which was considered as the descendant of the trained bands, was allowed to march through the City without leave of the Mayor ; no pressgang was admitted within the City Liberties, and no sailors were allowed to be pressed. On the other hand, the City never failed to recognise its duty in time of war, and offered large bounties to volunteers for the navy.

In the Pool and on the Riverside the press was very active. It was at such a time that James Cook, then a mate in a Whitby coaster, volunteered into the navy rather than be pressed, which would certainly have happened. So hot was the press at this time that they swept the merchantmen lying in the river of the greater part of their seamen. Sometimes, however, the merchantmen resisted. Thus, in 1770, the officers of H.M. *Lynx* man-o'-war boarded the *Duke of Richmond*, East Indiaman, off Gravesend, to press the men. They were informed that the men had seized the arms-chest and were not going to be pressed. The man-o'-war dropped alongside of the East Indiaman, and seeing the resolute appearance of the sailors, they thought better of it and sheered off, so the East Indiaman escaped.

The offer of bounty money to recruits was naturally open to abuse. The case of John Hodgson shows the kind of abuse which would certainly occur to the common rogue. This young man, whose career came to an end on Tyburn Tree, at the age of 26, confessed that he had enlisted, and deserted, 98 times in six years ; that he had received 597 guineas as bounty money ; and that he had filled up his time in the intervals of enlistment by robberies. He kept a ledger account of all these transactions, and at the time of his trial and conviction for highway robbery was worth £80, which he conveyed to a female favourite. He was taken up and flogged three times for desertion—on one occasion receiving 350 lashes, which he endured without a groan or a sigh.

If the City would not tolerate the impressment of sailors it allowed the practice of crimping—that, namely, of enlisting recruits for the East India service. The greatest abuses and abominations attended this enlistment. A young country-man was accosted by a plausible fellow who pretended to advise him and to warn him ; he followed the man to a tavern and drank with him to his destruction, for when he recovered from the drunken fit which followed, he found that he had enlisted in the service of the East India Company. He was then kept confined in a lock-up house with other poor wretches also caught in the trap. The house was barred and bolted ; escape was impossible. When the number was complete they were all marched off on board the vessel that was to carry them to India, whence they never came back again. I suppose that the influence of the Company was so strong in the City that no attempt was made except by the mob to suppress these infamous houses. There was one in Butcher Row at the back of St. Clement's, and another in

Chancery Lane, and another in Wapping; and many others of which I have no record.

The following story shows the suspicion with which these houses were regarded :—

On February 24, 1767, an inhabitant of St. Bride's parish brought before the Vestry information that the gravedigger of the parish had brought a corpse to the burial-ground on the side of Fleet Market at eleven o'clock the previous night. The gravedigger denied the hour but acknowledged the fact. He said that he brought the body to the ground at nine, not eleven, at night; that he had received it from a lock-up house in Butcher Row, and that nothing had been said as to the cause of death. He also confessed that it was not the first time that he had received a body from such a house. On another occasion when the mob wrecked a lock-up house, the dead body of a young man was found lying on the boards of the garret in a putrefying condition. But recruits had to be found for the service of the Company.

A favourite trick with crimps was, after accosting a young fellow who looked a likely subject, and failing with him, to produce a paper and declare that they had a warrant against him for stealing a silver cup, value £21, or something else. They then seized the man and carried him off to a lock-up house where they kept him until they succeeded in enlisting him for the East India Company's service. In one case, in 1767, a gentleman caught a crimp trying on this trick, and compelled both the crimp and the lad to go before the Lord Mayor. This case caused a great deal of indignation. The man received a year's imprisonment in Newgate. One Captain Young, who was a crimp, and a master crimp, was also imprisoned for illegally confining a man in a lock-up house.

The fellows who manned the ships were in the merchant service in time of peace; when a war broke out the pressgang swept the ships in port, and swept the streets of Wapping in the north and of Deptford in the south. The men seem to have served with perfect goodwill when they were on board: the life and work were no worse in the navy than in the merchant service; they were liable to flogging in one service as much as in the other.

It not unfrequently happened that the prisoners on board a ship rose and recaptured the ship; to prevent this, they were all confined together in the after-hold, near the stern. The flooring of this pleasant residence was made of planks loosely laid on casks; a grating separated it from the cockpit, and a sentinel was placed at the grating night and day; no daylight reached the place. The prisoners were allowed on deck by a small number at a time.

A tender sailing down the river full of imprisoned men was suddenly seized by the impressed men, who broke open the hatches and got on deck. They were in number 110; they overpowered the officers and men without bloodshed, and ran the ship ashore at Grays, in Essex, where they landed and dispersed.



The sailor believed fervently in amulets and charms. A common and pretty form of amulet was a lock of his girl's hair tied round his arm or round his neck ; another charm was to tattoo his girl's name on his arm, or his girl's name with a heart and joined hands on his right breast.

Until the service between London and the West Indies had become regular and continuous, passengers to or from London had to provide their own food. Thus when a young gentleman was sent home from Jamaica to be educated, the voyage was expected to take 75 days, and the following was the provision made on board for the boy and his servants :—there were 40 geese, 40 turkeys, 400 fowls, 20 hogs, 20 sheep, 50 dozen Bristol water, fruit, cashew nuts, yams, and sweet potatoes.

Not the slightest pretence at enforcing morality on board ships in harbour was made. When Lord Howe put to sea after the victory of 1st June there were thousands of women turned out of his ships at Spithead ! When the *Royal George* went down, 400 women from Gosport and Portsmouth went down with her. Captain Cook explains that he made no attempt to maintain a decent appearance of morality when lying off one of the Pacific Islands, for the simple reason that it was useless to attempt such a thing.

## CHAPTER XV

### DUELLING

THE custom of duelling prevailed during the whole of the eighteenth, and indeed more or less during the first half of the nineteenth, century. There are men living now (1900) who can still remember the last fatal duel of 1845, when Lieutenant Seton was killed by Lieutenant Hawkey. There are not wanting some who lament the abolition of the duel; those who do so argue that the danger of being called out demanded and cultivated carefulness of speech, courtesy of manner, and imposed some checks on conduct. If it achieved or encouraged these fine things, it certainly encouraged also the bully; and it allowed every public place to be filled with adventurers who tried to get into Society, to marry an heiress, to be received as gentlemen, to exist by card-sharpping, simply by terrorising the company. Fighting Fitzgerald, for instance, terrorised the committee of Boodle's into electing him, after he had been blackballed, by letting them understand that they would all have to fight him if he were blackballed again. The fighting captain was found at Bath, at Tunbridge Wells, at all places where there were heiresses to carry off and their brothers to terrorise. Considering this fighting captain; considering also the extreme uncertainty of the ordeal by battle; considering the danger of drawing a duel upon your head by any chance word, by any premeditated affront, by any loss of temper, we must feel that we are more easy in society, now that we have no longer to fear the duel. In its place we have the permanent committee of arbitration—the committee of the club: a body which visits offenders against honour by expulsion, a remedy which has proved, as far as we can understand the past, far more efficacious in the interests of good manners than the necessity of duelling and the point of honour.

There were many important and interesting duels in the eighteenth century. Wilkes, for instance, when he published his *North Briton*, ventured more than a prosecution by the Government; he risked his life: some one was sure to make up a quarrel with him and to challenge him. He fought Lord Talbot first and the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Maston, afterwards. The latter took up the

cause perhaps in all honesty and sincerity, perhaps as a useful move in the game of ambition. He insulted Wilkes in the House and fought him in the Park.

It was not thought unclerical for clergymen to fight duels. One clergyman was killed in a duel with an officer; another is said (Hone's *Table Book*) to have been created a baronet and made a dean after fighting three duels; a third killed his man without, according to the same authority, receiving any ecclesiastical censure.

Lord Falkland called his bosom friend, Mr. Powell, "Pogey." Then they quarrelled and kicked and cuffed each other. In the duel that followed Lord Falkland was killed.

Pitt went out with Mr. Tierney for charging him with obstructing the defences of the country. Fox fought Mr. Adam of the War Office, who took offence at certain strictures passed by Fox on the powder supplied to the army. Canning fought Lord Castlereagh.

"A duel took place early this morning between Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning, in which the latter received a wound in the left thigh; it is not dangerous, being merely a flesh-wound. The meeting took place at Putney Heath. Lord Yarmouth seconded Lord Castlereagh, and Mr. R. Ellis accompanied Mr. Canning. We understand they fired by signal, at the distance of ten yards. The first missed, and no explanation taking place, they fired a second time, when Mr. Canning was wounded in the left thigh, on the outer side of the bone; and thus the affair terminated. He was put into a coach and conveyed to Gloucester Lodge, his newly-purchased seat at Brompton, and Lord Castlereagh returned to his house in St. James's Square."

Duels were fought everywhere—in Hyde Park, in Kensington Gardens, in taverns, in the streets; but the fashionable place was the Field of the Forty Foot-steps behind Montague House, now the British Museum. In Hyde Park was fought the memorable duel between the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun. On this occasion the Duke was wounded mortally, and died as he was carried off the ground.

A great deal of rather cheap indignation has been expended over the practice of duelling. It is true that there were many duels fought; but as a matter of fact there were very few fatal duels. That of the Duke of Hamilton, of Mr. Chaworth, and a few more nearly exhaust the list. Those who stood opposite each other at thirty paces could not, for the most part, use a pistol at all; it is a weapon which requires a great deal of practice in order to be used with effect; they raised their arms and fired; the bullets hissed harmlessly over their heads; or they fired in the air; or at the last moment they were reconciled. Still there was always the danger, and when we consider that such men as Sheridan, Wilkes, Pitt, Fox, and Wellington had to imperil their valuable lives in this way, we may rejoice that the practice has been abandoned.

## CHAPTER XVI

### TWICE ROUND THE CLOCK

THE little book called *Low Life*, written about the middle of the eighteenth century, offers a kind of catalogue of the twenty-four hours, and of what was done in every one of them from midnight to midnight. It is a most unsavoury tractate, because the author takes even too much pleasure in sparing his readers no single detail, and in dwelling upon everything that is most abominable in a city which was, and is, the most wicked city in the world, because it was—and is—the greatest. The author has also adopted the trick, invented by one of those two worthies, his predecessors, Tom Brown and Ned Ward, in which a thing done occasionally and with the greatest possible secrecy, or a thing suspected but not proved, is entered confidently as a thing common and even universal. Thus, under the head of midnight, we learn that a watchman takes fees from housebreakers for liberty to commit burglary within his beat, at the same time promising to give them notice if there is any danger of their being taken or disturbed! Such a statement, with many others equally sweeping, must not be taken seriously. If the practice had been common, the condition of things in London would have been intolerable; in a city of trade it would have been simply ruinous. The watch was far from effective—that is quite evident; there were doubtless corrupt watchmen in the force; but this statement cannot possibly be accepted as commonly true. This is only one example of hundreds equally doubtful and equally confident. Making all deductions, however, the pamphlet contains a mine of wealth nowhere else to be found, on the manners and customs of London citizens on Sunday; for we begin as the clock strikes twelve on Saturday night, and end as the clock strikes twelve on Sunday night. At midnight, then, of Saturday, the markets, late as it is, are still open; they are crowded with the wives of the working people, who thus pick up what is left on the purveyors' hands at a cheap price. Tiltboats, that is, large vessels with an awning, which carried twenty or thirty passengers, put off at this hour from Billingsgate, bound for Gravesend if the tide served. Houses that were left empty were seized upon by beggars and homeless vagabonds,



who made up beds of straw upon the boards, and tore up the stairs and floors and sold the wood to be cut up for firing. The tapsters of taverns in the fields brought home people too drunk, or too timid, to return alone. The custom, prevalent fifty years ago, of unscrewing knockers and carrying them off, was practised in 1759 under another form; the brave young fellows of the Hospitals and the Inns of Court went about the streets "on the randan": their object was to find a watchman asleep in his chair and to carry off his staff and lantern; see "The Rake's Progress" in the debauch scene. When the markets were closed at last, the women all gone home, and the shops shut up, the place was invaded by poor people called Finders; they came to carry off whatever in the nature of food was left lying about on the bulks or on the ground. The bulks of shops in the streets were in the summer the sleeping-places of men and boys who had been earning an honest penny by taking drunken men home or carrying links. Here goes a man with a deal box under his arm; he looks about him furtively, he shrinks to the wall if any one passes him; in the box is the dead body of his infant child, which he proposes to bury in the fields so as to escape the parish fees.

At four o'clock in the morning the streets are tolerably quiet. Beggars go about borrowing babies at 4d. a day from the parish nurses; in courts and alleys, where there is only one water-tap for all the people, women get up at four in order to secure, before the others come out, a supply for the whole of the week. Between five and six the church bells begin for the early service; the keepers of the asses bring them out to be milked for patients ordered to drink asses' milk; at six o'clock the beggars come out with wads of straw to sit upon, and get their sores dressed and painted for the day. At seven o'clock the barbers' shops are crammed. At eight o'clock the short stages set out filled with people for Hampstead, Hornsey, Richmond, Epping Forest, and other summer resorts.

From nine to ten the tea-gardens near town are filled with young fellows and their girls taking tea and coffee, telling stories, imitating actors, repeating love songs, and eating rolls and butter. A crowd of people gather to see the Lord Mayor attend service at St. Paul's in his state coach; the churches are filled with fashionable people; many of the ladies carry lap-dogs to church with them. "Fine fans," says the author, "rich brilliants, white hands, envious eyes, and enamelled snuff-boxes, are displayed in most places of divine worship." The "organ-hunters"—those people, namely, who go to church in order to hear the organ—run about from one church to another; after service the old women are accosted by idle apprentices who have been playing in the streets or in the churchyard, and are asked to give them the text. They must take home the text in order to satisfy their masters that they have been to church. Clerks and impecunious persons of all kinds take their "half-pints and dumplings" in the tavern-kitchens of Fleet Street. Dinner-time with the common people is noon.

In the afternoon those citizens who have gardens outside the walls walk out with their wives and children, intending to take tea or punch, and to come home laden with flowers "for beau pots." The merchants, meantime, do as much business on Sunday as on any week-day. In the morning they meet in Cornhill on the south side of the Exchange, or in the porch of St. Mary-le-Bow, or on the Custom-House Quay; or they lock themselves up in their country houses with a bottle—always that bottle—working out schemes for profit. In the evening they crowd the taverns about the Exchange; they drink, and they transact business. In the afternoon office-keepers of the theatres go round the West End streets telling the residents what pieces will be played next day. In the summer evening all the places of resort are crowded; the streets are filled with noisy people, half drunk, whooping, pushing, and fighting. Early in the evening gaming-tables at Charing Cross begin to fill with bullies, fools, and gamblers. People of fashion leave off gambling in order to take supper.

At midnight one-third of London is fast asleep and almost penniless.

Such is the picture, deprived of its grosser features, of London from hour to hour on a Sunday in 1759. It may be regarded as a picture of the times, or as a picture of Sunday as it was spent shortly before the great Evangelical movement of the eighteenth century. It would be easy to conclude from these pages that there was absolutely no religion left in the City. All the world are in the fields—at tea-gardens, hunting ducks, sitting in taverns, getting fuddled; the merchant carries on business as much on the Sunday as on any other day; the public gaming-houses are open in the evening; the tavern bells ring as loudly as the church bells. But it would be foolish to accept this picture as true. The churches, as we have seen, opened their doors to early service, to morning, afternoon, and evening services; the chapels were thronged with quiet worshippers; the masters sent their apprentices to church. But, this writer gives us to understand, Sunday was a general day of amusement. Well, Sunday has always been, except for a brief spell of Puritan rule, a day of amusement. Under the ancient faith the people attended mass in the morning and amused themselves in the afternoon; it was the traditional, time-honoured custom to make of Sunday not only a holy day but also a holiday. We may be quite sure that the account of *Low Life* was accepted by the readers of the time not as a "desecration" of Sunday, but as a legitimate way of spending the day, save that the people should have gone to church in the morning. The Evangelicals brought back the Puritan Sunday, and, if they did not fill the churches they at least emptied the taverns by the simple method of keeping their doors closed.

Taken as a picture of the times, it shows the people rising far earlier than is now the practice even on a summer morning; it shows a stupendous amount of drinking; and it seems to show—but on this subject one must be very cautious of

drawing conclusions—a much greater proportion of vagabonds, link-boys, pick-pockets, and thieves than we can now boast. It also shows in parts omitted that, as has been already remarked, the woman in scarlet was everywhere, all day long : in the tea-gardens at six in the morning ; at evening-tide in the Park ; in the afternoon at Bagnigge and Sadler's Wells ; in the night-house at ten. All through the eighteenth century she is everywhere ; all through the century the writers love to talk about her ; and they gratify that desire by assuming the garb, which they wear awkwardly, of the moralist who deplores and the Christian who exhorts.

## CHAPTER XVII

### MEDICINE

THE eighteenth century witnessed a complete revolution not only in surgery and in medicine, but also in the conditions under which the medical profession was conducted. At the beginning of the century physicians were held in great respect; fashionable physicians, such as Radcliffe and Mead, made large incomes; apothecaries, who had hitherto confined themselves to the compounding and making up of drugs, were endeavouring to prescribe on their own account; surgeons, inferior to both apothecary and physician, were members of the Company of Barber Surgeons. They could only operate, except for the less important cases, in the presence of a physician; and in a hospital they could prescribe nothing for their patients without the permission and signature of a physician.

In 1687 the College of Physicians resolved, but not unanimously, to prescribe for the poor without fee; they fitted up and opened a Dispensary in their College, Warwick Lane. The apothecaries raised the greatest opposition: they would not make up the physicians' prescriptions; they refused to call them in for consultation. The physicians fell back upon their Charter and prosecuted an apothecary for attending and prescribing for a sick man. They won their case, but afterwards lost it by a decision of the House of Lords. The quarrel gave rise to Garth's poem of *The Dispensary*. Dryden also had a word to say about the apothecaries:—

"From files a random recipe they take,  
And many deaths from one prescription make;  
Garth, generous as his muse, prescribes and gives:  
The shopman sells and by destruction lives."

The Physicians' Dispensary was closed in 1724. Both sides won: the apothecaries continued to prescribe; the physicians, however, convinced the world that the prescriptions of those who had no science were dangerous things.

The Guild of Surgeons, apart from that of the Barbers, dates from 1345. They were incorporated with the Barbers in 1540. In the same year the Company obtained the right of practising dissection. The Surgeons broke off



in 1745. At first they had great difficulty in keeping their Society together. In 1790 it collapsed, but was founded again in 1800 as the Royal College of Surgeons of London; the title being changed in 1845 to that of the Royal College of Surgeons of England.

The only hospitals of London at the beginning of the century were St. Thomas's, St. Bartholomew, Bethlehem, and Bridewell—the last was occasionally used as a hospital. There were also the two "Pesthouses" of Finsbury and Westminster. Guy's Hospital was opened in 1725; the Westminster Dispensary (afterwards Hospital) in 1719; the London Hospital, which also began as a dispensary, in 1740; St. George's Hospital opened as an Infirmary in 1733; the



ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL

From a print published by H. Parker, London, March 10, 1754.

Middlesex in 1745; the City of London Lying-In Hospital in 1770; the Lock Hospital, 1746; St. Luke's, 1751; Queen Charlotte's Lying-In Hospital, 1752; the Small-Pox Hospital in 1746, and others.

The list is creditable to the philanthropy of the country.

At a time when everybody who belonged to a reputable and recognised calling proclaimed his profession or his craft by his dress, it is not surprising that physicians should wear a garb which distinguished them. His profession was known by his ample wig—a physician, according to Fielding, can no more prescribe without a full wig than without a fee—by his black velvet coat, and by the gold-headed cane which carried in the ball the preventive against infection. Their manner was always one of studied gravity and solemnity, as if they were profoundly impressed, as they ought to be, with the responsibility of their calling;

their walk, their speech, their face, their eyes were composed to the same gravity. A coach was indispensable if a young man professed to be a fashionable physician; a treatise on some special disease or fashion in treatment was equally indispensable if one would get on. Such a treatise was intended not so much to advance medical science as to call attention to the great learning of the writer. Physicians, for the most part, thought it best to keep aloof from the common herd: they seldom frequented coffee-houses, and maintained by their seclusion something of the mystery which had formerly associated medicine with sorcery, or at least astrology. There were exceptions to this rule of separation. Mead, Arbuthnot, Garth, Freind frequented society—at least, literary society; later on, Dr. Buchan actually received his patients at the Chapter Coffee-house, and prescribed for them, it appears, in the presence of the whole company.

The physician was often a scholar—perhaps it is safe to say that the fashionable physician was always a scholar; for the simple reason that the manners required of a successful physician among the aristocracy could not be assumed or achieved by an unlettered quack. We find, therefore, such physicians as those mentioned above not only belonging to the best circles of the town, but also scholars, collectors, antiquaries, numismatists, lovers of painting and statuary, lovers of music, lovers of books. Mead, Radcliffe, Freind, Sloane, Woodward, Hunter, all made great collections of books, anatomical and medical objects, and antiquities. They were accused of thinking too much of their collections and too little of their patients. "Their inattention," says Rouquet, their contemporary, "is sometimes of incalculable value to the patient." Mead, whose practice is said to have brought him in £7000 a year, began to collect when he first began to practise. He lived successively at Stepney, in Crutched Friars, in Austin Friars, in Bloomsbury, and in Great Ormond Street, where the Children's Hospital stands. In his garden behind the house Dr. Mead erected a building for his collections and for his books, the latter numbering 10,000 volumes.

The name of Garth recalls his poem called *The Dispensary*. Garth was also a good scholar: he pronounced a Latin oration in the old College of Warwick Lane before the assembled faculty in 1697, which brought him great reputation; it was Garth, too, who pronounced the Funeral Oration over the body of Dryden in Westminster Abbey. Arbuthnot is better known as a writer than as a physician. Blackmore aimed at being a poet. Sloane is called by Young the "foremost toyman of his time." Radcliffe founded the great library at Oxford. Akenside was a physician. Goldsmith liked to be called the Doctor. Smollett was a physician.

I have mentioned the Gold-headed Cane. There is preserved in the library of the College of Physicians the cane which passed in succession from Radcliffe

to Mead; from Mead to Askew; from Askew to Pitcairn; and from Pitcairn to Baillie; then it stopped and was presented to the College. Of all the eighteenth-century physicians it is to Mead that we turn as the most pleasant, as well as the most remarkable figure. He was granted length of days as well as great success; he lived in the best society; he brought dignity to the profession; and, in the words of Johnson, "he lived more in the broad sunshine of life than almost any man."

As regards the tentative and experimental nature of medicine, the strange remedies still in use, the elementary condition of surgery,—I cannot deal with them here. I content myself with showing the formal and ceremonious way in which a physician conducted the simplest operation. I take the simple operation of bleeding, then commonly prescribed for a fever, for a fit, for a drunken stupor, or for a girl's attack of melancholy. First of all, if it was done in the presence of a physician, it must be done by a surgeon. Poor people, however, were content to go to an apothecary, or even to a barber. Sometimes it was performed on the neck; in the case of a woman, however, this was seldom the place chosen, because even the slight puncture of a lancet might make a disfiguring mark. The arm was therefore chosen.

They began by throwing a handkerchief over the patient's head, so that she should see nothing of the blood. Then the physician placed a ball of worsted in the patient's hand. When she pressed it, the veins of the arm swelled. The physician then took the basin. By long practice he knew exactly how far the fountain of blood would spring forth; the surgeon just touched with his lancet a blue vein; the jet of blood leaped out; the physician caught it dexterously, so that not a single drop was spilled. His task was to order the stop of the blood-letting when the proper amount had been taken. In cases of fever they took eight ounces—two and a half for health and five and a half for fever; this was called bleeding *ad defectionem*, because the patient generally fainted from loss of blood; or *ad plenum rivum*—a full bleeding. Taraxacum was then administered, with Rhenish wine, or broth in which borage had been steeped.

The apothecaries in the poorer parts of the town acted as general practitioners as well as druggists, whence arose the custom, out of self-defence, for the qualified general practitioner to make up and dispense his own medicines.

The richer sort called in the physician; the surgeon operated under the direction of the physician; the apothecary made up the prescriptions of the physician. Many apothecaries enjoyed a great local reputation and obtained a large practice. The most formidable rival, however, of the physician was the herbalist, the wise woman who understood the qualities and properties of the common wild herbs, and, with her sage and dandelion, boasted that she administered to sick people with as much success as the College of Physicians with their drugs.

The midwife exercised her functions without calling in the aid of the doctor; the bonesetter practised his or her trade without the help of the surgeon.

It must be confessed that it was a great time for the quack. He had none of the modesty of his successor, who sometimes owns that there are disorders which his medicines will not cure. He of the eighteenth century boldly claimed that he could cure everything. Sometimes his medicines took the form of diet, as when one learned person recommended stewed prunes and cold water as a universal medicine; sometimes it was a specific, as that of Dr. John Hill, who made a concoction of dock, sage, and valerian which cured everything; or it was tar water, recommended by the learned Bishop Berkeley.

The career of the famous Dr. Graham is interesting as a lesson in the power of humbug. Certainly people who would believe in Dr. Graham would believe in anybody. This is very easy to say, but we must remember that the most absurd pretensions when they are set off by a commanding figure, by an imposing manner, by a persuasive voice, lose nine-tenths of their absurdity. James Graham made his first appearance in the year 1780. He took a house on the Adelphi Terrace; adorned it externally with a large gilt sun; inscribed on the front the legend *Templum Aesculapio Sacrum*; furnished the house with splendour, all the walls being hung with mirrors; and gave lectures every night on his new discovery of restoring health and vigour by means of electricity. Crowds of people attended, though they had to pay two guineas each for a simple lecture. At the conclusion a girl was revealed standing in a recess with a curtain in front. She was the Goddess of Health, and she stood before the audience naked, but adorned with all the charms that properly belong to that most lovely of goddesses.

Graham became famous and made money. He removed from the Adelphi to Schomberg House, Pall Mall; here he continued his lectures, the charge for which he presently had to lower, little by little, till the two guineas became half-a-crown. The Temple of Health was next converted into an evening promenade, at one shilling admission. The chief object of attraction was the Celestial Bed, a four-poster standing on glass legs, by means of which children of the most perfect beauty could be begotten. It is even said that he charged £500 a night for the use of this bed. Of course he produced his universal specific, and he obtained large sums for the bottles of his "Elixir of Life." As he certainly fell immediately afterwards into great poverty, we may conclude that he sometimes took less than £500 a night for his bed, and that he offered large discounts for his "Elixir of Life."

People grew tired of both, and left off visiting the Temple. He then took another house—in Panton Street—and lectured on bathing in earth; he delivered the lecture sitting, with his Goddess of Health beside him, both up to the chin in earth. After this he fell into difficulties. His goddess left him; his creditors pursued him; he retired into the country. He seems to have become a student



at the University of Edinburgh: one of his former friends gave him an annuity of £50 a year, and in 1794 he died in Edinburgh.

We also read of one Doctor Brodum, by which name is designated a notorious quack of the time. He was originally the valet of a French quack, from whom he learned some medical jargon. On the strength of this, and of two scientific discoveries of the greatest benefit to mankind—the "Nervous Cordial," and the "Botanical Syrup"—he set up for himself and did well. To these two boons and blessings he subsequently added his "Baume de Vie," and his "Tea for Prolonging Life." He further enriched the medical literature of the country by his *Guide to Old Age*. He obtained a degree from Aberdeen—I know not whether the statement is intended as a charge that Aberdeen habitually sold diplomas to quacks—and took a house in London.

Another quack of the first water became famous under the name of Dr. Solomon of Liverpool. He, too, wrote books in praise of his own specifics: his *Guide to Health* laid many in their graves, and his "Anti-Impetigines"—skin eruptions—and "Cordial Balm" proved more useful in keeping down the population than the war itself.

The writer before us does not speak of Dr. Graham. But he pays a deserved tribute to the celebrated Perkins, who introduced to the country the Metallic Tractors. One is surprised that a credulous public ever allowed the Metallic Tractors to die. However, we have seen the day of the electric belt. The tractors were two pieces of metal drawn slowly over the part affected. For rheumatism, gout, sciatica, lumbago, pleurisy, and such diseases, the tractors were simply sovereign. The owner of this discovery sold his two bits of metal for five guineas.

The memory of the tractor survives, but that of Mr. Buzaglo, presumably an Italian, has perished. Yet this man of science cured gout, rheumatism, and lumbago in an hour—actually in an hour! of however long standing. Wasted calves he restored to their pristine fulness of flesh in a few days. Patients could, if they pleased, agree for a perfect cure, by the month, by the year, or for life.

On the general question of credulity in quacks and nostrums, perhaps there was not more faith than would be, and is, found to-day. The man Graham was clever enough to offer the town an exhibition, which was, to say the least, interesting. There are always people who have found the regular qualified doctors unable to restore the vigour of youth, or to drive away disease incurable; such people are always ready to try a new nostrum, or a new method, not so much in faith as in hope—very slight hope, in most cases, that there may be something in it. These are the principal reasons why quacks in all ages meet with success which is generally ephemeral. A few of the eighteenth-century nostrums are still remembered, and, I believe, used at the present day. To try one nostrum after another, when the

regular physicians have failed, does not necessarily indicate credulity, so much as despair. At this very day if another Graham were to arise, and, like him, promise to show the way to a hundred years of life and health, he would find as many eager and hopeful followers as ran after him in 1780.

The following is a contemporary character of a quack :—

"His sagacity is remarkable, for he hath found out an art both to conceal his own ignorance, and impose on that of other folks to his own advantage; his prime care and greatest concern is, to get the names of diseases without book, and a bead-roll of rattling terms of art, which he desires only to remember, not to understand, so that he has more hard words than a juggler, and uses them to the same purpose, viz. to amuse and beguile the mobile, first of their senses, and next of their pence. Thus when people acquaint him with their grief, and their ills, though he know what the disease is no more than a horse, he tells them 'tis a scorbutick humour, caused by a defluxion from the os sacrum afflicting the diaphragm and cricoary thenoidal muscles, proceeding from heats and colds, with which the poor souls are abundantly satisfied, and wonder he should hit upon their distemper so exactly. He undertakes to spy out diseases whilst they are yet lurking in their remotest causes; has an excellent talent in persuading well people they are sick, and by giving them his trash verifies the prediction and is sure to make them so. When he walks the streets (which is with a Spanish gravity), if he lights upon a well-dressed woman, with a child in her arms, he stops on a sudden, and, clapping his hand on his breast to witness his sincerity, cries, "Ah, sweet babe, what pity 'tis it should be lost for want of looking after!" The good dame being frightened, a confederate that follows comes up and asks what the gentleman said. Then he tells the woman that he knows this gentleman by sight, and that he is one of the ablest doctors in the kingdom, especially for women and children, and withal acquaints her with his lodging. Away troops she next morning and purchases not only a dose for her child, but for herself too, for I never yet knew a female but ail'd something when she came in presence of a doctor."

In a collection of old London signs and advertisements issued by Mr. F. Cornman in 1891 and 1894, there are several which illustrate the sale and circulation of quack medicines in the eighteenth century. I take them without any order. Thus, "At the sign of 'The Anodyne Necklace,' over against Devereux Court, without Temple Bar," could be obtained Dr. Sydenham's "Experimental Observations on the Gout," given gratis with a picture of a sufferer, his foot on a stool, his whole leg swathed with flannel, his medicine in a bottle on a table ready for use, and his crutches for walking. At the same place could be obtained the "Great Diuretick Cleanser for Weaknesses," priced at 5s. the bottle, with a picture of a weak man sitting dolefully on a table; "Purging Sugar Plums," advertised to be without mercury "the Prettiest contrived Medicine for Families." Here, too, because it is good *desipere in loco*, could be procured gratis, a book upon Noses, containing remarks "on the long High Roman Nose (as was the fashion in King William's Dayes); on the Bottle Nose; the Snub Nose; the Little Contemptuous Grinning Turned-up Nose; the Short Cocking Nose; the Thin Pinch'd-in Nose; the Red Nose; and on those who have lost their Nose" (perhaps the book was chiefly designed as a consolation for the last unfortunates). Here was published, also to be had gratis, a "Treatise on Ague and Intermitting Fevers," with a picture of a man in night-dress complete,—i.e., gown, cap, and white stockings,—sitting beside a roaring

fire. At the same establishment could be found "Seven useful Discourses on Physical Necklaces for Fits and Children's Teeth, Traced up to 1700 years." At the sign of "The Anodyne Necklace" lived the famous Dr. Chamberlain in the year 1729. His sign is given in two forms as represented below.

Mrs. Carter, an oculist, lived at the sign of the "Hand and Eye"—the hand represented by a finger dexterously manipulating the eye. Dr. Clark, dentist to Charles II., lived in Fountain Court, Strand, at the sign of the "Sun and Eye," with the motto "*Post Nubila Phœbus*." This was in 1721, when Charles had been dead thirty-four years. Dr. Clark, therefore, was then advanced in years. A "Speedy Cure for Agues of all Sorts" was to be had of William Denman at "The Golden



ADVERTISEMENT IN "THE WEEKLY JOURNAL" 1718  
From *Some Illustrations of Olde London* (Cormman, 1894).



ADVERTISEMENT IN "THE COUNTRY JOURNAL" 1729  
From *Some Illustrations of Olde London* (Cormman, 1894).

Ball," near Hyde Park Corner, "and no where else"—one might therefore catch an ague in the Fulham Marshes and get it cured without going farther than Hyde Park Corner. Hungary Water was sold at the "Black Boy and Comb," next door to the Pastry Cook's, Ludgate Hill. A surgeon's sign was the Golden Ball and Acorn; trusses were sold at the "Blackamoor and Truss," Bartholomew Close; the "Specifick Boms," price 1s., could only be bought of Mr. Greeg, bookseller, next to Northumberland House, Strand—he gave, as well, for nothing, an account of this great discovery; the "Grand Angelica," or the "True Scots Pills," left to posterity by Dr. Patrick Anderson, were faithfully prepared by Isabella Inglish at the "Unicorn" over against the Watchhouse near the May Pole, Strand; persons whom Dr. Chamberlain, at the "Golden Anodyne," could not cure, might repair with confidence to J. C. Kelly at the "Golden Gallon," three doors

without Temple Bar. This great man would effect a cure in forty-eight hours. Those who were troubled with the itch could buy "of the author," Dr. Rock, his infallible liquor at the sign of the "Hand and Face," Water Lane, Blackfriars; if Dr. Rock's infallibility proved, for once, a breaking reed, there was Pille, at Dr. Bateman's warehouse, Bow Church Yard, who made and sold, in tin boxes, a "Grand Antidote." Tansies were also made by Peter Bartlet at the "Golden Bull," in St. Paul's Churchyard. The "Grand Cathartick, or Great Restorer of Health," was made and sold at the "Black Boy" on London Bridge; the "Original Grand Elixir" (if the Grand Cathartick failed) could be had at the "Squire's Head," Jewin Street, Cripplegate. Dr. Tipping, at the "Cherubim's Head," Half Moon Street, Strand, offered his "Original and only True Pleasant Cordial," each bottle being decorated with a coat-of-arms, presumably Tipping's own; Cox, on the other hand, gave away his coat-of-arms in a decoration to his "Inestimable Angelical Tincture" at the Golden Ball, Nicholas Lane, Lombard Street; the "Pectorial Drops of Dr. Bateman" were sold at Ewer's warehouse, Bow Churchyard, at the sign of the "Boar's Head"—these were patent; while Mr. Cooper at the Great Toy Shop, Corner of Charles Court, Hungerford Market, kept for sale that "Tripple Pill," which was the stand-by of so many faithful believers. Dropsy and Rheumatism were cured by the same great practitioner, Dr. Rock, who has been mentioned above. He was not above selling other people's preparations, and recommended Pitcairn's "Purging Elixir." "Tar water" could be had anywhere; "hemlock pills," with an infusion of ground ivy, scabious, and speedwell, were greatly respected by many; "egg liquor," which was simply water with an egg beaten up in it, was recommended for the palsy.

The scare of the Resurrection man belongs strictly to the close of the eighteenth century, when the practice of dissection increased at all the medical schools, and the demand for subjects never ceased. Then it became known that men made a living by robbing the graves, and the indignation of the people was only equalled by their horror. First, watchmen were set to guard the burial grounds; this became useless, because, as might have been expected, they were bribed by the Resurrection men. Then the friends of the deceased sat up to watch the grave. This was efficacious so long as they continued to watch. But it is not pleasant to sit in a damp burial ground all through a cold night. The friends soon went home. Then the Resurrection men came again. They could get a body out of a grave, cover all up again, and have the body safe in their cart, in less than forty minutes. A very odd branch of the profession was the getting of teeth. One man followed the English Army abroad—was it Spain?—and from the heads of the dead on the field of battle drew teeth, which he brought to England and sold for £300.

The money made by robbing the graves was really incredible. In October, at the beginning of term, a Resurrection man was paid by a certain hospital a retaining



fee of £50, and received, in addition, the sum of nine guineas to twelve guineas for every body that he brought to the hospital.

On the 13th of March 1798 a hackney coach was found standing at a very early hour near the Methodist Burial Ground (Whitfield's Tabernacle) in the Tottenham Court Road, with the dead body of a child in it. An alarm was given, and a general search was made in the ground, when the disagreeable discovery was made that a great number of bodies had been removed by the Resurrection men for dissection. It must be remembered that the Tabernacle then stood almost in the fields, with few houses between it and St. Giles's, while opposite lay a broad stretch of open fields, covered with ponds and ditches, where prize-fights and sports were held on Sundays, but which were deserted during the rest of the week. (*See Appendix V.*)

## CHAPTER XVIII

### BETHLEHEM ROYAL HOSPITAL

THE religious house of St. Mary of Bethlehem has been already considered. Henry VIII. granted the place to the City as a hospital for lunatics, and the Proctor to the Hospital was licensed by Edward VI. to beg within the counties of Lincoln, Cambridge, the City of London, and the Isle of Ely, for this hospital. In the reign of Elizabeth the church and chapel were taken down and houses built in their place. In 1557 the management of this hospital was united with that of Bridewell, under the same management. The Hospital for Lunatics at Charing Cross was also transferred to this place.

The new Bethlehem was built on the south side of what is now called Finsbury Square. This was in the year 1675. It was open to the public as an exhibition, and for two hundred years it was a common practice to go to Bethlehem in order to see the lunatics, as one of the sights of London. Payment was made for admission, and a considerable addition—as much as £400 a year—accrued to the revenues of the place by this entrance fee. The hospital could accommodate 150, and when it was found in 1799 too small and too ill-contrived, the Committee bought a site of nearly twelve acres in St. George's Fields, Lambeth, covering, among other places, the ground on which stood the gardens and houses called the "Dog and Duck," one of the most disreputable places in the suburbs of London. The new building was completed in 1815. It consists of an Ionic portico in the front, and a centre with advanced wings. The front is nearly 600 feet long and is surmounted by a lofty dome. The dome was built after the rest of the building in order to provide a chapel for the hospital, which before had none. The hospital can now hold 450 patients, but the average number is not more than 250. Within, the house is furnished comfortably and even luxuriously. On the male side there are smoking rooms, billiard rooms, music rooms, and sitting rooms. On the female side there are similar conveniences. There are also lecture rooms and a theatre and large gardens. The old practice of restraint with manacles and strait-waistcoats, etc., has long since vanished entirely before modern treatment. Kindness alone is the method of the present day.

Compare the present treatment with that of the eighteenth century. In the

year 1815 a Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to examine into the conduct and management of Bethlehem Hospital. We may assume that no change had been made since the new century began. Among other things, they found in one of the side rooms—

“About ten patients, each chained by one arm or leg to the wall, the chain allowing them merely to stand up by the bench or form fixed to the wall, or to sit down on it. For dress, each had only a



WILLIAM NORRIS IN THE ASYLUM

Sketched from the Life in Bethlem 7th June 1814, by G. Arncliffe, A.R.A.  
Reproduced from an etching by G. Cruikshank from the original drawing exhibited to the  
Select Committee of the House of Commons on Madhouses, 1815.

sort of blanket-gown, made like a dressing-gown, but with nothing to fasten it round the body. The feet were without shoes or stockings. Some of these patients were lost in imbecility, dirty, and offensive. Associated with them were others capable of coherent conversation, and sensible and accomplished. Many women were locked up in their cells, chained, without clothing, and with only one blanket for a covering. In the men's wing, six patients in the side room were chained close to the wall, five were handcuffed, and one was locked to the wall by the right arm as well as by the right leg. Except the blanket-gown, these men had no clothing; the room had the appearance of a dog-kennel. Chains were universally substituted for the strait-waistcoat. Those who were not cleanly, and all who were disinclined to get up, were allowed to lie in bed—in what state may be imagined.

In one cell they found a patient, whose condition is represented in a plate in Esquirol's work,

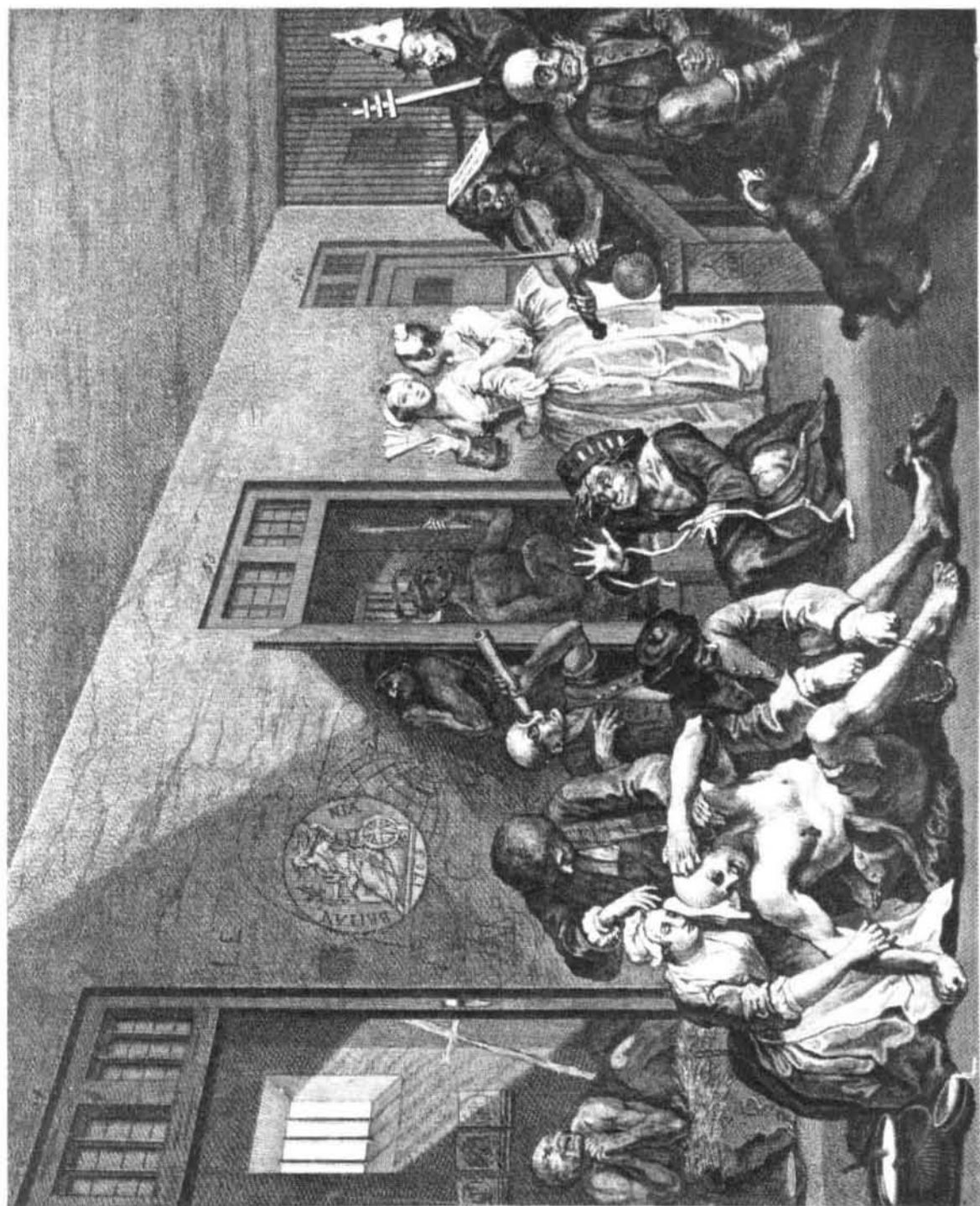
not much to the honour of English treatment. This patient's name was Norris. He had been a powerful and violent man. Having on one occasion resented what he considered some improper treatment by his keeper, he was fastened by a long chain, which was ingeniously passed through a wall into the next room, where the victorious keeper, out of the patient's reach, could drag the unfortunate man close to the wall whenever he pleased. To prevent this sort of outrage poor Norris muffled the chain with straw, but the savage inclinations of the keeper were either checked by no superintending eye, or the officers of the asylum partook of his cruelty; for now a new and refined torture for the patient was invented in the shape of an ingenious apparatus of iron. A stout iron ring was riveted round his neck, from which a short chain passed to a ring made to slide upwards or downwards on an upright massive iron bar, more than six feet high, inserted into the wall. Round his body a strong iron bar, about two inches wide, was riveted; on each side of the bar was a circular projection, which, being fastened to and enclosing each of his arms, pinioned them close to his sides. The effect of this apparatus was, that the patient could indeed raise himself up so as to stand against the wall; but could not stir one foot from it, could not walk one step, and could not even lie down, except on his back; and in this thralldom he had lived for twelve years. During much of that time he is reported to have been rational in his conversation. But for him in all those twelve years, there had been no variety of any kind—no refreshing change, no relief, no fresh air, no exercise, no sight of fields or gardens, or earth or heaven."

An English lunatic asylum was indeed the most horrible place possible; the most hopeless; the most filthy; the most terrible. Hope, indeed, could be abandoned by those who entered here.

In Hogarth's picture of Bedlam in the "Rake's Progress," there is represented a long gallery barred halfway across, probably the separation of the men from the women; on one side of the gallery runs a row of cells. They are lighted by barred unglazed windows; the doors, thrown open in the drawing, are provided with gratings, by which the inmates can be watched. Two tradesmen are confined in the cells; one of them is an imaginary emperor wearing an Imperial crown of straw and bearing a wooden sceptre; he is stark naked, sitting on straw, and happily unconscious of his condition. In the next cell is one who has gone mad with religion; he gazes upon the Cross with ecstasy. Outside, in the gallery, there are other madmen. One is constructing a system of spherical trigonometry on the wall with chalk—his mind is entirely absorbed in the task; another surveys an imaginary heaven through a paper telescope; another plays upon a violin; another is happily and cheerfully mad; another is the Pope of Rome; and another is a poor gentleman gone off his head for love of Betty Careless. "Charming Betty Careless" was a very famous, or infamous, lady, who flourished about the years 1720-1740. She is buried in St. Paul's Churchyard, Covent Garden, and was thought of consequence enough to receive a brief obituary notice in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for April 1752: "Was buried from the poorhouse of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, the famed Betty Careless, who had helped the gay gentlemen of this country to squander £50,000."

Lastly, in the foreground, is the miserable Rake himself. He is now a raving maniac; they are fixing the chains on his legs; one can see that his end





PREVALENCE OF THE INNT

[illegible]

is not far off. The wife, whom he has ruined, has left him; but there is with him the woman whom he has also ruined, and who loves him still and will never leave him.

Bedlam, until the year 1770, was one of the shows of London. If it was a horrible place, it was at least a public place. Things that were done there were done openly. In private madhouses there was no publicity; things were done there in privacy; nobody knew what was done; the only safeguard was the interest of the keeper to keep his patients alive. What safeguard was there that he would not admit sane persons? There was none. It is the most difficult thing in the world to prove that a person is not mad. Yet there was the most widespread belief that for purposes of gain, of revenge, or malice, many persons, perfectly sane, were hurried off and confined for life in a private lunatic asylum. There is the case, for instance, of Mrs. Hawley.

On the 15th of September 1762, Mrs. Hawley, with her mother and husband, went out on what she understood to be a party of pleasure at Turnham Green. On the way the coach stopped at a house in Chelsea, where they all got down: this was a private madhouse, kept by one Turlington, the proprietor, who farmed it out to a man named King. Mrs. Hawley found that the party of pleasure stopped here, and that she was to be detained as a lunatic. In some way or other this unhappy lady found means to let her friends know where she was. Mr. Turlington and Dr. Riddle, the medical adviser of the place, to whom the friends applied, refused access to the lady. One of them, however, obtained a writ of *habeas corpus*; the case was tried; it was proved that the keeper of the asylum had not even pretended that she was insane, and had put her under no kind of medical treatment. The lady was therefore released.

Then Mr. Turlington thought it advisable to explain, and defend the conduct of his asylum. He employed, he said, a deputy keeper, one King, whose qualification for the post was an unsuccessful career in the wool trade. King said that he never asked for a written authority from Mr. Turlington before admitting patients; that he had always admitted people brought to him by their friends and relations, without any question or inquiry; that he had admitted many for drunkenness; that Mrs. Hawley herself was brought to the house by a woman calling herself her mother, and placed in the asylum on an alleged charge of drunkenness; that persons in the asylum were not allowed to write letters or to communicate with the outer world; that his patients were at liberty to walk in the garden and from room to room; and as to their diet and apartments, that depended on the amount they paid, which varied from £20 to £60 a year.

Another case. Mrs. Mills made oath to Sir John Fielding. She said that one Gunston came to her and said that her husband was in trouble. As he had been arrested that day she believed it and went with Gunston in a hackney coach. He took her to Bethnal Green. As soon as she got there she suspected what had been done,

and told Gunston that she had been decoyed into a madhouse. He replied practically by throwing her down and dragging her up the steps by the feet. As soon as she was in the house he handcuffed her. Then the housekeeper appeared and saluted her with the language common to the time and to her class. She was taken to a room where she was confined till the morning, when a basin of tea was brought to her. The woman who brought it told her that she herself had long been confined there by her husband, and exhorted her to take it easy. A day or two afterwards Mrs. Mills' husband appeared, expressed his sorrow, and carried her away. She then bethought her of the woman who had exhorted her to patience and went to Sir John Fielding. The end of it was that the unhappy woman—Mrs. Ewbank by name—who was quite sane, and had been imprisoned for a year and three-quarters, was taken out, and the persons concerned were prosecuted. This story is incomplete. Why was the man Mills arrested? Why did he send his wife to a madhouse? Why did he take her out and "express his sorrow"? What happened at the prosecution, and why was Mrs. Ewbank confined in the madhouse? We must remember that it was an expensive thing to lock up a person in a private madhouse—sane or not.

In the treatment of insane persons there was even a darker side than that presented by the asylums, public or private. In the private asylums the chief horror was the ease, illustrated above, with which a person, perfectly sane, could be arrested and kept in one of them until death. Among the lower class, however, or to speak more distinctly, among the lower middle class, a dreadful custom prevailed, when one member of the family became a madman, of keeping him in the house out of sight, and, as they hoped, out of mind. The unfortunate wretch was chained up either in a cellar or under the stairs, or in a cold garret in the top of the house. He was there confined and looked after by his own relations. Many cases are reported of these poor creatures being neglected, starved, kept in the dark, and in many cases done to death, by their relations. The only thing that could be said in excuse is the curious fact that people generally believed that insane persons had little feeling for cold, warmth, hunger, pain, thirst, etc. It must also be remembered that the expense of private asylums was far greater than most people could afford, and that public asylums bore so horrible a character for cruelty that they shrank from putting their mad people into them. Another reason for keeping them out of sight and locked up was probably a kind of shame in having a madman in the family, and the hope that he would die quietly without the thing being discovered. In the same way in certain countries where leprosy still exists, it is not unknown that when it declares itself in a family, the patient is put into a room and kept there till he dies, while his relations try to persuade their friends, who know perfectly well what has happened, that the patient has gone to Europe.



Here is a case of hiding away a madman. A certain old woman named Surr, accidentally fell upon a piece of ice and fractured her skull, so that she died. One of the neighbours, moved by her situation, went into the house, and, after rendering the last offices to her remains, walked into the cellar to wash her hands. She there heard a moan as from a human voice, and on examination she found that it proceeded from an object, so neglected and destitute, that it was difficult to say whether it was of the human or the brute species. This discovery she communicated to the neighbours, and a considerable number of persons assembled round the house; but John Surr, the father of the family, had locked the door, and refused to admit any of them. The overseers and constable were then sent for. The old man, probably from an apprehension of the fury of the populace, refusing still to open the door, they were obliged to force their way into the house. On obtaining admission, they proceeded into the cellar, and here they found an unfortunate man squatted under the cellar steps, chained by a leg to the wall, and in so loathsome a state, that it was evident he had not been washed for years. A few sacks and a little straw served him for a bed; his appearance was that of a spectre; and his bones had in several places penetrated through his skin, which was much excoriated. As a first step the parish officers ordered him to be taken to the workhouse; and on viewing a comfortable bed which had been prepared for him, he exclaimed—"What! is this for me? God bless you! you will go to heaven for this," and other expressions of a similar import. Sometimes he conversed freely, but frequently incoherently. There was, moreover, a vacuity in his look, which showed a want of mind. He appeared, however, to be perfectly inoffensive and tractable, and it was evident that he knew and felt the difference between his present and his late situation. When the young man, who seemed to be about thirty years of age, was taken to the workhouse, his father was arrested and taken for examination before the magistrates at the Court House. The reason, we understand, that was assigned by the old man for keeping his unfortunate son in the situation in which he was found, was, that he was deranged in his intellect, and required restraint. It also appeared that the prisoner had always maintained a good character; and though it was impossible to justify his conduct towards his son, the nature of his offence was not judged to be cognisable by the law; it was therefore determined that he should be discharged. The lunatic died a few days after the change in his treatment.

This practice did not apply to the case of idiots; those unfortunates, who were generally harmless, were allowed to go about free. It was one of the less agreeable features of street life in London and elsewhere that one met the idiot and the imbecile in the streets unrestrained and unprotected.



## THE DURATION OF LIFE

380

# THE DURATION OF LIFE

381

Of deaths at 30 years and over 20 there were 66

|   |    |   |   |   |    |   |   |    |
|---|----|---|---|---|----|---|---|----|
| " | 40 | " | " | " | 30 | " | " | 59 |
| " | 50 | " | " | " | 40 | " | " | 42 |
| " | 60 | " | " | " | 50 | " | " | 53 |
| " | 70 | " | " | " | 60 | " | " | 53 |
| " | 80 | " | " | " | 70 | " | " | 42 |
| " | 90 | " | " | " | 80 | " | " | 10 |

Of over ninety there was not one. In other words, out of 885 persons born—

At the age of 5 there were 369 left.

|   |    |   |   |   |     |   |
|---|----|---|---|---|-----|---|
| " | 10 | " | " | " | 351 | " |
| " | 20 | " | " | " | 325 | " |
| " | 30 | " | " | " | 259 | " |
| " | 40 | " | " | " | 200 | " |
| " | 50 | " | " | " | 158 | " |
| " | 60 | " | " | " | 105 | " |
| " | 70 | " | " | " | 52  | " |
| " | 80 | " | " | " | 10  | " |

Or, if we substitute 1000 for 885, we have these figures, out of every 1000 persons born in London, there would remain at the age of—

|         |   |   |   |   |   |     |
|---------|---|---|---|---|---|-----|
| Five    | . | . | . | . | . | 417 |
| Ten     | . | . | . | . | . | 360 |
| Twenty  | . | . | . | . | . | 329 |
| Thirty  | . | . | . | . | . | 293 |
| Forty   | . | . | . | . | . | 225 |
| Fifty   | . | . | . | . | . | 178 |
| Sixty   | . | . | . | . | . | 119 |
| Seventy | . | . | . | . | . | 59  |
| Eighty  | . | . | . | . | . | 11  |

Let us put these tables in another form. The H<sup>M</sup>. Table of the Institute of Actuaries takes 100,000 persons living at the age of ten, and shows how they gradually decrease until they have all disappeared. Let us present our figures in the same way, and place them side by side with this table. Thus:—

| Age. | Actuaries' Table. | From the City Parish Register, 1688. | Maitland's figures for 1728-1737 inclusive, for the whole of London. |
|------|-------------------|--------------------------------------|--|
| 10   | 100,000           | 100,000                              | 100,000  |
| 20   | 96,223            | 92,542                               | 92,500   |
| 30   | 89,865            | 73,714                               | 77,700   |
| 40   | 82,284            | 56,857                               | 57,900   |
| 50   | 72,726            | 44,857                               | 40,100   |
| 60   | 58,866            | 29,714                               | 25,500   |
| 70   | 38,124            | 14,571                               | 13,300   |
| 80   | 13,930            | 12,000                               | 7,500  |
| 90   | 1,460             | 280                                  | 1,200  |

I advance figures taken from a parish register of two or three years only, without venturing to conclude absolutely that they represent the exact average for that time of the mortality spread over the whole city. It is not impossible that there may have been special reasons for the mortality of children at that time. But we may go so far as to expect a reasonable approximation to correctness.

And concerning the very great mortality of children—59 per cent in any parish register—47 per cent in Maitland's figures, it is probable that bad air, bad drainage, and bad food must be made to account for the loss of so many. Clearly the weaker were killed off in the early years of infancy because we find so few deaths—only about 3 per cent—occurring between the ages of five and twenty.

Between twenty and thirty there is a high average. This is, for men, the most active time of life. No doubt many of the deaths among the men are due to the accidents or risks of their work. Among the women we may attribute many deaths to child-bearing, which especially belongs to the ages between twenty and thirty.

## CHAPTER XX

### INDIGENCE

COLQUIHOUN, to whom we shall have to refer on the subject of the Police of London, produced an instructive treatise on the Indigence of London. The number of mendicants in the metropolis and its vicinity he estimated at 6000 adults and 9298 children; he divided them into those who belonged to London and its vicinity, and vagrants belonging to different parishes. In the whole country there were, roughly speaking, 50,000 beggars, 20,000 vagrants, 10,000 men who worked as little as possible, 100,000 prostitutes, 10,000 rogues and vagabonds, 10,000 lottery vagrants—persons engaged in getting insurances during the drawing of the lotteries, or promoting the "Little Go" lotteries—criminals of all kinds, 80,000; and objects of parish relief, 1,040,716. All this in England and Wales alone out of a population of 10,000,000!

In this book, also, he presents the reader with an account of the manners and customs of the lower classes; and since his field of observation was limited to London alone, his rules, which he applies to the whole country, belong—*exceptis excipiendis*—to London alone. Thus, he speaks of the injurious effects of things that debase the people. The children of vagrants, seeing their parents bandied about from parish to parish, naturally imbibe ideas of vagrancy; they become, *in their own estimation*, pariahs and outcasts; and they know what it means to be a pariah. Therefore, the first object to be sought, in reclaiming a class, is the restoration of that much abused quality—respectability. Let the children begin by thinking well of themselves.

The beer shop and the tavern swallow up a great part of the men's earnings; they could earn enough to keep them all the week, by doing three or four days' work; they spend the rest of the time drinking and talking in the public-house. The pawnbroker's shop was their resort on every occasion of want or tightness. They would pawn the coat at night to take out the blanket, and the blanket in the morning to take out the coat. Nor did they understand how great a leakage in their wages was created by these incessant visits to the pawnbroker. There were then 240 pawnbrokers in London, and the number was rapidly increasing.



To the labouring classes of that time a temptation was every year held out, which is now happily removed. They could any day or all day long buy some share or part of a share in a lottery; it was called insuring in a lottery; thus quite small shares were offered and bought; the whole of the population therefore revelled every year in dreams of possible wealth, which they neither saved, nor created, nor deserved.

A very large proportion of the people lived in a state of illicit cohabitation without marriage; their offspring, owing to the vicious lives and habits of the parents, were rickety and feeble, and grew up weak mentally or bodily, or sometimes both. Utterly neglected, having received no education, knowing no religion, having learned no trade, what could be expected in after life of these unfortunates?

As for the parish system of relief, it was noted by Colquhoun that the method of assessing the rates was monstrously unjust. For instance, the two parishes of Bethnal Green and Christ Church, comprehending Spitalfields, contained a population entirely poor. These people were heavily assessed to relieve the indigent among them, while their rich employers, who were not resident in the parish, contributed nothing.

Colquhoun, far in advance of his own time, advocated an equal assessment over the whole country; a complete change in the parish system and in the settlement of paupers in their own parish, and in passing them on from parish to parish; he demanded the establishment of a free system of education; the inculcation of economical habits; teaching the art of frugal cookery, keeping the young men from tobacco, which was always, he thought, accompanied by drinking—it must be remembered that few of the better classes then took tobacco, except in the form of snuff.

Mostly, however, he considers, as we shall also see in examining his book on the police of London, the rag and old iron shop as the principal cause and encouragement of thieving, vagrancy, and indigence.

The eighteenth century was the Paradise of Beggars, especially in London, where, though all the parish officers knew them to be impostors, vagabonds, and rogues, there were immense numbers of professional beggars. "Every alley," writes Francis Grose, "presents some miserable object, covered with loathsome sores, blind, mutilated, exposed almost naked to the cold wintry blast." Begging was a trade, and a very good trade; there was even a King of the Beggars, who appointed to each superior beggar his beat or district; he in his turn farmed it out to others. They also sent their children out begging, and kept servants for the purpose, who had to bring home every evening a certain sum at least. "What is this?" cried one of them, when a girl brought home her earnings of the day. "Why, Russell Square alone, well begged, would give you double that sum!" In

this profession mutilation was the most useful qualification; the man with no arms was accounted luckier than he who had only one, while a man with no legs who crawled along on a porridge pot was a desirable *parti* for a young lady in that way of life.

In 1815 a certain Hale, a silk-weaver, gave evidence before a Royal Commission on the subject of mendicity in London. His testimony anticipated the theory of the Charity Organisation Society by sixty years. Not one case in a hundred of mendicity, he declared, deserved relief; the beggars of London were a worthless, indolent, and depraved company; many working people were not too proud to get money by begging; they had to keep the paupers close in the workhouses to prevent them begging; they kept them at work in order to deter the professional beggars from seeking shelter in the workhouse; if the paupers got out for a few hours, they always begged in order to get more drink; the beggars found out the days when the committee of the parish gave out-door relief, and applied at each one in turn through the week; they lived extremely well on rump steak and oyster sauce, for instance, getting drunk three or four times a week; a house, called the Beggars' Opera, in Whitechapel, was their favourite resort; mendicity would be put down in a week if no one would give a farthing to any street beggar, and if no beggars were allowed in the streets.

He went on to point out the good influence of the Sunday School in a place like Spitalfields, densely populated, yet quiet and orderly; he said that this influence was not upon the children only, but upon the parents, helping them to be sober and frugal.

The desertion of children was common among the lower classes, nothing could prove more plainly the general brutality than this practice. Defoe shows us the children wandering about the streets picking up what they could get. In the year 1732, after Defoe wrote, the Mayor instructs the watch to take all children found sleeping in bulks and about ash-heaps to the constable, to be delivered over to the parish authorities. The dropping of babies on doorsteps was a practice which was carried on systematically. Tramps and vagrants refused to be burdened with infants; they were left on the doorstep. A girl desired to hide the evidence of her fall, it was taken from her by her nurse and left on a doorstep. On one occasion a child was thus left at St. James's Palace. The Queen was told of it, she gave orders that the child was to be taken in, christened, and brought up; but that tramps, beggars, and mothers of illegitimate children were not to expect a second act of generosity in this direction. The child was named Caroline Augusta Matilda.

In 1771 a boy was laid in one of the offices of the "Queen's House" in a basket. A woman with a basket was seen to pass in but not to go out, nor could any one discover who the woman was or how she got out of the Palace.

The boy was taken by the King, who christened him George and ordered him to be properly brought up.

The babies thus picked up were taken to the workhouse and were then placed out to nurse with women called parish nurses at a weekly payment of 1s. to 2s. 6d.—a few being sent out of town into the country. A Parliamentary Committee of inquiry reported in 1765 that, of all the children born in workhouses, or received under the age of twelve months, during the years 1763, 1764, and 1765, only seven out of every hundred were alive at the end of 1765. Of older children the mortality was less. Thus, taking the figures of sixteen parishes, 1767-1778, we find that out of 9727 children under charge of the parish during that time, 2042 died; or a mortality of twenty per cent, which is not perhaps excessive. It is interesting to note that 4600 were returned to their parents.

Complaints were made that the parish apprenticed the boys to the age of 24, and the girls to the age of 21, by which means early marriages were made impossible. Observe that what we discourage by all means in our power—the early marriage—the eighteenth century desired by all means. The reason, of course, was the constant demand for fighting men in that age of continual warfare. And therefore the desire of the State for large families.

The streets were full of deformed people, children, and adults. They were deformed to an extent and in a manner which is never seen now. The bow legs were semicircular, the knock knees made a sharp angle, the shoulders were not even square, the chest was hollow or pigeon-breasted—one never sees a pigeon-breast now,—hunchbacks were common, one leg was frequently shorter than the other, feet were crippled, the shin was round in front like a scimitar. All these deformities were due to the carelessness of the parents; children were constantly being dropped on the floor; the mothers got drunk, presently down fell the baby, as in Hogarth's "Gin Fair."

In a word, it was a very dreadful, pitiful time for the helpless children. Then Captain Coram arose. This excellent person, formerly a merchant captain, was over 70 years of age when he took up the cause of the children and wrote his petition concerning the establishment of a home or refuge for them. The scheme was adopted with enthusiasm; money was raised without difficulty, and the Foundling Hospital was opened on the 25th of March 1741 for the reception of 19 boys and 11 girls. Two of them received the honour of being named Thomas and Eunice Coram; the rest were called after Drake, Blake, and other heroes. If this were the present custom, it would be perhaps inconvenient for the rightful holders of the names of Nelson, Wellesley, Lawrence, Tennyson, Dickens, Gordon, etc., to find other and previously unknown branches with the same names flourishing round them.

All through the eighteenth century and well into the nineteenth, the chimney-



sweeps were little boys who were forced to climb the chimneys in order to bring down the soot. Every one knows the terrible evils of the practice. It is well, perhaps, to show from the report of the Committee on the Employment of Boys in Chimneys what these evils were. It was presented on June 22, 1817, and resulted in a Bill for preventing the further use of climbing boys in the sweeping of chimneys. The following are extracts from the Report :—

“Your Committee refer generally to the evidence for proofs of the cruelties that are practised, and of the ill-usage, and the peculiar hardships that are the lot of the wretched children who are employed in this trade. It is in evidence that they are stolen from their parents, and inveigled out of workhouses; that in order to conquer the natural repugnance of the infants to ascend the narrow and dangerous chimneys, to clean which their labour is required, blows are used; that pins are forced into their feet by the boy that follows them up the chimney, in order to compel them to ascend it, and that lighted straw has been applied for that purpose; that the children are subject to sores and bruises, and wounds and burns on their thighs, knees, and elbows; and that it will require many months before the extremities of the elbows and knees become sufficiently hard to resist the excoriations to which they are at first subject; and that one of the masters being asked if those boys are employed in sweeping chimneys during the soreness of those parts, he answered, ‘It depends upon the sort of master they have got. Some are obliged to put them to work sooner than others; you must keep them a little at it even during the sores, or they will never learn their business.’

Your Committee are informed that the deformity of the spine, legs, arms, etc., of these boys, proceeds generally, if not wholly, from the circumstance of their being obliged to ascend chimneys at an age when their bones are in a soft and growing state; but likewise by their being compelled to carry bags of soot and cloths, the weight of which sometimes exceed twenty or thirty pounds, not including the soot, the burthen of which they also occasionally bear for a great length of distance and time; the knees and ankle joints become deformed, in the first instance, from the position they are obliged to put them in, in order to support themselves, not only while climbing up the chimney, but more particularly so when coming down, when they rest solely on the lower extremities, the arms being used for scraping and sweeping down the soot. Your Committee refer generally to the observation of every one as to the stunted growth, the deformed state of body, the look of wretchedness and disease which characterises this unfortunate class; but it is in evidence before them, that there is a formidable complaint which chimney-sweepers in particular are liable to, from which circumstance, by way of distinction, it is called Chimney-sweeper's Cancer. . . .

But it is not only the early and hard labour, the spare diet, wretched lodging, and harsh treatment which is the lot of these children, but in general they are kept almost entirely destitute of education, and moral or religious instruction; they form a sort of class by themselves, and from their work being done early in the day, they are turned into the streets to pass their time in idleness and depravity; thus they become an easy prey to those whose occupation it is to delude the ignorant and entrap the unwary; and if their constitution is strong enough to resist the diseases and deformities which are the consequences of their trade, and that they should grow so much in stature as no longer to be useful in it, they are cast upon the world without any means of obtaining a livelihood, with no habits of industry, or rather, what too frequently happens, with confirmed habits of idleness and vice.”

Here is a true story of extreme destitution. Poor and destitute people it was well known frequently sought shelter in empty houses in winter, when for the sake of warmth they often burned up the stairs, banisters, and upper floors.

In November 1763 a house-agent, engaged to show some houses for sale in Stonecutter Street, took a gentleman to see them. On entering a room on the



first floor they found the dead body of a woman lying naked on the floor. On the second floor they found another dead body, also nearly destitute of clothing; and on the top story they found two women and a girl of eighteen, all three in the last stages of emaciation.

They were carried away and examined. One of the women, Elizabeth Stanhope, deposed that she came to the house, being penniless, for shelter; that she there met the woman found with her, named Pallcat, who shared the garret with her; that Pallcat, a basket-woman of the Fleet, had been brought to the house by the deceased women, who were also basket-women; that some days before the deceased women were taken ill, Pallcat pawned her apron for sixpence to get them some beef and plum-pudding, which they were able to eat; that they saw no more of the poor women.

The girl, in her turn questioned, said she was the daughter of a working jeweller in Bell Alley; her parents died when she was only six; she was brought up by the next-door neighbour until her death four years later; that she then went to Spitalfields and got work by winding quills and silk. She then went to a baby-farm as nurse and servant, till she was taken ill. This caused her to be discharged. She then applied to the churchwarden of the parish where her father had been a householder for relief. He refused without even letting the girl know that she had gained a settlement by servitude. She tried to move his heart by sleeping on his door-step all night, but in vain. She then heard of the empty house, where she began to sleep. She had an ague and was nursed by the woman Pallcat; she went out begging in the day and brought the money home to her friends at night. But she was taken ill again, and was nursed again by Pallcat, until they were found and carried away.

It is a singular story. Observe that not one of the women ever thought of applying to the parish clergy for assistance. Observe also the extreme goodness of the poor woman Pallcat. She pawns her apron to buy something for the sick women; she receives the girl; she nurses her through two sicknesses; one would like to know what became of Elizabeth Pallcat, this good Samaritan who had not even twopence.

I can present you with the life of a workhouse boy of 1766. He was the son of a labourer, who died when the boy was only five years of age. He was put upon the parish, but as his father had been a wandering kind of man, no one knew exactly where he was born; they took him from parish to parish, but at last fixed him. As soon as he could handle a mallet, he was put to work; and as they fed him well and only made him work ten hours a day, he was happy. At the age of fourteen they bound him to a farmer, with whom he had plenty to eat, but was at work early and late. The farmer died and the boy had to turn out and work for himself. So he began to roam about the country, sometimes



CAPTAIN THOMAS CORAM

From an engraving by W. Nutter, after the portrait by Hogarth in the Foundling Hospital.

getting work and sometimes not. He was clearly a nomad by instinct and by inheritance, as is plainly apparent from the pleasure he took in roving from one village to another. One day he had just knocked down a hare and was carrying it off in triumph, when he was caught with the hare in his hand by a Justice of the Peace. This was a misfortune indeed. He was indicted at Sessions, found guilty, and sentenced to be transported as a vagabond. Until the sailing of the next ship he was sent to Newgate. This place, generally described by those who knew it at this period as horrible to the last degree, with its gaol-fever, its companionship, its orgies, appeared to the young poacher as quite a pleasing residence. "For my part," he says, "I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I saw in all my life. I had my bellyful to eat and drink, and did no work at all." However, this kind of life was too good to last; so after five months he was taken from Newgate and put on board a transport with two hundred more. "We had," he says mildly, "but an indifferent passage, for, being all confined in the hold, more than a hundred of our people died for want of sweet air, and those that remained were sickly enough, God knows."

He was bound to a planter for seven years, and as he was quite ignorant he was put to work with the negroes. However, he expresses no resentment at this treatment, but merely remarks that he served out his time and worked his way home. Here he avoided the country, for fear of another sentence as a vagabond, and did odd jobs in London. One evening, however, he was knocked down by the pressgang and taken before a justice, who offered him the choice of becoming a soldier or a sailor. He chose the former, and served two campaigns, being present at the battles of Val and Fontenoy. At the latter he received a wound in the breast of which the surgeon cured him.

When the peace came on he enlisted in the East India Company's service and fought the French in six pitched battles. He got sick leave after a while and sailed for home with £40 in his pocket. Unfortunately, however, before setting foot on shore, he was pressed for a sailor. He knew nothing about a sailor's work, and so got beaten continually by the bo's'n as a skulker. However, he still had his £40, the thought of which consoled him. Alas! this consolation vanished when the ship was taken by the French and he lost his savings.

They were all carried off to Brest, where many of the crew died "because they was not used to a prison; for my part it was nothing to me, for I was seasoned." One night the bo's'n woke him up. "Jack," he said, "will you knock out the sentry's brains?" "I don't care," says I, "if I do lend a hand." In a word they did the job, knocking down the two sentries. They then ran down to the harbour, got a boat and put out to sea. They were picked up in three days by an English privateer. She, however, was taken by a French privateer, the *Pompadour*, a few days after; the main account of the transaction



is as follows:—"The fight lasted for three hours, and I verily believe we should have taken the Frenchman had we had some more men left behind; but, unfortunately, we lost all our men, just as we were going to get the victory."

If the French ship had put into Brest it would have gone hard with our friend. Fortunately she did not, but continued cruising in the Channel, where she met the English ship, the *Viper*, which captured her. The man had now lost a leg and four fingers of his left hand; but as he had suffered on board a privateer, there was no pension for him. "However, blessed be God, I enjoy good health, and will for ever love liberty and Old England."

Eighteenth-century slang need not delay us long. Colonel George Hanger gives us a specimen which may serve our purpose. He speaks of: "Coming the fawney, lully-prigging, the dobbling cant, the running rumbler, sky-larking, blue pigeon-flying, making a stall for a reader, or a screen, or a rum squeeze at the spell, the runny snarel, how to slang your mawley, to scamp, prig, floor, doo, hobble, frisk, mount, lumber, and fence; how to mount by a Jacob and force a kenn; to be careful of the young dabbs, and the Queen Elizabeth; it will teach you, when any rich man is dorsing a darkey, with you upon the queer roost, how to frisk his groapers for his reader and screens."

He also alludes to the common catch-words, of which there are always one or two in vogue. Those which follow belong to the year 1798. "Patch"; "What a bore"; "That's the Barber"; "Go it"; "The tippy and the twaddle"—he does not explain the meaning or the application of this mysterious phrase. "What a swell"; "Keep moving"; "All my eye Betty Martin"; "Go along, Bob."

Among the winter inhabitants of London were a large number of gipsies. These people were much more separate than at present. They all knew and spoke habitually the Romany tongue; they followed the trades which required little training and no apprenticeship, being tinkers, braziers, knife-grinders, basket-makers, and players on some kinds of musical instruments. The girls danced; the women told fortunes and sold trumpery. They knew nothing of their origin; they had no kind of religion; none of them could read; many of them camped out in the winter as in the summer; they had no marriage ceremony, nor any funeral rites, burying their dead in the hedge. In morals, among themselves, they were entirely dissolute.



## CHAPTER XXI

### TRADES AND OFFICES

A FEW notes from the London Directory of the year 1791 may conclude this section.

There were within the city in this year 14,744 merchants, tradesmen, and master craftsmen of all kinds. There were about a thousand persons employed in



SECOND ROYAL EXCHANGE  
From a contemporary print.

the civil service; there were 52 banks; there were 34 army agents, and 31 navy agents.

The principal trading companies were the Bank of England, the Million

Bank, the East India Company, the Russia, Levant, African, Hudson's Bay, and South-Sea Companies.

The fire insurance offices were the Hand in Hand, Union, Royal Exchange, London Assurance, Westminster, Amicable, Sun, Phoenix. The life insurance companies were the Royal Exchange, the Amicable, and the Equitable.

The following were the London bankers. As yet the joint-stock bank was unknown. They were all private houses. They expected a floating balance of a considerable amount, and they did not receive the small accounts of persons of limited incomes.

- Ayton, Brassey, Lees & Satterthwaite, 71 Lombard Street.
- Barclay & Tritton, 56 Lombard Street.
- Batson, Stephenson, Grave & Glover, 69 Lombard Street.
- Biddulph, Cocks, Ridge & Cocks, Charing Cross.
- Barnet, Hoare, Hill & Barnet, 62 Lombard Street.
- Boldero, Adey, Lushington & Boldero, 30 Cornhill.
- Castle, Powel, Summer & Co., 66 Lombard Street.
- Child (Robert) & Co., 1 Fleet Street.
- Coutts (Thomas) & Co., 59 Strand.
- Cox & Merle, Little Britain, Aldersgate Street.
- Crofts, Devaynes, Dawes & Noble, 39 Pall Mall.
- Denne Cornelius, Robert Snow, William Sandby & William Sandby, jun., 217 Temple Bar Without.
- Dimsdale (Baron), Thomas Dimsdale, John Dimsdale, Thomas Dimsdale, John Barnard & William Staples, 50 Cornhill.
- Dorriens, Mello, Martin & Harrison, 22 Finch Lane.
- Downe, Thornton & Free, 1 Bartholomew Lane.
- Drummond (Robert and Henry) & Co., Charing Cross.
- Esdale, Sir James, Knt., Esdaile, Hammet & Esdaile, 73 Lombard Street.
- Forster, Lubbock, Bosanquet & Co., 11 Mansion House Street.
- Fuller, Richard, Sons & Vaughan, 84 Cornhill.
- Fuller, William, Son & Co., 24 Lombard Street.
- Glynn, Mills & Mitton, 12 Birchin Lane.
- Gosling, Robert, Francis & William, 19 Fleet Street.
- Hankey, Thomas, Joseph Chaplin Hankey, Stephen Hall, Robert & Richard Hankey, 7 Fenchurch Street.
- Harley, Hon. Thomas, Cameron & Son, George Street, Mansion House.
- Harrison, Robert, Thomas & Co., 1 Mansion House Street.
- Hercy, Birch & Hobbs, 152 New Bond Street.
- Herries (Sir Robert, Knt.) & Co., 16 St. James's Street.
- Hoare, Henry & Charles, 37 Fleet Street.
- Hodsol & Mitchell, near Catherine Street, Strand.
- Jones, Joseph, Daniel & Co., 43 Lothbury.
- Ladbroke, Rawlinson, Porker & Watson, Bank Buildings.
- Langstons, Towgoods & Amory, 29 Clement's Lane.
- Lefevre, Curries, Yellowley & Raikes, 29 Cornhill.
- Lockhart, James & James, 36 Pall Mall.
- Mackworth, Sir Herbert, Bart., Dorset, Johnson & Wilkinson, 68 New Bond Street.
- Martin, Stone, Foote & Porter, 68 Lombard Street.

Master, Dawson, Brookes, Kirton & Dixon, 26 Chancery Lane.  
 Mildred, Masterman & Walker, 2 White Hart Court, Gracechurch Street.  
 Moffat, Kensingtons & Co., 20 Lombard Street.  
 Newnham, Everett, Drummond, Tibbits & Tanner, 65 Lombard Street.  
 Nightingale, John, William & George, 70 Lombard Street.  
 Peele, Wilkes & Dickenson, 33 Poultry.  
 Prescotts, Grote, Culverden & Hollingworth, 62 Threadneedle Street.  
 Pybus, Call, Pybus, Grant & Hale, Old Bond Street.  
 Ransom, Morland & Hammersley, 57 Pall Mall.  
 Sanderson (Sir James), Harrison, Brenchly, Bloxam & Co., Southwark.  
 Sikes, Snaith & Snaith, 5 Mansion House Street.  
 Smith, Paine & Smiths, George Street, Mansion House.  
 Smith (Samuel) & Sons, 12 Aldermanbury.  
 Smith, Wright & Gray, 21 Lombard Street.  
 Staples, Day, Staples, Cox & Lynn, 83 Cornhill.  
 Stevenson, William, 85 Queen Street, Cheapside.  
 Taylor, Lloyd, Bowman & Co., 60 Lombard Street.  
 Vere, Lucadou, Troughton, Lucadou & Smart, 77 Lombard Street.  
 Walpole, Clark, Walpole & Clark, 28 Lombard Street.  
 Welch, Rogers, Olding & Rogers, 3 Freeman's Court, Cornhill.  
 Whitehead, John & George, 5 Basinghall Street.  
 Williams, Son, Wilkinson & Drury, 20 Birchin Lane.  
 Willis, Wood & Co., 76 Lombard Street.  
 Wright, Selby & Robinson, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

There was a great number of persons connected with the Law in all its branches: the judges, barons, masters, remembrancers, commissioners, examiners, cursitors, filacers, proctors, clerks, ushers, and servants. The number of counsel was 374, there were 56 conveyancers, 50 draftsmen in equity, 64 special pleaders, 5 draftsmen in common law, and 1840 attorneys. In the City there were 640 sworn brokers, and 12 who were Jews. It was one of the singular disabilities of the Jews that there were not allowed to be more than 12 sworn brokers. There were 81 rectors or vicars in the City, there were 117 Fellows and Licentiates of the College of Physicians for the whole country, not for London only, there were 479 surgeons in London alone, and 86 apothecaries.

The learned societies were Gresham College, the Royal Society, the Society of Antiquaries, the British Museum, the Society of Arts, the Royal Academy of Arts, the Society of British Artists.

The London papers were as follows:—

## LONDON DAILY PAPERS

| Titles.                             | By whom printed and advertisements taken in. |
|-------------------------------------|--|
| <i>The Diary</i> . . . . .          | W. Woodfall, Salisbury Square.               |
| <i>The Morning Herald</i> . . . . . | Luxford, 18 Catherine Street, Strand.        |
| <i>The World</i> . . . . .          | Bostock, 335 Strand.                         |
| <i>The Oracle</i> . . . . .         | Bell, 132 Strand.                            |
| <i>The Times</i> . . . . .          | Walter, Printing House Square, Blackfriars.  |



## LONDON IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

LONDON DAILY PAPERS (*continued*)

| Titles.                             | By whom printed and advertisements taken in.        |
|-------------------------------------|---|
| <i>The Star</i> . . . . .           | Mayne, in Temple Bar.                               |
| <i>The Argus</i> . . . . .          | Roaf, 5 Catherine Street, Strand.                   |
| <i>The Gazetteer</i> . . . . .      | Say, 10 Ave Maria Lane, Ludgate Street.             |
| <i>Public Advertiser</i> . . . . .  | H. Woodfall, Corner of Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row.   |
| <i>Daily Advertiser</i> . . . . .   | Jenour, 33 Fleet Street.                            |
| <i>Morning Chronicle</i> . . . . .  | Westly, 201 Strand.                                 |
| <i>Morning Post</i> . . . . .       | W. Williams, Blake Court, Catherine Street, Strand. |
| <i>Public Ledger</i> . . . . .      | Crowder, 12 Warwick Square, Warwick Lane.           |
| <i>General Advertiser</i> . . . . . | Yardley, 182 Fleet Street.                          |

## LONDON EVENING PAPERS

*Published Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.*

|   |   |
|---|---|
| <i>General Evening Post</i> . . . . .   | Bew, 28 Paternoster Row.                      |
| <i>St. James's Chronicle</i> . . . . .  | Baldwin, Corner of Union Street, Blackfriars. |
| <i>London Chronicle</i> . . . . .       | Wilkie, 71 St. Paul's Churchyard.             |
| <i>London Evening Post</i> . . . . .    | Barker, 6 Old Bailey.                         |
| <i>English Chronicle</i> . . . . .      | Vint, Blake Court, Catherine Street, Strand.  |
| <i>Whitehall Evening Post</i> . . . . . | Davies, Peterborough Court, Fleet Street.     |
| <i>Middlesex Journal</i> . . . . .      | Ayre, 6 Newcastle Street, Strand.             |

*EVENING PAPER, published Tuesdays and Saturdays.*

|                                 |   |
|---------------------------------|---|
| <i>London Gazette</i> . . . . . | Harrison, Warwick Lane, Newgate Street. |
|---------------------------------|---|

*EVENING PAPERS, published Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.*

|                                       |   |
|---------------------------------------|---|
| <i>Lloyd's Evening Post</i> . . . . . | Hancock, 13 Paternoster Row.                |
| <i>London Packet</i> . . . . .        | Crowder, 12 Warwick Square, Warwick Lane.   |
| <i>The Comet</i> . . . . .            | ... 6 Newcastle Street, Strand.             |
| <i>Evening Mail</i> . . . . .         | Walter, Printing House Square, Blackfriars. |

*EVENING PAPER, published Tuesdays and Fridays.*

|   |                                       |
|---|---------------------------------------|
| <i>Courier de Londres</i> (in French) . . . . . | Brooks, 8 Coventry Street, Haymarket. |
|---|---------------------------------------|

## LONDON WEEKLY PAPERS

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| <i>The Craftsman</i> . . . . .             | Say, 10 Ave Maria Lane, Ludgate Street.           |
| <i>Baldwin's Weekly Journal</i> . . . . .  | Baldwin, Corner of Union Street, Blackfriars.     |
| <i>Westminster Journal</i> . . . . .       | Redmayne, 10 Creed Lane, Ludgate Street.          |
| <i>Old British Spy</i> . . . . .           | Redmayne, 10 Creed Lane, Ludgate Street.          |
| <i>Ayre's Craftsman</i> . . . . .          | Ayre, 14 Bridges Street, Covent Garden.           |
| <i>Sunday London Gazette</i> . . . . .     | Ayre, 14 Bridges Street, Covent Garden.           |
| <i>Mitchell's Sunday Gazette</i> . . . . . | ... 13 Bridges Street, Covent Garden.             |
| <i>Sunday Chronicle</i> . . . . .          | Downs, Black Horse Alley, Fleet Street.           |
| <i>Johnson's Sunday Monitor</i> . . . . .  | Johnson, 4 Ludgate Hill.                          |
| <i>Sunday (London) Recorder</i> . . . . .  | Macleosh, 48 Ludgate Hill.                        |
| <i>Sunday Review</i> . . . . .             | Macrea, 10 Orange Street, Leicester Fields.       |
| <i>Racing Calendar</i> . . . . .           | Weatherby (15 numbers in a year), Oxenden Street. |
| <i>Public Hue and Cry</i> . . . . .        | Sir Sampson Wright (once a month), Bow Street.    |

The public offices show a multiplication of work connected with the Law.

## LAW AND OTHER PUBLIC OFFICES

(most of which are under Government)

|                              |                         |
|------------------------------|-------------------------|
| Accountant-General's Office. | American Claims Office. |
| Admiralty Office.            | Auditor's Office.       |
| Affidavit Office.            | Augmentation Office.    |
| Alienation Office.           | Bank of England.        |



Bankrupt Office.  
 Bill of Middlesex Office.  
 Borough Compter.  
 Borough Court of Southwark.  
 Chancery Court.  
 Chancery Office.  
 Chirographer's Office.  
 City Solicitor's Office.  
 Clerk of the Crown Office.  
 Clerk of the Docquets (K.B.).  
 Clerks of the Docquets (C.P.).  
 Clerk of the Errors Office.  
 Clerk of the Errors Office (K.B.).  
 Clerks of the Essoigns Office.  
 Clerk of the Juries.  
 Clerk of the Outlawries.  
 Clerk of the Papers Office (K.B.).  
 Clerk of the Papers Office (C.P.).  
 Clerks of the Rules Office.  
 Common Bail Office.  
 Common Pleas of Prothonotaries' Office.  
 Corporation of Cursitors' Office.  
 Courts of Common Pleas, King's Bench, and Exchequer.  
 Courts of Record.  
 Crown Office.  
 Cursitor's Office.  
 Custos Brevium Office.  
 Declaration Office.  
 Dispensation Office (C.).  
 Duchy Court of Lancaster.  
 Enrolment Office.  
 Error Office.  
 Examiner's Office.  
 Exchequer Chamber Office.  
 Exchequer of Pleas Office.  
 Excise Office.  
 Fen Office.  
 Filacer's Office to the Common Pleas.  
 Filacer's, Exigent's, and Clerk of the Outlawries Office.  
 First-Fruits Office.  
 Fleet Prison.  
 Foreign Apposer's Office.  
 Game Tax Office.  
 General Accountant Office of New Duties.  
 General Post-Office.  
 Guildhall.  
 Hackney Coach and Chair Office.  
 Hanaper Office.  
 Hat Licence Office.  
 Hawkers' and Pedlars' Office.  
 Heralds' College Office.  
 Horse-Dealers' Tax Office.  
 Inrolments of Fines and Receiver's Office.  
 Judges' Chambers.  
 Judgment Office, and Clerk of the Docquets.  
 King's Bench Office.  
 King's Bench Prison.  
 King's Remembrance Office.  
 King's Silver Office.  
 Land Tax Office for London.

Lord Chamberlain's Office.  
 Lord Mayor's Court and Office.  
 Lottery Office.  
 Lottery Licence Office.  
 Mansion House.  
 Marshalsea, Court and Prison.  
 Masters in Chancery Office.  
 Masters' Office (King's Bench Office).  
 Master of the Rolls Office.  
 Medicine Licence Office (Stamp Office).  
 Million Bank.  
 Mint.  
 Navy Office.  
 New Gaol.  
 Newgate Prison.  
 New Prison.  
 Nisi Prius Office.  
 Ordnance Office.  
 Patent Office.  
 Pawnbrokers' Licence Office.  
 Pay Office of the Army.  
 Pay Office of the Navy.  
 Pell Office.  
 Penny-Post Offices.  
 Perfumery Licence Office.  
 Petty Bag Office.  
 Pipe Office.  
 Plantation Office.  
 Post-Horse Licence Office.  
 Presentation Offices.  
 Privy Seal Office.  
 Public Accounts Office.  
 Queen Anne's Bounty Office.  
 Receiver-General's Office for Stamps.  
 Register Office.  
 Register Office of Deeds in Middlesex.  
 Register containing Marriages of the Fleet, Mayfair, and Mint.  
 Report Office.  
 Return Office.  
 Rolls Office.  
 Rotation Offices in the County of Middlesex.  
 Salt Office.  
 Seal Office.  
 Secondaries Office of Pleas.  
 Secretary of State's Office.  
 Sessions House.  
 Sheriffs of London's Office.  
 Sheriffs of Middlesex's Office.  
 Sick and Hurt Seamen's Office.  
 Signers of Writs Office.  
 Signet Office.  
 Six Clerks' Office.  
 South-Sea House.  
 Stamp Office.  
 Subpoena Office.  
 Tax Office.  
 Tenths Office.  
 Treasury.  
 Treasury-Keeper (C.P.), Mr. Stubbs.  
 Trinity House.  
 Victualling Office.

War Office.  
Warrant of Attorney Office.  
Westminster Hall.

Whitechapel Court.  
Wine Licence Office.

The following were the principal hospitals and public charities :—

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| <p>The Royal Hospital at Greenwich.<br/>Commissioners and Officers of the Royal Hospital at Chelsea.<br/>Charter-House, founded by Thomas Sutton, Esq., in 1611.<br/>St. Bartholomew's Hospital, founded by Henry VIII., 1539.<br/>Christ's Hospital, founded by Edward VI., 1552.<br/>Bridewell and Bethlehem, founded by Edward VI., 1553.<br/>St. Thomas's Hospital, founded by Edward VI., 1553.<br/>Guy's Hospital.<br/>Westminster Infirmary.<br/>St. George's Hospital.<br/>The Foundling Hospital.<br/>Lying-in Charity.<br/>London Hospital.<br/>Middlesex Hospital.<br/>Small-pox Hospital, in Cold Bath Fields, and Hospital for Inoculation, at Pancras.<br/>Hospital for French Protestants.<br/>Lock Hospital.<br/>Corporation for Sick and Maimed Seamen.</p> | <p>The British Lying-in Hospital for Married Women<br/>City of London Lying-in Hospital.<br/>St. Luke's Hospital for Lunatics.<br/>Marine Society's Office.<br/>Welsh Charity.<br/>The Asylum, or House of Refuge, for Orphan Girls.<br/>Magdalen Hospital.<br/>London Workhouse.<br/>General Dispensary.<br/>Medical Society of London.<br/>Westminster General Dispensary.<br/>Public Dispensary.<br/>Middlesex Dispensary.<br/>Humane Society.<br/>A List of the Court of Assistants.<br/>Orphan School.<br/>Society for promoting Christian Knowledge.<br/>Society for promoting the Gospel in Foreign Parts.<br/>Society for promoting Religious Knowledge among the Poor.<br/>Patrons of the Anniversary of the Charity Schools.<br/>The Thirty-one Elder Brethren of the Trinity House.</p> |
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