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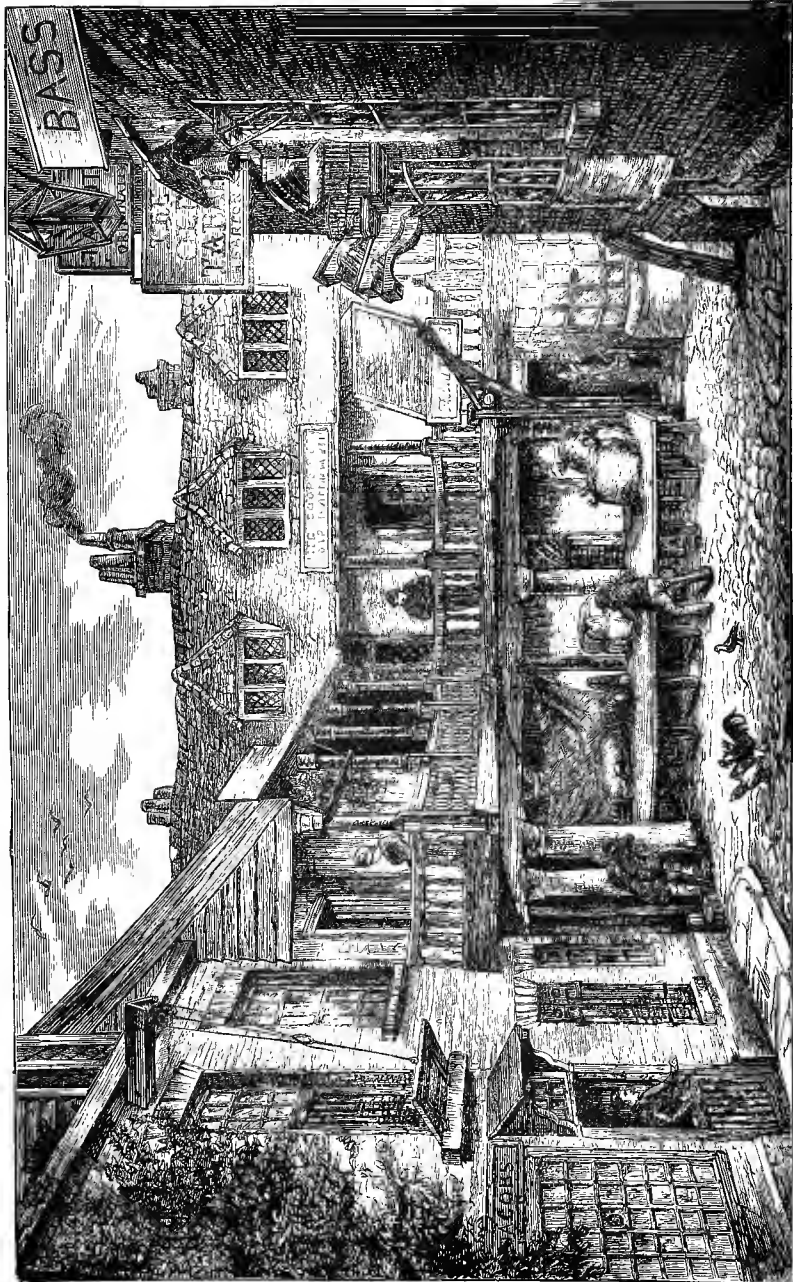
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CLUBS AND CLUB LIFE IN  
LONDON

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THE OLD TABARD INN, HIGH STREET, SOUTHWARK







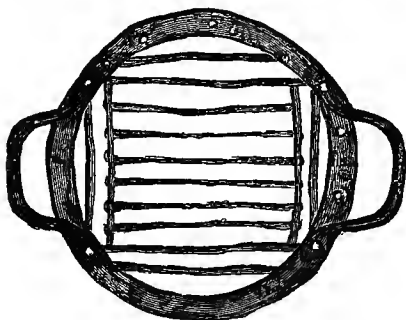
# CLUBS AND CLUB LIFE IN LONDON

WITH ANECDOTES OF ITS FAMOUS COFFEE  
HOUSES, HOSTELRIES, AND TAVERNS  
FROM THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY  
TO THE PRESENT TIME

BY

JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A.

AUTHOR OF "ENGLISH ECCENTRICS AND ECCENTRICITIES"



A NEW EDITION

WITH FORTY-ONE ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON  
CHATTO & WINDUS

1899

CLUB AND CLUB LIFE IN  
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## PRELIMINARY.

SIX years ago the publisher of the present work issued a "History of Signboards," which met with so much approval from the critical press and from general readers, that the authors might not unreasonably have been accused of vanity—or something very like vanity—at their achievement. A companion volume was then contemplated under the title of "A History of the Clubs, Tavern Coteries, and 'Parlour Companies' of Old London." Material was gathered, and the late William Pinkerton, Esq., F.S.A., of Hounslow, undertook the preparation of the book. But in the meantime another active antiquary had prepared a work of similar character to the one we had proposed, and this interesting book, with numerous illustrations, prepared expressly for the present edition, is now issued as a sequel to the "History of Signboards."

PICCADILLY,

*November 7, 1872.*



## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
<i>Origin of Clubs</i> . . . . .	1
<i>The Mermaid Club</i> . . . . .	7
<i>The Apollo Club</i> . . . . .	9
<i>Early Political Clubs</i> . . . . .	13
<i>The October Club</i> . . . . .	14
<i>The Saturday, and Brothers Clubs</i> . . . . .	16
<i>The Scriblerus Club</i> . . . . .	20
<i>The Calves' Head Club</i> . . . . .	21
<i>The King's Head Club</i> . . . . .	30
<i>Street Clubs</i> . . . . .	32
<i>The Mohocks</i> . . . . .	33
<i>Blasphemous Clubs</i> . . . . .	38
<i>Mug-house Clubs</i> . . . . .	38
<i>The Kit-Kat Club</i> . . . . .	47
<i>The Tatler's Club in Shire-lane</i> . . . . .	54
<i>The Royal Society Club</i> . . . . .	56
<i>The Cocoa-Tree Club</i> . . . . .	69
<i>Almack's Club</i> . . . . .	71
<i>Almack's Assembly Rooms</i> . . . . .	73
<i>Brookes's Club</i> . . . . .	76
<i>"Fighting Fitzgerald" at Brookes's</i> . . . . .	87
<i>Arthur's Club</i> . . . . .	91
<i>White's Club</i> . . . . .	92
<i>Boodle's Club</i> . . . . .	103

	PAGE
<i>The Beef-steak Society</i> . . . . .	105
<i>Captain Morris, the Bard of the Beef-steak Society</i> . . . . .	127
<i>Beef-steak Clubs</i> . . . . .	135
<i>Club at Tom's Coffee-house</i> . . . . .	136
<i>The King of Clubs</i> . . . . .	140
<i>Watier's Club</i> . . . . .	143
<i>Mr. Canning at the Clifford-street Club</i> . . . . .	144
<i>Eccentric Clubs</i> . . . . .	146
<i>Facobite Club</i> . . . . .	152
<i>The Wittinagemot of the Chapter Coffee-house</i> . . . . .	153
<i>The Roxburghe Club Dinners</i> . . . . .	159
<i>The Society of Past Overseers, Westminster</i> . . . . .	165
<i>The Robin Hood</i> . . . . .	168
<i>The Blue-stocking Club</i> . . . . .	169
<i>The Ivy Lane Club</i> . . . . .	171
<i>The Essex Head Club</i> . . . . .	173
<i>The Literary Club</i> . . . . .	174
<i>Goldsmith's Clubs</i> . . . . .	187
<i>The Dilettanti Society</i> . . . . .	189
<i>The Royal Naval Club</i> . . . . .	196
<i>The Wyndham Club</i> . . . . .	198
<i>The Travellers' Club</i> . . . . .	198
<i>The United Service Club</i> . . . . .	201
<i>The Alfred Club</i> . . . . .	202
<i>The Oriental Club</i> . . . . .	204
<i>The Athenæum Club</i> . . . . .	205
<i>The University Club</i> . . . . .	211
<i>Economy of Clubs</i> . . . . .	211
<i>The Union Club</i> . . . . .	216
<i>The Garrick Club</i> . . . . .	218
<i>The Reform Club</i> . . . . .	227



	PAGE
<i>The Carlton Club</i>	233
<i>The Conservative Club</i>	234
<i>The Oxford and Cambridge Club</i>	236
<i>The Guards Club</i>	237
<i>The Army and Navy Club</i>	237
<i>The Junior United Service Club</i>	239
<i>Crockford's Club</i>	240
<i>"King Allen," "The Golden Ball," and Scrope Davies</i>	244
<i>The Four-in-Hand Club</i>	246
<i>Whist Clubs</i>	251
<i>Prince's Club Racquet Courts</i>	254
<i>An Angling Club</i>	257
<i>The Red Lions</i>	258
<i>The Coventry, Erectheim, and Parthenon Clubs</i>	260
<i>Antiquarian Clubs,—The Noviomagians</i>	261
<i>The Eccentrics</i>	262
<i>Douglas Ferrold's Clubs</i>	263
<i>Chess Clubs</i>	267

## COFFEE-HOUSES.

<i>Early Coffee-houses</i>	269
<i>Garraway's Coffee-house</i>	273
<i>Jonathan's Coffee-house</i>	278
<i>Rainbow Coffee-house</i>	280
<i>Nando's Coffee-house</i>	284
<i>Dick's Coffee-house</i>	285
<i>The "Lloyd's" of the Time of Charles II.</i>	286
<i>Lloyd's Coffee-house</i>	289
<i>The Jerusalem Coffee-house</i>	293
<i>Baker's Coffee-house</i>	294
<i>Coffee-houses in Ned Ward's Time</i>	294

	PAGE
<i>Coffee-houses of the Eighteenth Century</i> . . . . .	297
<i>Coffee-house Sharpers in 1776</i> . . . . .	304
<i>Don Saltero's Coffee-house</i> . . . . .	305
<i>Saloop-houses</i> . . . . .	309
<i>The Smyrna Coffee-house</i> . . . . .	309
<i>St. James's Coffee-house</i> . . . . .	310
<i>The British Coffee-house</i> . . . . .	315
<i>Will's Coffee-house</i> . . . . .	315
<i>Button's Coffee-house</i> . . . . .	323
<i>Dean Swift at Button's</i> . . . . .	331
<i>Tom's Coffee-house</i> . . . . .	332
<i>The Bedford Coffee-house, in Covent Garden</i> . . . . .	333
<i>Macklin's Coffee-house Oratory</i> . . . . .	338
<i>Tom King's Coffee-house</i> . . . . .	340
<i>Piazza Coffee-house</i> . . . . .	342
<i>The Chapter Coffee-house</i> . . . . .	343
<i>Child's Coffee-house</i> . . . . .	345
<i>London Coffee-house</i> . . . . .	345
<i>Turk's Head Coffee-house in Change Alley</i> . . . . .	347
<i>Squire's Coffee-house</i> . . . . .	349
<i>Slaughter's Coffee-house</i> . . . . .	352
<i>Will's and Serle's Coffee-houses</i> . . . . .	356
<i>The Grecian Coffee-house</i> . . . . .	357
<i>George's Coffee-house</i> . . . . .	359
<i>The Percy Coffee-house</i> . . . . .	360
<i>Peel's Coffee-house</i> . . . . .	361

## TAVERNS.

	PAGE
<i>The Taverns of Old London</i> . . . . .	362
<i>The Bear at the Bridge Foot</i> . . . . .	373
<i>Mermaid Taverns</i> . . . . .	374
<i>The Boar's Head Tavern</i> . . . . .	374
<i>Three Cranes in the Vintry</i> . . . . .	377
<i>London Stone Tavern</i> . . . . .	378
<i>The Robin Hood</i> . . . . .	378
<i>Pontack's, Abchurch-lane</i> . . . . .	379
<i>Popé's Head Tavern</i> . . . . .	380
<i>The Old Swan, Thames-street</i> . . . . .	381
<i>Cock Tavern, Threadneedle-street</i> . . . . .	381
<i>Crown Tavern, Threadneedle-street</i> . . . . .	382
<i>The King's Head Tavern, in the Poultry</i> . . . . .	383
<i>The Mitre, in Wood-street</i> . . . . .	388
<i>The Salutation and Cat Tavern</i> . . . . .	389
<i>"Salutation" Taverns</i> . . . . .	390
<i>Queen's Arms, St. Paul's Churchyard</i> . . . . .	391
<i>Dolly's, Paternoster Row</i> . . . . .	392
<i>Aldersgate Taverns</i> . . . . .	393
<i>"The Mourning Crown"</i> . . . . .	395
<i>Jerusalem Taverns, Clerkenwell</i> . . . . .	395
<i>White Hart Tavern, Bishopsgate Without</i> . . . . .	397
<i>The Mitre, in Fenchurch-street</i> . . . . .	398
<i>The King's Head, Fenchurch-street</i> . . . . .	400
<i>The Elephant, Fenchurch-street</i> . . . . .	400
<i>The African, St. Michael's Alley</i> . . . . .	401
<i>The Grave Maurice Tavern</i> . . . . .	402
<i>Mathematical Society, Spitalfields</i> . . . . .	403
<i>Globe Tavern, Fleet-street</i> . . . . .	404

	PAGE
<i>The Devil Tavern</i> . . . . .	405
<i>The Young Devil Tavern</i> . . . . .	411
<i>Cock Tavern, Fleet-street</i> . . . . .	411
<i>The Hercules' Pillars Taverns</i> . . . . .	413
<i>Hole-in-the-Wall Taverns</i> . . . . .	415
<i>The Mitre, in Fleet-street</i> . . . . .	416
<i>Ship Tavern, Temple Bar</i> . . . . .	417
<i>The Palsgrave Head, Temple Bar</i> . . . . .	418
<i>Heycock's, Temple Bar</i> . . . . .	419
<i>The Crown and Anchor, Strand</i> . . . . .	419
<i>The Canary-House, in the Strand</i> . . . . .	420
<i>The Fountain Tavern</i> . . . . .	421
<i>Tavern Life of Sir Richard Steele</i> . . . . .	422
<i>Clare Market Taverns</i> . . . . .	423
<i>The Craven Head, Drury Lane</i> . . . . .	424
<i>The Cock Tavern, in Bow-street</i> . . . . .	425
<i>The Queen's Head, Bow-street</i> . . . . .	427
<i>The Shakspeare Tavern</i> . . . . .	427
<i>Shuter, and his Tavern Places</i> . . . . .	429
<i>The Rose Tavern, Covent Garden</i> . . . . .	429
<i>Evans's, Covent Garden</i> . . . . .	431
<i>The Fleece, Covent Garden</i> . . . . .	433
<i>The Bedford Head, Covent Garden</i> . . . . .	434
<i>The Salutation, Tavistock-street</i> . . . . .	434
<i>The Constitution Tavern, Covent Garden</i> . . . . .	435
<i>The Cider Cellar</i> . . . . .	436
<i>Offley's, Henrietta-street</i> . . . . .	437
<i>The Rummer Tavern</i> . . . . .	438
<i>Spring Garden Taverns</i> . . . . .	439
<i>"Heaven" and "Hell" Taverns, Westminster</i> . . . . .	441
<i>"Bellamy's Kitchen"</i> . . . . .	443

	PAGE
<i>A Coffee-house Canary-bird</i> . . . . .	444
<i>Star and Garter, Pall Mall</i> . . . . .	445
<i>Thatched House Tavern, St. James's-street</i> . . . . .	450
<i>"The Running Footman," May Fair</i> . . . . .	452
<i>Piccadilly Inns and Taverns</i> . . . . .	453
<i>Islington Taverns</i> . . . . .	456
<i>Copenhagen House</i> . . . . .	460
<i>Topham, the Strong Man, and his Taverns</i> . . . . .	463
<i>The Castle Tavern, Holborn</i> . . . . .	464
<i>Marylebone and Paddington Taverns</i> . . . . .	466
<i>Kensington and Brompton Taverns</i> . . . . .	472
<i>Knightsbridge Taverns</i> . . . . .	477
<i>Ranelagh Gardens</i> . . . . .	483
<i>Cremorne Tavern and Gardens</i> . . . . .	484
<i>The Mulberry Garden</i> . . . . .	485
<i>Pimlico Taverns</i> . . . . .	485
<i>Lambeth,—Vauxhall Taverns and Gardens, etc.</i> . . . . .	487
<i>Freemasons' Lodges</i> . . . . .	489
<i>Whitebait Taverns</i> . . . . .	492
<i>The London Tavern</i> . . . . .	498
<i>The Clarendon Hotel</i> . . . . .	502
<i>Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen's-street</i> . . . . .	504
<i>The Albion, Aldersgate-street</i> . . . . .	506
<i>St. James's Hall</i> . . . . .	507
<i>Theatrical Taverns</i> . . . . .	508

## APPENDIX.

<i>Almack's</i> . . . . .	509
<i>Clubs at the Thatched House</i> . . . . .	511
<i>The Kit-kat Club</i> . . . . .	511

	PAGE
<i>Watier's Club</i> . . . . .	512
<i>Clubs of 1814</i> . . . . .	513
<i>Gaming-Houses kept by Ladies</i> . . . . .	514
<i>Beef-steak Society</i> . . . . .	516
<i>White's Club</i> . . . . .	517
<i>The Royal Academy Club</i> . . . . .	518
<i>Destruction of Taverns by Fire</i> . . . . .	519
<i>The Tzar of Muscovy's Head, Tower-street</i> . . . . .	519
<i>Rose Tavern, Tower-street</i> . . . . .	520
<i>The Nag's Head Tavern, Cheapside</i> . . . . .	522
<i>The Hummums, Covent Garden</i> . . . . .	523
<i>Origin of Tavern Signs</i> . . . . .	524
<i>Index</i> . . . . .	533



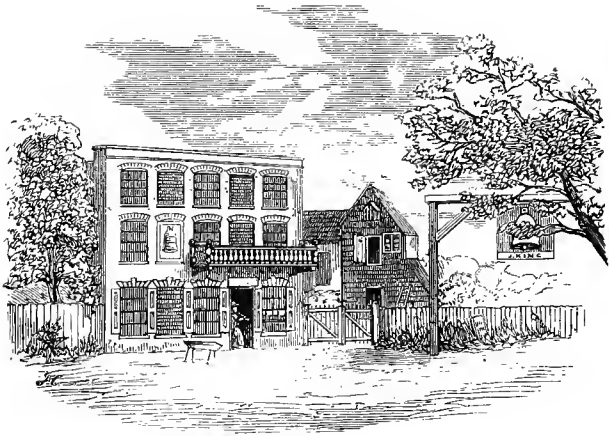
# CLUB LIFE OF LONDON







*THE BELL AT EDMONTON.*



Famous in connexion with John Gilpin's Ride, and more recently as a favourite resting-place of Charles Lamb when out walking.

# CLUB LIFE OF LONDON.

## Origin of Clubs.

THE Club, in the general acceptation of the term, may be regarded as one of the earliest offshoots of Man's habitually gregarious and social inclination; and as an instance of that remarkable influence which, in an early stage of society, the powers of Nature exercise over the fortunes of mankind. It may not be traceable to the time

When Adam dolve, and Eve span ;

but, it is natural to imagine that concurrent with the force of numbers must have increased the tendency of men to associate for some common object. This may have been the enjoyment of the staple of life ; for, our elegant Essayist, writing with ages of experience at his beck, has truly said " all celebrated Clubs were founded upon eating and drinking, which are points where most men agree, and in which the learned and the illiterate, the dull and the airy, the philosopher and the buffoon, can all of them bear a part."

For special proof of the antiquity of the practice it may suffice to refer to the polished Athenians, who had, besides their general *symposia*, friendly meetings, where every one sent his own portion of the feast, bore a proportionate part of the expense, or gave a pledge at a fixed price. A regard for clubbism existed even in Lyncurgan Sparta : the public tables consisted generally of fifteen persons each, and all vacancies

were filled up by ballot, in which unanimous consent was indispensable for election ; and the other laws, as described by Plutarch, differ but slightly from those of modern Clubs. Justus Lipsius mentions a bonâ fide Roman Club, the members of which were bound by certain organised rules and regulations. Cicero records (*De Senectute*) the pleasure he took in frequenting the meetings of those social parties of his time, termed confraternities, where, according to a good old custom, a president was appointed ; and he adds that the principal satisfaction he received from such entertainments, arose much less from the pleasures of the palate than from the opportunity thereby afforded him of enjoying excellent company and conversation.\*

The cognomen Club claims descent from the Anglo-Saxon ; for Skinner derives it from *clifian*, *cleofian* (our cleave), from the division of the reckoning among the guests around the table. The word signifies uniting to divide, like *clave*, including the correlative meanings to *adhere* and to separate. "In conclusion, *Club* is evidently, as far as form is concerned, derived from *cleave*" (to split), but in *signification* it would seem to be more closely allied to *cleave* (to adhere). It is not surprising that two verbs, identical in form (in Eng.) and connected in signification, should sometimes coalesce.†

To the Friday-street or more properly Bread-street Club, said to have been originated by Sir Walter Raleigh, was long assigned the priority of date in England ; but we have an instance of two centuries earlier. In the reign of Henry IV., there was a Club called "La Court de bone

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\* Sketch of the Rise and Progress of the Royal Society Club. 1860. (Not published.)

† *Notes and Queries*, 3rd S. i. p. 295, in which is noted :—"A good illustration of the connexion between the ideas of *division* and *union* is afforded by the two equivalent words *partner* and *associé*, the former pointing especially to the *division* of profits, the latter to the community of interests."

Compagnie," of which the worthy old poet Occleve was a member, and probably Chaucer. In the works of the former are two ballads, written about 1413; one, a congratulation from the brethren to Henry Somer, on his appointment of the Sub-Treasurer of the Exchequer, and who received Chaucer's pension for him. In the other ballad, Occleve, after dwelling on some of their rules and observances, gives Somer notice that he is expected to be in the chair at their next meeting, and that the "styward" has warned him that he is

for the dyner arraye  
Ageyn Thirsday next, and nat is delaye.

That there were certain conditions to be observed by this Society, appears from the latter epistle, which commences with an answer to a letter of remonstrance the "Court" has received from Henry Somer, against some undue extravagance, and a breach of their rules.\* This Society of four centuries and a half since was evidently a jovial company.

Still, we do not yet find the term "Club." Mr. Carlyle, in his *History of Frederick the Great*, assumes that the vow of the Chivalry Orders—*Gelübde*—in vogue about A.D. 1190, "passed to us in a singularly dwindled condition: Club we now call it." To this it is objected that the mere resemblance in sound of *Gelübde* and *Club* is inconclusive, for the Orders of Templars, Hospitallers, and Prussian Knights, were never called clubs in England; and the origin of the noun need not be sought for beyond its verb to *club*, when persons joined in paying the cost of the mutual entertainment. Moreover, *Klubb* in German means the social *club*; and that word is borrowed from the English, the native word being *Zeche*, which, from its root and compound,

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\* *Notes and Queries*, No. 234, p. 383. Communicated by Mr Edward Foss, F.S.A.

conveys the idea generally of joint expenditure, and specially in drinking.\*

About the end of the sixteenth or the beginning of the seventeenth century, there was established the famous Club at the Mermaid Tavern, in Bread-street, of which Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Raleigh, Selden, Donne, &c., were members. Ben Jonson had a Club, of which he appears to have been the founder, that met at the Devil Tavern, between Middle-Temple gate and Temple Bar.

Not until shortly after this date do we find the word Club. Aubrey says: "We now use the word *clubbe* for a sodality in a taverne." In 1659, Aubrey became a member of the Rota, a political Club, which met at the Turk's Head, in New Palace Yard: "here we had," says Aubrey, "(very formally) a *balloting box*, and balloted how things should be carried, by way of Tentamens. The room was every evening as full as it could be crammed."† Of this Rota political Club we shall presently say more. It is worthy of notice that politics were thus early introduced in English Club-life. Dryden, some twenty years after the above date, asks: "What right has any man to meet in factious Clubs to vilify the Government?"

Three years after the Great Fire, in 1669, there was established in the City, the Civil Club, which exists to this day. All the members are citizens, and are proud of their Society, on account of its antiquity, and of its being the only Club which attaches to its staff the reputed office of a chaplain. The members appear to have first *clubbed* together for the sake of mutual aid and support; but the name of the founder of the Club, and the circumstances of its origin, have unfortunately been lost with its early records. The time at which it was established was one

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\* *Notes and Queries*, 2nd S. vol. xii. p. 386. Communicated by Mr. Buckton.

† *Memoir of Aubrey*, by John Britton, 4to, p. 36.

of severe trials, when the Great Plague and the Great Fire had broken up much society, and many old associations; the object and recommendation being, as one of the rules expresses it, "that members should give preference to each other in their respective callings;" and that "but one person of the same trade or profession should be a member of the Club." This is the rule of the old middle-class clubs called "One of a Trade."

The Civil Club met for many years at the Old Ship Tavern, in Water-lane, upon which being taken down, the Club removed to the New Corn Exchange Tavern, in Mark-lane. The records, which are extant, show among former members Parliament men, baronets, and aldermen; the chaplain is the incumbent of St. Olave-by-the-Tower, Hart-street. Two high carved chairs, bearing date 1669, are used by the stewards.

At the time of the Revolution, the Treason Club, as it was commonly called, met at the Rose Tavern, in Covent Garden; to consult with Lord Colchester, Mr. Thomas Wharton, Colonel Talmash, Colonel Godfrey, and many others of their party; and it was there resolved that the regiment under Lieutenant-Colonel Langstone's command should desert entire, as they did, on Sunday, Nov. 1688.\*

In Friday-street, Cheapside, was held the Wednesday Club, at which, in 1695, certain conferences took place under the direction of William Paterson, which ultimately led to the establishment of the Bank of England. Such is the general belief; but Mr. Saxe Bannister, in his *Life of Paterson*, p. 93, observes: "It has been a matter of much doubt whether the Bank of England was originally proposed from a Club or Society in the City of London. The *Dialogue Conferences of the Wednesday Club*, in *Friday-street*, have been quoted as if first published in 1695. No such publication has been met with of a date before 1706;" and

\* Macpherson's History of England, vol. iii.—Original papers.

Mr. Bannister states his reasons for supposing it was not preceded by any other book. Still, Paterson wrote the papers entitled the *Wednesday Club Conferences*.

Club is defined by Dr. Johnson to be "an assembly of good fellows, meeting under certain conditions;" but by Todd, "an association of persons subjected to particular rules." It is plain that the latter definition is at least not that of a Club, as distinguished from any other kind of association; although it may be more comprehensive than is necessary, to take in all the gatherings that in modern times have assumed the name of Clubs. Johnson's, however, is the more exact account of the true old English Club.

The golden period of the Clubs was, however, in the time of the *Spectator*, in whose rich humour their memories are embalmed. "Man," writes Addison, in No. 9, "is said to be a sociable animal; and as an instance of it we may observe, that we take all occasions and pretences of forming ourselves into those little nocturnal assemblies, which are commonly known by the name of Clubs. When a set of men find themselves agree in any particular, though never so trivial, they establish themselves into a kind of fraternity, and meet once or twice a week, upon the account of such a fantastic resemblance."

Pall Mall was noted for its tavern Clubs more than two centuries since. "The first time that Pepys mentions Pell Mell," writes Cunningham, "is under the 26th of July, 1660, where he says 'We went to Wood's (our old house for clubbing), and there we spent till ten at night.' This is not only one of the earliest references to Pall Mall as an inhabited locality, but one of the earliest uses of the word 'clubbing,' in its modern signification of a Club, and additionally interesting, seeing that the street still maintains what Johnson would have called its 'clubbable' character."

In *Spence's Anecdotes (Supplemental)*, we read: "There was a Club held at the King's Head, in Pall Mall, that



arrogantly called itself 'The World.' Lord Stanhope, then (now Lord Chesterfield), Lord Herbert, &c., were members. Epigrams were proposed to be written on the glasses, by each member after dinner; once, when Dr. Young was invited thither, the Doctor would have declined writing, because he had no diamond: Lord Stanhope lent him his, and he wrote immediately—

Accept a miracle, instead of wit;  
See two dull lines with Stanhope's pencil writ.

The first modern Club mansion in Pall Mall was No. 86, opened as a subscription house, called the Albion Hotel. It was originally built for Edward Duke of York, brother of George III., and is now the office of Ordnance. (Correspondence.)

### The Mermaid Club.

This famous Club was held at the Mermaid Tavern, which was long said to have stood in Friday-street, Cheapside; but Ben Jonson has, in his own verse, settled it in *Bread-street*:

At Bread-street's Mermaid having dined and merry,  
Proposed to go to Holborn in a wherry.

*Ben Jonson, ed. Gifford, viii. 242.*

Mr. Hunter also, in his Notes on Shakspeare, tells us that Mr. Johnson, at the Mermaid, in Bread-street, vintner, occurs as creditor for 17s. in a schedule annexed to the will of Albain Butler, of Clifford's Inn, gentleman, in 1603. Mr. Burn, in the *Beaufoy Catalogue*, also explains: "the Mermaid in Bread-street, the Mermaid in Friday-street, and the Mermaid in Cheap, were all one and the same. The tavern, situated behind, had a way to it from these thorough-fares, but was nearer to Bread-street than Friday-street." In a note, Mr. Burn adds: "The site of the Mermaid is clearly defined from the circumstance of W. R., a haberdasher of small wares, 'twixt Wood-street and Milk-street,' adopting

the same sign 'over against the Mermaid Tavern in Cheap-side.'" The Tavern was destroyed in the Great Fire.

Here Sir Walter Raleigh is traditionally said to have instituted "The Mermaid Club." Gifford has thus described the Club, adopting the tradition and the Friday-street location: "About this time [1603] Jonson probably began to acquire that turn for conviviality for which he was afterwards noted. Sir Walter Raleigh, previously to his unfortunate engagement with the wretched Cobham and others, had instituted a meeting of *beaux esprits* at the Mermaid, a celebrated tavern in Friday-street. Of this Club, which combined more talent and genius than ever met together before or since, our author was a member; and here for many years he regularly repaired, with Shakspeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Cotton, Carew, Martin, Donne, and many others, whose names, even at this distant period, call up a mingled feeling of reverence and respect." But this is doubted. A writer in the *Athenæum*, Sept. 16, 1865, states: "The origin of the common tale of Raleigh founding the Mermaid Club, of which Shakspeare is said to have been a member, has not been traced. Is it older than Gifford?" Again: "Gifford's apparent invention of the Mermaid Club. Prove to us that Raleigh founded the Mermaid Club, that the wits attended it under his presidency, and you will have made a real contribution to our knowledge of Shakspeare's time, even if you fail to show that our Poet was a member of that Club." The tradition, it is thought, must be added to the long list of Shakspearian doubts.

Nevertheless, Fuller has described the wit-combats between Shakspeare and Ben Jonson, "which he beheld," meaning with his mind's eye, for he was only eight years of age when Shakspeare died; "a circumstance," says Mr. Charles Knight, "which appears to have been forgotten by some who have written of these matters." But we have a noble record left of the wit-combats in the celebrated epistle of Beaumont to Jonson:—

Methinks the little wit I had is lost  
 Since I saw you ; for wit is like a rest  
 Held up at tennis, which men do the best  
 With the best gamesters : what things have we seen  
 Done at the Mermaid ! heard words that have been  
 So nimble, and so full of subtile flame,  
 As if that every one from whence they came  
 Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,  
 And had resolv'd to live a fool the rest  
 Of his dull life ; then when there hath been thrown  
 Wit able enough to justify the town  
 For three days past, wit that might warrant be  
 For the whole city to talk foolishly  
 'Till that were cancell'd : and when that was gone  
 We left an air behind us, which alone  
 Was able to make the two next companies  
 Right witty ; though but downright fools, mere wise.

### The Apollo Club.

The noted tavern, with the sign of St. Dunstan pulling the Devil by the nose, stood between Temple Bar and the Middle Temple gate. It was a house of great resort in the reign of James I., and then kept by Simon Wadloe.

In Ben Jonson's *Staple of News*, played in 1625, Pennyboy Canter advises, to

Dine in Apollo, with Pecunia  
 At brave Duke Wadloe's.

Pennyboy junior replies—

Content, i' th' faith ;  
 Our meal shall be brought thither ; Simon the King  
 Will bid us welcome.

At what period Ben Jonson began to frequent this tavern is not certain ; but we have his record that he wrote *The Devil is an Ass*, played in 1616, when he and his boys (adopted sons) "drank bad wine at the Devil." The principal room was called "the Oracle of Apollo," a large room evidently built apart from the tavern ; and from Prior's

and Charles Montagu's *Hind and Panther Transversed* it is shown to have been an upper apartment, or on the first story:—

Hence to the Devil—  
Thus to the place where Jonson sat, we climb,  
Leaning on the same rail that guided him.

Above the door was the bust of Apollo; and the following verses, "the Welcome," were inscribed in gold letters upon a black board, and "placed over the door at the entrance into the Apollo

Welcome all, who lead or follow,  
To the *Oracle of Apollo*—  
Here he speaks out of his pottle,  
Or the tripods, his Tower bottle;  
All his answers are divine,  
Truth itself doth flow in wine.  
Hang up all the poor hop-drinkers,  
Cries old Sim the king of skinkers;  
He that half of life abuses,  
That sits watering with the Muses.  
Those dull girls no good can mean us;  
Wine it is the milk of Venus,  
And the Poet's horse accounted:  
Ply it, and you all are mounted.  
'Tis the true Phœbeian liquor,  
Cheers the brain, makes wit the quicker,  
Pays all debts, cures all diseases,  
And at once three senses pleases.  
Welcome all, who lead or follow,  
To the *Oracle of Apollo*.

Beneath these verses was the name of the author, thus inscribed—"O Rare Ben Jonson," a posthumous tribute from his grave in Westminster Abbey. The bust appears modelled from the Apollo Belvedere, by some skilful person of the olden day, but has been several times painted. "The Welcome," originally inscribed in gold letters, on a thick black-painted board, has since been wholly repainted and gilded; but the old thickly-lettered inscription of Ben's day may be seen as an embossment upon the modern painted

background. These poetic memorials are both preserved in the banking-house of the Messrs. Child.

"The Welcome," says Mr. Burn, "it may be inferred, was placed in the interior of the room; so also, above the fireplace, were the Rules of the Club, said by early writers to have been inscribed in marble, but were in truth gilded letters upon a black-painted board, similar to the verses of the Welcome. These Rules are justly admired for the conciseness and elegance of the Latinity." They have been felicitously translated by Alexander Broome, one of the wits who frequented the Devil, and who was one of Ben Jonson's twelve adopted poetical sons. Latin inscriptions were also placed in other directions, to adorn the house. Over the clock in the kitchen, in 1731, there remained "*Si nocturna tibi noceat potatio vini, hoc in mane bibes iterum, et fuerit medicina.*" Aubrey reports his uncle Danvers to have said that "Ben Jonson, to be near the Devil tavern, in King James's time, lived without Temple-barre, at a combe-maker's shop, about the Elephant and Castle;" and James Lord Scudamore has, in his *Homer à la Mode*, a travesty, said—

Apollo had a flamen,  
Who in 's temple did say Amen.

This personage certainly Ben Jonson represented in the great room of the Devil Tavern. Hither came all who desired to be "sealed of the tribe of Ben." "The *Leges Conviviales*," says Leigh Hunt, "which Jonson wrote for his Club, and which are to be found in his works, are composed in his usual style of elaborate and compiled learning, not without a taste of that dictatorial self-sufficiency, which, notwithstanding all that has been said by his advocates, and the good qualities he undoubtedly possessed, forms an indelible part of his character. 'Insipida poemata,' says he, 'nulla recitantur' (Let nobody repeat to us insipid poetry); as if all that he should read of his own must infallibly be otherwise. The Club at the Devil does not appear to have

resembled the higher one at the Mermaid, where Shakspeare and Beaumont used to meet him. He most probably had it all to himself."

In the Rules of the Apollo Club, women of character were not excluded from attending the meetings—*Probæ feminæ non repudiantur*. Marmion, one of Jonson's contemporary dramatists, describes him in his presidential chair, as "the boon Delphic god:"—

<i>Careless.</i>	I am full
Of Oracles.	I am come from Apollo.
<i>Emilia.</i>	From Apollo!
<i>Careless.</i>	From the heaven
Of my delight, where the boon Delphic god	
Drinks sack, and keeps his bacchanalia,	
And has his incense and his altars smoaking,	
And speaks in sparkling prophecies; thence I come,	
My brains perfumed with the rich Indian vapour,	
And heightened with conceits. From tempting beauties,	
From dainty music and poetic strains,	
From bowls of nectar and ambrosial dishes,	
From witty varlets, fine companions,	
And from a mighty continent of pleasure,	
Sails thy brave Careless.	

Randolph was by Ben Jonson adopted for his son, and that upon the following occasion. "Mr. Randolph having been at London so long as that he might truly have had a parley with his *Empty Purse*, was resolved to see Ben Jonson, with his associates, which, as he heard, at a set time kept a Club together at the Devil Tavern, neere Temple Bar: accordingly, at the time appointed, he went thither, but being unknown to them, and wanting money, which to an ingenious spirit is the most daunting thing in the world, he peeped in the room where they were, which being espied by Ben Jonson, and seeing him in a scholar's threadbare habit, 'John Bo-peep,' says he, 'come in,' which accordingly he did; when immediately they began to rhyme upon the meanness of his clothes, asking him if he could not make a

verse? and without to call for a quart of sack : there being four of them, he immediately thus replied,

“ I, John Bo-peep, to you four sheep,—  
With each one his good fleece ;  
If that you are willing to give me five shilling,  
'Tis fifteen-pence a-piece.”

“ By Jesus !” quoth Ben Jonson (his usual oath), “ I believe this is my son Randolph ;” which being made known to them, he was kindly entertained into their company, and Ben Jonson ever after called him son. He wrote *The Muses' Looking-glass*, *Cambridge Duns*, *Parley with his Empty Purse*, and other poems.

We shall have more to say of the Devil Tavern, which has other celebrities besides Jonson.

### Early Political Clubs.

Our Clubs, or social gatherings, which date from the Restoration, were exclusively political. The first we hear of was the noted Rota, or Coffee Club, as Pepys calls it, which was founded in 1659, as a kind of debating society for the dissemination of Republican opinions, which Harrington had painted in his fairest colours in his *Oceana*. It met in New Palace Yard, “ where they take water at one Miles's, the next house to the stares, at one Miles's, where was made purposely a large ovall table, with a passage in the middle for Miles to deliver his coffee.” Here Harrington gave nightly lectures on the advantage of a commonwealth and of the ballot. The Club derived its name from a plan, which it was its design to promote, for changing a certain number of Members of Parliament annually by *rotation*. Sir William Petty was one of its members. Round the table, “ in a room every evening as full as it could be crammed,” says Aubrey, sat Milton and Marvell, Cyriac Skinner, Harrington, Nevill, and their friends, discussing abstract political questions. Aubrey calls them “ disciples and virtuosi.”

The place had its dissensions and brawls: "one time Mr. Stafford and his friends came in drunk from the tavern, and affronted the Junto; the soldiers offered to kick them down stayres, but Mr. Harrington's moderation and persuasion hindered it."

To the Rota, in January, 1660, came Pepys, and "heard very good discourse in answer to Mr. Harrington's answer, who said that the state of the Roman government was not a settled government; and so it was no wonder the balance of prosperity was in one hand, and the command in another, it being therefore always in a posture of war: but it was carried by ballot that it was a steady government; though, it is true, by the voices it had been carried before that, that it was an unsteady government. So to-morrow it is to be proved by the opponents that the balance lay in one hand and the government in another." The Club was broken up after the Restoration; but its members had become marked men. Harrington's *Oceana* is an imaginary account of the construction of a commonwealth in a country, of which Oceana is the imaginary name. "Rota-men" occurs by way of comparison in *Hudibras*, part ii. canto 3:

But Sidrophel, as full of tricks  
As Rota-men of politics.

Besides the Rota, there was the old Royalist Club, "The Sealed Knot," which, the year before the Restoration, had organized a general insurrection in favour of the King. Unluckily, they had a spy amongst them—Sir Richard Willis,—who had long fingered Cromwell's money, as one of his private "intelligencers;" the leaders, on his information, were arrested, and committed to prison.

### The October Club.

The writer of an excellent paper in the *National Review*, No. VIII., well observes that "Politics under Anne had grown a smaller and less dangerous game than in the pre-



ceding century. The original political Clubs of the Commonwealth, the Protectorate, and the Restoration, plotted revolutions of government. The Parliamentary Clubs, after the Revolution of 1688, manœuvred for changes of administration. The high-flying Tory country gentleman and country member drank the health of the King—sometimes over the water-decanter, and flustered himself with bumpers in honour of Dr. Sacheverell and the Church of England, with true-blue spirits of his own kidney, at the October Club, which, like the Beef Steak Club, was named after the cheer for which it was famed,—*October ale*; or rather, on account of the quantities of the ale which the members drank. The hundred and fifty squires, Tories to the backbone, who, under the above name, met at the Bell Tavern, in King Street, Westminster, were of opinion that the party to which they belonged were too backward in punishing and turning out the Whigs; and they gave infinite trouble to the Tory administration which came into office under the leadership of Harley, St. John, and Harcourt, in 1710. The Administration were for proceeding moderately with their rivals, and for generally replacing opponents with partisans. The October Club were for immediately impeaching every member of the Whig party, and for turning out, without a day's grace, every placeman who did not wear their colours and shout their cries."

Swift was great at the October Club, and he was employed to talk over those who were amenable to reason, and to appease a discontent which was hastily ripening into mutiny. There are allusions to such negotiations in more than one passage of the *Journal to Stella*, in 1711. In a letter, February 10, 1710-11, he says: "We are plagued here with an October Club; that is, a set of above a hundred Parliament men of the country, who drink October beer at home, and meet every evening at a tavern near the Parliament, to consult affairs, and drive things on to extremes against the Whigs, to call the old ministry to account, and get off five

or six heads." Swift's *Advice humbly offered to the Members of the October Club*, had the desired effect of softening some, and convincing others, until the whole body of malcontents was first divided and finally dissolved. The treatise is a masterpiece of Swift's political skill, judiciously palliating those ministerial errors which could not be denied, and artfully intimating those excuses, which, resting upon the disposition of Queen Anne herself, could not, in policy or decency, be openly pleaded.

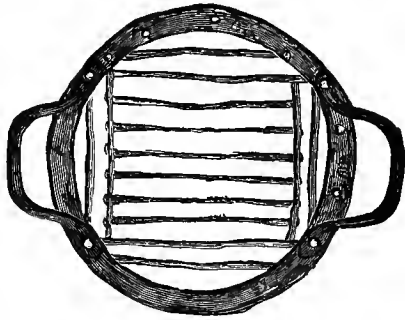
The red-hot "tantivies," for whose loyalty the October Club was not thorough-going enough, seceded from the original body, and formed "the March Club," more Jacobite and rampant in its hatred of the Whigs, than the Society from which it branched.

King Street would, at this time, be a strange location for a Parliamentary Club, like the October; narrow and obscure as is the street, we must remember that a century ago, it was the only thoroughfare to the Palace at Westminster and the Houses of Parliament. When the October was broken up, the portrait of Queen Anne, by Dahl, which ornamented the club-room, was bought of the Club, after the Queen's death, by the Corporation of Salisbury, and may still be seen in their Council-chamber. (Cunningham's *Handbook*, 2nd edit., p. 364.)

### The Saturday, and Brothers Clubs.

Few men appear to have so well studied the social and political objects of Club-life as Dean Swift. One of his resorts was the old Saturday Club. He tells Stella (to whom he specially reported most of his club arrangements), in 1711, there were "Lord Keeper, Lord Rivers, Mr. Secretary, Mr. Harley, and I." Of the same Club he writes, in 1713: "I dined with Lord Treasurer, and shall again tomorrow, which is his day, when all the ministers dine with him. He calls it whipping-day. It is always on Saturday ;

RELICS OF THE SUBLIME SOCIETY OF BEEFSTEAKS.



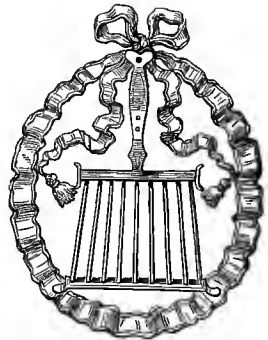
The Old Gridiron, recently sold at Christie's.



The Ring.



Old Badge.



Modern Badge.



and we do, indeed, rally him about his faults on that day. I was of the original Club, when only poor Lord Rivers, Lord Keeper, and Lord Bolingbroke came; but now Ormond, Anglesey, Lord Stewart, Dartmouth, and other rabble intrude, and I scold at it; but now they pretend as good a title as I; and, indeed, many Saturdays I am not there. The company being too many, I don't love it."

In the same year Swift framed the rules of the Brothers Club, which met every Thursday. "The end of our Club," he says, "is to advance conversation and friendship, and to reward learning without interest or recommendation. We take in none but men of wit, or men of interest; and if we go on as we began, no other Club in this town will be worth talking of."

The Journal about this time is very full of *Brothers* Arran and Dupplin, Masham and Ormond, Bathurst and Harcourt, Orrery and Jack Hill, and other Tory magnates of the Club, or Society as Swift preferred to call it. We find him entertaining his "Brothers" at the Thatched House Tavern, in St. James's Street, at the cost of seven good guineas. He must have been an influential member; he writes: "We are now, in all, nine lords and ten commoners. The Duke of Beaufort had the confidence to propose his brother-in-law, the Earl of Danby, to be a member, but I opposed it so warmly, that it was waived. Danby is not above twenty, and we will have no more boys; and we want but two to make up our number." I staid till eight, and then we all went away soberly. The Duke of Ormond's treat last week cost 20*l.*, though it was only four dishes and four without a dessert; and I bespoke it in order to be cheap. Yet I could not prevail to change the house. Lord Treasurer is in a rage with us for being so extravagant; and the wine was not reckoned neither, for that is always brought in by him that is president."

Not long after this, Swift writes: "Our Society does not meet now as usual; for which I am blamed; but till

Treasurer will agree to give us money and employments to bestow, I am averse to it, and he gives us nothing but promises. We now resolve to meet but once a fortnight, and have a committee every other week of six or seven, to consult about doing *some good*. I proposed another message to Lord Treasurer by three principal members, to give a hundred guineas to a certain person, and they are to urge it as well as they can."

One day, President Arbuthnot gives the Society a dinner, dressed in the Queen's kitchen: "we eat it in Ozinda's Coffee-house just by St. James's. We were never merrier or better company, and did not part till after eleven." In May, we hear how "fifteen of our Society dined together under a canopy in an arbour at Parson's Green last Thursday. I never saw anything so fine and romantic."

Latterly, the Club removed to the Star and Garter, in Pall Mall, owing to the dearness of the Thatched House; after this, the expense was wofully complained of. At these meetings, we may suppose, the literature of politics formed the staple of the conversation. The last epigram, the last pamphlet, the last *Examiner*, would be discussed with keen relish; and Swift mentions one occasion on which an impromptu subscription was got up for a poet, who had lampooned Marlborough: on which occasion all the company subscribed two guineas each, except Swift himself, Arbuthnot, and Friend, who only gave one. Bolingbroke, who was an active member, and Swift were on a footing of great familiarity. St. John used to give capital dinners and plenty of champagne and burgundy to his literary coadjutor, who never ceased to wonder at the ease with which our Secretary got through his labours, and who worked for him in turn with the sincerest devotion, though always asserting his equality in the sturdiest manner.

Many pleasant glimpses of convivial meetings are afforded in the Journal to Stella, when there was "much drinking, little thinking," and the business which they had met to

consider was deferred to a more convenient season. Whether (observes a contemporary) the power of conversation has declined or not, we certainly fear that the power of drinking has ; and the imagination dwells with melancholy fondness on that state of society in which great men were not forbidden to be good fellows, which we fancy, whether rightly or wrongly, must have been so superior to ours, in which wit and eloquence succumb to statistics, and claret has given place to coffee.

The *Journal to Stella* reveals Swift's sympathy for poor starving authors, and how he carried out the objects of the Society, in this respect. Thus, he goes to see "a poor poet, one Mr. Diaper, in a nasty garret, very sick," described in the *Journal* as "the author of the *Sea Eclogues*, poems of Mermen, resembling pastorals and shepherds ; and they are very pretty and the thought is new." Then Swift tells us he thinks to recommend Diaper to the Society ; he adds, "I must do something for him, and get him out of the way. I hate to have any new wits rise ; but when they do rise, I would encourage them ; but they tread on our heels and thrust us off the stage." Only a few days before, Swift had given Diaper twenty guineas from Lord Bolingbroke.

Then we get at the business of "the Brothers," when we learn that the printer attended the dinners ; and the *Journal* tells us : "There was printed a Grub-street speech of Lord Nottingham, and he was such an owl to complain of it in the House of Lords, who have taken up the printer for it. I heard at Court that Walpole, (a great Whig member,) said that I and my whimsical Club writ it at one of our meetings, and that I should pay for it. He will find he lies ; and I shall let him know by a third hand my thoughts of him." . . . "To-day I published *The Fable of Midas*, a poem printed on a loose half-sheet of paper. I know not how it will take ; but it passed wonderfully at our Society to-night." At one dinner, the printer's news is that the

Chancellor of the Exchequer had sent Mr. Adisworth, the author of the *Examiner*, twenty guineas.

There were gay sparks among "the Brothers," as Colonel or "Duke" Disney, "a fellow of abundance of humour, an old battered rake, but very honest; not an old man, but an old rake. It was he that said of Jenny Kingdown, the maid of honour, who is a little old, 'that since she could not get a husband, the Queen should give her a brevet to act as a married woman.'"—*Journal to Stella*.

### The Scriblerus Club.

"The Brothers," as we have already seen, was a political Club, which, having in great measure served its purpose, was broken up. Next year, 1714, Swift was again in London, and in place of "the Brothers," formed the celebrated "Scriblerus Club," an association rather of a literary than a political character. Oxford and St. John, Swift, Arbuthnot, Pope, and Gay, were members. Satire upon the abuse of human learning was their leading object. The name originated as follows. Oxford used playfully to call Swift *Martin*, and from this sprung *Martinus Scriblerus*. *Swift*, as is well known, is the name of one species of swallow, (the largest and most powerful flier of the tribe,) and *Martin* is the name of another species, the wall-swallow, which constructs its nest in buildings.

Part of the labours of the Society has been preserved in *P. P., Clerk of the Parish*, the most memorable satire upon Burnet's *History of his Own Time*, and part has been rendered immortal by the *Travels of Lemuel Gulliver*: but, says Sir Walter Scott, in his *Life of Swift*, "the violence of political faction, like a storm that spares the laurel no more than the cedar, dispersed this little band of literary brethren, and prevented the accomplishment of a task for which talents so various, so extended, and so brilliant, can never again be united."



Oxford and Bolingbroke, themselves accomplished scholars, patrons and friends both of the persons and to genius thus associated, led the way, by their mutual animosity, to the dissolution of the confraternity. Their discord had now risen to the highest pitch. Swift tried the force of humorous expostulation in his fable of the Fagot, where the ministers are called upon to contribute their various badges of office, to make the bundle strong and secure. But all was in vain; and, at length, tired with this scene of murmuring and discontent, quarrel, misunderstanding, and hatred, the Dean, who was almost the only common friend who laboured to compose these differences, made a final effort at reconciliation; but his scheme came to nothing, and Swift retreated from the scene of discord, without taking part with either of his contending friends, and went to the house of the Reverend Mr. Gery, at Upper Letcombe, Berkshire, where he resided for some weeks in the strictest seclusion. This secession of Swift from the political world excited the greatest surprise: the public wondered,—the party writers exulted in a thousand ineffectual libels against the retreating champion of the high church,—and his friends conjured him in numerous letters to return and reassume the task of a peacemaker; this he positively declined.

### The Calves' Head Club.

The Calves' Head Club, in "ridicule of the memory of Charles I.," has a strange history. It is first noticed in a tract reprinted in the *Harleian Miscellany*. It is entitled "*The Secret History of the Calves' Head Club; or the Republican unmasked. Wherein is fully shown the Religion of the Calves' Head Heroes, in their Anniversary Thanksgiving Songs on the 30th of January, by them called Anthems, for the years 1693, 1694, 1695, 1696, 1697. Now published to demonstrate the restless implacable Spirit of a certain party still*"

amongst us, who are never to be satisfied until the present Establishment in Church and State is subverted. The Second Edition. London, 1703." The Author of this *Secret History*, supposed to be Ned Ward, attributed the origin of the Club to Milton, and some other friends of the Commonwealth, in opposition to Bishop Nixon, Dr. Sanderson, and others, who met privately every 30th of January, and compiled a private form of service for the day, not very different from that long used. "After the Restoration," says the writer, "the eyes of the government being upon the whole party, they were obliged to meet with a great deal of precaution; but in the reign of King William they met almost in a public manner, apprehending no danger." The writer further tells us, he was informed that it was kept in no fixed house, but that they moved as they thought convenient. The place where they met when his informant was with them was in a blind alley near Moorfields, where an axe hung up in the club-room, and was revered as a principal symbol in this diabolical sacrament. Their bill of fare was a large dish of calves' heads, dressed several ways, by which they represented the king and his friends who had suffered in his cause; a large pike, with a small one in his mouth, as an emblem of tyranny; a large cod's head, by which they intended to represent the person of the king singly; a boar's head with an apple in its mouth, to represent the king by this as bestial, as by their other hieroglyphics they had done foolish and tyrannical. After the repast was over, one of their elders presented an *Icon Basilike*, which was with great solemnity burnt upon the table, whilst the other anthems were singing. After this, another produced Milton's *Defensio Populi Anglicani*, upon which all laid their hands, and made a protestation in form of an oath for ever to stand by and maintain the same. The company only consisted of Independents and Anabaptists; and the famous Jeremy White, formerly chaplain to Oliver Cromwell, who no doubt came to sanctify with his pious exhortations the ribaldry of the

day, said grace. After the table-cloth was removed, the anniversary anthem, as they impiously called it, was sung, and a calf's skull filled with wine, or other liquor; and then a brimmer went about to the pious memory of those worthy patriots who had killed the tyrant and relieved their country from his arbitrary sway: and, lastly, a collection was made for the mercenary scribbler, to which every man contributed according to his zeal for the cause and ability of his purse.

The tract passed, with many augmentations as valueless as the original trash, through no less than nine editions, the last dated 1716. Indeed, it would appear to be a literary fraud, to keep alive the calumny. All the evidence produced concerning the meetings is from hearsay: the writer of the *Secret History* had never himself been present at the Club; and his friend from whom he professes to have received his information, though a Whig, had no personal knowledge of the Club. The slanderous rumour about Milton having to do with the institution of the Club may be passed over as unworthy of notice, this untrustworthy tract being the only authority for it. Lowndes says, "this miserable tract has been attributed to the author of *Hudibras*;" but it is altogether unworthy of him.

Observances, insulting to the memory of Charles I., were not altogether unknown. Hearne tells us that on the 30th of January, 1706-7, some young men in All Souls College, Oxford, dined together at twelve o'clock, and amused themselves with cutting off the heads of a number of woodcocks, "in contempt of the memory of the blessed martyr." They tried to get calves'-heads, but the cook refused to dress them.

Some thirty years after, there occurred a scene which seemed to give colour to the truth of the *Secret History*. On January 30, 1735, "Some young noblemen and gentlemen met at a tavern in Suffolk-street, called themselves the Calves' Head Club, dressed up a calf's head in a napkin, and after some hurras threw it into a bonfire, and dipped

napkins in their red wine and waved them out of the window. The mob had strong beer given them, and for a time hallooed as well as the best, but taking disgust at some healths proposed, grew so outrageous that they broke all the windows, and forced themselves into the house; but the guards being sent for, prevented further mischief. The *Weekly Chronicle* of February 1, 1735, states that the damage was estimated at 'some hundred pounds,' and that the guards were posted all night in the street, for the security of the neighbourhood."

In L'Abbé Le Blanc's Letters we find this account of the affair:—"Some young men of quality chose to abandon themselves to the debauchery of drinking healths on the 30th of January, a day appointed by the Church of England for a general fast, to expiate the murder of Charles I., whom they honour as a martyr. As soon as they were heated with wine, they began to sing. This gave great offence to the people, who stopped before the tavern, and gave them abusive language. One of these rash young men put his head out of the window and drank to the memory of the army which dethroned this King, and to the rebels which cut off his head upon a scaffold. The stones immediately flew from all parts, the furious populace broke the windows of the house, and would have set fire to it; and these silly young men had a great deal of difficulty to save themselves."

Miss Banks tells us that "Lord Middlesex, Lord Boyne, and Mr. Seawallis Shirley, were certainly present; probably, Lord John Sackville, Mr. Ponsonby, afterwards Lord Besborough, was not there. Lord Boyne's finger was broken by a stone which came in at the window. Lord Harcourt was supposed to be present." Horace Walpole adds: "The mob destroyed part of the house; Sir William (called Hell-fire) Stanhope was one of the members."

This riotous occurrence was the occasion of some verses in *The Grub-street Journal*, from which the following lines may be quoted as throwing additional light on the scene:—

Strange times ! when noble peers, secure from riot,  
 Can't keep Noll's annual festival in quiet,  
 Through sashes, broke, dirt, stones, and brands thrown at 'em,  
 Which, if not scand- was *brand-alum magnatum*.  
 Forced to run down to vaults for safer quarters,  
 And in coal-holes their ribbons hide and garters.  
 They thought their feast in dismal fray thus ending,  
 Themselves to shades of death and hell descending ;  
 This might have been, had stout Clare Market mobsters,  
 With cleavers arm'd, outmarch'd St. James's lobsters ;  
 Numskulls they'd split, to furnish other revels,  
 And make a Calves'-head Feast for worms and devils.

The manner in which Noll's (Oliver Cromwell's) "annual festival" is here alluded to, seems to show that the bonfire with the calf's-head and other accompaniments, had been exhibited in previous years. In confirmation of this fact, there exists a print entitled *The True Effigies of the Members of the Calves'-Head Club, held on the 30th of January, 1734, in Suffolk Street, in the County of Middlesex* ; being the year before the riotous occurrence above related. This print shows a bonfire in the centre of the foreground, with the mob ; in the background, a house with three windows, the central window exhibiting two men, one of whom is about to throw the calf's-head into the bonfire below. The window on the right shows three persons drinking healths ; that on the left, two other persons, one of whom wears a mask, and has an axe in his hand.

There are two other prints, one engraved by the father of Vandergucht, from a drawing by Hogarth.

After the tablecloth was removed (says the author), an anniversary anthem was sung, and a calf's skull filled with wine or other liquor, and out of which the company drank to the pious memory of those worthy patriots who had killed the tyrant ; and lastly, a collection was made for the writer of the anthem, to which every man contributed according to his zeal or his means. The concluding lines of the anthem for the year 1697 are as follow :—

Advance the emblem of the action,  
 Fill the calf's skull full of wine ;  
 Drinking ne'er was counted faction,  
 Men and gods adore the vine.  
 To the heroes gone before us,  
 Let's renew the flowing bowl ;  
 While the lustre of their glories  
 Shines like stars from pole to pole.

The laureate of the Club and of this doggrel was Benjamin Bridgwater, who, alluding to the observance of the 30th of January by zealous Royalists, wrote :—

They and we, this day observing,  
 Differ only in one thing ;  
 They are canting, whining, starving ;  
 We, rejoicing, drink, and sing.

Among Swift's poems will be remembered "Roland's Invitation to Dismal to dine with the Calf's-Head Club" :—

While an alluding hymn some artist sings,  
 We toast "Confusion to the race of kings."

Wilson, in his *Life of De Foe*, doubts the truthfulness of Ward's narrative, but adds : "In the frightened mind of a high-flying churchman, which was continually haunted by such scenes, the caricature would easily pass for a likeness." "It is probable," adds the honest biographer of De Foe, "that the persons thus collected together to commemorate the triumph of their principles, although in a manner dictated by bad taste, and outrageous to humanity, would have confined themselves to the ordinary methods of eating and drinking, if it had not been for the ridiculous farce so generally acted by the Royalists upon the same day. The trash that issued from the pulpit in this reign, upon the 30th of January, was such as to excite the worst passions in the hearers. Nothing can exceed the grossness of language employed upon these occasions. Forgetful even of common decorum, the speakers ransacked the vocabulary of the vulgar for terms of vituperation, and hurled their anathemas

with wrath and fury against the objects of their hatred. The terms rebel and fanatic were so often upon their lips, that they became the reproach of honest men, who preferred the scandal to the slavery they attempted to establish. Those who could profane the pulpit with so much rancour in the support of senseless theories, and deal it out to the people for religion, had little reason to complain of a few absurd men who mixed politics and calves' heads at a tavern ; and still less, to brand a whole religious community with their actions."

The strange story was believed till our own time, when it was fully disproved by two letters written a few days after the riotous occurrence, by Mr. A. Smyth, to Mr. Spence, and printed in the Appendix to his *Anecdotes*, 2nd edit. 1858 : in one it is stated, "The affair has been grossly misrepresented all over the town, and in most of the public papers : there was no calf's-head exposed at the window, and afterwards thrown into the fire, no napkins dipt in claret to represent blood, nor nothing that could give any colour to any such reports. The meeting (at least with regard to our friends) was entirely accidental," etc. The second letter alike contradicts the whole story ; and both attribute much of the disturbance to the unpopularity of the Administration ; their health being unluckily proposed, raised a few faint claps but a general hiss, and then the disturbance began. A letter from Lord Middlesex to Spence, gives a still fuller account of the affair. By the style of the letter one may judge what sort of heads the members had, and what was reckoned the polite way of speaking to a waiter in those days :—

" Whitehall, Feb. y<sup>e</sup> 9th, 1735.

" Dear *Spanco*,—I don't in the least doubt but long before this time the noise of the riot on the 30th of January has reached you at Oxford ; and though there has been as many lies and false reports raised upon the occasion in this good city as any reasonable man could expect, yet I fancy even

those may be improved or increased before they come to you. Now, that you may be able to defend your friends (as I don't in the least doubt you have an inclination to do), I'll send you the matter of fact literally and truly as it happened, upon my honour. Eight of us happened to meet together the 30th of January, it might have been the 10th of June, or any other day in the year, but the mixture of the company has convinced most reasonable people by this time that it was not a designed or premeditated affair. We met, then, as I told you before, by chance upon this day, and after dinner, having drunk very plentifully, especially some of the company, some of us going to the window unluckily saw a little nasty fire made by some boys in the street, of straw I think it was, and immediately cried out, 'D—n it, why should not we have a fire as well as anybody else?' Up comes the drawer, 'D—n you, you rascal, get us a bonfire.' Upon which the imprudent puppy runs down, and without making any difficulty (which he might have done by a thousand excuses, and which if he had, in all probability, some of us would have come more to our senses), sends for the faggots, and in an instant behold a large fire blazing before the door. Upon which some of us, wiser, or rather soberer than the rest, bethinking themselves then, for the first time, what day it was, and fearing the consequences a bonfire on that day might have, proposed drinking loyal and popular healths to the mob (out of the window), which by this time was very great, in order to convince them we did not intend it as a ridicule upon that day. The healths that were drank out of the window were these, and these only: the King, Queen, and Royal Family, the Protestant Succession, Liberty and Property, the present Administration. Upon which the first stone was flung, and then began our siege: which, for the time it lasted, was at least as furious as that of Philipsbourg; it was more than an hour before we got any assistance; the more sober part of us, doing this, had a fine time of it, fighting to prevent fighting; in danger



of being knocked on the head by the stones that came in at the windows ; in danger of being run through by our mad friends, who, sword in hand, swore they would go out, though they first made their way through us. At length the justice, attended by a strong body of guards, came and dispersed the populace. The person who first stirred up the mob is known ; he first gave them money, and then harangued them in a most violent manner ; I don't know if he did not fling the first stone himself. He is an Irishman and a priest, and belonging to Imberti, the Venetian Envoy. This is the whole story from which so many calves' heads, bloody napkins, and the Lord knows what, has been made ; it has been the talk of the town and the country, and small beer and bread and cheese to my friends the garrettees in Grubstreet, for these few days past. I, as well as your friends, hope to see you soon in town. After so much prose, I can't help ending with a few verses :—

O had I lived in merry Charles's days,  
 When dull the wise were called, and wit had praise ;  
 When deepest politics could never pass  
 For aught, but surer tokens of an ass ;  
 When not the frolics of one drunken night  
 Could touch your honour, make your fame less bright ;  
 Tho' mob-form'd scandal rag'd, and Papal spight.

“ MIDDLESEX.”

To sum up, the whole affair was a hoax, kept alive by the pretended “ Secret History.” An accidental riot, following a debauch on one 30th of January, has been distributed between two successive years, owing to a misapprehension of the mode of reckoning time prevalent in the early part of the last century ; and there is no more reason for believing in the existence of a Calves' Head Club in 1734-5 than there is for believing it exists at the present time.

## The King's Head Club.

Another Club of this period was the "Club of Kings," or "the King Club," all the members of which were called "King." Charles himself was an honorary member.

A more important Club was "the King's Head Club," instituted for affording the Court and Government support, and to influence Protestant zeal: it was designed by the unscrupulous Shaftesbury: the members were a sort of Decembrists of their day; but they failed in their aim, and ultimately expired under the ridicule of being designated "hogs in armour." "The gentlemen of that worthy Society," says Roger North, in his *Examen*, "held their evening sessions continually at the King's Head Tavern, over against the Inner Temple Gate. But upon the occasion of the signal of a *green ribbon*, agreed to be worn in their hats in the days of *street engagements*, like the coats-of-arms of valiant knights of old, whereby all warriors of the Society might be distinguished, and not mistake friends for enemies, they were called also the *Green Ribbon Club*. Their seat was in a sort of *Carfour* at Chancery-lane end, a centre of business and company most proper for such anglers of fools. The house was double balconied in the front, as may be yet seen, for the clubsters to issue forth in fresco with hats and no peruques; pipes in their mouths, merry faces, and diluted throats, for vocal encouragement of the *canaglia* below, at bonfires, on usual and unusual occasions. They admitted all strangers that were confidently introduced; for it was a main end of their Institution to make proselytes, especially of the raw estated youth, newly come to town. This copious Society were to the faction in and about London a sort of executive power, and, by correspondence, all over England. The resolves of the more retired councils of the ministry of the Faction were brought in here, and orally insinuated to the company, whether it

were lyes, defamations, commendations, projects, etc., and so, like water diffused, spread all over the town; whereby that which was digested at the Club over night, was, like nourishment, at every assembly, male and female, the next day:—and thus the younglings tasted of political administration, and took themselves for notable counsellors.”

North regarded the Green Ribbon Club as the focus of disaffection and sedition, but his mere opinions are not to be depended on. Walpole calls him “the voluminous squabblor in behalf of the most unjustifiable excesses of Charles the Second’s Administration.” Nevertheless, his relation of facts is very curious, and there is no reason to discredit his account of those popular “routs,” to use his own phrase, to which he was an eye-witness.

The conversation and ordinary discourse of the Club, he informs us, “was chiefly upon the subject of *Braveur*, in defending the cause of Liberty and Property; what every true Protestant and Englishman ought to venture to do, rather than be overpowered with Popery and Slavery.” They were provided with silk armour for defence, “against the time that Protestants were to be massacred,” and, in order “to be assailants upon fair occasion,” they had recommended to them, “a certain pocket weapon which, for its design and efficacy, had the honour to be called a *Protestant Flail*. The handles resembled a farrier’s blood-stick, and the fall was joined to the end by a strong nervous ligature, that, in its swing, fell just short of the hand, and was made of *Lignum Vitæ*, or rather, as the poets termed it, *Mortis*.” This engine was “for street and crowd-work, and lurking perdue in a coat-pocket, might readily sally out to execution; and so, by clearing a great Hall or Piazza, or so, carry an Election by choice of Polling, called *knocking down*!” The *armour* of the *hogs* is further described as “silken back, breast, and potts, that were pretended to be pistol-proof, in which any man dressed up was as safe as in a house, for it was impossible any one would go to strike

him for laughing, so ridiculous was the figure, as they say, of *hogs in armour*."

In describing the Pope-burning procession of the 17th of November, 1680, Roger North says, that "the Rabble first changed their title, and were called *the Mob* in the assemblies of this Club. It was their Beast of Burthen, and called first, *mobile vulgus*, but fell naturally into the contraction of one syllable, and ever since is become proper English."

We shall not describe these Processions: the grand object was the burning of figures, prepared for the occasion, and brought by the Mob in procession, from the further end of London with "staffiers and link-boys sounding," and "coming up near to the Club-Quality in the balconies, against which was provided a huge bonfire;" "and then, after numerous platoons and volleys of squibs discharged, these *Bamboches* were, with redoubled noise, committed to the flames." These outrageous celebrations were suppressed in 1683.

### Street Clubs.

During the first quarter of the last century, there were formed in the metropolis "Street Clubs," of the inhabitants of the same street; so that a man had but to stir a few houses from his own door to enjoy his Club and the society of his neighbours. There was another inducement: the streets were then so unsafe that "the nearer home a man's club lay the better for his clothes and his purse. Even riders in coaches were not safe from mounted footpads, and from the danger of upsets in the huge ruts and pits which intersected the streets. The passenger who could not afford a coach had to pick his way, after dark, along the dimly-lighted, ill-paved thoroughfares, seamed by filthy open kennels, besprinkled from projecting spouts, bordered by gaping cellars, guarded by feeble old watchmen, and beset with daring street-robbers. But there were worse terrors of the

night than the chances of a splashing or a sprain,—risks beyond those of an interrogatory by the watch, or of a ‘stand and deliver’ from a footpad.” These were the lawless rake-hells who, banded into clubs, spread terror and dismay through the streets. Sir John Fielding, in his cautionary book, published in 1776, described the dangerous attacks of intemperate rakes in hot blood, who, occasionally and by way of bravado, scour the streets, to show their manhood, not their humanity; put the watch to flight; and now and then murdered some harmless, inoffensive person. Thus, although there are in London no ruffians and bravos, as in some parts of Spain and Italy, who will kill for hire, yet there is no resisting anywhere the wild sallies of youth, and the extravagances that flow from debauchery and wine. One of our poets has given a necessary caution, especially to strangers, in the following lines:—

Prepare for death, if here at night you roam,  
 And sign your will before you sup 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 in a jest.  
 Yet, ev’n these heroes, mischievously gay,  
 Lords of the street, and terrors of the way;  
 Flush’d 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 gilded coach.

## The Mohocks.

This nocturnal fraternity met in the days of Queen Anne: but it had been for many previous years the favourite amusement of dissolute young men to form themselves into Clubs and Associations for committing all sorts of excesses in the public streets, and alike attacking orderly pedestrians, and even defenceless women. These Clubs took various slang

designations. At the Restoration they were "Mums" and "Tityre-tus." They were succeeded by the "Hectors" and "Scourers," when, says Shadwell, "a man could not go from the Rose Tavern to the Piazza once, but he must venture his life twice." Then came the "Nickers," whose delight it was to smash windows with showers of halfpence; next were the "Hawkabites;" and lastly, the "Mohocks." These last are described in the *Spectator*, No. 324, as a set of men who have borrowed their name from a sort of cannibals, in India, who subsist by plundering and devouring all the nations about them. The president is styled "Emperor of the Mohocks;" and his arms are a Turkish crescent, which his imperial majesty bears at present in a very extraordinary manner engraven upon his forehead; in imitation of which the Members prided themselves in tattooing; or slashing people's faces with, as Gay wrote, "new invented wounds." Their avowed design was mischief, and upon this foundation all their rules and orders were framed. They took care to drink themselves to a pitch beyond reason or humanity, and then made a general sally, and attacked all who were in the streets. Some were knocked down, others stabbed, and others cut and carbonadoed. To put the watch to a total rout, and mortify some of those inoffensive militia, was reckoned a *coup d'éclat*. They had special barbarities, which they executed upon their prisoners. "Tipping the lion" was squeezing the nose flat to the face and boring out the eyes with their fingers. "Dancing-masters" were those who taught their scholars to cut capers by running swords through their legs. The "Tumblers" set women on their heads. The "Sweaters" worked in parties of half-a-dozen, surrounding their victims with the points of their swords. The Sweater upon whom the patient turned his back, pricked him in "that part whereon schoolboys are punished;" and as he veered round from the smart, each Sweater repeated this pinking operation; "after this jig had gone two or three times round, and the patient was thought to have sweat

sufficiently, he was very handsomely rubbed down by some attendants who carried with them instruments for that purpose, when they discharged him. An adventure of this kind is narrated in No. 332 of the *Spectator*: it is there termed a bagnio, for the orthography of which the writer consults the sign-posts of the bagnio in Newgate-street and that in Chancery-lane.

Another savage diversion of the Mohocks was their thrusting women into barrels, and rolling them down Snow or Ludgate Hill, as thus sung by Gay, in his *Trivia*:—

Now is the time that rakes their revels keep ;  
 Kindlers of riot, enemies of sleep.  
 His scattered pence the flying Nicker flings,  
 And with the copper shower the casement rings.  
 Who has not heard the Sconrer's midnight fame?  
 Who has not trembled at the Mohock's name ?  
 Was there a watchman took his hourly rounds  
 Safe from their blows or new-invented wounds ?  
 I pass their desperate deeds and mischiefs, done  
 Where from Snow-hill black steepy torrents run ;  
 How matrons, hooped within the hogshead's womb,  
 Were tumbled furious thence ; the rolling tomb  
 O'er the stones thunders, bounds from side to side :  
 So Regulus, to save his country, died.

Swift was inclined to doubt these savageries, yet went in some apprehension of them. He writes, just at the date of the above *Spectator*: "Here is the devil and all to do with these Mohocks. Grub-street papers about them fly like lightning, and a list printed of near eighty put into several prisons, and all a lie, and I begin to think there is no truth, or very little in the whole story. He that abused Davenant was a drunken gentleman ; none of that gang. My man tells me that one of the lodgers heard in a coffee-house, publicly, that one design of the Mohocks was upon me, if they could catch me ; and though I believe nothing of it, I forbear walking late ; and they have put me to the charge of some shillings already."—*Journal to Stella*, 1712.

Swift mentions, among the outrages of the Mohocks, that two of them caught a maid of old Lady Winchilsea's at the door of her house in the Park with a candle, and had just lighted out somebody. They cut all her face, and beat her without any provocation.

At length the villainies of the Mohocks were attempted to be put down by a Royal proclamation, issued on the 18th of March, 1712: this, however, had very little effect, for we soon find Swift exclaiming: "They go on still and cut people's faces every night! but they shan't cut mine; I like it better as it is."

Within a week after the Proclamation, it was proposed that Sir Roger de Coverley should go to the play, where he had not been for twenty years. The *Spectator*, No. 335, says: "My friend asked me if there would not be some danger in coming home late in case the Mohocks should be abroad. 'I assure you,' says he, 'I thought I had fallen into their hands last night; for I observed two or three lusty black men that followed me half-way up Fleet-street, and mended their pace behind me in proportion as I put on to get away from them.'" However, Sir Roger threw them out, at the end of Norfolk Street, where he doubled the corner, and got shelter in his lodgings before they could imagine what was become of him. It was finally arranged that Captain Sentry should make one of the party for the play, and that Sir Roger's coach should be got ready, the fore wheels being newly mended. "The Captain," says the *Spectator*, "who did not fail to meet me at the appointed hour, bid Sir Roger fear nothing, for that he had put on the same sword which he made use of at the battle of Steenkirk. Sir Roger's servants, and among the rest, my old friend the butler had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants, to attend their master upon this occasion. When he placed him in his coach, with myself at his left hand, the Captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footmen in the rear, we convoyed him in safety to the play-



house." The play was Ambrose Phillips's new tragedy of *The Distressed Mother*: at its close, Sir Roger went out fully satisfied with his entertainment; and, says the *Spectator*, "we guarded him to his lodging in the same manner that we guarded him to the playhouse."

The subject is resumed with much humour, by Budgell, in the *Spectator*, No. 347, where the doubts as to the actual existence of Mohocks are examined. "They will have it," says the *Spectator*, "that the Mohocks are like those spectres and apparitions which frighten several towns and villages in Her Majesty's dominions, though they were never seen by any of the inhabitants. Others are apt to think that these Mohocks are a kind of bull-beggars, first invented by prudent married men and masters of families, in order to deter their wives and daughters from taking the air at unseasonable hours; and that when they tell them 'the Mohocks will catch them,' it is a caution of the same nature with that of our forefathers, when they bid their children have a care of Raw-head and Bloody-bones." Then we have, from a Correspondent of the *Spectator*, "the manifest of Taw Waw Eben Zan Kaladar, Emperor of the Mohocks," vindicating his imperial dignity from the false aspersions cast on it, signifying the imperial abhorrence and detestation of such tumultuous and irregular proceedings; and notifying that all wounds, hurts, damage, or detriment, received in limb or limbs, *otherwise than shall be hereafter specified*, shall be committed to the care of the Emperor's surgeon, and cured at his own expense, in some one or other of those hospitals which he is erecting for that purpose.

Among other things it is decreed "that they never tip the lion upon man, woman, or child, till the clock at St. Dunstan's shall have struck one;" "that the sweat be never given till between the hours of one and two;" "that the sweaters do establish their hummums in such close places, alleys, nooks and corners, that the patient or patients may not be in danger of catching cold;" "that the tumblers, to

whose care we chiefly commit the female sex, confine themselves to Drury Lane and the purlieus of the Temple," etc. "Given from our Court at the Devil Tavern," etc.

The Mohocks held together until nearly the end of the reign of George the First.

### Blasphemous Clubs.

The successors of the Mohocks added blasphemy to riot. Smollett attributes the profaneness and profligacy of the period to the demoralization produced by the South Sea Bubble ; and Clubs were formed specially for the indulgence of debauchery and profaneness. Prominent among these was "the Hell-fire Club," of which the Duke of Wharton was a leading spirit :—

Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,  
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise.  
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,  
Women and fools must like him, or he dies.  
Though wondering senates hung on all he spoke,  
The club must hail him master of the joke.—*Pope.*

So high did the tide of profaneness run at this time, that a Bill was brought into the House of Lords for its suppression. It was in a debate on this Bill that the Earl of Peterborough declared, that though he was for a Parliamentary King, he was against a Parliamentary religion ; and that the Duke of Wharton pulled an old family Bible out of his pocket, in order to controvert certain arguments delivered from the episcopal bench.

### Mug-house Clubs.

Among the political Clubs of the metropolis in the early part of the eighteenth century, one of the most popular was the Mug-house Club, which met in a great Hall in Long Acre every Wednesday and Saturday, during the winter. The house received its name from the simple circumstance

that each member drank his ale (the only liquor used) out of a separate mug. The Club is described as a mixture of gentlemen, lawyers, and statesmen, who met seldom under a hundred. In *A Journey through England, 1722*, we read of this Club :

“But the most diverting and amusing of all is the Mug-house Club in Long Acre.

“They have a grave old Gentleman, in his own gray Hairs, now within a few months of Ninety years old, who is their President, and sits in an arm'd chair some steps higher than the rest of the company to keep the whole Room in order. A Harp plays all the time at the lower end of the Room ; and every now and then one or other of the Company rises and entertains the rest with a song, and (by the by) some are good Masters. Here is nothing drunk but Ale, and every Gentleman hath his separate Mug, which he chalks on the Table where he sits as it is brought in ; and every one retires when he pleases, as from a Coffee-house.

“The Room is always so diverted with Songs, and drinking from one Table to another to one another's Healths, that there is no room for Politicks, or anything that can sow'r conversation.

“One must be there by seven to get Room, and after ten the Company are for the most part gone.

“This is a Winter's Amusement, that is agreeable enough to a Stranger for once or twice, and he is well diverted with the different Humours, when the Mugs overflow.”

Although in the early days of this Club there was no room for politics, or anything that could sour conversation, the Mug-house subsequently became a rallying-place for the most virulent political antagonism, arising out of the change of dynasty, a weighty matter to debate over mugs of ale. The death of Anne brought on the Hanover succession. The Tories had then so much the better of the other party, that they gained the mob on all public occasions to their side. It then became necessary for King George's friends

to do something to counteract this tendency. Accordingly, they established Mug-houses, like that of Long Acre, throughout the metropolis, for well-affected tradesmen to meet and keep up the spirit of loyalty to the Protestant succession. First, they had one in St. John's-lane, chiefly under the patronage of Mr. Blenman, member of the Middle Temple, who took for his motto, "Pro rege et lege." Then arose the Roebuck Mug-house, in Cheapside, the haunt of a fraternity of young men, who had been organized for political action before the end of the late reign.

According to a pamphlet on the subject, dated in 1717, "the next Mug-houses opened in the City were at Mrs. Read's, in Salisbury-court, in Fleet-street, and at the Harp in Tower-street, and another at the Roebuck in Whitechapel. About the same time several other Mug-houses were erected in the suburbs, for the reception and entertainment of the like loyal Societies : viz. one at the Ship, in Tavistock-street, Covent Garden, which is mostly frequented by royal officers of the army, another at the Black Horse, in Queen-street near Lincoln's Inn Fields, set up and carried on by gentlemen, servants to that noble patron of loyalty, to whom this vindication of it is inscribed [the Duke of Newcastle]; a third was set up at the Nag's Head, in James-street, Covent Garden; a fourth at the Fleece, in Burleigh-street, near Exeter Change; a fifth at the Hand and Tench, near the Seven Dials; several in Spittlefields, by the French refugees; one in Southwark Park; and another in the Artillery-ground." Another noted Mug-house was the Magpie, without Newgate, which house still exists as the Magpie and Stump, in the Old Bailey. At all these houses it was customary in the forenoon to exhibit the whole of the mugs belonging to the establishment, in a row in front of the house.

The frequenters of these several Mug-houses formed themselves into "Mug-house Clubs," known severally by some distinctive name, and each Club had its President to rule its

meetings and keep order. The President was treated with great ceremony and respect : he was conducted to his chair every evening at about seven o'clock, by members carrying candles before and behind him, and accompanied with music. Having taken a seat, he appointed a Vice-president, and drank the health of the company assembled, a compliment which the company returned. The evening was then passed in drinking successively loyal and other healths, and in singing songs. Soon after ten they broke up, the President naming his successor for the next evening ; and before he left the chair, a collection was made for the musicians.

We shall now see how these Clubs took so active a part in the violent political struggles of the time. The Jacobites had laboured with much zeal to secure the alliance of the street mob, and they had used it with great effect, in connexion with Dr. Sacheverell, in overturning Queen Anne's Whig Government, and paving the way for the return of the exiled family. Disappointment at the accession of George I. rendered the party of the Pretender more unscrupulous ; the mob was excited to greater excesses, and the streets of the metropolis were occupied by an infuriated rabble, and presented a nightly scene of riot. It was under these circumstances that the Mug-house Clubs volunteered, in a very disorderly manner, to be champions of order ; and with this purpose it became part of their evening's entertainment to march into the street, and fight the Jacobite mob. This practice commenced in the autumn of 1715, when the Club called the Loyal Society, which met at the Roebuck in Cheapside, distinguished itself by its hostility to Jacobitism. On one occasion this Club burned the Pretender in effigy. Their first conflict with the mob, recorded in the newspapers, occurred on the 31st of January, 1715, the birthday of the Prince of Wales, which was celebrated by illuminations and bonfires. There were a few Jacobite alehouses, chiefly on Holborn Hill, in Sacheverell's period ; and on Ludgate-hill : the frequenters of the latter stirred up the mob to raise a

riot there, put out the bonfire, and break the windows which were illuminated. The Loyal Society men, receiving intelligence of what was going on, hurried to the spot, and thrashed and defeated the rioters.

On the 4th of November in the same year, the birthday of King William III., the Jacobite mob made a large bonfire in the Old Jewry, to burn an effigy of the King; but the Mug-house men came upon them again, gave them "due chastisement with oaken plants," extinguished their bonfire, and carried King William in triumph to the Roebuck. Next day was the commemoration of Gunpowder Treason, and the loyal mob had its pageant. A long procession was formed, having in front a figure of the infant Pretender, accompanied by two men bearing each a warming-pan, in allusion to the story about his birth; and followed by effigies in gross caricature of the Pope, the Pretender, the Duke of Ormond, Lord Bolingbroke, and the Earl of Marr, with halters round their necks; and all of them were to be burned in a large bonfire made in Cheapside. The procession, starting from the Roebuck, went through Newgate-street, and up Holborn-hill, where they compelled the bells of St. Andrew's church, of which Sacheverell was rector, to ring; thence through Lincoln's Inn Fields and Covent Garden to the gate of St. James's Palace; returning by way of Pall Mall and the Strand, and through St. Paul's Churchyard. They had met with no interruption on their way, but on their return to Cheapside, they found that, during their absence, that quarter had been invaded by the Jacobite mob, who had carried away all the fuel which had been collected for the bonfire.

On November 17, in the same year, the Loyal Society met at the Roebuck to celebrate the anniversary of the Accession of Queen Elizabeth; and, while busy with their mugs, they received information that the Jacobites were assembled in great force, in St. Martin's-le-Grand, and were preparing to burn the effigies of King William and King

George, along with the Duke of Marlborough. They were so near, in fact, that their party-shouts of High Church, Ormond, and King James, must have been audible at the Roebuck, which stood opposite Bow Church. The Jacobites were starting on their procession, when they were overtaken in Newgate-street, by the Mug-house men from the Roebuck, and a desperate encounter took place, in which the Jacobites were defeated, and many of them were seriously injured. Meanwhile the Roebuck itself had been the scene of a much more serious tumult. During the absence of the great mass of the members of the Club, another body of Jacobites, much more numerous than those engaged in Newgate Street, suddenly assembled, attacked the Roebuck Mug-house, broke its windows, and those of the adjoining houses, and with terrible threats, attempted to force the door. One of the few members of the Loyal Society who remained at home, discharged a gun upon those of the assailants who were attacking the door, and killed one of their leaders. This and the approach of the Lord Mayor and city officers, caused the mob to disperse; but the Roebuck was exposed to attacks during several following nights, after which the mobs remained tolerably quiet during the winter.

Early in 1716, however, these riots were renewed with greater violence, and preparations were made for an active campaign. The Mug-houses were re-fitted, and re-opened with ceremonious entertainments. New songs were composed to stir up the Clubs; and collections of these Mug-house songs were printed. The Jacobite mob was heard beating with its well-known call, marrow-bones and cleavers, and both sides were well equipped with staves of oak, their usual arms for the fray, though other weapons and missiles were in common use. One of the Mug-house songs thus describes the way in which these street fights were conducted :—

Since the Tories could not fight,  
 And their master took his flight,  
     They labour to keep up their faction ;  
 With a bough and a stick,  
 And a stone and a brick,  
     They equip their roaring crew for action.

Thus in battle array,  
 At the close of the day,  
     After wisely debating their plot,  
 Upon windows and stall  
 They courageously fall,  
     And boast a great victory they've got.

But, alas ! silly boys !  
 For all the mighty noise  
     Of their " High Church and Ormond for ever !"  
 A brave Whig, with one hand,  
 At George's command,  
     Can make their mightiest hero to quiver.

On March 8, another great Whig anniversary, the day of the death of William III., commenced the more serious Mug-house riots of 1716. A large Jacobite mob assembled to their own watch-cry, and marched along Cheapside, to attack the Roebuck ; but they were soon driven back by a small party of the Royal Society, who then marched in procession through Newgate Street, to the Magpie and Stump, and then by the Old Bailey to Ludgate Hill. When about to return, they found the Jacobite mob had collected in great force in their rear ; and a fierce engagement took place in Newgate Street, when the Jacobites were again worsted. Then, on the evening of the 23rd of April, the anniversary of the birth of Queen Anne, there were great battles in Cheapside, and at the end of Giltspur Street ; and in the immediate neighbourhood of the Roebuck and the Magpie. Other great tumults took place on the 29th of May, Restoration Day ; and on the 10th of June, the Pretender's birthday. From this time the Roebuck is rarely mentioned.

The Whigs, who met in the Mug-house, kept by Mr.



Read, in Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, appear to have been peculiarly noisy in their cups, and thus rendered themselves the more obnoxious to the mob. On one occasion, July 20, their violent party-toasts, which they drank in the parlour with open windows, collected a large crowd of persons, who became at last so incensed by some tipsy Whigs inside, that they commenced a furious attack upon the house, and threatened to pull it down and make a bonfire of its materials in the middle of Fleet Street. The Whigs immediately closed their windows and barricaded the doors, having sent a messenger by a back door, to the Mug-house—in Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, begging that the persons there assembled would come to the rescue. The call was immediately responded to; the Mug-house men proceeded in a body down the Strand and Fleet Street, armed with staves and bludgeons, and commenced an attack on the mob, who still threatened the demolition of the house in Salisbury Court. The inmates sallied out, armed with pokers and tongs, and whatever they could lay their hands upon, and being joined by their friends from Covent Garden, the mob was put to flight, and the Mug-house men remained masters of the field.

The popular indignation was very great at this defeat; and for two days crowds collected in the neighbourhood, and vowed they would have revenge. But the knowledge that a squadron of horse was drawn up at Whitehall, ready to ride into the City on the first alarm, kept order. On the third day, however, the people found a leader in the person of one Vaughan, formerly a Bridewell boy, who instigated the mob to take revenge for their late defeat. They followed him with shouts of "High Church and Ormond! down with the Mug-house!" and Read, the landlord dreading that they would either burn or pull down his house, prepared to defend himself. He threw up a window and presented a loaded blunderbuss, and vowed he would discharge its contents into the body of the first man who

advanced against his house. This threat exasperated the mob, who ran against the door with furious yells. Read was as good as his word,—he fired, and the unfortunate man Vaughan fell dead upon the spot. The people, now frantic, swore to hang up the landlord from his own sign-post. They forced the door, pulled down the sign, and entered the house, where Read would assuredly have been sacrificed to their fury, if they had found him. He, however, had with great risk escaped by a back-door. Disappointed at this, the mob broke the furniture to pieces, destroyed everything that lay in their way, and left only the bare walls of the house. They now threatened to burn the whole street, and were about to set fire to Read's house, when the Sheriffs, with a posse of constables, arrived. The Riot Act was read, but disregarded; and the Sheriffs sent to Whitehall for a detachment of the military. A squadron of horse soon arrived, and cleared the streets, taking five of the most active rioters into custody.

Read, the landlord, was captured on the following day, and tried for the wilful murder of Vaughan; he was, however, acquitted of the capital charge, and found guilty of manslaughter only. The five rioters were also brought to trial, and met with a harder fate. They were all found guilty of riot and rebellion, and sentenced to death at Tyburn.

This example damped the courage of the rioters, and alarmed all parties; so that we hear no more of the Mug-house riots, until a few months later, a pamphlet appeared with the title, *Down with the Mug; or Reasons for suppressing the Mug-houses*, by an author who only gave the initials Sir H— M—, but who seems to have so much of what was thought to be a Jacobite spirit, that it provoked a reply, entitled the *Mug Vindicated*.

The account of 1722 states that many an encounter they had, and many were the riots, till at last the Government was obliged by an Act of Parliament to put an end to this strife, which had this good effect, that upon pulling down of

the Mug-house in Salisbury Court, for which some boys were hanged on this Act, the city has not been troubled with them since.

There is some doubt as to the first use of the term "Mug-house." In a scarce *Collection of One Hundred and Eighty Loyal Songs*, all written since 1678, Fourth Edition, 1694, is a song in praise of the "Mug," which shows that Mug-houses had that name previous to the Mug-house riots. It has also been stated that the beer-mugs were originally fashioned into a grotesque resemblance of Lord Shaftesbury's face, or "ugly mug," as it was called, and that this is the derivation of the word.

### The Kit-Kat Club.

This famous Club was a threefold celebrity—political, literary, and artistic. It was the great Society of Whig leaders, formed about the year 1700, *temp.* William III., consisting of thirty-nine noblemen and gentlemen zealously attached to the House of Hanover; among whom the Dukes of Somerset, Richmond, Grafton, Devonshire, and Marlborough, and (after the accession of George I.) the Duke of Newcastle; the Earls of Dorset, Sunderland, Manchester, Wharton, and Kingston; Lords Halifax and Somers; Sir Robert Walpole, Vanbrugh, Congreve, Granville, Addison, Garth, Maynwaring, Stepney, and Walsh. They are said to have first met at an obscure house in Shire-lane, by Temple Bar, at the house of a noted mutton-pieman, one Christopher Katt; from whom the Club, and the pies that formed a standing dish at the Club suppers, both took their name of Kit-Kat. In the *Spectator*, No. 9, however, they are said to have derived their title not from the maker of the pie, but from the pie itself, which was called a Kit-Kat, as we now say a Sandwich; thus, in a prologue to a comedy of 1700:

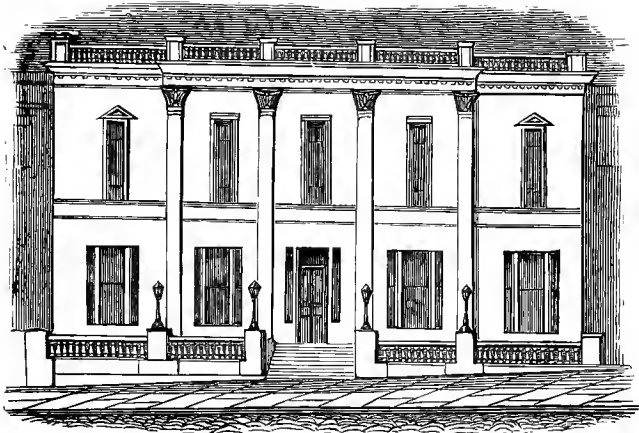
A Kit-Kat is a supper for a lord;

but Dr. King, in his *Art of Cookery*, is for the pieman:

Immortal made, as Kit-Kat by his pies.

The origin and early history of the Kit-Kat Club is obscure. Elkanah Settle addressed, in 1699, a manuscript poem "To the most renowned the President and the rest of the Knights of the most noble Order of the Toast," in which verses is asserted the dignity of the Society; and Malone supposes the Order of the Toast to have been identical with the Kit-Kat Club: this was in 1699. The toasting-glasses, which we shall presently mention, may have something to do with this presumed identity.

Ned Ward, in his *Secret History of Clubs*, at once connects the Kit-Kat Club with Jacob Tonson, "an amphibious mortal, chief merchant to the Muses." Yet this is evidently a caricature. The maker of the mutton-pies, Ward maintains to be a person named Christopher, who lived at the sign of the Cat and Fiddle, in Gray's Inn-lane, whence he removed to keep a pudding-pye shop, near the Fountain Tavern, in the Strand. Ward commends his mutton-pies, cheese-cakes, and custards, and the pieman's interest in the sons of Parnassus; and his inviting "a new set of Authors to a collation of oven trumpery at his friend's house, where they were nobly entertained with as curious a batch of pastry delicacies as ever were seen at the winding-up of a Lord Mayor's feast;" adding that "there was not a mathematical figure in all Euclid's Elements but what was presented to the table in baked wares, whose cavities were filled with fine eatable varieties fit for the gods or poets." Mr. Charles Knight, in the *Shilling Magazine*, No. 2, maintains that by the above is meant, that Jacob Tonson, the bookseller, was the pieman's "friend," and that to the customary "whet" to his authors he added the pastry entertainment. Ward adds, that this grew into a weekly meeting, provided his, the bookseller's friends would give him the refusal of their juvenile productions. This "generous proposal was very readily agreed to by the whole poetic class, and the cook's name being Christopher, for brevity called Kit, and his sign being the Cat and Fiddle, they very merrily derived a quaint



Crockford's, St. James's Street. (Gaming Club, 1827-40.)



White's Club, on the left of St. James's Palace.  
*(From a Drawing of the time of Queen Anne.)*



denomination from puss and her master, and from thence called themselves of the Kit-Cat Club."

A writer in the *Book of Days*, however, states, that Christopher Cat, the pastry-cook, of King-street, Westminster, was the keeper of the tavern, where the Club met; but Shire-lane was, upon more direct authority, the pie-man's abode.

We agree with the *National Review*, that "it is hard to believe, as we pick our way along the narrow and filthy pathway of Shire-lane, that in this blind alley [?], some hundred and fifty years ago, used to meet many of the finest gentlemen and choicest wits of the days of Queen Anne and the first George. Inside one of those frowsy and low-ceiled rooms, now tenanted by abandoned women or devoted to the sale of greengroceries and small coal,—Halifax has conversed and Somers unbent, Addison mellowed over a bottle, Congreve flashed his wit, Vanbrugh let loose his easy humour, Garth talked and rhymed."

The Club was literary and gallant as well as political. The members subscribed 400 guineas for the encouragement of good comedies in 1709. The Club had its toasting-glasses, inscribed with a verse, or *toast*, to some reigning beauty; among whom were the four shining daughters of the Duke of Marlborough—Lady Godolphin, Lady Sunderland, Lady Bridgewater, and Lady Monthermer; Swift's friends, Mrs. Long and Mrs. Barton, the latter the lovely and witty niece of Sir Isaac Newton; the Duchess of Bolton, Mrs. Brudenell, and Lady Carlisle, Mrs. Di. Kirk, and Lady Wharton.

Dr. Arbuthnot, in the following epigram, seems to derive the name of the Club from this custom of toasting ladies after dinner, rather than from the renowned maker of Dutton-pies:—

Whence deathless Kit-Kat took his name,  
 Few critics can unriddle:  
 Some say from pastrycook it came,  
 And some from Cat and Fiddle.

From no trim beaus its name it boasts,  
 Grey statesmen or green wits,  
 But from this pell-mell pack of toasts  
 Of old Cats and young Kits.

Lord Halifax wrote for the toasting-glasses the following verses in 1703 :—

*The Duchess of St. Albans.*

The line of Vere, so long renown'd in arms,  
 Concludes with lustre in St. Alban's charms.  
 Her conquering eyes have made their race complete :  
 They rose in valour, and in beauty set.

*The Duchess of Beaufort.*

Offspring of a tuneful sire,  
 Blest with more than mortal fire ;  
 Likeness of a Mother's face,  
 Blest with more than mortal grace :  
 You with double charms surprise,  
 With his wit, and with her eyes.

*The Lady Mary Churchill.*

Fairest and latest of the beauteous race,  
 Blest with your parent's wit, and her first blooming face ;  
 Born with our liberties in William's reign,  
 Your eyes alone that liberty restrain.

*The Lady Sunderland.*

All Nature's charms in Sunderland appear,  
 Bright as her eyes, and as her reason clear ;  
 Yet still their force to man not safely known,  
 Seems undiscover'd to herself alone.

*The Mademoiselle Spanheim.*

Admir'd in Germany, ador'd in France,  
 Your charms to brighten glory here advance :  
 The stubborn Britons own your beauty's claim,  
 And with their native toasts enrol your name.

*To Mrs. Barton.*

Beauty and wit strove, each in vain,  
 To vanquish Bacchus and his train ;  
 But Barton with successful charms,  
 From both their quivers drew her arms.  
 The roving God his sway resigns,  
 And awfully submits his vines.



In Spence's *Anecdotes* (note) is the following additional account of the Club: "You have heard of the Kit-Kat Club," says Pope to Spence. "The master of the house where the club met was Christopher Katt; Tonson was secretary. The day Lord Mohun and the Earl of Berkeley were entered of it, Jacob said he saw they were just going to be ruined. When Lord Mohun broke down the gilded emblem on the top of his chair, Jacob complained to his friends, and said a man who would do that, would cut a man's throat. So that he had the good and the forms of the society much at heart. The paper was all in Lord Halifax's handwriting of a subscription of four hundred guineas for the encouragement of good comedies, and was dated 1709, soon after they broke up. Steele, Addison, Congreve, Garth, Vanbrugh, Manwaring, Stepney, Walpole, and Pulteney, were of it; so was Lord Dorset and the present Duke. Manwaring, whom we hear nothing of now, was the ruling man in all conversations; indeed, what he wrote had very little merit in it. Lord Stanhope and the Earl of Essex were also members. Jacob had his own, and all their pictures, by Sir Godfrey Kneller. Each member gave his, and he is going to build a room for them at Barn Elms."

It is from the size at which these portraits were taken (a three-quarter length), 36 by 28 inches, that the word Kit-Kat came to be applied to pictures. Tonson had the room built at Barn Elms; but the apartment not being sufficiently large to receive half-length pictures, a shorter canvas was adopted. In 1817, the Club-room was standing, but the pictures had long been removed; soon after, the room was united to a barn, to form a riding-house.

In summer the Club met at the Upper Flask, Hampstead Heath, then a gay resort, with its races, ruffles, and private marriages.

The pictures passed to Richard Tonson, the descendant of the old bookseller, who resided at Water-Oakley, on the banks of the Thames: he added a room to his villa, and

here the portraits were hung. On his death the pictures were bequeathed to Mr. Baker, of Bayfordbury, the representative of the Tonson family: all of them were included in the Art Treasures Exhibition at Manchester and some in the International Exhibition of 1862.

The political significance of the Club was such that Walpole records that though the Club was generally mentioned as "a set of wits," they were in reality the patriots that saved Britain. According to Pope and Tonson, Garth, Vanbrugh, and Congreve were the three most honest-hearted, real good men of the poetical members of the Club.

There were odd scenes and incidents occasionally at the club meetings. Sir Samuel Garth, physician to George I., was a witty member and wrote some of the inscriptions for the toasting-glasses. Coming one night to the Club, Garth declared he must soon be gone, having many patients to attend; but some good wine being produced, he forgot them. Sir Richard Steele was of the party, and reminding him of the visits he had to pay, Garth immediately pulled out his list, which numbered fifteen, and said, "It's no great matter whether I see them to-night, or not, for nine of them have such bad constitutions that all the physicians in the world can't save them; and the other six have such good constitutions that all the physicians in the world can't kill them."

Dr. Hoadley, Bishop of Bangor, accompanied Steele and Addison to one of the Whig celebrations by the Club, of King William's anniversary; when Steele had the double duty of celebrating the day and drinking his friend Addison up to conversation pitch, he being hardly warmed by that time. Steele was not fit for it. So, John Sly, the hatter of facetious memory, being in the house, took it into his head to come into the company on his knees, with a tankard of ale in his hand, to drink off to the *immortal memory*, and to return in the same manner. Steele, sitting next Bishop

Hoadley, whispered him, "*Do laugh: it is humanity to laugh.*" By-and-by, Steele being too much in the same condition as the latter, was put into a chair, and sent home. Nothing would satisfy him but being carried to the Bishop of Bangor's, late as it was. However, the chairmen carried him home, and got him upstairs, when his great complaisance would wait on them downstairs, which he did, and then was got quietly to bed. Next morning Steele sent the indulgent bishop this couplet :

Virtue with so much ease on Bangor sits,  
All faults he pardons, though he none commits.

Mr. Knight successfully defends Tonson from Ward's satire, and nobly stands forth for the bookseller who identified himself with Milton, by first making *Paradise Lost* popular, and being the first bookseller who threw open Shakspeare to a reading public. "The statesmen of the Kit-Kat Club," he adds, "lived in social union with the Whig writers who were devoted to the charge of the poetry that opened their road to preferment; the band of orators and wits were naturally hateful to the Tory authors that Harley and Bolingbroke were nursing into the bitter satirists of the weekly sheets." Jacob Tonson naturally came in for a due share of invective. In a poem entitled *Factions Displayed*, he is ironically introduced as "the Touchstone of all modern wit;" and he is made to vilify the great ones of Barn Elms :

I am the founder of your loved Kit-Kat,  
A club that gave direction to the State :  
'Twas there we first instructed all our youth  
To talk profane, and laugh at sacred truth :  
We taught them how to boast, and rhyme, and bite,  
To sleep away the day, and drink away the night.

Tonson deserved better of posterity.

### The Tatler's Club in Shire-lane.

SHIRE-LANE, *alias* Rogue-lane, (which falleth into Fleet-street by Temple Bar,) has lost its old name—it is now called Lower Serle's-place. If the morals of Shire-lane have mended thereby, we must not repine.

Here lived Sir Charles Sedley; and here his son, the dramatic poet, was born, "neere the Globe." Here, too, lived Elias Ashmole, and here Antony à Wood dined with him: this was at the upper end of the lane. Here, too, was the *Trumpet* tavern, where Isaac Bickerstaff met his Club. At this house he dated a great number of his papers; and hence he led down the lane into Fleet-street, the deputation of "Twaddlers" from the country, to Dick's Coffee-house, which we never enter without remembering the glorious humour of Addison and Steele, in the *Tatler*, No. 86. Sir Harry Quickset, Sir Giles Wheelbarrow, and other persons of quality, having reached the Tatler's by appointment, and it being settled that they should "adjourn to some public-house, and enter upon business," the precedence was attended with much difficulty; when, upon a false alarm of "fire," all ran down as fast as they could, without order or ceremony, and drew up in the street.

The *Tatler* proceeds: "In this order we marched down Sheer-lane, at the upper end of which I lodge. When we came to Temple Bar, Sir Harry and Sir Giles got over, but a run of coaches kept the rest of us on this side of the street; however, we all at last landed, and drew up in very good order before Ben Tooke's shop, who favoured our rallying with great humanity; from whence we proceeded again, until we came to Dick's Coffee-house, where I designed to carry them. Here we were at our old difficulty, and took up the street upon the same ceremony. We proceeded through the entry, and were so necessarily kept in order by the situation, that we were now got into the coffee-house

itself, where, as soon as we had arrived, we repeated our civilities to each other; after which we marched up to the high table, which has an ascent to it inclosed in the middle of the room. The whole house was alarmed at this entry, made up of persons of so much state and rusticity."

The *Tatler's* Club is immortalized in his No. 132. Its members are smokers and old story-tellers, rather easy than shining companions, promoting the thoughts tranquilly bedward, and not the less comfortable to Mr. Bickerstaff, because he finds himself the leading wit among them. There is old Sir Jeffrey Notch, who has had misfortunes in the world, and calls every thriving man a pitiful upstart, by no means to the general dissatisfaction! there is Major Matchlock, who served in the last Civil Wars, and every night tells them of his having been knocked off his horse at the rising of the London apprentices, for which he is in great esteem; there is honest Dick Reptile, who says little himself, but who laughs at all the jokes; and there is the elderly bencher of the Temple, and, next to Mr. Bickerstaff, the wit of the company, who has by heart the couplets of *Hudibras*, which he regularly applies before leaving the Club of an evening; and who, if any modern wit or town frolic be mentioned, shakes his head at the dulness of the present age, and tells a story of Jack Ogle. As for Mr. Bickerstaff himself, he is esteemed among them because they see he is something respected by others; but though they concede to him a great deal of learning, they credit him with small knowledge of the world, "insomuch that the Major sometimes, in the height of his military pride, calls me philosopher; and Sir Jeffrey, no longer ago than last night, upon a dispute what day of the month it was then in Holland, pulled his pipe out of his mouth, and cried, 'What does the scholar say to that?'"

Upon Addison's return to England he found his friend Steele established among the wits: and they were both

received with great honour at the Trumpet, as well as at Will's, and the St. James's.

The Trumpet public-house lasted to our time; it was changed to the Duke of York sign, but has long disappeared: we remember an old drawing of the Trumpet, by Sam. Ireland, engraved in the *Monthly Magazine*.

### The Royal Society Club.

In Sir R. Kaye's Collection, in the British Museum, we find the following account of the institution of a Society which at one time numbered among its members some of the most eminent men in London, in a communication to the Rev. Sir R. Kaye by Sir Joseph Ayloff, an original member:—"Dr. Halley used to come on a Tuesday from Greenwich, the Royal Observatory, to Child's Coffee-house, where literary people met for conversation: and he dined with his sister, but sometimes they stayed so long that he was too late for dinner, and they likewise, at their own home. They then agree to go to a house in Dean's-court, between an ale-house and a tavern, now a stationer's shop, where there was a great draft of porter, but not drank in the house. It was kept by one Reynell. It was agreed that one of the company should go to Knight's and buy fish in Newgate-street, having first informed himself how many meant to stay and dine. The ordinary and liquor usually came to half-a-crown, and the dinner only consisted of fish and pudding. Dr. Halley never eat anything but fish, for he had no teeth. The number seldom exceeded five or six. It began to take place about 1731; soon afterwards Reynell took the King's Arms, in St. Paul's Churchyard, and desired Dr. Halley to go with him there. He and others consented, and they began to have a little meat. On Dr. Halley's death, Martin Foulkes took the chair. They afterwards removed to the Mitre (Fleet-street), for the convenience of the situation with respect to the Royal

Society, and as it was near Crane-court, and numbers wished to become members. It was necessary to give it a form. The number was fixed at forty members; one of whom was to be Treasurer and Secretary of the Royal Society."

Out of these meetings is said to have grown the Royal Society Club, or, as it was styled during the first half century of its existence, the Club of Royal Philosophers. "It was established for the convenience of certain members who lived in various parts, that they might assemble and dine together on the days when the Society held its evening meetings; and from its almost free admission of members of the Council detained by business, its liberality to visitors, and its hospitable reception of scientific foreigners, it has been of obvious utility to the scientific body at large." (*Rise and Progress of the Club*, privately printed.)

The foundation of the Club is stated to have been in the year 1743, and in the Minutes of this date are the following:—

"*Rules and Orders to be observed by the Thursday's Club, called the Royal Philosophers.*—A Dinner to be ordered every Thursday for six, at one shilling and sixpence a head for eating. As many more as come to pay one shilling and sixpence per head each. If fewer than six come, the deficiency to be paid out of the fund subscribed. Each subscriber to pay down six shillings—viz. for four dinners, to make a fund. A pint of wine to be paid for by every one that comes, be the number what it will, and no more, unless more wine is brought in than that amounts to."

In addition to Sir R. Kaye's testimony to the existence of a club of an earlier date than 1743, there are in the Minutes certain references to "antient Members of the Club;" and a tradition of the ill omen of thirteen persons dining at the table said to be on record in the Club papers: "that one of the Royal Philosophers entering the Mitre Tavern, and finding twelve others about to discuss the fare,

retreated, and dined by himself in another apartment, in order to avert the prognostic." Still, no such statement is now to be found entered, and if ever it were recorded, it must have been anterior to 1743; curiously enough, thirteen is a very usual number at these dinners.

The original Members were soon increased by various Fellows of the Society; and at first the Club did not consist exclusively of Royals; but this arrangement not having been found to work well, the membership was confined to the Fellows, and latterly to the number of forty. Every Member was allowed to introduce one friend; but the President of the Royal Society was not limited in this respect.

We must now say a few words as to the several places at which the Club has dined. The *Society* had their Anniversary Dinner at Pontack's celebrated French eating-house, in Abchurch-lane, City, until 1746. Evelyn notes: "30 Nov. 1694. Much importuned to take the office of President of the Royal Society, but I again declined it. Sir Robert Southwell was continued. We all dined at Pontack's, as usual." Here, in 1699, Dr. Bentley wrote to Evelyn, asking him to meet Sir Christopher Wren, Sir Robert Southwell, and other friends, at dinner, to consider the propriety of purchasing Bishop Stillingfleet's library for the Royal Society.

From Pontack's, which was found to be inconveniently situated for the majority of the Fellows, the Society removed to the Devil Tavern, near Temple Bar.

The Minutes record that the *Club* met at the Mitre Tavern, in Fleet-street, "over against Fetter-lane," from the date of their institution; this house being chosen from its being handy to Crane-court, where the Society then met. This, be it remembered, was not the Mitre Tavern now standing in Mitre-court, but "the Mitre Tavern, in *Fleet-street*," mentioned by Lilly, in his *Life*, as the place where he met old Will. Poole, the astrologer, then living in Ramalley. *The Mitre, in Fleet-street*, Mr. J. H. Burn, in his



excellent Account of the Beaufoy Tokens, states to have been originally established by a William Paget, of the Mitre in Cheapside, who removed westward after his house had been destroyed in the Great Fire of September, 1666. The house in Fleet-street was lastly Saunders's Auction-room, No. 39, and was demolished by Messrs. Hoare, to enlarge the site for their new banking-house, the western portion of which now occupies the tavern site. The now Mitre, in Mitre-court, formerly Joe's, is but a recent assumption of name.\*

In 1780, the Club removed to the Crown and Anchor Tavern, in the Strand, where they continued to dine for sixty-eight years, until that tavern was converted, in 1848, into a Club-house. Then they removed to the Freemasons' Tavern, in Great Queen Street; but, in 1857, on the removal of the Royal Society to Burlington House, Piccadilly, it was considered advisable to keep the Club meetings at the Thatched House, in St. James's Street, where they continued until that tavern was taken down.

During the early times, the docketings of the Club accounts show that the brotherhood retained the title of Royal Philosophers to the year 1786, when it seems they were only designated the Royals; but they have now settled into the "Royal Society Club." The elections are always an exciting matter of interest, and the fate of candidates is occasionally severe, for there are various instances of rejections on two successive annual ballots, and some have been black-balled even on a third venture; some of the defeated might be esteemed for talent, yet were considered unclubbable.

Some of the entries in the earliest minute-book are very curious, and show that the Philosophers did not restrict themselves to "the fish and pudding dinner." Here is the

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\* See *Walks and Talks about London*, p. 246. The Mitre in Fleet street was also the house frequented by Dr. Johnson.

bill of fare for sixteen persons, a few years after the Club was established: "Turkey, boiled, and oysters; Calves' head, hashed; Chine of Mutton; Apple pye; 2 dishes of herrings; Tongue and udder; Leg of pork and pease; S-loin of beef; Plum pudding; butter and cheese." Black puddings are stated to have figured for many years at every dinner of the Club.

The presents made to the Club were very numerous, and called for special regulations. Thus, under the date of May 3, 1750, it is recorded: "Resolved *nem. con.*, That any nobleman or gentleman complimenting this company annually with venison, not less than a haunch, shall, during the continuance of such annuity, be deemed an Honorary Member, and admitted as often as he comes, without paying the fine, which those Members do who are elected by ballot." At another Meeting, in the same year, a resolution was passed, "That any gentleman complimenting this Society annually with a Turtle shall be considered as an Honorary Member;" and that the Treasurer do pay Keeper's fees and carriage for all venison sent to the Society, and charge it in his account. Thus, besides gratuities to cooks, there are numerous chronicled entries of the following tenour:—"Keeper's fees and carriage of a buck from the Hon. P. Yorke, 14s.; Fees, etc., for Venison and Salmon, £1. 15s.; Do., half a Buck from the Earl of Hardwick, £1. 5s.; Fees and carriage for a Buck from H. Read, Esq., £1. 3s. 6d.; Fees for Venison and Game from Mr. Banks, £1. 9s. 6d.; . . . August 15, 1751. The Society being this day entertained with halfe a Bucke by the Most Hon<sup>ble</sup> the Marquis of Rockingham, it was agreed, *nem. con.*, to drink his health in claret. Sept. 5th, 1751.—The Company being entertained with a whole Bucke (halfe of which was dressed to-day) by Henry Read, Esq., his health was drunk in claret, as usual; and Mr. Cole (*the landlord*) was desired to dispose of the halfe, and give the Company Venisons instead of it next Thursday." The following week

the largess is again gravely noticed : "The Company being this day regaled with the other halfe of Mr. Read's buck (which Mr. Cole had preserved sweet), his health was again drank in claret."

Turtle has already been mentioned among the presents. In 1784, the circumnavigator Lord Anson honoured the Club by presenting the members with a magnificent Turtle, when the Club drank his Lordship's and other turtle donors' healths in claret. On one occasion, it is stated that the usual dining-room could not be occupied on account of a turtle being dressed which weighed 400 lb. ; and another minute records that a turtle, intended to be presented to the Club, died on its way home from the West Indies.

James Watt has left the following record of one of the Philosophers' turtle feasts, at which he was present :—"When I was in London in 1785, I was received very kindly by Mr. Cavendish and Dr. Blagden, and my old friend Smeaton, who has recovered his health, and seems hearty. I dined at a turtle feast with them, and the select Club of the Royal Society ; and never was turtle eaten with greater sobriety and temperance, or more good fellowship."

The gift of good old English roast-beef also occurs among the presents, as in the subjoined minute, under the date of June 27, 1751, when Martin Folkes presided : "William Hanbury, Esq., having this day entertained the company with a chine of Beef which was 34 inches in length, and weighed upwards of 140 pounds, it was agreed, *nem. con.*, that two such chines were equal to half a Bucke or a Turtle, and entitled the Donor to be an Honorary Member of this Society."

Then we have another record of Mr. Hanbury's munificence, as well as his conscientious regard for minuteness in these matters, in this entry : "Mr. Hanbury sent this day another mighty chine of beef, and, having been a little deficient with regard to annual payments of chines of beef, added three brace of very large carp by way of interest."

Shortly after, we find Lord Morton contributing "two pigs of the China breed."

In addition to the venison, game, and other viands, there was no end of presents of fruits for dessert. In 1752, Mr. Cole (the landlord) presented the company with a ripe water-melon from Malaga. In 1753, there is an entry showing that some *tusks*, a rare and savoury fish, were sent by the Earl of Morton; and Egyptian Cos-lettuces were supplied by Philip Miller, who, in his *Gardener's Dictionary*, describes this as the best and most valuable lettuce known; next he presented "four Cantaloupe melons, equal—if not superior—in flavour to pine-apples." In July, 1763, it is chronicled that Lord Morton sent two pine-apples, cherries of two sorts, melons, gooseberries of two sorts, apricots, and currants of two sorts.

However, this practice of making presents got to be unpopular with the Fellows at large, who conceived it to be undignified to receive such gifts; and, in 1779, it was "resolved that no person in future be admitted into the Club in consequence of any present he shall make to it." This singular custom had been in force for thirty years. The latest *formal* thanks for "a very fine haunch of venison" were voted to Lord Darnley on the 17th of June, 1824.

The Club Minutes show the progressive rise in the charges for dinner. From 1743 to 1756 the cost was 1s. 6d. a head. In the latter year it was resolved to give 3s. per head for dinner and wine, the commons for absentees to remain at 1s. 6d., as before. In 1775, the price was increased to 4s. a head, including wine, and 2d. to the waiter; in 1801, to 5s. a head, exclusive of wine, the increased duties upon which made it necessary for the members to contribute an annual sum for the expense of wine, over and above the charge of the tavern bills.

In 1775, the wine was ordered to be laid in at a price not exceeding £45 a pipe, or 1s. 6d. a bottle; to have a

particular seal upon the cork, and to be charged by the landlord at 2s. 6d. a bottle. The Club always dined on the Society's meeting-day. Wray, writing of a Club-meeting in 1776, says that, "after a capital dinner of venison, which was absolutely perfect, we went to another sumptuous entertainment, at the Society, where five electrical eels, all alive, from Surinam, were exhibited; most of the company received the electrical stroke; and then we were treated with the sight of a sucking alligator, very lively."

It has been more than once remarked that a public dinner of a large party of philosophers and men of science and letters generally turns out to be rather a dull affair; perhaps, through the *embarras* of talent at table. Not so, however, the private social Clubs, the offshoots of Public Societies, like the Royal Society Club, and others we could mention. The Royals do not appear to have been at all indifferent to these post-prandial wit-combats. "Here, my jokes I crack with high-born Peers," writes a Philosopher, alluding to the Club dinners; and Admiral Smyth, in his unpublished *Rise and Progress*, tells us, that to this day "it unites hilarity, and the *macrones verborum* of smart repartee, with strictures on science, literature, the fine arts—and, indeed, every branch of human knowledge."

The administration of the affairs of the Club was minutely attended to: when, in 1776, it was considered necessary to revise "the commons," a committee was appointed for the purpose, consisting of Messrs. Aubert, Cuthburt, Maskelyne, Russell, and Solander, who decided that "should the number of the company exceed the number provided for, the dinner should be made up with the beefstakes, mutton-chops; lamb-chops, veal-cutlets, or pork-stakes, instead of made dishes, or any dearer provisions." And "that two-pence per head be allowed for the waiter (*which seems to have been the regular gratuity for many years*). Then, the General Committee had to report that the landlord was to charge for gentlemen's servants, "one shilling each for dinner

and a pot of porter ;” and “that when toasted cheese was called for, he was to make a charge for it.”

In 1784, the celebrated geologist, Faujas de Saint-Fond (Barthélemy), with four other distinguished foreigners, partook of the hospitality of the Club, of which, in 1797, M. Faujas published an account. “He mentions the short prayer or grace with which Dr. Maskelyne blessed the company and the food—the solid meats and unseasoned vegetables—the quantities of strong beer called porter, drank out of cylindrical pewter pots *d’un seul trait*—the cheese to provoke the thirst of drinkers—the hob-a-nobbing of healths—and the detestable coffee. On the whole, however, this honest Frenchman seems to have been delighted with the entertainment, or, as he styles it, ‘the convivial and unassuming banquet,’” and M. Faujas had to pay “seven livres four sols” for his commons. Among the lighter incidents is the record of M. Aubert having received a present from the King of Poland, begged to have an opportunity of drinking His Majesty’s health, and permission to order a bottle of Hermitage, which being granted, the health was drunk by the company present ; and upon one of the Club-slips of 1798, after a dinner of twenty-two, is written, “Seven shillings found under the table.”

The dinner-charges appear to have gradually progressed from 1s. 6d. to 10s. per head. In 1858–9 the Club-dinners had been 25, and the number of diners 309, so that the mean was equal to 12·36 for each meeting, the visitors amounting to 49 ; and it is further computed, that the average wine per head of late, waste included, is a considerable fraction less than a pint, imperial standard measure, in the year’s consumption.

Among the distinguished guests of the Club are many celebrities. Here the chivalrous Sir Sidney Smith described the atrocities of Djezza Pasha ; and here that cheerful baronet—Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin—by relating the result of his going in a jolly-boat to attack a whale, and in narrating the advantages specified in his proposed patent for

fattening fowls, kept "the table in a roar." At this board, also, our famous circumnavigators and oriental voyagers met with countenance and fellowship—as Cook, Furneaux, Clerke, King, *Bounty* Bligh, Vancouver, *Guardian* Riou, Flinders, Broughton, Lestock, Wilson, Huddart, Bass, Tuckey, Horsburgh, &c. ; while the Polar explorers, from the Hon. Constantine Phipps, in 1773, down to Sir Leopold M'Clintock, in 1860, were severally and individually welcomed as guests. But, besides our sterling sea-worthies, we find in ranging through the documents that some rather outlandish visitors were introduced through their means, as Chet Quang and Wanga Tong, *Chinese*; Ejutak and Tuklivina, *Esquimaux*; Thayen-danega, the *Mohawk* chief; while Omai, of Ulareta, the celebrated and popular savage, of *Cook's Voyages*, was so frequently invited, that he is latterly entered on the Club papers simply as *Mr. Omai*."

The redoubtable Sir John Hill dined at the Club in company with Lord Baltimore on the 30th of June, 1748. Hill was consecutively an apothecary, actor, playwright, novelist, botanist, journalist, and physician; and he published upon trees and flowers, Betty Canning, gems, naval history, religion, cookery, and what not. Having made an attempt to enter the Royal Society, and finding the door closed against him,—perhaps a pert vivacity at the very dinner in question sealed the rejection,—he revenged himself by publishing an impudent quarto volume, vindictively satirizing the Society.

Ned Ward, in his humorous Account of the Clubs of London, published in 1709, describes "the *Virtuoso's* Club as first established by some of the principal members of the Royal Society, and held every Thursday, at a certain Tavern in Cornhill, where the Vintner that kept it has, according to his merit, made a fortunate step from his Bar to his Coach. The chief design of the aforementioned Club was to propagate new whims, advance mechanical exercises, and to promote useless as well as useful experiments." There is humour in this, as well as in his ridicule of the Barometer: "by this

notable invention," he says, "our gentlemen and ladies of the middle quality are infallibly told when it's a right season to put on their best clothes, and when they ought not to venture an intrigue in the fields without their cloaks and umbrellas." His ridicule of turning salt water into fresh, finding a new star, assigning reasons for a spot in the moon, and a "wry step" in the sun's progress, were Ward's points, laughed at in his time, but afterwards established as facts. There have been greater mistakes made since Ward's time; but this does not cleanse him of filth and foulness.

Ward's record is evidence of the existence of the Royal Society Club, in 1709, before the date of the Minutes. Dr. Hutton, too, records the designation of Halley's Club—undoubted testimony; about 1737, he, Halley, though seized with paralysis, once a week, within a very short time of his death, met his friends in town, on Thursdays, the day of the Royal Society's meeting, at "Dr. Halley's Club." Upon this evidence Admiral Smyth establishes the claim that the Royal Society Club was actually established by a zealous philosopher, "who was at once proudly eminent as an astronomer, a mathematician, a physiologist, a naturalist, a scholar, an antiquary, a poet, a meteorologist, a geographer, a navigator, a nautical surveyor, and a truly social member of the community—in a word, our founder was the illustrious Halley—the Admirable Crichton of science."

A memorable dinner-party took place on August the 11th, 1859, when among the visitors was Mr. Thomas Maclear (now Sir Thomas), the Astronomer-Royal at the Cape of Good Hope, who had just arrived in England from the southern hemisphere, after an absence of a quarter of a century. "On this day, were present, so to speak, the representatives of the three great applications by which the present age is distinguished, namely, of *Railways*, Mr. Stephenson; of the *Electric Telegraph*, Mr. Wheatstone; and of the *Penny Post*, Mr. Rowland Hill—an assemblage never again to occur." (*Admiral Smyth's History of the Club.*)



Among the anecdotes which float about, it is related that the eccentric Hon. Henry Cavendish, "the Club-Croesus," attended the meetings with only money enough in his pocket to pay for his dinner, and that he may have declined taking tavern-soup, may have picked his teeth with a fork, may invariably have hung his hat on the same peg, and may have always stuck his cane in his right boot; but more apocryphal is the anecdote that one evening Cavendish observed a very pretty girl looking out from an upper window on the opposite side of the street, watching the philosophers at dinner. She attracted notice, and one by one they got up and mustered round the window to admire the fair one. Cavendish, who thought they were looking at the moon, bustled up to them in his odd way, and when he saw the real object of their study, turned away with intense disgust, and grunted out "Pshaw;" the amorous conduct of his brother Philosophers having horrified the woman-hating Cavendish.

Another assertion is that he, Cavendish, left a thumping legacy to Lord Bessborough, in gratitude for his Lordship's piquant conversation at the Club; but no such reason can be found in the Will lodged at Doctors' Commons. The Testator named therein three of his Club-mates, namely, Alexander Dalrymple, to receive 5000*l.*; Dr. Hunter, 5000*l.*, and Sir Charles Blagden (coadjutor in the Water question), 15,000*l.* After certain other bequests, the will proceeds,— "The remainder of the funds (nearly 700,000*l.*) to be divided, one-sixth to the Earl of Bessborough, while the cousin, Lord George Henry Cavendish, had two-sixths, instead of one;" "it is therefore," says Admiral Smyth, "patent that the money thus passed over from uncle to nephew, was a mere consequence of relationship, and not at all owing to any flowers or powers of conversation at the Royal Society Club."

Admiral Smyth, to whose admirable *précis* of the History of the Club we have to make acknowledgement, remarks that the hospitality of the Royal Society has been "of

material utility to the well-working of the whole machine which wisdom called up, at a time when knowledge was quitting scholastic niceties for the truths of experimental philosophy. This is proved by the number of men of note—both in ability and station—who have there congregated previously to repairing to the evening meeting of the body at large; and many a qualified person who went thither a guest has returned a candidate. Besides inviting our own princes, dukes, marquises, earls, ministers of state, and nobles of all grades to the table, numerous foreign grandees, prelates, ambassadors, and persons of distinction—from the King of Poland and Baron Munchausen, down to the smart little abbé and a ‘gentleman unknown’—are found upon the Club records. Not that the amenities of the fraternity were confined to these classes, or that, in the Clubbian sense, they form the most important order; for bishops, deans, archdeacons, and clergymen in general—astronomers—mathematicians—sailors—soldiers—engineers—medical practitioners—poets—artists—travellers—musicians—opticians—men of repute in every acquirement, were, and ever will be, welcome guests. In a word, the names and callings of the visitors offer a type of the philosophical *discordia concors*; and among those guests possessed of that knowledge without which genius is almost useless, we find in goodly array such choice names as Benjamin Franklin, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gibbon, Costard, Bryant, Dalton, Watt, Bolton, Tennant, Wedgwood, *Abysinian* Bruce, Attwood, Boswell, Brinkley, Rigaud, Brydone, Ivory, Jenner, John Hunter, Brunel, Lysons, Weston, Cramer, Kippis, Westmacott, Corbould, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Turner, De La Beche, *et hoc genus omne.*”

The President of the Royal Society is elected President of the Club. There were always more candidates for admission than vacancies, a circumstance which had some influence in leading to the formation of a new Club, in 1847, composed of eminent Fellows of the Society. The name of this new

Association is "the Philosophical Club," and its object is "to promote, as much as possible, the scientific objects of the Royal Society, to facilitate intercourse between those Fellows who are actively engaged in cultivating the various branches of Natural Science, and who have contributed to its progress; to increase the attendance at the Evening Meetings, and to encourage the contribution and the discussion of papers." Nor are the dinners forgotten; the price of each not to exceed ten shillings.

The statistical portion of the Annual Statement of 1860, shows that the number of dinners for the past year amounted to 25, at which the attendance was 312 persons, 62 of whom were visitors, the average being = 12'48 each time: and the Treasurer called attention to the fact that out of the Club funds in the last twelvemonth, they had paid not less than 9*l.* 6*s.* for soda and seltzer water; 8*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* for cards of invitation and postage; and 25*l.* for visitors, that is, 8*s.* 0 $\frac{3}{4}$ *d.* per head.

## The Cocoa-Tree Club.

This noted Club was the Tory Chocolate-house of Queen Anne's reign; the Whig Coffee-house was the St. James's, lower down, in the same street, St. James's. The party distinction is thus defined:—"A Whig will no more go to the Cocoa-tree or Ozinda's, than a Tory will be seen at the coffee-house of St. James's."

The Cocoa-tree Chocolate-house was converted into a Club, probably before 1746, when the house was the headquarters of the Jacobite party in Parliament. It is thus referred to in the above year by Horace Walpole, in a letter to George Montagu:—"The Duke has given Brigadier Mordaunt the Pretender's coach, on condition he rode up to London in it. 'That I will, sir,' said he, 'and drive till it stops of its own accord at the Cocoa-tree.'"

Gibbon was a member of this Club, and has left this

entry in his journal of 1762 :—“Nov. 24. I dined at the Cocoa Tree with \* \* \*, who, under a great appearance of oddity, conceals more real humour, good sense, and even knowledge, than half those who laugh at him. We went thence to the play (*The Spanish Friar*); and when it was over, retired to the Cocoa-tree. That respectable body, of which I have the honour of being a member, affords every evening a sight truly English. Twenty or thirty, perhaps, of the first men in the kingdom in point of fashion and fortune supping at little tables covered with a napkin, in the middle of a coffee-room, upon a bit of cold meat, or a sandwich, and drinking a glass of punch. At present we are full of King’s counsellors and lords of the bedchamber; who, having jumped into the ministry, make a very singular medley of their old principles and language with their modern ones.” At this time, bribery was in full swing: it is alleged that the lowest bribe for a vote upon the Peace of Fontainebleau, was a bank-note of 200*l.*; and that the Secretary of the Treasury afterwards acknowledged 25,000*l.* to have been thus expended in a single morning. And in 1765, on the debate in the Commons on the Regency Bill, we read in the *Chatham Correspondence*: “The Cocoa-tree have thus capacitated Her Royal Highness (the Princess of Wales) to be Regent: it is well they have not given us a King, if they have not; for many think, Lord Bute is King.”

Although the Cocoa-tree, in its conversion from a Chocolate-house to a Club, may have bettered its reputation in some respects, high play, if not foul play, was known there twenty years later. Walpole, writing to Mann, Feb. 6, 1780, says: ‘Within this week there has been a cast at hazard at the Cocoa-tree, (in St. James’s Street,) the difference of which amounted to one hundred and fourscore thousand pounds. Mr. O’Birne, an Irish gamester, had won one hundred thousand pounds of a young Mr. Harvey of Chigwell, just started into an estate by his elder brother’s

death. O'Birne said, "You can never pay me." "I can," said the youth: "my estate will sell for the debt." "No," said O.: "I will win ten thousand—you shall throw for the odd ninety." They did, and Harvey won."

The Cocoa-tree was one of the Clubs to which Lord Byron belonged.

### Almack's Club.

Almack's, the original Brookes's, on the south side of the Whig Club-house, was established in Pall Mall, on the site of the British Institution, in 1764, by twenty-seven noblemen and gentlemen, including the Duke of Roxburghe, the Duke of Portland, the Earl of Strathmore, Mr. Crewe (afterwards Lord Crewe), and Mr. C. J. Fox.

Mr. Cunningham was permitted to inspect the original Rules of the Club, which show its nature: here are a few.

"21. No gaming in the eating-room, except tossing up for reckonings, on penalty of paying the whole bill of the members present.

"22. Dinner shall be served up exactly at half-past four o'clock, and the bill shall be brought in at seven.

"26. Almack shall sell no wines in bottles that the Club approves of, out of the house.

"30. Any member of this Society that shall become a candidate for any other Club, (Old White's excepted,) shall be ipso facto excluded, and his name struck out of the book.

"40. That every person playing at the new guinea table do keep fifty guineas before him.

"41. That every person playing at the twenty guinea table do not keep less than twenty guineas before him."

That the play ran high may be inferred from a note against the name of Mr. Thynne, in the Club-books: "Mr. Thynne having won only 12,000 guineas during the last two months, retired in disgust, March 21st, 1772."

Some of its members were Maccaronis, the "curled

darlings" of the day : they were so called from their affectation of foreign tastes and fashions, and were celebrated for their long curls and eye-glasses. Much of the deep play was removed here. "The gaming at Almack's," writes Walpole to Mann, February 2, 1770, "which has taken the *pas* of White's, is worthy the decline of our empire, or commonwealth, which you please. The young men of the age lose ten, fifteen, twenty thousand pounds in an evening there. Lord Stavordale, not one-and-twenty, lost 11,000*l.* there last Tuesday, but recovered it by one great hand at hazard. He swore a great oath, 'Now, if I had been playing *deep*, I might have won millions.' His cousin, Charles Fox, shines equally there, and in the House of Commons. He was twenty-one yesterday se'nnight, and is already one of our best speakers. Yesterday he was made a Lord of the Admiralty." Gibbon, the historian, was also a member, and he dates several letters from here. On June 24, 1776, he writes : "Town grows empty, and this house, where I have passed many agreeable hours, is the only place which still invites the flower of the English youth. The style of living, though somewhat expensive, is exceedingly pleasant ; and, notwithstanding the rage of play, I have found more entertainment and rational society than in any other club to which I belong."

The play was certainly high—only for rouleaus of 50*l.* each, and generally there was 10,000*l.* in specie on the table. The gamesters began by pulling off their embroidered clothes, and put on frieze greatcoats, or turned their coats inside outwards for luck. They put on pieces of leather (such as are worn by footmen when they clean the knives) to save their laced ruffles ; and to guard their eyes from the light, and to prevent tumbling their hair, wore high-crowned straw hats with broad brims, and adorned with flowers and ribbons ; masks to conceal their emotions when they played at quinz. Each gamester had a small neat

stand by him, to hold his tea ; or a wooden bowl with an edge of ormolu, to hold the rouleaus.

Almack's was subsequently Goosetree's. In the year 1780, Pitt was then an habitual frequenter, and here his personal adherents mustered strongly. The members, we are told in the *Life of Wilberforce*, were about twenty-five in number, and included Pratt (afterwards Lord Camden), Lords Euston, Chatham, Graham, Duncannon, Althorp, Apsley, G. Cavendish, and Lennox ; Messrs. Eliot, Sir Andrew St. John, Bridgeman (afterwards Lord Bradford), Morris Robinson (afterwards Lord Rokeby), R. Smith (afterwards Lord Carrington), W. Grenville (afterwards Lord Grenville), Pepper Arden (afterwards Lord Alvanley), Mr. Edwards, Mr. Marsham, Mr. Pitt, Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Bankes, Mr. Thomas Steele, General Smith, Mr. Windham.

In the gambling at Goosetree's, Pitt played with characteristic and intense eagerness. When Wilberforce came up to London in 1780, after his return to Parliament, his great success coloured his entry into public life, and he was at once elected a member of the leading clubs—Miles's and Evans's, Brookes's and Boodle's, White's and Goosetree's. The latter was Wilberforce's usual resort, where his friendship with Pitt, whom he had slightly known at Cambridge, greatly increased : he once lost 100*l.* at the faro-table, and on another night kept the bank, by which he won 600*l.* ; but he soon became weaned from play.

### Almack's Assembly Rooms.

In the year following the opening of Almack's Club in Pall Mall, Almack had built for him by Robert Mylne, the suite of Assembly Rooms, in King-street, St. James's, which was named after him, "Almack's," and was occasionally called "Willis's Room's," after the next proprietor. Almack likewise kept the Thatched House Tavern, in St. James's-street.

Almack's was opened Feb. 20, 1765, and was advertised to have been built with hot bricks and boiling water : the ceilings were dripping with wet ; but the Duke of Cumberland, the Hero of Culloden, was there. Gilly Williams, a few days after the opening, in a letter to George Selwyn, writes : " There is now opened at Almack's, in three very elegant new-built rooms, a ten-guinea subscription, for which you have a ball and supper once a week, for twelve weeks. You may imagine by the sum the company is chosen ; though, refined as it is, it will be scarce able to put out old Soho (Mrs. Corneleys) out of countenance. The men's tickets are not transferable, so, if the ladies do not like us, they have no opportunity of changing us, but must see the same persons for ever." . . . " Our female Almack's flourishes beyond description. Almack's Scotch face, in a bag-wig, waiting at supper, would divert you, as would his lady, in a sack, making tea and curtseying to the duchesses."

Five years later, in 1770, Walpole writes to Montagu : " There is a new Institution that begins to make, and if it proceeds, will make a considerable noise. It is a Club of *both* sexes, to be erected at Almack's, on the model of that of the men of White's. Mrs. Fitzroy, Lady Pembroke, Mrs. Meynell, Lady Molyneux, Miss Pelham, and Miss Lloyd, are the foundresses. I am ashamed to say I am of so young and fashionable society ; but as they are people I live with, I choose to be idle rather than morose. I can go to a young supper without forgetting how much sand is run out of the hour-glass."

Mrs. Boscawen tells Mrs. Delany of this Club of lords and ladies who first met at a tavern, but subsequently, to satisfy Lady Pembroke's scruples, in a room at Almack's. " The ladies nominate and choose the gentlemen and *vice versâ*, so that no lady can exclude a lady, or gentleman a gentleman." Ladies Rochford, Harrington, and Holderness were blackballed, as was the Duchess of Bedford, who was subsequently admitted ! Lord March and Brook Boothby were black-



balled by the ladies, to their great astonishment. There was a dinner; then supper at eleven, and, says Mrs. Boscawen, "play will be deep and constant, probably." The frenzy for play was then at its height. "Nothing within my memory comes up to it!" exclaims Mrs. Delany, who attributes it to the prevailing "avarice and extravagance." Some men made profit out of it, like Mr. Thynne. "who has won this year so considerably that he has paid off all his debts, bought a house and furnished it, disposed of his horses, hounds, etc., and struck his name out of all expensive subscriptions. But what a *horrid reflection* it must be to an honest mind to *build* his fortune on the *ruin* of others."

Almack's large ball-room is about one hundred feet in length, by forty feet in width; it is chastely decorated with gilt columns and pilasters, classic medallions, mirrors, etc., and is lit with gas, in cut-glass lustres. The largest number of persons ever present in this room at one ball was 1700.

The rooms are let for public meetings, dramatic readings, concerts, balls, and occasionally for dinners. Here Mrs. Billington, Mr. Braham, and Signor Naldi, gave concerts, from 1808 to 1810, in rivalry with Madame Catalani, at Hanover-square Rooms; and here Mr. Charles Kemble gave, in 1844, his Readings from Shakspeare.

The Balls at Almack's are managed by a Committee of Ladies of high rank, and the only mode of admission is by vouchers or personal introduction.

Almack's has declined of late years; "a clear proof that the palmy days of exclusiveness are gone by in England; and though it is obviously impossible to prevent any given number of persons from congregating and re-establishing an oligarchy, we are quite sure that the attempt would be ineffectual, and that the sense of their importance would extend little beyond the set."\* In 1831 was published

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\* *Quarterly Review*, 1840.

*Almack's*, a novel, in which the leaders of fashion were sketched with much freedom, and identified in *A Key to Almack's*, by Benjamin Disraeli.

### Brookes's Club.

We have just narrated the establishment of this Club—how it was originally a gaming club, and was farmed at first by Almack. It was subsequently taken by Brookes, a wine-merchant and money-lender, according to Selwyn ; and who is described by Tickell, in a copy of verses addressed to Sheridan, when Charles James Fox was to give a supper at his own lodgings, then near the Club :—

Derby shall send, if not his plate, his cooks,  
 And know, I've brought the best champagne from Brookes,  
 From liberal Brookes, whose speculative skill  
 Is hasty credit and a distant bill ;  
 Who, nursed in clubs, disdains a vulgar trade,  
 Exults to trust, and blushes to be paid.

From Pall Mall Brookes's Club removed to No. 60, on the west side of St. James's-street, where a handsome house was built at Brookes's expense, from the designs of Henry Holland, the architect ; it was opened in October, 1778. The concern did not prosper ; for James Hare writes to George Selwyn, May 18, 1779, "we are all beggars at Brookes's, and he threatens to leave the house, as it yields him no profit." Mr. Cunningham tells us that Brookes retired from the Club soon after it was built, and died poor about the year 1782.

Lord Crewe, one of the founders of the Club in Pall Mall, died in 1829, after sixty-five years' membership of Brookes's. Among its celebrities were Burke and Sir Joshua Reynolds, Garrick and Hume, Horace Walpole, Gibbon, and Sheridan and Wilberforce. Lord March, afterwards Duke of Queensberry, was one of its notorieties—"the old Q., whom many now living can remember, with his fixed eye and cadaverous

face, watching the flow of the human tide past his bow-window in Pall Mall."—*National Review*, 1857. [This is hardly correct as to locality, since the Club left Pall Mall in 1778, and a reminiscent must be more than 80 years of age.] Among Selwyn's correspondents are Gilly Williams, Hare, Fitzpatrick, the Townshends, Burgoyne, Storer, and Lord Carlisle. R. Tickell, in "Lines from the Hon. Charles Fox to the Hon. John Townshend cruising," thus describes the welcome that awaits Townshend, and the gay life of the Club :—

Soon as to Brookes's thence thy footsteps bend,  
 What gratulations thy approach attend !  
 See Gibbon tap his box ; auspicious sign,  
 That classic compliment and evil combine.  
 See Beauclerk's cheek a tinge of red surprise,  
 And friendship gives what cruel health denies.  
 Important Townshend ! what can thee withstand ?  
 The ling'ring blackball lags in Boothby's hand.  
 E'en Draper checks the sentimental sigh ;  
 And Smith, without an oath suspends the die.

Mr. Wilberforce has thus recorded his first appearance at Brookes's : "Hardly knowing any one, I joined, from mere shyness, in play at the faro-tables, where George Selwyn kept bank. A friend, who knew my inexperience, and regarded me as a victim decked out for sacrifice, called to me, 'What, Wilberforce, is that you?' Selwyn quite resented the interference, and, turning to him, said, in his most expressive tone, 'Oh, Sir, don't interrupt Mr. Wilberforce ; he could not be better employed !'"

The Prince of Wales, one day at Brookes's, expatiating on that beautiful but far-fetched idea of Dr. Darwin's, that the reason of the bosom of a beautiful woman being the object of such exquisite delight for a man to look upon, arises from the first pleasurable sensations of warmth, sustenance, and repose, which he derives therefrom in his infancy ; Sheridan replied, "Truly hath it been said, that there is only one step from the sublime to the ridiculous.

All children who are brought up by hand must derive their pleasurable sensations from a very different source ; yet I believe no one ever heard of any such, when arrived at manhood, evincing any very rapturous or amatory emotions at the sight of a wooden spoon." This clever exposure of an ingenious absurdity shows the folly of taking for granted every opinion which may be broached under the sanction of a popular name.

The conversation at Brookes's, one day, turning on Lord Henry Petty's projected tax upon iron, one member said, that as there was so much opposition to it, it would be better to raise the proposed sum upon coals. "Hold ! my dear fellow," said Sheridan, "that would be out of the frying pan into the fire, with a vengeance."

Mr. Whitbread, one evening at Brookes's, talked loudly and largely against the Ministers for laying what was called the *war tax* upon malt : every one present concurred with him in opinion, but Sheridan could not resist the gratification of a hit at the *brewer* himself. He wrote with his pencil upon the back of a letter the following lines, which he handed to Mr. Whitbread, across the table :—

They've raised the price of table drink ;  
What is the reason, do you think ?  
The tax on *malt's* the cause I hear—  
But what has *malt* to do with *beer* ?"

Looking through a Number of the *Quarterly Review*, one day, at Brookes's, soon after its first appearance, Sheridan said, in reply to a gentleman who observed that the editor, Mr. Gifford, had boasted of the power of conferring and *distributing literary reputation* : "Very likely ; and in the present instance I think he has done it so profusely as to have left none for himself."

Sir Philip Francis was the convivial companion of Fox, and during the short administration of that statesman was made a Knight of the Bath. One evening, Roger Wilbraham

came up to a whist-table at Brookes's, where Sir Philip, who for the first time wore the ribbon of the Order, was engaged in a rubber, and thus accosted him. Laying hold of the ribbon and examining it for some time, he said: "So, this is the way they have rewarded you at last: they have given you a little bit of red ribbon for your services, Sir Philip, have they? A pretty bit of red ribbon to hang about your neck; and that satisfies you, does it? Now, I wonder what I shall have.—What do you think they will give me Sir Philip?"

The newly-made Knight, who had twenty-five guineas depending on the rubber, and who was not very well pleased at the interruption, suddenly turned round, and looking at him fiercely, exclaimed, "A halter, and be d—d to you!"

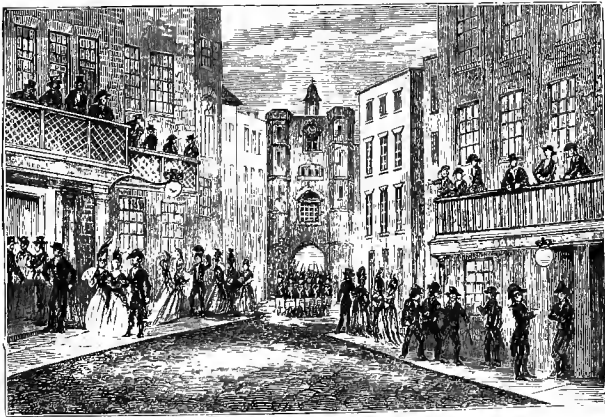
George III. invariably evinced a strong aversion to Fox, the secret of which it is easy to understand. His son, the Prince of Wales, threw himself into the arms of Fox, and this in the most undisguised manner. Fox lodged in St. James's-street, and as soon as he rose, which was very late, had a levee of his followers, and of the members of the gaming club, at Brookes's, all his disciples. His bristly black person, and shagged breast quite open, and rarely purified by any ablutions, was wrapped in a foul linen night-gown, and his bushy hair dishevelled. In these cynic weeds, and with epicurean good-humour did he dictate his politics, and in this school did the heir of the Crown attend his lessons, and imbibe them.

Fox's love of play was desperate. A few evenings before he moved the repeal of the Marriage Act, in February, 1772, he had been at Brompton on two errands: one to consult Justice Fielding on the penal laws; the other to borrow ten thousand pounds, which he brought to town at the hazard of being robbed. Fox played admirably both at whist and piquet; with such skill; indeed, that by the general admission of Brookes's Club, he

might have made four thousand pounds a-year, as they calculated, at those games, if he could have confined himself to them. But his misfortune arose from playing games at chance, particularly at Faro. After eating and drinking plentifully, he sat down to the Faro table, and inevitably rose a loser. Once, indeed, and once only, he won about eight thousand pounds in the course of a single evening. Part of the money he paid away to his creditors, and the remainder he lost almost immediately. Before he attained his thirtieth year, he had completely dissipated everything that he could either command, or could procure by the most ruinous expedients. He had even undergone, at times, many of the severest privations annexed to the vicissitudes that mark a gamester's progress; frequently wanting money to defray the common daily wants of the most pressing nature. Topham Beauclerc, who lived much in Fox's society, affirmed, that no man could form an idea of the extremities to which he had been driven in order to raise money, after losing his last guinea at the Faro table. He was reduced for successive days to such distress, as to borrow money from the waiters of Brookes's. The very chairmen, whom he was unable to pay, used to dun him for their arrears. In 1781, he might be considered as an extinct volcano, for the pecuniary aliment that had fed the flame was long consumed. Yet he then occupied a house or lodgings in St. James's-street close to Brookes's, where he passed almost every hour which was not devoted to the House of Commons. Brookes's was then the rallying point or rendezvous of the Opposition; where, while faro, whist, and supper prolonged the night, the principal members of the Minority in both Houses met, in order to compare their information, or to concert and mature their parliamentary measures. Great sums were then borrowed of Jews at exorbitant premiums. Fox called his outward room, where the Jews waited till he rose, the *Jerusalem Chamber*. His brother Stephen was



White's Club, St. James's Street. (Tory.)  
(*The Modern Building by Wyatt, 1851.*)



Brookes' (Whig) and White's (Tory) Clubs, 1796.  
(*The Artist's perspective is slightly faulty.*)





enormously fat ; George Selwyn said he was in the right to deal with Shylocks, as he could give them pounds of flesh.

When Fox lodged with his friend Fitzpatrick, at Mackie's, some one remarked that two such inmates would be the ruin of Mackie, the oilman ; " No," said George Selwyn ; " so far from ruining him, they will make poor Mackie's fortune ; for he will have the credit of having the finest pickles in London."

The ruling passion of Fox was partly owing to the lax training of his father, who, by his lavish allowances, fostered his propensity for play. According to Chesterfield, the first Lord Holland " had no fixed principles in religion or morality," and he censures him to his son for being " too unwary in ridiculing and exposing them." He gave full swing to Charles in his youth : " let nothing be done," said his Lordship, " to break his spirit ; the world will do that for him." (*Selwyn.*) At his death, in 1774, he left him 154,000*l.* to pay his debts ; it was all bespoke, and Fox soon became as deeply pledged as before.

Walpole, in 1781, walking up St. James's-street, saw a cart and porters at Fox's door ; with copper and an old chest of drawers, loading. His success at faro had awakened a host of creditors ; but, unless his bank had swelled to the size of the Bank of England, it could not have yielded a sou apiece for each. Epsom, too, had been unpropitious ; and one creditor had actually seized and caried off Fox's goods, which did not seem worth removing. Yet shortly after this, whom should Walpole find sauntering by his own door but Fox, who came up and talked to him at the coach-window, on the Marriage Bill, with as much *sang froid* as if he knew nothing of what had happened.

It was at the sale of Fox's library in this year that Walpole made the following singular note :—" 1781, June 20. Sold by auction, the library of Charles Fox, which had been taken in execution. Amongst the books was

Mr. Gibbon's first volume of 'Roman History,' which appeared, by the title-page, to have been given by the author to Mr. Fox, who had written in it the following anecdote:—"The author at Brookes's said there was no salvation for the country till six heads of the principal persons in the administration were laid on the table; eleven days later, the same gentleman accepted the place of Lord of Trade under those very ministers, and has acted with them ever since!" Such was the avidity of bidders for the smallest production of so wonderful a genius, that by the addition of this little record, the book sold for three guineas."

Lord Tankerville assured Mr. Rogers that Fox once played cards with Fitzpatrick at Brookes's from ten o'clock at night till near six o'clock the next afternoon, a waiter standing by to tell them "whose deal it was," they being too sleepy to know. Fox once won about eight thousand pounds; and one of his bond-creditors, who soon heard of his good luck, presented himself, and asked for payment. "Impossible, Sir," replied Fox; "I must first discharge my debts of honour." The bond-creditor remonstrated. "Well, Sir, give me your bond." It was delivered to Fox, who tore it in pieces, and threw them into the fire. "Now, Sir," said Fox, "my debt to you is a debt of honour;" and immediately paid him.

Amidst the wildest excesses of youth, even while the perpetual victim of his passion for play, Fox eagerly cultivated at intervals his taste for letters, especially the Greek and Roman historians and poets; and he found resources in their works, under the most severe depressions occasioned by ill-success at the gaming-table. One morning, after Fox had passed the whole night in company with Topham Beauclerc at faro, the two friends were about to separate. Fox had lost throughout the night, and was in a frame of mind approaching desperation. Beauclerc's anxiety for the consequences which might ensue led him to be

early at Fox's lodgings; and on arriving, he inquired, not without apprehension, whether he had risen. The servant replied that Mr. Fox was in the drawing-room, when Beauclerc walked upstairs, and cautiously opened the door, expecting to behold a frantic gamester stretched on the floor, bewailing his losses, or plunged in moody despair; but he was astonished to find him reading a Greek Herodotus. "What would you have me do?" said Fox, "I have lost my last shilling." Upon other occasions, after staking and losing all that he could raise at faro, instead of exclaiming against fortune, or manifesting the agitation natural under such circumstances, he would lay his head on the table, and retain his place, but exhausted by mental and bodily fatigue, almost immediately fall into a profound sleep.

One night, at Brookes's, Fox made some remark on Government powder, in allusion to something that had happened. Adams considered it a reflection, and sent Fox a challenge. Fox went out, and took his station, giving a full front. Fitzgerald said, "You must stand sideways." Fox said, "Why I am as thick one way as the other."—"Fire," was given: Adams fired, Fox did not, and when they said he must, he said, "I'll be d—d if I do. I have no quarrel." They then advanced to shake hands. Fox said, "Adams, you'd have killed me if it had not been Government powder." The ball hit him in the groin.

Another celebrated character, who frequented Brookes's in the days of Selwyn, was Dunning, afterwards Lord Ashburton; and many keen encounters passed between them. Dunning was a short, thick man, with a turn-up nose, a constant shake of the head, and latterly a distressing hectic cough—but a wit of the first water. Though he died at the comparatively early age of fifty-two, he amassed a fortune of 150,000*l.* during twenty-five years' practice at the bar; and lived notwithstanding, so liberally, that his mother, an attorney's widow, some of the wags at Brookes's wickedly

recorded, left him in dudgeon on the score of his extravagance, as humorously sketched at a dinner at the lawyer's country-house near Fulham, when the following *conversation* was represented to have occurred :—

“ John,” said the old lady to her son, after dinner, during which she had been astounded by the profusion of the plate and viands,—“ John, I shall not stop another day to witness such shameful extravagance.”

“ But, my dear mother,” interrupted Dunning, “ you ought to consider that I can afford it: my income, you know——”

“ No income,” said the old lady impatiently, “ can stand such shameful prodigality. The sum which your cook told me that very *turbot* cost, ought to have supported any reasonable family for a week.”

“ Pooh, pooh ! my dear mother,” replied the dutiful son, “ you would not have me appear shabby. Besides, what is a turbot ?”

“ Pooh, pooh ! what is a turbot ?” echoed the irritated dame : “ don't *pooh* me, John : I tell you such goings-on can come to no good, and you'll see the end of it before long. However, it sha'n't be said your mother encouraged such sinful waste, for I'll set off in the coach to Devonshire to-morrow morning.”

“ And notwithstanding,” said Sheridan, “ all John's rhetorical efforts to detain her, the old lady kept her word.”

Sheridan's election as a member of Brookes's took place under conflicting circumstances. His success at Stafford met with fewer obstacles than he had to encounter in St. James's-street, where Selwyn's political aversions and personal jealousy were very formidable, as were those of the Earl of Bessborough, and they and other members of the Club had determined to exclude Sheridan. Conscious that every exertion would be made to ensure his success, they agreed not to absent themselves during the time allowed by the regulations of the Club for ballots ; and as one black ball sufficed to extinguish the hopes of a candidate, they

repeatedly prevented his election. In order to remove so serious an impediment, Sheridan had recourse to artifice. On the evening when it was resolved to put him up, he found his two inveterate enemies posted as usual. A chairman was then sent with a note, written in the name of her father-in-law, Lord Bessborough, acquainting him that a fire had broken out in his house in Cavendish Square, and entreating him immediately to return home. Unsuspicious of any trick, as his son and daughter-in-law lived under his roof, Lord Bessborough unhesitatingly quitted the room, and got into a sedan-chair. Selwyn, who resided not far from Brookes's in Cleveland-row, received, nearly at the same time, a verbal message to request his presence, in consequence of Miss Fagniani, (whom he had adopted as his daughter,) being suddenly seized with alarming indisposition. This summons he obeyed; and no sooner was the room cleared, than Sheridan being proposed a member, a ballot took place, when he was immediately chosen. Lord Bessborough and Selwyn returned without delay, on discovering the imposition that had been practised on their credulity, but they were too late to prevent its effects.

Such is the story told by Selwyn, in his Memoirs; but the following account is more generally accredited. The Prince of Wales joined Brookes's Club, to have more frequent intercourse with Mr. Fox, one of its earliest members, and who, on his first acquaintance with Sheridan, became anxious for his admission to the Club. Sheridan was three times proposed, but as often had the back ball in the ballot, which disqualified him. At length, the hostile ball was traced to George Selwyn, who objected, because his (Sheridan's) father had been upon the stage. Sheridan was apprised of this, and desired that his name might be put up again, and that the further conduct of the matter might be left to himself. Accordingly, on the evening when he was to be balloted for, Sheridan arrived at Brookes's arm-in-arm with the Prince of Wales, just ten minutes before the balloting began. They

were shown into the candidates' waiting-room, when one of the club-waiters was ordered to tell Mr. Selwyn that the Prince desired to speak with him immediately. Selwyn obeyed the summons, and Sheridan, to whom this version of the affair states, Sheridan had no personal dislike, entertained him for half-an-hour with some political story, which interested him very much, but had no foundation in truth. During Selwyn's absence, the balloting went on, and Sheridan was chosen ; and the result was announced to himself and the Prince by the waiter, with the preconcerted signal of stroking his chin with his hand. Sheridan immediately rose from his seat, and apologizing for a few minutes' absence, told Selwyn that "the Prince would finish the narrative, the catastrophe of which he would find very remarkable."

Sheridan now went upstairs, was introduced to the Club, and was soon in all his glory. The Prince, in the meantime, had not the least idea of being left to conclude a story, the thread of which (if it had a thread) he had entirely forgotten. Still, by means of Selwyn's occasional assistance, the Prince got on pretty well for a few minutes when a question from the listener as to the flat contradiction of a part of His Royal Highness' story to that of Sheridan, completely posed the narrator, and he stuck fast. After much floundering, the Prince burst into a loud laugh, saying, "D—n the fellow, to leave me to finish the infernal story, of which I know as much as a child unborn ! But, never mind, Selwyn ; as Sheridan does not seem inclined to come back, let me go upstairs, and I dare say Fox or some of them will be able to tell you all about it." They adjourned to the club-room, and Selwyn now detected the manoeuvre. Sheridan then rose, made a low bow, and apologized to Selwyn, through his dropping into such good company, adding, "They have just been making me a member, without even *one black ball*, and here I am." "The devil they have !" exclaimed Selwyn.—"Facts speak for themselves," said Sheridan ; "and I thank you for your

friendly suffrage ; and now, if you will sit down by us, I will finish my story.”—“Your story ! it is all a lie from beginning to end,” exclaimed Selwyn, amidst loud laughter from all parts of the room.

Among the members who indulged in high play was Alderman Combe, who is said to have made as much money in this way as he did by brewing. One evening, whilst he filled the office of Lord Mayor, he was busy at a full hazard table at Brookes’s, where the wit and the dice-box circulated together with great glee, and where Beau Brummell was one of the party. “Come, Mashtub,” said Brummell, who was the *caster*, “what do you *set* ?”—“Twenty-five guineas,” answered the Alderman.—“Well, then,” returned the Beau, “have at the mare’s pony” (25 guineas). He continued to throw until he drove home the brewer’s twelve ponies, running ; and then, getting up, and making him a low bow, whilst pocketing the cash, he said, “Thank you, alderman ; for the future, I shall never drink any porter but yours.”—“I wish, Sir,” replied the brewer, “that every other black-guard in London would tell me the same.”

### “Fighting Fitzgerald” at Brookes’s.

This notorious person, George Robert Fitzgerald, though nearly related to one of the first families in Ireland (Leinster), was executed in 1786, for a murder which he had coolly premeditated, and had perpetrated in a most cruel and cowardly manner.

His duelling propensities had kept him out of all the first Clubs in London. He once applied to Admiral Keith Stewart to propose him as a candidate for Brookes’s ; when the Admiral, knowing that he must either fight or comply with his request, chose the latter. Accordingly, on the night when the ballot was to take place (which was only a mere form in this case, for even Keith Stewart had resolved to *black ball* him), the duellist accompanied the Admiral to St. James’s.

street, and waited in the room below, while the ballot was taken. This was soon done ; for, without hesitation, each member threw in a *black ball* ; and when the scrutiny came, the company were not a little amazed to find not even *one* white ball among the number. However, the rejection being carried *nem. con.*, the question was, which of the members had the hardihood to announce the result to the expectant candidate. No one would undertake the office, for the announcement was thought sure to produce a challenge ; and a duel with Fitzgerald had, in most cases, been fatal to his opponent. The general opinion was that the proposer, Admiral Stewart, should convey the intelligence. "No, gentlemen," said he, "I proposed the fellow because I knew you would not admit him ; but, by Jove, I have no inclination to risk my life against that of a madman."

"But, Admiral," replied the Duke of Devonshire,\* "there being no *white ball* in the box, he must know that *you* have black-balled him as well as the rest, and he is sure to call you out at all events."

This posed the Admiral, who, after some hesitation, proposed that the waiter should tell Fitzgerald that there was *one* black ball, and that his name must be put up again if he wished it. All concurred in the propriety of this plan, and the waiter was despatched on the mission. In the meantime, Fitzgerald had frequently rung the bell to inquire "the state of the poll," and had sent each waiter to ascertain, but neither durst return, when Mr. Brookes took the message from the waiter who was descending the staircase, and boldly entered the room, with a coffee equipage in his hand. "Did you call for coffee, Sir?" said Mr. Brookes, smartly. "D—n your coffee, Sir! and you too," answered Mr. Fitzgerald, in a voice which made the host's blood run cold.

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\* This was the *bon-vivant* Duke who had got ready for him every night, for supper, at Brookes's, a broiled blade-bone of mutton.



"I want to know, Sir, and that without one moment's delay, Sir, if I am *chose* yet?"

"Oh, Sir!" replied Mr. Brookes, attempting to smile away the appearance of fear, "I beg your pardon, Sir, but I was just coming to announce to you, Sir, with Admiral Stewart's compliments, Sir, that unfortunately there was one black ball in the box, Sir; and consequently, by the rules of the Club, Sir, no candidate can be admitted without a new election, Sir;—which cannot take place, by the standing regulations of the Club, Sir, until one month from this time, Sir."

During this address, Fitzgerald's irascibility appeared to undergo considerable mollification; and at its close, he grasped Brooke's hand, saying, "My dear Brookes, *I'm chose*; but there must be a small matter of mistake in my election:—" he then persuaded Brookes to go upstairs, and make his compliments to the gentlemen, and say, as it was only a mistake of *one* black ball, they would be so good as to waive all ceremony on his account, and proceed to *re-elect* their humble servant without any more delay at all." Many of the members were panic-struck, foreseeing a disagreeable finale to the farce which they had been playing. Mr. Brookes stood silent, waiting for the answer. At length, the Earl of March, (afterwards Duke of Queensberry) said aloud "Try the effect of *two* balls: d—n his Irish impudence, if two balls don't take effect upon him, I don't know what will." This proposition was agreed to, and Brookes was ordered to communicate the same.

On re-entering the waiting-room, Mr. Fitzgerald eagerly inquired, "Have they *elected* me right, now, Mr. Brookes?" the reply was, "Sorry to inform you that the result of the second balloting is—that *two* black balls were dropped, Sir."—"Then," exclaimed Fitzgerald, "there's now *two mistakes* instead of one." He then persuaded Brookes again to proceed upstairs, and tell the honourable members to "try again, and make no more mistakes." General

Fitzpatrick proposed that Brookes should reply, "His cause was all hopeless, for that he was *black-balled all over*, from head to foot, and it was hoped by all the members that Mr. Fitzgerald would not persist in thrusting himself into society where his company was declined." This message was of no avail: no sooner had Fitzgerald heard it than he exclaimed: "Oh, I perceive it is a *mistake altogether*, Mr. Brookes, and I must see to the rectifying of it myself, there's nothing like *daling* with principals; so, I'll step up at once, and put this thing to rights, without any more unnecessary delay."

In spite of Mr. Brookes's remonstrance, that his entrance into the Club-room was against all rule and etiquette, Fitzgerald flew upstairs, and entered the room without any further ceremony than a bow, saying to the members, who indignantly rose at the intrusion, "Your servant, gentlemen—I beg ye will be *sated*."

Walking up to the fireplace, he thus addressed Admiral Stewart:—"So, my dear Admiral, Mr. Brookes informs me that I have been *elected* three times."

"You have been balloted for, Mr. Fitzgerald, but I am sorry to say you have not been chosen," said Stewart.

"Well, then," replied the duellist, "did *you* black ball me?"—"My good Sir," answered the Admiral, "how could you suppose such a thing?"—"Oh, I *supposed* no such thing, my dear fellow; I only want to know who it was that dropped the black balls in by accident, as it were!"

Fitzgerald now went up to each individual member, and put the same question *seriatim*, "Did you black-ball me, Sir?" until he made the round of the whole Club; and in each case he received a reply similar to that of the Admiral. When he had finished his inquisition, he thus addressed the whole body: "You see, Gentlemen, that as none of ye have black-balled me, *I must be chose*; and it is Mr. Brookes that has made the mistake. But I was convinced of it from the beginning, and I am only sorry that so much time has been

lost as to prevent honourable gentlemen from enjoying each other's company sooner." He then desired the waiter to bring him a bottle of champagne, that he might drink long life to the Club, and wish them joy of their unanimous election of a *rael* gentleman by father and mother, and *who never missed his man.*"

The members now saw that there was nothing to be done but to send the intruder to Coventry, which they appeared to do by tacit agreement; for when Admiral Stewart departed, Mr. Fitzgerald found himself *cut* by all his "dear friends." The members now formed parties at the whist-table; and no one replied to Fitzgerald's observations nor returned even a nod to the toasts and healths which he drank in three bottles of champagne, which the terrified waiter placed before him, in succession. At length, he arose, made a low bow, and took leave, promising to "come earlier next night, and have a little more of it." It was then agreed that half-a-dozen stout constables should be in waiting the next evening to bear him off to the watch-house, if he attempted again to intrude. Of this measure, Fitzgerald seemed to be aware; for he never again showed himself at Brookes's; though he boasted everywhere that he had been unanimously chosen a member of the Club.

### Arthur's Club.

This Club, established more than a century since, at No. 69, St. James's-street, derives its name from Mr. Arthur, the master of White's Chocolate-house in the same street. Mr. Cunningham records: "Arthur died in June, 1761, in St. James's-place; and in the following October, Mr. Mackreth married Arthur's only child, and Arthur's Chocolate-house, as it was then called, became the property of this Mr. Mackreth."

Walpole, writing in 1759, has this odd note: "I stared to-day at Piccadilly like a country squire; there are twenty

new stone houses : at first I concluded that all the grooms that used to live there, had got estates and built palaces. One young gentleman, who was getting an estate, but was so indiscreet as to step out of his way to rob a comrade, is convicted, and to be transported ; in short, one of the waiters at Arthur's. George Selwyn says, 'What a horrid idea he will give us of the people in Newgate !'

Mackreth prospered ; for Walpole, writing to Mann, in 1774, speaking of the New Parliament, says : "Bob, formerly a waiter at White's, was set up by my nephew for two boroughs, and actually is returned for Castle Rising with Mr. Wedderburne ;

' Servus curru portatur eodem ;'

which I suppose will offend the Scottish Consul, as most of his countrymen resent an Irishman standing for Westminster, which the former reckon a borough of their own. For my part, waiter for waiter, I see little difference ; they were all equally ready to cry, 'Coming, coming, Sir.'

Mackreth was afterwards knighted ; and upon him appeared this smart and well-remembered epigram :

When Mackreth served in Arthur's crew,  
He said to Rumbold, "Black my shoe ;"  
To which he answer'd, "Ay, Bob."  
But when return'd from India's land,  
And grown too proud to brook command,  
He sternly answer'd, "Nay, Bob."

The Club-house was rebuilt in 1825, upon the site of the original Chocolate-house, Thomas Hopper, architect, at which time it possessed more than average design : the front is of stone, and is enriched with fluted Corinthian columns.

### White's Club.

This celebrated Club was originally established as "White's Chocolate-house," in 1698, five doors from the bottom of the west side of St. James's-street, "ascending from St.

James's Palace." (Hatton, 1708.) A print of the time shows a small garden attached to the house: at the tables in the house or garden, more than one highwayman took his chocolate, or threw his main, before he quietly mounted his horse, and rode down Piccadilly towards Bagshot." (Doran's *Table Traits*.) It was destroyed by fire, April 28, 1733, when the house was kept by Mr. Arthur, who subsequently gave his name to the Club called Arthur's, still existing a few doors above the original White's. At the fire, young Arthur's wife leaped out of a second floor window, upon a feather-bed, without much hurt. A fine collection of paintings, belonging to Sir Andrew Fountaine, valued at 3000*l.*, was entirely destroyed. The King and the Prince of Wales were present above an hour, and encouraged the firemen and people to work at the engines; a guard being ordered from St. James's to keep off the populace. His Majesty ordered twenty guineas to be distributed among the firemen and others that worked at the engines, and five guineas to the guard; and the Prince ordered the firemen ten guineas. "The incident of the fire," says Mr. Cunningham, "was made use of by Hogarth, in Plate VI. of the *Rake's Progress*, representing a room at White's. The total abstraction of the gamblers is well expressed by their utter inattention to the alarm of the fire given by watchmen, who are bursting open the doors. Plate IV. of the same pictured moral represents a group of chimney-sweepers and shoe-blacks gambling on the ground over-against White's. To indicate the Club more fully, Hogarth has inserted the name Black's.

Arthur, thus burnt out, removed to Gaunt's Coffee-house, next the St. James's Coffee-house, and which bore the name of "White's"—a myth. The *Tatler*, in his first Number, promises that "all accounts of gallantry, pleasure, and entertainment, shall be under the article of White's Chocolate-house." Addison, in his Prologue to Steele's *Tender Husband*, catches "the necessary spark" sometimes "taking snuff at White's."

The Chocolate-house, open to any one, became a private Club-house: the earliest record is a book of rules and list of members of the old Club at White's, dated October 30th, 1736. The principal members were the Duke of Devonshire; the Earls of Cholmondeley, Chesterfield, and Rockingham; Sir John Cope, Major-General Churchill, Bubb Dodington, and Colley Cibber. Walpole tells us that the celebrated Earl of Chesterfield lived at White's, gaming and pronouncing witticisms among the boys of quality; "yet he says to his son, that a member of a gaming club should be a cheat; or he will soon be a beggar," an inconsistency which reminds one of old Fuller's saw: "A father that whipt his son for swearing, and swore himself whilst he whipt him, did more harm by his example than good by his correction."

Swift, in his *Essay on Modern Education*, gives the Chocolate-house a sad name. "I have heard," he says, "that the late Earl of Oxford, in the time of his ministry, never passed by White's Chocolate-house (the common rendezvous of infamous sharpers and noble cullies) without bestowing a curse upon that famous Academy, as the bane of half the English nobility."

The gambling character of the Club may also be gathered from Lord Lyttelton writing to Dr. Doddridge, in 1750. "The Dryads of Hagley are at present pretty secure, but I tremble to think that the rattling of a dice-box at White's may one day or other (if my son should be a member of that noble academy) shake down all our fine oaks. It is dreadful to see, not only there, but almost in every house in town what devastations are made by that destructive fury, the spirit of play."

Swift's character of the company is also borne out by Walpole, in a letter to Mann, December 16, 1748: "There is a man about town, Sir William Burdett, a man of very good family; but most infamous character. In short, to give you his character at once, there is a wager entered in the

bet-book at White's (a MS. of which I may one day or other give you an account), that the first baronet that will be hanged is this Sir William Burdett."

Again, Glover, the poet, in his *Autobiography*, tells us : "Mr. Pelham (the Prime Minister) was originally an officer in the army, and a professed gamester ; of a narrow mind, low parts, etc. . . . By long experience and attendance he became experienced as a Parliament man ; and even when Minister, divided his time to the last between his office and the club of gamesters at White's." And, Pope, in the *Dunciad*, has :

Or chair'd at White's, amidst the doctors sit,  
Teach oaths to gamesters, and to nobles wit.

The Club removed, in 1755, to the east side of St. James's-street, No. 38. The house had had previously, a noble and stately tenant ; for here resided the Countess of Northumberland, widow of Algernon, tenth Earl of Northumberland, who died 1688. "My friend Lady Suffolk, her niece by marriage," writes Walpole, "has talked to me of her having, on that alliance, visited her. She then lived in the house now White's, at the upper end of St. James's-street, and was the last who kept up the ceremonious state of the old peerage. When she went out to visit, a footman, bareheaded, walked on each side of her coach, and a second coach with her women attended her. I think, too, that Lady Suffolk, told me that her granddaughter-in-law, the Duchess of Somerset, never sat down before her without leave to do so. I suppose, the old Duke Charles [the proud Duke] had imbibed a good quantity of his stately pride in such a school." (*Letter to the Bishop of Dromore*, September 18, 1792.) This high-minded dame had published a "Volume of Prayers."

Among the Rules of the Club, every member was to pay one guinea a year towards having a good cook ; the names of all candidates were to be deposited with Mr. Arthur or Bob [Mackreth]. In balloting, every member was to put

in his ball, and such person or persons who refuse to comply with it, shall pay the supper reckoning of that night and, in 1769, it was agreed that 'every member of this Club who is in the Billiard-Room at the time the Supper is declared upon table, shall pay his reckoning if he does not sup at the Young Club.'"

Of Colley Cibber's membership we find this odd account in Davies's *Life of Garrick*:—"Colley, we told, had the honour to be a member of the great Club at White's; and so I suppose might any other man who wore good clothes, and paid his money when he lost it. But on what terms did Cibber live with this society? Why, he feasted most sumptuously, as I have heard his friend Victor say, with an air of triumphant exultation, with Mr. Arthur and his wife, and gave a trifle for his dinner. After he had dined, when the Club-room door was opened, and the Laureate was introduced, he was saluted with loud and joyous acclamation of 'O King Coll! Come in King Coll!' and 'Welcome, welcome, King Colley!' and this kind of gratulation, Mr. Victor thought, was very gracious and very honourable."

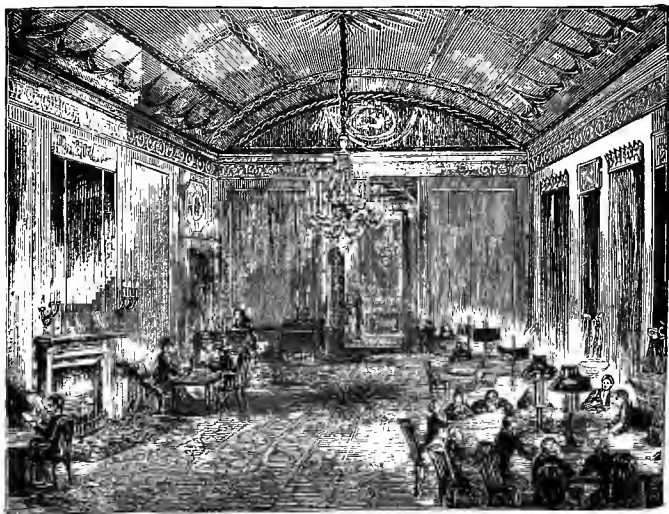
In the Rules quoted by Mr. Cunningham, from the Club-books, we find that in 1780, a dinner was ready every day during the sitting of Parliament, at a reckoning of 12s. per head; in 1797, at 10s. 6d. per head, malt liquors, biscuits, oranges, apples, and olives included; hot suppers provided at 8s. per head; and cold meat, oysters, etc., at 4s., malt liquor only included. And, "that Every Member who plays at Chess, Draughts, or Backgammon do pay One Shilling each time of playing by daylight, and half-a-crown each by candlelight."

White's was from the beginning principally a gaming Club. The play was mostly at hazard and faro; no member was to hold a faro Bank. Whist was comparatively harmless. Professional gamblers, who lived by dice and cards, provided they were free from the imputation of cheating, procured admission to White's. It was a great supper-house, and there





Don Saltero's Coffee House, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. (See *Tatler*, No. 34.)



Subscription Rooms, Brookes' Club. (Whig.)



was play before and after supper, carried on to a late hour and heavy amounts. Lord Carlisle lost 10,000*l.* in one night, and was in debt to the house for the whole. He tells Selwyn of a set, in which at one point of the game, stood to win 50,000*l.* Sir John Bland, of Kippax Park, who shot himself in 1755, as we learn from Walpole, flirted away his whole fortune at hazard. "He t'other night exceeded what was lost by the late Duke of Bedford, having at one period of the night, (though he recovered the greater part of it,) lost two-and-thirty thousand pounds."

Lord Mountford came to a tragic end through his gambling. He had lost money; feared to be reduced to distress; asked for a Government appointment, and determined to throw the die of life or death, on the answer he received from Court. The answer was unfavourable. He consulted several persons, indirectly at first, afterwards pretty directly—on the easiest mode of finishing life; invited a dinner-party for the day after; supped at White's, and played at whist till one o'clock of the New Year's morning. Lord Robert Bertie drank to him "a happy new year;" he clapped his hand strangely to his eyes. In the morning he sent for a lawyer and three witnesses; executed his will; made them read it twice over, paragraph by paragraph; asked the lawyer if that will would stand good though a man were to shoot himself? Being assured it would, he said, "Pray stay, while I step into the next room,"—went into the next room, and shot himself.

Walpole writes to Mann: "John Damier and his two brothers have contracted a debt, one can scarcely expect to be believed out of England,—of 70,000*l.* . . . The young men of this age seem to make a law among themselves for declaring their fathers superannuated at fifty, and thus dispose of their estates as if already their own." "Can you believe that Lord Foley's two sons have borrowed money so extravagantly, that the interest they have contracted to pay, amounts to 18,000*l.* a year."

Fox's love of play was frightful : his best friends are said to have been half-ruined in annuities, given by them as securities for him to the Jews. Five hundred thousand a year of such annuities, of Fox and his Society, were advertised to be sold, at one time : Walpole wondered what Fox would do when he had sold the estates of all his friends. Here are some instances of his desperate play. Walpole further notes that in the debate on the Thirty-nine Articles, February 6, 1772, Fox did not shine, "nor could it be wondered at. He had sat up playing at hazard at Almack's, from Tuesday evening the 4th, till five in the afternoon of Wednesday, 5th. An hour before he had recovered 12,000*l.* that he had lost, and by dinner, which was at five o'clock, he had ended losing 11,000*l.* On the Thursday, he spoke in the above debate; went to dinner at past eleven at night; from thence to White's, where he drank till seven the next morning; thence to Almack's, where he won 6,000*l.*; and between three and four in the afternoon he set out for Newmarket. His brother Stephen lost 11,000*l.* two nights after, and Charles 10,000*l.* more on the 13th; so that, in three nights, the two brothers, the eldest not twenty-five, lost 32,000*l.*"

Walpole and a party of friends, (Dick Edgcombe, George Selwyn, and Williams,) in 1756, composed a piece of heraldic satire—a coat-of-arms for the two gaming-clubs at White's,—which was "actually engraving from a very pretty painting of Edgcombe, whom Mr. Chute, as Strawberry King at arms," appointed their chief herald-painter. The blazon is vert (for a card-table); three parolis proper on a chevron sable (for a hazard-table); two rouleaux in saltire between two dice proper, on a canton sable; a white ball (for election) argent. The supporters are an old and young knave of clubs; the crest, an arm out of an earl's coronet shaking a dice-box; and the motto, "Cogit amor nummi." Round the arms is a claret-bottle ticket by way of order. The painting above mentioned by Walpole of "the Old and

Young Club at Arthur's" was bought at the sale of Strawberry Hill by Arthur's Club-house for twenty-two shillings.

At White's, the least difference of opinion invariably ended in a bet, and a book for entering the particulars of all bets was always laid upon the table; one of these, with entries of a date as early as 1744, Mr. Cunningham tells us, had been preserved. A book for entering bets is still laid on the table.

In these betting books are to be found bets on births, deaths, and marriages; the length of a life, or the duration of a ministry; a placeman's prospect of a coronet; on the shock of an earthquake; or the last scandal at Ranelagh, or Madame Cornelys's. A man dropped down at the door of White's; he was carried into the house. Was he dead or not? The odds were immediately given and taken for and against. It was proposed to bleed him. Those who had taken the odds the man was dead, protested that the use of a lancet would affect the fairness of the bet.

Walpole gives some of these narratives as good stories "made on White's." A parson coming into the Club on the morning of the earthquake of 1750, and hearing bets laid whether the shock was caused by an earthquake or the blowing-up of powder-mills, went away in horror, protesting they were such an impious set, that he believed if the last trump were to sound, they would bet puppet-show against Judgment." Gilly Williams writes to Selwyn, 1764, "Lord Digby is very soon to be married to Miss Fielding." Thousands might have been won in this house (White's), on his Lordship not knowing that such a being existed.

Mr. Cunningham tells us that "the marriage of a young lady of rank would occasion a bet of a hundred guineas, that she would give birth to a live child before the Countess of ———, who had been married three or even more months before her. Heavy bets were pending, that Arthur, who was then a widower, would be married before a member of the Club of about the same age, and also a widower; and that

Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, would outlive the old Duchess of Cleveland."

"One of the youth at White's," writes Walpole to Mann, July 10, 1744, "has committed a murder, and intends to repeat it. He betted 1500*l.* that a man could live twelve hours under water; hired a desperate fellow, sunk him in a ship, by way of experiment, and both ship and man have not appeared since. Another man and ship are to be tried for their lives, instead of Mr. Blake, the assassin."

Walpole found at White's, a very remarkable entry in their very—very remarkable wager-book, which is still preserved. "Lord Mountford bets Sir John Bland twenty guineas that Nash outlives Cibber." "How odd," says Walpole, "that these two old creatures, selected for their antiquities, should live to see both their wagers put an end to their own lives! Cibber is within a few days of eighty-four, still hearty, and clear, and well. I told him I was glad to see him look so well. 'Faith,' said he, 'it is very well that I look at all.'" Lord Mountford would have been the winner: Cibber died in 1757; Nash in 1761.

Here is a nice piece of Selwyn's ready wit. He and Charles Townshend had a kind of wit combat together. Selwyn, it is said, prevailed; and Charles Townsend took the wit home in his carriage, and dropped him at White's. "Remember" said Selwyn, as they parted, "this is the first set-down you have given me to-day."

"St. Leger," says Walpole, "was at the head of these luxurious heroes—he is the hero of all fashion. I never saw more dashing vivacity and absurdity with some flashes of parts. He had a cause the other day for ducking a sharper, and was going to swear; the judge said to him, 'I see, Sir, you are very ready to take an oath.' 'Yes, my Lord,' replied St. Leger, 'my father was a judge.'" St. Leger was a lively club member. "Rigby," writes the Duke of Bedford, July 2, 1751, "the town is grown extremely thin within this week, though White's continues numerous

enough, with young people only, for Mr. St. Leger's vivacity, and the idea the old ones have of it, prevent the great chairs at the Old Club from being filled with their proper drowsy proprietors."

In Hogarth's gambling scene at White's, we see the highwayman, with the pistols peeping out of his pocket, waiting by the fireside till the heaviest winner takes his departure, in order to "recoup" himself of his losings. And in the *Beaux' Strategem*, Aimwell asks of Gibbet, "Ha'nt I seen your face at White's?"—"Ay, and at Will's too," is the highwayman's answer.

M'Clean, the fashionable highwayman, had a lodging in St. James's-street, over against White's; and he was as well known about St. James's as any gentleman who lived in that quarter, and who, perhaps, went upon the road too. When M'Clean was taken, in 1750, Walpole tells us that Lord Mountford, at the head of half White's, went the first day; his aunt was crying over him; as soon as they were withdrawn, she said to him, knowing they were of White's, "My dear, what did the Lords say to you? Have you ever been concerned with any of them? Was it not admirable? What a favourable idea people must have of White's!—and what if White's should not deserve a much better?"

A waitership at a club sometimes led to fortune. Thomas Rumbold, originally a waiter at White's, got an appointment in India, and suddenly rose to be Sir Thomas, and Governor of Madras. On his return, with immense wealth, a bill of pains and penalties were brought into the House by Dundas, with the view of stripping Sir Thomas of his ill-gotten gains. This bill was briskly pushed through the earlier stages; suddenly the proceedings were arrested by adjournment, and the measure fell to the ground. The rumour of the day attributed Rumbold's escape to the corrupt assistance of Rigby; who, in 1782, found himself, by Lord North's retirement, deprived of his place in the Pay Office, and called upon to refund a large amount of public

moneys unaccounted for. In this strait, Rigby was believed to have had recourse to Rumbold. Their acquaintance had commenced in earlier days, when Rigby was one of the boldest "punters" at White's, and Rumbold bowed to him for half-crowns. Rumbold is said to have given Rigby a large sum of money, on condition of the former being released from the impending pains and penalties. The truth of this report has been vehemently denied; but the circumstances are suspicious. The bill was dropped: Dundas, its introducer, was Rigby's intimate associate. Rigby's nephew and heir soon after married Rumbold's daughter. Sir Thomas himself had married a daughter of Dr. Law, Bishop of Carlisle. The worthy Bishop stood godfather to one of Rumbold's children; the other godfather was the Nabob of Arcot, and the child was christened "Mahomet." So, at least, Walpole informs Mann.\*

Rigby was a man of pleasure at White's. Wilkes, in the *North Briton*, describes Rigby as "an excellent *bon-vivant*, amiable and engaging; having all the gibes and gambols, and flashes of merriment, which set the table in a roar." In a letter to Selwyn, Rigby writes: "I am just got home from a cock-match, where I have won forty pounds in ready money; and not having dined, am waiting till I hear the rattle of the coaches from the House of Commons, in order to dine at White's. . . . The next morning I heard there had been extreme deep play, and that Harry Furnese went drunk from White's at six o'clock, and with the ever memorable sum of 1000 guineas. He won the chief part of Doneraile and Bob Bertie."

The Club has had freaks of epicurism. In 1751, seven young men of fashion, headed by St. Leger, gave a dinner at White's; one dish was a tart of choice cherries from a hot-house; only one glass was tasted out of each bottle of champagne. "The bill of fare has got into print," writes

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\* "National Review," No. 8.



Walpole, to Mann; "and with good people has produced the apprehension of another earthquake."

From Mackreth the property passed in 1784, to John Martindale, and in 1812, to Mr. Raggett, the father of the present proprietor. The original form of the house was designed by James Wyatt. From time to time, White's underwent various alterations and additions. In the autumn of 1850, certain improvements being thought necessary, it came to be considered that the front was of too plain a character, when contrasted with the many elegant buildings which had risen up around it. Mr. Lockyer was consulted by Mr. Raggett as to the possibility of improving the façade; and under his direction, four bas-reliefs, representing the four seasons, which occupy the place of four sashes, were designed by Mr. George Scharf, jun. The interior was redecorated by Mr. Morant. The Club, which is at this time limited to 500 members, was formerly composed of the high Tory party, but though Conservative principles may probably prevail, it has now ceased to be a political club, and may rather be termed "Aristocratic." Several of the present members have belonged to the Club upwards of half a century, and the ancestors of most of the noblemen and men of fashion of the present day who belong to the Club were formerly members of it.

The Club has given magnificent entertainments in our time. On June 20, 1814, they gave a ball at Burlington House to the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and the allied sovereigns then in England; the cost was 9849*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* Three weeks after this, the Club gave to the Duke of Wellington a dinner, which cost 2480*l.* 10*s.* 9*d.*

### Boodle's Club.

This Club, originally the "Savoir vivre," which with Brookes's and White's, forms a trio of nearly coeval date, and each of which takes the present name of its founder, is

No. 28, St. James's-street. In its early records it was noted for its costly gaities, and the *Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers*, 1773, commemorates its epicurism :

For what is Nature? Ring her changes round,  
 Her three flat notes are water, plants, and ground ;  
 Prolong the peal, yet, spite of all your clatter,  
 The tedious chime is still ground, plants, and water ;  
 So, when some John his dull invention racks,  
 To rival Boodle's dinners or Almack's,  
 Three uncouth legs of mutton shock our eyes,  
 Three roasted geese, three buttered apple-pies.

In the following year, when the Clubs vied with each other in giving the town the most expensive masquerades and ridottos, Gibbon speaks of one given by the members of Boodle's, that cost 2000 guineas. Gibbon was early of the Club ; and, "it must be remembered, waddled as well as warbled here when he exhibited that extraordinary person which is said to have convulsed Lady Sheffield with laughter ; and poured forth accents mellifluous like Plato's from that still more extraordinary mouth which has been described as 'a round hole' in the centre of his face."\*

Boodle's Club-house, designed by Holland, has long been eclipsed by the more pretentious architecture of the Club edifices of our time ; but the interior arrangements are well planned. Boodle's is chiefly frequented by country gentlemen, whose status has been thus satirically insinuated by a contemporary : "Every Sir John belongs to Boodle's—as you may see, for, when a waiter comes into the room and says to some aged student of the *Morning Herald*, 'Sir John, your servant has come,' every head is mechanically thrown up in answer to the address."

Among the Club pictures are portraits of C. J. Fox, and the Duke of Devonshire. Next door, at No. 29, resided Gillray, the caricaturist, who, in 1815, threw himself from an upstairs window into the street, and died in consequence.

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\* London Clubs, 1853, p. 51.

## The Beef-steak Society.

In the *Spectator*, No. 9, March 10, 1710-11, we read: "The Beef-steak and October Clubs are neither of them averse to eating or drinking, if we may form a judgment of them from their respective titles." This passage refers to the Beef-steak Club, founded in the reign of Queen Anne; and, it is believed, the earliest Club with that name. Dr. King, in his *Art of Cookery*, humbly inscribed to the *Beef-steak Club*, 1709, has these lines:

He that of honour, wit, and mirth partakes,  
 May be a fit companion o'er Beefsteaks:  
 His name may be to future times enrolled  
 In Estcourt's book, whose gridiron's framed with gold.

Estcourt, the actor, was made Providore of the Club; and for a mark of distinction wore their badge, which was a small gridiron of gold, hung about his neck with a green silk ribbon. Such is the account given by Chetwood, in his *History of the Stage*, 1749; to which he adds: "this Club was composed of the chief wits and great men of the nation." The gridiron, it will be seen hereafter, was assumed as its badge, by the "Society of Beef-steaks, established a few years later: they call themselves 'the Steaks,' and abhor the notion of being thought a Club." Though the *National Review*, heretical as it may appear, cannot consent to dissever the Society from the earlier Beef-steak Club; which, however, would imply that Rich and Lambert were not the founders of the Society, although so circumstantially shown to be. Still, the stubbornness of facts must prevail.

Dick Estcourt was beloved by Steele, who thus introduces him in the *Spectator*, No. 358: "The best man that I know of for heightening the real gaiety of a company is Estcourt, whose jovial humour diffuses itself from the highest person at an entertainment to the meanest waiter. Merry tales, accom-

panied with apt gestures and lively representations of circumstances and persons, beguile the gravest mind into a consent to be as humorous as himself. Add to this, that when a man is in his good graces, he has a mimicry that does not debase the person he represents, but which, taken from the gravity of the character, adds to the agreeableness of it."

Then, in the *Spectator*, No. 264, we find a letter from Sir Roger de Coverley, from Coverley, "To Mr. Estcourt, at his House in Covent Garden," addressing him as "Old Comical One," and acknowledging "the hogsheads of neat port came safe," and hoping next term to help fill Estcourt's Bumper "with our people of the Club." The Bumper was the tavern in Covent Garden, which Estcourt opened about a year before his death. In this quality Parnell speaks of him in the beginning of one of his poems:—

Gay Bacchus liking Estcourt's wine  
A noble meal bespoke us,  
And for the guests that were to dine  
Brought Comus, Love, and Jocus.

The *Spectator* delivers this merited eulogy of the player, just prior to his benefit at the theatre: "This pleasant fellow gives one some idea of the ancient Pantomime, who is said to have given the audience in dumb-show, an exact idea of any character or passion, or an intelligible relation of any public occurrence, with no other expression than that of his looks and gestures. If all who have been obliged to these talents in Estcourt will be at *Love for Love* to-morrow night, they will but pay him what they owe him, at so easy a rate as being present at a play which nobody would omit seeing, that had, or had not, ever seen it before."

Then, in the *Spectator*, No. 468, August 27, 1712, with what touching pathos does Steele record the last exit of this choice spirit: "I am very sorry that I have at present a circumstance before me which is of very great importance to all who have a relish for gaiety, wit, mirth, or humour: I mean the death of poor Dick Estcourt. I have been obliged to him for so

many hours of jollity, that it is but a small recompense, though all I can give him, to pass a moment or two in sadness for the loss of so agreeable a man. . . . Poor Estcourt ! Let the vain and proud be at rest, thou wilt no more disturb their admiration of their dear selves ; and thou art no longer to drudge in raising the mirth of stupid, who know nothing of thy merit, for thy maintenance." Having spoken of him "as a companion and a man qualified for conversation,"—his fortune exposing him to an obsequiousness towards the worst sort of company, but his excellent qualities rendering him capable of making the best figure in the most refined, and then having told of his maintaining "his good humour with a countenance or a language so delightful, without offence to any person or thing upon earth, still preserving the distance his circumstances obliged him to,"—Steele concludes with "I say, I have seen him do all this in such a charming manner, that I am sure none of those I hint at will read this, without giving him some sorrow for their abundant mirth, and one gush of tears for so many bursts of laughter. I wish it were any honour to the pleasant creature's memory, that my eyes are too much suffused to let me go on——" We agree with Leigh Hunt that Steele's "overfiness of nature was never more beautifully evinced in any part of his writings than in this testimony to the merits of poor Dick Estcourt."

Ned Ward, in his *Secret History of Clubs*, first edition, 1709, describes the Beef-steaks, which he coarsely contrasts with "the refined wits of the Kit-Cat." This new Society giliado'd beef eaters first settled their meeting at the sign of the Imperial Phiz, just opposite to a famous conventicle in the Old Jury, a publick-house that has been long eminent for the true British quintessence of malt and hops, and a broiled sliver off the juicy rump of a fat, well-fed bullock. . . . This noted boozing ken, above all others in the City, was chosen out by the Rump-steak admirers, as the fittest mansion to entertain the Society, and to gratify their

appetites with that particular dainty they desired to be distinguished by. [The Club met at the place appointed, and chose for Prolocutor, an Irish comedian]. No sooner had they confirmed their Hibernian mimic in his honourable post, but to distinguish him from the rest, they made him a Knight of St. Lawrence, and hung a silver gridiron (?) about his neck, as a badge of the dignity they had conferred upon him, that when he sung *Pretty Parrot*, he might thrum upon the bars of his new instrument, and mimic a haughty Spaniard serenading his Donna with guitar and madrigal. The Zany, as proud of his new fangle as a German mountebank of a prince's medal, when he was thus dignified and distinguished with his culinary symbol hanging before his breast, took the highest post of honour, as his place at the board, where, as soon as seated, there was not a bar in the silver kitchen-stuff that the Society had presented him with, but was presently handled with a theatrical pun, or an Irish witticism. . . . Orders were despatched to the superintendent of the kitchen to provide several nice specimens of their Beef-steak cookery, some with the flavour of a shalot or onion; some broil'd, some fry'd, some stew'd, some toasted, and others roasted, that every judicious member of the new erected Club might appeal to his palate, and from thence determine whether the house they had chosen for their rendezvous truly deserved that public fame for their inimitable management of a bovinary sliver which the world had given them. . . . When they had moderately supplied their beef stomachs, they were all highly satisfy'd with the choice they had made, and from that time resolved to repeat their meeting once a week in the same place." [At the next meeting the constitution and bye-laws of the new little commonwealth were settled; and for the further encouragement of wit and pleasantry throughout the whole Society, there was provided a very voluminous paper book, "about as thick as a bale of Dutch linen, into which were to be entered every witty saying that should be spoke in the

Society :” this nearly proved a failure ; but Ward gives a taste of the performances by reciting some that had been stolen out of their Journal by a false Brother ; here is one :—]

## ON AN OX.

Most noble creature of the horned race,  
 Who labours at the plough to earn thy grass,  
 And yielding to the yoke, shows man the way }  
 To bear his servile chains, and to obey }  
 More haughty tyrants, who usurp the sway. }  
 Thy sturdy sinews till the farmer's grounds,  
 To thee the grazier owes his hoarded pounds :  
 'Tis by thy labour, we abound in malt,  
 Whose powerful juice the meaner slaves exalt ;  
 And when grown fat, and fit to be devour'd,  
 The pole-ax frees thee from the teasing goard :  
 Thus cruel man, to recompense thy pains,  
 First works thee hard, and then beats out thy brains.

Ward is very hard upon the Kit-Cat community, and tells us that the Beef-steaks, “like true Britons, to show their resentment in contempt of Kit-Cat pies, very justly gave the preference to a rump-steak, most wisely agreeing that the venerable word, beef, gave a more masculine grace, and sounded better in the title of a true English Club, than either pies or Kit-Cat ; and that a gridiron, which has the honour to be made the badge of a Saint's martyrdom, was a nobler symbol of their Christian integrity, than two or three stars or garters ; who learnedly recollecting how great an affinity the word bull has to beef, they thought it very consistent with the constitution of their Society, instead of a Welsh to have a Hibernian secretary. Being thus fixed to the great honour of a little alehouse, next door to the Church, and opposite to the Meeting, they continued to meet for some time ; till their fame spreading over all the town, and reaching the ears of the great boys and little boys, as they came in the evening from Merchant Taylors' School, they could not forbear hollowing as they passed the door ; and being acquainted with their nights of meeting, they

seldom failed when the divan was sitting, of complimenting their ears with 'Huzza! Beef-steak!'—that they might know from thence, how much they were revered for men of learning by the very school-boys."

"But the modest Club," says Ward, "not affecting popularity, and choosing rather to be deaf to all public flatteries, thought it an act of prudence to adjourn from thence into a place of obscurity, where they might feast knuckle-deep in luscious gravy, and enjoy themselves free from the noisy addresses of the young scholastic rabble; so that now, whether they have healed the breach, and are again returned into the Kit-Cat community, from whence it is believed upon some disgust, they at first separated, or whether, like the Calves' Head Club they remove from place to place, to prevent discovery, I sha'n't presume to determine; but at the present, like Oates's army of pilgrims, in the time of the plot, though they are much talk'd of they are difficult to be found." The "Secret history" concludes with an address to the Club, from which these are specimen lines:

Such strenuous lines, so cheering, soft, and sweet,  
That daily flow from your conjunctive wit,  
Proclaim the power of Beef, that noble meat.  
Your tuneful songs such deep impression make,  
And of such awful beauteous strength partake,  
Each stanza seems an ox, each line a steak.  
As if the rump in slices, broil'd or stew'd  
In its own gravy, till divinely good,  
Turned all to powerful wit, as soon as chew'd.

To grind thy gravy out their jaws employ,  
O'er heaps of reeking steaks express their joy,  
And sing of Beef as Homer did of Troy.

We shall now more closely examine the origin and history of the Sublime Society of the Steaks, which has its pedigree, its ancestry, and its title-deeds. The gridiron of 1735 is the real gridiron on which its first steak was broiled. Henry Rich (Lun, the first Harlequin) was the founder, to whom



Garrick thus alludes in a prologue to the Irish experiment of a speaking pantomime :

When Lun appeared, with matchless art and whim,  
 He gave the power of speech to every limb.  
 Though masked and mute conveyed his true intent,  
 And told in frolic gestures what he meant ;  
 But now the motley coat and sword of wood,  
 Require a tongue to make them understood.

There is a letter extant, written by Nixon, the treasurer, probably to some artist, granting permission by the Beef-steak Society "to copy the original gridiron, and I have wrote on the other side of this sheet a note to Mr. White, at the Bedford, to introduce you to our room for the purpose making your drawing." The first spare moment I can take from my business shall be employed in making a short statement of the rise and establishment of the Beef-steak Society."

Rich, in 1732, left the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre for Covent Garden, the success of the *Beggars' Opera* having "made Gay rich and Rich gay." He was accustomed to arrange the comic business and construct the models of tricks for his pantomimes in his private room at Covent Garden. Here resorted men of rank and wit, for Rich's colloquial oddities were much relished. Thither came Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, the friend of Pope, and thus commemorated by Swift :

Mordanto fills the trump of fame ;  
 The Christian world his death proclaim ;  
 And prints are crowd'd with his name.  
 In journeys he outrides the post ;  
 Sits up till midnight with his host ;  
 Talks politics and gives the toast,  
 A skeleton in outward figure ;  
 His meagre corpse, though full of vigour,  
 Would halt behind him, were it bigger,  
 So wonderful his expedition ;  
 When you have not the least suspicion,  
 He's with you, like an apparition ;

Shines in all climates like a star ;  
In senates bold, and fierce in war ;  
A land-commandant and a tar.

He was then advanced in years, and one afternoon stayed talking with Rich about his tricks and transformations, and listening to his agreeable talk, until Rich's dinner-hour, two o'clock, had arrived. In all these colloquies with his visitors, whatever their rank, Rich never neglected his art. Upon one occasion, accident having detained the Earl's coach later than usual, he found Rich's chat so agreeable, that he was quite unconscious it was two o'clock in the afternoon; when he observed Rich spreading a cloth, then coaxing his fire into a clear cooking flame, and proceeding, with great gravity, to cook his own beef-steak on his own gridiron. The steak sent up a most inviting incense, and my Lord could not resist Rich's invitation to partake of it. A further supply was sent for; and a bottle or two of good wine from a neighbouring tavern prolonged their enjoyment to a late hour. But so delighted was the old Peer with the entertainment, that, on going away, he proposed renewing it at the same place and hour, on the Saturday following. He was punctual to his engagement, and brought with him three or four friends, "men of wit and pleasure about town," as M. Bouges would call them; and so truly festive was the meeting that it was proposed a Saturday's club should be held there, whilst the town remained full. A sumptuary law, even at this early period of the Society, restricted the bill of fare to beef-steaks, and the beverage to port-wine and punch.

However, the origin of the Society is related *with a difference*. Edwards, in his *Anecdotes of Painting*, relates that Lambert, many years principal scene-painter at Covent Garden Theatre, received, in his painting-room, persons of rank and talent; where, as he could not leave for dinner, he frequently was content with a steak, which he himself broiled upon the fire in his room. Sometimes the visitors partook of the hasty meal, and out of this practice grew the Beef-

steak Society, and the assembling in the painting-room. The members were afterwards accommodated with a room in the playhouse ; and when the Theatre was rebuilt, the place of meeting was changed to the Shakespeare Tavern, where was the portrait of Lambert, painted by Hudson, Sir Joshua Reynolds's master.

In the *Connoisseur*, June 6th, 1754, we read of the Society, "composed of the most ingenious artists in the Kingdom," meeting "every Saturday in a noble room at the top of Covent Garden Theatre," and never suffering "any diet except Beef-steaks to appear. These, indeed, are most glorious examples : but what, alas ! are the weak endeavours of a few to oppose the daily inroads of fricassees and soup-maigres ?"

However, the apartments in the theatre appropriated to the Society varied. Thus, we read of a painting-room even with the stage over the kitchen, which was under part of the stage nearest Bow-street. At one period, the Society dined in a small room over the passage of the theatre. The steaks were dressed in the same room, and when they found it too hot, a curtain was drawn between the company and the fire.

We shall now glance at the celebrities who came to the painting-room in the Lincoln's Inn Fields theatre, and the later locations of the Club, in Covent Garden. To the former came Hogarth and his father-in-law, Sir James Thornhill, stimulated by their love of the painter's art, and the equally potent charm of conviviality.

Churchill was introduced to the Steaks by his friend Wilkes ; but his irregularities were too much for the Society, which was by no means particular ; his desertion of his wife brought a hornets' swarm about him, so that he soon resigned, to avoid the disgrace of expulsion. Churchill attributed this flinging of the first stone to Lord Sandwich ; he never forgave the peccant Peer, but put him into the pillory of his fierce satire, which has outlived most of his other writings, and here it is :

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 cbbing 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.

Churchill, in a letter to Wilkes, says, "Your friends at the Beef-steak inquired after you last Saturday with the greatest zeal, and it gave me no small pleasure that I was the person of whom the inquiry was made." Charles Price was allowed to be one of the most witty of the Society, and it is related that he and Churchill kept the table in a roar.

Formerly, the members wore a blue coat, with red cape and cuffs ; buttons with the initials B. S. ; and behind the President's chair was placed the Society's halbert, which, with the gridiron, was found among the rubbish after the Covent Garden fire.

Mr. Justice Welsh was frequently chairman at the Beef-steak dinner. Mrs. Nollekens, his daughter, acknowledges that she often dressed a hat for the purpose, with ribbons similar to those worn by the yeomen of the guard. The Justice was a loyal man, but discontinued his membership when Wilkes joined the Society ; though the latter was *the* man at the Steaks.

To the Steaks Wilkes sent a copy of his infamous *Essay on Women*, first printed for private circulation ; for which Lord Sandwich—Jemmy Twitcher—himself, as we have seen, a member of the Society—moved in the House of Lords that Wilkes should be taken into custody ; a piece of treason as the act of one brother of the Steaks against another, fouler than even the trick of "dirty Kidgell," the parson, who, as a friend of the author, got a copy of the Essay from the printer, and then felt it his duty.

to denounce the publication ; he had been encouraged to inform against Wilkes's Essay by the Earl of March, afterwards Duke of Queensberry. However, Jemmy Twitcher himself was expelled by the Steaks the same year he assailed Wilkes for the Essay ; the grossness and blasphemy of the poem disgusted the Society ; and Wilkes never dined there after 1763 ; yet, when he went to France, they hypocritically made him an honorary member.

Garrick was an honoured member of the Steaks ; though he did not affect Clubs. The Society possess a hat and sword which David wore, probably on the night when he stayed so long with the Steaks, and had to play Ranger, at Drury-lane. The pit grew restless, the gallery bawled "Manager, manager !" Garrick had been sent for to Covent Garden, where the Steaks then dined. Carriages blocked up Russell-street, and he had to thread his way between them ; as he came panting into the theatre, "I think, David," said Ford, one of the anxious patentees, "considering the stake you and I have in this house, you might pay more attention to the business."—"True, my good friend," returned Garrick, "but I was thinking of my steak in the other house."

Many a reconciliation of parted friends has taken place at this Club. Peake, in his *Memoirs of the Colman Family*, thus refers to a reconciliation between Garrick and Colman the elder, through the Sublime Society :—

"Whether Mr. Clutterbuck or other friends interfered to reconcile the two dramatists, or whether the considerations of mutual interest may not in a great measure have aided in healing the breach between Colman and Garrick, is not precisely to be determined ; but it would appear, from the sub-joined short note from Garrick, that Colman must have made some overture to him.

"My dear Colman,—Becket has been with me, and tells me of your friendly intentions towards me. I should have been beforehand with you, had I not been ill with the beef-

steaks and arrack punch last Saturday, and was obliged to leave the play-house.

“ ‘He that parts us shall bring a brand from Heav’n,  
And fire us hence.

“ ‘Ever yours, old and new friend,

“ ‘D. GARRICK.’ ”

The beef-steaks, arrack punch, and Saturday, all savour very strongly of a visit to the Sublime Society held at that period in Covent Garden Theatre, where many a clever fellow has had his diaphragm disordered, before that time and since. Whoever has had the pleasure to join their convivial board ; to witness the never-failing good-humour which predominates there ; to listen to the merry songs, and to the sparkling repartee ; and to experience the hearty welcome and marked attention paid to visitors, could never have cause to lament, as Garrick has done, a trifling illness the following day. There must have been originally a wise and simple code of laws, which could have held together a convivial meeting for so lengthened a period.

Garrick had no slight tincture of vanity, and was fond of accusing himself, in the Chesterfield phrase, of the cardinal virtues. Having remarked at the Steaks that he had so large a mass of manuscript plays submitted to him, that they were constantly liable to be mislaid, he observed that, unpleasant as it was to reject an author’s piece, it was an affront to his feelings if it could not be instantly found ; and that for this reason he made a point of ticketing and labelling the play that was to be returned, that it might be forthcoming at a moment. “ A fig for your hypocrisy,” exclaimed Murphy across the table ; “ you know, Davy, you mislaid my tragedy two months ago, and I make no doubt you have lost it.”—“ Yes,” replied Garrick ; “ but you forgot, you ungrateful dog, that I offered you more than its value, for you might have had two manuscript farces in its stead.” This is the right paternity of an anecdote often told of other parties.

Jack Richards, a well-known presbyter of the Society, unless when the "fell serjeant," the gout, had arrested him, never absented himself from its board. He was recorder, and there is nothing in comedy equal to his passing sentence on those who had offended against the rules and observances of the Society. Having put on Garrick's hat, he proceeded to inflict a long, wordy harangue upon the culprit, who often endeavoured most unavailingly to stop him. Nor was it possible to see when he meant to stop. But the imperturbable gravity with which Jack performed his office, and the fruitless writhings of the luckless being on whom the shower of his rhetoric was discharged, constituted the amusement of the scene. There was no subject upon which Jack's exuberance of talk failed him; yet, in that stream of talk there was never mingled one drop of malignity, nor of unkind censure upon the erring or unhappy. He would as soon adulterate his glass of port-wine with water, as dash that honest though incessant prattle with one malevolent or ungenerous remark.

William Linley, the brother of Mrs. Sheridan, charmed the Society with his pure, simple English song: in a melody of Arne's, or of Jackson's of Exeter, or a simple air of his father's, he excelled to admiration,—faithful to the characteristic chastity of the style of singing peculiar to the Linley family. Linley had not what is called a fine voice, and port-wine and late nights did not improve his organ; but you forgot the deficiencies of his power, in the spirit and taste of his manner. He wrote a novel in three volumes, which was so schooled by the Steaks that he wrote no more: when the agony of wounded authorship was over, he used to exclaim to his tormentors:—

This is no flattery; these are the counsellors  
That feelingly persuade me what I am.

His merciless Zoilus brought a volume of the work in his pocket, and read a passage of it aloud. Yet, Linley never betrayed the irritable sulkiness of a roasted author, but took

the pleasantries that played around him with imperturbable good-humour: he laughed heartily at his own platitudes, and thus the very martyr of the joke became its auxiliary. Linley is said to have furnished Moore, for his *Life of Sheridan*, with the common-place books in which his brother-in-law was wont to deposit his dramatic sketches, and to bottle up his jokes he had collected for future use; but many pleasantries of Sheridan were deeply engraved on his recollection because they had been practised upon himself, or upon his brother Hozy (as Sheridan called him), who was an unailing butt, when he was disposed to amuse himself with a practical jest.

Another excellent brother was Dick Wilson, whose volcanic complexion had for many years been assuming deeper and deeper tints of carnation over the port-wine of the Society. Dick was a wealthy solicitor, and many years Lord Eldon's "port-wine-loving secretary." His fortunes were very singular. He was first steward and solicitor, and afterwards residuary legatee, of Lord Chedworth. He is said to have owed the favour of this eccentric nobleman to the legal acumen he displayed at a Richmond water-party. A pleasant lawn, under a spreading beech-tree in one of Mr. Cambridge's meadows, was selected for the dinner; but on pulling to the shore, behold a board in the tree proclaiming, "All persons landing and dining here will be prosecuted according to law." Dick Wilson contended that the prohibition clearly applied only to the joint act of "landing and dining" at the particular spot. If the party landed a few yards lower down, and then dined under the tree, only one member of the condition would be broken; which would be no legal infringement, as the prohibition—being of two acts, linked by a copulative—was not severable. This astute argument carried the day. The party dined under Mr. Cambridge's beech-tree, and, it is presumed, were not "prosecuted according to law." At all events, Lord Chedworth, who was one of the diners, was so charmed with



Dick's ready application of his law to practice, that he committed to him the management of his large and accumulating property.

Dick stood the fire of the Steaks with good humour; but he was sometimes unmercifully roasted. He had just returned from Paris, when Arnold, with great dexterity, drew him into some Parisian details, with great glee; for Dick was entirely innocent of the French language. Thus, in enumerating the dishes at a French table, he thought the *boulevards* delicious; when Cobbe called out, "Dick, it was well they did not serve you at the Palais Royal for sauce to your *boulevards*." The *riz de veau* he called a *rendezvous*; and he could not bear partridges served up *in shoes*; and once, intending to ask for a pheasant, he desired the waiter to bring him a *paysanne*! Yet, Dick was shrewd: calling one day upon Cobbe at the India House, Dick was left to himself for a few minutes, when he was found by Cobbe, on his return, exploring a map of Asia suspended on the wall: he was measuring the scale of it with compasses, and then applying them to a large tiger, which the artist had introduced as one of the animals of the country. "By heavens, Cobbe," exclaimed Dick, "I should never have believed it! Surely, it must be a mistake. Observe now—here," pointing to the tiger, "here is a tiger that measures two-and-twenty leagues. By heavens, it is scarcely credible."

Another of the noteworthy Steaks was "Old Walsh," commonly called "the Gentle Shepherd:" he began life as a servant of the celebrated Lord Chesterfield, and accompanied his natural son, Philip Stanhope, on the grand tour, as valet: after this he was made a Queen's messenger, and subsequently a Commissioner of Customs; he was a good-natured butt for the Society's jokes. Rowland Stephenson, the banker, was another Beef-Steaker, then respected for his clear head and warm heart, years before he became branded as a forger. At the same table was a capitalist of very high character—William Joseph Denison, who sat many years in

Parliament for Surrey, and died a *millionnaire*: he was a man of cultivated tastes, and long enjoyed the circle of the Steaks.

We have seen how the corner-stone of the sublime Society was laid. The gridiron upon which Rich had broiled his solitary steak, being insufficient in a short time for the supernumerary guests, the gridiron was enshrined as one of the tutelary and household emblems of the Club. Fortunately, it escaped the fire which consumed Covent Garden Theatre in 1808, when the valuable stock of wine of the Club shared the fate of the building; but *the gridiron was saved*. "In that fire, alas!" says the author of *The Clubs of London*, "perished the original archives of the Society. The lovers of wit and pleasantry have much to deplore in that loss, inasmuch as not only the names of many of the early members are irretrievably gone, but what is more to be regretted, some of their happiest effusions; for it was then customary to register in the weekly records anything of striking excellence that had been hit off in the course of the evening. This, however, is certain, that the Beef-steaks, from its foundation to the present hour, has been—

' native to famous wits

Or hospitable.'

That as guests or members, persons distinguished for rank, and social and convivial powers, have, through successive generations, been seated at its festive board—Bubb Dodington, Aaron Hill; Hoadley, author of *The Suspicious Husband*, and Leonidas Glover, are only a few names snatched from its early list. Sir Peere Williams, a gentleman of high birth and fashion, who had already shone in Parliament, was of the Club. Then came the days of Lord Sandwich, Wilkes, Bonnell Thornton, Arthur Murphy, Churchill, and Tickell. This is generally quoted as the golden period of the Society." Then there were the Colmans and Garrick; and John Beard, the singer, was president of the Club in 1784.

The number of the Steaks was increased from twenty-four to twenty-five, in 1785, to admit the Prince of Wales, an event of sufficient moment to find record in the *Annual Register* of the year: "On Saturday, the 14th of May, the Prince of Wales was admitted a member of the Beef-steak Club. His Royal Highness having signified his wish of belonging to that Society, and there not being a vacancy, it was proposed to make him an honorary member; but that being declined by his Royal Highness, it was agreed to increase the number from twenty-four to twenty-five, in consequence of which His Royal Highness was unanimously elected. The Beef-steak Club has been instituted just fifty years, and consists of some of the most classical and sprightly wits in the kingdom." It is curious to find the Society here termed a Club, contrary to its desire, for it stickled much for the distinction.

Arthur Murphy, the dramatist, John Kemble, the Dukes of Clarence and of Sussex, were also of the Steaks: these princes were both attached to the theatre; the latter to one of its brightest ornaments, Dorothy Jordan.

Charles, Duke of Norfolk, was another celebrity of the Steaks, and frequently met here the Prince of Wales. The Duke was a great gourmand, and, it is said, used to eat his dish of fish at a neighbouring tavern—the Piazza, or the Grand—and then join the Steaks. His *fidus Achates* was Charles Morris, the laureate-lyrist of the Steaks. Their attachment was unswerving, notwithstanding it has been impeached. The poet kept better hours than his ducal friend: one evening, Morris having left the dinner-table early, a friend gave some significant hints as to the improvement of Morris's fortunes: the Duke grew generous over his wine, and promised; the performance came, and Morris lived to the age of ninety-three to enjoy the realization.

The Duke took the chair when the cloth was removed. It was a place of dignity, elevated some steps above the table, and decorated with the insignia of the Society,

amongst which was suspended Garrick's *Ranger* hat. As the clock struck five, a curtain drew up, discovering the kitchen, in which the cooks were seen at work, through a sort of grating, with this inscription from Macbeth :—

If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well  
It were done quickly.

The steaks themselves were in the finest order, in devouring them no one surpassed His Grace of Norfolk: two or three steaks, fragrant from the gridiron, vanished, and when his labours were thought to be over, he might be seen rubbing a clean plate with a shalot for the reception of another. A pause of ten minutes ensued, and His Grace rested upon his knife and fork: he was tarrying for a steak from the middle of the rump of beef, where lurks a fifth essence, the perfect ideal of tenderness and flavour. The Duke was an enormous eater. He would often eat between three and four pounds of beef-steak; and after that take a Spanish onion and beet-root, chop them together with oil and vinegar, and eat them. After dinner, the Duke was ceremoniously ushered to the chair, and invested with an orange-coloured ribbon, to which a small silver gridiron\* was appended. In the chair he comported himself with urbanity and good humour. Usually, the president was the target, at which all the jests and witticisms were fired, but moderately; for though a characteristic equality reigned at the Steaks, the influences of rank and station were felt there, and courtesy stole insensibly upon those who at other times were merciless assailants on the chair. The Duke's conversation abounded with anecdote, terseness of phrase, and evidence of extensive reading, which were rarely impaired by the sturdy port-wine of the Society. Charles Morris, the bard of the Club, sang one or two of his own

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\* At the sale of the curiosities belonging to Mr. Harly, the comedian, at Gower-street, in November, 1858, a silver gridiron, worn by a member of the Steaks, was sold for 1*l.* 3*s.*

songs, the quintessence of convivial mirth and fancy ; at nine o'clock the Duke quitted the chair, and was succeeded by Sir John Hippisley, who had a terrible time of it : a storm of "arrow sleet and iron shower" whistled from all points in his ears : all rules of civilized warfare seemed suspended, and even the new members tried their first timid essays upon the Baronet, than whom no man was more prompt to attack others. He quitted the Society in consequence of an odd adventure which really happened to him, and which, being related with malicious fidelity by one of the Steaks, raised such a shout of laughter at the Baronet's expense that he could no longer bear it. Here is the story.

Sir John was an intelligent man ; Windham used to say of him that he was very near being a clever man. He was a sort of busy idler ; and his ruling passion was that of visiting remarkable criminals in prison, and obtaining their histories from their own lips. A murder had been committed, by one Patch, upon a Mr. Bligh, at Deptford ; the evidence was circumstantial, but the inference of his guilt was almost irresistible ; still many well-disposed persons doubted the man's guilt, and amongst them was Sir John, who thought the anxiety could only be relieved by Patch's confession. For this end, Sir John inportuned the poor wretch incessantly, but in vain. Patch persisted in asserting his innocence, till wearied with Hippisley's applications, he assured the Baronet that he would reveal to him, on the scaffold, all that he knew of Mr. Bligh's death. Flattered with being made the depository of this mysterious communication, Sir John mounted the scaffold with Patch, and was seen for some minutes in close conference with him. It happened that a simple old woman from the country was in the crowd at the execution. Her eyes, intent upon the awful scene, were fixed, by an accidental misdirection upon Sir John, whom she mistook for the person who was about to be executed ; and not waiting till the criminal was actually turned off, she went away with the wrong impres-

sion ; the peculiar face, and above all, the peculiar nose (a most miraculous organ), of Hippisley, being indelibly impressed upon her memory. Not many days after, the old lady met Sir John in Cheapside ; the certainty that he was Patch seized her so forcibly that she screamed out to the passing crowd, " It's Patch, it's Patch ; I saw him hanged ; Heaven deliver me !"—and then fainted. When this incident was first related at the Steaks, a mock inquest was set on foot, to decide whether Sir John was Patch or not, and unanimously decided in the affirmative.

Cobb, Secretary of the East India Company, was another choice spirit at the Steaks : once, when he filled the vice-chair, he so worried the poor president, an Alderman, that he exclaimed, " Would to Heaven, I had another vice-president, so that I had a *gentleman* opposite to me !"—" Why should you wish any such thing ?" rejoined Cobb ; " you cannot be more opposite to a gentleman than you are at present."

After the fire at Covent Garden, the Sublime Society were re-established at the Bedford, where they met until Mr. Arnold had fitted up apartments for their reception in the English Opera House. The Steaks continued to meet here until the destruction of the Theatre by fire, in 1830 ; after which they returned to the Bedford ; and, upon the re-building of the Lyceum Theatre, a dining-room was again provided for them. " The room they dine in," says Mr. Cunningham, " a little Escurial in itself, is most appropriately fitted up—the doors, wainscoting, and roof, of good old English oak, ornamented with gridirons as thick as Henry the Seventh's Chapel with the portcullis of the founder. Everything assumes the shape, or is distinguished by the representation, of their emblematic implement, the gridiron. The cook is seen at his office through the bars of a spacious gridiron, and the original gridiron of the Society, (the survivor of two terrific fires), holds a conspicuous position in the centre of the ceiling. Every member has the power of inviting a friend." The portraits

of several worthies of the Sublime Society were painted : one brother "hangs in chain," as Arnold remarked in alluding to the civic chain in which he is represented ; it was in allusion to the toga in which he is painted, that Brougham, being asked whether he thought it a likeness, remarked that it could not fail of being like him, "there was so much of the *fur* (thief) about it."

The author of the *Clubs in London*, who was a member of the Sublime Society, describes a right in favouring them, "a brotherhood, a sentiment of equality. How you would laugh to see the junior member emerging from the cellar, with half-a-dozen bottles in a basket ! I have seen Brougham employed in this honourable diplomacy, and executing it with the correctness of a butler. The Duke of Leinster, in his turn, took the same duty.

"With regard to Brougham, at first sight you would not set him down as having a natural and prompt alacrity for the style of humour that prevails amongst us. But Brougham is an excellent member, and is a remarkable instance of the peculiar influences of this peculiar Society on the human character. We took him just as the schools of philosophy, the bar, the senate, had made him. Literary, forensic, and parliamentary habits are most intractable materials, you will say, to make a member of the Steaks, yet no man has imbibed more of its spirit, and he enters its occasional gladiatorship with the greatest glee."

Admirable were the offhand puns and passes, which, though of a legal character, were played off by Bolland, another member of the Society. Brougham was putting hypothetically the case of a man convicted of felony, and duly hanged according to law ; but restored to life by medical appliances : and asked what would be the man's defence if again brought to trial. "Why," returned Bolland, "it would be for him to plead *a cord* and satisfaction." ["Accord and satisfaction" is a common plea in legal practice.] The same evening were talked over Dean

Swift's ingenious but grotesque puns upon the names of antiquity, such as Ajax, Archimedes, and others equally well known. Bolland remarked that when Swift was looking out for those humorous quibbles, it was singular that it should never have occurred to him that among the shades that accost Æneas in the sixth book of the *Æneid*, there was a Scotchman of the name of Hugh Forbes. Those who had read Virgil began to stare. "It is quite plain," said Bolland: "the ghost exclaims, 'Olim Euphorbus eram.'"

The following are the first twenty-four names of the Club, copied from their book :\*—

George Lambert.	John Boson.
William Hogarth.	Henry Smart.
John Rich.	John Huggins.
Lacy Ryan.	Hugh Watson.
Ebenezer Forrest.	William Huggins.
Robert Scott.	Edmund Tuffnell.
Thomas Chapman.	Thomas Salway.
Dennis Delane.	Charles Neale.
John Thornhill.	Charles Latrobe.
Francis Niveton.	Alexander Gordon.
Sir William Saunderson.	William Tathall.
Richard Mitchell.	Gabriel Hunt.

The following were subsequent members :—

Francis Hayman.	Mr. Beard.
Theo. Cibber.	Mr. Wilkes.
Mr. Saunders Welsh.	Lord Sandwich.
Thomas Hudson.	Prince of Wales.
John Churchill.	Mr. Havard.
Mr. Williamson.	Chas. Price.

In 1805 the members were—

Sir J. Boyd.	Prince of Wales,
Estcourt.	Charles Howard, Duke of
J. Travanion, jun.	Norfolk.
Earl of Suffolk.	Mingay.
Crossdill.	Johnson.
J. Kemble, expelled for his	Scudamore.
mode of conduct.	Haworth.

\* This and the subsequent lists have been printed by Mr. John Green.



November 6th, 1814:—

Stephenson.	Wilson.
Cobb.	Ellis.
Richards.	Walsh.
Sir J. Scott, Bart.	Linley.
Foley.	Duke of Norfolk.
Arnold.	Mayo.
Braddyll.	Duke of Sussex.
Nettleshipp.	Morrice.
Middleton.	Bolland.
Denison.	Lord Grantley.
Johnson.	Peter Moore.
Scudamore.	Dunn, Treasurer of Drury
Nixon.	Lane Theatre.
T. Scott.	

When the Club dined at the Shakspeare, in the room with the Lion's head over the mantelpiece, these popular actors were members:—

Lewis.	Pope.
Irish Johnson.	Holman.
Munden.	Simmonds.
Fawcett.	

Formerly, the table-cloths had gridirons in damask on them; their drinking-glasses bore gridirons; as did the plates also. Among the presents made to the Society are a punch-ladle, from Barrington Bradshaw; Sir John Boyd, six spoons; mustard pot, by John Trevanion, M.P.; two dozen water-plates and eight dishes, given by the Duke of Sussex; cruet-stand, given by W. Bolland; vinegar-glasses, by Thomas Scott. Lord Suffolk gave a silver cheese-toaster; toasted or stewed cheese being the wind-up of the dinner.

### Captain Morris,

#### THE BARD OF THE BEEF-STEAK SOCIETY.

Hitherto we have mentioned but incidentally Charles Morris, the Nestor and the laureate of the Steaks; but he merits fuller record. "Alas! poor Yorick! we knew him well;" we remember his "political vest," to which he

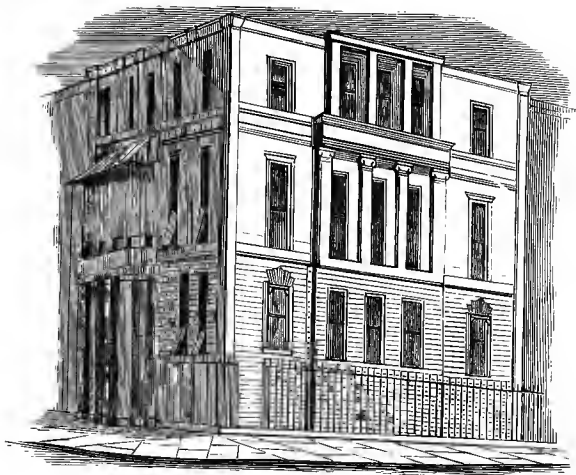
addressed a sweet lyric—"The Old Whig Poet to his Old Buff Waistcoat."\* Nor can we forget his courteous manner and his gentlemanly pleasantry, and his unflagging cheerfulness, long after he had retired to enjoy the delights of rural life, despite the early prayer of his racy verse :—

In town let me live then, in town let me die ;  
 For in truth I can't relish the country, not I.  
 If one must have a villa in summer to dwell,  
 Oh ! give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall.

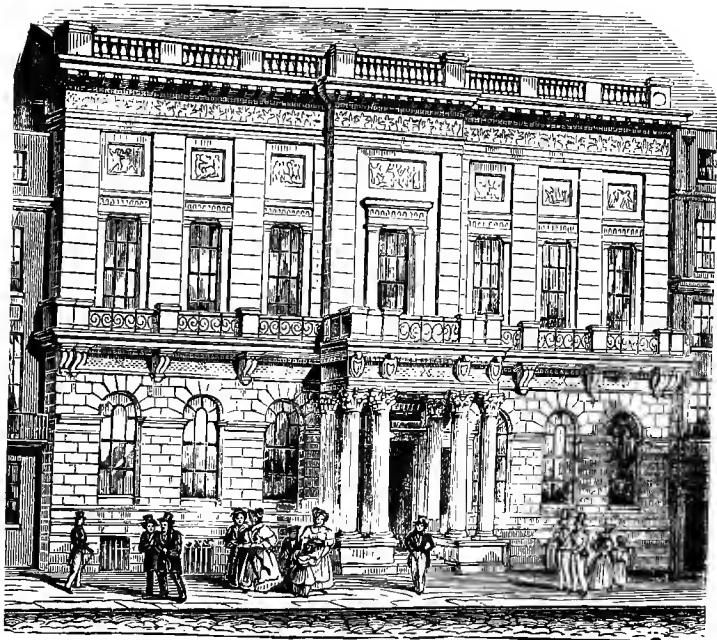
This "sweet shady side" has almost disappeared ; and of the palace whereat he was wont to shine, not a trace remains, save the name. Charles Morris was born of good family, in 1745, and appears to have inherited a taste for lyric composition ; for his father composed the popular song of *Kitty Crowder*. For half a century, Morris moved in the first circles of rank and gaiety : he was the "Sun of the table," at Carlton House, as well as at Norfolk House ; and attaching himself politically as well as convivially to his table companions, he composed the celebrated ballads of "Billy's too young to drive us," and "Billy Pitt and the Farmer," which were clever satires upon the ascendant politics of their day. His humorous ridicule of the Tories was, however, but ill repaid by the Whigs ; at least, if we may trust the Ode to the Buff Waistcoat, written in 1815. His "Songs Political and Convivial," many of which were sung at the Steaks' board, became very popular. In 1830, we possessed a copy of the 24th edition, with a portrait of the author, half-masked ; one of the ditties was described to have been "sung by the Prince of Wales to a certain lady," to the air of "There's a difference between a Beggar and a Queen ;" some of the early songs were condemned for their pruriency, and were omitted in subsequent editions. His best Anacreontic is the song *Ad Poculum*, for which Morris received the Gold Cup from the Harmonic Society :

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\* See *Century of Anecdote*, vol. i. p. 321.



United University Club, Pall Mall.



Oxford and Cambridge Club, Pall Mall.



Come, thou soul-reviving cup ;  
 Try thy healing art ;  
 Stir the fancy's visions up,  
 And warm my wasted heart.  
 Touch with freshening tints of bliss  
 Memory's fading dream.  
 Give me, while thy lip I kiss,  
 The heaven that's in thy stream.

As the witching fires of wine  
 Pierce through Time's past reign,  
 Gleams of joy that once were mine,  
 Glimpse back on life again.  
 And if boding terrors rise  
 O'er my melting mind,  
 Hope still starts to clear my eyes,  
 And drinks the tear behind.

Then life's wintry shades new drest,  
 Fair as summer seem ;  
 Flowers I gather from my breast,  
 And sunshine from the stream.  
 As the cheering goblets pass,  
 Memory culls her store ;  
 Scatters sweets around my glass,  
 And prompts my thirst for more.

Far from toils the great and grave  
 To proud ambition give,  
 My little world kind Nature gave,  
 And simply bade me live.  
 On me she fix'd an humble art,  
 To deck the Muse's groves,  
 And on the nerve that twines my heart  
 The touch of deathless love.

Then, rosy god, this night let me  
 Thy cheering magic share ;  
 Again let hope-fed Fancy see  
 Life's picture bright and fair.  
 Oh ! steal from care my heart away,  
 To sip thy healing spring ;  
 And let me taste that bliss to-day  
 To-morrow may not bring.

The friendship of the Duke of Norfolk and Charles Morris extended far beyond the Steaks meetings ; and the author of the *Clubs of London* tells us by what means the Duke's regard took a more permanent form. It appears that John Kemble had sat very late at one of the night potations at Norfolk House. Charles Morris had just retired, and a very small party remained in the dining-room, when His Grace of Norfolk began to deplore, somewhat pathetically, the smallness of the stipend upon which poor Charles was obliged to support his family ; observing, that it was a discredit to the age, that a man who had so long gladdened the lives of so many titled and opulent associates, should be left to struggle with the difficulties of an inadequate income at a time of life when he had no reasonable hope of augmenting it. Kemble listened with great attention to the Duke's *jeremiade* : but after a slight pause, his feelings getting the better of his deference, he broke out thus, in a tone of peculiar emphasis :—

“ And does your Grace sincerely lament the destitute condition of your friend, with whom you have passed so many agreeable hours ? Your Grace has described that condition most feelingly. But is it possible, that the greatest Peer of the realm, luxuriating amidst the prodigalities of fortune, should lament the distress which he does not relieve ? the empty phrase of benevolence—the mere breath and vapour of generous sentiment, become no man ; they certainly are unworthy of your Grace. Providence, my Lord Duke, has placed you in a station where the wish to do good and the doing it are the same thing. An annuity from your overflowing coffers, or a small nook of land, clipped from your unbounded domains, would scarcely be felt by your Grace ; but you would be repaid, my Lord, with usury ;—with tears of grateful joy ; with prayers warm from a bosom which your bounty will have rendered happy.”

Such was the substance of Kemble's harangue. Jack Bannister used to relate the incident, by ingeniously putting

the speech into blank verse, or rather the species of prose into which Kemble's phraseology naturally fell when he was highly animated. But, however expressed, it produced its effect. For though the Duke (the night was pretty far gone, and several bottles had been emptied) said nothing at the time, but stared with some astonishment at so unexpected a lecture; not a month elapsed before Charles Morris was invested with a beautiful retreat at Brockham, in Surrey, upon the bank of the river Mole, and at the foot of the noble range of which Box Hill forms the most picturesque point.

The Duke went to his rest in 1815. Morris continued to be the laureate of the Steaks until the year 1831, when he thus bade adieu to the Society in his eighty-sixth year:—

Adieu to the world ! where I gratefully own,  
 Few men more delight or more comfort have known :  
 To an age far beyond mortal lot have I trod  
 The path of pure health, that best blessing of God ;  
 And so mildly devout Nature temper'd my frame,  
 Holy patience still sooth'd when Adversity came ;  
 Thus with mind ever cheerful, and tongue never tired,  
 I sung the gay strains these sweet blessings inspired ;  
 And by blending light mirth with a moral-mix'd stave,  
 Won the smile of the gay and the nod of the grave.  
 But at length the dull languor of mortal decay  
 Throws a weight on its spirit too light for its clay ;  
 And the fancy, subdued, as the body's oppress,  
 Resigns the faint flights that scarce wake in the breast.  
 A painful memento that man 's not to play  
 A game of light folly through Life's sober day ;  
 A just admonition, though viewed with regret,  
 Still blessedly offered, though thanklessly met.  
 Too long, I perhaps, like the many who stray,  
 Have upheld the gay themes of the Bacchanal's day ;  
 But at length Time has brought, what it ever will bring,  
 A shade that excites more to sigh than to sing :  
 In this close of Life's chapter, ye high-favour'd few,  
 Take my Muse's last tribute—this painful adieu !  
 Take my wish, that your bright social circle on earth  
 For ever may flourish in concord and mirth

For the long years of joy I have shared at your board,  
 Take the thanks of my heart—where they long have been stored;  
 And remember, when Time tolls my last parting knell,  
 The "old bard" dropp'd a tear, and then bade ye—Farewell!

In 1835, however, Morris revisited the Society, who then presented him with a large silver bowl, appropriately inscribed, as a testimonial of their affectionate esteem; and the venerable bard thus addressed the brotherhood:—

Well, I'm come, my dear friends, your kind wish to obey,  
 And drive, by light mirth, all Life's shadows away;  
 And turn the heart's sighs to the throbbings of joy,  
 And a grave aged man to a merry old boy.  
 'Tis a bold transformation, a daring design,  
 And not past the power of Friendship and Wine;  
 And I trust that e'en yet this warm mixture will raise  
 A brisk spark of light o'er the shade of my days.

Shortly after this effusion, he thus alluded to the treasured gift of the Society:—

When my spirits are low, for relief and delight,  
 I still place your splendid Memorial in sight;  
 And call to my Muse, when care strives to pursue,  
 "Bring the Steaks to my Memory and the Bowl to my view."  
 When brought, at its sight all the *blue devils* fly,  
 And a world of gay visions rise bright to my eye;  
 Cold Fear shuns the cup where warm Memory flows;  
 And Grief, shamed by Joy, hides his budget of Woes.  
 'Tis a pure holy fount, where for ever I find  
 A sure double charm for the Body and Mind;  
 For I feel while I'm cheer'd by the drop that I lift,  
 I'm Blest by the Motive that hallows the Gift.

How nicely tempered is this chorus to our Bard's "Life's a Fable":—

Then roll along, my lyric song;  
 It seasons well the table,  
 And tells a truth to Age and Youth,  
 That Life's a fleeting fable.

Thus Mirth and Woe the brighter show  
 From rosy wine's reflection;



From first to last, this truth hath past—  
 'Twas made for Care's correction.  
 Now what those think who water drink,  
 Of these old rules of Horace,  
 I sha'n't now show ; but this I know,  
 His rules do well for *Morris*.  
 Old Horace, when he dipp'd his pen,  
 'Twas wine he had resort to ;  
 He chose for use Falernian juice,  
 As I choose old Oporto ;  
 At every bout an ode came out,  
 Yet Bacchus kept him twinkling ;  
 As well aware more fire was there,  
 Which wanted but the sprinkling.

At Brockham, Morris "drank the pure pleasures of the rural life" long after many a gay light of his own time had flickered out, and become almost forgotten. At length, his course ebbed away, July 11, 1838, in his ninety-third year ; his illness, which was only of four days, was internal inflammation. The attainment of so great an age, and the recollection of Morris's associations, show him to have presented a rare combination of mirth and prudence. He retained his *gaieté de cœur* to the last ; so that with equal truth he remonstrated :

When Life charms my heart, must I kindly be told,  
 I'm too gay and too happy for one that's so old ?

The venerable Bard's remains rest near the east end of his parish church of Betchworth, in the burial ground ; the grave is simply marked by a head and foot-stone, with an inscription of three or four lines : he who had sung the praises of so many choice spirits, has not here a stanza to his own memory : such is, to some extent, the natural *sequitur* with men who outlive their companions. Morris was staid and grave in his general deportment. Moore, in his *Diary*, has this odd note : "Lindley describes Colman at the Beefsteak Club quite drunk, making extraordinary noise while Captain Morris was singing, which disconcerted

the latter (who, strange to say, is a very grave, steady person) considerably." Yet, Morris could unbend, with great simplicity and feeling. We have often met him, in his patriarchal "blue and buff" (blue coat and buff waist-coat), in his walks about the lovely country in which he resided. Coming, one day, into the bookseller's shop, at Dorking, there chanced to be deposited a pianoforte; when the old Bard having looked around him, to see there were no strangers present, sat down to the instrument, and played and sang with much spirit the air of "The girl I left behind me:" yet he was then past his eightieth year.

Morris's ancient and rightful office at the Steaks was to *make the punch*, and it was amusing to see him at his laboratory at the sideboard, stocked with the various products that enter into the composition of that nectareous mixture: then smacking an elementary glass or two, and giving a significant nod, the fiat of its excellence; and what could exceed the ecstasy with which he filled the glasses that thronged around the bowl; joying over its mantling beauties, and distributing the fascinating draught

That flames and dances in its crystal bound?

"Well has our laureate earned his wreath," (says the author of *The Clubs of London*, who was often a participator in these delights). "At that table his best songs have been sung; for that table his best songs were written. His allegiance has been undivided. Neither hail, nor shower, nor snowstorm have kept him away: no engagement, no invitation seduced him from it. I have seen him there, 'outwatching the bear,' in his seventy-eighth year; for as yet nature had given no signal of decay in frame or faculty; but you saw him in a green and vigorous old age, tripping mirthfully along the downhill of existence, without languor, or gout, or any of the privileges exacted by time for the mournful privilege of living. His face is still resplendent

with cheerfulness. 'Die when you will, Charles,' said Curran to him, 'you will die in your youth.'

### Beef-steak Clubs.

There are other Beef-steak Clubs to be chronicled. Pyne, in his *Wine and Walnuts*, says: "At the same time the social Club flourished in England, and about the year 1749, a Beef-steak Club was established at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, of which the celebrated Mrs. Margaret Woffington was president. It was begun by Mr. Sheridan, but on a very different plan to that in London, no theatrical performer, save one *female*, being admitted; and though called a Club, the manager alone bore all the expenses. The plan was, by making a list of about fifty or sixty persons, chiefly noblemen and members of Parliament, who were invited. Usually about half that number attended, and dined in the manager's apartment in the theatre. There was no female admitted but this *Peg Woffington*, so denominated by all her contemporaries, who was seated in a great chair at the head of the table, and elected president for the season.

"It will readily be believed," says Mr. Victor, in his *History of the Theatres*, who was joint proprietor of the house, 'that a club where there were good accommodations, such a *lovely president*, full of wit and spirit, and *nothing to pay*, must soon grow remarkably fashionable.' It did so; but we find it subsequently caused the theatre to be pulled to pieces about the manager's head.

"Mr. Victor says of Mrs. Margaret, 'she possessed captivating charms as a jovial, witty bottle companion, but few remaining as a mere female.' We have Dr. Johnson's testimony, however, who had often gossiped with Mrs. Margaret in the green-room at old Drury, more in the lady's favour.

"This author (Victor) says, speaking of the Beef-steak

Club, 'It was a club of ancient institution in every theatre when the principal performers dined one day in the week together (generally Saturday), and authors and other geniuses were admitted members.'

The Club in Ivy-lane, of which Dr. Johnson was a member, was originally a Beef-steak Club.

There was also a political Club, called "the Rump Steak, or Liberty Club," in existence in 1733-4. The members were in eager opposition to Sir Robert Walpole.

At the Bell Tavern, Church-row, Houndsditch, was held the Beef-steak Club, instituted by Mr. Beard, Mr. Dunstall, Mr. Woodward, Stoppalea, Bencroft, Gifford, etc.—See *Memoirs of Charles Lee Lewis*, vol. ii. p. 196.

### Club at Tom's Coffee-house.

Covent-garden has lost many of its houses "studded with anecdote and history;" and the mutations among what Mr. Thackeray affectionately called its "rich cluster of brown taverns" are sundry and manifest. Its coffee-houses proper have almost disappeared, even in name. Yet, in the last century, in one short street of Covent-Garden—Russell-street—flourished three of the most celebrated coffee-houses in the metropolis: Will's, Button's, and Tom's. The reader need not be reminded of Will's, with Dryden, the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, and its wits' room on the first floor; or Button's, with its lion's head letter-box, and the young poets in the back room. Tom's, No. 17, on the north side of Russell-street, and of a somewhat later date, was taken down in 1865. The premises remained with but little alteration, long after they ceased to be a coffee-house. It was named after its original proprietor, Thomas West, who, Nov. 26, 1722, threw himself, in a delirium, from the second-floor window into the street, and died immediately (*Historical Register* for 1722). The upper portion of the premises was the coffee-house, under which lived T. Lewis, the bookseller, the original publisher, in 1711, of Pope's

*Essay on Criticism.* The usual frequenters upstairs may be judged of by the following passage in the *Journey through England*, first edit., 1714:—"After the play, the best company generally go to Tom's and Will's coffee-houses, near adjoining, where there is playing at piquet and the best conversation till midnight. Here you will see blue and green ribbons, with stars, sitting familiarly and talking with the same freedom as if they had left their quality and degrees of distance at home; and a stranger tastes with pleasure the universal liberty of speech of the English nation. And in all the coffee-houses you have not only the foreign prints, but several English ones, with the foreign occurrences, besides papers of morality and party disputes." Such were the Augustan delights of a memorable coffee-house of the reign of Queen Anne. Of this period is a recollection of Mr. Grignon, sen., having seen the "balcony of Tom's crowded with noblemen in their stars and garters, drinking their tea and coffee exposed to the people." We find an entry in Walpole's *Letters*, 1745:—"A gentleman, I don't know who, the other night at Tom's coffee-house, said, on Lord Baltimore refusing to come into the Admiralty because Lord Vere Beauclerk had the precedence, 'it put him in mind of Pinkethman's petition in the *Spectator*, where he complains that formerly he used to act second chair in "Dioctetian," but now he was reduced to dance fifth flower-pot.'"

In 1764 there appears to have been formed here, by a guinea subscription, a Club of nearly 700 members—the nobility, foreign ministers, gentry, and men of genius of the age; the large room on the first floor being the card-room. The Club flourished, so that in 1768, "having considerably enlarged itself of late," Thomas Haines, the then proprietor, took in the front room of the next house westward as a coffee-room. The front room of No. 17 was then appropriated exclusively as a card-room for the subscription club, each member paying one guinea annually; the adjoining apartment being used as a conversation-room. The sub-

scription-books are before us, and here we find in the long list the names of Sir Thomas Robinson, Bart, who was designated "Long Sir Thomas Robinson," to distinguish him from his namesake, Sir Thomas Robinson, created Lord Grantham in 1761. "Long Tom," as the former was familiarly called, was a Commissioner of Excise and Governor of Barbadoes. He was a sad bore, especially to the Duke of Newcastle, the minister, who resided in Lincoln's Inn Fields. However, he gave rise to some smart things. Lord Chesterfield being asked by the latter Baronet to write some verses upon him, immediately produced this epigram :—

Unlike my subject now shall be my song,  
It shall be witty, and it shan't be long.

Long Sir Thomas distinguished himself in this odd manner. When our Sovereign had not dropped the folly of calling himself "King of France," and it was customary at the Coronation of an English Sovereign to have fictitious Dukes of Aquitaine and Normandy to represent the vassalage of France, Sir Thomas was selected to fill the second mock dignity at the coronation of George III., to which Churchill alludes in his *Ghost*; but he assigns a wrong dukedom to Sir Thomas :

Could Satire not (though doubtful since  
Whether he plumber is or prince)  
Tell of a simple Knight's advance,  
To be a doughty peer of France?  
Tell how he did a dukedom gain,  
And Robinson was Aquitain.

Of the two Sir Thomas Robinsons, one was tall and thin, the other short and fat: "I can't imagine," said Lady Townsend, "why the one should be preferred to the other; I see but little difference between them: the one is as broad as the other is long."

Next on the books is Samuel Foote, who, after the decline of Tom's, was mostly to be seen at the Bedford.

Then comes Arthur Murphy, lately called to the Bar; David Garrick, who then lived in Southampton-street (though he was not a clubbable man); John Beard, the fine tenor singer; John Webb; Sir Richard Glynne; Robert Gosling, the banker; Colonel Eyre, of Marylebone; Earl Percy; Sir John Fielding, the justice; Paul Methuen, of Corsham; Richard Clive; the great Lord Clive; the eccentric Duke of Montagu; Sir Fletcher Norton, the ill-mannered; Lord Edward Bentinck; Dr. Samuel Johnson; the celebrated Marquis of Granby; Sir F. B. Delaval, the friend of Foote; William Tooke, the solicitor; the Hon. Charles Howard, sen.; the Duke of Northumberland; Sir Francis Gosling; the Earl of Anglesey; Sir George Brydges Rodney (afterwards Lord Rodney); Peter Burrell; Walpole Eyre; Lewis Mendez; Dr. Swinney; Stephen Lushington; John Gunning; Henry Brougham, father of Lord Brougham; Dr. Macnamara; Sir John Trevelyan; Captain Donellan; Sir W. Wolseley; Walter Chetwynd; Viscount Gage, etc.;— Thomas Payne, Esq., of Leicester House; Dr. Schomberg, of Pall-Mall; George Colman, the dramatist, then living in Great Queen Street; Dr. Dodd, in Southampton-row; James Payne, the architect, Salisbury-street, which he rebuilt; William Bowyer, the printer, Bloomsbury-square; Count Bruhl, the Polish Minister; Dr. Goldsmith, Temple (1773), etc. Many a noted name in the list of 700 is very suggestive of the gay society of the period. Among the Club musters, Samuel Foote, Sir Thomas Robinson, and Dr. Dodd are very frequent: indeed, Sir Thomas seems to have been something like a proposer-general.

Tom's appears to have been a general coffee-house; for in the parish books of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, is the entry:

	£.	s.	d.
46 Dishes of chocolate . . . . .	1	3	0
34 Jellies . . . . .	0	17	0
Biscuits . . . . .	0	2	3

Mr. Haines, the landlord, was succeeded by his son,

Thomas, whose daughter is living, at the age of eighty-four, and possesses a portrait, by Dance, of the elder Haines, who, from his polite address, was called among the Club "Lord Chesterfield." The above lady has also a portrait, in oil, of the younger Haines, by Grignon.

The coffee-house business closed in 1814, about which time the premises were first occupied by Mr. William Till, the numismatist. The card-room remained in its original condition; "And here," wrote Mr. Till, many years since, "the tables on which I exhibit my coins are those which were used by the exalted characters whose names are extracted from books of the Club, still in possession of the proprietress of the house." On the death of Mr. Till, Mr. Webster succeeded to the tenancy and collection of coins and medals, which he removed to No. 6, Henrietta-street, shortly before the old premises in Russell-street were taken down. He possesses, by marriage with the grand-daughter of the second Mr. Haines, the old Club books, as well as the curious memorial, the snuff-box of the Club-room. It is of large size, and fine tortoiseshell; upon the lid, in high relief, in silver, are the portraits of Charles I. and Queen Anne; the Boscobel oak, with Charles II. amid its branches; and at the foot of the tree, on a silver plate, is inscribed Thomas Haines. At Will's the small wits grew conceited if they dipped but into Mr. Dryden's snuffbox; and at Tom's the box may have enjoyed a similar shrine-like reputation. It is nearly all that remains of the old coffee-house in Covent Garden, save the recollection of the names of the interesting personages who once thronged its rooms in stars and garters, but who bore more intellectual distinctions to entitle them to remembrance.

### The King of Clubs.

This ambitious title was given to a Club set on foot about the year 1801. Its founder was Bobus Smith, the brother of the great Sydney Smith. The Club at first consisted of a



small knot of lawyers, a few literary characters, and visitors generally introduced by those who took the chief part in the conversation, and seemingly selected for the faculty of being good listeners.

The King of Clubs sat on Saturday of each month, at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, in the Strand, which, at that time, was a nest of boxes, each containing its Club, and affording excellent cheer, though latterly desecrated by indifferent dinners and very questionable wine. The Club was a grand talk, the prevalent topics being books and authors; politics quite excluded. Bobus Smith was a convivial member in every respect but that of wine; he was but a frigid worshipper of Bacchus, but he had great humour and a species of wit, that revelled amidst the strangest and most grotesque combinations. His manner was somewhat of the bow-wow kind; and when he pounced upon a disputatious and dull blockhead, he made sad work of him.

Then there was Richard Sharp, a partner of Boddington's West India house, who subsequently sat in Parliament for Port Arlington, in Ireland. He was a thinker and a reasoner, and occasionally controversial, but overflowed with useful and agreeable knowledge, and an unfailling stream of delightful information. He was celebrated for his conversational talents, and hence called "Conversation Sharp;" and he often had for his guest Sir James Mackintosh, with whom he lived in habits of intimacy. Mr. Sharp published a volume of *Letters and Essays in Prose and Verse*, of which a third edition appeared in 1834. Sharp was confessedly the first of the King of Clubs. He indulged but rarely in pleasantry; but when anything of the kind escaped him, it was sure to tell. One evening, at the club, there was a talk about Tweddel, then a student in the Temple, who had greatly distinguished himself at Cambridge, and was the Senior Wrangler and medalist of his year. Tweddel was not a little intoxicated with his University triumphs; which led Sharp to remark, "Poor fellow! he will soon find that his

Cambridge medal will not pass as current coin in London." Other frequent attendants were Scarlett (afterwards Lord Abinger); Rogers, the poet; honest John Allen, brother of the bluest of the blues, Lady Mackintosh; M. Dumont, the French émigrant, who would sometimes recite his friend the Abbé de Lisle's verses, with interminable perseverance, in spite of yawns and other symptoms of dislike, which his own politeness (for he was a highly-bred man) forbade him to interpret into the absence of it in others.

In this respect, however, he was outdone by Wishart, who was nothing but quotations, and whose prosing, when he did converse, was like the torpedo's touch to all pleasing and lively converse. Charles Butler, too, in his long life, had treasured up a considerable assortment of reminiscences, which, when once set going, came out like a torrent upon you; it was a sort of shower-bath, that inundated you the moment you pulled the string.

Curran, the boast of the Irish bar, came to the King of Clubs, during a short visit to London; there he met Erskine, but the meeting was not congenial. Curran gave some odd sketches of a Serjeant Kelly, at the Irish bar, whose whimsical peculiarity was an inveterate habit of drawing conclusions directly at variance with his premises. He had acquired the name of Counsellor Therefore. Curran said he was a perfect human personification of a *non sequitur*. For instance, meeting Curran on Sunday, near St. Patrick's, he said to him, "The Archbishop gave us an excellent discourse this morning. It was well written and well delivered, *therefore*, I shall make a point of being at the Four Courts to-morrow at ten." At another time, observing to a person whom he met in the street, "What a delightful morning this is for walking!" he finished his remark on the weather by saying, "Therefore I will go home as soon as I can, and stir out no more the whole day." His speeches in Court were interminable, and his *therefore* kept him going on, though every one thought he had done. "This is so clear

a point, gentlemen," he would tell the jury, "that I am convinced you felt it to be so the very moment I stated it. I should pay your understandings but a poor compliment to dwell on it for a minute; *therefore*, I will now proceed to explain it to you as minutely as possible."

Curran seemed to have no very profound respect for the character and talents of Lord Norbury. Curran went down to Carlow on a special retainer; it was in a case of ejection. A new Court-house had been recently erected, and it was found extremely inconvenient, from the echo, which reverberated the mingled voices of judge, counsel, crier, to such a degree, as to produce constant confusion, and great interruption of business. Lord Norbury had been, if possible, more noisy that morning than ever. Whilst he was arguing a point with the counsel, and talking very loudly, an ass brayed vehemently from the street, adjoining the Court-house, to the instant interruption of the Chief-Justice, "What noise is that?" exclaimed his Lordship. "Oh, my Lord," retorted Curran, "it is merely the echo of the Court."

### Watier's Club.

This Club was the great Macao gambling-house of a very short period. Mr. Thomas Raikes, who understood all its mysteries, describes it as very genteel, adding that no one ever quarrelled there. "The Club did not endure for twelve years altogether; the pace was too quick to last: it died a natural death in 1819, from the paralysed state of its members; the house was then taken by a set of blacklegs, who instituted a common bank for gambling. To form an idea of the ruin produced by this short-lived establishment among men whom I have so intimately known, a cursory glance to the past suggests the following melancholy list, which only forms a part of its deplorable results. . . . None of the dead reached the average age of man."

Among the members was Bligh, a notorious madman, of

whom Mr. Raikes relates :—" One evening at the Macao table, when the play was very deep, Brummell having lost a considerable stake, affected, in his farcical way, a very tragic air, and cried out, ' Waiter, bring me a flat candlestick and a pistol.' Upon which Bligh, who was sitting opposite to him, calmly produced two loaded pistols from his coat pocket, which he placed on the table, and said, ' Mr. Brummell, if you are really desirous to put a period to your existence, I am extremely happy to offer you the means without troubling the waiter.' The effect upon those present may easily be imagined, at finding themselves in the company of a known madman who had loaded weapons about him."

### Mr. Canning at the Clifford-street Club.

There was in the last century a debating Club, which boasted for a short time, a brighter assemblage of talent than is usually found to flourish in societies of this description. Its meetings, which took place once a month, were held at the Clifford-street Coffee-house, at the corner of Bond-street. The debaters were chiefly Mackintosh, Richard Sharp, a Mr. Ollyett Woodhouse ; Charles Moore, son of the celebrated traveller ; and Lord Charles Townshend, fourth son of the facetious and eccentric Marquis. The great primitive principles of civil government were then much discussed. It was before the French Revolution had " brought death into the world and all its woe."

At the Clifford-street Society, Canning generally took " the liberal side " of the above questions. His earliest prepossessions are well known to have inclined to this side ; but he evidently considered the Society rather as a school of rhetorical exercise, where he might acquire the use of his weapons, than a forum, where the serious professions of opinions, and a consistent adherence to them, could be fairly expected of him. One evening, the question for debate was " the justice and expediency of resuming the

ecclesiastical property of France." Before the debate began, Canning had taken some pains to ascertain on which side the majority of the members seemed inclined to speak; and finding that they were generally in favour of the resumption, he expressed his fears that the unanimity of sentiment would spoil the discussion; so, he volunteered to speak against it. He did so, and it was a speech of considerable power, chiefly in reply to the opener, who in a set discourse of some length, had asserted the revocable conditions of the property of the church, which, being created, he said, by the state, remained ever after at its disposition. Canning denied the proposition that ecclesiastical property was the creature of the state. He contended that though it might be so in a new government, yet, speaking historically, the great as well as the lesser ecclesiastical fiefs were coeval with the crown of France, frequently strong enough to maintain fierce and not unequal conflicts with it, and certainly not in their origin emanations from its bounty. The church, he said, came well dowered to the state, who was now suing for a divorce, in order to plunder her pin-money. He contended that the church property stood upon the same basis, and ought to be protected by the same sanctions, as private property. It was originally, he said, accumulated from the successive donations with which a pious benevolence sought to enrich the fountains, from which spiritual comfort ought to flow to the wretched, the poor, the forsaken. He drew an energetic sketch of Mirabeau, the proposer of the measure, by whose side, he remarked, the worst characters in history, the Cleons, the Catilines, the Cetheguses, of antiquity, would brighten into virtue. He said that the character of the lawgiver tainted the law. It was proffered to the National Assembly by hands hot and reeking from the cells of sensuality and vice; it came from a brain inflamed and distended into frenzy by habitual debauchery. These are, of course, but faint sketches of this very early specimen of Canning as

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most of his time over a bottle, he was, in derision, said to belong.

“The Everlasting Club consists of an hundred members, who divide the whole twenty-four hours among them in such a manner that the Club sits day and night, from one end of the year to another : no party presuming to rise till they are relieved by those who are in course to succeed them. By this means, a member of the Everlasting Club never wants company ; for though he is not upon duty himself, he is sure to find some who are ; so that if he be disposed to take a whet, a nooning, an evening’s draught, or a bottle after midnight, he goes to the Club, and finds a knot of friends to his mind.

“It is a maxim in this Club that the Steward never dies ; for as they succeed one another by way of rotation, no man is to quit the great elbow-chair, which stands at the upper end of the table, till his successor is ready to fill it ; inso-much that there has not been a *sede vacante* in their memory.

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



was at length agreed to sit out the other century. This resolution passed in a general club *nemine contradicente*.

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

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

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

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

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

*The Lawyer's Club* is thus described in the *Spectator*, No. 372 :—“This Club consists only of attorneys, and at this meeting every one proposes to the board the cause he has then in hand, upon which each member gives his judgment, according to the experience he has met with. If it happens that any one puts a case of which they have no precedent, it is noted down by their chief clerk, Will Goosequill (who registers all their proceedings), that one of them may go with it next day to a counsel. This is, indeed, commendable, and ought to be the principal end of their meeting; but had you been there to have heard them relate their methods of managing a cause, their manner of drawing out their bills, and, in short, their arguments upon the several ways of abusing their clients, with the applause that is given to him who has done it most artfully, you would before now have given your remarks.

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

*The Little Club*, we are told in the *Guardian*, No. 91, began by sending invitations to those not exceeding five feet in height to repair to the assembly, but many sent excuses, or pretended a non-application. They proceeded to fit up a room for their accommodation, and in the first place had all the chairs, stools, and tables removed, which had served the more bulky portion of mankind for many years, previous to which they laboured under very great disadvantages. The

President's whole person was sunk in the elbow-chair, and when his arms were spread over it, he appeared (to the great lessening of his dignity) like a child in a go-cart. It was also so wide in the seat, as to give a wag occasion of saying, that "notwithstanding the President sat in it, there was a *sede vacante*." "The table was so high, that one who came by chance to the door, seeing our chins just above the pewter dishes, took us for a circle of men that sat ready to be shaved, and sent in half-a-dozen of barbers. Another time, one of the Club spoke contumeliously of the President, imagining he had been absent, when he was only eclipsed by a flask of Florence, which stood on the table in a parallel line before his face. We therefore new-furnished the room, in all respects proportionably to us, and had the door made lower, so as to admit no man above five feet high without brushing his foretop; which, whoever does, is utterly unqualified to sit amongst us."

Mr. Daniel, in his *Merrie England in the Olden Time*, has collected a further list of Clubs existing in London in 1790. He enumerates the following:—The Odd Fellows' Club; the Humbugs (held at the Blue Posts, in Covent-garden); the Samsonic Society; the Society of Bucks; the Purl Drinkers; the Society of Pilgrims (held at the Woolpack, in the Kingsland-road); the Thespian Club; the Great Bottle Club; the Je ne sçai quoi Club (held at the Star and Garter in Pall-Mall, and of which the Prince of Wales, and the Dukes of York, Clarence, Orleans, Norfolk, Bedford, etc., were members); the Sons of the Thames Society; the Blue Stocking Club; the No Pay No Liquor Club (held at the Queen and Artichoke, in the Hampstead-road, and of which the ceremony, on a new member's introduction, was, after his paying a fee on entrance of one shilling, that he should wear a hat, throughout the first evening, made in the shape of a quart pot, and drink to the health of his brother members in a gilt goblet of ale); the Social Villagers (held at the Bedford Arms, in Camden-town), etc. Of the Vil-

lagers of our time, Sheridan Knowles, the dramatist, was a jovial member.

### Jacobite Club.

In the year 1854 a Correspondent of *Notes and Queries* communicated to that journal the following interesting reminiscences of a political Club, with characteristics of the reminiscent.

“The adherents of the Stuarts are now nearly extinct ; but I recollect a few years ago an old gentleman in London, who was then upwards of eighty years of age, and who was a staunch Jacobite. I have heard him say that, when he was a young man, his father belonged to a society in Aldersgate-street, called ‘The Mourning Bush ;’ and this Bush was to be always in mourning until the Stuarts were restored.” A member of this society having been met in mourning when one of the reigning family had died, was asked by one of the members how it so happened? His reply was, “that he was not mourning for the dead, but for the living.” The old gentleman was father of the Mercers’ Company, and his brother of the Stationers’ Company: they were bachelors, and citizens of the old school, hospitable, liberal, and charitable. An instance occurred that the latter had a presentation to Christ’s Hospital: he was applied to in behalf of a person who had a large family ; but the father not being a freeman, he could not present it to the son. He immediately bought the freedom for the father, and gave the son the presentation. This is a rare act. The brothers have long gone to receive the reward of their goodness, and lie buried in the cemetery attached to Mercers’ Hall, Cheap-side.”

By the above statement, the Club appears to have taken the name of the Mourning Bush Tavern, in Aldersgate, of which we shall have more to say hereafter.

## The Wittinagemot of the Chapter Coffee-house.

The Chapter Coffee-house, at the corner of Chapter-house Court, on the south side of Paternoster-row, was, in the last century, noted as the resort of men of letters, and was famous for its punch, pamphlets, and good supply of newspapers. It was closed as a coffee-house in 1854, and then altered to a tavern. Its celebrity, however, lay in the last century. In the *Connoisseur*, January 31, 1754, we read: "The Chapter Coffee-house is frequented by those encouragers of literature, and (as they are styled by an eminent critic) 'not the worst judges of merit,' the booksellers. The conversation here naturally turns upon the newest publications; but their criticisms are somewhat singular. When they say a *good* book, they do not mean to praise the style or sentiment, but the quick and extensive sale of it. That book is best which sells most; and if the demand for Quarles should be greater than for Pope, he would have the highest place on the rubric-post."

The house was much frequented by Chatterton, who writes to his mother: "I am quite familiar at the Chapter Coffee-house, and know all the geniuses there;" and to Mr. Mason: "Send me whatever you would have published, and direct for me, to be left at the Chapter Coffee-house, Paternoster-row." And, writing from "King's Bench for the present," May 14, 1770, Chatterton says: "A gentleman who knows me at the Chapter, as an author, would have introduced me as a companion to the young Duke of Northumberland, in his intended general tour. But, alas! I spake no tongue but my own."

Forster relates an anecdote of Oliver Goldsmith being paymaster at the Chapter, for Churchill's friend, Lloyd, who, in his careless way, without a shilling to pay for the entertainment, had invited him to sup with some friends of Grubstreet.

The Club celebrity of the Chapter was, however, the Wittinagemot, as the box in the north-east corner of the coffee-room was designated. Among its frequenters was Alexander Stephens, editor of the *Annual Biography and Obituary*, who died in 1824, and who left among his papers, printed in the *Monthly Magazine*, as "Stephensiana," his recollections of the Chapter, which he frequented in 1797 to 1805, where, he tells us, he always met with intelligent company. We give his reminiscences almost in his own words.

Early in the morning it was occupied by neighbours, who were designated the *Wet Paper Club*, as it was their practice to open the papers when brought in by the newsmen, and read them before they were dried by the waiter; a dry paper they viewed as a stale commodity. In the afternoon, another party enjoyed the *wet* evening papers; and (says Stephens) it was these whom I met.

Dr. Buchan, author of "Domestic Medicine," generally held a seat in this box; and though he was a Tory, he heard the freest discussion with good humour, and commonly acted as a moderator. His fine physiognomy, and his white hairs, qualified him for this office. But the fixture in the box was a Mr. Hammond, a Coventry manufacturer, who, evening after evening, for nearly forty-five years, was always to be found in his place, and during the entire period was much distinguished for his severe and often able strictures on the events of the day. He had thus debated through the days of Wilkes, of the American war, and of the French war, and being on the side of liberty, was constantly in opposition. His mode of arguing was Socratic, and he generally applied to his adversary the *reductio ad absurdum*, creating bursts of laughter.

The registrar or chronicler of the box was a Mr. Murray, an episcopal Scotch minister, who generally sat in one place from nine in the morning till nine at night; and was famous for having read, at least once through, every morning and

evening paper published in London during the last thirty years. His memory being good, he was appealed to whenever any point of fact within the memory of man happened to be disputed. It was often remarked, however, that such incessant daily reading did not tend to clear his views.

Among those from whom I constantly profited was Dr. Berdmore, the master of the Charterhouse; Walker, the rhetorician; and Dr. Towers, the political and historical writer. Dr. B. abounded in anecdote; Walker (the Dictionary-maker) to the finest enunciation united the most intelligent head I ever met with; and Towers, over his half-pint of Lisbon, was sarcastic and lively, though never deep.

Among our constant visitors was the celebrated Dr. George Fordyce, who, having much fashionable practice, brought news which had not generally transpired. He had not the appearance of a man of genius, nor did he debate, but he possessed sound information on all subjects. He came to the Chapter after taking his wine, and stayed about an hour, or while he sipped a glass of brandy-and-water; it was then his habit to take another glass at the London Coffee-house, and a third at the Oxford, before he returned to his house in Essex-street, Strand.

Dr. Gower, the urbane and able physician of the Middlesex, was another pretty constant visitor. And it was gratifying to hear such men as Fordyce, Gower, and Buchan in familiar chat. On subjects of medicine they seldom agreed, and when such were started, they generally laughed at one another's opinions. They seemed to consider Chapter punch, or brandy-and-water, as *aqua vitæ*; and, to the credit of the house, better punch could not be found in London. If any one complained of being indisposed, the elder Buchan exclaimed, "Now let me prescribe for you without a fee. Here, John or Isaac, bring a glass of punch for Mr. —, unless he likes brandy-and-water better. Take that, Sir, and I'll warrant you you'll soon be well."

You're a peg too low; you want stimulus, and if one glass won't do, call for a second."

There was a growling man of the name of Dobson, who, when his asthma permitted, vented his spleen upon both sides; and a lover of absurd paradoxes, author of some works of merit, but so devoid of principle, that deserted by his friends, he would have died for want, if Dr. Garthshore had not placed him as a patient in the empty Fever Institution.

Robinson, the king of the booksellers, was frequently of the party, as well as his brother John, a man of some talent: and Joseph Johnson the friend of Priestly, and Paine, and Cowper, and Fuseli, came from St. Paul's Churchyard.

Phillips, then commencing his "Monthly Magazine," was also on a keen look-out for recruits, and with his waistcoat pocket full of guineas, to slip his enlistment-money into their hand. Phillips, in the winter of 1795-6, lodged and boarded at the Chapter, and not only knew the characters referred to by Mr. Stephens, but many others equally original, from the voracious glutton in politics, who waited for the wet papers in the morning twilight, to the comfortless bachelor, who sat till the fire was raked out at half-past twelve at night, all of whom took their successive stations, like figures in a magic lantern.

Alexander Chalmers, the workman of the Robinsons, and through their introduction editor of many large books, also enlivened the box with many sallies of wit and humour. He always took much pains to be distinguished from his namesake, George, who, he used to say, carried "the leaden mace," and he was much provoked whenever he happened to be mistaken for his namesake.

Cahusac, a teacher of the classics; M'Leod, a writer in the newspapers: the two Parry's, of the "Courier," the organ of Jacobinism; and Captain Skinner, a man of elegant manners, who personated our nation in the procession of



Anacharsis Clootz, at Paris in 1793, were also in constant attendance.

One Baker, once a Spitalfields manufacturer, a great talker, and not less remarkable as an eater, was constant; but, having shot himself at his lodgings in Kirby-street, it was discovered that, for some years, he had had no other meal per day besides the supper which he took at the Chapter, where there being a choice of viands at the fixed price of one shilling, this, with a pint of porter, constituted his daily subsistence, till, his last resources failing, he put an end to himself.

Lowndes, the celebrated electrician, was another of our set, and a facetious man. Buchan the younger, son of the Doctor, generally came with Lowndes; and though somewhat dogmatical, yet he added to the variety and good intelligence of our discussions, which, from the mixture of company, were as various as the contents of the newspapers.

Dr. Busby, the musician, and an ingenious man, often obtained a hearing, and was earnest in disputing with the Tories. And Macfarlane, the author of the "History of George the Third," was generally admired for the soundness of his views; but this worthy man was killed by the pole of a coach, during an election procession of Sir Francis Burdett, from Brentford. Mr. W. Cook, author of "Conversation," constantly exemplified his own rules in his gentlemanly manners and well-timed anecdotes.

Kelly, an Irish schoolmaster, and a man of polished manners, kept up warm debates by his equivocating politics, and was often roughly handled by Hammond and others, though he bore his defeats with constant good humour.

There was a young man named Wilson, who acquired the distinction of Long-bow, from the number of extraordinary secrets of the *haut ton*, which he used to retail by the hour. He was an amusing person, who seemed likely to prove an acquisition to the Wittinagemot; but, having run up a score of thirty or forty pounds, he suddenly absented himself.

Miss Brun, the keeper of the Chapter, begged me, if I met with Wilson, to tell him she would give him a receipt for the past, and further credit to any amount, if he would only return to the house; "for," said she, "if he never paid us, he was one of the best customers we ever had, contriving, by his stories and conversation, to keep a couple of boxes crowded the whole night, by which we made more punch and more brandy-and-water, than from any other single cause whatever."

Jacob, afterwards an alderman and M.P., was a frequent visitor, and then as remarkable for his heretical, as he was subsequently for his orthodox, opinions in his speeches and writings.

Waithman, the active and eloquent Common Councilman, often mixed with us, and was always clear-headed and agreeable. One James, who had made a large fortune by vending tea, contributed many good anecdotes of the age of Wilkes.

Several Stockbrokers visited us; and among others of that description was Mr. Blake, the banker of Lombard-street, a remarkably intelligent old gentleman; and there was a Mr. Paterson, a North Briton, a long-headed speculator, who taught mathematics to Pitt.

Some young men of talent came among us from time to time; as Lovett, a militia officer; Hennell, a coal merchant, and some others; and these seemed likely to keep up the party. But all things have an end: Dr. Buchan died; some young sparks affronted our Nestor, Hammond, on which he absented himself, after nearly fifty years' attendance; and the noisy box of the Wittinagemot was, for some years previously to 1820, remarkable for its silence and dulness. The two or three last times I was at the Chapter, I heard no voice above a whisper; and I almost shed a tear on thinking of men, habits, and times gone by for ever!

We shall have more to say of the Chapter Coffee-house in Vol. II.

## The Roxburghe Club Dinners.

The Roxburghe Club claims its foundation from the sale of the library of the late John, Duke of Roxburghe, in 1812, which extended to forty-one days following, with a supplementary catalogue beginning Monday, July 13, with the exception of Sundays. Some few days before the sale, the Rev. Thomas Frognall Dibden, who claimed the title of founder of the Club, suggested the holding of a convivial meeting at the St. Alban's Tavern after the sale of June 17th, upon which day was to be sold the rarest lot, "Il Decamerone di Boccaccio," which produced 2260*l.* The invitation ran thus :—"The honour of your company is requested, to dine with the Roxburghe *dinner*, on Wednesday, the 17th instant." At the first dinner the number of members was limited to twenty-four, which at the second dinner was extended to thirty-one. The president of this club was Lord Spencer: among other celebrated members were the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquis of Blandford, Lord Morpeth, Lord Gower, Sir Mark Sykes, Sir Egerton Brydges, Mr. (afterwards) Baron Bolland, Mr. Dent, the Rev. T. C. Heber, Rev. Rob. Holwell Carr, Sir Walter Scott, etc.; Dr. Dibdin, secretary.

The avowed object of the Club was the reprinting of rare and ancient pieces of ancient literature; and, at one of the early meetings, "it was proposed and concluded for each member of the Club to reprint a scarce piece of ancient lore, to be given to the members, one copy being on vellum for the chairman, and only as many copies as members."

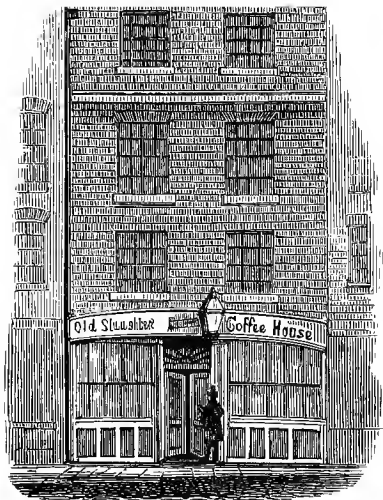
It may, however, be questioned whether "the dinners" of the Club were not more important than the literature. They were given at the St. Alban's, at Grillion's, at the Clarendon, and the Albion taverns; the *Amphytrions* evincing a *recherché* taste in the *carte*, as the Club did to their vellum reprints. Of these entertainments some curious details have

been recorded by the late Mr. Joseph Haslewood, one of the members, in a MS. entitled, "Roxburghe Revels; or, an Account of the Annual Display, culinary and festivoous, interspersed incidentally with Matters of Moment or Merriment." This MS. was, in 1833, purchased by the Editor of the *Athenæum*, and a selection from its rarities was subsequently printed in that journal. Among the memoranda, we find it noted that, at the second dinner, a few tarried, with Mr. Heber in the chair, until, "on arriving at home, the click of time bespoke a quarter to four." Among the early members was the Rev. Mr. Dodd, one of the masters of Westminster School, who, until the year 1818 (when he died), enlivened the Club with Robin-Hood ditties and similar productions. The fourth dinner was given at Grillion's, when twenty members assembled, under the chairmanship of Sir Mark Masterman Sykes. The bill on this occasion amounted to 57*l.*, or 2*l.* 17*s.* per man; and the twenty "lions" managed to dispose of drinkables to the extent of about 33*l.* The reckoning by Grillion's French waiter, is amusing:—

## Dinner du 17 Juin 1815.

20 . . . . .	200	0	(Not legible) . . . . .	0	14	0	
Desser . . . . .	20	0	Soder . . . . .	0	2	0	
Deu sorte de Glasse . . . . .	1	4	0	Biere e Ail . . . . .	0	6	0
Glasse pour 6 . . . . .	0	4	0	Por la Lettre . . . . .	0	2	0
5 Boutelle de Cham-				Pour faire un prune . . . . .	0	6	0
pagne . . . . .	4	0	0	Pour un fiacre . . . . .	0	2	0
7 Boutelle de harmetage	5	5	0				
1 Boutelle de Hok . . . . .	0	15	0		55	6	0
4 Boutelle de Port . . . . .	1	6	0	Waiters . . . . .	1	14	0
4 Boutelle de Maderre . . . . .	2	0	0				
22 Boutelle de Bordeaux	15	8	0				
2 Boutelle de Bourgogne	1	12	0		£57	0	0

The anniversary of 1818 was celebrated at the Albion, in Aldersgate-street: Mr. Heber was in the chair, and the Rev. Mr. Carr vice, *vive* Dr. Dibdin. Although only fifteen sat down, they seem to have eaten and drunk for the whole



Old Slaughter's Coffee House, St. Martin's Lane.



Tom's Coffee House, Great Russell Street, Covent Garden.



Club: it was, as Wordsworth says, "forty feeding like one;" and the bill, at the conclusion of the night, amounted to 85*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.* "Your cits," says Mr. Haslewood, "are the only men for a feast; and, therefore, behold us, like locusts, travelling to devour the good things of the land, eastward oh! At a little after seven, with our fancies much delighted, we fifteen sat down."

The bill of fare was as follows:—

## FIRST COURSE.

	Turtle.*	
Turtle Cutlets.	Turbot.	Turtle Fin.
Boiled Chickens.	<i>Frame.</i>	Ham.
Sauté of Haddock.		Chartreuse.
Turtle.		Turtle.
Tendrons of Lamb.	John Dory.	Filletts of Whitings.
Tongue.		R. Chickens.
Turtle Fin.	Turtle.*	Fricandeau of Turtle.

††† Cold Roast Beef on Side Tables.

\* These Tureens were removed for two dishes of White Bait.

## SECOND COURSE.

Venison (2 Haunches).

## THIRD COURSE.

Larded Poults.

Tart.		Cheese Cakes.
	Artichoke bottoms.	
Jelly.		Prawns.
R. Quails.		R. Leveret.
Salade Italienne.		Crème Italienne.
Cabinet Pudding.	Peas.	Tourt.
	R. Goose.	

The bill, as a specimen of the advantages of separate charges, as well as on other accounts, may be worth preserving :—

ALBION HOUSE.			
June 17, 1818.			
Bread and Beer . . .	0 9 0	Pine-ice creams . . .	1 16 0
Dinners . . . . .	9 9 0	Tea and Coffee . . .	1 8 0
Cheas and Butter . . .	0 9 0	Liqueures . . . . .	0 14 0
Lemons . . . . .	0 3 0	2 Haunches of Venison	10 10 0
Strong Beer . . . . .	0 9 0	Sweet sauce and dress-	
Madeira . . . . .	3 3 0	ing . . . . .	1 4 0
Champagne . . . . .	2 11 0	50 lbs. Turtle . . . .	12 10 0
Saturne (sic in MS.) .	1 4 0	Dressing do. . . . .	2 2 0
Old Hock . . . . .	4 16 0	Ice for Wine . . . . .	0 6 0
Burgundy . . . . .	0 18 0	Rosé Water . . . . .	0 5 0
Hermitage . . . . .	0 18 0	Soda Water . . . . .	0 12 0
Silery Champagne . . .	0 16 0	Lemons and Sugar for	
Sherry . . . . .	0 7 0	do. . . . .	0 3 0
St. Percy . . . . .	2 11 0	Broken Glass . . . . .	0 5 6
Old Port . . . . .	2 9 0	Servants' dinners . . .	0 7 0
Claret . . . . .	11 4 0	Waiters . . . . .	1 0 0
Turtle Punch . . . . .	0 15 0		
Waxlights . . . . .	2 10 0		
Desert . . . . .	6 6 0		
		£85 9 6	

“Consider, in the bird’s-eye view of the banquet (says Mr. Haslewood), the trencher cuts, foh ! nankeen displays ; as intersticed with many a brilliant drop to friendly beck and clubbish hail, to moisten the viands, or cool the incipient cayenne. No unfamished liveryman would desire better dishes, or high-tasted courtier better wines. With men that meet to commune, that can converse, and each willing to give and receive information, more could not be wanting to promote well-tempered conviviality ; a social compound of mirth, wit, and wisdom ;—combining all that Anacreon was famed for, tempered with the reason of Demosthenes, and intersected with the archness of Scaliger. It is true we had not any Greek verses in praise of the grape ; but we had as a tolerable substitute the ballad of the Bishop of Hereford, and Robin Hood, sung by Mr. Dodd ; and it was of his



own composing. It is true we had not any long oration denouncing the absentees, the Cabinet council, or any other set of men, but there was not a man present that at one hour and seventeen minutes after the cloth was removed but could not have made a Demosthenic speech far superior to any record of antiquity. It is true no trait of wit is going to be here preserved, for the flashes were too general; and what is the critical sagacity of Scaliger, compared to our chairman? Ancients, believe it we were not dead drunk, and therefore lie quiet under the table for once, and let a few moderns be uppermost.

“According to the long-established principles of ‘Maysterre Cockerre,’ each person had 5*l.* 14*s.* to pay—a tremendous sum, and much may be said thereon.”

Earl Spencer presided at the dinner which followed the sale of the Valdarfer Boccaccio: twenty-one members sat down to table at Jaquière’s (the Clarendon), and the bill was comparatively moderate, 55*l.* 13*s.* Mr. Haslewood says, with characteristic sprightliness: “Twenty-one members met joyfully, dined comfortably, challenged eagerly, tiddled prettily, divided regretfully, and paid the bill most cheerfully.”

The following is the list of “Tostes,” given at the first Dinner, in 1812:—

*The Order of ye Tostes.*

- The Immortal Memory of John Duke of Roxburghe.
- Christopher Valdarfer, Printer of the Decameron of 1471.
- Gutemberg, Fust, and Schæffher, the Inventors of  
the Art of Printing.
- William Caxton, the Father of the British Press.
- Dame Juliana Barnes, and the St. Alban’s Press.
- Wynkyn de Worde and Richard Pynson, the Illustrious  
Successors of William Caxton.
- The Aldine Family at Venice.
- The Giunta Family at Florence.
- The Society of the Bibliophiles at Paris.
- The Prosperity of the Roxburghe Club.
- The Cause of Bibliomania all over the World

To show that the pursuits of the Roxburghe Club have been estimated with a difference, we quote what may be termed "another side of the question":—

"Among other follies of the age of paper, which took place in England at the end of the reign of George III., a set of book-fanciers, who had more money than wit, formed themselves into a club, and appropriately designated themselves the *Bibliomaniacs*. Dr. Dibden was their organ; and among the club were several noblemen, who, in other respects, were esteemed men of sense. Their rage was, not to estimate books according to their intrinsic worth, but for their rarity. Hence, any volume of the vilest trash, which was scarce, merely because it never had any sale, fetched fifty or a hundred pounds; but if it were but one of two or three known copies, no limits could be set to the price. Books altered in the title-page, or in a leaf, or any trivial circumstance which varied a few copies, were bought by these *soi-disant* maniacs, at one, two, or three hundred pounds, though the copies were not really worth more than threepence per pound. A trumpery edition of Boccaccio, said to be one of two known copies, was thus bought by a noble marquis for 1475*l.*, though in two or three years afterwards he resold it for 500*l.* First editions of all authors, and editions by the first clumsy printers, were never sold for less than 50*l.*, 100*l.*, or 200*l.*

"To keep each other in countenance, these persons formed themselves into a club, and, after a Duke, one of their fraternity, called themselves the *Roxburghe Club*. To gratify them, *facsimile* copies of clumsy editions of trumpery books were reprinted; and, in some cases, it became worth the while of more ingenious persons to play off forgeries upon them. This mania after awhile abated; and, in future ages, it will be ranked with the tulip and the picture mania, during which estates were given for single flowers and pictures."

The Roxburghe Club still exists; and, with the Dilet-

tanti Society, may justly be said to have suggested the Publishing Societies of the present day, at the head of which is the Camden. The late Duke of Devonshire was a munificent member of the Roxburghe.

### The Society of Past Overseers, Westminster.

There are several parochial Clubs in the metropolis ; but that of the important parish of St. Margaret's, Westminster, with "Past Overseers" for its members, has signalized itself by the *accumulation* and preservation of an unique heirloom, which is a very curious collection of memorials of the last century and a half, exhibiting various tastes and styles of art in their respective commemorations, in a sort of *chronology in silver*.

Such is the St. Margaret's Overseer's Box, which originated as follows. It appears that a Mr. Monck purchased, at Horn Fair, held at Charlton, Kent, a small tobacco-box for the sum of fourpence, from which he often replenished his neighbour's pipe, at the meetings of his predecessors and companions in the office of Overseers of the Poor, to whom the Box was presented in 1713. In 1720, the Society of Past Overseers ornamented the lid with a silver rim, commemorating the donor. In 1726, a silver side case and bottom were added. In 1740, an embossed border was placed upon the lid, and the under part enriched with an emblem of Charity. In 1746, Hogarth engraved inside the lid a bust of the Duke of Cumberland, with allegorical figures, and scroll commemorating the Battle of Culloden. In 1765, an interwoven scroll was added to the lid, enclosing a plate with the arms of the City of Westminster, and inscribed : "This Box to be delivered to every succeeding set of Overseers, on penalty of five guineas."

The original Horn box being thus ornamented, additional cases were provided by the Senior Overseers for the time being,—namely, silver plates engraved with emblematical

and historical subjects and busts. Among the first are a View of the Fireworks in St. James's Park, to celebrate the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, 1749; Admiral Keppel's Action off Ushant, and his acquittal after a court-martial; the Battle of the Nile; the Repulse of Admiral Lincolin, 1804; the Battle of Trafalgar, 1805; the Action between the San Fiorenzo and La Piémontaise, 1808; the Battle of Waterloo, 1815; the Bombardment of Algiers, 1816; View of the House of Lords at the Trial of Queen Caroline; the Coronation of George IV.; and his Visit to Scotland, 1822.

There are also—Portraits of John Wilkes, Churchwarden in 1759; Nelson, Duncan, Howe, Vincent; Fox and Pitt, 1806; George IV. as Prince Regent, 1811; the Princess Charlotte, 1817; and Queen Charlotte, 1818. But the more interesting representations are those of local circumstances; as the Interior of Westminster Hall, with the Westminster Volunteers, attending Divine Service at the drum-head on the Fast Day, 1803; the Old Sessions House; a view of St. Margaret's, from the north-east; and the West Front Tower, and altar-piece. In 1813, a large silver plate was added to the outer case, with a portrait of the Duke of Wellington, commemorating the centenary of the agglomeration of the Box.

The top of the second case represents the Governors of the Poor, in their Board-room, and this inscription: "The original Box and cases to be given to every succeeding set of Overseers, on penalty of fifty guineas, 1783." On the outside of the first case is a clever engraving of a cripple.

In 1785, Mr. Gilbert exhibited the Box to some friends after dinner: at night, thieves broke in, and carried off all the plate that had been in use; but the box had been removed beforehand to a bedchamber.

In 1793, Mr. Read, a Past Overseer, detained the Box, because his accounts were not passed. An action was brought for its recovery, which was long delayed, owing to two members of the Society giving Read a release, which

he successfully pleaded in bar to the action. This rendered it necessary to take proceedings in equity: accordingly, a Bill was filed in Chancery against all three, and Read was compelled to deposit the box with Master Leeds until the end of the suit. Three years of litigation ensued. Eventually the Chancellor directed the Box to be restored to the Overseers' Society, and Mr. Read paid in costs 300*l.* The extra costs amounted to 76*l.* 13*s.* 11*d.*, owing to the illegal proceedings of Mr. Read. The sum of 91*l.* 7*s.* was at once raised; and the surplus spent upon a third case, of octagon shape. The top records the triumph: Justice trampling upon a prostrate man, from whose face a mask falls upon a writhing serpent. A second plate, on the outside of the fly-lid, represents the Lord Chancellor Loughborough, pronouncing his decree for the restoration of the Box, March 5, 1796.

On the fourth, or outer case, is the Anniversary Meeting of the Past Overseers' Society, with the Churchwardens giving the charge previous to delivering the Box to the succeeding Overseer, who is bound to produce it at certain parochial entertainments, with three pipes of tobaccó at the least, under the penalty of six bottles of claret; and to return the whole, with some addition, safe and sound, under a penalty of 200 guineas.

A tobacco-stopper of mother-of-pearl, with a silver chain, is enclosed within the Box, and completes this unique Memorial of the kindly feeling which perpetuates year by year the old ceremonies of this united parish; and renders this traditionary piece of plate of great price, far outweighing its intrinsic value.\*

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\* "Westminster." By the Rev. Mackenzie S. C. Walcott, M.A., Curate of St. Margaret's, 1849, pp. 105-107.

## The Robin Hood.

In the reign of George the Second there met, at a house in Essex-street, in the Strand, the Robin Hood Society, a debating Club, at which, every Monday, questions were proposed, and any member might speak on them for seven minutes; after which the "baker," who presided with a hammer in his hand, summed up the arguments. Arthur Mainwaring and Dr. Hugh Chamberlain were among the earliest members of this Society. Horace Walpole notices the Robin Hood as one of the celebrities which Monsieur Beaumont *saw* in 1761: "It is incredible," says Walpole, "what pains he has taken to *see*:" he breakfasted at Strawberry Hill with Walpole, who was then "as much a curiosity to all foreigners as the tombs and lions."

The Robin Hood became famous as the scene of Burke's earliest eloquence. To discipline themselves in public speaking at its meetings was then the custom among law-students, and others intended for public life; and it is said that at the Robin Hood, Burke had to encounter an opponent whom nobody else could overcome, or at least silence: this person was the president. Oliver Goldsmith was introduced to the Club by Samuel Derrick, his acquaintance and countryman. Struck by the eloquence and imposing aspect of the president, who sat in a large gilt chair, Goldsmith thought Nature had meant him for a lord chancellor: "No, no," whispered Derrick, who knew him to be a wealthy baker from the city, "only for a master of the rolls." Goldsmith was little of an orator; but, till Derrick went away to succeed Beau Nash, at Bath, seems to have continued his visits, and even spoke occasionally; for he figures in an account of the members published at about this time, as "a candid disputant, with a clear head and an honest heart; though coming but seldom to the society."

One of the members of this Robin Hood was Peter

Annet, a man who, though ingenious and deserving in other respects, became unhappily notorious by a kind of fanatic crusade against the Bible, for which (published weekly papers against the Book of Genesis,) he stood twice in one year in the pillory, and then underwent imprisonment in the King's Bench. To Annet's room in that prison went Goldsmith, taking with him Newbery, the publisher, to conclude the purchase of a Child's Grammar from the prisoner, hoping so to relieve his distress; but on the prudent publisher suggesting that no name should appear on the title-page, and Goldsmith agreeing that circumstances made this advisable, Annet accused them both of cowardice, and rejected their assistance with contempt.\*

### The Blue-stocking Club.

The earliest mention of a Blue-Stocking, or *Bas Bleu*, occurs in the Greek comedy, entitled the *Banquet of Plutarch*. The term as applied to a lady of high literary taste, has been traced by Mills, in his *History of Chivalry*, to the Society de la Calza, formed at Venice in 1400, "when, consistently with the singular custom of the Italians, of marking academies and other intellectual associations by some external sign of folly, the members, when they met in literary discussion, were distinguished by the colour of their stockings. The colours were sometimes fantastically blended; and at other times one colour, particularly *blue*, prevailed." The Society de la Calza lasted till 1590, when the foppery of Italian literature took some other symbol. The rejected title then crossed the Alps, and found a congenial soil in Parisian society, and particularly branded female pedantry. It then diverted from France to England, and for awhile marked the vanity of the small advances in literature in female coteries.

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\* Forster's *Life of Goldsmith*, p. 253.

But the *Blue-stocking* of the last century is of home-growth ; for Boswell, in his *Life of Johnson*, date 1781, records : "About this time it was much the fashion for several ladies to have evening assemblies, where the fair sex might participate in conversation with literary and ingenious men, animated by a desire to please. One of the most eminent members of these societies, when they first commenced, was Mr. Stillingfleet (grandson of the Bishop), whose dress was remarkably grave ; and in particular it was observed that he wore blue stockings. Such was the excellence of his conversation, that his absence was felt so great a loss that it used to be said, 'We can do nothing without the *blue stockings* ;' and thus by degrees the title was established. Miss Hannah More has admirably described a *Blue-Stocking Club*, in her *Bas-Bleu*, a poem in which many of the persons who were most conspicuous there are mentioned. And Horace Walpole speaks of this production as "a charming poetic familiarity called 'the Blue-Stocking Club.'"

The Club met at the house of Mrs. Montagu, at the north-west angle of Portman-square. Forbes, in his *Life of Beattie*, gives another account : "This Society consisted originally of Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Vesey, Miss Boscawen, and Mrs. Carter, Lord Lyttelton, Mr. Pulteney, Horace Walpole, and Mr. Stillingfleet. To the latter gentleman, a man of great piety and worth, and author of some works in natural history, etc., this constellation of talents owed that whimsical appellation of 'Bas-Bleu.' Mr. Stillingfleet being somewhat of an humourist in his habits and manners, and a little negligent in his dress, literally wore gray stockings ; from which circumstance Admiral Boscawen used, by way of pleasantry, to call them "The Blue-Stocking Society," as if to intimate that when these brilliant friends met, it was not for the purpose of forming a dressed assembly. A foreigner of distinction hearing the expression, translated it literally, 'Bas-Bleu,' by which these meetings came to be afterwards dis-



tinguished." Dr. Johnson sometimes joined the circle. The last of the Club was the lively Miss Monckton, afterwards Countess of Cork, "who used to have the finest *bit of blue* at the house of her mother, Lady Galway." Lady Cork died at upwards of ninety years of age, at her house in New Burlington-street, in 1840.

### The Ivy Lane Club.

This was one of the creations of Dr. Johnson's *clubbable* nature, which served as recreation for this laborious worker. He was now "tugging at the oar" in Gough-square, Fleet-street. Boswell describes him as "engaged in a steady, continued course of occupation." "But his enlarged and lively mind could not be satisfied without more diversity of employment, and the pleasure of animated relaxation. He, therefore, not only exerted his talents in occasional composition, very different from lexicography, but formed a Club in Ivy-lane, Paternoster-row, with a view to enjoy literary discussion, and amuse his evening hours. The members associated with him in this little Society were—his beloved friend, Dr. Richard Bathurst; Mr. Hawkesworth, afterwards well known by his writings; Mr. John Hawkins, an attorney; and a few others of different professions." The Club met every Tuesday evening at the King's Head, a beef-steak house in Ivy-lane. One of the members, Hawkins, then Sir John, has given a very lively picture of a celebration by this Club, at the Devil Tavern, in Fleet-street, which forms one of the pleasantest pages in the Author's Life of Johnson. Sir John tells us:

"One evening at the [Ivy-lane] Club, Dr. Johnson proposed to us celebrating the birth of Mrs. Lennox's first literary child, as he called her book, by a whole night spent in festivity. The place appointed was the Devil Tavern; and there, about the hour of eight, Mrs. Lennox, and her husband, and a lady of her acquaintance now living [1785],

as also the Club and friends, to the number of nearly twenty, assembled. Our supper was elegant, and Johnson had directed that a magnificent hot apple-pye should make a part of it, and this he would have stuck with bay-leaves, because, forsooth, Mrs. Lennox was an authoress, and had written verses; and further, he had prepared for her a crown of laurel, with which, but not until he had invoked the Muses by some ceremonies of his own invention, he encircled her brows. The night passed, as must be imagined, in pleasant conversation and harmless mirth, intermingled, at different periods, with the refreshments of coffee and tea. About five, Johnson's face shone with meridian splendour, though his drink had been only lemonade; but the far greater part of us had deserted the colours of Bacchus, and were with difficulty rallied to partake of a second refreshment of coffee, which was scarcely ended when the day began to dawn. This phenomenon began to put us in mind of our reckoning; but the waiters were all so overcome with sleep, that it was two hours before we could get a bill, and it was not till near eight that the creaking of the street-door gave the signal for our departure."

When Johnson, the year before his death, endeavoured to re-assemble as many of the Club as were left, he found, to his regret, he wrote to Hawkins, that Horseman, the landlord, was dead, and the house shut up.

About this time Johnson instituted a Club at the Queen's Arms, in St. Paul's Churchyard. "He told Mr. Hook," says Boswell, "that he wished to have a *City Club*, and asked him to collect one; but," said he, "don't let them be patriots." ("Boswell's Life," 8th edit. vol. iv. p. 93.) This was an allusion to the friends of his acquaintance Wilkes.

oswell accompanied him one day to the Club, and found the members "very sensible, well-behaved men."

## The Essex Head Club.

In the year before he died, at the Essex Head, now No. 40, in Essex-street, Strand, Dr. Johnson established a little evening Club, under circumstances peculiarly interesting as described by Boswell. He tells us that, "notwithstanding the complication of disorders under which Johnson now laboured, he did not resign himself to despondency and discontent, but with wisdom and spirit endeavoured to console and amuse his mind with as many innocent enjoyments as he could procure. Sir John Hawkins has mentioned the cordiality with which he insisted that such of the members of the old Club in Ivy-lane as survived, should meet again and dine together, which they did, twice at a tavern, and once at his house; and, in order to ensure himself in the evening for three days in the week, Johnson instituted a Club at the Essex Head, in Essex-street, then kept by Samuel Greaves, an old servant of Mr. Thrale's: it was called "Sam's."

On Dec. 4, 1783, Johnson wrote to Sir Joshua Reynolds, giving an account of this Club, of which Reynolds had desired to be one; "the company," Dr. J. says, "is numerous, and, as you will see by the list, miscellaneous. The terms are lax, and the expenses light. Mr. Barry was adopted by Dr. Brocklesby, who joined with me in forming the plan. We meet twice a week, and he who misses forfeits twopence." It did not suit Sir Joshua to be one of this Club; "but," says Boswell, "when I mention only Mr. Daines Barrington, Dr. Brocklesby, Mr. Murphy, Mr. John Nichols, Mr. Cooke, Mr. Joddrel, Mr. Paradise, Dr. Horsley, Mr. Windham, I shall sufficiently obviate the misrepresentation of it by Sir John Hawkins, as if it had been a low ale-house association, by which Johnson was degraded. The doctor himself, like his namesake, Old Ben, composed the Rules of his Club. Boswell was, at this

time, in Scotland, and during all the winter. Johnson, however, declared that he should be a member, and invented a word upon the occasion: "Boswell," said he, "is a very *clubbable* man;" and he was subsequently chosen of the Club.

Johnson headed the Rules with these lines:—

To-day deep thoughts with me resolve to drench  
In mirth, which after no repenting draws.—*Milton.*

Johnson's attention to the Club was unceasing, as appears by a letter to Alderman Clark, (afterwards Lord Mayor and Chamberlain,) who was elected into the Club: the post-script is: "You ought to be informed that the forfeits began with the year, and that every night of non-attendance incurs the mulct of threepence; that is, ninepence a week." Johnson himself was so anxious in his attendance, that going to meet the Club when he was not strong enough, he was seized with a spasmodic asthma, so violent, that he could scarcely return home, and he was confined to his house eight or nine weeks. He recovered by May 15, when he was in fine spirits at the Club.

Boswell writes of the Essex: "I believe there are few Societies where there is better conversation, or more decorum. Several of us resolved to continue it after our great founder was removed by death. Other members were added; and now, above eight years since that loss, we go on happily."

### The Literary Club.

Out of the casual, but frequent meetings of men of talent at the hospitable board of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in Leicester-square, rose that association of wits, authors, scholars, and statesmen, renowned as the Literary Club. Reynolds was the first to propose a regular association of the kind, and was eagerly seconded by Johnson, who suggested as a model the Club which he had formed some fourteen years previously,

in Ivy-lane;\* and which the deaths or dispersion of its members had now interrupted for nearly seven years. On this suggestion being adopted, the members, as in the earlier Club, were limited to nine, and Mr. Hawkins, as an original member of the Ivy-lane Club, was invited to join. Topham Beauclerk and Bennet Langton were asked and welcomed earnestly; and, of course, Mr. Edmund Burke. The notion of the Club delighted Burke; and he asked admission for his father-in-law, Dr. Nugent, an accomplished Roman Catholic physician, who lived with him. Beauclerk, in like manner, suggested his friend Chamier, then Under-Secretary-at-War. Oliver Goldsmith completed the number. But another member of the original Ivy-lane, Samuel Dyer, making unexpected appearance from abroad, in the following year, was joyfully admitted; and though it was resolved to make election difficult, and only for special reasons permit addition to their number, the limitation at first proposed was thus, of course, done away with. Twenty was the highest number reached in the course of ten years.

The dates of the Club are thus summarily given by Mr. Hatchett, the treasurer:—It was founded in 1764, by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Dr. Samuel Johnson, and for some years met on Monday evenings, at seven. In 1772, the day of meeting was changed to Friday, and about that time, instead of supping, they agreed to dine together once in every fortnight during the sitting of Parliament. In 1773, the Club, which soon after its foundation consisted of twelve members, was enlarged to twenty; March 11, 1777, to twenty-six; November 27, 1778, to thirty; May 9, 1780, to thirty-five; and it was then resolved that it should never exceed forty. It met originally at the Turk's Head, in Gerard-street, and continued to meet there till 1783; when

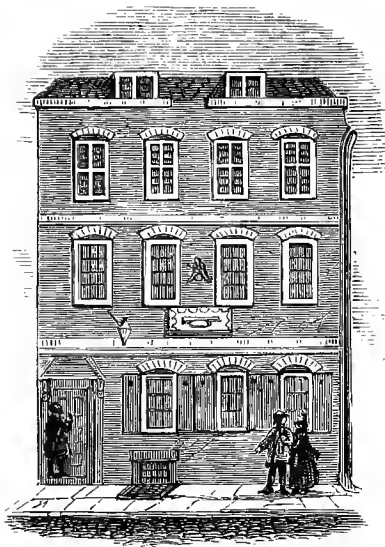
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\* The house in Ivy-lane, which bore the name of Johnson, and where the Literary Club is said to have been held, was burnt down a few years since: it had long been a chop-house.

their landlord died, and the house was soon afterwards shut up. They then removed to Prince's in Saville-street; and on his house being, soon afterwards, shut up, they removed to Baxter's, which afterwards became Thomas's, in Dover-street. In January, 1792, they removed to Parsloe's, in St. James's-street; and on February 26, 1799, to the Thatched House, in the same street.

"So originated and was formed," says Mr. Forster, "that famous Club, which had made itself a name in literary history long before it received, at Garrick's funeral, the name of the Literary Club, by which it is now known. Its meetings were noised abroad; the fame of its conversations received eager addition, from the difficulty of obtaining admission to it; and it came to be as generally understood that Literature had fixed her head-quarters here, as that Politics reigned supreme at Wildman's, or the Cocoa-tree. With advantage, let me add, to the dignity and worldly consideration of men of letters themselves. 'I believe Mr. Fox will allow me to say,' remarked the Bishop of St. Asaph, when the Society was not more than fifteen years old, 'that the honour of being elected into the Turk's Head Club, is not inferior to that of being the representative of Westminster or Surrey.' The Bishop had just been elected; but into such lusty independence had the Club sprung up thus early, that Bishops, even Lord Chancellors, were known to have knocked for admission unsuccessfully; and on the night of St. Asaph's election, Lord Camden and the Bishop of Chester were black-balled."

Of this Club, Hawkins was a most unpopular member: even his old friend, Johnson, admitted him to be out of place here. He had objected to Goldsmith, at the Club, "as a mere literary drudge, equal to the task of compiling and translating, but little capable of original, and still less of poetical composition." Hawkins's "existence was a kind of pompous, parsimonious, insignificant drawl, cleverly ridiculed by one of the wits in an absurd epitaph: 'Here lies Sir Jonn



The Trumpet, Shire Lane, Temple Bar.  
*(Receiving House of "The Tatler.")*



The Cock, Tothill Street, Westminster.  
*(Dating from Henry VI.)*





Hawkins, without his shoes and stauckins.'” He was as mean as he was pompous and conceited. He forbore to partake of the suppers at the Club, and begged therefore to be excused from paying his share of the reckoning. “And was he excused?” asked Dr. Burney, of Johnson. “Oh yes, for no man is angry at another for being inferior to himself. We all scorned him, and admitted his plea. Yet I really believe him to be an honest man at bottom, though, to be sure, he is penurious and he is mean, and it must be owned that he has a tendency to savageness.” He did not remain above two or three years in the Club, being in a manner elbowed out in consequence of his rudeness to Burke. Still, Burke’s vehemence of will and sharp impetuosity of temper constantly exposed him to prejudice and dislike; and he may have painfully impressed others, as well as Hawkins, at the Club, with a sense of his predominance. This was the only theatre open to him. “Here only,” says Mr. Forster, “could he as yet pour forth, to an audience worth exciting, the stores of argument and eloquence he was thirsting to employ upon a wider stage; the variety of knowledge, the fund of astonishing imagery, the ease of philosophic illustration, the overpowering copiousness of words, in which he has never had a rival.” Miss Hawkins was convinced that her father was disgusted with the overpowering deportment of Mr. Burke, and his monopoly of the conversation, which made all the other members, excepting his antagonist, Johnson, merely listeners. Something of the same sort is said by that antagonist, though in a more generous way. “What I most envy Burke for,” said Johnson, “is, that he is never what we call humdrum; never unwilling to begin to talk, nor in haste to leave off. Take up whatever topic you please, he is ready to meet you. I cannot say he is good at listening. So desirous is he to talk, that if one is speaking at this end of the table, he’ll speak to somebody at the other end.”

The Club was an opportunity for both Johnson and Burke; and for the most part their wit-combats seem not only to

have instructed the rest, but to have improved the temper of the combatants, and to have made them more generous to each other. "How very great Johnson has been to-night!" said Burke to Bennet Langton, as they left the Club together. Langton assented, but could have wished to hear more from another person. "Oh no!" replied Burke, "it is enough for me to have rung the bell to him."

One evening he observed that a hogshead of claret, which had been sent as a present to the Club, was almost out; and proposed that Johnson should write for another, in such ambiguity of expression as might have a chance of procuring it also as a gift. One of the company said, "Dr. Johnson shall be our dictator."—"Were I," said Johnson, "your dictator, you should have no wine: it would be my business *cavere ne quid detrimenti respublica caperet*:—wine is dangerous; Rome was ruined by luxury." Burke replied: "If you allow no wine as dictator, you shall not have me for master of the horse."

Goldsmith, it must be owned, joined the Club somewhat unwillingly, saying: "One must make some sacrifices to obtain good society; for here I am shut out of several places where I used to play the fool very agreeably." His simplicity of character and hurried expression often led him into absurdity, and he became in some degree the butt of the company. The Club, notwithstanding all its learned dignity in the eyes of the world, could occasionally unbend and play the fool as well as less important bodies. Some of its jocose conversations have at times leaked out; and the Society in which Goldsmith could venture to sing his song of "An Old Woman Tossed in a Blanket" could not be so very staid in its gravity. Bennet Langton and Topham Beauclerk were doubtless induced to join the Club through their devotion to Johnson, and the intimacy of these two very young and aristocratic young men with the stern and somewhat melancholy moralist. Bennet Langton was of an ancient family, who held their ancestral estate of Langton in Lincolnshire, a

great title to respect with Johnson. "Langton, Sir," he would say, "has a grant of free warren from Henry the Second; and Cardinal Stephen Langton, in King John's reign, was of this family."

Langton was of a mild, contemplative, enthusiastic nature. When but eighteen years of age, he was so delighted with reading Johnson's *Rambler*, that he came to London chiefly with a view to obtain an introduction to the author.

Langton went to pursue his studies at Trinity College, Oxford, where Johnson saw much of him during a visit which he paid to the University. He found him in close intimacy with Topham Beauclerk, a youth two years older than himself, very gay and dissipated, and wondered what sympathies could draw two young men together of such opposite characters. On becoming acquainted with Beauclerk, he found that, rake though he was, he possessed an ardent love of literature, an acute understanding, polished wit, innate gentility, and high aristocratic breeding. He was, moreover, the only son of Lord Sidney Beauclerk, and grandson of the Duke of St. Albans, and was thought, in some particulars, to have a resemblance to Charles the Second. These were high recommendations with Johnson; and when the youth testified a profound respect for him, and an ardent admiration of his talents, the conquest was complete; so that in a "short time," says Boswell, "the moral, pious Johnson and the gay dissipated Beauclerk were companions."

When these two young men entered the Club, Langton was about twenty-two, and Beauclerk about twenty-four years of age, and both were launched on London life. Langton, however, was still the mild, enthusiastic scholar, steeped to the lips in Greek, with fine conversational powers, and an invaluable talent for listening. He was upwards of six feet high, and very spare. "Oh that we could sketch him!" exclaims Miss Hawkins, in her *Memoirs*, "with his mild countenance, his elegant features, and his sweet smile, sitting with one leg twisted round the other, as if fearing to

occupy more space than was equitable ; his person inclining forward, as if wanting strength to support his weight ; and his arms crossed over his bosom, or his hands locked together on his knee." Beauclerk, on such occasions, sportively compared him to a stork in Raphael's cartoons, standing on one leg. Beauclerk was more a "man upon town," a loungeur in St. James's-street, an associate with George Selwyn, with Walpole, and other aristocratic wits, a man of fashion at court, a casual frequenter of the gaming-table ; yet, with all this, he alternated in the easiest and happiest manner the scholar and the man of letters ; lounged into the Club with the most perfect self-possession, bringing with him the careless grace and polished wit of high-bred society, but making himself cordially at home among his learned fellow-members.

Johnson was exceedingly chary at first of the exclusiveness of the Club, and opposed to its being augmented in number. Not long after its institution, Sir Joshua Reynolds was speaking of it to Garrick. "I like it much," said little David, briskly, "I think I shall be of you." "When Sir Joshua mentioned this to Dr. Johnson," says Boswell, "he was much displeas'd with the actor's conceit. '*He'll be of us !*' growled he ; 'how does he know we will *permit* him? The first duke in England has no right to hold such language.'

When Sir John Hawkins spoke favourably of Garrick's pretensions, "Sir," replied Johnson, "he will disturb us by his buffoonery." In the same spirit he declared to Mr. Thrale, that if Garrick should apply for admission, he would black-ball him. "Who, Sir?" exclaimed Thrale, with surprise : "Mr. Garrick—your friend, your companion—black-ball him?" "Why, Sir," replied Johnson, "I love my little David dearly—better than all or any of his flatterers do ; but surely one ought to sit in a society like ours,

Unelbowed by a gamester, pimp, or player.

The exclusion from the Club was a sore mortification to Garrick, though he bore it without complaining. He could not help continually asking questions about it—what was going on there?—whether he was ever the subject of conversation? By degrees the rigour of the Club relaxed, some of the members grew negligent. Beauclerk lost his right of membership by neglecting to attend. On his marriage, however, with Lady Diana Spencer, daughter of the Duke of Marlborough, and recently divorced from Viscount Bolingbroke, he had claimed and regained his seat in the Club. The number of the members had likewise been augmented. The proposition to increase it originated with Goldsmith. “It would give,” he thought, “an agreeable variety to their meetings; for there can be nothing new amongst us,” said he; “we have travelled over each other’s minds.” Johnson was piqued at the suggestion. “Sir,” said he, “you have not travelled over my mind, I promise you.” Sir Joshua, less confident in the exhaustless fecundity of his mind, felt and acknowledged the force of Goldsmith’s suggestion. Several new members, therefore, had been added; the first, to his great joy, was David Garrick. Goldsmith, who was now on cordial terms with him, had zealously promoted his election, and Johnson had given it his warm approbation. Another new member was Beauclerk’s friend, Lord Charlemont; and a still more important one was Mr., afterwards Sir William Jones, the linguist. George Colman, the elder, was a lively Club-man. One evening at the Club he met Boswell; they talked of Johnson’s *Journey to the Western Islands*, and of his coming away “willing to believe the second sight,” which seemed to excite some ridicule. “I was then,” says Boswell, “so impressed with the truth of many of the stories which I had been told, that I avowed my conviction, saying, “He is only *willing* to believe—I *do* believe; the evidence is enough for me, though not for his great mind. What will not fill a quart bottle will

fill a pint bottle ; I am filled with belief.”—“ Are you ? ” said Colman ; “ then cork it up.”

Five years after the death of Garrick, Dr. Johnson dined with the Club *for the last time*. This is one of the most melancholy entries by Boswell. “ On Tuesday, June 22 (1784), I dined with him (Johnson) at the Literary Club, the last time of his being in that respectable society. The other members present were the Bishop of St. Asaph, Lord Eliot, Lord Palmerston (father of the Premier), Dr. Fordyce, and Mr. Malone. He looked ill ; but he had such a manly fortitude, that he did not trouble the company with melancholy complaints. They all showed evident marks of kind concern about him, with which he was much pleased, and he exerted himself to be as entertaining as his indisposition allowed him.”

From the time of Garrick's death the Club was known as “ The Literary Club,” since which it has certainly lost its claim to this epithet. It was originally a club of authors *by profession* ; it now numbers very few except titled members (the majority having some claims to literary distinction), which was very far from the intention of its founders. To this the author of the paper in the *National Review* demurs. Writing in 1857, he says : “ Perhaps it now numbers on its list more titled members and fewer authors by profession, than its founders would have considered desirable. This opinion, however, is quite open to challenge. Such men as the Marquis of Lansdowne, the late Lord Ellesmere, Lords Brougham, Carlisle, Aberdeen, and Glenelg, hold their place in ‘ the Literary Club ’ quite as much by virtue of their contributions to literature, or their enlightened support of it, as by their right of rank.” [How many of these noble members have since paid the debt of nature !]

“ At all events,” says Mr. Taylor, “ the Club still acknowledges literature as its foundation, and love of literature as the tie which binds together its members, whatever their rank and callings. Few Clubs can show such a distinguished

brotherhood of members as 'the Literary.' Of authors proper, from 1764 to this date (1857), may be enumerated, besides its original members, Johnson and Goldsmith, Dyer, and Percy, Gibbon and Sir William Jones, Colman, the two Wartons, Farmer, Steevens, Burney, and Malone, Frere and George Ellis, Hallam, Milman, Mountstuart Elphinstone, and Lord Stanhope.

"Among men equally conspicuous in letters and the Senate, what names outshine those of Burke and Sheridan, Canning, Brougham, and Macaulay? Of statesmen and orators proper, the Club claims Fox, Windham, Thomas Grenville, Lord Liverpool; Lords Lansdowne, Aberdeen, and Clarendon. Natural science is represented by Sir Joseph Banks, in the last century; by Professor Owen in this. Social science can have no nobler representative than Adam Smith; albeit, Boswell did think the Club had lost caste by electing him. Mr. N. W. Senior is the political economist of the present Club. Whewell must stand alone as the embodiment of omniscience, which before him was unrepresented. Scholars and soldiers may be equally proud of Rennel, Leake, and Mure. Besides the clergymen already enumerated as authors, the Church has contributed a creditable list of bishops and inferior dignitaries: Shipley of St. Asaph, Barnard of Killaloe, Marley of Pomfret, Hinchcliffe of Peterborough, Douglas of Salisbury, Blomfield of London, Wilberforce of Oxford, Dean Vincent of Westminster, Archdeacon Burney; and Dr. Hawtrey, late master and present provost of Eton.

"Sir Joshua Reynolds and Sir Charles Eastlake are its two chief pillars of art, slightly unequal. With them we may associate Sir William Chambers and Charles Wilkins. The presence of Drs. Nugent, Blagden, Fordyce, Warren, Vaughan, and Sir Henry Hall, is a proof that in the Club medicine has from the first kept up its kinship with literature.

"The profession of the Law has given the Society Lord

Ashburton, Lord Stowell, and Sir William Grant, Charles Austin, and Pemberton Leigh. Lord Overstone may stand as the symbol of money; unless Sir George Cornwall Lewis is to be admitted to that honour by virtue of his Chancellorship of the Exchequer. Sir George would, probably, prefer his claims to Club membership as a scholar and political writer, to any that can be picked out of a Budget.

“Take it all in all, the Literary Club has never degenerated from the high standard of intellectual gifts and personal qualities which made those unpretending suppers at the Turk’s Head an honour eagerly contended for by the wisest, wittiest, and noblest of the eighteenth century.”

Malone, in 1810, gave the total number of those who had been members of the Club from its foundation, at seventy-six, of whom fifty-five had been authors. Since 1810, however, literature has far less preponderance.

The designation of the Society has been again changed to “the Johnson Club.” Upon the taking down of the Thatched House Tavern, the Club removed to the Clarendon Hotel, in Bond-street, where was celebrated its centenary, in September, 1864. There were present, upon this memorable occasion,—in the chair, the Dean of St. Paul’s; his Excellency M. Van de Weyer, Earls Clarendon and Stanhope; the Bishops of London and Oxford; Lords Brougham, Stanley, Cranworth, Kingsdown, and Harry Vane; the Right Hon. Sir Edmund Head, Spencer Walpole, and Robert Lowe; Sir Henry Holland, Sir C. Eastlake, Sir Roderick Murchison, Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood, the Master of Trinity, Professor Owen, Mr. G. Grote, Mr. C. Austen, Mr. H. Reeve, and Mr. G. Richmond. Among the few members prevented from attending were the Duke of Argyll (in Scotland), the Earl of Carlisle (in Ireland), Earl Russell, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Overstone (at Oxford), Lord Glenelg (abroad), and Mr. W. Stirling (from indisposition). Mr. N. W. Senior,



who was the political economist of the Club, died in June, preceding, in his sixty-fourth year.

Hallam and Macaulay were among the constant attendants at its dinners, which take place twice a month during the Parliamentary season. The custody of the books and archives of the Club rested with the secretary, Dr. Milman, the Venerable Dean of St. Paul's, who took great pride and pleasure in showing to literary friends the valuable collection of autographs which these books contain. Among the memorials is the portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds, with spectacles on, similar to the picture in the Royal Collection : this portrait was painted and presented by Sir Joshua, as the founder of the Club.

Lord Macaulay has grouped, with his accustomed felicity of language, this celebrated congress of men of letters.

“To discuss questions of taste, of learning, of casuistry, in language so exact and so forcible that it might have been printed without the alteration of a word, was to Johnson no exertion, but a pleasure. He loved, as he said, to fold his legs and have his talk out. He was ready to bestow the overflowings of his full mind on anybody who would start a subject, on a fellow-passenger in a stage-coach, or on the person who sat at the same table with him in an eating-house. But his conversation was nowhere so brilliant and striking as when he was surrounded by a few friends, whose abilities and knowledge enabled them, as he once expressed it, to send him back every ball that he threw. Some of these, in 1764, formed themselves into a Club, which gradually became a formidable power in the commonwealth of letters. The verdicts pronounced by this conclave on new books were speedily known over all London, and were sufficient to sell off a whole edition in a day, or to condemn the sheets to the service of the trunk-maker and the pastry-cook. Nor shall we think this strange when we consider what great and various talents and acquirements met in the little fraternity. Goldsmith was the representative of poetry

and light literature, Reynolds of the Arts, Burke of political eloquence and political philosophy. There, too, were Gibbon, the greatest historian, and Jones, the greatest linguist of the age. Garrick brought to the meetings his inexhaustible pleasantry, his incomparable mimicry, and his consummate knowledge of stage effect. Among the most constant attendants were two high-born and high-bred gentlemen, closely bound together by friendship, but of widely different characters and habits,—Bennet Langton, distinguished by his skill in Greek literature, by the orthodoxy of his opinions, and by the sanctity of his life; and Topham Beauclerk, renowned for his amours, his knowledge of the gay world, his fastidious taste, and his sarcastic wit. To predominate over such a society was not easy. Yet even over such a society Johnson predominated. Burke might indeed have disputed the supremacy to which others were under the necessity of submitting. But Burke, though not generally a very patient listener, was content to take the second part when Johnson was present; and the Club itself, consisting of so many eminent men, is to this day popularly designated as Johnson's Club."

To the same master-hand we owe this cabinet picture. "The [Literary Club] room is before us, and the table on which stand the ornelet for Nugent, and the lemons for Johnson. There are assembled those heads which live for ever on the canvas of Reynolds. There are the spectacles of Burke, and the tall thin form of Langton; the courtly sneer of Beauclerk, the beaming smile of Garrick, Gibbon tapping his snuff-box, and Sir Joshua with his trumpet in his ear. In the foreground is that strange figure which is as familiar to us as the figures of those among whom we have been brought up—the gigantic body, the huge massy face, seamed with the scars of disease; the brown coat, the black worsted stockings, the grey wig with the scorched foretop; the dirty hands, the nails bitten and pared to the quick. We see the eyes and the nose moving with convulsive twitches;

we see the heavy form rolling ; we hear it puffing ; and then comes the 'Why, Sir?' and the 'What then, Sir?' and the 'No, Sir!' and the 'You don't see your way through the question, Sir!'"

### Goldsmith's Clubs.

However Goldsmith might court the learned circle of the Literary Club, he was ill at ease there : and he had social resorts in which he indemnified himself for this restraint by indulging his humour without control. One of these was a Shilling Whist Club, which met at the Devil Tavern. The company delighted in practical jokes, of which Goldsmith was often the butt. One night he came to the Club in a hackney-coach, when he gave the driver a guinea instead of a shilling. He set this down as a dead loss ; but on the next club-night he was told that a person at the street-door wanted to speak to him ; he went out, and to his surprise and delight, the coachman had brought him back the guinea ! To reward such honesty, he collected a small sum from the Club, and largely increased it from his own purse, and with this reward sent away the coachman. He was still loud in his praise, when one of the Club asked to see the returned guinea. To Goldsmith's confusion it proved to be a counterfeit : the laughter which succeeded showed him that the whole was a hoax, and the pretended coachman as much a counterfeit as the guinea. He was so disconcerted that he soon beat a retreat for the evening.

Another of these small Clubs met on Wednesday evening, at the Globe Tavern, in Fleet-street ; where songs, jokes, dramatic imitations, burlesque parodies, and broad sallies of humour, were the entertainments. Here a huge ton of a man, named Gordon, used to delight Goldsmith with singing the jovial song of "Nottingham Ale," and looking like a butt of it. Here, too, a wealthy pig-butcher aspired to be on the most sociable terms with Oliver ; and here was Tom King, the comedian, recently risen to eminence by his per-

formance of Lord Ogleby, in the new comedy of *The Clandestine Marriage*. A member of note was also one Hugh Kelly, who was a kind of competitor of Goldsmith, but a low one ; for Johnson used to speak of him as a man who had written more than he had read. Another noted frequenter of the Globe and Devil taverns was one Glover, who, having failed in the medical profession, took to the stage ; but having succeeded in restoring to life a malefactor who had just been executed, he abandoned the stage, and resumed his wig and cane, and came to London to dabble in physic and literature. He used to amuse the company at the Club by his story-telling and mimicry, giving capital imitations of Garrick, Foote, Colman, Sterne, and others. It was through Goldsmith that Glover was admitted to the Wednesday Club ; he was, however, greatly shocked by the free-and-easy tone in which Goldsmith was addressed by the pig-butcher ; “ Come, Noll,” he would say as he pledged him, “ here’s my service to you, old boy.”

The evening’s amusement at the Wednesday Club was not, however, limited ; it had the variety of epigram, and here was first heard the celebrated epitaph (Goldsmith had been reading Pope and Swift’s *Miscellanies*,) on Edward Purdon :—

Here lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,  
 Who long was a bookseller’s hack ;  
 He had led such a damnable life in this world,  
 I don’t think he’ll wish to come back.

It was in April of the present year that Purdon closed his luckless life by suddenly dropping down dead in Smithfield ; and as it was chiefly Goldsmith’s pittance that had saved him thus long from starvation, it was well that the same friend should give him his solitary chance of escape from oblivion. “ Doctor Goldsmith made this epitaph,” says William Ballantyne, “ in his way from his chambers in the Temple to the Wednesday evening Club at the Globe. *I think he will never come back*, I believe he said ; I was

sitting by him, and he repeated it more than once. *I think he will never come back!* Ah! and not altogether as a jest, it may be, the second and the third time. There was something in Purdon's fate, from their first meeting in college to that incident in Smithfield, which had no very violent contrast to his own; and remembering what Glover had said of his frequent sudden descents from mirth to melancholy, some such faithful change of temper would here have been natural enough. 'His disappointments at these times,' Glover tells us, 'made him peevish and sullen, and he has often left his party of convivial friends abruptly in the evening, in order to go home and brood over his misfortunes.' But a better medicine for his grief than brooding over it, was a sudden start into the country to forget it; and it was probably with a feeling of this kind he had in the summer revisited Islington; he laboured during the autumn in a room of Canonbury Tower; and often, in the evening, presided at the Crown tavern, in Islington Lower-road, where Goldsmith and his fellow-lodgers had formed a kind of temporary club. At the close of the year he returned to the Temple, and was again pretty constant in his attendance at Gerard-street."\*

### The Dilettanti Society.

The origin of this Society, which has now existed some 130 years, is due to certain gentlemen, who had travelled much in Italy, and were desirous of encouraging at home a taste for those objects which had contributed so much to their intellectual gratification abroad. Accordingly, in the year 1734, they formed themselves into a Society, under the name of Dilettanti (literally, lovers of the Fine Arts), and agreed upon certain Regulations to keep up the spirit of

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\* See Forster's *Life of Goldsmith*, pp. 422-424.

their scheme, which combined friendly and social intercourse, with a serious and ardent desire to promote the Arts. In 1751, Mr. James Stuart, "Athenian Stuart," and Mr. Nicholas Revett, were elected members. The Society liberally assisted them in their excellent work, "The Antiquities of Athens." In fact it was, in great measure, owing to this Society that after the death of the above two eminent architects, the work was not entirely relinquished; and a large number of the plates were engraved from drawings in the possession of the Dilettanti. Walpole, speaking in 1743, of the Society, in connexion with an opera subscription, says, "The nominal qualification [to be a member] is having been in Italy, and the real one, being drunk; the two chiefs are Lord Middlesex and Sir Francis Dashwood, who were seldom sober the whole time they were in Italy." We need scarcely add, that the qualifications for election are no longer what Walpole described them to have been.

In 1764, the Society, being possessed of a considerable sum above what their services required, various schemes were proposed for applying part of this money; and it was at length resolved "that a person or persons properly qualified, should be sent, with sufficient appointments, to certain parts of the East, to collect information relative to the former state of those countries, and particularly to procure exact descriptions of the ruins of such monuments of antiquity as are yet to be seen in those parts."

Three persons were elected for this undertaking. Mr. Chandler, of Magdalen College, Oxford, editor of the *Marmora Oxoniensia*, was appointed to execute the classical part of the plan. Architecture was assigned to Mr. Revett; and the choice of a proper person for taking views and copying the bas-reliefs, fell upon Mr. Pars, a young painter of promise. Each person was strictly enjoined to keep a regular journal, and hold a constant correspondence with the Society.

The party embarked on June 9, 1764, in the *Anglicana*,

bound for Constantinople, and were just at the Dardanelles on the 25th of August. Having visited the Sigæan Promontory, the ruins of Troas, with the islands of Tenedos and Scio, they arrived at Smyrna on the 11th of September. From that city, as their head-quarters, they made several excursions. On the 20th of August, 1765, they sailed from Smyrna, and arrived at Athens on the 30th of the same month, having touched at Sunium and Ægina on their way. They stayed at Athens till June 11, 1766, visiting Marathon, Eleusis, Salomis, Megara, and other places in the neighbourhood. Leaving Athens, they proceeded by the little island of Calauria to Trezene, Epidaurus, Argos, and Corinth. From this they visited Delphi, Patræ, Elis, and Zante, whence they sailed on the 31st of August, and arrived in England on the 2nd of November following, bringing with them an immense number of drawings, etc., the result of which was the publication, at the expense of the Society, of two magnificent volumes of "Ionian Antiquities." The results of the expedition were also the two popular works, "Chandler's Travels in Asia Minor," 1775; and his "Travels in Greece," in the following year; also, the volume of "Greek Inscriptions," 1774, containing the Sigæan inscription, the marble of which has been since brought to England by Lord Elgin; and the celebrated documents containing the reconstruction of the Temple of Minerva Polias, which Professor Wilkins illustrated in his "Prolusiones Architectonicæ, 1837."

Walpole, in 1791, has this odd passage upon the *Ionian Antiquities*: "They who are industrious and correct, and wish to forget nothing, should go to Greece, where there is nothing left to be seen, but that ugly pigeon-house, the Temple of the Winds, that fly-cage, Demosthenes's Lantern, and one or two fragments of a portico, or a piece of a column crushed into a mud wall; and with such a morsel, and many quotations, a true classic antiquary can compose a whole folio, and call it "Ionian Antiquities."

But, it may be asked, how came the Society to associate so freely pleasure with graver pursuits? To this it may be replied, that when the Dilettanti first met they avowed friendly and social intercourse the first object they had in view, although they soon showed that they would combine with it a serious plan for the promotion of the Arts in this country. For these persons were not scholars, nor even men of letters; they were some of the wealthiest noblemen and most fashionable men of the day, who would naturally sup with the Regent as he went through Paris, and find themselves quite at home in the Carnival of Venice. These, too, were times of what would now be considered very licentious merriment and very unscrupulous fun,—times when men of independent means and high rank addicted themselves to pleasure, and gave vent to their full animal spirits with a frankness that would now be deemed not only vulgar but indecorous, while they evinced an earnestness about objects now thought frivolous which it is very easy to represent as absurd. In assuming, however, the name of “Dilettanti” they evidently attached to it no light and superficial notion. The use of that word as one of disparagement or ridicule is quite recent. The same may be said of “Virtù,” which, in the artistic sense, does not seem to be strictly academical, but that of “Virtuoso” is so, undoubtedly, and it means the “capable” man,—the man who has a right to judge on matters requiring a particular faculty: Dryden says: “Virtuoso the Italians call a man ‘who loves the noble arts, and is a critic in them,’ or, as old Glanville says, ‘who dwells in a higher region than other mortals.’

“Thus, when the Dilettanti mention ‘the cause of virtue’ as a high object which they will never abandon, they express their belief that the union into which they had entered had a more important purpose than any personal satisfaction could give it, and that they did engage themselves thereby in some degree to promote the advantage of their country and of mankind.



“Of all the merry meetings these gay gentlemen had together, small records remain. We, looking back out of a graver time, can only judge from the uninterrupted course of their festive gatherings, from the names of the statesmen, the wits, the scholars, the artists, the amateurs, that fill the catalogue, from the strange mixture of dignities and accessions to wealth for which, by the rules of the Society, fines were paid,—and above all, by the pictures which they possess,—how much of the pleasantry and the hearty enjoyment must have been mixed up with the more solid pursuits of the Members. Cast your eye over the list of those who met together at the table of the Dilettanti any time between 1770 and 1790.”\* Here occur the names of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Earl Fitzwilliam, Charles James Fox, Hon. Stephen Fox (Lord Holland), Hon. Mr. Fitzpatrick, Charles Howard (Duke of Norfolk), Lord Robert Spencer, George Selwyn, Colonel Fitzgerald, Hon. H. Conway, Joseph Banks, Duke of Dorset, Sir William Hamilton, David Garrick, George Colman, Joseph Windham, R. Payne Knight, Sir George Beaumont, Towneley, and others of less posthumous fame, but probably of not less agreeable companionship.

The funds must have largely benefited by the payment of fines, some of which were very strange. Those paid “on increase of income, by inheritance, legacy, marriage, or preferment,” are very odd; as, five guineas by Lord Grosvenor on his marriage with Miss Leveson Gower; eleven guineas by the Duke of Bedford, on being appointed First Lord of the Admiralty; ten guineas compounded for by Bubb Dodington, as Treasurer of the Navy; two guineas by the Duke of Kingston for a Colonelcy of Horse (then valued at 400*l.* per annum); twenty-one pounds by Lord Sandwich on going out as Ambassador to the Congress at Aix-la-Chapelle; and twopence three-farthings by the same nobleman, on

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\* *Edinburgh Review*, No. 214, p. 500.

becoming Recorder of Huntingdon; thirteen shillings and fourpence by the Duke of Bedford, on getting the Garter; and sixteen shillings and eightpence (Scotch) by the Duke of Buccleuch, on getting the Thistle; twenty-one pounds by the Earl of Holderness, as Secretary of State; and nine pounds, nineteen shillings and sixpence, by Charles James Fox, as a Lord of the Admiralty.

In 1814, another expedition was undertaken by the Society, when Sir William Gell, with Messrs. Gandy and Bedford, professional architects, proceeded to the Levant. Smyrna was again appointed the head-quarters of the mission, and fifty pounds per month was assigned to Gell, and two hundred pounds per annum to each of the architects. An additional outlay was required; and by this means the classical and antique literature of England was enriched with the fullest and most accurate descriptions of important remains of ancient art hitherto given to the world.

The contributions of the Society to the æsthetic studies of the time also deserve notice. The excellent design to publish "Select Specimens of Antient Sculpture preserved in the several Collections of Great Britain" was carried into effect by Messrs. Payne Knight and Mr. Towneley, 2 vols. folio, 1809—1835. Then followed Mr. Penrose's "Investigations into the Principles of Athenian Architecture," printed in 1851.

About the year 1820, those admirable monuments of Grecian art, called the Bronzes of Siris, were discovered on the banks of that river, and were brought to this country by the Chevalier Brondsted. The Dilettanti Society immediately organized a subscription of 800*l.*, and the Trustees of the British Museum completed the purchase by the additional sum of 200*l.*

It was mainly through the influence and patronage of the Dilettanti Society that the Royal Academy obtained a Charter. In 1774, the interest of 4000*l.* three per cents. was appropriated by the former for the purpose of sending

two students, recommended by the Royal Academy, to study in Italy or Greece for three years.

In 1835 appeared a Second Volume on Ancient Sculpture. The Society at this time included, among a list of sixty-four names of the noble and learned; those of Sir William Gell, Mr. Towneley, Richard Westmacott, Henry Hallam, the Duke of Bedford, Sir M. A. Shee, P.R.A., Henry T. Hope; and Lord Prudhoe, afterwards Duke of Northumberland.

That a Society possessing so much wealth and social importance as the Dilettanti should not have built for themselves a mansion is surprising. In 1747 they obtained a plot of ground in Cavendish Square, for this purpose; but in 1760, they disposed of the property. Between 1761 and 1764 the project of an edifice in Piccadilly, on the model of the Temple of Pola, was agitated by the Committee; two sites were proposed, one between Devonshire and Bath Houses, the other on the west side of Cambridge House. This scheme was also abandoned.

Meanwhile the Society were accustomed to meet at the Thatched House Tavern, the large room of which was hung with portraits of the Dilettanti. Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was a member, painted for the Society three capital pictures:—1. A group in the manner of Paul Veronese, containing the portraits of the Duke of Leeds, Lord Dundas, Constantine Lord Mulgrave, Lord Seaforth, the Hon. Charles Greville, Charles Crowle, Esq., and Sir Joseph Banks. 2. A group in the manner of the same master, containing portraits of Sir William Hamilton, Sir Watkin W. Wynne, Richard Thomson, Esq., Sir John Taylor, Payne Galway, Esq., John Snythe, Esq., and Spencer S. Stanhope, Esq. 3. Head of Sir Joshua, dressed in a loose robe, and in his own hair. The earlier portraits are by Hudson, Reynolds's master.

Some of these portraits are in the costume familiar to us through Hogarth; others are in Turkish or Roman dresses. There is a mixture of the convivial in all these pictures

many are using wine-glasses of no small size: Lord Sandwich, for instance, in a Turkish costume, casts a most unorthodox glance upon a brimming goblet in his left hand, while his right holds a flask of great capacity. Sir Bouchier Wray is seated in the cabin of a ship, mixing punch, and eagerly embracing the bowl, of which a lurch of the sea would seem about to deprive him: the inscription is *Dulce est desipere in loco*. Here is a curious old portrait of the Earl of Holderness, in a red cap, as a gondolier, with the Rialto and Venice in the background: there is Charles Sackville, Duke of Dorset, as a Roman senator, dated 1738; Lord Galloway, in the dress of a cardinal; and a very singular likeness of one of the earliest of the Dilettanti, Lord Le Despencer, as a monk at his devotions: his Lordship is clasping a brimming goblet for his rosary, and his eyes are not very piously fixed on a statue of the Venus de' Medici. It must be conceded that some of these pictures remind one of the Medmenham orgies, with which some of the Dilettanti were not unfamiliar. The ceiling of the large room was painted to represent sky, and crossed by gold cords interlacing each other, and from their knots were hung three large glass chandeliers.

The Thatched House has disappeared, but the pictures have been well cared for. The Dilettanti have removed to another tavern, and dine together on the first Sunday in every month from February to July. The late Lord Aberdeen, the Marquises of Northampton and Lansdowne, and Colonel Leake, and Mr. Broderip, were members; as was also the late Lord Northwick, whose large collection of pictures at Thirlestane, Cheltenham, was dispersed by sale in 1859.

### The Royal Naval Club.

About the year 1674, according to a document in the possession of Mr. Fitch of Norwich, a Naval Club was started "for the improvement of a mutuall Society, and an

increase of Love and Kindness amongst them;" and that consummate seaman, Admiral Sir John Kempthorne, was declared Steward of the institution. This was the precursor of the Royal Naval Club of 1765, which, whether considered for its amenities or its extensive charities, may be justly cited as a model establishment. (Admiral Smyth's "Rise and Progress of the Royal Society Club, p. 9.) The members of this Club annually distribute a considerable sum among the distressed widows and orphans of those who have spent their days in the naval service of their country. The Club was accustomed to dine together at the Thatched House Tavern, on the anniversary of the battle of the Nile.

"Founded on the model of the old tavern or convivial Clubs, but confined exclusively to members of the Naval Service, the Royal Naval Club numbered among its members men from the days of Boscawen, Rodney, and 'the first of June' downwards. It was a favourite retreat for William IV. when Duke of Clarence; and his comrade Sir Philip Durham, the survivor of Nelson, and almost the last of the 'old school,' frequented it. Sir Philip, however, was by no means one of the Trunnion class. Coarseness and profane language, on the contrary, he especially avoided; but in 'spinning a yarn' there has been none like him since the days of Smollett. The loss of the Royal George, from which he was one of the few, if, indeed, not the only officer, who escaped, was a favourite theme; and the Admiral, not content with having made his escape, was wont to maintain that he swam ashore with his midshipman's dirk in his teeth. Yet Sir Philip would allow no one to trench on his manor. One day when a celebrated naval captain, with the view of quizzing him, was relating the loss of a merchantman on the coast of South America, laden with Spitalfields products, and asserting that silk was so plentiful, and the cargo so scattered, that the porpoises were for some hours enmeshed in its folds: 'Ay, ay,' replied Sir Philip, 'I believe you; for I was once cruising on that coast myself, in search of a pri-

vateer, and having lost our fore-topsail one morning in a gale of wind, we next day found it tied round a whale's neck by way of a cravat.' Sir Philip was considered to have the best of it, and the novelist was mute."\*

### The Wyndham Club.

This Club, which partakes of the character of Arthur's and Boodle's, was founded by Lord Nugent, its objects being, as stated in Rule 1, "to secure a convenient and agreeable place of meeting for a society of gentlemen, all connected with each other by a common bond of literary or personal acquaintance."

The Club, No. 11, St. James's-square, is named from the mansion having been the residence of William Wyndham, who has been described, and the description has been generally adopted as appropriate, as a model of the true English gentleman; and the fitness of the Club designation is equally characteristic. He was an accomplished scholar and mathematician. Dr. Johnson writing of a visit which Wyndham paid him, says: "Such conversation I shall not have again till I come back to the regions of literature, and there Wyndham is 'inter stellas luna minores.'"

In the mansion also lived the accomplished John Duke of Roxburghe; and here the Roxburghe Library was sold in 1812, the sale extending to forty-one days. Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough lived here in 1814; and subsequently, the Earl of Blessington, who possessed a fine collection of pictures.

### The Travellers' Club.

This famous Club was originated shortly after the Peace of 1814, by the Marquis of Londonderry (then Lord Castle-reagh), with a view to a resort for gentlemen who had resided or travelled abroad, as well as with a view to the

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\* "London Clubs," 1853.

accommodation of foreigners, who, when properly recommended, receive an invitation for the period of their stay. One of the Rules directs "That no person be considered eligible to the Travellers' Club who shall not have travelled out of the British Islands to a distance of at least 500 miles from London in a direct line." Another Rule directs "That no dice and no game of hazard be allowed in the rooms of the Club, nor any higher stake than guinea points, and that no cards be introduced before dinner."

Prince Talleyrand, during his residence in London, generally joined the muster of whist-players at the Travellers'; probably, here was the scene of this felicitous rejoinder. The Prince was enjoying his rubber, when the conversation turned on the recent union of an elderly lady of respectable rank. "How ever could Madame de S—— make such a match?—a person of her birth to marry a *valet-de-chambre!*" "Ah," replied Talleyrand, "it was late in the game: at nine we don't reckon honours."

The present Travellers' Club-house, which adjoins the Athenæum in Pall Mall, was designed by Barry, R.A., and built in 1832. It is one of the architect's most admired works. Yet, we have seen it thus treated, with more smartness than judgment, by a critic who is annoyed at its disadvantageous comparison with its more gigantic neighbours:—

"The Travellers' is worse, and looks very like a sandwich at the Swindon station—a small stumpy piece of beef between two huge pieces of bread, *i.e.* the Athenæum and the Reform Clubs, which look as if they were urging their migratory neighbour to resume the peregrinations for which its members are remarkable. Yet people have their names down ten years at the Travellers' previous to their coming up for ballot. An election reasonably extended would supply funds for a more advantageous and extended position."

The architecture is the nobler Italian, resembling a Roman palace: the plan is a quadrangle, with an open area in the middle, so that all the rooms are well lighted. The

Pall Mall front has a bold and rich cornice, and the windows are decorated with Corinthian pilasters : the garden front varies in the windows, but the Italian taste is preserved throughout, with the most careful finish : the roof is Italian tiles. To be more minute, the consent of all competent judges has assigned a very high rank to this building as a piece of architectural design ; for if, in point of mere *quantity*, it fall greatly short of many contemporary structures, it surpasses nearly every one of them in *quality*, and in the artist-like treatment. In fact, it marks an epoch in our metropolitan architecture ; for before, we had hardly a specimen of that nobler Italian style which, instead of the flutter and flippery, and the littleness of manner, which pervade most of the productions of the Palladian school, is characterized by breadth and that refined simplicity arising from unity of idea and execution, and from every part being consistently worked up, yet kept subservient to one predominating effect. Unfortunately, the south front, which is by far the more striking and graceful composition, is comparatively little seen, being that facing Carlton Gardens, and not to be approached so as to be studied as it deserves ; but when examined, it certainly must be allowed to merit all the admiration it has obtained. Though perfect, quiet, and sober in effect, and unostentatious in character, this building of Barry's is remarkable for the careful finish bestowed on every part of it. It is this quality, together with the taste displayed in the design generally, that renders it an architectural bijou. Almost any one must be sensible of this, if he will but be at the pains to compare it with the United Service Club, eastward of which, as far as mere quantity goes, there is much more.

Another critic remarks : " The Travellers' fairly marks an epoch in the architectural history of Club-houses, as being almost the first, if not the very first, attempt, to introduce into this country that species of rich *astylar* composition which has obtained the name of the Italian palazzo mode, by way of contradistinction from Palladianism and its orders.



This production of Barry's has given a fresh impulse to architectural design, and one in a more artistic direction ; and the style adopted by the architect has been applied to various other buildings in the provinces as well as in the metropolis ; and its influence has manifested itself in the taste of our recent street architecture."

The Travellers' narrowly escaped destruction on October 24, 1850, when a fire did great damage to the billiard-rooms, which were, by the way, an afterthought, and addition to the original building, but by no means an improvement upon the first design, for they greatly impaired the beauty of the garden-front.

### The United Service Club,

One of the oldest of the modern Clubs, was instituted the year after the Peace of 1815, when a few officers of influence in both branches of the Service had built for them, by Sir R. Smirke, a Club-house at the corner of Charles-street and Regent-street,—a frigid design, somewhat relieved by sculpture on the entrance-front, of Britannia distributing laurels to her brave sons by land and sea. Thence the Club removed to a more spacious house, in Waterloo-place, facing the Athenæum ; the Club-house in Charles-street being entered on by the Junior United Service Club ; but Smirke's cold design has been displaced by an edifice of much more ornate exterior and luxurious internal appliances.

The United Service Club (Senior) was designed by Nash, and has a well-planned interior, exhibiting the architect's well-known excellence in this branch of his profession. The principal front facing Pall Mall has a Roman-Doric portico ; and above it a Corinthian portico, with pediment. One of the patriarchal members of the Club was Lord Lyndoch, the hero of the Peninsular War, who lived under five sovereigns : he died in his 93rd year, leaving behind him a name to be held in honoured remembrance, while loyalty is considered to be a real virtue, or military renown a passport

to fame. It is a curious fact that the Duke of Wellington fought his last battle at an earlier period of life than that in which Lord Lynedoch "fleshed his maiden sword;" and though we were accustomed to regard the Duke himself as preserving his vigour to a surprisingly advanced age, Lord Lynedoch was at his death old enough to have been the father of his Grace. The United Service was the favourite Club of the Duke, who might often be seen dining here on a joint; and on one occasion, when he was charged 1s. 3d. instead of 1s. for it, he bestirred himself till the threepence was struck off. The motive was obvious: he took the trouble of objecting, so that he might sanction the principle.

Among the Club pictures is Jones's large painting of the Battle of Waterloo; and the portrait of the Duke of Wellington, painted for the Club by W. Robinson. Here also are Stanfield's fine picture of the Battle of Trafalgar; and a copy, by Lane, painted in 1851, of a contemporary portrait of Sir Francis Drake, our "Elizabethan Sea-King." The Club-house has of late years been considerably enlarged.

### The Alfred Club.

In the comparatively quiet Albemarle-street was instituted, in 1808, the Alfred Club, which has, *ab initio*, been remarkable for the number of travellers and men of letters, who form a considerable proportion of its members. Science is handsomely housed at the Royal Institution, on the east side of the street; and literature nobly represented by the large publishing-house of Mr. Murray, on the west; both circumstances tributary to the *otium* enjoyed in a Club. Yet, strangely enough, its position has been a frequent source of banter to the Alfred. First it was known by its cockney appellation of *Half-read*. Lord Byron was a member, and he tells us that "it was pleasant, a little too sober and literary, and bored with Sotheby and Francis D'Ivernois; but one met Rich, and Ward, and Valentia, and many other

pleasant or known people; and it was, in the whole, a decent resource in a rainy day, in a dearth of parties, or Parliament, or in an empty season."

Lord Dudley, writing to the Bishop of Llandaff, says: "I am glad you mean to come into the Alfred this time. We are the most abused, and most envied, and most canvassed Society that I know of, and we deserve neither the one nor the other distinction. The Club is not so good a resource as many respectable persons would believe, nor are we by any means such quizzes or such bores as the wags pretend. A duller place than the Alfred there does not exist. I should not choose to be quoted for saying so, but the bores prevail there to the exclusion of every other interest. You hear nothing but idle reports and twaddling opinions. They read the *Morning Post* and the *British Critic*. It is the asylum of doting Tories and drivelling quidnuncs. But they are civil and quiet. You belong to a much better Club already. The eagerness to get into it is prodigious."

Then, we have the *Quarterly Review*, with confirmation strong of the two Lords:—"The Alfred received its *coup-de-grâce* from a well-known story, (rather an indication than a cause of its decline,) to the effect that Mr. Canning, whilst in the zenith of his fame, dropped in accidentally at a house dinner of twelve or fourteen, stayed out the evening, and made himself remarkably agreeable, without any one of the party suspecting who he was."

The dignified clergy, who, with the higher class of lawyers, have long ago emigrated to the Athenæum and University Clubs, formerly mustered in such great force at the Alfred, that Lord Alvanley, on being asked in the bow window at White's, whether he was still a member, somewhat irreverently replied: "Not exactly: I stood it as long as I could, but when the seventeenth bishop was proposed I gave in. I really could not enter the place without being put in mind of my catechism." "Sober-minded people," says the *Quarterly Review*, "may be apt to think this

formed the best possible reason for his lordship's remaining where he was. It is hardly necessary to say that the presence of the bishops and judges is universally regarded as an unerring test of the high character of a Club."

## The Oriental Club.

Several years ago, the high dignitaries of the Church and Law kept the Alfred to themselves ; but this would not do : then they admitted a large number of very respectable good young men, who were unexceptionable, but not very amusing. This, again, would not do. So, now the Alfred joined, 1855, the Oriental, in Hanover-square. And curiously enough, the latter Club has been quizzed equally with the Alfred. In the merry days of the *New Monthly Magazine* of some thirty years since, we read :—"The Oriental—or, as the hackney-coachmen call it, the Horizontal Club—in Hanover-square, outdoes even Arthur's for quietude. Placed at the corner of a *cul-de-sac*—at least as far as carriages are concerned, and in a part of the square to which nobody not proceeding to one of four houses which occupy that particular side ever thinks of going, its little windows, looking upon nothing, give the idea of mingled dulness and inconvenience. From the outside it looks like a prison ;—enter it, it looks like an hospital, in which a smell of curry-powder pervades the 'wards,'—wards filled with venerable patients dressed in nankeen shorts, yellow stockings, and gaiters, and faces to match. *There* may still be seen pigtails in all their pristine perfection. It is the region of calico shirts, returned writers, and guinea-pigs grown into bores. Such is the *nabobery*, into which Harley-street, Wimpole-street, and Gloucester-place, daily empty their precious stores of bilious humanity." Time has blunted the point of this satiric picture, the individualities of which had passed away, even before the amalgamation of the Oriental with the Alfred.

The Oriental Club was established in 1824, by Sir John Malcolm, the traveller and brave soldier. The members were noblemen and gentlemen associated with the administration of our Eastern empire, or who have travelled or resided in Asia, at St. Helena, in Egypt, at the Cape of Good Hope, the Mauritius, or at Constantinople.

The Oriental was erected in 1827-8, by B. and P. Wyatt, and has the usual Club characteristic of only one tier of windows above the ground-floor; the interior has since been redecorated and embellished by Collman.

### The Athenæum Club.

The Athenæum presents a good illustration of the present Club system, of which it was one of the earliest instances. By reference to the accounts of the Clubs existing about the commencement of the present century, it will be seen how greatly they differed, both in constitution and purpose, from the modern large subscription-houses, called Clubs; and which are to be compared with their predecessors only in so far as every member must be balloted for, or be chosen by the consent of the rest. Prior to 1824 there was only one institution in the metropolis particularly devoted to the association of Authors, Literary Men, Members of Parliament, and promoters generally of the Fine Arts. All other establishments were more or less exclusive, comprising gentlemen who screened themselves in the windows of White's, or Members for Counties, who darkened the doors of Brookes's; or they were dedicated to the Guards, or "men of wit and pleasure about town." It is true that the Royal Society had its convivial meetings, as we have already narrated; and small Clubs of members of other learned Societies were held; but with these exceptions, there were no Clubs where individuals known for their scientific or literary attainments, artists of eminence in any class of the Fine Arts, and noblemen and gentlemen distinguished as

patrons of science, literature, and the arts, could unite in friendly and encouraging intercourse; and professional men were compelled either to meet at taverns, or to be confined exclusively to the Society of their particular professions.

To remedy this, on the 17th of February, 1824, a preliminary meeting,—comprising Sir Humphry Davy, the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker, Sir Francis Chantrey, Richard Heber, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Dr. Thomas Young, Lord Dover, Davie Gilbert, the Earl of Aberdeen, Sir Henry Halford, Sir Walter Scott, Joseph Jekyll, Thomas Moore, and Charles Hatchett,—was held in the apartments of the Royal Society, at Somerset House; at this meeting Professor Faraday assisted as secretary, and it was agreed to institute a Club to be called “The Society,” subsequently altered to “The Athenæum.” “The Society” first met in the Clarence Club-house; but, in 1830, the present mansion, designed by Decimus Burton, was open to the members.

The Athenæum Club-house is built upon a portion of the court-yard of Carlton House. The architecture is Grecian, with a frieze exactly copied from the Panathenaic procession in the frieze of the Parthenon,—the flower and beauty of Athenian youth, gracefully seated on the most exquisitely sculptured horses, which Flaxman regarded as the most precious example of Grecian power in the sculpture of animals. Over the Roman Doric entrance-portico is a colossal figure of Minerva, by Baily, R.A.; and the interior has some fine casts of *chefs-d'œuvre* of sculpture. Here the architecture is grand, massive, and severe. The noble Hall, 35 feet broad by 57 feet long, is divided by scagliola columns and pilasters, the capitals copied from the Choragic Monument of Lysicrates. This is the Exchange, or Lounge, where the members meet. The floor is the Marmorato Veneziano mosaic. Over each of the two fire-places, in a niche, is a statue—the Diana Robing and the Venus Victrix, selected by Sir Thomas Lawrence—a very fine

contrivance for sculptural display. The Library is the best Club Library in London: it comprises the most rare and valuable works, and a very considerable sum is annually expended upon the collection, under the guidance of members most eminent in literature and science. Above the mantelpiece is a portrait of George IV., painted by Lawrence, upon which he was engaged but a few hours previous to his decease; the last bit of colour this celebrated artist ever put upon canvas being that of the hilt and sword-knot of the girdle; thus it remains unfinished. The book-cases of the drawing-rooms are crowned with busts of British worthies. Among the Club gossip it is told that a member who held the Library faith of the promise of the Fathers, and was anxious to consult their good works, one day asked, in a somewhat familiar tone of acquaintance with these respectable theologians, "Is Justin Martyr here?"—"I do not know," was the reply; "I will refer to the list; but I do not think that gentleman is one of our members"

Mr. Walker, in his very pleasant work, "The Original," was one of the first to show how by the then new system of Clubs the facilities of living were wonderfully increased, whilst the expense was greatly diminished. For a few pounds a year, advantages are to be enjoyed which no fortunes, except the most ample, can procure. The only Club (he continues) I belong to is the Athenæum, which consists of twelve hundred members, amongst whom are to be reckoned a large proportion of the most eminent persons in the land, in every line,—civil, military, and ecclesiastical,—peers spiritual and temporal (ninety-five noblemen and twelve bishops), commoners, men of the learned professions, those connected with science, the arts, and commerce, in all its principal branches, as well as the distinguished who do not belong to any particular class. Many of these are to be met with every day, living with the same freedom as in their own houses, for 25 guineas entrance, and 6 guineas a year.

Every member has the command of an excellent library, with maps ; of newspapers, English and foreign ; the principal periodicals ; writing materials, and attendance. The building is a sort of palace, and is kept with the same exactness and comfort as a private dwelling. Every member is master, without any of the trouble of a master : he can come when he pleases, and stay away when he pleases, without anything going wrong ; he has the command of regular servants, without having to pay or manage them ; he can have whatever meal or refreshment he wants, at all hours, and served up as in his own house. He orders just what he pleases, having no interest to think of but his own. In short, it is impossible to suppose a greater degree of liberty in living.

“Clubs, as far as my observation goes, are favourable to economy of time. There is a fixed place to go to, everything is served with comparative expedition, and it is not customary in general to remain long at table. They are favourable to temperance. It seems that when people can freely please themselves, and when they have an opportunity of living simply, excess is seldom committed. From an account I have of the expenses at the Athenæum in the year 1832, it appears that 17,323 dinners cost, on an average, 2s. 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. each, and that the average quantity of wine for each person was a small fraction more than half-a-pint.

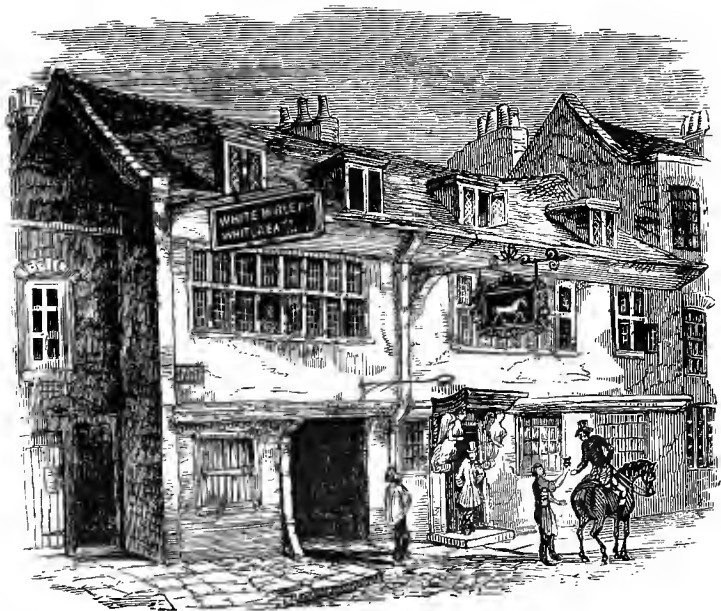
“The expense of building the Club-house was 35,000*l.*, and 5,000*l.* for furnishing ; the plate, linen, and glass cost 2,500*l.* ; library, 4,000*l.*, and the stock of wine in cellar is usually worth about 4,000*l.* : yearly revenue about 9,000*l.*

The economical management of the Club has not, however, been effected without a few sallies of humour. In 1834, we read : “The mixture of Whigs, Radicals, *savants*, foreigners, dandies, authors, soldiers, sailors, lawyers, artists, doctors, and Members of both Houses of Parliament, together with an exceedingly good average supply of bishops,





Lion's Head Box at Button's Coffee House. (*Designed by Hogarth.*)



White Horse, Chelsea. (*Built about 1550.*)



render the *mélange* very agreeable, despite of some two or three bores, who 'continually do dine;' and who, not satisfied with getting a 6s. dinner for 3s. 6d., 'continually do complain.'"

Mr. Rogers, the poet, was one of the earliest members of the Athenæum, and innumerable are the good things, though often barbed with bitterness, which are recorded of him.

Some years ago, judges, bishops, and peers used to congregate at the Athenæum; but a club of twelve hundred members cannot be select. "Warned by the necessity of keeping up their number and their funds, they foolishly set abroad a report that the finest thing in the world was to belong to the Athenæum; and that an opportunity offered for hobnobbing with archbishops, and hearing Theodore Hook's jokes. Consequently all the little crawlers and parasites, and gentility-hunters, from all corners of London, set out upon the creep; and they crept in at the windows, and they crept down the area steps, and they crept in unseen at the doors, and they crept in under bishops' sleeves, and they crept in in peers' pockets, and they were blown in by the winds of chance. The consequence has been, that ninety-nine hundredths of this Club are people who rather seek to obtain a sort of standing by belonging to the Athenæum, than to give it lustre by the talent of its members. Nintenths of the intellectual writers of the age would be certainly black-balled by the dunces. Notwithstanding all this, and partly on account of this, the Athenæum is a capital Club: the library is certainly the best Club library in London, and is a great advantage to a man who writes."\*

Theodore Hook was one of the most clubbable men of his time. After a late breakfast, he would force and strain himself at large arrears of literary toil, and then drive rapidly from Fulham to town, and pay a visit "first to one

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\* *New Quarterly Review.*

Club, where, the centre of an admiring circle, his intellectual faculties were again upon the stretch, and again aroused and sustained by artificial means: the same thing repeated at a second—the same drain and the same supply—ballot or general meeting at a third, the chair taken by Mr. Hook, who addresses the members, produces the accounts, audits and passes them—gives a succinct statement of the prospects and finances of the Society—parries an awkward question—extinguishes a grumbler—confounds an opponent—proposes a vote of thanks to himself, seconds, carries it, —and returns thanks, with a vivacious rapidity that entirely confounds the unorganised schemes of the minority—then a chop in the committee-room, and just one tumbler of brandy-and-water, or *two*, and we fear the catalogue would not always close there.”

At the Athenæum, Hook was a great card; and in a note to the sketch of him in the *Quarterly Review*, it is stated that the number of dinners at this Club fell off by upwards of three hundred per annum after Hook disappeared from his favourite corner, near the door of the coffee-room. That is to say, there must have been some dozens of gentlemen who chose to dine there once or twice every week of the season, merely for the chance of Hook's being there, and permitting them to draw their chairs to his little table in the course of the evening. Of the extent to which he suffered from this sort of invasion, there are several bitter oblique complaints in his novels. The *corner* alluded to will, we suppose, long retain the name which it derived from him—*Temperance Corner*. Many grave and dignified personages being frequent guests, it would hardly have been seemly to be calling for repeated supplies of a certain description; but the waiters well understood what the oracle of the corner meant by “Another glass of toast-and-water,” or, “A little more lemonade.”

## The University Club,

In Suffolk-street, Pall Mall East, was instituted in 1824, and the Club-house, designed by Deering and Wilkins, architects, was opened 1826. It is of the Grecian Doric and Ionic orders; and the staircase walls have casts from the Parthenon frieze. The Club consists chiefly of Members of Parliament who have received University education; several of the judges, and a large number of beneficed clergymen. This Club has the reputation of possessing the best stocked wine-cellar in London, which is of no small importance to Members, clerical or lay.

## Economy of Clubs.

Thirty years ago, Mr. Walker took some pains to disabuse the public mind of a false notion that female society was much affected by the multiplication of Clubs. He remarks that in those hours of the evening, which are peculiarly dedicated to society, he could scarcely count twenty members in the suite of rooms upstairs at the Athenæum Club. If female society be neglected, he contended that it was not owing to the institution of Clubs, but more probably to the long sittings of the House of Commons, and to the want of easy access to family circles. At the Athenæum he never heard it even hinted, that married men frequented it to the prejudice of their domestic habits, or that bachelors were kept from general society. Indeed, Mr. Walker maintains, that Clubs are a preparation and not a substitute for domestic life. Compared with the previous system of living, they induce habits of economy, temperance, refinement, regularity, and good order. Still, a Club only offers an imitation of the comforts of home, but only an imitation, and one which will never supersede the reality.

However, the question became a subject for pleasant

satire. Mrs. Gore, in one of her clever novels, has these shrewd remarks :—"London Clubs, after all, are not bad things for family men. They act as conductors to the storms usually hovering in the air. The man forced to remain at home and vent his crossness on his wife and children, is a much worse animal to bear with, than the man who grumbles his way to Pall Mall, and not daring to swear at the Club-servants, or knock about the club-furniture, becomes socialized into decency. Nothing like the subordination exercised in a community of equals for reducing a fiery temper."

Mr. Hood, in his *Comic Annual* for 1838, took up the topic in his rich vein of comic humour, and here is the amusing result:—

## CLUBS.

TURNED UP BY A FEMALE HAND.

Of all the modern schemes of Man  
That time has brought to bear,  
A plague upon the wicked plan  
That parts the wedded pair !  
My female friends they all agree  
They hardly know their hubs ;  
And heart and voice unite with me,  
" We hate the name of Clubs !"

One selfish course the Wretches keep ;  
They come at morning chimes ;  
To snatch a few short hours of sleep—  
Rise—breakfast—read the *Times*—  
Then take their hats, and post away,  
Like Clerks or City scrubs,  
And no one sees them all the day,—  
They live, eat, drink, at Clubs !

With Rundell, Dr. K., or Glasse,  
And such Domestic books,  
They once put up, but now, alas !  
It's hey ! for foreign cooks.  
" When *will* you dine at home, my dove ?"  
I say to Mr. Stubbs.  
" When Cook can make an omelette, love—  
An omelette like the Clubs !"

Time was, their hearts were only placed  
 On snug domestic schemes,  
 The book for two—united taste,  
 And such connubial dreams,—  
 Friends, dropping in at close of day,  
 To singles, doubles, rubs,—  
 A little music,—then the tray,—  
 And not a word of Clubs !

But former comforts they condemn ;  
 French kickshaws they discuss,  
 And take their wine, the wine takes them,  
 And then they favour us ;—  
 From some offence they can't digest,  
 As cross as bears with cubs,  
 Or sleepy, dull, and queer, at best—  
 That's how they come from Clubs !

It's very fine to say, "Subscribe  
 To Andrews'—can't you read?"  
 When wives, the poor neglected tribe,  
 Complain how they proceed !  
 They'd better recommend at once  
 Philosophy and tubs,—  
 A woman need not be a dunce,  
 To feel the wrong of Clubs.

A set of savage Goths and Picts  
 Would seek us now and then,—  
 They're pretty pattern-Benedicts  
 To guide our single men !  
 Indeed, my daughters both declare  
 "Their Beaux shall not be subs  
 To White's, or Black's, or anywhere,—  
 They've seen enough of Clubs !"

They say, without the marriage ties,  
 They can devote their hours  
 To catechize, or botanize—  
 Shells, Sunday Schools, and flow'rs—  
 Or teach a Pretty Poll new words,  
 Tend Covent Garden shrubs,  
 Nurse dogs and chirp to little birds—  
 As Wives do since the Clubs.

Alas ! for those departed days  
 Of social wedded life,  
 When married folks had married ways,  
 And liv'd like Man and Wife !  
 Oh ! Wedlock then was pick'd by none—  
 As safe a lock as Chubb's !  
 But couples, that should be as one,  
 Are now the Two of Clubs !

Of all the modern schemes of Man  
 That time has brought to bear,  
 A plague upon the wicked plan,  
 That parts the wedded pair !  
 My wedded friends they all allow  
 They meet with slights and snubs,  
 And say, " They have no husbands now,  
 They're married to the Clubs !"

The satire soon reached the stage. About five-and-twenty years since there was produced, at the old wooden Olympic Theatre, Mr. Mark Lemon's farce, *The Ladies' Club*, which proved one of the most striking pieces of the time. "Though in 1840 Clubs, in the modern sense of the word, had been for some years established, they were not quite recognised as social necessities, and the complaints of married ladies and of dowagers with marriageable daughters, to the effect that these institutions caused husbands to desert the domestic hearth and encouraged bachelors to remain single, expressed something of a general feeling. Public opinion was ostentatiously on the side of the ladies and against the Clubs, and to this opinion Mr. Mark Lemon responded when he wrote his most successful farce."\*

Here are a few experiences of Club-life. "There are many British lions in the coffee-room who have dined off a joint and beer, and have drunk a pint of port wine afterwards, and whose bill is but 4s. 3d. One great luxury in a modern Club is that there is no temptation to ostentatious

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\* *Times* journal.



expense. At an hotel there is an inclination in some natures to be 'a good customer.' At a Club the best men are generally the most frugal—they are afraid of being thought like that little snob, Calicot, who is always surrounded by fine dishes and expensive wines (even when alone), and is always in loud talk with the butler, and in correspondence with the committee about the cook. Calicot is a rich man, with a large bottle-nose, and people blackball his friends.

"For a home, a man must have a large Club, where the members are recruited from a large class, where the funds are in a good state, where a large number every day breakfast and dine, and where a goodly number think it necessary to be on the books and pay their subscriptions, although they do not use the Club. Above all, your home Club should be a large Club, because, even if a Club be ever so select, the highest birth and most unexceptionable fashion do not prevent a man from being a *bore*. Every Club must have its bores; but in a large Club *you can get out of their way*."\*

"It is a vulgar error to regard a Club as the rich man's public-house: it bears no analogy to a public-house: it is as much the private property of its members as any ordinary dwelling-house is the property of the man who built it.

"Our Clubs are thoroughly characteristic of us. We are a *proud* people,—it is of no use denying it,—and have a horror of indiscriminate association; hence the exclusiveness of our Clubs.

"We are an *economical* people, and love to obtain the greatest possible amount of luxury at the least possible expense: hence at our Clubs we dine at prime cost, and drink the finest wines at a price which we should have to pay for slow poison at a third-rate inn.

"We are a *domestic* people, and hence our Clubs afford us all the comforts of home, when we are away from home, or

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\* *New Quarterly Review*.

when we have none. Finally, we are a *quarrelsome* people, and the Clubs are eminently adapted for the indulgence of that amiable taste. A book is kept constantly open to receive the out-pourings of our ill-humour against all persons and things. The smokers quarrel with the non-smokers; the billiard-players wage war against those who don't play; and, in fact, an internecine war is constantly going on upon every conceivable trifle; and when we retire exhausted from the fray, sofas and *chaises longues* are everywhere at hand, whereon to repose *in extenso*. The London Clubs are certainly the abodes of earthly bliss, yet the ladies won't think so."\*

### The Union Club.

This noble Club-house, at the south-west angle of Trafalgar-square, was erected in 1824, from designs by Sir Robert Smirke, R.A. It is much less ornate than the Club-houses of later date; but its apartments are spacious and handsome, and it faces one of the finest open spaces in the metropolis. As its name implies, it consists of politicians, and professional and mercantile men, without reference to party opinions; and, it has been added, is "a resort of wealthy citizens, who just fetch Charing Cross to inhale the fresh air as it is drawn from the Park through the funnel, by Berkeley House, out of Spring Gardens, into their bay-window."

James Smith, one of the authors of the "Rejected Addresses," was a member of the Union, which he describes as chiefly composed of merchants, lawyers, members of Parliament, and of "gentlemen at large." He thus sketches a day's life here. "At three o'clock I walk to the Union Club, read the journals, hear Lord John Russell deified or diablerized, do the same with Sir Robert Peel or the Duke of Wellington, and then join a knot of conversationists by the fire till six o'clock. We then and there discuss the Three per Cent.

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\* *The Builder*.

Consols (some of us preferring Dutch Two-and-a-half per Cents.), and speculate upon the probable rise, shape, and cost of the New Exchange. If Lady Harrington happen to drive past our window in her landau, we compare her equipage to the Algerine Ambassador's; and when politics happen to be discussed, rally Whigs, Radicals, and Conservatives alternately, but never seriously, such subjects having a tendency to create acrimony. At six, the room begins to be deserted; wherefore I adjourn to the dining-room, and gravely looking over the bill of fare, exclaim to the waiter, 'Haunch of mutton and apple-tart!' These viands dispatched, with the accompanying liquids and water, I mount upward to the library, take a book and my seat in the arm-chair, and read till nine. Then call for a cup of coffee and a biscuit, resuming my book till eleven; afterwards return home to bed." The smoking-room is a very fine apartment.

One of the grumbling members of the Union was Sir James Aylott, a two-bottle man; one day, observing Mr. James Smith furnished with half-a-pint of sherry, Sir James eyed his cruets with contempt, and exclaimed: "So, I see you have got one of those d—d life preservers."

The Club has ever been famed for its *cuisine*, upon the strength of which, we are told that next door to the Club-house, in Cockspur-street, was established the Union Hotel, which speedily became renowned for its turtle; it was opened in 1823, and was one of the best appointed hotels of its day; and Lord Panmure, a *gourmet* of the highest order, is said to have taken up his quarters in this hotel, for several successive seasons, for the sake of the soup.\*

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\* "London Clubs, 1853," p. 75.

## The Garrick Club.

Mr. Thackeray was a hearty lover of London, and has left us many evidences of his sincerity. He greatly favoured Covent Garden, of which he has painted this clever picture, sketched from "the Garden," where are annually paid for fruits and vegetables some three millions sterling :—

"The two great national theatres on one side, a church-yard full of mouldy but undying celebrities on the other ; a fringe of houses studded in every part with anecdote and history ; an arcade, often more gloomy and deserted than a cathedral aisle ; a rich cluster of brown old taverns—one of them filled with the counterfeit presentment of many actors long since silent, who scowl or smile once more from the canvas upon the grandsons of their dead admirers ; a something in the air which breathes of old books, old pictures, old painters, and old authors ; a place beyond all other places one would choose in which to hear the chimes at midnight ; a crystal palace—the representative of the present—which peeps in timidly from a corner upon many things of the past ; a withered bank, that has been sucked dry by a felonious clerk ; a squat building, with a hundred columns and chapel-looking fronts, which always stands knee-deep in baskets, flowers, and scattered vegetables ; a common centre into which Nature showers her choicest gifts, and where the kindly fruits of the earth often nearly choke the narrow thoroughfares ; a population that never seems to sleep, and that does all in its power to prevent others sleeping ; a place where the very latest suppers and the earliest breakfasts jostle each other on the footways—such is Covent-Garden Market, with some of its surrounding features."

About a century and a quarter ago, the parish of St. Paul was, according to John Thomas Smith, the only fashionable

part of the town, and the residence of a great number of persons of rank and title, and artists of the first eminence ; and also from the concourse of wits, literary characters, and other men of genius, who frequented the numerous coffee-houses, wine and cider cellars, jelly-shops, etc., within its boundaries, the list of whom particularly includes the eminent names of Butler, Addison, Sir Richard Steele, Otway, Dryden, Pope, Warburton, Cibber, Fielding, Churchill, Bolingbroke, and Dr. Samuel Johnson ; Rich, Woodward, Booth, Wilkes, Garrick, and Macklin ; Kitty Clive, Peg Woffington, Mrs. Pritchard, the Duchess of Bolton, Lady Derby, Lady Thurlow, and the Duchess of St. Alban's ; Sir Peter Lely, Sir Godfrey Kneller, and Sir James Thornhill ; Vandevelde, Zincke, Lambert, Hogarth, Hayman, Wilson, Dance, Meyer, etc. The name of Samuel Foote should be added.

Although the high fashion of the old place has long since ebbed away, its theatrical celebrity remains ; and the locality is storied with the dramatic associations of two centuries. The Sublime Society of Steaks have met upon this hallowed ground through a century ; and some thirty years ago there was established in the street leading from the north-west angle of Covent-Garden Market, a Club, bearing the name of our greatest actor. Such was the Garrick Club, instituted in 1831, at No. 35, King-street, "for the purpose of bringing together the 'patrons' of the drama and its professors, and also for offering literary men a rendezvous ; and the managers of the Club have kept those general objects steadily in view. Nearly all the leading actors are members, and there are few of the active literary men of the day who are not upon the list. The large majority of the association is composed of the representatives of all the best classes of society. The number of the members is limited, and the character of the Club is social, and therefore the electing committee is compelled to exercise very vigilant care, for it is clear that it would be better that ten unobjectionable men

should be excluded than that one terrible bore should be admitted. The prosperity of the Club, and the eagerness to obtain admission to it, are the best proofs of its healthy management; and few of the cases of grievance alleged against the direction will bear looking into."

The house in King-street was, previous to its occupation by the Garrick men, a family hotel: it was rendered tolerably commodious, but in course of time it was found insufficient for the increased number of members; and in 1864 the Club removed to a new house built for them a little more westward than the old one. But of the old place, inconvenient as it was, will long be preserved the interest of association. The house has since been taken down; but its memories are embalmed in a gracefully written paper, by Mr. Shirley Brooks, which appeared in the *Illustrated London News*, immediately before the removal of the Club to their new quarters; and is as follows:

"From James Smith (of "Rejected Addresses") to Thackeray, there is a long series of names of distinguished men who have made the Garrick their favourite haunt, and whose memories are connected with those rooms. The visitor who has had the good fortune to be taken through them, that he might examine the unequalled collection of theatrical portraits, will also retain a pleasant remembrance of the place. He will recollect that he went up one side of a double flight of stone steps from the street, and entered a rather gloomy hall, in which was a fine bust of Shakspeare, by Roubiliac, and some busts of celebrated actors; and he may have noticed in the hall a tablet recording the obligation of the Club to Mr. Durrant, who bequeathed to it the pictures collected by the late Charles Mathews. Conducted to the left, the visitor found himself in the strangers' dining-room, which occupied the whole of the ground-floor. This apartment, where, perhaps, more pleasant dinners had been given than in any room in London, was closely hung with pictures. The newest was Mr. O'Neil's admirable likeness

of Mr. Keeley, and it hung over the fireplace in the front room, near Sir Edwin Landseer's portrait of Charles Young. There were many very interesting pictures in this room, among them a Peg Woffington; Lee (the author of the *Bedlam Tragedy*, in nineteen acts); Mr. Pritchard, and Mr. Garrick, an admirable illustration of

Pritchard's genteel, and Garrick six feet high;

a most gentlemanly one of Pope the actor, Garrick again as Macbeth in the court-dress, two charming little paintings of Miss Poole when a child-performer, the late Frederick Yates, Mrs. Davison (of rare beauty), Miss Lydia Kelly, and a rich store besides. The stranger would probably be next conducted through a long passage until he reached the smoking-room, which was not a cheerful apartment by daylight, and empty; but which at night, and full, was thought the most cheerful apartment in town. It was adorned with gifts from artists who are members of the Club. Mr. Stanfield had given a splendid sea-piece, with a wash of waves that set one coveting an excursion; and Mr. David Roberts had given a large and noble painting of Baalbec, one of his finest works. These great pictures occupied two sides of the room, and the other walls were similarly ornamented. Mrs. Stirling's bright face looked down upon the smokers, and there was a statuette of one who loved the room—the author of '*Vanity Fair*.'

"The visitor was then brought back to the hall, and taken upstairs to the drawing-room floor. On the wall as he passed he would observe a vast picture of Mr. Charles Kemble (long a member) as Macbeth, and a Miss O'Neil as Juliet. He entered the coffee-room, as it was called, which was the front room, looking into King-street, and behind which was the morning-room, for newspapers and writing, and in which was the small but excellent library, rich in dramatic works. The coffee-room was devoted to the members' dinners; and the late Mr. Thackeray dined for the

last time away from home at a table in a niche in which hung the scene from *The Clandestine Marriage*, where Lord Ogleby is preparing to join the ladies. Over the fireplace was another scene from the same play; and on the mantel-piece were Garrick's candlesticks, Kean's ring, and some other relics of interest. The paintings in this room were very valuable. There was Foote, by Reynolds; a Sheridan; John Kemble; Charles Kemble as Charles II. (under which picture he often sat in advanced life, when he in no degree resembled the audacious, stalwart king in the painting); Mrs. Charles Kemble, in male attire; Mrs. Fitzwilliam; Charles Matthews, *père*; a fine, roystering Woodward, reminding one of the rattling times of stage chivalry and 'victorious Burgundy'; and in the morning-room was a delightful Kitty Clive, another Garrick, and, near the ceiling, a row of strong faces of by-gone days—Cooke the strongest.

“On the second floor were numerous small and very characteristic portraits; and in a press full of large folios was one of the completest and most valuable of collections of theatrical prints. In the card-room, behind this, were also some very quaint and curious likenesses, one of Mrs. Liston, as Dollalolla. There was a sweet face of 'the Prince's' Perdita, which excuses his infatuation and aggravates his treachery. When the visitor had seen these things and a few busts, among them one of the late Justice Talfourd (an old member), he was informed that he had seen the collection and he could go away, unless he were lucky enough to have an invitation to dine in the strangers' room.

“The new Club-house is a little more westward than the old one, but not much, the Garrick having resolved to cling to the classic region around Covent-Garden. It is in Garrick-street from the west end of King-street to Cranbourn-street. It has a frontage of ninety-six feet to the street; but the rear was very difficult, from its shape, to manage, and Mr. Marrable, the architect, has dealt very



cleverly with the quaint form over which he had to lay out his chambers. The house is Italian, and is imposing from having been judiciously and not over-enriched. In the hall is a very beautiful Italian screen. The noble staircase is of carved oak; at the top, a landing-place, from which is entered the morning-room, the card-room, and the library. All the apartments demanded by the habits of the day—some of them were not thought necessary in the days of Garrick—are, of course, provided. The kitchens and all their arrangements are sumptuous, and the latest culinary improvements are introduced. The system of sunlights appears to be very complete, and devices for a perfect ventilation have not been forgotten."

The pictures have been judiciously hung in the new rooms: they include—Elliston as Octavian, by Singleton; Macklin (aged 93), by Opie; Mrs. Pritchard, by Hayman; Peg Woffington, by R. Wilson; Nell Gwynne, by Sir Peter Lely; Mrs. Abington; Samuel Foote, by Sir Joshua Reynolds; Colley Cibber as Lord Foppington; Mrs. Bracegirdle; Kitty Clive; Mrs. Robinson, after Reynolds; Garrick as Macbeth, and Mrs. Pritchard, Lady Macbeth, by Zoffany; Garrick as Richard III., by Morland, sen.; Young Roscius, by Opie; Quin, by Hogarth; Rich and his family, by Hogarth; Charles Mathews, four characters, by Harlowe; Nat Lee, painted in Bedlam; Anthony Leigh as the Spanish Friar, by Kneller; John Liston, by Clint; Munden, by Opie; John Johnston, by Shee; Lacy in three characters, by Wright; Scene from Charles II., by Clint; Mrs. Siddons as Lady Macbeth, by Harlowe; J. P. Kemble as Cato, by Lawrence; Macready as Henry IV., by Jackson; Edwin, by Gainsborough; the twelve of the School of Garrick; Kean, Young, Elliston, and Mrs. Inchbald, by Harlowe; Garrick as Richard III., by Louthembourg; Rich as Harlequin; Moody and Parsons in *The Committee*, by Vander-gucht; King as Touchstone, by Zoffany; Thomas Dogget; Henderson, by Gainsborough; Elder Colman, by Reynolds;

Mrs. Oldfield, by Kneller ; Mrs. Billington ; Nancy Dawson ; Screen Scene from *The School for Scandal*, as originally cast ; Scene from *Venice Preserved* (Garrick and Mrs. Cibber), by Zoffany ; Scene from *Macbeth* (Henderson) ; Scene from *Love, Law, and Physic* (Mathews, Liston, Blanchard, and Emery), by Clint ; Scene from *The Clandestine Marriage* (King and Mr. and Mrs. Baddeley), by Zoffany ; Weston as Billy Button, by Zoffany.

The following have been presented to the Club :—Busts of Mrs. Siddons and J. P. Kemble, by Mrs. Siddons ; of Garrick, Captain Marryat, Dr. Kitchiner, and Malibran ; Garrick, by Roubiliac ; Griffin and Johnson in *The Alchemist*, by Von Bleeck ; Miniatures of Mrs. Robinson and Peg Woffington ; Sketch of Kean, by Lambert ; Garrick Mulberry-tree Snuff-box ; Joseph Harris as Cardinal Wolsey, from the Strawberry Hill Collection ; Proof Print of the Trial of Queen Katherine, by Harlowe.

The Garrick men will, for the sake of justice, excuse the mention of a short-coming : at the first dinner of the Club, from the list of toasts was omitted "Shakspeare," who, it must be allowed, contributed to Garrick's fame. David did not so forget the Bard, as is attested in his statue by Roubiliac, which, after adorning the Garrick grounds at Hampton, was bequeathed by the grateful actor to the British Museum.

The Club were entertained at a sumptuous dinner by their brother member, Lord Mayor Moon, in the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House, in 1855.

The Gin-punch made with iced soda-water is a notable potation at the Garrick ; and the rightful patentee of the invention was Mr. Stephen Price, an American gentleman, well known on the turf, and as the lessee of Drury-lane Theatre. His title has been much disputed—

Grammatici certant et adhuc sub judice lis est ;

and many, misled by Mr. Theodore Hook's frequent and liberal application of the discovery, were in the habit of

ascribing it to him. But Mr. Thomas Hill, the celebrated "trecentenarian" of a popular song, who was present at Mr. Hook's first introduction to the beverage, has set the matter at rest by a brief narration of the circumstances. One hot afternoon, in July, 1835, the inimitable author of "Sayings and Doings" (what a book might be made of his own!) strolled into the Garrick in that equivocal state of thirstiness which it requires something more than common to quench. On describing the sensation, he was recommended to make a trial of the punch, and a jug was compounded immediately under the personal inspection of Mr. Price. A second followed—a third, with the accompaniment of some chops—a fourth—a fifth—a sixth—at the expiration of which Mr. Hook went away to keep a dinner engagement at Lord Canterbury's. He always ate little, and on this occasion he ate less, and Mr. Horace Twiss inquired in a fitting tone of anxiety if he was ill. "Not exactly," was the reply; "but my stomach won't bear trifling with, and I was tempted to take a biscuit and a glass of sherry about three."

The receipt for the gin punch is as follows:—Pour half a pint of gin on the outer peel of a lemon, then a little lemon-juice, a glass of maraschino, about a pint and a quarter of water, and two bottles of iced soda-water; and the result will be three pints of the punch in question.

Another choice spirit of the Garrick was the aforesaid Hill, "Tom Hill," as he was called by all who loved and knew him. He "happened to know everything that was going forward in all circles—mercantile, political, fashionable, literary, or theatrical; in addition to all matters connected with military and naval affairs, agriculture, finance, art, and science—everything came alike to him." He was born in 1760, and was many years a drysalter at Queenhithe, but about 1810 he lost a large sum of money by a speculation in indigo; after which he retired, upon the remains of his property, to chambers in the Adelphi. While at Queen-

hithe, he found leisure to make a fine collection of old books, chiefly old poetry, which were valued at six thousand pounds. He greatly assisted two friendless poets, Bloomfield and Kirke White; he also established *The Monthly Mirror*, which brought him much into connexion with dramatic poets, actors, and managers, when he collected theatrical curiosities and relics. Hill was the Hull of Hook's clever novel, "Gilbert Gurney," and the reputed original of Paul Pry, though the latter is doubtful. The standard joke about him was his age. He died in 1841, in his eighty-first year, though Hook and all his friends always affected to consider him as quite a Methuselah. James Smith once said that it was impossible to discover his age, for the parish register had been burnt in the fire of London; but Hook capped this:—"Pooh, pooh!"—(Tom's habitual exclamation)—he's one of the Little Hills that are spoken of as skipping in the Psalms." As a mere octogenarian he was wonderful enough. No human being would, from his appearance, gait, or habits, would have guessed him to be sixty. Till within three months of his death, Hill rose at five usually, and brought the materials of his breakfast home with him to the Adelphi from a walk to Billingsgate; and at dinner he would eat and drink like an adjutant of five-and-twenty. One secret was, that a "banyan-day" uniformly followed a festivity. He then nursed himself most carefully on tea and dry toast, tasted neither meat nor wine, and went to bed by eight o'clock. But perhaps the grand secret was, the easy, imperturbable serenity of his temper. He had been kind and generous in the day of his wealth; and though his evening was comparatively poor, his cheerful heart kept its even beat.

Hill was a patient collector throughout his long life. His old English poetry, which Southey considered the rarest assemblage in existence, was dispersed in 1810; and, after Hill's death, his literary rarities and memorials occupied Evans, of Pall Mall, a clear week to sell by auction: the

autograph letters were very interesting, and among the memorials were Garrick's Shakspeare Cup and a vase carved from the Bard's mulberry-tree; and a block of wood from Pope's willow, at Twickenham.

Albert Smith was also of the Garrick, and usually dined here before commencing his evening entertainments at the Egyptian Hall, in Piccadilly.

Smith was very clubbable, and with benevolent aims: he was a leader of the Fielding Club, in Maiden-lane, Covent Garden, which gave several amateur theatrical representations towards the establishment of "a Fund for the immediate relief of emergencies in the Literary or Theatrical world;" having already devoted a considerable sum to charitable purposes. This plan of relieving the woes of others through our own pleasures is a touch of nature which yields twofold gratification.

### The Reform Club.

This political Club was established by Liberal Members of the two Houses of Parliament, to aid the carrying of the Reform Bill, 1830-1832. It was temporarily located in Great George-street, and Gwydyr House, Whitehall, until towards the close of 1837, when designs for a new Club-house were submitted by the architects, Blore, Basevi, Cockerell, Sydney Smirke, and Barry. The design of the latter was preferred, and the site selected in Pall Mall, extending from the spot formerly occupied by the temporary National Gallery (late the residence of Sir Walter Stirling), on one side of the temporary Reform Club-house, over the vacant plot of ground on the other side. The instructions were to produce a Club-house which would surpass all others in size and magnificence; one which should combine all the attractions of other Clubs, such as baths, billiard-rooms, smoking-rooms, with the ordinary accommodations; besides the additional novelty of private chambers, or dormitories.

The frontage towards Pall Mall is about 135 feet, or nearly equal to the frontage of the Athenæum (76 feet) and the Travellers' (74 feet). The style of the Reform is pure Italian, the architect having taken some points from the celebrated Farnese Palace at Rome, designed by Michael Angelo Buonarroti, in 1545, and built by Antonio Sangallo. However, the resemblance between the two edifices has been greatly overstated, it consisting only in both of them being astylar, with columnar-decorated fenestration. The exterior is greatly admired; though it is objected, and with reason, that the windows are too small. The Club-house contains six floors and 134 apartments: the basement and mezzanine below the street pavement, and the chambers in the roof are not seen.

The points most admired are extreme simplicity and unity of design, combined with very unusual richness. The breadth of the piers between the windows contributes not a little to that repose which is so essential to simplicity, and hardly less so to stateliness. The string-courses are particularly beautiful, while the cornicione (68 feet from the pavement) gives extraordinary majesty and grandeur to the whole. The roof is covered with Italian tiles; the edifice is faced throughout with Portland stone, and is a very fine specimen of masonry. In building it a strong scaffolding was constructed, and on the top was laid a railway, upon which was worked a traversing crane, movable along the building either longitudinally or transversely; by which means the stones were raised from the ground, and placed on the wall with very little labour to the mason, who had only to adjust the bed and lay the block.\*

In the centre of the interior is a grand hall, 56ft. by 50, (the entire height of the building,) resembling an Italian *cortile*, surrounded by colonnades, below Ionic, and above Corinthian; the latter is a picture-gallery, where, inserted in

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\* *Civil Engineer and Architects' Journal*, 1841.

the scagliola walls, are whole-length portraits of eminent political Reformers; while the upper colonnade has rich floral mouldings, and frescoes of Music, Poetry, Painting, and Sculpture, by Parris. The floor of the hall is tessellated; and the entire roof is strong diapered flint-glass, executed by Pellatt, at the cost of 600*l.* The staircase, like that of an Italian palace, leads to the upper gallery of the hall, opening into the principal drawing-room, which is over the coffee-room in the garden-front, both being the entire length of the building; adjoining are a library, card-room, etc., over the library and dining-rooms. Above are a billiard-room and lodging-rooms for members of the Club; there being a separate entrance to the latter by a lodge adjoining the Travellers' Club-house.

The basement comprises two-storied wine-cellars beneath the hall; besides the kitchen department, planned by Alexis Soyer, originally *chef-de-cuisine* of the Club: it contains novel employments of steam and gas, and mechanical applications of practical ingenuity; the inspection of which was long one of the privileged sights of London. The *cuisine*, under M. Soyer, enjoyed European fame. Soyer first came to England on a visit to his brother, who was then cook to the Duke of Cambridge; and at Cambridge House, Alexis cooked his first dinner in England, for the then Prince George. Soyer afterwards entered the service of various noblemen, amongst others of Lord Ailsa, Lord Panmure, etc. He then entered into the service of the Reform Club, and the breakfast given by that Club on the occasion of the Queen's Coronation obtained him high commendation. His ingenuity gave a sort of celebrity to the great political banquets given at the Reform. In his O'Connell dinner, the *soufflés à la Clontarf* were considered by gastronomes to be a rich bit of satire. The banquet to Ibrahim Pacha, July 3, 1846, was another of Soyer's great successes, when *Merlans à l'Égyptienne*, *la Crème d'Égypte* and *à l'Ibrahim Pacha*, mingled with *Le Gâteau Britannique à l'Amiral* (Napier).

Another famous banquet was that given to Sir C. Napier, March 3, 1854, as Commander of the Baltic Fleet; and the banquet given July 20, 1850, to Viscount Palmerston, who was a popular leader of the Reform, was, gastronomically as well as politically, a brilliant triumph. It was upon this memorable occasion that Mr. Bernal Osborne characterized the Palmerston policy in this quotation:—

Warmed by the instincts of a knightly heart,  
That roused at once if insult touched the realm,  
He spurned each State-craft, each deceiving art,  
And met his foes no vizor to his helm.  
This proved his worth, hereafter be our boast—  
Who hated Britons, hated him the most.

Lord Palmerston was too true an Englishman to be insensible to "the pleasures of the table," as attested by the hospitalities of Cambridge House, during his administration. One of his Lordship's political opponents, writing in 1836, says: "Lord Palmerston is redeemed from the last extremity of political degradation by his cook." A distinguished member of the diplomatic body was once overheard remarking to an Austrian nobleman upon the Minister's shortcomings in some respects, adding, "mais on dîne fort bien chez lui."

It is always interesting to read a foreigner's opinion of English society. The following observations, by the Viscountess de Malleville, appeared originally in the *Courrier de l'Europe*, and preceded an account of the Reform. Commencing with Clubs, the writer remarks:

"It cannot be denied that these assemblages, wealthy and widely extended in their ramifications, selfish in principle, but perfectly adapted to the habits of the nation, offer valuable advantages to those who have the good fortune to be enrolled in them. . . . The social state and manners of the country gave the first idea of them. The spirit of association which is so inherent in the British character, did the rest. It is only within the precincts of these splendid



edifices, where all the requirements of opulent life, all the comforts and luxuries of princely habitations, are combined, that we can adequately appreciate the advantages and the complicated results produced by such a system of association. For an annual subscription, comparatively of small amount, every member of a Club is admitted into a circle, which is enlivened and renewed from time to time by the accession of strangers of distinction. A well-selected and extensive library, newspapers and pamphlets from all parts of the world, assist him to pass the hours of leisure and digestion. According as his tastes incline, a man may amuse himself in the saloons devoted to play, to reading, or to conversation. In a word, the happy man, who only goes to get his dinner, may drink the best wines out of the finest cut-glass, and may eat the daintiest and best-cooked viands off the most costly plate, at such moderate prices as no Parisian restaurateur could afford. The advantages of a Club do not end here: it becomes for each of its members a second domestic hearth, where the cares of business and household annoyances cannot assail him. As a retreat especially sacred against the visitations of idle acquaintances and tiresome creditors—a sanctuary in which each member feels himself in the society of those who act and sympathize with him—the Club will ever remain a resort, tranquil, elegant, and exclusive; interdicted to the humble and to the insignificant.”

The writer then proceeds to illustrate the sumptuous character of our new Club-houses by reference to the Reform. “Unlike in most English buildings, the staircase is wide and commodious, and calls to mind that of the Louvre. The quadrangular apartment which terminates it, is surrounded by spacious galleries; the rich mosaic pavement, in which the brilliancy of the colour is only surpassed by the variety of the design—the cut-glass ceiling, supported by four rows of marble pillars—all these things call to remembrance the most magnificent apartments of Versailles in the days of the

great king and his splendours. This is the vestibule, which is the grand feature of the mansion." The kitchen is then described—"spacious as a ball-room, kept in the finest order, and white as a young bride. All-powerful steam, the noise of which salutes your ear as you enter, here performs a variety of offices: it diffuses a uniform heat to large rows of dishes, warms the metal plates upon which are disposed the dishes that have been called for, and that are in waiting to be sent above: it turns the spits, draws the water, carries up the coal, and moves the plate like an intelligent and indefatigable servant. Stay awhile before this octagonal apparatus, which occupies the centre of the place. Around you the water boils and the stew-pans bubble, and a little further on is a movable furnace, before which pieces of meat are converted into savoury *rôtis*; here are sauces and gravies, stews, broths, soups, etc. In the distance are Dutch ovens, marble mortars, lighted stoves, iced plates of metal for fish; and various compartments for vegetables, fruits, roots, and spices. After this inadequate, though prodigious nomenclature, the reader may perhaps picture to himself a state of general confusion, a disordered assemblage, resembling that of a heap of oyster-shells. If so, he is mistaken; for, in fact, you see very little, or scarcely anything of all the objects above described. The order of their arrangement is so perfect, their distribution as a whole, and in their relative bearings to one another, are all so intelligently considered, that you require the aid of a guide to direct you in exploring them, and a good deal of time to classify in your mind all your discoveries.

"Let all strangers who come to London for business, or pleasure, or curiosity, or for whatever cause, not fail to visit the Reform Club. In an age of utilitarianism, and of the search for the comfortable, like ours, there is more to be learned here than in the ruins of the Coliseum, of the Parthenon, or of Memphis."

## The Carlton Club.

The Carlton is purely a political Club, and was founded by the great Duke of Wellington, and a few of his most intimate political friends. It held its first meeting in Charles-street, St. James's, in the year 1831. In the following year it removed to larger premises, Lord Kensington's, in Carlton Gardens. In 1836, an entirely new house was built for the Club, in Pall-Mall, by Sir Robert Smirke, R.A.: it was of small extent, and plain and inexpensive. As the Club grew in numbers and importance, the building became inadequate to its wants. In 1846, a very large addition was made to it by Mr. Sydney Smirke; and in 1854, the whole of the original edifice was taken down, and rebuilt by Mr. Smirke, upon a sumptuous scale; and it will be the largest, though not the most costly Club-house, in the metropolis. It is a copy of Sansovino's Library of St. Mark, at Venice: the entablature of the Ionic, or upper order, is considerably more ponderous than that of the Doric below, which is an unorthodox defect. The façade is highly enriched, and exhibits a novelty, in the shafts of all the columns being of red Peterhead granite, highly polished, which, in contrast with the dead stone, is objectionable: "cloth of frieze and cloth of gold" do not wear well together. In the garden front the pilasters, which take the place of columns in the entrance front and flank, are of the same material as the latter, namely, Peterhead granite, polished. Many predictions were at first ventured upon as to the perishable nature of the lustre of the polished granite shafts; but these predictions have been falsified by time; nine years' exposure having produced no effect whatever on the polished surface. Probably the polish itself is the protection of the granite, by preventing moisture from hanging on the surface.

The Carlton contains Conservatives of every hue, from the good old-fashioned Tory to the liberal progressist of the

latest movements,—men of high position in fortune and politics.

Some thirty years ago, a *Quarterly* reviewer wrote: "The improvement and multiplication of Clubs is the grand feature of metropolitan progress. There are between twenty and thirty of these admirable establishments, at which a man of moderate habits can dine more comfortably for three or four shillings (including half a pint of wine), than he could have dined for four or five times that amount at the coffee-houses and hotels, which were the habitual resort of the bachelor class in the corresponding rank of life during the first quarter of the century. At some of the Clubs—the Travellers', the Coventry, and the Carlton, for example—the most finished luxury may be enjoyed at a very moderate cost. The best judges are agreed that it is utterly impossible to dine better than at the Carlton, when the cook has fair notice, and is not hurried, or confused by a multitude of orders. But great allowances must be made when a simultaneous rush occurs from both Houses of Parliament; and the caprices of individual members of such institutions are sometimes extremely trying to the temper and reputation of a *chef*."

### The Conservative Club.

This handsome Club-house, which occupies a portion of the site of the old Thatched House Tavern, 74, St. James's-street, was designed by Sydney Smirke and George Basevi, 1845. The upper portion is Corinthian, with columns and pilasters, and a frieze sculptured with the imperial crown and oak-wreaths; the lower order is Roman-Doric; and the wings are slightly advanced, with an enriched entrance-porch north, and a bay-window south. The interior was superbly decorated in colour by Sang: the coved hall, with a gallery round it, and the domed vestibule above it, is a fine specimen of German encaustic embellishment, in the arches, soffites, spandrels, and ceilings; and the hall-floor is

tessellated, around a noble star of marqueterie. The evening room, on the first floor, has an enriched coved ceiling, and a beautiful frieze of the rose, shamrock, and thistle, supported by scagliola Corinthian columns: the morning room, beneath, is of the same dimensions, with Ionic pillars. The library, in the upper story north, has columns and pilasters with bronzed capitals. Beneath is the coffee-room. The kitchen is far more spacious than that of the Reform Club. In the right wing is a large bay-window, which was introduced as an essential to the morning room, affording the lounge a view of Pall Mall and St. James's-street, and the Palace gateway; this introduction reminding us, by the way, of Theodore Hook's oddly comparing the bay-window of a coffee-house nearly on the same spot, to an obese old gentleman in a white waistcoat. Hook lived for some time in Cleveland-row: he used to describe the *real London* as the space between Pall Mall on the south, Piccadilly north, St. James's west, and the Opera-house east.

This is the second Club of the Conservative party, and many of its chiefs are honorary members, but rarely enter it: Sir Robert Peel is said never to have entered this Club-house except to view the interior. Other leaders have, however, availed themselves of the Club influences to recruit their ranks from its working strength. This has been political ground for a century and a half; for here, at the Thatched House Tavern, Swift met his political Clubs, and dined with Tory magnates; but with fewer appliances than in the present day; in Swift's time "the wine being always brought by him that is president."\*

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\* The Palace clock has connected with it an odd anecdote, which we received from Mr. Vulliamy, of Pall Mall, who, with his family, as predecessors, had been the royal clockmakers since 1743. When the Palace Gate-house was repaired, in 1831, the clock was removed, and not put up again. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood, missing the clock, memorialized William IV. for the replacement of the time-

## The Oxford and Cambridge Club.

The Oxford and Cambridge Club-house, 71, Pall Mall, for members of the two Universities, was designed by Sir Robert Smirke, R.A., and his brother, Mr. Sydney Smirke, 1835-8. The Pall Mall façade is 80 feet in width by 75 in height, and the rear lies over-against the court of Marlborough House. The ornamental detail is very rich: as the entrance-portico, with Corinthian columns; the balcony, with its panels of metal foliage; and the ground-storey frieze, and arms of Oxford and Cambridge Universities over the portico columns. The upper part of the building has a delicate Corinthian entablature and balustrade; and above the principal windows are bas-reliefs in panels, executed in cement by Nicholl, from designs by Sir R. Smirke, as follows:—Centre panel: Minerva and Apollo presiding on Mount Parnassus; and the River Helicon, surrounded by the Muses. Extreme panels: Homer singing to a warrior, a female and a youth; Virgil singing his *Georgics* to a group of peasants. Other four panels: Milton reciting to his daughter; Shakspeare attended by Tragedy and Comedy; Newton explaining his system; Bacon, his philosophy. Beneath the ground-floor is a basement of offices, and an entresol or mezzanine of chambers. The principal apartments are tastefully decorated; the drawing-room is panelled with *papier mâché*; and the libraries are filled with book-cases of beautifully marked Russian birch-

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keeper, when the King inquired why it was not restored; the reply was that the roof was reported unsafe to carry the weight, which His Majesty having ascertained, he shrewdly demanded how, if the roof were not strong enough to carry the clock, it was safe for the number of persons occasionally seen upon it to witness processions, and the company on drawing-room days? There was no questioning the calculation; the clock was forthwith replaced, and a minute-hand was added, with new dials. (“Curiosities of London,” p. 571.)

wood. From the back library is a view of Marlborough House and its gardens.

## The Guards Club

Was formerly housed in St. James's-street, next Crockford's, north ; but, in 1850, they removed to Pall Mall, (No. 70.) The new Club-house was designed for them by Henry Harrison, and remarkable for its compactness and convenience, although its size and external appearance indicate no more than a private house. The architect has adopted some portion of a design of Sansovino's in the lower part or basement.

## The Army and Navy Club.

The Army and Navy Club-house, Pall Mall, corner of George-street, designed by Parnell and Smith, was opened February, 1851. The exterior is a combination from Sansovino's Palazzo Cornaro, and Library of St. Mark at Venice ; but varying in the upper part, which has Corinthian columns, with windows resembling arcades filling up the intercolumns ; and over their arched headings are groups of naval and military symbols, weapons, and defensive armour—very picturesque. The frieze has also effective groups symbolic of the Army and Navy ; the cornice, likewise very bold, is crowned by a massive balustrade. The basement, from the Cornaro, is rusticated ; the entrance being in the centre of the east or George-street front, by three open arches, similar in character to those in the Strand front of Somerset House ; the whole is extremely rich in ornamental detail. The hall is fine ; the coffee-room is panelled with scagliola, and has a ceiling enriched with flowers, and pierced for ventilation by heated flues above ; adjoining is a room lighted by a glazed plafond ; next is the house dining-room, decorated in the Munich style ; and more superb is the morning-room, with its arched windows, and mirrors forming arcades

and vistas innumerable. A magnificent stone staircase leads to the library and reading-rooms; and in the third storey are billiard and card rooms; and a smoking-room with a lofty dome elaborately decorated in traceried Moresque. The apartments are adorned with an equestrian portrait of Queen Victoria, painted by Grant, R.A.; a piece of Gobelin tapestry (Sacrifice to Diana), presented to the Club in 1849 by Prince Louis Napoleon; marble busts of William IV. and the Dukes of Kent and Cambridge; and several life-size portraits of naval and military heroes. The Club-house is provided with twenty lines of Whishaw's Telekoupfona, or Speaking Telegraph, which communicate from the Secretary's room to the various apartments. The cost of this superb edifice, exclusive of fittings, was 35,000*l.*; the plot of ground on which it stands cost the Club 52,000*l.*

The Club system has added several noble specimens of ornate architecture to the metropolis; to the south side of Pall Mall these fine edifices have given a truly patrician air. But, it is remarkable that while both parties political have contributed magnificent edifices towards the metropolis and their opinions; while the Conservatives can show with pride two splendid piles, and the Liberals at least one handsome one; while the Army and Navy have recently a third palace—the most successful of the three they can boast; while the Universities, the sciences, even our Indian empire, come forward, the fashionable clubs, the aristocratic clubs, do nothing for the general aspect of London, and have made no move in a direction where they ought to have been first. Can anything be more paltry than that bay-window from which the members of White's contemplate the cabstand and the Wellington Tavern? and yet a little management might make that house worthy of its unparalleled situation; and if it were extended to Piccadilly, it would be the finest thing of its kind in Europe.



## The Junior United Service Club,

At the corner of Charles-street and Regent-street, was erected in 1855-57, Nelson and James, architects, and has a most embellished exterior, enriched with characteristic sculpture by John Thomas. The design is described in the *Builder* as in the Italian style of architecture, the bay-window in Regent-street forming a prominent feature in the composition, above which is a sculptured group allegorical of the Army and Navy. The whole of the sculpture and ornamental details throughout the building are characteristic of the profession of the members of the Club. The exterior of the building is surmounted by a richly-sculptured cornice, with modillion and dentils, and beneath it an elaborate frieze, having medallions with trophies and other suitable emblems, separated from each other by the rose, shamrock, and thistle. The external walls of the building are of Bath stone, and the balustrade around the area is of Portland stone; and upon the angle-pieces of this are bronze lamps, supported by figures. The staircase is lighted from the top by a handsome lantern, filled with painted glass, with an elaborate coved and ornamented ceiling around. On the landing of the half space are two pairs of caryatidal figures, and single figures against the walls, supporting three semicircular arches, and the whole is reflected by looking-glasses on the landing. On the upper landing of the staircase is the celebrated picture, by Allan, of the Battle of Waterloo. Upon the first floor fronting Regent-street, and over the morning-room, and of the same dimensions, is the evening-room, which is also used as a picture-gallery, 24 feet high, with a bay-window fronting Regent-street. In the gallery are portraits of military and naval commanders; Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, and the Emperor Napoleon; and an allegorical group in silver, presented to the Club by his Imperial Majesty.

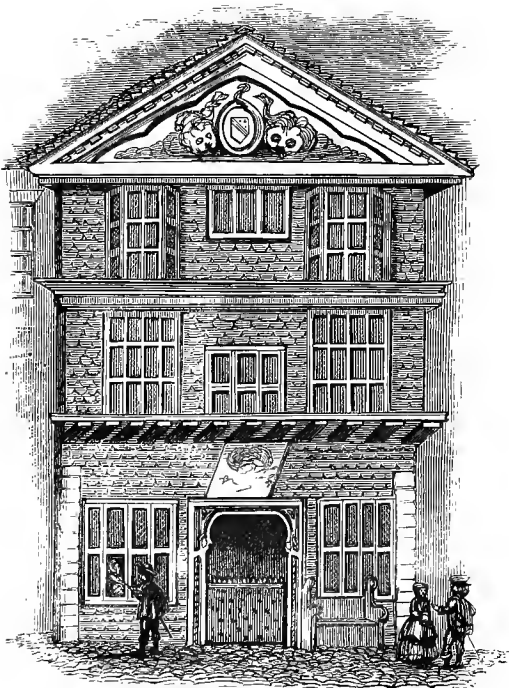
## Crockford's Club.

This noted gaming Club-house, No. 50, on the west side of St. James's-street, over against White's, was built for Mr. Crockford, in 1827; B. and P. Wyatt, architects.

Crockford started in life as a fishmonger, at the old bulk-shop next-door to Temple Bar Without, which he quitted for play in St. James's. "For several years deep play went on at all the Clubs—fluctuating both as to locality and amount—till by degrees it began to flag. It was at a low ebb when Mr. Crockford laid the foundation of the most colossal fortune that was ever made by play. He began by taking Watier's old Club-house, in partnership with a man named Taylor. They set up a hazard-bank, and won a great deal of money, but quarrelled and separated at the end of the first year. Taylor continued where he was, had a bad year, and failed. Crockford removed to St. James's-street, had a good year, and immediately set about building the magnificent Club-house which bears his name. It rose like a creation of Aladdin's lamp; and the genii themselves could hardly have surpassed the beauty of the internal decorations, or furnished a more accomplished *maitre d'hôtel* than Ude. To make the company as select as possible, the establishment was regularly organized as a Club, and the election of members vested in a committee. 'Crockford's' became the rage, and the votaries of fashion, whether they liked play or not, hastened to enrol themselves. The Duke of Wellington was an original member, though (unlike Blücher, who repeatedly lost everything he had at play) the great Captain was never known to play deep at any game but war or politics. Card-tables were regularly placed, and whist was played occasionally; but the aim, end, and final cause of the whole was the hazard-bank, at which the proprietor took his nightly stand, prepared for all comers. *Le Wellington des Joueurs* lost 23,000*l.*



DOLLY,  
Mistress of "Dolly's Chop House,"  
St. Paul's Churchyard, 1700.



The Rose, Fenchurch Street.  
(From an Original Drawing in the King's Library.)



at a sitting, beginning at twelve at night, and ending at seven the following evening. He and three other noblemen could not have lost less, sooner or later, than 100,000*l.* apiece. Others lost in proportion (or out of proportion) to their means; but we leave it to less occupied moralists, and better calculators, to say how many ruined families went to make Mr. Crockford a *millionnaire*—for a *millionnaire* he was in the English sense of the term, after making the largest possible allowance for bad debts. A vast sum, perhaps half a million, was sometimes due to him; but as he won, all his debtors were able to raise, and easy credit was the most fatal of his lures. He retired in 1840, much as an Indian chief retires from a hunting country where there is not game enough left for his tribe, and the Club is now tottering to its fall.”\*

The Club-house consists of two wings and a centre, with four Corinthian pilasters, and entablature, and a balustrade throughout; the ground-floor has Venetian windows, and the upper story, large French windows. The entrance-hall had a screen of Roman-Ionic scagliola columns with gilt capitals, and a cupola of gilding and stained glass. The library has Sienna columns and antæ of the Ionic order, from the Temple of Minerva Polias; the staircase is panelled with scagliola, and enriched with Corinthian columns. The grand drawing-room is in the style of Louis Quatorze: azure ground, with elaborate cove; ceiling enrichments bronze gilt; door-way paintings *à la Watteau*; and panelling, masks, terminals, heavy gilt. Upon the opening of the Club-house, it was described in the exaggerated style, as “the New Pandemonium; the drawing-rooms, or real Hell, consisting of four chambers; the first an ante-room, opening to a saloon embellished to a degree which baffles description; thence to a small, curiously-formed cabinet, or boudoir, which opens to the supper-room. All these rooms are panelled in the most gorgeous manner, spaces being left to be filled up with

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\* *Edinburgh Review.*

mirrors, silk or gold enrichments; the ceilings being as superb as the walls. A billiard-room on the upper floor completes the number of apartments professedly dedicated to the use of the members. Whenever any secret manœuvre is to be carried on, there are smaller and more retired places, both under this roof and the next, whose walls will tell no tales."

The *cuisine* at Crockford's was of the highest class, and the members were occasionally very *exigeant*, and trying to the patience of M. Ude. At one period of his presidency, a ground of complaint, formally addressed to the Committee, was that there was an admixture of onion in the *soubise*. Colonel Damer, happening to enter Crockford's one evening to dine early, found Ude walking up and down in a towering passion, and naturally inquired what was the matter. "No matter, Monsieur le Colonel! Did you see that man who has just gone out? Well, he ordered a red mullet for his dinner. I made him a delicious little sauce with my own hands. The price of the mullet marked on the *carte* was 2s.; I asked 6d. for the sauce. He refuses to pay the 6d. The *imbécile* apparently believes that the red mullets come out of the sea with my sauce in their pockets!" The *imbécile* might have retorted that they do come out of the sea with their appropriate sauce in their pockets; but this forms no excuse for damaging the consummate genius of a Ude.

The appetites of some Club members appear to entitle them to be called *gourmands* rather than *gourmets*. Of such a member of Crockford's the following traits are related in the *Quarterly Review*, No. 110:—"The Lord-lieutenant of one of the western counties eats a covey of partridges for breakfast every day during the season; and there is a popular M.P. at present [1836] about town who would eat a covey of partridges, as the Scotchman ate a dozen of beca-ficos, for a whet, and feel himself astonished if his appetite was not accelerated by the circumstance. Most people

must have seen or heard of a caricature representing a gentleman at dinner upon a round of beef, with the landlord looking on. 'Capital beef, landlord!' says the gentleman; 'a man may cut and come again here.' 'You may cut, sir,' responds Boniface; 'but I'm blow'd if you shall come again.' The person represented is the M.P. in question; and the sketch is founded upon fact. He had occasion to stay late in the City, and walked into the celebrated Old Bailey beef-shop on his return, where, according to the landlord's computation; he demolished about seven pounds and a half of solid meat, with a proportionate allowance of greens. His exploits at Crockford's have been such, that the founder of that singular institution has more than once had serious thoughts of giving him a guinea to sup elsewhere: and has only been prevented by the fear of meeting with a rebuff similar to that mentioned in 'Roderick Random' as received by the master of an ordinary, who, on proposing to buy off an ugly customer, was informed by him that he had already been bought off by all the other ordinaries in town, and was consequently under the absolute necessity of continuing to patronize the establishment."

Theodore Hook was a frequent visitor at Crockford's, where play did not begin till late. Mr. Barham describes him, after going the round of the Clubs, proposing, with some gay companion, to finish with half-an-hour at Crockford's: "The half-hour is quadrupled, and the excitement of the preceding evening was nothing to that which now ensued." He had a receipt of his own to prevent being exposed to the night air. "I was very ill," he once said, "some months ago, and my doctor gave me particular orders not to expose myself to it; so I come up [from Fulham] every day to Crockford's, or some other place to dinner, and I make it a rule on no account to go home again till about four or five o'clock in the morning."

After Crockford's death, the Club-house was sold by his executors for 2,900*l*.; held on lease, of which thirty-two

years were unexpired, subject to a yearly rent of 1,400*l.* It is said that the decorations alone cost 94,000*l.* The interior was re-decorated in 1849, and opened for the Military, Naval, and County Service Club, but was closed again in 1851. It has been, for several years, a dining-house—"the Wellington."

Crockford's old bulk-shop, west of Temple-bar, was taken down in 1846. It is engraved in "Archer's Vestiges of London," part i. A view in 1795, in the Crowle Pennant, presents one tall gable to the street; but the pitch of the roof had been diminished by adding two imperfect side gables. The heavy pents originally traversed over each of the three courses of windows; it was a mere timber frame, filled up with lath and plaster, the beams being of deal, with short oak joints: it presented a capital example of the old London bulk-shop (sixteenth century), with a heavy canopy projecting over the pathway, and turned up at the rim to carry off the rain endwise. This shop had long been held by a succession of fishmongers; and Crockford would not permit the house-front to be altered in his lifetime. He was known in gaming circles by the sobriquet of "the Fishmonger."

### "King Allen," "The Golden Ball," and Scrope Davies.

In the old days when gaming was in fashion, at Watier's Club, princes and nobles lost or gained fortunes between themselves. It was the same at Brookes's, one member of which, Lord Robert Spencer, was wise enough to apply what he had won to the purchase of the estate of Woolbidding, Suffolk. Then came Crockford's hell, the proprietor of which, a man who had begun life with a fish-basket, won the whole of the ready money of the then existing generation of aristocratic simpletons. Among the men who most suffered by play was Viscount Allen, or "King Allen," as



he was called. This effeminate dandy had fought like a young lion in Spain ; for the dandies, foolish as they looked, never wanted pluck. The "King" then lounged about town, grew fat, lost his all, and withdrew to Dublin, where, in Merrion-square, he slept behind a large brass plate with "Viscount Allen" upon it, which was as good to him as board wages, for it brought endless invitations from people eager to feed a viscount at any hour of the day or night, although "King Allen" had more ready ability in uttering disagreeable than witty things.

Very rarely indeed did any of the ruined gamblers ever get on their legs again. The "Golden Ball," however, was an exception. Ball Hughes fell from the very top of the gay pagoda into the mud, but even there, as life was nothing to him without the old excitement, he played pitch and toss for halfpence, and he won and lost small ventures at battle-dore and shuttlecock, which innocent exercise he turned into a gambling speculation. After he withdrew, in very reduced circumstances, to France, his once mad purchase of Oatlands suddenly assumed a profitable aspect. The estate was touched by a railway and admired by building speculators, and between the two the "Ball," in its last days, had a very cheerful and glittering aspect indeed.

Far less lucky than Hughes was Scrope Davies, whose name was once so familiar to every man and boy about town. There was good stuff about this dandy. He one night won the whole fortune of an aspiring fast lad who had come of age the week before, and who was so prostrated by his loss that kindly-hearted Scrope gave back the fortune the other had lost, on his giving his word of honour never to play again. Davies stuck to the green baize till his own fortune had gone among a score of less compassionate gentlemen. His distressed condition was made known to the young fellow to whom he had formerly acted with so much generosity, and that grateful heir refused to lend him even a guinea. Scrope was not of the gentlemen-ruffians of the day

who were addicted to cruelly assaulting men weaker than themselves. He was well-bred and a scholar; and he bore his reverses with a rare philosophy. His home was on a bench in the Tuileries, where he received old acquaintances who visited him in exile; but he admitted only very tried friends to the little room where he read and slept. He was famed for his readiness in quoting the classical poets, and for his admiration of Moore, in whose favour those quotations were frequently made. They were often most happy. For example, he translated '*Ubi plura nitent non ego paucis offendar maculis,*' by '*Moore shines so brightly that I cannot find fault with Little's vagaries!*' He also rendered '*Ne plus ultra,*' '*Nothing is better than Moore!*'\*\*

### The Four-in-Hand Club.

Gentleman-coaching has scarcely been known in England seventy-five years. The Anglo-Erichthonius, the Hon. Charles Finch, brother to the Earl of Aylesford, used to drive his own coach-and-four, disguised in a livery great coat. Soon after his *début*, however, the celebrated "Tommy Onslow," Sir John Lacy, and others, mounted the box in their own characters. Sir John was esteemed a renowned judge of coach-horses and carriages, and a coachman of the old school; but everything connected with the coach-box has undergone such a change, that the Nestors of the art are no longer to be quoted. Among the celebrities may be mentioned the "B. C. D.," or Benson Driving Club, which held its rendezvous at the "Black Dog," Bedford, as one of the numerous driving associations, whose processions used, some forty years ago, to be among the most imposing, as well as peculiar spectacles in and about the metropolis.

On the stage, the gentlemen drivers, of whom the members of the Four-in-Hand Club were the exclusive *élite*, were

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\* *Athenæum* review of "Captain Gronow's Anecdotes."

illustrated rather than caricatured in *Goldfinch*, in Holcroft's comedy *The Road to Ruin*. Some of them who had not "drags" of their own, "tipped" a weekly allowance to stage coachmen, to allow them to "finger the ribbons," and "tool the team." Of course, they frequently "spilt" the passengers. The closeness with which the professional coachmen were imitated by the "bucks," is shown in the case of wealthy young Ackers, who had one of his front teeth taken out, in order that he might acquire the true coachman-like way of "spitting." There were men of brains, nevertheless, in the Four-in-Hand, who knew how to ridicule such fellow-members as Lord Onslow, whom they thus immortalized in an epigram of that day:—

What can Tommy Onslow do?  
 He can drive a coach and two.  
 Can Tommy Onslow do no more?  
 He can drive a coach and four.

It is a curious fact, that the fashion of amateur charioteering was first set by the ladies. Dr. Young has strikingly sketched, in his satires, the Delia who was as good a coachman as the man she paid for being so:—

Graceful as John, she moderates the reins,  
 And whistles sweet her diuretic strains.

The Four-in-Hand combined gastronomy with equestrianism and charioteering. They always drove out of town to dinner, and the ghost of Scrope Davies will pardon our suggesting that the club of drivers and diners might well have taken for their motto, "Quadrigis, petimus bene vivere!"\*

There is another version of the epigram on Tom Onslow:—

Say, what can Tommy Onslow do?  
 Can drive a curricule and two.  
 Can Tommy Onslow do no more?  
 Yes,—drive a curricule and four.

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\* *Athenæum*, No. 1739.

This is the version current, we are told, among Onslow's relations in the neighbourhood of Guildford.

Lord Onslow's celebrity as a *whip* long preceded the existence of the Four-in-Hand Club (the palmy days of which belong to the times of George the Fourth), and it was not a *coach*, but a *phaeton*, that he drove. A correspondent of the *Athenæum* writes: "I knew him personally, in my own boyhood, in Surrey, in the first years of the present century; and I remember then hearing the epigram now referred to, not as new, but as well known, in the following form:—

What can little T. O. do?  
 Drive a phaeton and two.  
 Can little T. O. do no more?  
 Yes,—drive a phaeton and four.

Tommy Onslow was a little man, full of life and oddities, one of which was a fondness for driving into odd places; and I remember the surprise of a pic-nic party, which he joined in a secluded spot, driving up in his 'phaeton and four' through ways that were hardly supposed passable by anything beyond a flock of sheep. An earlier exploit of his had a less agreeable termination. He was once driving through Thames-street, when the hook of a crane, dangling down in front of one of the warehouses, caught the hood of the phaeton, tilting him out, and the fall broke his collar-bone."

The vehicles of the Club which were formerly used are described as of a hybrid class, quite as elegant as private carriages and lighter than even the mails. They were horsed with the finest animals that money could secure. In general the whole four in each carriage were admirably matched; grey and chestnut were the favourite colours, but occasionally very black horses, or such as were freely flecked with white, were preferred. The master generally drove the team, often a nobleman of high rank, who commonly copied the dress of a mail coachman. The company usually rode

outside, but two footmen in rich liveries were indispensable on the back seat, nor was it at all uncommon to see some splendidly-attired female on the box. A rule of the Club was that all members should turn out three times a week; and the start was made at mid-day, from the neighbourhood of Piccadilly, through which they passed to the Windsor-road,—the attendants of each carriage playing on their silver bugles. From twelve to twenty of these handsome vehicles often left London together.

There remain a few handsome drags, superbly horsed. In a note to Nimrod's life-like sketch, "The Road,"\* it is stated that "only ten years back, there were from thirty-four to forty four-in-hand equipages to be seen constantly about town."

Nimrod has some anecdotal illustrations of the taste for the *whip*, which has undoubtedly declined; and at one time, perhaps, it occupied more attention among the higher classes of society than we ever wish to see it do again. Yet, taken in moderation, we can perceive no reason to condemn this branch of sport more than others. "If so great a personage as Sophocles could think it fitting to display his science in public, in the trifling game of ball, why may not an English gentleman exercise his skill on a coach-box? If the Athenians, the most polished nation of all antiquity, deemed it *an honour* to be considered skilful charioteers, why should Englishmen consider it a disgrace? To be serious, our amateur or *gentlemen-coachmen* have done much good: the road would never have been what it now is, but for the encouragement they gave by their notice and support to all persons connected with it. Would the Holyhead road have been what it is, had there been no such persons as the Hon. Thomas Kenyon, Sir Henry Parnell, and Mr. Maddox? Would the Oxford coachmen

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\* Written, it must be recollected, some five-and-thirty years since. Reprinted in Murray's "Reading for the Rail."

have set so good an example as they have done to their brethren of 'the bench,' had there been no such men on their road as Sir Henry Peyton, Lord Clonmel, the late Sir Thomas Mostyn; that Nestor of coachmen, Mr. Annesley; and the late Mr. Harrison, of Shelswell? Would not the unhappy coachmen of five-and-twenty years back have gone on, wearing out their breeches with the bumping of the old coach-box, and their stomachs with brandy, had not Mr. Warde, of Squerries, after many a weary endeavour, persuaded the proprietors to place their boxes upon springs—the plan for accomplishing which was suggested by Mr. Roberts, nephew to the then proprietor of the White Horse, Fetter Lane, London, but now of the Royal Hotel, Calais? What would the Devonshire road have been, but for the late Sir Charles Bamfylde, Sir John Rogers, Colonel Prouse, Sir Lawrence Palk, and others? Have the advice and the practice of such experienced men as Mr. Charles Buxton, Mr. Henry Villebois, Mr. Okeover, Sir Bellingham Graham, Mr. John Walker, Lord Sefton, Sir Felix Agar,\* Mr. Ackers, Mr. Maxse, Hon. Fitzroy Stanhope, Colonel Spicer, Colonel Sibthorpe, *cum multis aliis*, been thrown away upon persons who have looked up to them as protectors? Certainly not: neither would the improvement in carriages—stage-coaches more especially—have arrived at its present height, but for the attention and suggestions of such persons as we have been speaking of."

A commemoration of long service in the coaching department may be related here. In the autumn of 1835, a handsome compliment was paid to Mr. Charles Holmes, the

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\* Perhaps one of the finest specimens of good coachmanship was performed by Sir Felix Agar. He made a bet, which he won, that he would drive his own four-horses-in-hand up Grosvenor-place, down the passage into Tattersall's Yard, around the pillar which stands in the centre of it, and back again into Grosvenor-place, *without either of his horses going at a slower pace than a trot.*

driver and part proprietor of the Blenheim coach (from Woodstock to London) to celebrate the completion of his twentieth year on that well-appointed coach, a period that had elapsed without a single accident to his coach, his passengers, or himself; and during which time, with the exception of a very short absence from indisposition, he had driven his sixty-five miles every day, making somewhere about twenty-three thousand miles a year. The numerous patrons of the coach entered into a subscription to present him with a piece of plate; and accordingly a cup, bearing the shape of an antique vase, the cover surmounted by a beautifully modelled horse, with a coach and four horses on one side, and a suitable inscription on the other, was presented to Mr. Holmes by that staunch patron of the road, Sir Henry Peyton, Bart., in August, at a dinner, at the Thatched House Tavern, St. James's-street, to which between forty and fifty gentlemen sat down. The list of subscribers amounted to upwards of two hundred and fifty, including among others the Duke of Wellington.

### Whist Clubs.

To Hoyle has been ascribed the invention of the game of Whist. This is certainly a mistake, though there can be no doubt that it was indebted to him for being first specially treated of and introduced to the public in a scientific manner. He also wrote on piquet, quadrille, and backgammon, but little is known of him more than that he was born in 1672, and died in Cavendish-square on 29th August, 1769, at the advanced age of ninety-seven. He was a barrister by profession, and Registrar of the Prerogative in Ireland, a post worth 600*l.* a year. His treatise on Whist, for which he received from the publisher the sum of 1000*l.*, ran through five editions in one year, besides being extensively pirated.

Whist, Ombre, and Quadrille, at Court were used,  
And Bassett's power the City dames amused,

Imperial Whist was yet but slight esteemed,  
And pastime fit for none but rustics deemed.  
How slow at first is still the growth of fame !  
And what obstructions wait each rising name !  
Our stupid fathers thus neglected, long,  
The glorious boast of Milton's epic song ;  
But Milton's muse at last a critic found,  
Who spread his praise o'er all the world around ;  
And Hoyle at length, for Whist performed the same,  
And proved its right to universal fame.

Whist first began to be popular in England about 1730, when it was very closely studied by a party of gentlemen, who formed a sort of Club, at the Crown Coffee-house, in Bedford-row. Hoyle is said to have given instructions in the game, for which his charge was a guinea a lesson.

The Laws of Whist have been variously given.\* More than half a century has elapsed since the supremacy of "long whist," was assailed by a reformed, or rather revolutionized form of the game. The champions of the ancient rules and methods did not at once submit to the innovation. The conservatives were not without some good arguments on their side ; but "short whist" had attractions that proved irresistible, and it has long since fully established itself as the only game to be understood when whist is named. But hence, in the course of time, has arisen an inconvenience. The old school of players had, in the works of Hoyle and Cavendish, manuals and text-books of which the rules, cases, and decisions were generally accepted. For short whist no such "volume paramount" has hitherto existed. Hoyle could not be safely trusted by a learner, so much contained in that venerable having become obsolete. Thus, doubtful cases arising out of the short game had to be referred to the best living players for decision. But there was some confusion in the "whist world," and the necessity of a code of the modern laws and rules of this "almost perfect"

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\* Abridged from the *Times* journal.



game had become apparent, when a combined effort was made by a committee of some of the most skilful to supply the deficiency.

The movement was commenced by Mr. J. Loraine Baldwin, who obtained the assistance of a Committee, including members of several of the best London Clubs well known as whist players. They were deputed to draw up a code of rules for the game, which, if approved, was to be adopted by the Arlington Club. They performed their task with the most decided success. The rules they laid down as governing the best modern practice have been accepted, not only by the Arlington, but the Army and Navy, Arthur's, Boodle's, Brookes's Carlton, Conservative, Garrick, Guards, Junior Carlton, Portland, Oxford and Cambridge, Reform, St. James's, White's, etc. To the great section of the whist world that do not frequent Clubs, it may be satisfactory to know the names of the gentlemen composing the Committee of Codification, whose rules have become law. They are Admiral Rouse, chairman; Mr. G. Bentinck, M.P.; Mr. J. Bushe; Mr. J. Clay, M.P.; Mr. C. Greville; Mr. R. Knightley, M.P.; Mr. H. B. Mayne; Mr. G. Payne; and Colonel Pipon. The "Laws of Short Whist"\* were in 1865 published in a small volume; and to this strictly legal portion of the book is appended "A Treatise on the Game," by Mr. J. Clay, M.P. for Hull. It may be read with advantage by the commencing student of whist and the advanced player, and with pleasure even by those who are totally ignorant of it, and have no wish to learn it. There are several incidental illustrations and anecdotes, that will interest those not gifted with the faculties good whist requires. Mr. Clay is reported to be one of the best, if not the very best, of modern players. The Dedication is as follows: "To the Members of the Portland Club, admitted among whom, as a boy, I have

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\* "The Laws of Short Whist," edited by J. L. Baldwin, and "A Treatise on the Game," by J. C. Harrison, 59, Pall Mall.

passed many of the pleasantest days of my life, I have learned what little I know of Whist, and have formed many of my oldest friendships, this Treatise on Short Whist is dedicated with feelings of respect and regard, by their old playfellow, J. C."

Leaving his instructions, like the rules of the committee, to a more severe test than criticism, we extract from his first chapter a description of the incident to which short whist owes its origin. It will probably be quite new to thousands who are familiar with the game.

"Some eighty years back, Lord Peterborough, having one night lost a large sum of money, the friends with whom he was playing proposed to make the game five points instead of ten, in order to give the loser a chance, at a quicker game, of recovering his loss. The new game was found to be so lively, and money changed hands with such increased rapidity, that these gentlemen and their friends, all of them leading members of the Clubs of the day, continued to play it. It became general in the Clubs, thence was introduced to private houses, travelled into the country, went to Paris, and has long since so entirely superseded the whist of Hoyle's day, that of short whist alone I propose to treat. I shall thus spare the reader, the learning much in the old works that it is not necessary for him to know, and not a little which, if learned, should be at once forgotten."

Graham's, in St. James's-street, the greatest of Card Clubs, was dissolved about thirty years back.

### Prince's Club Racquet Courts.

In the early history of the metropolis we find the Londoners warmly attached to outdoor sports and pastimes; although time and the spread of the great city have long obliterated the sites upon which these popular amusements were enjoyed. Smithfield, we know, was the town-green for centuries before it became the focus of its fanatic fires;

Maypoles stood in various parts of the City and suburbs, as kept in remembrance by name to this day ; football was played in the main artery of the town—Fleet-street and the Strand, for instance ; *paille malle* was played in St. James's Park, and the street which is named after the game ; and tennis and other games at ball were enjoyed on open grounds long before they were played in covered courts ; while the bowling-greens in the environs were neither few nor far between, almost to our time.

Tennis, we need scarcely state here, was originally played with the hand, at first naked, then covered with a thick glove, to which succeeded the bat or racquet, whence the present name of the game. A few of our kings have been tennis-players. In the sixteenth century tennis courts were common in England, being attached to country mansions. Later, playing-courts were opened in the metropolis : for example, to the houses of entertainment which formerly stood at the opposite angles of Windmill-street and the Haymarket were attached tennis-courts, which lasted to our time : one of these courts exists in James-street, Haymarket, to this day. To stroll out from the heated and crowded streets of the town to the village was a fashion of the last century, as we read in the well-remembered line—

Some dukes at Marybone bowl time away.

Taking into account the vast growth of the metropolis, we are not surprised at so luxurious a means of healthful enjoyment as a racquet court presents being added to the establishments or institutions of this very clubbable age. Hitherto Clubs had been mostly appropriated to the purposes of refection ; but why should not the social refinement be extended to the enjoyment of so health-giving a sport and manly a pastime as racquet ? The experiment was made, and with perfect success, immediately upon the confines of one of the most recent settlements of fashion—Belgravia. It

is private property, and bears the name of Prince's Club Racquet Courts.

The Club, established in 1854, is built upon the Pavilion estate, in the rear of the north side of Sloane-street, the principal entrance being from Hans-place. The grounds are of considerable extent, and were originally laid out by Capability Brown. They were almost environed with lofty timber-trees; and the genius of landscape gardening, fostered by wealth, rendered this glade in the Brompton groves of old a sort of rural elysium.

The Pavilion estate was once the property of Holland, the well-known architect, who planned Sloane-street and Hans-place, as a building speculation; and, in the grounds nearly between them, built himself what was then considered a handsome villa, the front of which was originally designed by Holland as a model for the Prince of Wales's Pavilion at Brighton; hence the name, the Pavilion estate. In the grounds, among the remains of Brown's ornamental work, was an icehouse, amidst the imitative ruins of a priory. Here, also, were the Ionic columns (isolated) which were formerly in the screen of Carlton House.

The Club buildings comprise seven closed courts; a tennis court; gallery and refreshment rooms; baths, and a Turkish bath.

Prince's Club is a subscription establishment; and its government is vested in a committee. Gentlemen desirous of becoming members of the Club must be proposed and seconded by two of its members. Two of the rules enact—that members have the privilege of introducing two friends, but that such visitors, if they play, be charged double the rate charged to members; and that no hazard, dice, or game of chance be allowed in this Club. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge are members.

## An Angling Club.

Professor Owen is accustomed to relate the following very amusing incident, which occurred in a Club of some of the working scientific men of London, who, with a few others, after their winter's work of lecturing is over, occasionally sally forth to have a day's fishing. "We have," says Professor Owen, "for that purpose taken a small river in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, and near its banks there stands a little public-house, where we dine soberly and sparingly, on such food as old Izaak Walton loved. We have a rule that he who catches the biggest fish of the day shall be our president for the evening. In the course of one day, a member, not a scientific man, but a high political man, caught a trout that weighed  $3\frac{1}{2}$  lb.; but earlier in the day he had pulled out a barbel of half a pound weight. So while we were on the way to our inn, what did this political gentleman do but, with the butt-end of his rod, ram the barbel down the trout's throat, in which state he handed his fish to be weighed. Thus he scored four pounds, which being the greatest weight he took the chair.

"As we were going away from home, a man of science,—it was the President of the Royal Society,—said to the man of politics, 'If you don't want that fine fish of yours, I should like to have it, for I have some friends to dine with me to-morrow.' My Lord took it home, and I heard no more until we met on the next week. Then, while we were preparing our tackle, the President of the Royal Society said to our high political friend, 'There were some very extraordinary circumstances, do you know, about that fish you gave me. I had no idea that the trout was so voracious; but that one had swallowed a barbel.'—'I am astonished to hear your Lordship say so,' rejoined an eminent naturalist; 'trout may be voracious enough to swallow minnows—but a barbel, my Lord! There must be some mistake.'—'Not

at all,' replied his lordship, 'for the fact got to my family that the cook, in cutting open the throat, had found a barbel inside ; and as my family knew I was fond of natural history, I was called into the kitchen. There I saw the trout had swallowed a barbel, full half a pound weight.'—'Out of the question, my Lord,' said the naturalist; 'it's altogether quite unscientific and unphilosophical.'—'I don't know what may be philosophical in the matter—I only know I am telling you a matter of fact,' said his Lordship; and the dispute having lasted awhile, explanations were given, and the practical joke was heartily enjoyed. And" (continued Professor Owen) "you will see that both were right and both were wrong. My Lord was right in his fact—the barbel was inside the trout; but he was quite wrong in his hypothesis founded upon that fact, that the trout had therefore swallowed the barbel,—the last was only matter of opinion."

### The Red Lions.

In 1839, when the British Association met in Birmingham, several of its younger members happened, accidentally, to dine at the Red Lion, in Church-street. The dinner was pleasant, the guests well suited to each other, and the meeting altogether proved so agreeable, that it was resolved to continue it from year to year, wherever the Association might happen to meet. By degrees the "Red Lions"—the name was assumed from the accident of the first meeting-place—became a very exclusive Club; and under the presidency of Professor Edward Forbes, it acquired a celebrity which, in its way, almost rivalled that of the Association itself. Forbes first drew around him the small circle of jovial philosophers at the Red Lion. The names of Lankester, Thomson, Bell, Mitchell, and Strickland are down in the old muster-roll. Many were added afterwards, as the Club was kept up in London, in meetings at Anderton's, in Fleet-street. The old cards of invitation were very droll: they

were stamped with the figure of a Red Lion erect, with a pot of beer in one paw, and a long clay pipe in the other, and the invitation commenced with "The carnivora will feed" at such an hour. Forbes, who as *pater omnipotens*, always took the chair, at the first chance meeting round the plain table of the inn, gave a capital stock of humour to this feeding of the naturalists by taking up his coat-tail and roaring whenever a good thing was said or a good song sung; and, of course, all the other Red Lions did the same. When roaring and tail-wagging became so characteristic an institution among the members, Mr. Mitchell, then secretary of the Zoological Society, presented a fine lion's skin to the Club; and ever after the President sat with this skin spread over his chair, the paws at the elbows, and the tail handy to be wagged. Alas! this tail no longer wags at Birmingham, and after vibrating with languid emotion in London, has now ceased to show any signs of life. The old Red Lion has lost heart, and has slumbered since the death of Forbes.

At the Meeting of the British Association at Birmingham, in 1865, an endeavour was made to revive the Red Lion dinner on something like its former scale; the idea being probably suggested by the circumstance of the Club having been originated in Birmingham. Lord Houghton, who is, we believe, "an old Red," presided; but the idiosyncrasy of the real Red Lion, and his intense love of plain roast and boiled, were missed: some sixty guests sat down, *not* at the Red Lion, but at a hotel banquet. Not one of the celebrants on this occasion had passed through his novitiatè as a Red Lion cub: he was not asked whether he could roar or sing a song, or had ever said a good thing, one of which qualifications was a *sine quâ non* in the old Club. There were, however, some good songs: Professor Rankine sang "The Mathematician in Love," a song of his own. Then, there are some choice spirits among these philosophers. After the banquet a section adjourned to the B. Club, members of which are chiefly chemical in their serious

moments. Indeed, all through the meeting there was a succession of jovial parties in the identical room at the Red Lion.\*

### The Coventry, Erectheum, and Parthenon Clubs.

The Coventry, or Ambassadors' Club, was instituted about twenty years since, at No. 106, Piccadilly, facing the Green Park. The handsome stone-fronted mansion occupies the site of the old Greyhound inn, and was bought by the Earl of Coventry of Sir Hugh Hunlock, in 1764, for 10,000*l.*, subject to the ground-rent of 75*l.* per annum. The Club enjoyed but a brief existence: it was closed in March, 1854.

The Erectheum Club, St. James's-square, corner of York-street, was established by Sir John Dean Paul, Bart., and became celebrated for its good dinners. The Club-house was formerly the town depôt of Wedgwood's famous "ware;" and occupies the site of the mansion built for the Earl of Romney, the handsome Sydney of De Grammont's Memoirs.

The Parthenon Club-house (late Mr. Edwards's), east side of Regent-street, nearly facing St. Philip's Chapel, was designed by Nash; the first floor is elegant Corinthian. The south division was built by Mr. Nash for his own residence; it has a long gallery, decorated from a *loggia* of the Vatican at Rome: it is now the *Gallery of Illustration*.

"The Coventry Club was a Club of most exclusive exclusives, and was rich in diplomacy; but it blew up in admired confusion. Even so did Lord Cardigan's Club, founded upon the site of Crockford's. The Clarence, the Albion, and a dozen other small Clubs have all dissolved, some of them with great loss to the members, and the

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\* Abridged from the *Daily News*.



Erectheum and Parthenon thought it prudent to join their forces to keep the wolf from the door.”—*New Quarterly Review*.

### Antiquarian Clubs,—The Noviomagians.

We have already seen how the more convivially disposed members of Learned Societies have, from time to time, formed themselves into Clubs. The Royals have done so, *ab initio*. The Antiquaries appear to have given up their Club and their Anniversary Dinner; but certain of the Fellows, resolving not to remain *impransi*, many years since, formed a Club, styled “Noviomagians,” from the identification of the Roman station of Noviomagus being just then discovered, or rather

Rife and celebrated in the mouths  
Of wisest men.

One of the Club-founders was Mr. A. J. Kempe; and Mr. Crofton Croker was president more than twenty years! Lord Londesborough and Mr. Corner, the Southwark antiquary, were also Noviomagians; and in the present Club-list are Sir William Betham, Mr. Fairholt, Mr. Godwin, Mr. S. C. Hall, Mr. Lemon, etc. The Club dine together once a month during the season at the old tavern next the burial-place of Joe Miller in Portugal Street. Here the Fellows meet for the promotion of good fellowship and antiquarian pursuits. “Joking minutes are kept, in which would be found many known names, either as visitors or associates,—Theodore Hook, Sir Henry Ellis, Britton, Dickens, Thackeray, John Bruce, Jerdan, Planché, Bell, Maclise, etc.” The Club and its visitors may have caught inspiration here; for in their sallies *movere jocum*, they have imitated the wits at Strawberry Hill, and found Arms for the Club, with a butter-boat rampant for the crest, which is very significant.

In 1855, Lord Mayor Moon, F.S.A., entertained at the Mansion House the Noviomagians, and the office-bearers of the Society of Antiquaries to meet them. After dinner, some short papers were read, including one by Mr. Lemon, of the State Paper Office, presenting some curious illustrations of the state of society in London in the reign of James I., showing the Migration of Citizens Westward." (See "Romance of London," vol. iii. pp. 315-320.)

## The Eccentrics.

Late in the last century there met at a tavern kept by one Fulham, in Chandos Street, Covent Garden, a convivial Club called "The Eccentrics," which was an offshoot of "The Brilliants." They next removed to Tom Rees's, in May's-buildings, St. Martin's-lane, and here they were flourishing at all hours, some thirty years since. Amongst the members were many celebrities of the literary and political world; they were always treated with indulgence by the authorities. An inaugural ceremony was performed upon the making of a member, which terminated with a jubilation from the President. The books of the Club up to the time of its removal from May's-buildings are stated to have passed into the possession of Mr. Lloyd, the hatter, of the Strand, who, by the way, was eccentric in his business, and published a small work descriptive of the various fashions of hats worn in his time, illustrated with characteristic engravings.

From its commencement the Eccentrics are said to have numbered upwards of 40,000 members, many of them holding high social position: among others, Fox, Sheridan, Lord Melbourne, and Lord Brougham. On the same memorable night that Sheridan and Lord Petersham were admitted, Hook was also enrolled; and through this Club membership, Theodore is believed to have obtained some of his high connexions. In a novel, published in numbers,

some thirty years since, the author, F. W. N. Bayley, sketched with graphic vigour the meetings of the Eccentrics at the old tavern in May's-buildings.

### Douglas Jerrold's Clubs.

One of the chapters in "The Life and Remains of Douglas Jerrold," by his son Blanchard Jerrold, discourses most pleasantly of the several Clubs to which Mr. Jerrold became attached. He was of a clubbable nature, and delighted in wit combats and brilliant repartees, the flash of which was perfectly electric.

In this very agreeable *précis*, we find that towards the end of the year 1824, some young men met at a humble tavern, the Wrekin, in the genial neighbourhood of Covent Garden, with Shakspeare as their common idol; and "it was a regulation of this Club that some paper, or poem, or conceit, bearing upon Shakspeare, should be contributed by each member. Hither came Douglas Jerrold, and he was soon joined by Laman Blanchard. Upon Jerrold's suggestion, the Club was called the Mulberries, and their contributions were entitled Mulberry Leaves. In the Club were William Godwin; Kenny Meadows, the future illustrator of Shakspeare; W. Elton, the Shakspearean actor; and Edward Chatfield, the artist. Mr. Jerrold wrote, in the "Illuminated Magazine," a touching memoir of the Society—"that knot of wise and jocund men, then unknown, but gaily struggling."

The Mulberry Club lived many years, and gathered a valuable crop of leaves—contributions from its members. They fell into Mr. Elton's hands, and are now in the possession of his family. They were to have been published, but no one would undertake to see them through the press—an office which, in most cases, is a very unthankful one. The Club did not, however, die easily: it was changed and grafted. "In times nearer the present, when it was called the Shakspeare Club, Charles Dickens, Mr. Justice Talfourd,

Daniel Maclise, Mr. Macready, Mr. Frank Stone, etc. belonged to it. Respectability killed it." But some delightful results of these Mulberry Club meetings are embalmed in Mr. Jerrold's "Cakes and Ale," and their life reminds one of the dancing notes in the latter. Then we hear of other clubs—the Gratis and the Rationals, of which Jerrold was a member.

"But," says the gentle Memoir, "with clubs of more recent date, with the Hooks and Eyes, and lastly with Our Club, Douglas Jerrold's name is most intimately associated. It may be justly said that he was the life and soul of these three gatherings of men. His arrival was a happy moment for members already present. His company was sought with wondrous eagerness whenever a dinner or social evening was contemplated; for, as a club associate said of him, 'he sparkled whenever you touched him, like the sea at night.' A writer in the "Quarterly Review" well said of him: 'In the bright sallies of conversational wit he has no surviving equal.'

"He was thus greatly acceptable in all social literary Clubs. In the Museum Club, for instance, (an attempt made in 1847 to establish a properly modest and *real* literary Club,) he was unquestionably *the* member; for he was the most clubbable of men." When members dropped in, sharp shots were possibly exchanged: here are a few that were actually fired within the precincts of the Museum Club—fired carelessly and forgotten:

Jerrold defined dogmatism as "puppyism come to maturity;" and a flaming uxorious epitaph put up by a famous cook, on his wife's tomb, as "mock turtle." A prosy old gentleman, meeting him as he was passing at his usual quick pace along Regent-street, poised himself into an attitude, and began: "Well, Jerrold, my dear boy, what is going on?"—"I am," said the wit, instantly shooting off.

At a dinner of artists, a barrister present, having his health drunk in connexion with the law, began an embarrassed

answer by saying that he did not see how the law could be considered one of the arts, when Jerrold jerked in the word *black*, and threw the company into convulsions.

A bore remarking how charmed he was with a certain opera, and that there was one particular song which always carried him quite away—"Would that I could sing it!" ejaculated the wit.

A dinner is discussed. Douglas Jerrold listens quietly, possibly tired of dinners, and declining pressing invitations to be present. In a few minutes he will chime in, "If an earthquake were to engulf England to-morrow, the English would manage to meet and dine somewhere among the rubbish, just to celebrate the event."

A friend is anxious to awaken Mr. Jerrold's sympathies in behalf of a mutual acquaintance who is in want of a round sum of money. But this mutual friend has already sent his hat about among his literary brethren on more than one occasion. Mr. ——'s hat is becoming an institution, and friends were grieved at the indelicacy of the proceeding. On the above occasion, the bearer of the hat was received with evident dissatisfaction. "Well," said Douglas Jerrold, "how much does —— want this time?"—"Why, just a four and two noughts will, I think, put him straight," the bearer of the hat replied. *Jerrold*—"Well, put me down for one of the noughts."

"The Chain of Events," playing at the Lyceum Theatre, though unsuccessful, is mentioned. "Humph," said Douglas Jerrold, "I'm afraid the manager will find it a door-chain strong enough to keep everybody out of the house,"—and so it proved.

Douglas Jerrold is seriously disappointed with a certain book written by one of his friends, and has expressed his disappointment. *Friend*—"I have heard that you said —— was the worst book I ever wrote." *Jerrold*—"No, I didn't; I said it was the worst book anybody ever wrote."

"A supper of sheep's-heads is proposed, and presently

served. One gentleman present is particularly enthusiastic on the excellence of the dish, and, as he throws down his knife and fork, exclaims, "Well, sheeps'-heads for ever, say I!" *Jerrold*—"There's egotism!"

During a stormy discussion, a gentleman rises to settle the matter in dispute. Waving his hands majestically over the excited disputants, he begins:—"Gentlemen, all I want is common sense."—"Exactly," says Douglas *Jerrold*, "that is precisely what you *do* want."

But the Museum Club was broken up by troubled spirits. Then succeeded the Hooks and Eyes; then the Club, a social weekly gathering, which *Jerrold* attended only three weeks before his death. Hence some of his best sayings went forth.

*Jerrold* ordered a bottle of old port; "not *elder* port," he said.

Walking to his Club with a friend from the theatre, some intoxicated young gentleman reeled up to the dramatist and said, "Can you tell me the way to the Judge and Jury?"—"Keep on as you are, young gentleman," was the reply; "you're sure to overtake them."

Asking about the talent of a young painter, his companion declared that the youth was mediocre. "Oh!" was the reply, "the very worst ochre an artist can set to work with."

"The laughing hours, when these poor gatherings," says Mr. Blanchard *Jerrold*, "fell from the well-loaded branch, are remembered still in the rooms of Our Club; and the hearty laugh still echoes there, and will, it is my pride to believe, always live in the memory of that genial and refined circle."

The Whittington Club originated in 1846, with Douglas *Jerrold*, who became its first President. It was established at the Crown and Anchor Tavern in the Strand; where, in the ball-room, hung a picture of Whittington listening to Bow-bells, painted by Newenham, and presented to the Club by the President. All the Club premises were

destroyed by fire in 1854; the picture was not saved, but fortunately it had been cleverly engraved. The premises have been rebuilt, and the Club still flourishes.

## Chess Clubs.

The Clubs in various parts of the Metropolis and the suburbs, where Chess, and Chess only, forms the staple recreation of the members, are numerous. We must, however, confine ourselves to the historical data of the early Clubs, which record the introduction of the noble game in the Metropolis.

In 1747, the principal if not the only Chess Club in the Metropolis met at Slaughter's Coffee-house, St. Martin's-lane. The leading players of this Club were—Sir Abraham Janssen, Philip Stamma (from Aleppo); Lord Godolphin, Lord Sunderland, and Lord Elibank; Cunningham, the historian; Dr. Black and Dr. Cowper; and it was through their invitation that the celebrated Philidor was induced to visit England.

Another Club was shortly afterwards founded at the Salopian Coffee-house, Charing Cross: and a few years later, a third, which met next door to the Thatched House Tavern, in St. James's-street. It was here that Philidor exhibited his wonderful faculty for playing blindfold; some instances of which we find in the newspapers of the period:—

“Yesterday, at the Chess-Club in St. James's-street, Monsieur Philidor performed one of those wonderful exhibitions for which he is so much celebrated. He played *three different games at once* without seeing either of the tables. His opponents were Count Bruhl and Mr. Bowdler (the two best players in London), and Mr. Maseres. He defeated Count Bruhl in one hour and twenty minutes, and Mr. Maseres in two hours; Mr. Bowdler reduced his games to a drawn battle in one hour and three-quarters. To those who understand Chess, this exertion of M. Philidor's abilities

must appear one of the greatest of which the human memory is susceptible. He goes through it with astonishing accuracy, and often corrects mistakes in those who have the board before them."

In 1795, the veteran, then nearly seventy years of age, played three blindfold matches in public. The last of these, which came off shortly before his death, we find announced in the daily newspapers thus:—

"CHESS-CLUB, 1795. PARSLOE'S, ST. JAMES'S STREET.

"By particular desire, Mons. Philidor, positively for the last time, will play on Saturday, the 20th of June, at two o'clock precisely, three games at once against three good players; two of them without seeing either of the boards, and the third looking over the table. He most respectfully invites all the members of the Chess-Club to honour him with their presence. Ladies and gentlemen not belonging to the Club may be provided with tickets at the above-mentioned house, to see the match, at five shillings each."

Upon the death of Philidor, the Chess-Clubs at the West-end seem to have declined; and in 1807, the stronghold and rallying-point for the lovers of the game was "The London Chess-Club," which was established in the City, and for many years held its meetings at Tom's Coffee-house, in Cornhill. To this Club we are indebted for many of the finest chess-players of the age.

About the year 1833, a Club was founded by a few amateurs in Bedford-street, Covent Garden. This establishment, which obtained remarkable celebrity as the arena of the famous contests between La Bourdonnais and M'Donnell, was dissolved in 1840; but shortly afterwards, through the exertions of Mr. Staunton, was re-formed under the name of the "St. George's Club," in Cavendish-square.



## Coffee-houses

### Early Coffee-Houses.

COFFEE is thus mentioned by Bacon, in his "Sylva Sylvarum":—"They have in *Turkey* a *drink* called *Coffee*, made of a *Berry* of the same name, as Black as *Soot*, and of a *Strong Sent*, but not *Aromatical*; which they take, beaten into Powder, in *Water*, as Hot as they can *Drink* it; and they take it, and sit at it in their *Coffee Houses*, which are like our *Taverns*. The *Drink* comforteth the *Brain*, and *Heart*, and helpeth *Digestion*."

And in Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," part i., sec. 2, occurs, "Turks in their coffee-houses, which much resemble our taverns." The date is 1621, several years before coffee-houses were introduced into England.

In 1650, Wood tells us, was opened at Oxford, the first coffee-house, by Jacobs, a Jew, "at the Angel, in the parish of St. Peter in the East; and there it was, by some who delighted in novelty, drank."

There was once an odd notion prevalent that coffee was unwholesome, and would bring its drinkers to an untimely end. Yet, Voltaire, Fontenelle, and Fourcroy, who were great coffee-drinkers, lived to a good old age. Laugh at Madame de Sévigné, who foretold that coffee and Racine would be forgotten together!

A manuscript note, written by Oldys, the celebrated antiquary, states that "The use of coffee in England was first known in 1657. [It will be seen, as above, that Oldys is incorrect.] Mr. Edwards, a Turkey merchant, brought from Smyrna to London one Pasqua Rosee, a Ragusan youth, who prepared this drink for him every morning. But the novelty thereof drawing too much company to him,

he allowed his said servant, with another of his son-in-law, to sell it publicly, and they set up the first coffee-house in London, in St. Michael's-alley, in Cornhill. The sign was Pasqua Rosee's own head." Oldys is slightly in error here; Rosee commenced his coffee-house in 1652, and one Jacobs, a Jew, as we have just seen, had established a similar undertaking at Oxford, two years earlier. One of Rosee's original shop or hand-bills, the only mode of advertising in those days, is as follows:—

“THE VERTUE OF THE COFFEE DRINK,

*“First made and publickly sold in England by Pasqua Rosee.*

“The grain or berry called coffee, groweth upon little trees only in the deserts of Arabia. It is brought from thence, and drunk generally throughout all the Grand Seignour's dominions. It is a simple, innocent thing, composed into a drink, by being dried in an oven, and ground to powder, and boiled up with spring water, and about half a pint of it to be drunk fasting an hour before, and not eating an hour after, and to be taken as hot as possibly can be endured; the which will never fetch the skin off the mouth, or raise any blisters by reason of that heat.

“The Turks' drink at meals and other times is usually water, and their diet consists much of fruit; the crudities whereof are very much corrected by this drink.

“The quality of this drink is cold and dry; and though it be a drier, yet it neither heats nor inflames more than hot posset. It so incloseth the orifice of the stomach, and fortifies the heat within, that it is very good to help digestion; and therefore of great use to be taken about three or four o'clock afternoon, as well as in the morning. It much quickens the spirits, and makes the heart light-some; it is good against sore eyes, and the better if you hold your head over it and take in the steam that way. It suppresseth fumes exceedingly, and therefore is good against the head-ache, and will very much stop any de-

fluxion of rheums that distil from the head upon the stomach, and so prevent and help consumptions and the cough of the lungs.

“It is excellent to prevent and cure the dropsy, gout,\* and scurvy. It is known by experience to be better than any other drying drink for people in years, or children that have any running humours upon them, as the king’s evil, &c. It is a most excellent remedy against the spleen, hypochondriac winds, and the like. It will prevent drowsiness, and make one fit for business, if one have occasion to watch, and therefore you are not to drink of it after supper, unless you intend to be watchful, for it will hinder sleep for three or four hours.

“It is observed that in Turkey, where this is generally drunk, that they are not troubled with the stone, gout, dropsy, or scurvy, and that their skins are exceeding clear and white. It is neither laxative nor restraining.

“*Made and sold in St. Michael’s-alley, in Cornhill, by Pasqua Rosee, at the sign of his own head.*”

The new beverage had its opponents, as well as its advocates. The following extracts from “An invective against Coffee,” published about the same period, informs us that Rosee’s partner, the servant of Mr. Edwards’s son-in-law, was a coachman; while it controverts the statement that hot coffee will not scald the mouth, and ridicules the broken English of the Ragusan:—

“A BROADSIDE AGAINST COFFEE.

“A coachman was the first (here) coffee made,  
And ever since the rest drive on the trade:  
‘*Me no good Engalash!*’ and sure enough,  
He played the quack to salve his Stygian stuff;  
‘*Ver boon for de stomach, de cough, de phthisick,*’  
And I believe him, for it looks like physic.

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\* In the French colonies, where Coffee is more used than in the English, Gout is scarcely known.

Coffee a crust is charred into a coal,  
 The smell and taste of the mock china bowl ;  
 Where huff and puff, they labour out their lungs,  
 Lest, Dives-like, they should bewail their tongues,  
 And yet they tell ye that it will not burn,  
 Though on the jury blisters you return ;  
 Whose furious heat does make the water rise,  
 And still through the alembics of your eyes.  
 Dread and desire, you fall to 't snap by snap,  
 As hungry dogs do scalding porridge lap.  
 But to cure drunkards it has got great fame ;  
 Posset or porridge, will 't not do the same ?  
 Confusion hurries all into one scene,  
 Like Noah's ark, the clean and the unclean.  
 And now, alas ! the drench has credit got,  
 And he's no gentleman that drinks it not ;  
 That such a dwarf should rise to such a stature !  
 But custom is but a remove from nature.  
 A little dish and a large coffee-house,  
 What is it but a mountain and a mouse ?"

Notwithstanding this opposition, coffee soon became a favourite drink, and the shops where it was sold, places of general resort.

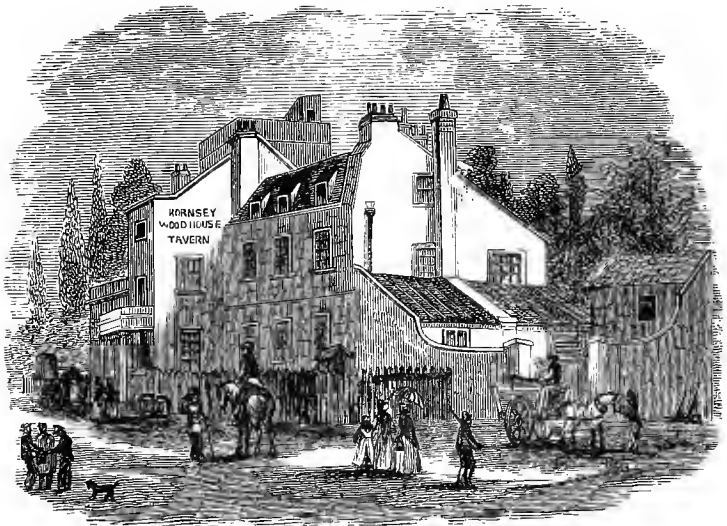
There appears to have been a great anxiety that the Coffee-house, while open to all ranks, should be conducted under such restraints as might prevent the better class of customers from being annoyed. Accordingly, the following regulations, printed on large sheets of paper, were hung up in conspicuous positions on the walls :—

*"Enter, Sirs, freely, but first, if you please,  
 Peruse our civil orders, which are these.*

First, gentry, tradesmen, all are welcome hither,  
 And may without affront sit down together :  
 Pre-eminence of place none here should mind,  
 But take the next fit seat that he can find :  
 Nor need any, if finer persons come,  
 Rise up for to assign to them his room ;  
 To limit men's expense, we think not fair,  
 But let him forfeit twelve-pence that shall swear



Four Swans Inn, Bishopsgate Street Within.



Hornsey Wood House. (*Gun Clubs and Bean Feasts.*)



He that shall any quarrel here begin,  
 Shall give each man a dish t' atone the sin ;  
 And so shall he, whose compliments extend  
 So far to drink in coffee to his friend ;  
 Let noise of loud disputes be quite forborne,  
 Nor maudlin lovers here in corners mourn,  
 But all be brisk and talk, but not too much ;  
 On sacred things, let none presume to touch,  
 Nor profane Scripture, nor saucily wrong  
 Affairs of state with an irreverent tongue :  
 Let mirth be innocent, and each man see  
 That all his jests without reflection be ;  
 To keep the house more quiet and from blame,  
 We banish hence cards, dice, and every game ;  
 Nor can allow of wagers, that exceed  
 Five shillings, which ofttimes do troubles breed ;  
 Let all that's lost or forfeited be spent  
 In such good liquor as the house doth vent.  
 And customers endeavour, to their powers,  
 For to observe still, seasonable hours.  
 Lastly, let each man what he calls for pay,  
 And so you're welcome to come every day.

In a print of the period, five persons are shown in a coffee-house, one smoking, evidently, from their dresses, of different ranks of life : they are seated at a table, on which are small basins without saucers, and tobacco-pipes, while a waiter is serving the coffee.

### Garraway's Coffee-House.

This noted Coffee-house, situated in Change-alley, Cornhill, has a threefold celebrity : tea was first sold in England here ; it was a place of great resort in the time of the South Sea Bubble ; and has since been a place of great mercantile transactions. The original proprietor was Thomas Garway, tobacconist and coffee-man, the first who retailed tea, recommending for the cure of all disorders. The following is the substance of his shop bill :—"Tea in England hath been sold in the leaf for six pounds, and sometimes for ten

pounds the pound weight, and in respect of its former scarceness and dearness, it hath been only used as a regalia in high treatments and entertainments, and presents made thereof to princes and grandees till the year 1651. The said Thomas Garway did purchase a quantity thereof, and first publicly sold the said tea in leaf and drink, made according to the directions of the most knowing merchants and travellers into those Eastern countries; and upon knowledge and experience of the said Garway's continued care and industry in obtaining the best tea, and making drink thereof, very many noblemen, physicians, merchants, and gentlemen of quality, have ever since sent to him for the said leaf, and daily resort to his house in Exchange-alley, aforesaid, to drink the drink thereof; and to the end that all persons of eminence and quality, gentlemen, and others, who have occasion for tea in leaf, may be supplied, these are to give notice that the said Thomas Garway hath tea to sell from 'sixteen to fifty shillings per pound.' (See the document entire in Ellis's "Letters," series iv., 58.)

Ogilby, the compiler of the *Britannia*, had his standing lottery of books at Mr. Garway's Coffee-house from April 7, 1673, till wholly drawn off. And, in the "Journey through England," 1722, Garraway's, Robins's, and Joe's, are described as the three celebrated Coffee-houses: in the first, the People of Quality, who have business in the City, and the most considerable and wealthy citizens frequent. In the second the Foreign Banquiers, and often even Foreign Ministers. And in the third, the Buyers and Sellers of Stock.

Wines were sold at Garraway's in 1673, "by the candle," that is, by auction, while an inch of candle burns. In the *Tatler*, No. 147, we read: "Upon my coming home last night, I found a very handsome present of French wine left for me, as a taste of 216 hogsheads, which are to be put to sale at 20*l.* a hogshead, at Garraway's Coffee-house, in Exchange-alley," &c. The sale by candle is not, however,



by candle-light, but during the day. At the commencement of the sale, when the auctioneer has read a description of the property, and the conditions on which it is to be disposed of, a piece of candle, usually an inch long, is lighted, and he who is the last bidder at the time the light goes out is declared the purchaser.

Swift, in his "Ballad on the South Sea Scheme," 1721, did not forget Garraway's :—

There is a gulf, where thousands fell,  
Here all the bold adventurers came,  
A narrow sound, though deep as hell,  
'Change alley is the dreadful name.

Subscribers here by thousands float,  
And jostle one another down,  
Each paddling in his leaky boat,  
And here they fish for gold and drown.

Now buried in the depths below,  
Now mounted up to heaven again,  
They reel and stagger to and fro,  
At their wits' end, like drunken men.

Meantime secure on Garway cliffs,  
A savage race, by shipwrecks fed,  
Lie waiting for the founder'd skiffs,  
And strip the bodies of the dead.

Dr. Radcliffe, who was a rash speculator in the South Sea Scheme, was usually planted at a table at Garraway's about Exchange time, to watch the turn of the market; and here he was seated when the footman of his powerful rival, Dr. Edward Hanes, came into Garraway's and inquired, by way of a puff, if Dr. H. was there. Dr. Radcliffe, who was surrounded with several apothecaries and chirurgeons that flocked about him, cried out, "Dr. Hanes was not there," and desired to know "who wanted him?" the fellow's reply was, "such a lord and such a lord;" but he was taken up with the dry rebuke, "No, no, friend, you are mistaken; the Doctor wants those lords." One of Radcliffe's ventures was five thousand guineas upon one South

Sea project. When he was told at Garraway's that 'twas all lost, "Why," said he, "'tis but going up five thousand pair of stairs more." "This answer," says Tom Brown, "deserved a statue."

As a Coffee-house, and one of the oldest class, which has withstood, by the well-acquired fame of its proprietors, the ravages of time, and the changes that economy and new generations produce, none can be compared to Garraway's. This name must be familiar with most people in and out of the City; and, notwithstanding our disposition to make allowance for the want of knowledge some of our neighbours of the West-end profess in relation to men and things east of Temple Bar, it must be supposed that the noble personage who said, when asked by a merchant to pay him a visit in one of these places, "that he willingly would, if his friend could tell him where to change horses," had forgotten this establishment, which fostered so great a quantity of dishonoured paper, when in other City coffee-houses it had gone begging at 1s. and 2s. in the pound.\*

Garraway's has long been famous as a sandwich and drinking-room, for sherry, pale ale, and punch. Tea and coffee are still served. It is said that the sandwich-maker is occupied two hours in cutting and arranging the sandwiches before the day's consumption commences. The sale-room is an old-fashioned first-floor apartment, with a small rostrum for the seller, and a few commonly grained settles for the buyers. Here sales of drugs, mahogany, and timber are periodically held. Twenty or thirty property and other sales sometimes take place in a day. The walls and windows of the lower room are covered with sale placards, which are unsentimental evidences of the mutability of human affairs.

"In 1840 and 1841, when the tea speculation was at its height, and prices were fluctuating 6*d.* and 8*d.* per pound, on

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\* *The City*, 2nd edition.

the arrival of every mail, Garraway's was frequented every night by a host of the smaller fry of dealers, when there was more excitement than ever occurred on 'Change when the most important intelligence arrived. Champagne and anchovy toasts were the order of the night; and every one came, ate and drank, and went, as he pleased, without the least question concerning the score, yet the bills were discharged; and this plan continued for several months."—*The City.*

Here, likewise, we find this redeeming picture:—"The members of the little *coterie*, who take the dark corner under the clock, have for years visited this house; they number two or three old, steady merchants, a solicitor, and a gentleman who almost devotes the whole of his time and talents to philanthropic objects,—for instance, the getting up of a Ball for Shipwrecked Mariners and their families; or the organization of a Dinner for the benefit of the Distressed Needlewomen of the Metropolis; they are a very quiet party, and enjoy the privilege of their *séance*, uninterrupted by visitors."

We may here mention a tavern of the South Sea time, where the "Globe *permits*" fraud was very successful. These were nothing more than square pieces of card on which was a wax seal of the sign of the Globe Tavern, situated in the neighbourhood of Change-alley, with the inscription, "Sail-cloth Permits." The possessors enjoyed no other advantage from them than permission to subscribe at some future time to a new sail-cloth manufactory projected by one who was known to be a man of fortune, but who was afterwards involved in the speculation and punishment of the South Sea Directors. These permits sold for as much as sixty guineas in the Alley.

## Jonathan's Coffee-house.

This is another Change-alley Coffee-house, which is described in the *Tatler*, No. 38, as "the general mart of stock-jobbers;" and the *Spectator*, No. 1, tells us that he "sometimes passes for a Jew in the assembly of stock-jobbers at Jonathan's." This was the rendezvous, where gambling of all sorts was carried on, notwithstanding a former prohibition against the assemblage of the jobbers, issued by the City of London, which prohibition continued unrepealed until 1825.

In the "Anatomy of Exchange Alley," 1719, we read:—"The centre of the jobbing is in the kingdom of Exchange-alley and its adjacencies. The limits are easily surrounded in about a minute and a half—viz., stepping out of Jonathan's into the Alley, you turn your face full south; moving on a few paces, and then turning due east, you advance to Garraway's; from thence going out at the other door, you go on still east into Birchin-lane; and then halting a little at the Sword-blade Bank, to do much mischief in fewest words, you immediately face to the north, enter Cornhill, visit two or three petty provinces there in your way west; and thus having boxed your compass, and sailed round the whole stock-jobbing globe, you turn into Jonathan's again; and so, as most of the great follies of life oblige us to do, you end just where you began."

Mrs. Centlivre, in her comedy of *A Bold Stroke for a Wife*, has a scene from Jonathan's at the above period: while the stock-jobbers are talking, the coffee-boys are crying "Fresh coffee, gentlemen, fresh coffee! Bohea tea, gentlemen!"

Here is another picture of Jonathan's, during the South Sea mania; though not by an eye-witness, it groups, from various authorities, the life of the place and the time:—"At

a table a few yards off sat a couple of men engaged in the discussion of a newly-started scheme. Plunging his hand impatiently under the deep silver-buttoned flap of his frock-coat of cinnamon cloth and drawing out a paper, the more business-looking of the pair commenced eagerly to read out figures intended to convince the listener, who took a jewelled snuff-box from the deep pocket of the green brocade waistcoat which overlapped his thigh, and, tapping the lid, enjoyed a pinch of perfumed Turkish as he leaned back lazily in his chair. Somewhat further off, standing in the middle of the room, was a keen-eyed lawyer, counting on his fingers the probable results of a certain speculation in human hair, to which a fresh-coloured farmer from St. Albans, on whose boots the mud of the cattle market was not dry, listened with a face of stolid avarice, clutching the stag-horn handle of his thonged whip as vigorously as if it were the wealth he coveted. There strode a Nonconformist divine, with S. S. S. in every line of his face, greedy for the gold that perisheth; here a bishop, whose truer place was Garraway's, edged his cassock through the crowd; sturdy ship-captains, whose manners smack of blustering breezes, and who hailed their acquaintance as if through a speaking-trumpet in a storm—bookseller's hacks from Grub-street, who were wont to borrow ink-bottles and just one sheet of paper at the bar of the Black Swan in St. Martin's-lane, and whose tarnished lace, when not altogether torn away, showed a suspicious coppery redness underneath—Jews of every grade, from the thriving promoter of a company for importing ashes from Spain or extracting stearine from sunflower seeds to the seller of sailor slops from Wapping-in-the-Wose, come to look for a skipper who had bilked him—a sprinkling of well-to-do merchants—and a host of those flashy hangers-on to the skirts of commerce, who brighten up in days of maniacal speculation, and are always ready to dispose of shares in some unopened mine or some untried invention—passed and repassed with continuous change and murmur

before the squire's eyes during the quarter of an hour that he sat there."—*Pictures of the Periods*, by W. F. Collier, LL.D.

### Rainbow Coffee-house.

The Rainbow, in Fleet-street, appears to have been the second Coffee-house opened in the metropolis.

"The first Coffee-house in London," says Aubrey (MS. in the Bodleian Library), "was in St. Michael's-alley, in Cornhill, opposite to the church, which was set up by one —Bowman (coachman to Mr. Hodges, a Turkey merchant, who putt him upon it), in or about the yeare 1652. 'Twas about four yeares before any other was sett up, and that was by Mr. Farr." This was the Rainbow.

Another account states that one Edwards, a Turkey merchant, on his return from the East, brought with him a Ragusian Greek servant, named Pasqua Rosee, who prepared coffee every morning for his master, and with the coachman above named set up the first Coffee-house in St. Michael's-alley; but they soon quarrelled and separated, the coachman establishing himself in St. Michael's churchyard. —(See pp. 270 and 271, *ante*.)

Aubrey wrote the above in 1680, and Mr. Farr had then become a person of consequence. In his "Lives" Aubrey notes :—"When coffee first came in, Sir Henry Blount was a great upholder of it, and hath ever since been a great frequenter of coffee-houses, especially Mr. Farre's, at the Rainbowe, by Inner Temple Gate."

Farr was originally a barber. His success as a coffee-man appears to have annoyed his neighbours; and at the inquest at St. Dunstan's, Dec. 21st, 1657, among the presentments of nuisances were the following :—"We present James Farr, barber, for making and selling of a drink called coffee, whereby in making the same he annoyeth his neighbours by evill smells; and for keeping of fire for the most part night and day, wherebv his chimney and chamber hath

been set on fire, to the great danger and affrightment of his neighbours." However, Farr was not ousted; he probably promised reform, or amended the alleged annoyance: he remained at the Rainbow, and rose to be a person of eminence and repute in the parish. He issued a token, date 1666—an arched rainbow based on clouds, doubtless, from the Great Fire—to indicate that with him all was yet safe, and the Rainbow still radiant. There is one of his tokens in the Beaufoy collection, at Guildhall, and so far as is known to Mr. Burn, the rainbow does not occur on any other tradesman's token. The house was let off into tenements: books were printed here at this very time "for Samuel Speed, at the sign of the Rainbow, near the Inner Temple Gate, in Fleet-street." The Phoenix Fire Office was established here about 1682. Hatton, in 1708, evidently attributed Farr's nuisance to the *coffee itself*, saying: "Who would have thought London would ever have had three thousand such nuisances, and that coffee would have been (as now) so much drank by the best of quality, and physicians?" The nuisance was in Farr's chimney and carelessness, not in the coffee. Yet, in our statute-book anno 1660 (12 Car. II. c. 24), a duty of 4*d.* was laid upon every gallon of coffee made and sold. A statute of 1663 directs that all Coffee-houses should be licensed at the Quarter Sessions. And in 1675, Charles II. issued a proclamation to shut up the Coffee-houses, charged with being seminaries of sedition; but in a few days he suspended this proclamation by a second.

The *Spectator*, No. 16, notices some gay frequenters of the Rainbow:—"I have received a letter desiring me to be very satirical upon the little muff that is now in fashion; another informs me of a pair of silver garters buckled below the knee, that have been lately seen at the Rainbow Coffee-house in Fleet-street."

Mr. Moncrieff, the dramatist, used to tell that about 1780, this house was kept by his grandfather, Alexander Moncrieff,

when it retained its original title of "The Rainbow Coffee-house." The old Coffee-room had a lofty bay-window, at the south end, looking into the Temple: and the room was separated from the kitchen only by a glazed partition: in the bay was the table for the elders. The house has long been a tavern; all the old rooms have been swept away, and a large and lofty dining-room erected in their place.

In a paper read to the British Archæological Association, by Mr. E. B. Price, we find coffee and canary thus brought into interesting comparison, illustrated by the exhibition of one of Farr's Rainbow tokens; and another inscribed "At the Canary House in the Strand, 1*d.*, 1665," bearing also the word "Canary" in the monogram. Having noticed the prosecution of Farr, and his triumph over his fellow-parishioners, Mr. Price says:—"The opposition to coffee continued; people viewed it with distrust, and even with alarm and we can sympathize with them in their alarm, when we consider that they entertained a notion that coffee would eventually put an end to the species; that the *genus homo* would some day or other be utterly extinguished. With our knowledge of the beneficial effect of this article on the community, and its almost universal adoption in the present day, we may smile, and wonder while we smile, at the bare possibility of such a notion ever having prevailed. That it did so, we have ample evidence in the "Women's Petition against Coffee," in the year 1674, cited by D'Israeli, "Curiosities of Literature," vol. iv., and in which they complain that coffee "made men as unfruitful as the deserts whence that unhappy berry is said to be brought: that the offspring of our mighty ancestors would dwindle into a succession of apes and pigmies," &c. The same authority gives us an extract from a very amusing poem of 1663, in which the writer wonders that any man should prefer Coffee to Canary, terming them English apes, and proudly referring them to the days of Beaumont and Fletcher and Ben Jonson. *They*, says he,



Drank pure nectar as the gods drink too  
 Sublimed with rich *Canary*; say, shall then  
 These less than coffee's self, these coffee-men,  
 These sons of nothing, that can hardly make  
 Their broth for laughing how the jest does take,  
 Yet grin, and give ye for the vine's pure blood  
 A loathsome potion—not yet understood,  
 Syrup of soot, or essence of old shoes,  
 Dasht with diurnals or the book of news?

One of the weaknesses of "rare Ben" was his *penchant* for canary. And it would seem that the Mermaid, in Breadstreet, was the house in which he enjoyed it most:

But that which most doth take my muse and me,  
 Is a pure cup of rich *Canary wine*,  
 Which is the Mermaid's now, but shall be mine.

Granger states that Charles I. raised Ben's pension from 100 marks to 100 pounds, and added a tierce of canary, which salary and its appendage, he says, have ever since been continued to poets laureate.

Reverting to the Rainbow (says Mr. Price), "it has been frequently remarked by 'tavern-goers,' that many of our snugest and most comfortable taverns are hidden from vulgar gaze, and unapproachable except through courts, blind alleys, or but half-lighted passages." Of this description was the house in question. But few of its many nightly, or rather midnightly patrons and frequenters, knew aught of it beyond its famed "stewed cheeses," and its "stout," with the various "et ceteras" of good cheer. They little dreamed, and perhaps as little cared to know, that, more than two centuries back, the Rainbow flourished as a bookseller's shop; as appears by the title-page of Trussell's "History of England," which states it to be "printed by M.D., for Ephraim Dawson, and are to be sold in Fleet Street, at the signe of the Rainowe, neere the Inner-Temple Gate, 1636."

## Nando's Coffee-house

Was the house at the east corner of Inner Temple-lane, No. 17, Fleet-street, and next door to the shop of Bernard Lintot, the bookseller; though it has been by some confused with Groom's house, No. 16. Nando's was the favourite haunt of Lord Thurlow, before he dashed into law practice. At this Coffee-house a large attendance of professional loungers was attracted by the fame of the punch and the charms of the landlady, which, with the small wits, were duly admired by and at the bar. One evening, the famous cause of Douglas *v.* the Duke of Hamilton was the topic of discussion, when Thurlow being present, it was suggested, half in earnest, to appoint him junior counsel, which was done. This employment brought him acquainted with the Duchess of Queensberry, who saw at once the value of a man like Thurlow, and recommended Lord Bute to secure him by a silk gown.

The house, formerly Nando's, has been for many years a hairdresser's. It is inscribed "Formerly the palace of Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey." The structure is of the time of James I., and has an enriched ceiling inscribed P (triple plumed).

This was the office in which the Council for the Management of the Duchy of Cornwall Estates held their sittings; for in the Calendar of State Papers, edited by Mrs. Green, is the following entry, of the time of Charles, created Prince of Wales four years after the death of Henry:—"1619, Feb. 25; Prince's *Council Chamber, Fleet-street.*—Council of the Prince of Wales to the Keepers of Brancepeth, Raby, and Barnard Castles: The trees blown down are only to be used for mending the pales, and no wood to be cut for fire-wood, nor browse for the deer."

## Dick's Coffee-house.

This old Coffee-house, No. 8, Fleet-street (south side, near Temple Bar), was originally "Richard's," named from Richard Torner, or Turner, to whom the house was let in 1680. The Coffee-room retains its olden paneling, and the staircase its original balusters.

The interior of Dick's Coffee-house is engraved as a frontispiece to a drama, called *The Coffee-house*, performed at Drury-lane Theatre in 1737. The piece met with great opposition on its representation, owing to its being stated that the characters were intended for a particular family (that of Mrs. Yarrow and her daughter), who kept Dick's, the coffee-house which the artist had inadvertently selected as the frontispiece.

It appears that the landlady and her daughter were the reigning toast of the Templars, who then frequented Dick's; and took the matter up so strongly that they united to condemn the farce on the night of its production; they succeeded, and even extended their resentment to everything suspected to be this author's (the Rev. James Miller) for a considerable time after.

Richard's, as it was then called, was frequented by Cowper, when he lived in the Temple. In his own account of his insanity, Cowper tells us: "At breakfast I read the newspaper, and in it a letter, which, the further I perused it, the more closely engaged my attention. I cannot now recollect the purport of it; but before I had finished it, it appeared demonstratively true to me that it was a libel or satire upon me. The author appeared to be acquainted with my purpose of self-destruction, and to have written that letter on purpose to secure and hasten the execution of it. My mind, probably, at this time began to be disordered; however it was, I was certainly given to a strong delusion. I said within myself, 'Your cruelty shall be gratified; you

shall have your revenge,' and flinging down the paper in a fit of strong passion, I rushed hastily out of the room; directing my way towards the fields, where I intended to find some house to die in; or, if not, determined to poison myself in a ditch, where I could meet with one sufficiently retired."

It is worth while to revert to the earlier tenancy of the Coffee-house, which was, wholly or in part, the original printing-office of Richard Tottel, law-printer to Edward VI., Queens Mary and Elizabeth; the premises were attached to No. 7, Fleet-street, which bore the sign of "The Hand and Starre," where Tottel lived, and published the law and other works he printed. No. 7 was subsequently occupied by Jaggard and Joel Stephens, eminent law-printers, temp. Geo. I.—III.; and at the present day the house is most appropriately occupied by Messrs. Butterworth, who follow the occupation Tottel did in the days of Edward VI., being law-publishers to Queen Victoria; and they possess the original leases, from the earliest grant, in the reign of Henry VIII., the period of their own purchase.

## The "Lloyd's" of the Time of Charles II.

During the reign of Charles II., Coffee-houses grew into such favour, that they quickly spread over the metropolis, and were the usual meeting-places of the roving cavaliers, who seldom visited home but to sleep. The following song, from Jordan's "Triumphs of London, 1675," affords a very curious picture of the manners of the times, and the sort of conversation then usually met with in a well-frequented house of the sort,—the "Lloyd's" of the seventeenth century:—

You that delight in wit and mirth,  
 And love to hear such news  
 That come from all parts of the earth,  
 Turks, Dutch, and Danes, and Jews:

I'll send ye to the rendezvous,  
 Where it is smoaking new ;  
 Go hear it at a coffee-house,  
 It cannot but be true.

There battails and sea-fights are fought,  
 And bloody plots displaid ;  
 They know more things than e'er was thought,  
 Or ever was bewray'd :

No money in the minting-house  
 Is half so bright and new ;  
 And coming from the *Coffee-House*,  
 It cannot but be true.

Before the navies fell to work,  
 They knew who should be winner ;  
 They there can tell ye what the Turk  
 Last Sunday had to dinner.  
 Who last did cut Du Ruiters\* corns,  
 Amongst his jovial crew ;  
 Or who first gave the devil horns,  
 Which cannot but be true.

A fisherman did boldly tell,  
 And strongly did avouch,  
 He caught a shole of mackerell,  
 They parley'd all in Dutch ;  
 And cry'd out, *Yaw, yaw, yaw, mine hare*,  
 And as the draught they drew,  
 They stunk for fear that Monk† was there :  
 This sounds as if 'twere true.

There's nothing done in all the world,  
 From monarch to the mouse ;  
 But every day or night 'tis hurl'd  
 Into the coffee-house :

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\* The Dutch admiral who, in June, 1667, dashed into the Downs with a fleet of eighty sail, and many fire-ships, blocked up the mouths of the Medway and Thames, destroyed the fortifications at Sheerness, cut away the paltry defences of booms and chains drawn across the rivers, and got to Chatham, on the one side, and nearly to Gravesend on the other, the king having spent in debauchery the money voted by Parliament for the proper support of the English navy.

† General Monk and Prince Rupert were at this time commanders of the English fleet.

What Lilly\* or what Bookert† cou'd  
 By art not bring about,  
 At Coffee-house you'll find a brood,  
 Can quickly find it out.

They know who shall in times to come,  
 Be either made or undone,  
 From great St. Peter's-street in Rome,  
 To Turnbal-street‡ in London.

\* \* \* \* \*

They know all that is good or hurt,  
 To damn ye or to save ye ;  
 There is the college and the court,  
 The country, camp, and navy.  
 So great an university,  
 I think there ne'er was any ;  
 In which you may a scholar be,  
 For spending of a penny.

Here men do talk of everything,  
 With large and liberal lungs,  
 Like women at a gossiping,  
 With double tire of tongues,  
 They'll give a broadside presently,  
 'Soon as you are in view :  
 With stories that you'll wonder at,  
 Which they will swear are true.

\* Lilly was the celebrated astrologer of the Protectorate, who earned great fame at that time by predicting, in June, 1645, "if now we fight, a victory stealeth upon us : " a lucky guess, signally verified in the King's defeat at Naseby. Lilly thenceforth always saw the stars favourable to the Puritans.

† This man was originally a fishing-tackle-maker in Tower-street, during the reign of Charles I. ; but turning enthusiast, he went about prognosticating "the downfall of the King and Popery ;" and as he and his predictions were all on the popular side, he became a great man with the superstitious "godly brethren" of that day.

‡ Turnbal, or Turnbull-street, as it is still called, had been for a century previous of infamous repute. In Beaumont and Fletcher's play, the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, one of the ladies who is undergoing penance at the barber's, has her character sufficiently pointed out to the audience, in her declaration, that she had been "stolen from her friends in Turnbal-street."

You shall know there what fashions are,  
 How periwigs are curl'd ;  
 And for a penny you shall hear  
 All novels in the world ;  
 Both old and young, and great and small,  
 And rich and poor you'll see ;  
 Therefore let's to the Coffee all,  
 Come all away with me.

### Lloyd's Coffee-house.

Lloyd's is one of the earliest establishments of the kind ; it is referred to in a poem printed in the year 1700, called the *Wealthy Shopkeeper, or Charitable Christian* :

Now to Lloyd's coffee-house he never fails,  
 To read the letters, and attend the sales.

In 1710, Steele (*Tatler*, No. 246) dates from Lloyd's his *Petition on Coffee-house Orators and Newsvendors*. And Addison, in *Spectator*, April 23, 1711, relates this droll incident :—"About a week since there happened to me a very odd accident, by reason of which one of these my papers of minutes which I had accidentally dropped at Lloyd's Coffee-house, where the auctions are usually kept. Before I missed it, there were a cluster of people who had found it, and were diverting themselves with it at one end of the coffee-house. It had raised so much laughter among them before I observed what they were about, that I had not the courage to own it. The boy of the coffee-house, when they had done with it, carried it about in his hand, asking everybody if they had dropped a written paper ; but nobody challenging it, he was ordered by those merry gentlemen who had before perused it, to get up into the auction pulpit, and read it to the whole room, that if anybody would own it they might. The boy accordingly mounted the pulpit, and with a very audible voice read what proved to be minutes, which made the whole coffee-house very merry : some of them concluded it was written by a

madman, and others by somebody that had been taking notes out of the *Spectator*. After it was read, and the boy was coming out of the pulpit, the Spectator reached his arm out, and desired the boy to give it him; which was done according. This drew the whole eyes of the company upon the Spectator; but after casting a cursory glance over it, he shook his head twice or thrice at the reading of it, twisted it into a kind of match, and lighted his pipe with it. 'My profound silence,' says the Spectator, 'together with the steadiness of my countenance, and the gravity of my behaviour during the whole transaction, raised a very loud laugh on all sides of me; but as I had escaped all suspicion of being the author, I was very well satisfied, and applying myself to my pipe and the *Postman*, took no further notice of anything that passed about me.'

Nothing is positively known of the original Lloyd; but in 1750, there was issued an Irregular Ode, entitled *A Summer's Farewell to the Gulph of Venice, in the Southwell Frigate*, Captain Manly, jun., commanding, stated to be "printed for Lloyd, well-known for obliging the public with the Freshest and Most Authentic Ship News, and sold by A. More, near St. Paul's, and at the Pamphlet Shops in London and Westminster, MDCCL."

In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for 1740, we read:—"11 March, 1740, Mr. Baker, Master of Lloyd's Coffee-house, in Lombard-street, waited on Sir Robert Walpole with the news of Admiral Vernon's taking Portobello. This was the first account received thereof, and proving true, Sir Robert was pleased to order him a handsome present."

Lloyd's is, perhaps, the oldest collective establishment in the City. It was first under the management of a single individual, who started it as a room where the underwriters and insurers of ships' cargoes could meet for refreshment and conversation. The Coffee-house was originally in Lombard-street, at the corner of Abchurch-lane; subsequently in Pope's-head-alley, where it was called "New



Lloyd's Coffee-house ;" but on February 14th, 1774, it was removed to the north-west corner of the Royal Exchange, where it remained until the destruction of that building by fire.

In rebuilding the Exchange, a fine suite of apartments was provided for Lloyd's "Subscription Rooms," which are the rendezvous of the most eminent merchants, shipowners, underwriters, insurance, stock, and exchange brokers. Here is obtained the earliest news of the arrival and sailing of vessels, losses at sea, captures, recaptures, engagements, and other shipping intelligence ; and proprietors of ships and freights are insured by the underwriters. The rooms are in the Venetian style, with Roman enrichments. They are—

1. The Subscribers' or Underwriters', the Merchants', and the Captains' Room. At the entrance of the room are exhibited the Shipping Lists, received from Lloyds' agents at home and abroad, and affording particulars of departures or arrivals of vessels, wrecks, salvage, or sale of property saved, etc. To the right and left are "Lloyd's Books," two enormous ledgers : right hand, ships "spoken with," or arrived at their destined ports ; left hand : records of wrecks, fires, or severe collisions, written in a fine Roman hand, in "double lines." To assist the underwriters in their calculations, at the end of the room is an Anemometer, which registers the state of the wind day and night ; attached is a rain-gauge.

The life of the underwriter is one of great anxiety and speculation. "Among the old stagers of the room, there is often strong antipathy to the insurance of certain ships. In the case of one vessel it was strangely followed out. She was a steady trader, named after one of the most venerable members of the room ; and it was a curious coincidence that he invariably refused to 'write her' for 'a single line.' Often he was joked upon the subject, and pressed to 'do a little' for his namesake ; but he as often declined, shaking his head in a doubtful manner. One morning the sub-

scribers were reading the 'double lines,' or the losses, and among them was this identical ship, which had gone to pieces, and become a total wreck."—"The City," 2nd edit., 1848.

The Merchants' Room is superintended by a master, who can speak several languages: here are duplicate copies of the books in the Underwriters' Room, and files of English and foreign newspapers.

The Captains' Room is a kind of coffee-room, where merchants and ship-owners meet captains, and sales of ships, etc., take place.

The members of Lloyd's have ever been distinguished by their loyalty and benevolent spirit. In 1802, they voted 2000*l.* to the Life-boat subscription. On July 20, 1803, at the invasion panic, they commenced the Patriotic Fund with 20,000*l.* 3-per-cent. Consols; besides 70,312*l.* 7*s.* individual subscriptions, and 15,000*l.* additional donations. After the battle of the Nile, in 1798, they collected for the widows and wounded seamen 32,423*l.*; and after Lord Howe's victory, June 1, 1794, for similar purposes, 21,281*l.* They have also contributed 5000*l.* to the London Hospital; 1000*l.* for the suffering inhabitants of Russia in 1813; 1000*l.* for the relief of the militia in our North American colonies, 1813; and 10,000*l.* for the Waterloo subscription, in 1815. The Committee vote medals and rewards to those who distinguish themselves in saving life from shipwreck.

Some years since, a member of Lloyd's drew from the books the following lines of names contained therein:—

A Black and a White, with a Brown and a Green,  
 And also a Gray at Lloyd's room may be seen;  
 With Parson and Clark, then a Bishop and Pryor,  
 And Water, how Strange adding fuel to fire;  
 While, at the same time, 'twill sure pass belief,  
 There's a Winter, a Garland, Furze, Bud, and a Leaf;  
 With Freshfield, and Greenhill, Lovegrove, and a Dale;  
 Though there's never a Breeze, there's always a Gale.

No music is there, though a Whistler and Harper ;  
 There's a Blunt and a Sharp, many flats, but no sharper.  
 There's a Daniell, a Samuel, a Sampson, an Abell ;  
 The first and the last write at the same table.  
 Then there's Virtue and Faith there, with Wylie and Rasch,  
 Disagreeing elsewhere, yet at Lloyd's never clash,  
 There's a Long and a Short, Small, Little, and Fatt,  
 With one Robert Dewar, who ne'er wears his hat :  
 No drinking goes on, though there's Porter and Sack,  
 Lots of Scotchmen there are, beginning with Mac ;  
 Macdonald, to wit, Macintosh and McGhie,  
 McFarquhar, McKenzie, McAndrew, Mackie.  
 An evangelized Jew, and an infidel Quaker ;  
 There's a Bunn and a Pye, with a Cook and a Baker,  
 Though no Tradesmen or Shopmen are found, yet herewith  
 Is a Taylor, a Saddler, a Paynter, a Smyth ;  
 Also Butler and Chapman, with Butter and Glover,  
 Come up to Lloyd's room their bad risks to cover.  
 Fox, Shepherd, Hart, Buck, likewise come every day ;  
 And though many an ass, there is only one Bray.  
 There is a Mill and Miller, A-dam and a Poole,  
 A Constable, Sheriff, a Law, and a Rule.  
 There's a Newman, a Niemann, a Redman, a Pitman,  
 Now to rhyme with the last, there is no other fit man.  
 These, with Young, Cheap, and Lent, Luckie, Hastie, and Slow,  
 With dear Mr. Allnutt, Allfrey, and Auldjo,  
 Are all the queer names that at Lloyd's I can show.

Many of these individuals are now deceased ; but a frequenter of Lloyd's in former years will recognize the persons mentioned.

### The Jerusalem Coffee-house,

Cornhill, is one of the oldest of the City news-rooms, and is frequented by merchants and captains connected with the commerce of China, India, and Australia.

" The subscription-room is well-furnished with files of the principal Canton, Hongkong, Macao, Penang, Singapore, Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Sydney, Hobart Town, Launceston, Adelaide, and Port Phillip papers, and Prices

Current : besides shipping lists and papers from the various intermediate stations or ports touched at, as St. Helena, the Cape of Good Hope, etc. The books of East India shipping include arrivals, departures, casualties, etc. The full business is between two and three o'clock, p.m. In 1845, John Tawell, the Slough murderer, was captured at [traced to] the Jerusalem, which he was in the habit of visiting, to ascertain information of the state of his property in Sydney."—"The City," 2nd edit., 1848.

### Baker's Coffee-house,

Change-alley, is remembered as a tavern some forty years since. The landlord, after whom it is named, may possibly have been a descendant from "Baker," the master of Lloyd's Rooms. It has been, for many years, a chop-house, with direct service from the gridiron, and upon pewter ; though on the first-floor, joint dinners are served : its post-prandial punch was formerly much drunk. In the lower room is a portrait of James, thirty-five years waiter here.

### Coffee-houses in Ned Ward's Time.

Of Ward's "Secret History" of the Clubs of his time we have already given several specimens. Little is known of him personally. He was, probably, born in 1660, and early in life he visited the West Indies. Some time before 1669, he kept a tavern and punch-house, next door to Gray's Inn, of which we shall speak hereafter. His works are now rarely to be met with. His doggreel secured him a place in the *Dunciad*, where not only his elevation to the pillory is mentioned, but the fact is also alluded to that his productions were extensively shipped to the Plantations or Colonies of those days,—

Nor sail with Ward to ape-and-monkey climes,  
Where vile mundungus trucks for viler rhymes,

the only places, probably, where they were extensively read. In return for the doubtful celebrity thus conferred upon his rhymes, he attacked the satirist in a wretched production, intitled "Apollo's Maggot in his Cups;" his expiring effort, probably, for he died on the 22nd of June, 1731. His remains were buried in the churchyard of Old St. Pancras, his body being followed to the grave solely by his wife and daughter, as directed by him in his poetical will, written some six years before. We learn from Noble that there are no less than four engraved portraits of Ned Ward. The structure of the "London Spy," the only work of his that at present comes under our notice, is simple enough. The author is self-personified as a countryman, who, tired with his "tedious confinement to a country hutt," comes up to London; where he fortunately meets with a quondam schoolfellow,—a "man about town," in modern phrase,—who undertakes to introduce him to the various scenes, sights, and mysteries of the, even then, "great metropolis:" much like the visit, in fact, from Jerry Hawthorn to Corinthian Tom, only anticipated by some hundred and twenty years. "We should not be at all surprised (says the *Gentleman's Magazine*) to find that the stirring scenes of Pierce Egan's 'Life in London' were first suggested by more homely pages of the 'London Spy.'"

At the outset of the work we have a description—not a very flattering one, certainly—of a common coffee-house of the day, one of the many hundreds with which London then teemed. Although coffee had been only known in England some fifty years, coffee-houses were already among the most favourite institutions of the land; though they had not as yet attained the political importance which they acquired in the days of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, some ten or twelve years later:—

"'Come,' says my friend, 'let us step into this coffee-house here: as you are a stranger in the town, it will afford

you some diversion.' Accordingly, in we went, where a parcel of muddling muckworms were as busy as so many rats in an old cheese-loft; some going, some coming, some scribbling, some talking, some drinking, some smoking, others jangling; and the whole room stinking of tobacco, like a Dutch scoot [schuyt], or a boatswain's cabin. The walls were hung round with gilt frames, as a farrier's shop with horse-shoes; which contained abundance of rarities, viz., Nectar and Ambrosia, May-dew, Golden Elixirs, Popular Pills, Liquid Snuff, Beautifying Waters, Dentifrices, Drops, and Lozenges; all as infallible as the Pope, 'Where every one (as the famous Saffold<sup>e</sup> has it) above the rest, Deservedly has gain'd the name of best:' every medicine being so catholic, it pretends to nothing less than universality. So that, had not my friend told me 'twas a coffee-house, I should have taken it for Quacks' Hall, or the parlour of some eminent mountebank. We each of us stuck in our mouths a pipe of sotweed, and now began to look about us."

A description of Man's Coffee-house, situate in Scotland-yard, near the water-side, is an excellent picture of a fashionable coffee-house of the day. It took its name from the proprietor, Alexander Man, and was sometimes known as Old Man's, or the Royal Coffee-house, to distinguish it from Young Man's and Little Man's, minor establishments in the neighbourhood:—

"We now ascended a pair of stairs, which brought us into an old-fashioned room, where a gaudy crowd of odoriferous *Tom-Essences* were walking backwards and forwards with their hats in their hands, not daring to convert them to their intended use, lest it should put the foretops of their wigs into some disorder. We squeezed through till we got to the end of the room, where, at a small table, we sat down, and observed that it was as great a rarity to hear anybody call for a dish of *Politician's porridge*, or any other liquor, as it is to hear a beau call for a

pipe of tobacco ; their whole exercise being to charge and discharge their nostrils, and keep the curls of their periwigs in their proper order. The clashing of their snush-box lids, in opening and shutting, made more noise than their tongues. Bows and cringes of the newest mode were here exchanged, 'twixt friend and friend, with wonderful exactness. They made a humming like so many hornets in a country chimney, not with their talking, but with their whispering over their new *Minuets* and *Bories*, with their hands in their pockets, if only freed from their snush-box. We now began to be thoughtful of a pipe of tobacco ; whereupon we ventured to call for some instruments of evaporation, which were accordingly brought us, but with such a kind of unwillingness, as if they would much rather have been rid of our company ; for their tables were so very neat, and shined with rubbing, like the upper-leathers of an alderman's shoes, and as brown as the top of a country housewife's cupboard. The floor was as clean swept as a Sir Courtly's dining-room, which made us look round, to see if there were no orders hung up to impose the forfeiture of so much Mop-money upon any person that should spit out of the chimney-corner. Notwithstanding we wanted an example to encourage us in our porterly rudeness, we ordered them to light the wax-candle, by which we ignified our pipes and blew about our whiffs ; at which several Sir Foplins drew their faces into as many peevish wrinkles, as the beaux at the Bow-street Coffee-house, near Covent-garden, did, when the gentleman in masquerade came in amongst them, with his oyster-barrel muff and turnip-buttons, to ridicule their fopperies."

### Coffee-houses of the Eighteenth Century.

A cabinet picture of the Coffee-house life of a century and a half since, is thus given in the well-known "Journey through England," in 1714: "I am lodged," says the tourist,

“in the street called Pall Mall, the ordinary residence of all strangers, because of its vicinity to the Queen’s Palace, the Park, the Parliament House, the Theatres, and the Chocolate and Coffee-houses, where the best company frequent. If you would know our manner of living, ’tis thus : we rise by nine, and those that frequent great men’s levees, find entertainment at them till eleven, or, as in Holland, go to tea-tables ; about twelve the *beau monde* assemble in several Coffee or Chocolate houses: the best of which are the Cocoa-tree and White’s Chocolate-houses, St. James’s, the Smyrna, Mrs. Rochford’s, and the British Coffee-houses ; and all these so near one another, that in less than an hour you see the company of them all. We are carried to these places in chairs (or sedans), which are here very cheap, a guinea a week, or a shilling per hour, and your chairmen serve you for porters to run on errands, as your gondoliers do at Venice.

“If it be fine weather, we take a turn into the Park till two, when we go to dinner ; and if it be dirty, you are entertained at piquet or basset at White’s, or you may talk politics at the Smyrna or St. James’s. I must not forget to tell you that the parties have their different places, where, however, a stranger is always well received ; but a Whig will no more go to the Cocoa-tree or Ozinda’s, than a Tory will be seen at the Coffee-house, St. James’s.

“The Scots go generally to the British, and a mixture of all sorts to the Smyrna. There are other little Coffee-houses much frequented in this neighbourhood,—Young Man’s for officers, Old Man’s for stock-jobbers, paymasters, and courtiers, and Little Man’s for sharpers. I never was so confounded in my life as when I entered into this last : I saw two or three tables full at faro, heard the box and dice rattling in the room above stairs, and was surrounded by a set of sharp faces, that I was afraid would have devoured me with their eyes. I was glad to drop two or three half-crowns at faro to get off with a clear skin, and was overjoyed I so got rid of them.



“At two, we generally go to dinner; ordinaries are not so common here as abroad, yet the French have set up two or three good ones for the convenience of foreigners in Suffolk-street, where one is tolerably well served; but the general way here is to make a party at the Coffee-house to go to dine at the tavern, where we sit till six, when we go to the play; except you are invited to the table of some great man, which strangers are always courted to, and nobly entertained.”

We may here group the leading Coffee-houses,\* the principal of which will be more fully described hereafter:

“Before 1715, the number of Coffee-houses in London was reckoned at two thousand. Every profession, trade, class, party, had its favourite Coffee-house. The lawyers discussed law or literature, criticized the last new play, or retailed the freshest Westminster Hall ‘bite’ at Nando’s or the Grecian, both close on the purlieus of the Temple. Here the young bloods of the Inns-of-Court paraded their Indian gowns and lace caps of a morning; and swaggered in their lace coats and Mechlin ruffles at night, after the theatre. The Cits met to discuss the rise and fall of stocks, and to settle the rate of insurance, at Garraway’s or Jonathan’s; the parsons exchanged university gossip, or commented on Dr. Sacheverel’s last sermon at Truby’s or at Child’s in St. Paul’s Churchyard; the soldiers mustered to grumble over their grievances at Old or Young Man’s, near Charing Cross; the St. James’s and the Smyrna were the head-quarters of the Whig politicians, while the Tories frequented the Cocoa-tree or Ozinda’s, all in St. James’s-street; Scotchmen had their house of call at Forrest’s, Frenchmen at Giles’s or Old Slaughter’s, in St. Martin’s-lane; the gamesters shook their elbows in White’s and the Chocolate-houses round Covent Garden; the *virtuosi* honoured the neighbourhood of Gresham College; and the

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\* From the *National Review*, No. 8.

leading wits gathered at Will's, Button's, or Tom's, in Great Russell-street, where after the theatre was playing at piquet and the best of conversation till midnight. At all these places, except a few of the most aristocratic Coffee or Chocolate-houses of the West-End, smoking was allowed. A penny was laid down at the bar on entering, and the price of a dish of tea or coffee seems to have been two-pence: this charge covered newspapers and lights. The established frequenters of the house had their regular seats, and special attention from the fair lady at the bar, and the tea or coffee boys.

“To these Coffee-houses men of all classes, who had either leisure or money, resorted to spend both; and in them, politics, play, scandal, criticism, and business, went on hand-in-hand. The transition from Coffee-house to Club was easy. Thus Tom's, a Coffee-house till 1764, in that year, by a guinea subscription, among nearly seven hundred of the nobility, foreign ministers, gentry, and geniuses of the age, became the place of meeting for the subscribers exclusively.\* In the same way, White's and the Cocoa-tree changed their character from Chocolate-house to Club. When once a house had customers enough of standing and good repute, and acquainted with each other, it was quite worth while—considering the characters who, on the strength of assurance, tolerable manners, and a laced coat, often got a footing in these houses while they continued open to the public, to purchase power of excluding all but subscribers.”

Thus, the chief places of resort were at this period Coffee and Chocolate-houses, in which some men almost lived, as they do at the present day, at their Clubs. Whoever wished to find a gentleman commonly asked, not where he resided, but which coffee-house he frequented. No decently attired idler was excluded, provided he laid down his penny at the bar; but this he could seldom do without struggling through

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\* We question whether the Coffee-house general business was entirely given up immediately after the transition.

the crowd of beaux who fluttered round the lovely bar-maid. For the proud nobleman or country squire was not to be distinguished from the genteel thief and daring highwayman. "Pray, sir," says Aimwell to Gibbet, in Farquhar's *Beaux Stratagem*, "ha'n't I seen your face at Will's Coffee-house?" The robber's reply is: "Yes, Sir, and at White's too."

Three of Addison's papers in the *Spectator*, (Nos. 402, 481, and 568,) are humorously descriptive of the Coffee-houses of this period. No. 403 opens with the remark that "the courts of two countries do not so much differ from one another, as the Court and the City, in their peculiar ways of life and conversation. In short, the inhabitants of St. James's, notwithstanding they live under the same laws, and speak the same language, are a distinct people from those of Cheapside, who are likewise removed from those of the Temple on the one side, and those of Smithfield on the other, by several climates and degrees in their way of thinking and conversing together." For this reason, the author takes a ramble through London and Westminster, to gather the opinions of his ingenious countrymen upon a current report of the King of France's death. "I know the faces of all the principal politicians within the bills of mortality; and as every Coffee-house has some particular statesman belonging to it, who is the mouth of the street where he lives, I always take care to place myself near him, in order to know his judgment on the present posture of affairs. And, as I foresaw, the above report would produce a new face of things in Europe, and many curious speculations in our British Coffee-houses, I was very desirous to learn the thoughts of our most eminent politicians on that occasion.

"That I might begin as near the fountain-head as possible, I first of all called in at St. James's, where I found the whole outward room in a buzz of politics; the speculations were but very indifferent towards the door, but grew finer as you advanced to the upper end of the room, and were so much improved by a knot of theorists, who sat in the inner room,

within the steams of the coffee-pot, that I there heard the whole Spanish monarchy disposed of, and all the line of Bourbons provided for in less than a quarter of an hour.

“I afterwards called in at Giles’s, where I saw a board of French gentlemen sitting upon the life and death of their grand monarch. Those among them who had espoused the Whig interest very positively affirmed that he had departed this life about a week since, and therefore, proceeded without any further delay to the release of their friends in the galleys, and to their own re-establishment; but, finding they could not agree among themselves, I proceeded on my intended progress.

“Upon my arrival at Jenny Man’s I saw an alert young fellow that cocked his hat upon a friend of his, who entered just at the same time with myself, and accosted him after the following manner: ‘Well, Jack, the old prig is dead at last. Sharp’s the word. Now or never, boy. Up to the walls of Paris, directly;’ with several other deep reflections of the same nature.

“I met with very little variation in the politics between Charing Cross and Covent Garden. And, upon my going into Will’s, I found their discourse was gone off, from the death of the French King, to that of Monsieur Boileau, Racine, Corneille, and several other poets, whom they regretted on this occasion as persons who would have obliged the world with very noble elegies on the death of so great a prince, and so eminent a patron of learning.

“At a Coffee-house near the Temple, I found a couple of young gentlemen engaged very smartly in a dispute on the succession to the Spanish monarchy. One of them seemed to have been retained as advocate for the Duke of Anjou, the other for his Imperial Majesty. They were both for regarding the title to that kingdom by the statute laws of England: but finding them going out of my depth, I pressed-forward to Paul’s Churchyard, where I listened with great attention to a learned man, who gave the company an

account of the deplorable state of France during the minority of the deceased King.

“I then turned on my right hand into Fish-street, where the chief politician of that quarter, upon hearing the news, (after having taken a pipe of tobacco, and ruminated for some time,) ‘If,’ says he, ‘the King of France is certainly dead, we shall have plenty of mackerel this season: our fishery will not be disturbed by privateers, as it has been for these ten years past.’ He afterwards considered how the death of this great man would affect our pilchards, and by several other remarks infused a general joy into his whole audience.

“I afterwards entered a by-coffee-house that stood at the upper end of a narrow lane, where I met with a conjuror engaged very warmly with a laceman who was the great support of a neighbouring conventicle. The matter in debate was whether the late French King was most like Augustus Cæsar, or Nero. The controversy was carried on with great heat on both sides, and as each of them looked upon me very frequently during the course of their debate, I was under some apprehension that they would appeal to me, and therefore laid down my penny at the bar, and made the best of my way to Cheapside.

“I here gazed upon the signs for some time before I found one to my purpose. The first object I met in the coffee-room was a person who expressed a great grief for the death of the French King; but upon his explaining himself, I found his sorrow did not arise from the loss of the monarch, but for his having sold out of the Bank about three days before he heard the news of it. Upon which a haberdasher, who was the oracle of the coffee-house, and had his circle of admirers about him, called several to witness that he had declared his opinion, above a week before, that the French King was certainly dead; to which he added, that considering the late advices we had received from France, it was impossible that it could be otherwise. As he was laying

these together, and debating to his hearers with great authority, there came a gentleman from Garraway's, who told us that there were several letters from France just come in, with advice that the King was in good health, and was gone out a hunting the very morning the post came away; upon which the haberdasher stole off his hat that hung upon a wooden peg by him, and retired to his shop with great confusion. This intelligence put a stop to my travels, which I had prosecuted with so much satisfaction; not being a little pleased to hear so many different opinions upon so great an event, and to observe how naturally, upon such a piece of news, every one is apt to consider it to his particular interest and advantage."

### Coffee-house Sharpers in 1776.

The following remarks by Sir John Fielding\* upon the dangerous classes to be found in our metropolitan Coffee-houses three-quarters of a century since, are described as "necessary Cautions to all Strangers resorting thereto."

"A stranger or foreigner should particularly frequent the Coffee-houses in London. These are very numerous in every part of the town; will give him the best insight into the different characters of the people, and the justest notion of the inhabitants in general; of all the houses of public resort these are the least dangerous. Yet, some of these are not entirely free from sharpers. The deceivers of this denomination are generally descended from families of some repute, have had the groundwork of a genteel education, and are capable of making a tolerable appearance. Having been equally profuse of their own substance and character, and learned, by having been undone, the ways of undoing, they lie in wait for those who have more wealth and less

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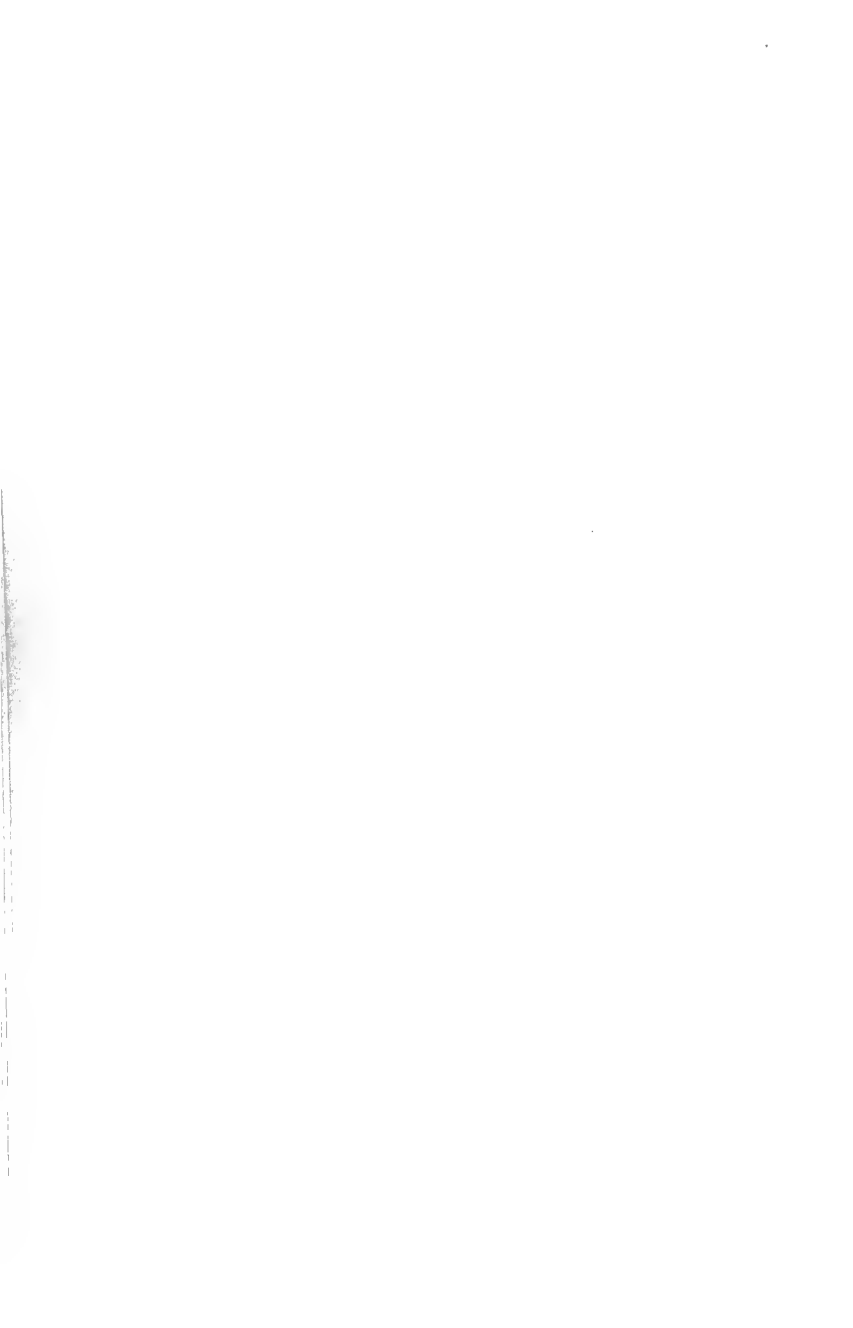
\* "The Magistrate: Description of London and Westminster," 1776.



Simson's Three Tuns, Billingsgate. (*Fish Dinners.*)



Copenhagen House, 1830.





knowledge of the town. By joining you in discourse, by admiring what you say, by an officiousness to wait upon you, and to assist you in anything you want to have or know, they insinuate themselves into the company and acquaintance of strangers, whom they watch every opportunity of fleecing. And if one finds in you the least inclination to cards, dice, the billiard table, bowling-green, or any other sort of gaming, you are morally sure of being taken in. For this set of gentry are adepts in all the arts of knavery and tricking. If, therefore, you should observe a person, without any previous acquaintance, paying you extraordinary marks of civility ; if he puts in for a share of your conversation with a pretended air of deference ; if he tenders his assistance, courts your acquaintance, and would be suddenly thought your friend, avoid him as a pest ; for these are the usual baits by which the unwary are caught."

### Don Saltero's Coffee-house.

Among the curiosities of Old Chelsea, almost as well-known as its china, was the Coffee-house and Museum, No. 18, Cheyne Walk, opened by a barber, named Salter, in 1695. Sir Hans Sloane contributed some of the refuse gimcracks of his own collection ; and Vice-Admiral Munden, who had been long on the coast of Spain, where he had acquired a fondness for Spanish titles, named the keeper of the house *Don Saltero*, and his Coffee-house and Museum, *Don Saltero's*.

The place, however, would, in all probability, have enjoyed little beyond its local fame, had not Sir Richard Steele immortalized the Don and Don Saltero's in *The Tatler*, No. 34, June 28, 1700 ; wherein he tells us of the necessity of travelling to know the world by his journey for fresh air, no further than the village of Chelsea, of which he fancied that he could give an immediate description, from the five fields, where the robbers lie in wait, to the Coffee-house,

where the literati sit in council. But he found, even in a place so near town as this, there were enormities and persons of eminence, whom he before knew nothing of.

The Coffee-house was almost absorbed by the Museum. "When I came into the Coffee-house," says Steele, "I had not time to salute the company, before my eyes were diverted by ten thousand gimcracks round the room, and on the ceiling. When my first astonishment was over, comes to me a sage of thin and meagre countenance, which aspect made me doubt whether reading or fretting had made it so philosophic; but I very soon perceived him to be of that sort which the ancients call 'gingivistee,' in our language 'tooth-drawers.' I immediately had a respect for the man; for these practical philosophers go upon a very practical hypothesis, not to cure, but to take away the part affected. My love of mankind made me very benevolent to Mr. Salter, for such is the name of this eminent barber and antiquary."

The Don was famous for his punch and his skill on the fiddle; he also drew teeth, and wrote verses; he described his museum in several stanzas, one of which is—

Monsters of all sorts are seen :  
 Strange things in nature as they grew so ;  
 Some relics of the Sheba Queen,  
 And fragments of the fam'd Bob Crusoe.

Steele then plunges into a deep thought why barbers should go further in hitting the ridiculous than any other set of men; and maintains that Don Saltero is descended in a right line, not from John Tradescant, as he himself asserts, but from the memorable companion of the Knights of Mancha. Steele then certifies that all the worthy citizens who travel to see the Don's rarities, his double-barrelled pistols, targets, coats of mail, his sclopeta, and sword of Toledo, were left to his ancestor by the said Don Quixote, and by his ancestor to all his progeny down to Saltero. Though Steele thus goes far in favour of Don Saltero's great

merit, he objects to his imposing several names (without his licence) on the collection he has made, to the abuse of the good people of England; one of which is particularly calculated to deceive religious persons, to the great scandal of the well-disposed, and may introduce heterodox opinions. [Among the curiosities presented by Admiral Munden was a coffin, containing the body or relics of a Spanish saint, who had wrought miracles.] "He shows you a straw hat, which," says Steele, "I know to be made by Madge Peskad, within three miles of Bedford; and tells you 'It is Pontius Pilate's wife's chambermaid's sister's hat.' To my knowledge of this very hat, it may be added that the covering of straw was never used among the Jews, since it was demanded of them to make bricks without it. Therefore, this is nothing but, under the specious pretence of learning and antiquities, to impose upon the world. There are other things which I cannot tolerate among his rarities, as, the china figure of the lady in the glass-case; the Italian engine, for the imprisonment of those who go abroad with it; both of which I hereby order to be taken down, or else he may expect to have his letters patent for making punch superseded; be debarred wearing his muff next winter, or ever coming to London without his wife." Babillard says that Salter had an old grey muff, and that, by wearing it up to his nose, he was distinguishable at the distance of a quarter of a mile. His wife was none of the best, being much addicted to scolding; and Salter, who liked his glass, if he could make a trip to London by himself, was in no haste to return.

Don Saltero's proved very attractive as an exhibition, and drew crowds to the Coffee-house. A catalogue was published, of which were printed more than forty editions. Smollett, the novelist, was among the donors. The catalogue, in 1760, comprehended the following rarities:—Tigers' tusks; the Pope's candle; the skeleton of a Guinea-pig; a fly-cap monkey; a piece of the true Cross; the Four Evangelists' heads cut on a cherry-stone; the King of

Morocco's tobacco-pipe ; Mary Queen of Scots' pincushion ; Queen Elizabeth's prayer-book ; a pair of Nun's stockings ; Job's ears, which grew on a tree ; a frog in a tobacco-stopper ; and five hundred more odd relics ! The Don had a rival, as appears by "A Catalogue of the Rarities to be seen at Adams's, at the Royal Swan, in Kingsland-road, leading from Shoreditch Church, 1756." Mr. Adams exhibited, for the entertainment of the curious, "Miss Jenny Cameron's shoes ; Adam's eldest daughter's hat ; the heart of the famous Bess Adams, that was hanged at Tyburn with Lawyer Carr, January 18, 1736-7 ; Sir Walter Raleigh's tobacco-pipe ; Vicar of Bray's clogs ; engine to shell green peas with ; teeth that grew in a fish's belly ; Black Jack's ribs ; the very comb that Abraham combed his son Isaac and Jacob's head with ; Wat Tyler's spurs ; rope that cured Captain Lowry of the head-ach, ear-ach, tooth-ach, and belly-ach ; Adam's key of the fore and back door of the Garden of Eden, &c., &c." These are only a few out of five hundred others equally marvellous.

The Don, in 1723, issued a curious rhyming advertisement of his Curiosities, dated "Chelsea Knackatory," and in one line he calls it "My Museum Coffee-house."

In Dr. Franklin's "Life" we read:—"Some gentlemen from the country went by water to see the College, and Don Saltero's Curiosities, at Chelsea." They were shown in the coffee-room till August, 1799, when the collection was mostly sold or dispersed ; a few gimcracks were left until about 1825, when we were informed on the premises, they were thrown away ! The house is now a tavern, with the sign of "The Don Saltero's Coffee-house."

The success of Don Saltero, in attracting visitors to his coffee-house, induced the proprietor of the Chelsea Bun-house to make a similar collection of rarities, to attract customers for the buns ; and to some extent it was successful.

## Saloop-houses.

What was, in our time, occasionally sold at stalls in the streets of London, with this name, was a decoction of sassafras ; but it was originally made from Salep, the roots of *Orchis mascula*, a common plant of our meadows, the tubers of which, being cleaned and peeled, are lightly browned in an oven. Salep was much recommended in the last century by Dr. Percival, who stated that salep had the property of concealing the taste of salt water, which property it was thought might be turned to account in long sea-voyages. The root has been considered as containing the largest portion of nutritious matter in the smallest space ; and when boiled, it was much used in this country before the introduction of tea and coffee, and their greatly reduced prices. Salep is now almost entirely disused in Great Britain ; but we remember many saloop-stalls in our streets. We believe the last house in which it was sold, to have been Read's Coffee-house, in Fleet-street. The landlord of the noted Mug-house, in Salisbury-square, was one Read. (See p. 44.)

## The Smyrna Coffee-house,

In Pall Mall, was, in the reign of Queen Anne, famous for "that cluster of wise-heads" found sitting every evening, from the left side of the fire to the door. The following announcement in the *Tatler*, No. 78, is amusing : "This is to give notice to all ingenious gentlemen in and about the cities of London and Westminster, who have a mind to be instructed in the noble sciences of music, poetry, and politics, that they repair to the Smyrna Coffee-house, in Pall Mall, betwixt the hours of eight and ten at night, where they may be instructed gratis, with elaborate essays by word of mouth," on all or any of the above-mentioned arts. The

disciples are to prepare their bodies with three dishes of bohea, and to purge their brains with two pinches of snuff. If any young student gives indication of parts, by listening attentively, or asking a pertinent question, one of the professors shall distinguish him, by taking snuff out of his box in the presence of the whole audience.

“N.B.—The seat of learning is now removed from the corner of the chimney on the left hand towards the window, to the round table in the middle of the floor over against the fire; a revolution much lamented by the porters and chairmen, who were much edified through a pane of glass that remained broken all the last summer.”

Prior and Swift were much together at the Smyrna: we read of their sitting there two hours, “receiving acquaintance;” and one entry of Swift’s tells us that he walked a little in the Park till Prior made him go with him to the Smyrna Coffee-house. It seemed to be the place to *talk politics*; but there is a more agreeable record of it in association with our “Poet of the Year,” thus given by Cunningham: “In the printed copy of Thomson’s proposals for publishing, by subscription, the Four Seasons, with a Hymn on their succession, the following note is appended: ‘Subscriptions now taken in by the author, at the Smyrna Coffee-house, Pall Mall.’”<sup>\*</sup> We find the Smyrna in a list of Coffee-houses in 1810.

### St. James’s Coffee-house.

This was the famous Whig Coffee-house from the time of Queen Anne till late in the reign of George III. It was the last house but one on the south-west corner of St. James’s-

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\* The Dane Coffee-house, between the Upper and Lower Malls, Hammersmith, was frequented by Thomson, who wrote here a part of his “Winter.” On the Terrace resided, for many years, Arthur Murphy, and Louthembourg, the painter. The latter died there, in 1812.

street, and is thus mentioned in No. 1 of the *Tatler*: "Foreign and Domestic News you will have from St. James's Coffee-house." It occurs also in the passage quoted at page 301, from the *Spectator*. The St. James's was much frequented by Swift; letters for him were left here. In his *Journal to Stella* he says: "I met Mr. Harley, and he asked me how long I had learnt the trick of writing to myself? He had seen your letter through the glass case at the Coffee-house, and would swear it was my hand." The letters from Stella were enclosed under cover to Addison.

Elliot, who kept the coffee-house, was, on occasions, placed on a friendly footing with his guests. Swift, in his *Journal to Stella*, Nov. 19, 1710, records an odd instance of this familiarity: "This evening I christened our coffee-man Elliot's child; when the rogue had a most noble supper, and Steele and I sat amongst some scurvy company over a bowl of punch."

In the first advertisement of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's "Town Eclogues," they are stated to have been read over at the St. James's Coffee-house, when they were considered by the general voice to be productions of a Lady of Quality. From the proximity of the house to St. James's Palace, it was much frequented by the Guards; and we read of its being no uncommon circumstance to see Dr. Joseph Warton at breakfast in the St. James's Coffee-house, surrounded by officers of the Guards, who listened with the utmost attention and pleasure to his remarks.

To show the order and regularity observed at the St. James's, we may quote the following advertisement, appended to the *Tatler*, No. 25:—"To prevent all mistakes that may happen among gentlemen of the other end of the town, who come but once a week to St. James's Coffee-house, either by miscalling the servants, or requiring such things from them as are not properly within their respective provinces; this is to give notice that Kidney, keeper of

the book-debts of the outlying customers, and observer of those who go off without paying, having resigned that employment, is succeeded by John Sowton ; to whose place of enterer of messages and first coffee-grinder, William Bird is promoted ; and Samuel Burdock comes as shoe-cleaner in the room of the said Bird."

But the St. James's is more memorable as the house where originated Goldsmith's celebrated poem, "Retaliation." The poet belonged to a temporary association of men of talent, some of them members of the Club, who dined together occasionally here. At these dinners he was generally the last to arrive. On one occasion, when he was later than usual, a whim seized the company to write epitaphs on him as "the late Dr. Goldsmith," and several were thrown off in a playful vein. The only one extant was written by Garrick, and has been preserved, very probably, by its pungency :—

Here lies poet Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll ;  
He wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll.

Goldsmith did not relish the sarcasm, especially coming from such a quarter ; and, by way of *retaliation*, he produced the famous poem, of which Cumberland has left a very interesting account, but which Mr. Forster, in his "Life of Goldsmith," states to be "pure romance." The poem itself, however, with what was prefixed to it when published, sufficiently explains its own origin. What had formerly been abrupt and strange in Goldsmith's manners, had now so visibly increased, as to become matter of increased sport to such as were ignorant of its cause ; and a proposition made at one of the dinners, when he was absent, to write a series of epitaphs upon him (his "country dialect" and his awkward person) was agreed to, and put in practice by several of the guests. The active aggressors appear to have been Garrick, Doctor Bernard, Richard Burke, and Caleb Whitefoord. Cumberland says he, too, wrote an epitaph ; but it was complimentary and grave, and hence the grateful return



he received. Mr. Forster considers Garrick's epitaph to indicate the tone of all. This, with the rest, was read to Goldsmith when he next appeared at the St. James's Coffee-house, where Cumberland, however, says he never again met his friends. But "the Doctor was called on for Retaliation," says the friend who published the poem with that name, "and at their next meeting produced the following, which, I think, adds one leaf to his immortal wreath." "'Retaliation,'" says Sir Walter Scott, "had the effect of placing the author on a more equal footing with his Society than he had ever before assumed."

Cumberland's account differs from the version formerly received, which intimates that the epitaphs were written before Goldsmith arrived: whereas the pun, "the late Dr. Goldsmith," appears to have suggested the writing of the epitaphs. In the "Retaliation," Goldsmith has not spared the characters and failings of his associates, but has drawn them with satire, at once pungent and good-humoured. Garrick is smartly chastised; Burke, the Dinner-bell of the House of Commons, is not let off; and of all the more distinguished names of the Club, Thomson, Cumberland, and Reynolds alone escape the lash of the satirist. The former is not mentioned, and the two latter are even dismissed with unqualified and affectionate applause.

Still, we quote Cumberland's account of the "Retaliation," which is very amusing from the closely circumstantial manner in which the incidents are narrated, although they have so little relationship to truth:—"It was upon a proposal started by Edmund Burke, that a party of friends who had dined together at Sir. Joshua Reynolds's and my house, should meet at the St. James's Coffee-house, which accordingly took place, and was repeated occasionally with much festivity and good fellowship. Dr. Bernard, Dean of Derry; a very amiable and old friend of mine, Dr. Douglas, since Bishop of Salisbury; Johnson, David Garrick, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Oliver Goldsmith, Edmund and Richard Burke,

Hickey, with two or three others, constituted our party. At one of these meetings an idea was suggested of extemporary epitaphs upon the parties present : pen and ink were called for, and Garrick, off-hand, wrote an epitaph with a good deal of humour, upon poor Goldsmith, who was the first in jest, as he proved to be in reality, that we committed to the grave. The Dean also gave him an epitaph, and Sir Joshua illuminated the Dean's verses with a sketch of his bust in pen and ink, inimitably caricatured. Neither Johnson nor Burke wrote anything, and when I perceived that Oliver was rather sore, and seemed to watch me with that kind of attention which indicated his expectation of something in the same kind of burlesque with theirs ; I thought it time to press the joke no further, and wrote a few couplets at a side-table, which, when I had finished, and was called upon by the company to exhibit, Goldsmith, with much agitation, besought me to spare him ; and I was about to tear them, when Johnson wrested them out of my hand, and in a loud voice read them at the table. I have now lost recollection of them, and, in fact, they were little worth remembering ; but as they were serious and complimentary, the effect upon Goldsmith was the more pleasing, for being so entirely unexpected. The concluding line, which was the only one I can call to mind, was :—

All mourn the poet, I lament the man.

This I recollect, because he repeated it several times, and seemed much gratified by it. At our next meeting he produced his epitaphs, as they stand in the little posthumous poem above mentioned, and this was the last time he ever enjoyed the company of his friends.\*

Mr. Cunningham tells us that the St. James's was closed about 1806 ; and a large pile of building looking down Pall Mall, erected on its site.

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\* "Cumberland's Memoirs," vol. i.

The globular oil-lamp was first exhibited by its inventor, Michael Cole, at the door of the St. James's Coffee-house, in 1709; in the patent he obtained, it is mentioned as "a new kind of light."

### The British Coffee-house,

In Cockspur-street, "long a house of call for Scotchmen," has been fortunate in its landladies. In 1759, it was kept by the sister of Bishop Douglas, so well known for his works against Lauder and Bower, which may explain its Scottish fame, at another period it was kept by Mrs. Anderson, described in Mackenzie's "Life of Home" as "a woman of uncommon talents, and the most agreeable conversation."\*

The British figures in a political faction of 1750, at which date Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann: "The Argyll carried all the Scotch against the turnpike; they were willing to be carried, for the Duke of Bedford, in case it should have come into the Lords, had writ to the sixteen Peers, to solicit their votes; but with so little difference, that he enclosed all the letters under one cover directed to the British Coffee-house."

### Will's Coffee-house.†

Will's, the predecessor of Button's, and even more celebrated than that Coffee-house, was kept by William Urwin, and was the house on the north side of Russell-street, at the end of Bow-street—the corner house—now occupied as a ham and beef shop, and numbered twenty-three. "It was Dryden

\* "Cunningham's Walpole," vol. ii. p. 196, note.

† Will's Coffee-house first had the title of the Red Cow, then of the Rose, and, we believe, is the same house alluded to in the pleasant story in the second number of the *Tatler* :—

"Supper and friends expect we at the Rose."

The Rose, however, was a common sign for houses of public entertainment.

who made Will's Coffee-house the great resort of the wits of his time." (*Pope* and *Spence*.) The room in which the poet was accustomed to sit was on the first floor; and his place was the place of honour by fire-side in the winter; and at the corner of the balcony, looking over the street, in fine weather; he called the two places his winter and his summer seat. This was called the dining-room floor in the last century. The company did not sit in boxes as subsequently, but at various tables which were dispersed through the room. Smoking was permitted in the public room: it was then so much in vogue that it does not seem to have been considered a nuisance. Here, as in other similar places of meeting, the visitors divided themselves into parties; and we are told by Ward, that the young beaux and wits, who seldom approached the principal table, thought it a great honour to have a pinch out of Dryden's snuff-box.

Dean Lockier has left this life-like picture of his interview with the presiding genius at Will's:—"I was about seventeen when I first came up to town," says the Dean, "an odd-looking boy, with short rough hair, and that sort of awkwardness which one always brings up at first out of the country with one. However, in spite of my bashfulness and appearance, I used, now and then, to thrust myself into Will's, to have the pleasure of seeing the most celebrated wits of that time, who then resorted thither. The second time that ever I was there, Mr. Dryden was speaking of his own things, as he frequently did, especially of such as had been lately published. 'If anything of mine is good,' says he, 'tis "*Mac-Flecno*;" and I value myself the more upon it, because it is the first piece of ridicule written in heroics.' On hearing this I plucked up my spirit so far as to say, in a voice but just loud enough to be heard, 'that "*Mac-Flecno*" was a very fine poem, but that I had not imagined it to be the first that was ever writ that way.' On this, Dryden turned short upon me, as surprised at my interposing; asked

me how long 'I had been a dealer in poetry;' and added, with a smile, 'Pray, Sir, what is it that you did imagine to have been writ so before?'—I named Boileau's 'Lutrin' and Tassoni's 'Secchia Rapita,' which I had read, and knew Dryden had borrowed some strokes from each. 'Tis true,' said Dryden, 'I had forgot them.' A little after, Dryden went out, and in going, spoke to me again, and desired me to come and see him the next day. I was highly delighted with the invitation; went to see him accordingly; and was well acquainted with him after, as long as he lived."

Will's Coffee-house was the open market for libels and lampoons, the latter named from the established burden formerly sung to them:—

Lampone, lampone, camerada lampone.

There was a drunken fellow, named Julian, who was a characterless frequenter of Will's, and Sir Walter Scott has given this account of him and his vocation:—

"Upon the general practice of writing lampoons, and the necessity of finding some mode of dispersing them, which should diffuse the scandal widely while the authors remained concealed, was founded the self-erected office of Julian, Secretary, as he calls himself, to the Muses. This person attended Will's, the Wits' Coffee-house, as it was called; and dispersed among the crowds who frequented that place of gay resort copies of the lampoons which had been privately communicated to him by their authors. 'He is described,' says Mr. Malone, 'as a very drunken fellow, and at one time was confined for a libel.' Several satires were written, in the form of addresses to him as well as the following. There is one among the "State Poems" beginning—

Julian, in verse, to ease thy wants I write,  
Not moved by envy, malice, or by spite,  
Or pleased with the empty names of wit and sense,  
But merely to supply thy want of pence :

This did inspire my muse, when out at heel,  
 She saw her needy secretary reel ;  
 Grieved that a man, so useful to the age,  
 Should foot it in so mean an equipage ;  
 A crying scandal that the fees of sense  
 Should not be able to support the expense  
 Of a poor scribe, who never thought of wants,  
 When able to procure a cup of Nantz.

Another, called a 'Consoling Epistle to Julian,' is said to have been written by the Duke of Buckingham.

"From a passage in one of the 'Letters from the Dead to the Living,' we learn, that after Julian's death, and the madness of his successor, called Summerton, lampoon felt a sensible decay ; and there was no more that brisk spirit of verse, that used to watch the follies and vices of the men and women of figure, that they could not start new ones faster than lampoons exposed them."

How these lampoons were concocted we gather from Bays, in the "Hind and the Panther transversed:"—" 'Tis a trifle hardly worth owning ; I was 'tother day at Will's, throwing out something of that nature ; and, i' gad, the hint was taken, and out came that picture ; indeed, the poor fellow was so civil as to present me with a dozen of 'em for my friends ; I think I have here one in my pocket. . . . Ay, ay, I can do it if I list, tho' you must not think I have been so dull as to mind these things myself ; but 'tis the advantage of our Coffee-house, that from their talk, one may write a very good polemical discourse, without ever troubling one's head with the books of controversy."

Tom Brown describes "a Wit and a Beau set up with little or no expense. A pair of red stockings and a sword-knot set up one, and peeping once a day in at Will's, and two or three second-hand sayings, the other."

Pepys, one night, going to fetch home his wife, stopped in Covent Garden, at the Great Coffee-house there, as he called Will's, where he never was before : "Where," he adds, "Dryden, the poet (I knew at Cambridge), and all the

Wits of the town, and Harris the player, and Mr. Hoole of our College. And had I had time then, or could at other times, it will be good coming thither, for there, I perceive, is very witty and pleasant discourse. But I could not tarry, and, as it was late, they were all ready to go away."

Addison passed each day alike, and much in the manner that Dryden did. Dryden employed his mornings in writing, dined *en famille*, and then went to Will's, "only he came home earlier o' nights."

Pope, when very young, was impressed with such veneration for Dryden, that he persuaded some friends to take him to Will's Coffee-house, and was delighted that he could say that he had seen Dryden. Sir Charles Wogan, too, brought up Pope from the Forest of Windsor, to dress *à la mode*, and introduce at Will's Coffee-house. Pope afterwards described Dryden as "a plump man with a down look, and not very conversible;" and Cibber could tell no more "but that he remembered him a decent old man, arbiter of critical disputes at Will's." Prior sings of—

the younger Stiles,  
Whom Dryden pedagogues at Will's!

Most of the hostile criticisms on his Plays, which Dryden has noticed in his various Prefaces, appear to have been made at his favourite haunt, Will's Coffee-house.

Dryden is generally said to have been returning from Will's to his house in Gerard-street, when he was cudgelled in Rose-street by three persons hired for the purpose by Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, in the winter of 1679. The assault, or "the Rose-alley Ambuscade," certainly took place; but it is not so certain that Dryden was on his way from Will's, and he then lived in Long-acre, not Gerard-street.

It is worthy of remark that Swift was accustomed to speak disparagingly of Will's, as in his "Rhapsody on Poetry:"—

Be sure at Will's the following day  
 Lie snug, and hear what critics say ;  
 And if you find the general vogue  
 Pronounces you a stupid rogue,  
 Damns all your thoughts as low and little ;  
 Sit still, and swallow down your spittle.

Swift thought little of the frequenters of Will's : he used to say, " the worst conversation he ever heard in his life was at Will's Coffee-house, where the wits (as they were called) used formerly to assemble ; that is to say, five or six men, who had writ plays or at least prologues, or had a share in a miscellany, came thither, and entertained one another with their trifling composures, in so important an air as if they had been the noblest efforts of human nature, or that the fate of kingdoms depended on them.

In the first number of the *Tatler*, Poetry is promised under the article of Will's Coffee-house. The place, however, changed after Dryden's time : " you used to see songs, epigrams, and satires in the hands of every man you met ; you have now only a pack of cards ; and instead of the cavils about the turn of the expression, the elegance of the style, and the like, the learned now dispute only about the truth of the game." " In old times, we used to sit upon a play here, after it was acted, but now the entertainment's turned another way."

The *Spectator* is sometimes seen " thrusting his head into a round of politicians at Will's, and listening with great attention to the narratives that are made in these little circular audiences." Then, we have as an instance of no one member of human society but that would have some little pretension for some degree in it, " like him who came to Will's Coffee-house upon the merit of having writ a posie of a ring." And, " Robin, the porter who waits at Will's, is the best man in town for carrying a billet : the fellow has a thin body, swift step, demure looks, sufficient sense, and knows the town."\*

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\* *The Spectator*, No. 398.



After Dryden's death, in 1701, Will's continued for about ten years to be still the Wits' Coffee-house, as we see by Ned Ward's account, and by that in the "Journey through England" in 1722.

Pope entered with keen relish into society, and courted the correspondence of the town wits and coffee-house critics. Among his early friends was Mr. Henry Cromwell, one of the *cousinry* of the Protector's family: he was a bachelor, and spent most of his time in London; he had some pretensions to scholarship and literature, having translated several of Ovid's Elegies, for Tonson's Miscellany. With Wycherley, Gay, Dennis, the popular actors and actresses of the day, and with all the frequenters of Will's, Cromwell was familiar. He had done more than take a pinch out of Dryden's snuff-box, which was a point of high ambition and honour at Will's; he had quarrelled with him about a frail poetess, Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas, whom Dryden had christened Corinna, and who was also known as Sappho. Gay characterized this literary and eccentric beau as

Honest, hatless Cromwell, with red breeches;

it being his custom to carry his hat in his hand when walking with ladies. What with ladies and literature, rehearsals and reviews, and critical attention to the quality of his coffee and Brazil snuff, Henry Cromwell's time was fully occupied in town. Cromwell was a dangerous acquaintance for Pope at the age of sixteen or seventeen, but he was a very agreeable one. Most of Pope's letters to his friend are addressed to him at the Blue Ball, in Great Wild-street, near Drury-lane, and others to "Widow Hambledon's Coffee-house, at the end of Princes-street, near Drury-lane, London." Cromwell made one visit to Binfield; on his return to London, Pope wrote to him, "referring to the ladies in particular," and to his favourite coffee:

As long as Mocha's happy tree shall grow,  
While berries crackle, or while mills shall go;

While smoking streams from silver spouts shall glide,  
Or China's earth receive the sable tide,  
While Coffee shall to British nymphs be dear,  
While fragrant steams the bended head shall cheer,  
Or grateful bitters shall delight the taste,  
So long her honours, name, and praise shall last.

Even at this early period Pope seems to have relied for relief from headache to the steam of coffee, which he inhaled for this purpose throughout the whole of his life.\*

The Taverns and Coffee-houses supplied the place of the Clubs we have since seen established. Although no exclusive subscription belonged to any of these, we find by the account which Colley Cibber gives of his first visit to Will's, in Covent Garden, that it required an introduction to this Society not to be considered as an impertinent intruder. There the veteran Dryden had long presided over all the acknowledged wits and poets of the day, and those who had the pretension to be reckoned among them. The politicians assembled at the St. James's Coffee-house, from whence all the articles of political news in the first *Tatlers* are dated. The learned frequented the Grecian Coffee-house in Devereux-court. Locket's, in Gerard-street, Soho, and Pontac's, were the fashionable taverns where the young and gay met to dine: and White's and other chocolate houses seem to have been the resort of the same company in the morning. Three o'clock, or at latest four, was the dining-hour of the most fashionable persons in London, for in the country no such late hours had been adopted. In London, therefore, soon after six, the men began to assemble at the coffee-house they frequented if they were not setting in for hard drinking, which seems to have been much less indulged in private houses than in taverns. The ladies made visits to one another, which it must be owned was a much less waste of time when considered as an amusement for the evening, than now, as being a morning occupation.

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\* Carruthers : Life of Pope.

## Button's Coffee-house.

Will's was the great resort for the wits of Dryden's time, after whose death it was transferred to Button's. Pope describes the houses as "opposite each other, in Russell-street, Covent Garden," where Addison established Daniel Button, in a new house, about 1712; and his fame, after the production of *Cato*, drew many of the Whigs thither. Button had been servant to the Countess of Warwick. The house is more correctly described as "over against Tom's, near the middle of the south side of the street."

Addison was the great patron of Button's; but it is said that when he suffered any vexation from his Countess, he withdrew the company from Button's house. His chief companions, before he married Lady Warwick, were Steele, Budgell, Philips, Carey, Davenant, and Colonel Brett. He used to breakfast with one or other of them in St. James's-place, dine at taverns with them, then to Button's, and then to some tavern again, for supper in the evening; and this was the usual round of his life, as Pope tells us, in "Spence's Anecdotes;" where Pope also says: "Addison usually studied all the morning, then met his party at Button's, dined there, and stayed five or six hours; and sometimes far into the night. I was of the company for about a year, but found it too much for me: it hurt my health, and so I quitted it." Again: "There had been a coldness between me and Mr. Addison for some time, and we had not been in company together for a good while anywhere but at Button's Coffee-house, where I used to see him almost every day."

Here Pope is reported to have said of Patrick, the lexicographer, that "a dictionary-maker might know the meaning of one word, but not of two put together."

Button's was the receiving-house for contributions to *The Guardian*, for which purpose was put up a lion's head letter-

box, in imitation of the celebrated lion at Venice, as humorously announced. Thus:—

“N.B.—Mr. Ironside has, within five weeks last past, muzzled three lions, gorged five, and killed one. On Monday next the skin of the dead one will be hung up, *in terrorem*, at Button’s Coffee-house, over against Tom’s in Covent Garden.”\*

“Button’s Coffee-house,—

“Mr. Ironside, I have observed that this day you make mention of Will’s Coffee-house, as a place where people are too polite to hold a man in discourse by the button. Everybody knows your honour frequents this house, therefore they will take an advantage against me, and say if my company was as civil as that at Will’s. You would say so. Therefore pray your honour do not be afraid of doing me justice, because people would think it may be a conceit below you on this occasion to name the name of your humble servant, Daniel Button.—The young poets are in the back room, and take their places as you directed.”†

“I intend to publish once every week the roarings of the Lion, and hope to make him roar so loud as to be heard over all the British nation.

“I have, I know not how, been drawn into tattle of myself, *more majorum*, almost the length of a whole *Guardian*. I shall therefore fill up the remaining part of it with what still relates to my own person, and my correspondents. Now I would have them all know that on the 20th instant, it is my intention to erect a Lion’s Head, in imitation of those I have described in Venice, through which all the private commonwealth is said to pass. This head is to open a most wide and voracious mouth, which shall take in such letters and papers as are conveyed to me by my correspondents, it being my resolution to have a particular regard to all such matters as come to my hands though the mouth of

\* *The Guardian*, No. 71.

† *Ibid.*, No. 85.

the Lion. There will be under it a box, of which the key will be in my own custody, to receive such papers as are dropped into it. Whatever the Lion swallows I shall digest for the use of the publick. This head requires some time to finish, the workmen being resolved to give it several masterly touches, and to represent it as ravenous as possible. It will be set up in Button's Coffee-house, in Covent Garden, who is directed to shew the way to the Lion's Head, and to instruct any young author how to convey his works into the mouth of it with safety and secrecy."\*

"I think myself obliged to acquaint the publick, that the Lion's Head, of which I advertised them about a fortnight ago, is now erected at Button's Coffee-house, in Russell-street, Covent Garden, where it opens its mouth at all hours for the reception of such intelligence as shall be thrown into it. It is reckoned an excellent piece of workmanship, and was designed by a great hand in imitation of the antique Egyptian lion, the face of it being compounded out of that of a lion and a wizard. The features are strong and well furrowed. The whiskers are admired by all that have seen them. It is planted on the western side of the Coffee-house, holding its paws under the chin, upon a box, which contains everything that he swallows. He is, indeed, a proper emblem of knowledge and action, being all head and paws."†

"Being obliged, at present, to attend a particular affair of my own, I do empower my printer to look into the arcana of the Lion, and select out of them such as may be of publick utility; and Mr. Button is hereby authorized and commanded to give my said printer free ingress and egress to the lion, without any hindrance, let, or molestation whatsoever, until such time as he shall receive orders to the contrary. And, for so doing, this shall be his warrant."‡

"My Lion, whose jaws are at all times open to intelli-

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\* *The Guardian*, No. 93.

† *Ibid.*, No. 114.

‡ *Ibid.*, No. 142.

gence, informs me that there are a few enormous weapons still in being; but that they are to be met with only in gaming-houses and some of the obscure retreats of lovers, in and about Drury-lane and Covent Garden.\*

This memorable Lion's Head was tolerably well carved: through the mouth the letters were dropped into a till at Button's; and beneath were inscribed these two lines from Martial:—

Cervantur magnis isti Cervicibus ungues :  
Non nisi delictâ pascitur ille fera.

The head was designed by Hogarth, and is etched in Ireland's "Illustrations." Lord Chesterfield is said to have once offered for the Head fifty guineas. From Button's it was removed to the Shakspeare's Head Tavern, under the Piazza, kept by a person named Tomkyns; and in 1751, was, for a short time, placed in the Bedford Coffee-house immediately adjoining the Shakspeare, and there employed as a letter-box by Dr. John Hill, for his *Inspector*. In 1769, Tomkyns was succeeded by his waiter, Campbell, as proprietor of the tavern and lion's head, and by him the latter was retained until Nov. 8, 1804, when it was purchased by Mr. Charles Richardson, of Richardson's Hotel, for 17*l.* 10*s.*, who also possessed the original sign of the Shakspeare's Head. After Mr. Richardson's death in 1827, the Lion's Head devolved to his son, of whom it was bought by the Duke of Bedford, and deposited at Woburn Abbey, where it still remains.

Pope was subjected to much annoyance and insult at Button's. Sir Samuel Garth wrote to Gay, that everybody was pleased with Pope's Translation, "but a few at Button's;" to which Gay adds, to Pope, "I am confirmed that at Button's your character is made very free with, as to morals, etc."

Cibber, in a letter to Pope, says:—"When you used to

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\* *The Guardian*, No. 171.

pass your hours at Button's, you were even there remarkable for your satirical itch of provocation; scarce was there a gentleman of any pretension to wit, whom your unguarded temper had not fallen upon in some biting epigram, among which you once caught a pastoral Tartar, whose resentment, that your punishment might be proportionate to the smart of your poetry, had stuck up a birchen rod in the room, to be ready whenever you might come within reach of it; and at this rate you writ and rallied and writ on, till you rhymed yourself quite out of the coffee-house." The "pastoral Tartar" was Ambrose Philips, who, says Johnson, "hung up a rod at Button's, with which he threatened to chastise Pope."

Pope, in a letter to Craggs, thus explains the affair:—  
"Mr. Philips did express himself with much indignation against me one evening at Button's Coffee-house, (as I was told,) saying that I was entered into a cabal with Dean Swift and others, to write against the Whig interest, and in particular to undermine his own reputation and that of his friends, Steele and Addison; but Mr. Philips never opened his lips to my face, on this or any like occasion, though I was almost every night in the same room with him, nor ever offered me any indecorum. Mr. Addison came to me a night or two after Philips had talked in this idle manner, and assured me of his disbelief of what had been said, of the friendship we should always maintain, and desired I would say nothing further of it. My Lord Halifax did me the honour to stir in this matter, by speaking to several people to obviate a false aspersion, which might have done me no small prejudice with one party. However, Philips did all he could secretly to continue the report with the Hanover Club, and kept in his hands the subscriptions paid for me to him, as secretary to that Club. The heads of it have since given him to understand, that they take it ill; but (upon the terms I ought to be with such a man) I would not ask him for this money, but commissioned one of the players, his equals, to receive it. This is the whole

matter ; but as to the secret grounds of this malignity, they will make a very pleasant history when we meet."

Another account says that the rod was hung up at the bar of Button's, and that Pope avoided it by remaining at home—"his usual custom." Philips was known for his courage and superior dexterity with the sword: he afterwards became justice of the peace, and used to mention Pope, whenever he could get a man in authority to listen to him, as an enemy to the Government.

At Button's the leading company, particularly Addison and Steele, met in large flowing flaxen wigs. Sir Godfrey Kneller, too, was a frequenter.

The master died in 1731, when in the *Daily Advertiser*, Oct. 5, appeared the following:—"On Sunday morning, died, after three days' illness, Mr. Button, who formerly kept Button's Coffee-house, in Russell-street, Covent Garden; a very noted house for wits, being the place where the Lyon produced the famous *Tattlers* and *Spectators*, written by the late Mr. Secretary Addison and Sir Richard Steele, Knt., which works will transmit their names with honour to posterity." Mr. Cunningham found in the vestry-books of St. Paul's, Covent Garden: "1719, April 16. Received of Mr. Daniel Button, for two places in the pew No. 18, on the south side of the north Isle,—2*l.* 2*s.*" J. T. Smith states that a few years after Button, the Coffee-house declined, and Button's name appeared in the books of St. Paul's, as receiving an allowance from the parish.

Button's continued in vogue until Addison's death and Steele's retirement into Wales, after which the house was deserted; the coffee-drinkers went to the Bedford Coffee-house, the dinner-parties to the Shakspeare.

Among other wits who frequented Button's were Swift, Arbuthnot, Savage, Budgell, Martin Folkes, and Drs. Garth and Armstrong. In 1720, Hogarth mentions "four drawings in Indian ink" of the characters at Button's Coffee-house. In these were sketches of Arbuthnot, Addison, Pope, (as it



is conjectured,) and a certain Count Viviani, identified years afterwards by Horace Walpole, when the drawings came under his notice. They subsequently came into Ireland's possession.\*

Jemmy Maclaine, or M'Clean, the fashionable highwayman, was a frequent visitor at Button's. Mr. John Taylor, of the *Sun* newspaper, describes Maclaine as a tall, showy, good-looking man. A Mr. Donaldson told Taylor that, observing Maclaine paid particular attention to the barmaid of the Coffee-house, the daughter of the landlord, he gave a hint to the father of Maclaine's dubious character. The father cautioned the daughter against the highwayman's addresses, and imprudently told her by whose advice he put her on her guard; she as imprudently told Maclaine. The next time Donaldson visited the Coffee-room, and was sitting in one of the boxes, Maclaine entered, and in a loud tone said, "Mr. Donaldson, I wish to *spake* to you in a private room." Mr. D. being unarmed, and naturally afraid of being alone with such a man, said, in answer, that as nothing could pass between them that he did not wish the whole world to know, he begged leave to decline the invitation. "Very well," said Maclaine, as he left the room, "we shall meet again." A day or two after, as Mr. Donaldson was walking near Richmond, in the evening, he saw Maclaine on horseback; but, fortunately, at that moment, a gentleman's carriage appeared in view, when Maclaine immediately turned his horse towards the carriage, and Donaldson hurried into the protection of Richmond as fast as he could. But for the appearance of the carriage, which presented better prey, it is probable that Maclaine would have shot Mr. Donaldson immediately.

Maclaine's father was an Irish Dean; his brother was a Calvinist minister in great esteem at the Hague. Maclaine

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\* From Mr. Sala's vivid "William Hogarth;" *Cornhill Magazine*, vol. i. p. 428.

himself had been a grocer in Welbeck-street, but losing a wife that he loved extremely, and by whom he had one little girl, he quitted his business with two hundred pounds in his pocket, which he soon spent, and then took to the road with only one companion, Plunket, a journeyman apothecary.

Maclaine was taken in the autumn of 1750, by selling a laced waistcoat to a pawnbroker in Monmouth-street, who happened to carry it to the very man who had just sold the lace. Maclaine impeached his companion, Plunket, but he was not taken. The former got into verse: Gray, in his "Long Story," sings:

A sudden fit of ague shook him;  
He stood as mute as poor M'Lean.

Button's subsequently became a private house, and here Mrs. Inchbald lodged, probably, after the death of her sister, for whose support she practised such noble and generous self-denial. Mrs. Inchbald's income was now 172*l.* a year, and we are told that she now went to reside in a boarding-house, where she enjoyed more of the comforts of life. Phillips, the publisher, offered her a thousand pounds for her *Memoirs*, which she declined. She died in a boarding-house at Kensington, on the 1st of August, 1821, leaving about 6000*l.* judiciously divided amongst her relatives. Her simple and parsimonious habits were very strange. "Last Thursday," she writes, "I finished scouring my bedroom, while a coach with a coronet and two footmen waited at my door to take me an airing."

"One of the most agreeable memories connected with Button's," says Leigh Hunt, "is that of Garth, a man whom, for the sprightliness and generosity of his nature, it is a pleasure to name. He was one of the most amiable and intelligent of a most amiable and intelligent class of men—the physicians."

## Dean Swift at Button's.

It was just after Queen Anne's accession that Swift made acquaintance with the leaders of the wits at Button's. Ambrose Philips refers to him as the strange clergyman whom the frequenters of the Coffee-house had observed for some days. He knew no one, no one knew him. He would lay his hat down on a table, and walk up and down at a brisk pace for half an hour without speaking to any one, or seeming to pay attention to anything that was going forward. Then he would snatch up his hat, pay his money at the bar, and walk off, without having opened his lips. The frequenters of the room had christened him "the mad parson." One evening, as Mr. Addison and the rest were observing him, they saw him cast his eyes several times upon a gentleman in boots, who seemed to be just come out of the country. At last, Swift advanced towards this bucolic gentleman, as if intending to address him. They were all eager to hear what the dumb parson had to say, and immediately quitted their seats to get near him. Swift went up to the country gentleman, and in a very abrupt manner, without any previous salute, asked him, "Pray, Sir, do you know any good weather in the world?" After staring a little at the singularity of Swift's manner and the oddity of the question, the gentleman answered, "Yes, Sir, I thank God I remember a great deal of good weather in my time."—"That is more," replied Swift, "than I can say; I never remember any weather that was not too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry; but, however God Almighty contrives it, at the end of the year 'tis all very well."

Sir Walter Scott gives, upon the authority of Dr. Wall, of Worcester, who had it from Dr. Arbuthnot himself, the following anecdote—less coarse than the version generally told. Swift was seated by the fire at Button's: there was sand on the floor of the coffee-room, and Arbuthnot, with a

design to play upon this original figure, offered him a letter, which he had been just addressing, saying at the same time, "There—sand that."—"I have got no sand," answered Swift, "but I can help you to a little *gravel*." This he said so significantly, that Arbuthnot hastily snatched back his letter, to save it from the fate of the capital of Lilliput.

### Tom's Coffee-house,

In Birchin-lane, Cornhill, though in the main a mercantile resort, acquired some celebrity from its having been frequented by Garrick, who, to keep up an interest in the City, appeared here about twice in a winter at 'Change time, when it was the rendezvous of young merchants. Hawkins says: "After all that has been said of Mr. Garrick, envy must own that he owed his celebrity to his merit; and yet, of that himself seemed so diffident, that he practised sundry little but innocent arts, to insure the favour of the public:" yet, he did more. When a rising actor complained to Mrs. Garrick that the newspapers abused him, the widow replied, "You should write your own criticisms; David always did."

One evening, Murphy was at Tom's, when Colley Cibber was playing at whist, with an old general for his partner. As the cards were dealt to him, he took up every one in turn, and expressed his disappointment at each indifferent one. In the progress of the game he did not follow suit, and his partner said, "What! have you not a spade, Mr. Cibber?" The latter, looking at his cards, answered, "Oh yes, a thousand;" which drew a very peevish comment from the general. On which, Cibber, who was shockingly addicted to swearing, replied, "Don't be angry, for —— I can play ten times worse if I like."

## The Bedford Coffee-house, in Covent Garden.

This celebrated resort once attracted so much attention as to have published, "Memoirs of the Bedford Coffee-house," two editions, 1751 and 1763. It stood "under the Piazza, in Covent Garden," in the north-west corner, near the entrance to the theatre, and has long ceased to exist.

In the *Connoisseur*, No. 1, 1754, we are assured that "this Coffee-house is every night crowded with men of parts. Almost every one you meet is a polite scholar and a wit. Jokes and bon-mots are echoed from box to box: every branch of literature is critically examined, and the merit of every production of the press, or performance of the theatres, weighed and determined."

And in the above-named "Memoirs," we read that "this spot has been signalized for many years as the emporium of wit, the seat of criticism, and the standard of taste.—Names of those who frequented the house:—Foote, Mr. Fielding, Mr. Woodward, Mr. Leone, Mr. Murphy, Mopsy, Dr. Arne. Dr. Arne was the only man in a suit of velvet in the dog-days."

Stacie kept the Bedford when John and Henry Fielding, Hogarth, Churchill, Woodward, Lloyd, Dr. Goldsmith, and many others met there and held a gossiping shilling rubber club. Henry Fielding was a very merry fellow.

The *Inspector* appears to have given rise to this reign of the Bedford, when there was placed here the Lion from Button's, which proved so serviceable to Steele, and once more fixed the dominion of wit in Covent Garden.

The reign of wit and pleasantry did not, however, cease at the Bedford at the demise of the *Inspector*. A race of punsters next succeeded. A particular box was allotted to this occasion, out of the hearing of the lady at the bar, that the *double entendres*, which were sometimes very indelicate, might not offend her.

The Bedford was beset with scandalous nuisances, of which the following letter, from Arthur Murphy to Garrick, April 10, 1769, presents a pretty picture :

“ Tiger Roach (who used to bully at the Bedford Coffee-house because his name was Roach) is set up by Wilkes’s friends to burlesque Luttrell and his pretensions. I own I do not know a more ridiculous circumstance than to be a joint candidate with the Tiger. O’Brien used to take him off very pleasantly, and perhaps you may, from his representation, have some idea of this important wight. He used to sit with a half-starved look, a black patch upon his cheek, pale with the idea of murder, or with rank cowardice, a quivering lip, and a downcast eye. In that manner he used to sit at a table all alone, and his soliloquy, interrupted now and then with faint attempts to throw off a little saliva, was to the following effect:—‘ Hut ! hut ! a mercer’s ‘prentice with a bag-wig ;—d—n my s—l, if I would not skiver a dozen of them like larks ! Hut ! hut ! I don’t understand such airs !—I’d cudgel him back, breast, and belly, for three skips of a louse !—How do you do, Pat ? Hut ! hut ! God’s blood—Larry, I’m glad to see you ;—’Prentices ! a fine thing indeed !—Hut ! hut ! How do you, Dominick !—D—n my s—l, what’s here to do !’ These were the meditations of this agreeable youth. From one of these reveries he started up one night, when I was there, called a Mr. Bagnell out of the room, and most heroically stabbed him in the dark, the other having no weapon to defend himself with. In this career the Tiger persisted, till at length a Mr. Lennard brandished a whip over his head, and stood in a menacing attitude, commanding him to ask pardon directly. The Tiger shrank from the danger, and with a faint voice pronounced—‘ Hut ! what signifies it between you and me ? Well ! well ! I ask your pardon.’ ‘ Speak louder, Sir ; I don’t hear a word you say.’ And indeed he was so very tall, that it seemed as if the sound, sent feebly from below, could

not ascend to such a height. This is the hero who is to figure at Brentford."

Foote's favourite Coffee-house was the Bedford. He was also a constant frequenter of Tom's, and took a lead in the Club held there, and already described.\*

Dr. Barrowby, the well-known newsmonger of the Bedford, and the satirical critic of the day, has left this whole-length sketch of Foote:—"One evening (he says), he saw a young man extravagantly dressed out in a frock suit of green and silver lace, bag-wig, sword, bouquet, and point-ruffles, enter the room (at the Bedford), and immediately join the critical circle at the upper end. Nobody recognised him; but such was the ease of his bearing, and the point of humour and remark with which he at once took up the conversation, that his presence seemed to disconcert no one, and a sort of pleased buzz of 'who is he?' was still going round the room unanswered, when a handsome carriage stopped at the door; he rose, and quitted the room, and the servants announced that his name was Foote, and that he was a young gentleman of family and fortune, a student of the Inner Temple, and that the carriage had called for him on its way to the assembly of a lady of fashion." Dr. Barrowby once turned the laugh against Foote at the Bedford, when he was ostentatiously showing his gold repeater, with the remark—"Why, my watch does not go!" "It soon *will go*," quietly remarked the Doctor. Young Collins, the poet, who came to town in 1744 to seek his fortune, made his way to the Bedford, where Foote was supreme among the wits and critics. Like Foote, Collins was fond of fine clothes, and walked about with a feather in his hat, very unlike a young man who had not a single guinea he could call his own. A letter of the time tells us that "Collins was an acceptable companion everywhere; and among the gentlemen who

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\* See "Club at Tom's Coffee-house," pp. 136—140.

loved him for a genius, may be reckoned the Doctors Armstrong, Barrowby, Hill, Messrs. Quin, Garrick, and Foote, who frequently took his opinion upon their pieces before they were seen by the public. He was particularly noticed by the geniuses who frequented the Bedford and Slaughter's Coffee-houses."\*

Ten years later (1754) we find Foote again supreme in his critical corner at the Bedford. The regular frequenters of the room strove to get admitted to his party at supper; and others got as near as they could to the table, as the only humour flowed from Foote's tongue. The Bedford was now in its highest repute.

Foote and Garrick often met at the Bedford, and many and sharp were their encounters. They were the two great rivals of the day. Foote usually attacked, and Garrick, who had many weak points, was mostly the sufferer. Garrick, in early life, had been in the wine trade, and had supplied the Bedford with wine; he was thus described by Foote as living in Durham-yard, with three quarts of vinegar in the cellar, calling himself a wine-merchant. How Foote must have abused the Bedford wine of this period!

One night, Foote came into the Bedford, where Garrick was seated, and there gave him an account of a most wonderful actor he had just seen. Garrick was on the tenters of suspense, and there Foote kept him a full hour. At last Foote, compassionating the suffering listener, brought the attack to a close by asking Garrick what he thought of Mr. Pitt's histrionic talents, when Garrick, glad of the release, declared that if Pitt had chosen the stage, he might have been the first actor upon it.

One night, Garrick and Foote were about to leave the Bedford together, when the latter, in paying the bill, dropped a guinea; and not finding it at once, said, "Where on

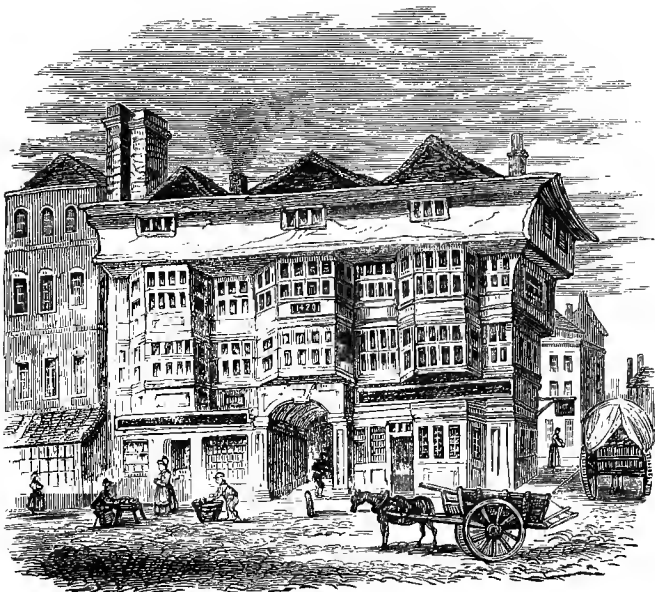
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\* Memoir by Moy Thomas, prefixed to Collins's *Poetical Works*, Bell and Daldy, 1858.





Hand and Shears, Smithfield.  
(Noted House for Tailors and Actors.)



The Old White Hart, Bishopsgate, built in 1480.



earth can it be gone to?"—"Gone to the devil, I think," replied Garrick, who had assisted in the search.—"Well said, David!" was Foote's reply, "let you alone for making a guinea go further than anybody else."

Churchill's quarrel with Hogarth began at the shilling rubber club, in the parlour of the Bedford; when Hogarth used some very insulting language towards Churchill, who resented it in the *Epistle*. This quarrel showed more venom than wit:—"Never," says Walpole, "did two angry men of their abilities throw mud with less dexterity."

Woodward, the comedian, mostly lived at the Bedford, was intimate with Stacie, the landlord, and gave him his (W.'s) portrait, with a mask in his hand, one of the early pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Stacie played an excellent game at whist. One morning, about two o'clock, one of his waiters awoke him to tell him that a nobleman had knocked him up, and had desired him to call his master to play a rubber with him for one hundred guineas. Stacie got up, dressed himself, won the money, and was in bed and asleep, all within an hour.

Of two houses in the Piazza, built for Francis, Earl of Bedford, we obtain some minute information from the lease granted in 1634, to Sir Edmund Verney, Knight Marshal to King Charles I.; these two houses being just then erected as part of the Piazza. There are also included in the lease the "yardes, stables, coach-houses, and gardens now layd, or hereafter to be layd, to the said messuages," which description of the premises seems to identify them as the two houses at the southern end of the Piazza, adjoining to Great Russell-street, and now occupied as the Bedford Coffee-house and Hotel. They are either the same premises, or they immediately adjoin the premises, occupied a century later as the Bedford Coffee-house. (Mr. John Bruce, *Archæologia*, xxxv. 195.) The lease contains a minute specification of the landlord's fittings and customary accommodations of what were then some of the most fashionable

residences in the metropolis. In the attached schedule is the use of the wainscot, enumerating separately every piece of wainscot on the premises. The tenant is bound to keep in repair the "Portico Walke" underneath the premises; he is at all times to have "ingresse, egress and regresse," through the Portico Walk; and he may "expel, put, or drive away out of the said walke any youth or other person whatsoever which shall eyther play or be in the said Portico Walke in offence or disturbance to the said Sir Edmund Verney."

The inventory of the fixtures is curious. It enumerates every apartment, from the beer-cellar, and the strong beer-cellar, the scullery, the pantry, and the buttery, to the dining and withdrawing rooms. Most of the rooms had casement windows, but the dining-room next Russell-street, and other principal apartments, had "shutting windowes." The principal rooms were also "double crested round for hangings," and were wainscoted round the chimney-pieces, and doors and windows. In one case, a study, "south towards Russell-street, the whole room was wainscoted, and the hall in part." Most of the windows had "soil-boards" attached; the room-doors had generally "stock-locks," in some places "spring plate locks" and spring bolts. There is not mentioned anything approaching to a fire-grate in any of the rooms, except perhaps in the kitchen, where occurs "a travers barre for the chimney."

### Macklin's Coffee-house Oratory.

After Macklin had retired from the stage, in 1754, he opened that portion of the Piazza-houses, in Covent Garden, which is now the Tavistock Hotel. Here he fitted up a large coffee-room, a theatre for oratory, and other apartments. To a three-shilling ordinary he added a shilling lecture, or "School of Oratory and Criticism;" he presided at the dinner-table, and carved for the company; after which he played a sort of "Oracle of Eloquence." Fielding has happily sketched him in his "Voyage to Lisbon: "Unfortunately for the fishmongers of London, the Dory only resides in the Devonshire seas; for could any of this company only convey one to the Temple of luxury under

the Piazza, where Macklin, the high priest, daily serves up his rich offerings, great would be the reward of that fish-monger."

In the Lecture, Macklin undertook to make each of his audience an orator, by teaching him how to speak. He invited hints and discussions; the novelty of the scheme attracted the curiosity of numbers; and this curiosity he still further excited by a very uncommon controversy which now subsisted, either in imagination or reality, between him and Foote, who abused one another very openly—"Squire Sammy" having for his purpose engaged the Little Theatre in the Haymarket.

Besides this personal attack, various subjects were debated here in the manner of the Robin Hood Society, which filled the orator's pocket, and proved his rhetoric of some value.

Here is one of his combats with Foote. The subject was Duelling in Ireland, which Macklin had illustrated as far as the reign of Elizabeth. Foote cried "Order;" he had a question to put. "Well, Sir," said Macklin, "what have you to say upon this subject?" "I think, Sir," said Foote, "this matter might be settled in a few words. What o'clock is it, Sir?" Macklin could not possibly see what the clock had to do with a dissertation upon Duelling, but gruffly reported the hour to be half-past nine. "Very well," said Foote, "about this time of the night every gentleman in Ireland that can possibly afford it is in his third bottle of claret, and therefore in a fair way of getting drunk; and from drunkenness proceeds quarrelling, and from quarelling, duelling, and so there's an end of the chapter." The company were much obliged to Foote for his interference, the hour being considered; though Macklin did not relish the abridgment.

The success of Foote's fun upon Macklin's Lectures, led him to establish a summer entertainment of his own at the Haymarket. He took up Macklin's notion of applying Greek Tragedy to modern subjects, and the squib was so successful that Foote cleared by it 500*l.* in five nights,

while the great Piazza Coffee-room in Covent Garden was shut up, and Macklin in the *Gazette* as a bankrupt

But when the great plan of Mr. Macklin proved abortive, when as he said in a former prologue, upon a nearly similar occasion—

From scheming, fretting, famine, and despair,  
We saw to grace restor'd an exiled player ;

when the town was sated with the seemingly-concocted quarrel between the two theatrical geniuses, Macklin locked up his doors, all animosity was laid aside, and they came and shook hands at the Bedford ; the group resumed their appearance, and, with a new master, a new set of customers was seen.

### Tom King's Coffee-house.

This was one of the old night-houses of Covent Garden Market : it was a rude shed immediately beneath the portico of St. Paul's Church, and was one "well known to all gentlemen to whom beds are unknown." Fielding in one of his Prologues says :

What rake is ignorant of King's Coffee-house ?

It is in the background of Hogarth's print of *Morning*, where the prim maiden lady, walking to church, is soured with seeing two fuddled *beaux* from King's Coffee-house caressing two frail women. At the door there is a drunken row, in which swords and cudgels are the weapons.

Harwood's *Alumni Etonenses*, p. 293, in the account of the Boys elected from Eton to King's College, contains this entry : "A.D. 1713, Thomas King, born at West Ashton, in Wiltshire, went away scholar in apprehension that his fellowship would be denied him ; and afterwards kept that Coffee-house in Covent Garden, which was called by his own name."

Moll King was landlady after Tom's death : she was witty, and her house was much frequented, though it was

little better than a shed. "Noblemen and the first *beaux*," said Stacie, "after leaving Court would go to her house in full dress, with swords and bags, and in rich brocaded silk coats, and walked and conversed with persons of every description. She would serve chimney-sweepers, gardeners, and the market-people in common with her lords of the highest rank. Mr. Apreece, a tall thin man in rich dress, was her constant customer. He was called Cadwallader by the frequenters of Moll's." It is not surprising that Moll was often fined for keeping a disorderly house. At length, she retired from business—and the pillory—to Hampstead, where she lived on her ill-earned gains, but paid for a pew in church, and was charitable at appointed seasons, and died in peace in 1747.

It was at that period that Mother Needham, Mother Douglass (*alias*, according to Foote's *Minor*, Mother Cole), and Moll King, the tavern-keepers and the gamblers, took possession of premises abdicated by people of fashion. Upon the south side of the market-sheds was the noted "Finish," kept by Mrs. Butler, open all night, the last of the Garden taverns, and only cleared away in 1829. This house was originally the Queen's Head. Shuter was pot-boy here. Here was a picture of the Hazard Club, at the Bedford: it was painted by Hogarth and filled a panel of the Coffee-room.

Captain Laroon, an amateur painter of the time of Hogarth, who often witnessed the nocturnal revels at Moll King's, made a large and spirited drawing of the interior of her Coffee-house, which was at Strawberry Hill. It was bought for Walpole, by his printer, some seventy-five years since. There is also an engraving of the same room, in which is introduced a whole-length of Mr. Apreece, in a full court-dress: an impression of this plate is extremely rare.

Justice Welsh used to say that Captain Laroon, his friend Captain Montague, and their constant companion, Little Casey, the Link-boy, were the three most troublesome of all

his Bow-street visitors. The portraits of these three heroes are introduced in Boitard's rare print of the "Covent Garden Morning Frolic." Laroon is brandishing an artichoke. C. Montague is seated, drunk, on the top of Bet Careless's sedan, which is preceded by Little Casey, as a link-boy.

Captain Laroon also painted a large folding-screen; the figures were full of broad humour, two representing a Quack Doctor and his Merry Andrew, before the gaping crowd.

Laroon was deputy-chairman, under Sir Robert Walpole, of a Club, consisting of six gentlemen only, who met, at stated times, in the drawing-room of Scott, the marine painter, in Henrietta-street, Covent Garden; and it was unanimously agreed by the members, that they should be attended by Scott's wife only, who was a remarkable witty woman. Laroon made a beautiful conversation drawing of the Club, which is highly prized by J. T. Smith.

### Piazza Coffee-house.

This establishment, at the north-eastern angle of Covent Garden Piazza, appears to have originated with Macklin's; for we read in an advertisement in the *Public Advertiser*, March 5, 1756: "the Great Piazza Coffee-room, in Covent Garden."

The Piazza was much frequented by Sheridan; and here is located the well-known anecdote told of his coolness during the burning of Drury-lane Theatre, in 1809. It is said that as he sat at the Piazza, during the fire, taking some refreshment, a friend of his having remarked on the philosophical calmness with which he bore his misfortune, Sheridan replied: "A man may surely be allowed to take a glass of wine *by his own fireside*."

Sheridan and John Kemble often dined together at the Piazza, to be handy to the theatre. During Kemble's management, Sheridan had occasion to make a complaint, which brought a "nervous" letter from Kemble, to which Sheridan's



reply is amusing enough. Thus, he writes: "that the management of a theatre is a situation capable of becoming *troublesome*, is information which I do not want, and a discovery which I thought you had made long ago." Sheridan then treats Kemble's letter as "a nervous flight," not to be noticed seriously, adding his anxiety for the interest of the theatre, and alluding to Kemble's touchiness and reserve; and thus concludes:

"If there is anything amiss in your mind not arising from the *troublesomeness* of your situation, it is childish and unmanly not to disclose it. The frankness with which I have dealt towards you entitles me to expect that you should have done so.

"But I have no reason to believe this to be the case; and attributing your letter to a disorder which I know ought not to be indulged, I prescribe that thou shalt keep thine appointment at the Piazza Coffee-house, to-morrow at five, and, taking four bottles of claret instead of three, to which in sound health you might stint yourself, forget that you ever wrote the letter, as I shall that I ever received it.

"R. B. SHERIDAN."

The Piazza façade, and interior, were of Gothic design. The house has been taken down, and in its place was built the Floral Hall, after the Crystal Palace model.

### The Chapter Coffee-house.

In pp. 153-158, we described this as a literary place of resort in Paternoster Row, more especially in connexion with the Wittinagemot of the last century.

A very interesting account of the Chapter, at a later period (1848), is given by Mrs. Gaskell. The Coffee-house is thus described:—

"Paternoster Row was for many years sacred to publishers. It is a narrow flagged street, lying under the shadow of St. Paul's; at each end there are posts placed, so as to

prevent the passage of carriages, and thus preserve a solemn silence for the deliberations of the 'fathers of the Row.' The dull warehouses on each side are mostly occupied at present by wholesale stationers; if they be publishers' shops, they show no attractive front to the dark and narrow street. Halfway up on the left-hand side is the Chapter Coffee-house. I visited it last June. It was then unoccupied; it had the appearance of a dwelling-house two hundred years old or so, such as one sometimes sees in ancient country towns; the ceilings of the small rooms were low, and had heavy beams running across them; the walls were wainscoted breast-high; the staircase was shallow, broad, and dark, taking up much space in the centre of the house. This then was the Chapter Coffee-house, which, a century ago, was the resort of all the booksellers and publishers, and where the literary hacks, the critics, and even the wits used to go in search of ideas or employment. This was the place about which Chatterton wrote, in those delusive letters he sent to his mother at Bristol, while he was starving in London.

"Years later it became the tavern frequented by university men, and country clergymen, who were up in London for a few days, and, having no private friends or access into society, were glad to learn what was going on in the world of letters, from the conversation which they were sure to hear in the coffee-room. It was a place solely frequented by men; I believe there was but one female servant in the house. Few people slept there: some of the stated meetings of the trade were held in it, as they had been for more than a century; and occasionally country booksellers, with now and then a clergyman, resorted to it. In the long, low, dingy room upstairs, the meetings of the trade were held. The high narrow windows looked into the gloomy Row; nothing of motion or of change could be seen in the grim dark houses opposite, so near and close, although the whole breadth of the Row was between. The mighty roar of London was round, like the sound of an unseen ocean, yet every

foot-fall on the pavement below might be heard distinctly, in that unfrequented street."

Goldsmith frequented the Chapter, and always occupied one place, which for many years after was the seat of literary honour there.

There are Leather Tokens of the Chapter Coffee-house in existence.

### Child's Coffee-house,

In St. Paul's Churchyard, was one of the *Spectator's* houses. "Sometimes," he says, "I smoke a pipe at Child's, and whilst I seem attentive to nothing but the *Postman*, overhear the conversation of every table in the room." It was much frequented by the clergy; for the *Spectator*, No. 609, notices the mistake of a country gentleman in taking all persons in scarfs for Doctors of Divinity, since only a scarf of the first magnitude entitles him to "the appellation of Doctor from his landlady and the *Boy at Child's*."

Child's was the resort of Dr. Mead, and other professional men of eminence. The Fellows of the Royal Society came here. Whiston relates that Sir Hans Sloane, Dr. Halley, and he were once at Child's when Dr. H. asked him, W., why he was not a member of the Royal Society? Whiston answered, because they durst not choose a heretic. Upon which Dr. H. said, if Sir Hans Sloane would propose him, W., he, Dr. H., would second it, which was done accordingly.

The propinquity of Child's to the Cathedral and Doctors' Commons, made it the resort of the clergy, and ecclesiastical loungers. In one respect, Child's was superseded by the Chapter, in Paternoster Row.

### London Coffee-house.

This Coffee-house was established previous to the year 1731, for we find of it the following advertisement:—

“ May, 1731.

“ Whereas, it is customary for Coffee-houses and other Public-houses, to take 8s. for a quart of Arrack, and 6s. for a quart of Brandy or Rum, made into Punch :

“ This is to give Notice,

“ That James Ashley has opened, on Ludgate Hill, the London Coffee-house, Punch-house, Dorchester Beer and Welsh Ale Warehouse, where the finest and best old Arrack, Rum, and French Brandy is made into Punch, with the other of the finest ingredients—viz., A quart of Arrack made into Punch for six shillings ; and so in proportion to the smallest quantity, which is half-a-quarter for fourpence halfpenny. A quart of Rum or Brandy made into Punch for four shillings ; and so in proportion to the smallest quantity, which is half-a-quarter for fourpence halfpenny ; and gentlemen may have it as soon made as a gill of Wine can be drawn.”

The premises occupy a Roman site ; for, in 1800, in the rear of the house, in a bastion of the City Wall, was found a sepulchral monument, dedicated to Claudina Martina by her husband, a provincial Roman soldier ; here also were found a fragment of a statue of Hercules and a female head. In front of the Coffee-house, immediately west of St. Martin's Church, stood Ludgate.

The London Coffee-house (now a tavern) is noted for its publishers' sales of stock and copyrights. It was within the rules of the Fleet prison : and in the Coffee-house are “ locked up ” for the night such juries from the Old Bailey Sessions, as cannot agree upon verdicts. The house was long kept by the grandfather and father of Mr. John Leech, the celebrated artist.

A singular incident occurred at the London Coffee-house, many years since : Mr. Brayley, the topographer, was present at a party here, when Mr. Broadhurst, the famous tenor, by singing a high note, caused a wine-glass on the table to break, the bowl being separated from the stem.

At the bar of the London Coffee-house was sold Rowley's British Cephalic Snuff.

### Turk's Head Coffee-house in Change Alley.

From *The Kingdom's Intelligencer*, a weekly paper, published by authority, in 1662, we learn that there had just been opened a "new Coffee-house," with the sign of the Turk's Head, where was sold by retail "the right Coffee-powder," from 4s. to 6s. 8d. per pound; that pounded in a mortar, 2s.; East India berry, 1s. 6d.; and the right Turkie berry, well garbled, at 3s. "The ungarbled for lesse, with directions how to use the same." Also Chocolate at 2s. 6d. per pound; the perfumed from 4s. to 10s.; "also, Sherbets made in Turkie, of lemons, roses, and violets perfumed; and Tea, or Chaa, according to its goodness. The house seal was Morat the Great. Gentlemen customers and acquaintances are (the next New Year's Day) invited to the sign of the Great Turk at this new Coffee-house, where Coffee will be on free cost." The sign was also Morat the Great. Morat figures as a tyrant in Dryden's "Aurung Zebe." There is a token of this house, with the Sultan's head, in the Beaufoy collection.

Another token in the same collection, is of unusual excellence, probably by John Roettier. It has on the obverse, Morat y<sup>e</sup> Great Men did mee call,—Sultan's head; reverse, Where eare I came I conquered all.—In the field, Coffee, Tobacco, Sherbet, Tea, Chocolate, Retail in Exchange Alec. "The word Tea," says Mr. Burn, "occurs on no other tokens than those issued from 'the Great Turk' Coffee-house, in Exchange-alley;" in one of its advertisements, 1662, tea is from 6s. to 60s. a pound.

Competition arose. One Constantine Jennings in Thread-needle-street, over against St. Christopher's Church, advertised that coffee, chocolate, sherbet, and tea, the right Turkey berry, may be had as cheap and as good

of him as is any where to be had for money; and that people may there be taught to prepare the said liquors gratis.

Pepys, in his "Diary," tells, Sept. 25, 1669, of his sending for "a cup of Tea, a China Drink, he had not before tasted." Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlington, about 1666, introduced tea at Court. And, in his "Sir Charles Sedley's Mulberry Garden," we are told that "he who wished to be considered a man of fashion always drank wine-and-water at dinner, and a dish of tea afterwards." These details are condensed from Mr. Burn's excellent "Beaufoy Catalogue." 2nd edition, 1855.

In Gerard-street, Soho, also, was another Turk's Head Coffee-house, where was held a Turk's Head Society; in 1777, we find Gibbon writing to Garrick: "At this time of year, (Aug. 14,) the Society of the Turk's Head can no longer be addressed as a corporate body, and most of the individual members are probably dispersed: Adam Smith, in Scotland; Burke in the shades of Beaconsfield; Fox, the Lord or the devil knows where."

This place was a kind of head-quarters for the Loyal Association during the Rebellion of 1745.

Here was founded "The Literary Club," already described in pp. 174-187.

In 1753, several artists met at the Turk's Head, and from thence their Secretary, Mr. F. M. Newton, dated a printed letter to the Artists to form a select body for the Protection and Encouragement of Art. Another Society of Artists met in Peter's-court, St. Martin's-lane, from the year 1739 to 1769. After continued squabbles, which lasted for many years, the principal Artists met together at the Turk's Head, where many others having joined them, they petitioned the King (George III.) to become patron of a Royal Academy of Art. His Majesty consented; and the new Society took a room in Pall Mall, opposite to Market-lane, where they remained until the King, in the year 1771,

granted them apartments in Old Somerset House.—*J. T. Smith.*

The Turk's Head Coffee-house, No. 142, in the Strand, was a favourite supping-house with Dr. Johnson and Boswell, in whose Life of Johnson are several entries, commencing with 1763—"At night, Mr. Johnson and I supped in a private room at the Turk's Head Coffee-house, in the Strand; 'I encourage this house,' said he, 'for the mistress of it is a good civil woman, and has not much business.'" Another entry is—"We concluded the day at the Turk's Head Coffee-house very socially." And, August 3, 1673—"We had our last social meeting at the Turk's Head Coffee-house, before my setting out for foreign parts."

The name was afterwards changed to "The Turk's Head, Canada and Bath Coffee-house," and was a well-frequented tavern and hotel: it was taken down, and a very handsome lofty house erected upon the site, at the cost of, we believe, eight thousand pounds; it was opened as a tavern and hotel, but did not long continue.

At the Turk's Head, or Miles's Coffee-house, New Palace-yard, Westminster, the noted Rota Club met, founded by Harrington, in 1659: where was a large oval table, with a passage in the middle, for Miles to deliver his coffee. (See pp. 13, 14).

### Squire's Coffee-house.

In Fulwood's (*vulgo* Fuller's) Rents, in Holborn, nearly opposite Chancery-lane, in the reign of James I., lived Christopher Fulwood, in a mansion of some pretension, of which an existing house of the period is said to be the remains. "Some will have it," says Hatton, 1708, "that it is called from being a *woody* place before there were buildings here; but its being called Fullwood's Rents (as it is in deeds and leases), shows it to be the rents of one called Fullwood, the owner or builder thereof." Strype describes the Rents,

or court, as running up to Gray's-Inn, "into which it has an entrance through the gate; a place of good resort, and taken up by coffee-houses, ale-houses, and houses of entertainment, by reason of its vicinity to Gray's-Inn. On the east side is a handsome open place, with a handsome freestone pavement, and better built, and inhabited by private house-keepers. At the upper end of this court is a passage into the Castle Tavern, a house of considerable trade, as is the Golden Griffin Tavern, on the west side."

Here was John's, one of the earliest Coffee-houses; and adjoining Gray's-Inn gate is a deep-coloured red-brick house, once Squire's Coffee-house, kept by Squire, "a noted man in Fuller's Rents," who died in 1717. The house is very roomy; it has been handsome, and has a wide staircase. Squire's was one of the receiving-houses of the *Spectator*: in No. 269, January 8, 1711-1712, he accepts Sir Roger de Coverley's invitation to "smoke a pipe with him over a dish of coffee at Squire's. As I love the old man, I take delight in complying with everything that is agreeable to him, and accordingly waited on him to the Coffee-house, where his venerable figure drew upon us the eyes of the whole room. He had no sooner seated himself at the upper end of the high table, but he called for a clean pipe, a paper of tobacco, a dish of coffee, a wax candle, and the *Supplement* [a periodical paper of that time], with such an air of cheerfulness and good humour, that all the boys in the coffee-room, (who seemed to take pleasure in serving him,) were at once employed on his several errands, insomuch that nobody else could come at a dish of tea, until the Knight had got all his conveniences about him." Such was the coffee-room in the *Spectator's* day.

Gray's-Inn Walks, to which the Rents led, across Field-court, were then a fashionable promenade; and here Sir Roger could "clear his pipes in good air;" for scarcely a house intervened thence to Hampstead. Though Ned Ward, in his "London Spy," says—"I found none but a



parcel of superannuated debauchees, huddled up in cloaks, frieze coats, and wadded gowns, to protect their old carcasses from the sharpness of Hampstead air; creeping up and down in pairs and leashes no faster than the hand of a dial, or a county convict going to execution; some talking of law, some of religion, and some of politics. After I had walked two or three times round, I sat myself down in the upper walk, where just before me, on a stone pedestal, we fixed an old rusty horizontal dial, with the gnomon broke short off." Round the sun-dial, seats were arranged in a semicircle.

Gray's-Inn Gardens were resorted to by dangerous classes. Expert pickpockets and plausible ring-droppers found easy prey there on crowded days; and in old plays the Gardens are repeatedly mentioned as a place of negotiation for clandestine lovers, which led to the walks being closed, except at stated hours.

Returning to Fulwood's Rents, we may here describe another of its attractions, the Tavern and punch-house, within one door of Gray's-Inn, apparently the King's Head. From some time before 1699, until his death in 1731, Ward kept this house, which he thus commemorates, or, in another word, puffs, in his "London Spy:" being a vintner himself, we may rest assured that he would have penned this in praise of no other than himself:

To speak but the truth of my honest friend Ned,  
 The best of all vintners that ever God made;  
 He's free of the beef, and as free of his bread,  
 And washes both down with his glass of rare red,  
 That tops all the town, and commands a good trade;  
 Such wine as will cheer up the drooping King's head,  
 And brisk up the soul, though our body's half dead;  
 He scorns to draw bad, as he hopes to be paid;  
 And now his name's up, he may e'en lie abed;  
 For he'll get an estate—there's no more to be said.

We ought to have remarked, that the ox was roasted, cut up, and distributed gratis; a piece of generosity which, by a

poetic fiction, is supposed to have inspired the above limping balderdash.

### Slaughter's Coffee-house.

This Coffee-house, famous as the resort of painters and sculptors, in the last century, was situated at the upper end of the west side of St. Martin's-lane, three doors from Newport-street. Its first landlord was Thomas Slaughter, 1692. Mr. Cunningham tells us that a second Slaughter's (New Slaughter's), was established in the same street about 1760, when the original establishment adopted the name of "Old Slaughter's," by which designation it was known till within a few years of the final demolition of the house to make way for the new avenue between Long-acre and Leicester-square, formed 1843-44. For many years previous to the streets of London being completely paved, "Slaughter's" was called "The Coffee-house on the Pavement." In like manner, "The Pavement," Moorfields, received its distinctive name. Besides being the resort of artists, Old Slaughter's was the house of call for Frenchmen.

St. Martin's-lane was long one of the head-quarters of the artists of the last century. "In the time of Benjamin West," says J. T. Smith, "and before the formation of the Royal Academy, Greek-street, St. Martin's-lane, and Gerard-street, was their colony. Old Slaughter's Coffee-house, in St. Martin's-lane, was their grand resort in the evenings, and Hogarth was a constant visitor." He lived at the Golden Head, on the eastern side of Leicester Fields, in the northern half of the Sabloniere Hotel. The head he cut out himself from pieces of cork, glued and bound together; it was placed over the street-door. At this time, young Benjamin West was living in chambers, in Bedford-street, Covent Garden, and had there set up his easel; he was married, in 1765, at St. Martin's Church. Roubiliac was often to be found at Slaughter's in early life; probably

before he gained the patronage of Sir Edward Walpole, through finding and returning to the baronet the pocket-book of bank-notes which the young maker of monuments had picked up in Vauxhall Gardens. Sir Edward, to remunerate his integrity, and his skill, of which he showed specimens, promised to patronize Roubiliac through life, and he faithfully performed this promise. Young Gainsborough, who spent three years amid the works of the painters in St. Martin's-lane, Hayman, and Cipriani, who were all eminently convivial, were, in all probability, frequenters of Slaughter's. Smith tells us that Quin and Hayman were inseparable friends, and so convivial, that they seldom parted till daylight.

Mr. Cunningham relates that here, "in early life, Wilkie would enjoy a small dinner at a small cost. I have been told by an old frequenter of the house, that Wilkie was always the last dropper-in for a dinner, and that he was never seen to dine in the house by daylight. The truth is, he slaved at his art at home till the last glimpse of daylight had disappeared."

Haydon was accustomed, in the early days of his fitful career, to dine here with Wilkie. In his "Autobiography," in the year 1808, Haydon writes: "This period of our lives was one of great happiness: painting all day, then dining at the Old Slaughter Chop-house, then going to the Academy until eight, to fill up the evening, then going home to tea—that blessing of a studious man—talking over our respective exploits, what he [Wilkie] had been doing, and what I had done, and then, frequently to relieve our minds fatigued by their eight and twelve hours' work, giving vent to the most extraordinary absurdities. Often have we made rhymes on odd names, and shouted with laughter at each new line that was added. Sometimes lazily inclined after a good dinner, we have lounged about, near Drury Lane or Covent Garden, hesitating whether to go in, and often have I (knowing first that there was nothing I wished to see) assumed a virtue I

did not possess, and pretending moral superiority, preached to Wilkie on the weakness of not resisting such temptations for the sake of our art and our duty, and marched him off to his studies, when he was longing to see Mother Goose."

J. T. Smith has narrated some fifteen pages of characteristic anecdotes of the artistic visitors of Old Slaughter's, which he refers to as "formerly the rendezvous of Pope, Dryden, and other wits, and much frequented by several eminently clever men of his day."

Thither came Ware, the architect, who, when a little sickly boy, was apprenticed to a chimney-sweeper, and was seen chalking the street-front of Whitehall, by a gentleman, who purchased the remainder of the boy's time; gave him an excellent education; then sent him to Italy, and, upon his return, employed him, and introduced him to his friends as an architect. Ware was heard to tell this story while he was sitting to Roubiliac for his bust. Ware built Chesterfield House and several other noble mansions, and compiled a Palladio, in folio: he retained the soot in his skin to the day of his death. He was very intimate with Roubiliac, who was an opposite eastern neighbour of Old Slaughter's. Another architect, Gwynn, who competed with Mylne for designing and building Blackfriars Bridge, was also a frequent visitor at Old Slaughter's, as was Gravelot, who kept a drawing-school in the Strand, nearly opposite to Southampton-street.

Hudson, who painted the Dilettanti portraits; M'Ardell, the mezzotinto-scraper; and Luke Sullivan, the engraver of Hogarth's March to Finchley, also frequented Old Slaughter's; likewise Theodore Gardell, the portrait painter, who was executed for the murder of his landlady; and Old Moser, keeper of the Drawing Academy in Peter's-court. Richard Wilson, the landscape painter, was not a regular customer here: his favourite house was the Constitution, Bedford-street, Covent Garden, where he could indulge in a

pot of porter more freely, and enjoy the fun of Mortimer, the painter.

Parry, the Welsh harper, though totally blind, was one of the first draught-players in England, and occasionally played with the frequenters of Old Slaughter's; and here, in consequence of a bet, Roubiliac introduced Nathaniel Smith (father of John Thomas), to play at draughts with Parry; the game lasted about half an hour: Parry was much agitated, and Smith proposed to give in; but as there were bets depending, it was played out, and Smith won. This victory brought Smith numerous challenges; and the dons of the Barn, a public-house, in St. Martin's-lane, nearly opposite the church, invited him to become a member: but Smith declined. The Barn, for many years, was frequented by all the noted players of chess and draughts; and it was there that they often decided games of the first importance, played between persons of the highest rank, living in different parts of the world.

T. Rawle,\* the inseparable companion of Captain Gröse, the antiquary, came often to Slaughter's.

It was long asserted of Slaughter's Coffee-house that there never had been a person of that name as master of the house, but that it was named from its having been opened for the use of the men who slaughtered the cattle for the butchers of Newport Market, in an open space then adjoin-

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\* Rawle was one of his Majesty's accoutrement makers; and after his death, his effects were sold by Hutchins, in King-street, Covent Garden. Among the lots were a helmet, a sword, and several letters, of Oliver Cromwell; also the doublet in which Cromwell dissolved the Long Parliament. Another singular lot was a large black wig, with long flowing curls, stated to have been worn by King Charles II.: it was bought by Suett, the actor, who was a great collector of wigs. He continued to act in this wig for many years, in *Tom Thumb*, and other pieces, till it was burnt when the theatre at Birmingham was destroyed by fire. Next morning, Suett, meeting Mrs. Booth, the mother of the lively actress S. Booth, exclaimed, "Mrs. Booth, my wig's gone!"

ing. "This," says J. T. Smith, "may be the fact, if we believe that coffee was taken as refreshment by slaughtermen, instead of purl or porter; or that it was so called by the neighbouring butchers in derision of the numerous and fashionable Coffee-houses of the day; as, for instance, 'The Old Man's Coffee-house,' and 'The Young Man's Coffee-house.' Be that as it may, in my father's time, and also within memory of the most aged people, this Coffee-house was called '*Old Slaughter's*,' and not The Slaughter, or The Slaughterer's Coffee-house."

In 1827, there was sold by Stewart, Wheatley, and Adlard, in Piccadilly, a picture attributed to Hogarth, for 150 guineas; it was described A Conversation over a Bowl of Punch, at *Old Slaughter's Coffee-house*, in St. Martin's-lane, and the figures were said to be portraits of the painter, Dr. Monsey, and the landlord, *Old Slaughter*. But this picture, as J. T. Smith shows, was painted by Highmore, for his father's godfather, Nathaniel Oldham, and one of the artist's patrons; "it is neither a scene at *Old Slaughter's* nor are the portraits rightly described in the sale catalogue, but a scene at Oldham's house, at Ealing, with an old schoolmaster, a farmer, the artist Highmore, and Oldham himself."

### Will's and Serle's Coffee-houses.

At the corner of Serle-street and Portugal-street, most invitingly facing the passage to Lincoln's Inn New-square, was Will's, of old repute, and thus described in the "Epicure's Almanack," 1815: "This is, indubitably, a house of the first class, which dresses very desirable turtle and venison, and broaches many a pipe of mature port, double voyaged Madeira, and princely claret; wherewithal to wash down the dust of making law-books, and take out the inky blots from rotten parchment bonds; or if we must quote and parodize Will's 'hath a sweet oblivious antidote which

clears the cranium of that perilous stuff that clouds the cerebellum.'” The Coffee-house has some time been given up.

Serle's Coffee-house is one of those mentioned in No. 49 of the *Spectator*: “I do not know that I meet in any of my walks, objects which move both my spleen and laughter so effectually as those young fellows at the Grecian, Squire's, Serle's, and all other Coffee-houses adjacent to the Law, who rise for no other purpose but to publish their laziness.”

### The Grecian Coffee-house,

Devereux-court, Strand, (closed in 1843,) was named from Constantine, of Threadneedle street, the *Grecian* who kept it. In the *Tatler* announcement, all accounts of learning are to be “under the title of the Grecian;” and, in the *Tatler*, No. 6: “While other parts of the town are amused with the present actions, [Marlborough's,] we generally spend the evening at this table [at the Grecian], in inquiries into antiquity, and think anything new, which gives us new knowledge. Thus, we are making a very pleasant entertainment to ourselves in putting the actions of Homer's *Iliad* into an exact journal.”

The *Spectator's* face was very well known at the Grecian, a Coffee-house “adjacent to the law.” Occasionally it was the scene of learned discussion. Thus Dr. King relates that one evening, two gentlemen, who were constant companions, were disputing here, concerning the accent of a Greek word. This dispute was carried to such a length, that the two friends thought proper to determine it with their swords: for this purpose they stepped into Devereux-court, where one of them (Dr. King thinks his name was Fitzgerald) was run through the body, and died on the spot.

The Grecian was Foote's morning lounge. It was handy, too, for the young Templar, Goldsmith, and often did it echo with Oliver's boisterous mirth; for “it had become

the favourite resort of the Irish and Lancashire Templars, whom he delighted in collecting around him, in entertaining with a cordial and unostentatious hospitality, and in occasionally amusing with his flute, or with whist, neither or which he played very well!" Here Goldsmith occasionally wound up his "Shoemaker's Holiday" with supper.

It was at the Grecian that Fleetwood Shephard told this memorable story to Dr. Tancred Robinson, who gave Richardson permission to repeat it. "The Earl of Dorset was in Little Britain, beating about for books to his taste: there was 'Paradise Lost.' He was surprised with some passages he struck upon, dipping here and there and bought it; the bookseller begged him to speak in its favour, if he liked it, for they lay on his hands as waste paper. Jesus!—Shephard was present. My Lord took it home, read it, and sent it to Dryden, who in a short time returned it. 'This man,' says Dryden, 'cuts us all out, and the ancients too!'"

The Grecian was also frequented by Fellows of the Royal Society. Thoresby, in his "Diary," tells us, 22nd May, 1712, that "having bought each a pair of black silk stockings in Westminster Hall, they returned by water, and then walked, to meet his friend, Dr. Sloane, the Secretary of the Royal Society, at the Grecian Coffee-house, by the Temple." And, on June 12th, same year, "Thoresby attended the Royal Society, where were present, the President, Sir Isaac Newton, both the Secretaries, the two Professors from Oxford, Dr. Halley and Kell, with others, whose company we after enjoyed at the Grecian Coffee-house."

In Devereux-court, also, was Tom's Coffee-house, much resorted to by men of letters; among whom were Dr. Birch, who wrote the History of the Royal Society; also Akenside, the poet; and there is in print a letter of Pope's, addressed to Fortescue, his "counsel learned in the law," at this Coffee-house.



## George's Coffee-house,

No. 213, Strand, near Temple Bar, was a noted resort in the last and present century. When it was a coffee-house, one day, there came in Sir James Lowther, who after changing a piece of silver with the coffee-woman, and paying two-pence for his dish of coffee, was helped into his chariot, for he was very lame and infirm, and went home: some little time afterwards, he returned to the same coffee-house, on purpose to acquaint the woman who kept it, that she had given him a bad half-penny, and demanded another in exchange for it. Sir James had about 40,000*l.* per annum, and was at a loss whom to appoint his heir.

Shenstone, who found

The warmest welcome at an inn,

found George's to be economical. "What do you think," he writes, "must be my expense, who love to pry into every-thing of the kind? Why, truly one shilling. My company goes to George's Coffee-house, where, for that small subscription I read all pamphlets under a three shillings' dimension; and indeed, any larger would not be fit for coffee-house perusal." Shenstone relates that Lord Orford was at George's, when the mob, that were carrying his Lordship in effigy, came into the box where he was, to beg money of him, amongst others: this story Horace Walpole contradicts, adding that he supposes Shenstone thought that after Lord Orford quitted his place, he went to the coffee-house to learn news.

Arthur Murphy frequented George's, "where the town wits met every evening." Lloyd, the law-student, sings:—

By law let others toil to gain renown!  
 Florio's a gentleman, a man o' the town.  
 He nor courts clients, or the law regarding,  
 Hurries from Nando's down to Covent Garden,

Yet, he's a scholar ; mark him in the pit,  
 With critic catcall sound the stops of wit !  
 Supreme at George's, hé harangues the throng,  
 Censor of style, from tragedy to song.

### The Percy Coffee-house,

Rathbone-place, Oxford-street, no longer exists ; but it will be kept in recollection for its having given name to one of the most popular publications, of its class in our time, namely, the "Percy Anecdotes," by Sholto and Reuben Percy, Brothers of the Benedictine Monastery of Mont Benger," in 44 parts, commencing in 1820. So said the title pages, but the names and the locality were *supposé*. Reuben Percy was Thomas Byerley, who died in 1824 ; he was the brother of Sir John Byerley, and the first editor of the *Mirror*, commenced by John Limbird, in 1822. Sholto Percy was Joseph Clinton Robertson, who died in 1852 ; he was the projector of the *Mechanics' Magazine*, which he edited from its commencement to his death. The name of the collection of Anecdotes was not taken, as at the time supposed, from the popularity of the "Percy Reliques," but from the Percy Coffee-house, where Byerley and Robertson were accustomed to meet to talk over their joint work. The *idea* was, however, claimed by Sir Richard Phillips, who stoutly maintained that it originated in a suggestion made by him to Dr. Tilloch and Mr. Mayne, to cut the anecdotes from the many years' files of the *Star* newspaper, of which Dr. Tilloch was the editor, and Mr. Byerley assistant editor ; and to the latter overhearing the suggestion, Sir Richard contested, might the "Percy Anecdotes" be traced. They were very successful, and a large sum was realised by the work.

## Peele's Coffee-house,

Nos. 177 and 178, Fleet-street, east corner of Fetter-lane, was one of the Coffee-houses of the Johnsonian period; and here was long preserved a portrait of Dr. Johnson, on the key-stone of a chimney-piece, stated to have been painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Peele's was noted for files of newspapers from these dates: *Gazette*, 1759; *Times*, 1780; *Morning Chronicle*, 1773; *Morning Post*, 1773; *Morning Herald*, 1784; *Morning Advertiser*, 1794; and the evening papers from their commencement. The house is now a tavern.



## Taberns.

### The Taverns of Old London.

THE changes in the manners and customs of our metropolis may be agreeably gathered from such glimpses as we gain of the history of "houses of entertainment" in the long lapse of centuries. Their records present innumerable pictures in little of society and modes, the interest of which is increased by distance. They show us how the tavern was the great focus of news long before the newspaper fully supplied the intellectual want. Much of the business of early times was transacted in taverns, and it is to some extent in the present day. According to the age, the tavern reflects the manners, the social tastes, customs, and recreations; and there, in days when travelling was difficult and costly, and not unattended with danger, the traveller told his wondrous tale to many an eager listener; and the man who rarely strayed beyond his own parish, was thus made acquainted with the life of the world. Then, the old tavern combined, with much of the comfort of an English home, its luxuries, without the forethought of providing either. Its come-and-go life presented many a useful lesson to the man who looked beyond the cheer of the moment. The master, or taverner, was mostly a person of substance, often of ready wit and cheerful manners—to render his public home attractive.

The "win-hous," or tavern, is enumerated among the houses of entertainment in the time of the Saxons; and no doubt existed in England much earlier. The peg-tankard, a specimen of which we see in the Ashmolean Collection at Oxford, originated with the Saxons; the pegs inside denoted how deep each guest was to drink: hence arose the saying,

“he is a peg too low,” when a man was out of spirits. The Danes were even more convivial in their habits than the Saxons, and may be presumed to have multiplied the number of “guest houses,” as the early taverns were called. The Norman followers of the Conqueror soon fell into the good cheer of their predecessors in England. Although wine was made at this period in great abundance from vineyards in various parts of England, the trade of the taverns was principally supplied from France. The traffic for Bordeaux and the neighbouring provinces is said to have commenced about 1154, through the marriage of Henry II. with Eleanor of Aquitaine. The Normans were great carriers, and Guienne the place whence most of our wines were brought; and which are described in this reign to have been sold in the ships and in the wine-cellars near the public place of cookery, on the banks of the Thames. We are now speaking of the customs of seven centuries since; of which the public wine-cellar, known to our time as the Shades, adjoining old London Bridge, was unquestionably a relic.

The earliest dealers in wines were of two descriptions: the *wintners*, or importers; and the *taverners*, who kept taverns for them, and sold the wine by retail to such as came to the tavern to drink it, or fetched it to their own homes.

In a document of the reign of Edward II., we find mentioned a tenement called Pin Tavern, situated in the Vintry, where the Bordeaux merchants *craned* their wines out of lighters, and other vessels on the Thames; and here was the famous old tavern with the sign of the Three Cranes. Chaucer makes the apprentice of this period loving better the tavern than the shop:—

A prentis whilom dwelt in our citee,—  
 At ev'ry bridale would he sing and hoppe;  
 He loved bet' the *tavern* than the shoppe,  
 For when ther any riding was in Chepe,  
 Out of the shoppe thider would he lepe;  
 And til that he had all the sight ysein  
 And dancid wil, he wold not com agen.

Thus, the idle City apprentice was a great tavern haunter, which was forbidden in his indenture; and to this day, the apprentice's indenture enacts that he shall not "haunt taverns."

In a play of 1608, the apprentices of old Hobson, a rich citizen, in 1560, frequent the Rose and Crown, in the Poultry, and the Dagger, in Cheapside.

*Enter Hobson, Two Prentices, and a Boy.*

I PREN. Prithee, fellow Goodman, set forth the ware, and looke to the shop a little. I'll but drink a cup of wine with a customer, at the Rose and Crown in the Poultry, and come again presently.

2 PREN. I must needs step to the *Dagger in Cheape*, to send a letter into the country unto my father. Stay, boy, you are the youngest prentice; look you to the shop.

In the reign of Richard II., it was ordained by statute that "the wines of Gascoine, of Osey, and of Spain," as well as Rhenish wines, should not be sold above sixpence the gallon; and the taverners of this period frequently became very rich, and filled the highest civic offices, as sheriffs and mayors. The fraternity of vintners and taverners, anciently the Merchant Wine Tonners of Gascoyne, became the Craft of Vintners, incorporated by Henry VI. as the Vintners' Company.

The curious old ballad of "London Lyckpenny," written in the reign of Henry V., by Lydgate, a monk of Bury, confirms the statement of the prices in the reign of Richard II. He comes to Cornhill, when the wine-drawer of the Pope's Head tavern, standing without the street-door, it being the custom of drawers thus to waylay passengers, takes the man by the hand, and says,—“Will you drink a pint of wine?” whereunto the countryman answers, “A penny spend I may,” and so drank his wine. “For bread nothing did he pay”—for that was given in. This is Stow's account: the ballad makes the taverner, not the drawer, invite the countryman; and the latter, instead of getting bread for nothing, complains of having to go away hungry:—

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

There was no eating at taverns at this time, beyond a crust to relish the wine; and he who wished to dine before he drank, had to go to the cook's.

The furnishing of the Boar's Head, in Eastcheap, with sack, in Henry IV., is an anachronism of Shakspeare's; for the vintners kept neither sacks, muscadels, malmseys, bastards, alicants, nor any other wines but white and claret, until 1543. All the other sweet wines before that time were sold at the apothecaries' shops for no other use but for medicine.

Taking it as the picture of a tavern a century later, we see the alterations which had taken place. The single drawer or taverner of Lydgate's day is now changed to a troop of waiters, besides the under skinker, or tapster. Eating was no longer confined to the cook's row, for we find in Falstaff's bill "a capon, 2s. 2d.; sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.; anchovies and sack, after supper, 2s. 6d.; bread, one halfpenny." And there were evidently *different rooms*\* for the guests, as Francis† bids a brother waiter "Look

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\* This negatives a belief common in our day that a Covent Garden tavern was the first divided into rooms for guests.

† A successor of Francis, a waiter at the Boar's Head, in the last century, had a tablet with an inscription in St. Michael's, Crooked-lane churchyard, just at the back of the tavern; setting forth that he died, "drawer at the Boar's Head Tavern, in Great Eastcheap," and was noted for his honesty and sobriety; in that—

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

He also practised the singular virtue of drawing good wine and of

down in the Pomgranite;" for which purpose they had windows, or loopholes, affording a view from the upper to the lower apartments. The custom of naming the principal rooms in taverns and hotels is usual to the present day.

Taverns and wine-bibbing had greatly increased in the reign of Edward VI., when it was enacted by statute that no more than 8*d.* a gallon should be taken for any French wines, and the consumption limited in private houses to ten gallons each person yearly; that there should not be "any more or great number of taverns in London of such tavernes or wine sellers by retaile, above the number of fouretye tavernes or wyne sellers," being less than two, upon an average, to each parish. Nor did this number much increase afterwards; for in a return made to the Vintners' Company, late in Elizabeth's reign, there were only one hundred and sixty-eight taverns in the whole city and suburbs.

It seems to have been the fashion among old ballad-mongers, street chroniclers, and journalists, to sing the praises of the taverns in rough-shod verse, and that lively rhyme which, in our day, is termed "patter." Here are a few specimens, of various periods.

In a black-letter poem of Queen Elizabeth's reign, entitled "Newes from Bartholomew Fayre," there is this curious enumeration:

There hath been great sale and utterance of Wine,  
 Besides Beere, and Ale, and Ipocras fine,  
 In every country, region, and nation,  
 But chiefly in Billingsgate, at the *Salutation*;  
 And the *Bore's Head*, near London Stone;  
 The *Swan* at Dowgate, a tavern well knowne;  
 The *Miter* in Cheape, and then the *Bull Head*;  
 And many like places that make noses red;

taking care to "fill his pots," as appears by the closing lines of the inscription:—

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



The *Bore's Head* in Old Fish-street ; *Three Cranes* in the Vintry ;  
 And now, of late, St. Martins in the Sentree ;  
 The *Windmill* in Lothbury ; the *Ship* at th' Exchange ;  
*King's Head* in New Fish-street, where roysterers do range ;  
 The *Mermaid* in Cornhill ; *Red Lion* in the Strand ;  
*Three Tuns* in Newgate Market ; Old Fish-street at the *Swan*.

This enumeration omits the Mourning Bush, adjoining Aldersgate, containing divers large rooms and lodgings, and shown in Aggas's plan of London, in 1560. There are also omitted The Pope's Head, The London Stone, The Dagger, The Rose and Crown, etc. Several of the above *Signs* have been continued to our time in the very places mentioned ; but nearly all the original buildings were destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666 ; and the few which escaped have been rebuilt, or so altered, that their former appearance has altogether vanished.

The following list of taverns is given by Thomas Heywood, the author of the fine old play of *A Woman killed with Kindness*. Heywood, who wrote in 1608, is telling us what particular houses are frequented by particular classes of people :—

The Gentry to the King's Head,  
 The nobles to the Crown,  
 The Knights unto the Golden Fleece,  
 And to the Plough the Clown.  
 The churchman to the Mitre,  
 The shepherd to the Star,  
 The gardener hies him to the Rose,  
 To the Drum the man of war ;  
 To the Feathers, ladies you ; the Globe  
 The seaman doth not scorn ;  
 The usurer to the Devil, and  
 The townsman to the Horn.  
 The huntsman to the White Hart,  
 To the Ship the merchants go,  
 But you who do the Muses love,  
 The sign called River Po.  
 The banquerout to the World's End,  
 The fool to the Fortune Pie,

Unto the Mouth the oyster-wife,  
 The fiddler to the Pie,  
 The punk unto the Cockatrice,  
 The drunkard to the Vine,  
 The beggar to the Bush, then meet,  
 And with Duke Humphrey dine.

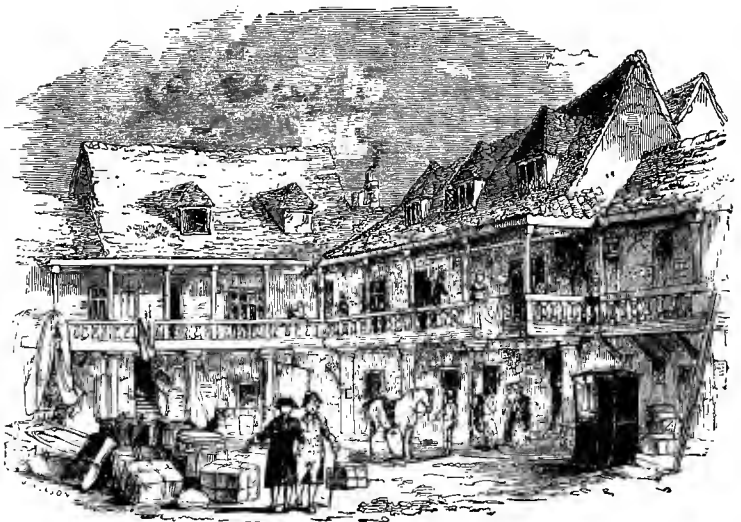
In the "British Apollo" of 1710, is the following dog-grel:—

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

In "Look about You," 1600, we read that "the drawers kept sugar folded up in paper, ready for those who called for *sack*," and we further find in another old tract, that the custom existed of bringing two cups of *silver* in case the wine should be wanted diluted; and this was done by rose-water and sugar, generally about a pennyworth. A sharper in the *Bellman of London*, described as having decoyed a countryman to a tavern, "calls for two pintes of sundry wines, the drawer setting the wine with *two cups*, as the custome is, the sharper tastes of one pinte, no matter which, and finds fault with the wine, saying 'tis too hard, but rose-water and sugar would send it downe merrily'—and for that purpose takes up one of the cups, telling the stranger he is well acquainted with the boy at the barre, and can have two-pennyworth of rose-water for a penny of him: and so steps from his seate: the stranger suspects no harme, because the fawne guest leaves his cloake at the end of the table behind him,—but the other takes good care not to return, and it is then found that he hath stolen



The Tabard Inn.  
*(From Urry's Chaucer.)*



The Tabard Inn in 1780.



ground, and out-leaped the stranger more feet than he can recover in haste, for the cup is leaped with him, for which the wood-cock, that is taken in the springe, must pay fifty shillings, or three pounds, and hath nothing but an old threadbare cloake not worth two groats to make amends for his losses."

Bishop Earle, who wrote in the first half of the seventeenth century, has left this "character" of a tavern of his time. "A tavern is a degree, or (if you will) a pair of stairs above an alehouse, where men are drunk with more credit and apology. If the vintner's nose be at the door, it is a sign sufficient, but the absence of this is supplied by the ivy-bush. It is a broacher of more news than hogsheads and more jests than news, which are sucked up here by some spongy brain, and from thence squeezed into a comedy. Men come here to make merry, but indeed make a noise, and this music above is answered with a clinking below. The drawers are the civilest people in it, men of good bringing up, and howsoever we esteem them, none can boast more justly of their high calling. 'Tis the best theatre of natures, where they are truly acted, not played, and the business as in the rest of the world up and down, to wit, from the bottom of the cellar to the great chamber. A melancholy man would find here matter to work upon, to see heads, as brittle as glasses, and often broken; men come hither to quarrel, and come here to be made friends; and if Plutarch will lend me his simile, it is even Telephus's sword that makes wounds, and cures them. It is the common consumption of the afternoon, and the murderer or the maker away of a rainy day. It is the torrid zone that scorches the face, and tobacco the gunpowder that blows it up. Much harm would be done if the charitable vintner had not water ready for the flames. A house of sin you may call it, but not a house of darkness, for the candles are never out; and it is like those countries far in the north, where it is as clear at midnight as at mid-day. After a

long sitting it becomes like a street in a dashing shower, where the spouts are flushing above, and the conduits running below, etc. To give you the total reckoning of it, it is the busy man's recreation, the idle man's business; the melancholy man's sanctuary, the stranger's welcome, the inns-of-court man's entertainment, the scholar's kindness, and the citizen's courtesy. It is the study of sparkling wits, and a cup of comedy their book, whence we leave them."

The conjunction of vintner and victualler had now become common, and would require other accommodation than those mentioned by the Bishop, as is shown in Massinger's *New Way to pay Old Debts*, where Justice Greedy makes Tapwell's keeping no victuals in his house as an excuse for pulling down his sign :

Thou never hadst in thy house to stay men's stomachs,  
 A piece of Suffolk cheese, or gammon of bacon,  
 Or any esculent as the learned call it,  
 For their emolument, but *sheer drink only*,  
 For which gross fault I here do damn thy licence,  
 Forbidding thee henceforth to tap or draw ;  
 For instantly I will in mine own person  
 Command the constable to pull down thy sign,  
 And do't before I eat.

And the decayed vintner, who afterwards applies to Well-born for payment of his tavern score, answers, on his inquiring who he is :

A decay'd vintner, sir,  
 That might have thriv'd, but that your worship broke me  
 With trusting you with muscadine and eggs,  
 And *five pound suppers*, with your after-drinkings,  
 When you lodged upon the Bankside.

Dekker tells us, near this time, of regular ordinaries of three kinds : 1st. An ordinary of the longest reckoning, whither most of your courtly gallants do resort : 2nd. A twelvepenny ordinary, frequented by the justice of the peace, a young Knight ; and a threepenny ordinary, to which your London usurer, your stale bachelor, and your thrifty attorney

doth resort. Then Dekker tells us of a custom, especially in the City, to send presents of wine from one room to another, as a complimentary mark of friendship. "Inquire," directs he, "what gallants sup in the next room; and if they be of your acquaintance, do not, after the City fashion, send them in a pottle of wine and your name." Then, we read of Master Brook sending to the Castle Inn, at Windsor, a morning draught of sack.

Ned Ward, in the "London Spy," 1709, describes several famous taverns, and among them the Rose, anciently the Rose and Crown, as famous for good wine. "There was no parting," he says, "without a glass; so we went into the Rose Tavern in the Poultry, where the wine, according to its merit, had justly gained a reputation; and there, in a snug room, warmed with brash and faggot, over a quart of good claret, we laughed over our night's adventure."

"From hence, pursuant to my friend's inclination, we adjourned to the sign of the Angel, in Fenchurch-street, where the vintner, like a double-dealing citizen, condescended as well to draw carman's comfort as the consolatory juice of the vine.

"Having at the King's Head well freighted the hold of our vessels with excellent food and delicious wine, at a small expense, we scribbled the following lines with chalk upon the wall." (See page 350.)

The tapster was a male vendor, not "a woman who had the care of the tap," as Tyrwhitt states. In the 17th century ballad, *The Times*, occurs:

The bar-boys and the tapsters

Leave drawing of their beere,

And running forth in haste they cry,

"See, where Mull'd Sack comes here!"

The ancient drawers and tapsters were now superseded by the barmaid, and a number of waiters: Ward describes the barmaid 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 barmaid (generally the vintner's daughter) is 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 was handsome."

Tom Brown sketches a flirting barmaid of the same time, "as a fine lady that stood pulling a rope, and screaming like a peacock against rainy weather, pinned up by herself in a little pew, all people bowing to her as they passed by, as if she was a goddess set up to be worshipped, armed with the chalk and sponge, (which are the principal badges that belong to that honourable station you beheld her in,) was the *barmaid*."

Of the nimbleness of the waiters, Ward says in another place—"That the chief use he saw in the Monument was, for the improvement of vintners' boys and drawers, who came every week to exercise their supporters, and learn the tavern trip, by running up to the balcony and down again."

Owen Swan, at the Black Swan Tavern, Bartholomew Lane, is thus apostrophized by Tom Brown for the goodness of his wine:—

Thee, *Owen*, since the God of wine has made  
Thee steward of the gay carousing trade,  
Whose art decaying nature still supplies,  
Warms the faint pulse, and sparkles in our eyes.  
Be bountiful like him, bring t'other *flask*,  
Were the stairs wider we would have the *cask*.  
This pow'r we from the God of wine derive,  
Draw such as this, and I'll pronounce thou'lt live.



## The Bear at the Bridge Foot.

This celebrated tavern, situated in Southwark, on the west side of the foot of London Bridge, opposite the end of St. Olave's, or Tooley-street, was a house of considerable antiquity. We read in the accounts of the Steward of Sir John Howard, March 6th, 1463-4 (Edward IV.), "Item, payd for red wyn at the Bere in Southwerke, iij*d*." Garrard, in a letter to Lord Strafford, dated 1633, intimates that "all back-doors to taverns on the Thames are commanded to be shut up, only the Bear at Bridge Foot is exempted, by reason of the passage to Greenwich," which Mr. Burn suspects to have been "the avenue or way called Bear Alley."

The Cavaliers' Ballad on the funeral pageant of Admiral Deane, killed June 2nd, 1653, while passing by water to Henry the Seventh's Chapel, Westminster, has the following allusion :—

From Greenwich towards the Bear at Bridge foot,  
He was wafted with wind that had water to't,  
But I think they brought the devil to boot,  
Which nobody can deny.

Pepys was told by a waterman, going through the bridge, 24th Feb. 1666-7, that the mistress of the Beare Tavern, at the Bridge-foot, "did lately fling herself into the Thames, and drown herself."

The Bear must have been a characterless house, for among its gallantries was the following, told by Wycherley to Major Pack, "just for the oddness of the thing." It was this: "There was a house at the Bridge Foot where persons of better condition used to resort for pleasure and privacy. The liquor the ladies and their lovers used to drink at these meetings was canary; and among other compliments the gentlemen paid their mistresses, this it seems was always one, to take hold of the bottom of their smocks, and pouring the wine

through that filter, feast their imaginations with the thought of what gave the zest, and so drink a health to the toast."

The Bear Tavern was taken down in December, 1761, when the labourers found gold and silver coins, of the time of Elizabeth, to a considerable value. The wall that enclosed the tavern was not cleared away until 1764, when the ground was cleared and levelled quite up to Pepper Alley stairs. There is a Token of the Bear Tavern, in the Beaufroy cabinet, which, with other rare Southwark tokens, was found under the floors in taking down St. Olave's Grammar School in 1839.

### Mermaid Taverns.

The celebrated Mermaid, in Bread-street, with the history of "the Mermaid Club," has been described in pp. 7-9; its interest centres in this famous company of wits.

There was another Mermaid, in Cheapside, next to Paul's Gate, and still another in Cornhill. Of the latter we find in Burn's Beaufroy Catalogue, that the vintner, buried in St. Peter's, Cornhill, in 1606, "gave forty shillings yearly to the parson for preaching four sermons every year, so long as the lease of the Mermaid, in Cornhill, (the tavern so called,) should endure. He also gave to the poor of the said parish thirteen penny loaves every Sunday, during the aforesaid ease." There are tokens of both these taverns in the Beaufroy Collection.

### The Boar's Head Tavern.

This celebrated Shakspearean tavern was situated in Great Eastcheap, and is first mentioned in the time of Richard II.; the scene of the revels of Falstaff and Henry V., when Prince of Wales, in Shakspeare's Henry IV., part 2. Stow relates a riot in "the cooks' dwellings" here on St. John's eve, 1410, by Princes John and Thomas. The tavern was destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666, but was rebuilt in two

years, as attested by a boar's head cut in stone, with the initials of the landlord, I.T., and the date 1668, above the first-floor window. This sign-stone is now in the Guildhall library. The house stood between Small-alley and St. Michael's-lane, and in the rear looked upon St. Michael's churchyard, where was buried a *drawer*, or waiter, at the tavern, d. 1720: in the church was interred John Rhodoway, "Vintner at the Bore's Head," 1623.

Maitland, in 1739, mentions the Boar's Head, as "the chief tavern in London" under the sign. Goldsmith ("Essays"), Boswell ("Life of Dr. Johnson"), and Washington Irving ("Sketch-book"), have idealized the house as the identical place which Falstaff frequented, forgetting its destruction in the Great Fire. The site of the Boar's Head is very nearly that of the statue of King William IV.

In 1834, Mr. Kempe, F.S.A., exhibited to the Society of Antiquaries a carved oak figure of Sir John Falstaff, in the costume of the 16th century; it had supported an ornamental bracket over one side of the door of the Boar's Head, a figure of Prince Henry sustaining that on the other. The Falstaff was the property of one Shelton, a brazier, whose ancestors had lived in the shop he then occupied in Great Eastcheap, since the Great Fire. He well remembered the last Shakspearean grand dinner-party at the Boar's Head, about 1784: at an earlier party, Mr. Wilberforce was present. A boar's head, with tusks, which had been suspended in a room of the tavern, perhaps the Half-Moon or Pomegranate, (see Henry IV. act ii. sc. 4,) at the Great Fire, fell down with the ruins of the house, and was conveyed to Whitechapel Mount, where, many years after, it was recovered, and identified with its former locality. At a public house, No. 12, Miles-lane, was long preserved a tobacco-box, with a painting of the original Boar's Head Tavern on the lid.\*

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\* "Curiosities of London," p. 265.

In High-street, Southwark, in the rear of Nos. 25 and 26, was formerly the Boar's Head Inn, part of Sir John Falstolf's benefaction to Magdalen College, Oxford. Sir John was one of the bravest generals in the French wars, under the fourth, fifth, and sixth Henries; but he is not the Falstaff of Shakspeare. In the "*Reliquiæ Hearnianæ*," edited by Dr. Bliss, is the following entry relative to this bequest:—

1721. June 2.—The reason why they cannot give so good an account of the benefaction of Sir John Fastolf to Magd. Coll. is, because he gave it to the founder, and left it to his management, so that 'tis suppos'd 'twas swallow'd up in his own estate that he settled it upon the college. However, the college knows this, that the Boar's Head in Southwark, which was then an inn, and still retains the name, tho' divided into several tenements (which bring the college about 150*l.* per ann.), was part of Sir John's gift."

The above property was for many years sublet to the family of the author of the present Work, at the rent of 150*l.* per annum; the cellar, finely vaulted, and excellent for wine, extended, beneath the entire court, consisting of two rows of tenements, and two end houses, with galleries, the entrance being from the High-street. The premises were taken down for the New London Bridge approaches. There was also a noted Boar's Head in Old Fish-street.

Can he forget who has read Goldsmith's nineteenth Essay, his reverie at the Boar's Head?—when, having confabulated with the landlord till long after "the watchman had gone twelve," and suffused in the potency of his wine a mutation in his ideas, of the person of the host into that of Dame Quickly, mistress of the tavern in the days of Sir John, is promptly affected, and the liquor they were drinking seemed shortly converted into sack and sugar. Mrs. Quickly's recital of the history of herself and Doll Tearsheet, whose frailties in the flesh caused their being both sent to the house of correction, charged with having allowed the famed Boar's Head to become a low brothel; her speedy departure to the world of Spirits; and Falstaff's impertinences

as affecting Madame Proserpine; are followed by an enumeration of persons who had held tenancy of the house since her time. The last hostess of note was, according to Goldsmith's account, Jane Rouse, who, having unfortunately quarrelled with one of her neighbours, a woman of high repute in the parish for sanctity, but as jealous as Chaucer's Wife of Bath, was by her accused of witchcraft, taken from her own bar, condemned and executed accordingly!—These were times, indeed, when women could not scold in safety. These and other prudential apophthegms on the part of Dame Quickly, seem to have dissolved Goldsmith's stupor of ideality; on his awaking, the landlord is really the landlord, and not the hostess of a former day, when "Falstaff was in fact an agreeable old fellow, forgetting age, and showing the way to be young at sixty-five. Age, care, wisdom, reflection, begone! I give you to the winds. Let's have t'other bottle. Here's to the memory of Shakespeare, Falstaff, and all the merry men of Eastcheap."\*

### Three Cranes in the Vintry.

This was one of Ben Jonson's taverns, and has already been incidentally mentioned. Strype describes it as situate in "New Queen-street, commonly called the Three Cranes in the Vintry, a good open street, especially that part next Cheapside, which is best built and inhabited. At the lowest end of the street next the Thames, is a pair of stairs, the usual place for the Lord Mayor and Aldermen to take water at, to go to Westminster Hall, for the new Lord Mayor to be sworn before the Barons of the Exchequer. This place, with the Three Cranes, is now of some account for the costermongers, where they have their warehouse for their fruit." In Scott's "Kenilworth" we hear much of this Tavern.

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\* "Burn's Catalogue of the Beaufoy Tokens."

## London Stone Tavern.

This tavern, situated in Cannon-street, near the Stone, is stated, but not correctly, to have been the oldest in London. Here was formed a society, afterwards the famous Robin Hood, of which the history was published in 1716, where it is stated to have originated in a meeting of the editor's grandfather with the great Sir Hugh Myddelton, of New River memory. King Charles II. was introduced to the society, disguised, by Sir Hugh, and the King liked it so well that he came thrice afterwards. "He had," continues the narrative, "a piece of black silk over his left cheek, which almost covered it; and his eyebrows, which were quite black, he had, by some artifice or other, converted to a light brown, or rather flaxen colour; and had otherwise disguised himself so effectually in his apparel and his looks, that nobody knew him but Sir Hugh, by whom he was introduced." This is very circumstantial, but is very doubtful; since Sir Hugh Myddelton died when Charles was in his tenth year.

## The Robin Hood.

Mr. Akerman describes a Token of the Robin Hood Tavern:—"JOHN THOMLINSON AT THE. An archer fitting an arrow to his bow; a small figure behind, holding an arrow.—R. IN CHISWELL STREET, 1667. In the centre, HIS HALFE PENNY, and I. S. T. Mr. Akerman continues:

"It is easy to perceive what is intended by the representation on the obverse of this token. Though 'Little John,' we are told, stood upwards of six good English feet without his shoes, he is here depicted to suit the popular humour—a dwarf in size, compared with his friend and leader, the bold outlaw. The proximity of Chiswell-street to Finsbury-fields may have led to the adoption of the sign, which was doubtless at a time when archery was considered

an elegant as well as an indispensable accomplishment of an English gentleman. It is far from obsolete now, as several low public-houses and beer-shops in the vicinity of London testify. One of them exhibits Robin Hood and his companion dressed in the most approved style of 'Astley's,' and underneath the group is the following irresistible invitation to slake your thirst :—

Ye archers bold and yeomen good,  
 Stop and drink with Robin Hood :  
 If Robin Hood is not at home,  
 Stop and drink with little John."

"Our London readers could doubtless supply the variorum copies of this elegant distich, which, as this is an age for 'Family Shakspeares,' modernized Chaucers, and new versions of 'Robin Hood's Garland,' we recommend to the notice of the next editor of the ballads in praise of the Sherwood freebooter."

### Pontack's, Abchurch Lane.

After the destruction of the White Bear Tavern, in the Great Fire of 1666, the proximity of the site for all purposes of business, induced M. Pontack, the son of the President of Bordeaux, owner of a famous claret district, to establish a tavern, with all the novelties of French cookery, with his father's head as a sign, whence it was popularly called "Pontack's Head." The dinners were from four or five shillings a head "to a guinea, or what sum you pleased."

Swift frequented the tavern, and writes to Stella :—  
 "Pontack told us, although his wine was so good, he sold it cheaper than others; he took but seven shillings a flask. Are not these pretty rates?" In the "Hind and Panther Transversed," we read of drawers :—

Sure these honest fellows have no knack  
 Of putting off stum'd claret for Pontack.

The Fellows of the Royal Society dined at Pontack's until 1746, when they removed to the Devil Tavern. There is a Token of the White Bear in the Beaufoy Collection; and Mr. Burn tells us, from "Metamorphoses of the Town," a rare tract, 1731, of Pontack's "guinea ordinary," "ragout of fatted snails," and "chickens not two hours from the shell." In January, 1735, Mrs. Susannah Austin, who lately kept Pontack's, and had acquired a considerable fortune, was married to William Pepys, banker, in Lombard-street.

### Pope's Head Tavern.

This noted tavern, which gave name to Pope's Head Alley, leading from Cornhill to Lombard-street, is mentioned as early as the 4th Edward IV. (1464) in the account of a wager between an Alicant goldsmith and an English goldsmith; the Alicant stranger contending in the tavern that "Englishmen were not so cunning in workmanship of goldsmithry as Alicant strangers;" when work was produced by both, and the Englishman gained the wager. The tavern was left in 1615, by Sir William Craven, to the Merchant Tailors' Company. Pepys refers to "the fine painted room" here in 1668-9. In the tavern, April 14, 1718, Quin, the actor, killed in self-defence his fellow-comedian, Bowen, a clever but hot-headed Irishman, who was jealous of Quin's reputation: in a moment of great anger, he sent for Quin to the tavern, and as soon as he had entered the room, Bowen placed his back against the door, drew his sword, and bade Quin draw his. Quin, having mildly remonstrated to no purpose, drew in his own defence, and endeavoured to disarm his antagonist. Bowen received a wound, of which he died in three days, having acknowledged his folly and madness, when the loss of blood had reduced him to reason. Quin was tried and acquitted. ("Cunningham, abridged.") The Pope's Head Tavern was in existence in 1756.



## The Old Swan, Thames-street,

Was more than five hundred years ago a house for public entertainment: for, in 1323, 16 Edw. II., Rose Wrytell bequeathed "the tenement of olde tyme called the Swanne on the Hope in Thames-street," in the parish of St. Mary-at-hill, to maintain a priest at the altar of St. Edmund, King and Martyr, "for her soul, and the souls of her husband, her father, and mother:" and the purposes of her bequest were established; for, in the parish book, in 1499, is entered a disbursement of fourpence, "for a cresset to Rose Wrytell's chantry." Eleanor Cobham, Duchess of Gloucester, in 1440, in her public penance for witchcraft and treason, landed at Old Swan, bearing a large taper, her feet bare, etc.

Stow, in 1598, mentions the Old Swan as a great brew-house. Taylor, the Water-poet, advertised the professor and author of the Barmoodo and Vtopian tongues, dwelling "at the Old Swanne, neare London Bridge, who will teach them at are willing to learne, with agility and facility."

In the scurrilous Cavalier ballad of Admiral Deane's Funeral, by water, from Greenwich to Westminster, in June, 1653, it is said:—

The Old Swan, as he passed by,  
Said she would sing him a dirge, lye down and die:  
Wilt thou sing to a bit of a body? quoth I,  
Which nobody can deny.

The Old Swan Tavern and its landing-stairs were destroyed in the Great Fire; but rebuilt. Its Token, in the Beaufoy Collection, is one of the rarest, of large size.

## Cock Tavern, Threadneedle-street.

This noted house, which faced the north gate of the old Royal Exchange, was long celebrated for the excellence of

its soups, which were served at an economical price, in silver. One of its proprietors was, it is believed, John Ellis, an eccentric character, and a writer of some reputation, who died in 1791. Eight stanzas addressed to him in praise of the tavern, commenced thus :—

When to Ellis I write, I in verse must indite,  
 Come Phœbus, and give me a knock,  
 For on Friday at eight, all behind "the 'Change gate,"  
 Master Ellis will be at "The Cock."

After comparing it to other houses, the Pope's Head, the King's Arms, the Black Swan, and the Fountain, and declaring the Cock the best, it ends :

'Tis time to be gone, for the 'Change has struck one :  
 O 'tis an impertinent clock !  
 For with Ellis I'd stay from December to May ;  
 I'll stick to my Friend, and "The Cock !"

This house was taken down in 1841 ; when, in a claim for compensation made by the proprietor, the trade in three years was proved to have been 344,720 basins of various soups—viz. 166,240 mock turtle, 3,920 giblet, 59,360 ox-tail, 31,072 bouilli, 84,128 gravy and other soups : sometimes 500 basins of soup were sold in a day.

### Crown Tavern, Threadneedle-street.

Upon the site of the present chief entrance to the Bank of England, in Threadneedle-street, stood the Crown Tavern, "behind the 'Change : " it was frequented by the Fellows of the Royal Society, when they met at Gresham College hard by. The Crown was burnt in the Great Fire, but was rebuilt ; and about a century since, at this tavern, "it was not unusual to draw a butt of mountain wine, containing 120 gallons, in gills, in a morning."—*Sir John Hawkins*.

Behind the 'Change, we read in the *Connoisseur*, 1754, a man worth a plum used to order a twopenny mess of broth with a boiled chop in it ; placing the chop between

the two crusts of a halfpenny roll, he would wrap it up in his check handkerchief, and carry it away for the morrow's dinner.

### The King's Head Tavern, in the Poultry.

This Tavern, which stood at the western extremity of the Stocks' Market, was not first known by the sign of the King's Head, but the Rose: Machin, in his Diary, Jan. 5, 1560, thus mentions it: "A gentleman arrested for debt; Master Cobham, with divers gentlemen and serving-men, took him from the officers, and carried him to the Rose Tavern, where so great a fray, both the sheriffs were feign to come, and from the Rose Tavern took all the gentlemen and their servants, and carried them to the Compter."

The house was distinguished by the device of a large, well-painted Rose, erected over a doorway, which was the only indication in the main street of such an establishment. In the superior houses of the metropolis in the sixteenth century, room was gained in the rear of the street-line, the space in front being economized, so that the line of shops might not be interrupted. Upon this plan, the larger taverns in the City were constructed, wherever the ground was sufficiently spacious behind: hence it was that the Poultry tavern of which we are speaking, was approached through a long, narrow, covered passage, opening into a well-lighted quadrangle, around which were the tavern-rooms. The sign of the Rose appears to have been a costly work, since there was the fragment of a leaf of an old account-book preserved, when the ruins of the house were cleared after the Great Fire, on which were written these entries:— "Pd. to Hoggestreete, the Duche Paynter, for y<sup>e</sup> Picture of a Rose, w<sup>th</sup> a Standing-bowle and Glasses, for a Signe, *xxli*. besides Diners and Drinkings. Also for a large Table of Walnut-tree, for a Frame; and for Iron-worke and Hanging the Picture, *vli*." The artist who is referred to in this

memorandum, could be no other than Samuel Van Hoogstraten, a painter of the middle of the seventeenth century, whose works in England are very rare. He was one of the many excellent artists of the period, who, as Walpole contemptuously says, "painted still-life, oranges and lemons, plate, damask curtains, cloth of gold, and that medley of familiar objects that strike the ignorant vulgar."

But, beside the claims of the painter, the sign of the Rose cost the worthy tavernkeeper a still further outlay, in the form of divers treatings and advances made to a certain rather loose man of letters of his acquaintance, possessed of more wit than money, and of more convivial loyalty than either discretion or principle. Master Roger Blythe frequently patronized the Rose Tavern as his favourite ordinary. Like Falstaff, he was "an infinite thing" upon his host's score; and, like his prototype also, there was no probability of his ever discharging the account. When the Tavern-sign was about to be erected, this Master Blythe contributed the poetry to it, after the fashion of the time, which he swore was the envy of all the Rose Taverns in London, and of all the poets who frequented them. "There's your Rose at Temple Bar, and your Rose in Covent Garden, and the Rose in Southwark: all of them indifferent good for wits, and for drawing neat wines too; but, smite me, Master King," he would say, "if I know one of them all fit to be set in the same hemisphere with yours! No! for a bountiful host, a most sweet mistress, unsophisticated wines, honest measures, a choicely painted sign, and a witty verse to set it off withal,—commend me to the Rose Tavern in the Poultry!"

Even the tavern-door exhibited a joyous frontispiece; since the entrance was flanked by two columns twisted with vines carved in wood, which supported a small square gallery over the portico surrounded by handsome iron-work. On the front of this gallery was erected the sign, in a frame of similar ornaments. It consisted of a central compart-

ment containing the Rose, behind which appeared a tall silver cup, called in the language of the time "a standing-bowl," with drinking-glasses. Beneath the painting was this inscription :—

THIS IS  
THE ROSE TAVERNE  
IN THE POULTREY :  
KEPT BY  
WILLIAM KING,  
CITIZEN AND VINTNER.

This Taverne's like its Signe—a lustie Rose,  
A sight of joy that sweetness doth enclose :  
The daintie Flow're well-pictur'd here is seene,  
But for its rarest sweetes—Come, Searche Within !

The authorities of St. Peter-upon-Cornhill soon determined, on the 10th of May, 1660, in Vestry, "that the King's Arms, in painted-glass, should be refreshed, and forthwith be set up by the Churchwarden at the parish-charges ; with whatsoever he giveth to the glazier as a gratuity, for his care in keeping of them all this while."

The host of the Rose resolved at once to add a Crown to his sign, with the portrait of Charles, wearing it in the centre of the flower, and openly to name his tavern "The Royal Rose and King's Head." He effected his design, partly by the aid of one of the many excellent pencils which the time supplied, and partly by the inventive muse of Master Blythe, which soon furnished him with a new poesy. There is not any further information extant concerning the painting, but the following remains of an entry on another torn fragment of the old account-book already mentioned, seem to refer to the poetical inscription beneath the picture :—  
. . . . "on y<sup>e</sup> Night when he made y<sup>e</sup> Verses for my new Signe, a Soper, and v. Peeces." The verses themselves were as follow :—

Gallants, Rejoice !—This Flow're is now full-blownc ;  
'Tis a Rose-Noble better'd by a Crowne ;  
All you who love the Embleme and the Signe,  
Enter, and prove our Loyaltie and Wine.

Beside this inscription, Master King also recorded the auspicious event referred to, by causing his painter to introduce into the picture a broad-sheet, as if lying on the table with the cup and glasses—on which appeared the title, "*A Kalendar for this Happy Yeare of Restauration, 1660, now newly Imprinted.*"

As the time advanced when Charles was to make his entry into the metropolis, the streets were resounding with the voices of ballad-singers pouring forth loyal songs, and declaring, with the whole strength of their lungs, that

The King shall enjoy his own again.

Then, there were also to be heard, the ceaseless horns and proclamations of hawkers and flying-stationers, publishing the latest passages or rumours touching the royal progress ; which, whether genuine or not, were bought and read, and circulated, by all parties. At length all the previous pamphlets and broad-sheets were swallowed up by a well-known tract, still extant, which the news-men of the time thus proclaimed:—"Here is *A True Accompt and Narrative—of his Majestie's safe Arrival in England—as 'twas reported to the House of Commons, on Friday, the 25th day of this present May—with the Resolutions of both Houses thereupon:—Also a Letter very lately writ from Dover—relating divers remarkable Passages of his Majestie's Reception there.*"

On every side the signs and iron-work were either refreshed, or newly gilt and painted : tapestries and rich hangings, which had engendered moth and decay from long disuse, were flung abroad again, that they might be ready to grace the coming pageant. The paving of the streets was levelled and repaired for the expected cavalcade ; and scaffolds for spectators were in the course of erection throughout all the line of march. Floods of all sorts of wines were consumed, as well in the streets as in the

taverns ; and endless healths were devotedly and energetically swallowed, at morning, noon, and night.

At this time Mistress Rebecca King was about to add another member to Master King's household : she received from hour to hour accounts of the proceedings as they occurred, which so stimulated her curiosity that she declared, first to her gossips, and then to her husband, that she "must see the King pass the tavern, or matters might go cross with her."

A kind of arbour was made for Mistress Rebecca in the small iron gallery surmounting the entrance to the tavern. This arbour was of green boughs and flowers, hung round with tapestry and garnished with silver plate ; and here, when the guns at the Tower announced that Charles had entered London, Mistress King took her seat, with her children and gossips around her. All the houses in the main streets from London-bridge to Whitehall were decorated, like the tavern, with rich silks and tapestries, hung from every scaffold, balcony, and window ; which, as Herrick says, turned the town into a park, "made green and trimmed with boughs." The road through London, so far as Temple-Bar, was lined on the north side by the City Companies, dressed in their liveries, and ranged in their respective stands, with their banners ; and on the south by the soldiers of the trained-bands.

One of the wine conduits stood on the south side of the Stocks' Market, over which Sir Robert Viner subsequently erected a triumphal statue of Charles II. About this spot, therefore, the crowd collected in the Market-place, aided by the fierce loyalty supplied from the conduit, appears for a time to have brought the procession to a full stop, at the moment when Charles, who rode between his brothers, the Dukes of York and Gloucester, was nearly opposite to the newly-named King's Head Tavern. In this most favourable interval, Master Blythe, who stood upon a scaffold in the doorway, took the opportunity of elevating a silver cup of wine and shouting out a health to his Majesty. His ener-

getical action, as he pointed upwards to the gallery, was not lost; and the Duke of Buckingham, who rode immediately before the King with General Monk, directed Charles's attention to Mistress Rebecca, saying, "Your Majesty's return is here welcomed even by a subject as yet unborn." As the procession passed by the door of the King's Head Tavern, the King turned towards it, raised himself in his stirrups, and gracefully kissed his hand to Mistress Rebecca. Immediately such a shout was raised from all who beheld it or heard of it, as startled the crowd up to Cheapside conduit; and threw the poor woman herself into such an ecstasy, that she was not conscious of anything more, until she was safe in her chamber and all danger happily over.\*

The Tavern was rebuilt after the Great Fire, and flourished many years. It was long a depôt in the metropolis for turtle; and in the quadrangle of the Tavern might be seen scores of turtle, large and lively, in huge tanks of water; or laid upward on the stone floor, ready for their destination. The Tavern was also noted for large dinners of the City Companies and other public bodies. The house was refitted in 1852, but has since been closed.

Another noted Poultry Tavern was the Three Cranes, destroyed in the Great Fire, but rebuilt, and noticed in 1698, in one of the many paper controversies of that day. A fulminating pamphlet, entitled "Ecclesia et Factio: a Dialogue between Bow Church Steeple and the Exchange Grasshopper," elicited "An Answer to the Dragon and Grasshopper: in a Dialogue between an Old Monkey and a Young Weasel, at the Three Cranes Tavern, in the Poultry."

### The Mitre, in Wood-street,

Was a noted old Tavern. Pepys, in his "Diary," Sept. 18, 1660, records his going "to the Mitre Tavern, in Wood-

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\* Abridged from an Account of the Tavern, by an Antiquary.



street, (a house of the greatest note in London,) where I met W. Symons, D. Scoball, and their wives. Here some of us fell to handicap, a sport I never knew before, which was very good." The tavern was destroyed in the Great Fire.

### The Salutation and Cat Tavern,

No. 17, Newgate-street (north side), was, according to the tradition of the house, the tavern where Sir Christopher Wren used to smoke his pipe, whilst St. Paul's was rebuilding. There is more positive evidence of its being a place well frequented by men of letters at the above period. Thus, there exists a poetical invitation to a social feast held here on June 19, 1735-6, issued by the two stewards, Edward Cave and William Bowyer :

Saturday, Jan. 17, 1735-6.

Sir,

You're desir'd on Monday next to meet

At Salutation Tavern, Newgate-street.

Supper will be on table just at eight,

[Stewards] One of St. John's [Bowyer], 'tother of St. John's Gate [Cave].

This brought a poetical answer from Samuel Richardson the novelist, printed *in extenso* in Bowyer's "Anecdotes:"

For me, I'm much concerned I cannot meet

" At Salutation Tavern, Newgate-street,"

Your notice, like your verse, so sweet and short !

If longer, I'd sincerely thank you for it.

Howe'er, receive my wishes, sons of verse !

May every man who meets, your praise rehearse !

May mirth, as plenty, crown your cheerful board,

And e'vry one part happy—as a lord !

That when at home (by such sweet verses fir'd),

Your families may think you all inspir'd.

So wishes he, who pre-engag'd, can't know

The pleasures that would from your meeting flow.

The proper sign is the Salutation and Cat,—a curious combination, but one which is explained by a lithograph

which some years ago hung in the coffee-room. An aged dandy is saluting a friend whom he has met in the street, and offering him a pinch out of the snuff-box which forms the top of his wood-like cane. This box-nob was, it appears, called a "cat"—hence the connexion of terms apparently so foreign to each other. Some, not aware of this explanation, have accounted for the sign by supposing that a tavern called "the Cat" was at some time pulled down, and its trade carried to the Salutation, which thenceforward joined the sign to its own; but this is improbable, seeing that we have never heard of *any* tavern called "the Cat" (although we *do* know of "the Barking Dogs") as a sign. Neither does the Salutation take its name from any scriptural or sacred source, as the Angel and Trumpets, etc.

More positive evidence there is to show of the "little smoky room at the Salutation and Cat," where Coleridge and Charles Lamb sat smoking Oronoko and drinking egg-hot; the first discoursing of his idol, Bowles, and the other rejoicing mildly in Cowper and Burns, or both dreaming of "Pantisocracy, and golden days to come on earth."

### "Salutation" Taverns.

The sign Salutation, from scriptural or sacred source, remains to be explained. Mr. Akerman suspects the original sign to have really represented the Salutation of the Virgin by the Angel—"Ave Maria, gratia plena"—a well-known legend on the jettons of the Middle Ages. The change of representation was properly accommodated to the times. The taverns at that period were the "gossiping shops" of the neighbourhood; and both Puritan and Churchman frequented them for the sake of hearing the news. The Puritans loved the good things of this world, and relished a cup of Canary, or Noll's nose lied, holding the maxim—

Though the devil trepan  
The Adamical man,  
The saint 'stands uninfected.

Hence, perhaps, the Salutation of the Virgin was exchanged for the "booin' and scrapin'" scene (two men bowing and greeting), represented on a token which still exists; the tavern was celebrated in the days of Queen Elizabeth. In some old black-letter doggrel, entitled "News from Bartholemew Fayre," it is mentioned for wine :—

There hath been great sale and utterance of wine,  
 Besides beere, and ale, and Ipocras fine ;  
 In every country, region, and nation,  
 But chiefly in Billingsgate, at the Salutation.

The Flower-pot was originally part of the symbol of the Annunciation to the Virgin.

### Queen's Arms, St. Paul's Churchyard.

Garrick appears to have kept up his interest in the city by means of clubs, to which he paid periodical visits. We have already mentioned the club of young merchants, at Tom's Coffee-house, in Cornhill. Another Club was held at the Queen's Arms Tavern, in St. Paul's Churchyard, where used to assemble : Mr. Samuel Sharpe, the surgeon ; Mr. Paterson, the City solicitor ; Mr. Draper, the bookseller ; Mr. Clutterbuck, the mercer ; and a few others.

Sir John Hawkins tells us that "they were none of them drinkers, and in order to make a reckoning, called only for French wine." These were Garrick's standing council in theatrical affairs.

At the Queen's Arms, after a thirty years' interval, Johnson renewed his intimacy with some of the members of his old Ivy-lane Club.

Brasbridge, the old silversmith of Fleet-street, was a member of the Sixpenny Card-Club held at the Queen's Arms : among the members was Henry Baldwyn, who, under the auspices of Bonnel Thornton, Colman the elder, and Garrick, set up the *St. James's Chronicle*, which once had the largest circulation of any evening paper. This

worthy newspaper-proprietor was considerate and generous to men of genius: "Often," says Brasbridge, "at his hospitable board I have seen needy authors, and others connected with his employment, whose abilities, ill-requited as they might have been by the world in general, were by him always appreciated." Among Brasbridge's acquaintance, also, were John Walker, shopman to a grocer and chandler in Well-street, Ragfair, who died worth 200,000*l.*, most assuredly not gained by lending money on doubtful security; and Ben Kenton, brought up at a charity-school, and who realised 300,000*l.*, partly at the Magpie and Crown in Whitechapel.

### Dolly's, Paternoster Row.

This noted Tavern, established in the reign of Queen Anne, has for its sign, the cook Dolly, who is stated to have been painted by Gainsborough. It is still a well-appointed chop-house and tavern, and the coffee-room with its projecting fire-places, has an olden air. Nearly on the site of Dolly's, Tarlton, Queen Elizabeth's favourite stage-clown, kept an ordinary, with the sign of the Castle. The house, of which a token exists, was destroyed in the Great Fire, but was rebuilt; there the "Castle Society of Music" gave their performances. Part of the old premises were subsequently the Oxford Bible Warehouse, destroyed by fire in 1822, and rebuilt.

The entrance to the chop-house is in Queen's Head passage; and at Dolly's is a window-pane painted with the head of Queen Anne, which may explain the name of the court.

At Dolly's and Horsman's beef-steaks were eaten with gill-ale.

## Aldersgate Taverns.

Two early houses of entertainment in Aldersgate were the Taborer's Inn and the Crown. Of the former, stated to have been of the time of Edward II., we know nothing but the name. The Crown, more recent, stood at the end of Duck-lane, and is described in Ward's "London Spy," as containing a noble room, painted by Fuller, with the Muses, the Judgment of Paris, the contention of Ajax and Ulysses, etc. "We were conducted by the jolly master," says Ward, "a true kinsman of the bacchanalian family, into a large stately room, where, at the first entrance, I discerned the master-strokes of the famed Fuller's pencil; the whole room painted by that commanding hand, that his dead figures appeared with such lively majesty that they begat reverence in the spectators towards the awful shadows. We accordingly bade the complaisant waiter oblige us with a quart of his richest claret, such as was fit only to be drank in the presence of such heroes, into whose company he had done us the honour to introduce us. He thereupon gave directions to his drawer, who returned with a quart of such inspiring juice, that we thought ourselves translated into one of the houses of the heavens, and were there drinking immortal nectar with the gods and goddesses :

Who could such blessings when thus found resign?  
 An honest vintner faithful to the vine;  
 A spacious room, good paintings, and good wine.

Far more celebrated was the Mourning Bush Tavern, in the cellars of which have been traced the massive foundations of Aldersgate, and the portion of the City Wall which adjoins them. This tavern, one of the largest and most ancient in London, has a curious history.

The Bush Tavern, its original name, took for its sign the

*Ivy-bush* hung up at the door. It is believed to have been the house referred to by Stowe, as follows:—“This gate (Aldersgate) hath been at sundry times increased with building; namely, on the south or *inner side*, a great frame of timber, (or house of wood lathed and plastered,) hath been added and set up containing divers large rooms and lodgings,” which were an enlargement of the Bush. Fosbroke mentions the Bush as the chief sign of taverns in the Middle Ages, (it being ready to hand,) and so it continued until superseded by “a thing to resemble one containing three or four tiers of hoops fastened one above another with vine leaves and grapes richly carved and gilt.” He adds: “the owner of the Mourning Bush, Aldersgate, was so affected at the decollation of Charles I., that he *painted his bush black*.” From this period the house is scarcely mentioned until the year 1719, when we find its name changed to the Fountain, whether from political feeling against the then exiled House of Stuart, or the whim of the proprietor we cannot learn; though it is thought to have reference to a spring on the east side of the gate. Tom Brown mentions the Fountain satirically, with four or five topping taverns of the day, whose landlords are charged with doctoring their wines, but whose trade was so great that they stood fair for the Alderman’s gown. And, in a letter from an old vintner in the city to one newly set up in Covent Garden, we find the following in the way of advice: “as all the world are wholly supported by hard and unintelligible names, you must take care to christen your wines by some hard name, the further fetched so much the better, and this policy will serve to recommend the most execrable scum in your cellar. I could name several of our brethren to you, who now stand fair to sit in the seat of justice, and sleep in their golden chain at churches, that had been forced to knock off long ago, if it had not been for this artifice. It saved the Sun from being eclipsed; the Crown from being abdicated; the Rose from decaying; and the Fountain

from being dry ; as well as both the Devils from being confined to utter darkness."

Twenty years later, in a large plan of Aldersgate Ward, 1739-40, we find the Fountain changed to the original Bush. The Fire of London had evidently, at this time, curtailed the ancient extent of the tavern. The exterior is shown in a print of the south side of Aldersgate ; it has the character of the larger houses, built after the Great Fire, and immediately adjoins the gate. The last notice of the Bush, as a place of entertainment, occurs in Maitland's "History of London," ed. 1722, where it is described as "the Fountain, commonly called the Mourning Bush, which has a back-door into St. Anne's-lane, and is situated near unto Aldersgate." The house was refitted in 1830. In the basement are the original wine-vaults of the old Bush ; many of the walls are six feet thick, and bonded throughout with Roman brick. A very agreeable account of the tavern and the antiquities of neighbourhood was published in 1830.

### "The Mourning Crown."

In Phoenix Alley, (now Hanover Court,) Long Acre; John Taylor, the Water Poet, kept a tavern, with the sign of "the Mourning Crown," but this being offensive to the Commonwealth (1652), he substituted for a sign his own head with this inscription—

There's many a head stands for a sign ;  
Then, gentle reader, why not mine ?

He died here in the following year ; and his widow in 1658.

### Jerusalem Taverns, Clerkenwell.

These houses took their name from the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, around whose Priory grew up the village of Clerkenwell. The Priory Gate remains. At the Sup-

pression, the Priory was undermined, and blown up with gunpowder; the Gate also would probably have been destroyed, but for its serving to define the property. In 1604, it was granted to Sir Roger Wilbraham for his life. At this time Clerkenwell was inhabited by people of condition. Forty years later, fashion had travelled westward; and the Gate became the printing-office of Edward Cave, who, in 1731, published here the first number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which to this day bears the Gate for its vignette. Dr. Johnson was first engaged upon the magazine here by Cave in 1737. At the Gate Johnson first met Richard Savage; and here in Cave's room, when visitors called, he ate his plate of victuals behind the screen, his dress being "so shabby that he durst not make his appearance." Garrick, when first he came to London, frequently called upon Johnson at the Gate. Goldsmith was also a visitor here. When Cave grew rich, he had St. John's Gate painted, instead of his arms, on his carriage, and engraven on his plate. After Cave's death in 1753, the premises became the "Jerusalem" public-house, and the "Jerusalem Tavern."

There was likewise another Jerusalem Tavern, at the corner of Red Lion-street on Clerkenwell-green, which was the original St. John's Gate public-house, having assumed the name of "Jerusalem Tavern" in consequence of the old house on the Green giving up the tavern business, and becoming the "merchants' house." In its dank and cob-webbed vaults John Britton served an apprenticeship to a wine-merchant; and in reading at intervals by candle-light, first evinced that love of literature which characterized his long life of industry and integrity. He remembered Clerkenwell in 1787, with St. John's Priory-church and cloisters; when Spafields were pasturage for cows; the old garden-mansions of the aristocracy remained in Clerkenwell-close; and Sadler's Wells, Islington Spa, Merlin's Cave, and Bag-nigge Wells, were nightly crowded with gay company.



In a friendly note, Sept. 11, 1852, Mr. Britton tells us : "Our house sold wines in *full* quarts, *i.e.* twelve held three gallons, wine measure ; and each bottle was marked with four lines cut by a diamond on the neck. Our wines were famed, and the character of the house was high, whence the Gate imitated the bottles and name."

In 1845, by the aid of "the Freemasons of the Church," and Mr. W. P. Griffith, architect, the north and south fronts were restored. The gateway is a good specimen of groining of the 15th century, with moulded ribs, and bosses ornamented with shields of the arms of the Priory, Prior Docwra, etc. The east basement is the tavern bar, with a beautifully moulded ceiling. The stairs are Elizabethan. The principal room over the arch has been despoiled of its window-mullions and groined roof. The foundation-wall of the Gate face is 10 feet 7 inches thick, and the upper walls are nearly 4 feet, hard red brick, stone-cased: the view from the top of the staircase-turret is extensive. In excavating there have been discovered the original pavement, three feet below the Gate ; and the Priory walls, north, south, and west. In 1851, there was published, by B. Foster, proprietor of the Tavern, "Ye History of ye Priory and Gate of St. John." In the principal room of the Gate, over the great arch, met the Urban Club, a society, chiefly of authors and artists, with whom originated the proposition to celebrate the tercentenary of the birth of Shakspeare, in 1864.

### White Hart Tavern, Bishopsgate Without.

About forty years since there stood at a short distance north of St. Botolph's Church, a large old *hostelrie*, according to the date it bore (1480,) towards the close of the reign of Edward IV. Stow, in 1598, describes it as "a fair inn for receipt of travellers, next unto the Parish Church of St. Botolph without Bishopsgate." It preserved much of its original appearance, the main front consisting of three bays

of two storeys, which, with the interspaces, had throughout casements ; and above which was an overhanging storey or attic, and the roof rising in three points. Still, this was not the original front, which was altered in 1787 : upon the old inn yard was built White Hart Court. In 1829, the tavern was taken down, and rebuilt, in handsome modern style ; when the entrance into Old Bedlam, and formerly called Bedlam Gate, was widened, and the street re-named Liverpool-street. A lithograph of the old tavern was published in 1829.

Somewhat lower down is the residence of Sir Paul Pindar, now wine-vaults, with the sign of Paul Pindar's Head, corner of Half-moon-alley, No. 160, Bishopsgate-street Without. Sir Paul was a wealthy merchant, contemporary with Sir Thomas Gresham. The house was built towards the end of the 16th century, with a wood-framed front and caryatid brackets ; and the principal windows bayed, their lower fronts enriched with panels of carved work. In the first-floor front room is a fine original ceiling in stucco, in which are the arms of Sir Paul Pindar. In the rear of these premises, within a garden, was formerly a lodge, of corresponding date, decorated with four medallions, containing figures in Italian taste. In Half-moon-alley was the Half-moon Brewhouse ; of which there is a token in the Beaufoy Collection.

### The Mitre, in Fenchurch-street,

Was one of the political taverns of the Civil War, and was kept by Daniel Rawlinson, who appears to have been a staunch royalist : his token is preserved in the Beaufoy Collection. Dr. Richard Rawlinson, whose Jacobite principles are sufficiently on record, in a letter to Hearné, the nonjuring antiquary at Oxford, says of " Daniel Rawlinson, who kept the Mitre Tavern in Fenchurch-street, and of whose being suspected in the Rump time, I have heard much. The

Whigs tell this, that upon the King's murder, January 30th, 1649, he hung his sign in mourning: he certainly judged right; the honour of the mitre was much eclipsed by the loss of so good a parent to the Church of England; these rogues [the Whigs] say, this endeared him so much to the Churchmen, that he strove amain, and got a good estate."

Pepys, who expressed great personal fear of the Plague, in his Diary, August 6, 1666, notices that notwithstanding Dan Rowlandson's being all last year in the country, the sickness in a great measure past, one of his men was then dead at the Mitre of the pestilence; his wife and one of his maids both sick, and himself shut up, which, says Pepys, "troubles me mightily. God preserve us!"

Rawlinson's tavern, the Mitre, appears to have been destroyed in the Great Fire, and immediately after rebuilt; as Horace Walpole, from Vertue's notes, states that "Isaac Fuller was much employed to paint the great taverns in London; particularly the Mitre, in Fenchurch-street, where he adorned all the sides of a great room, in panels, as was then the fashion;" "the figures being as large as life; over the chimney, a Venus, Satyr, and sleeping Cupid; a boy riding a goat, and another fallen down;" this was, he adds, "the best part of the performance. Saturn devouring a child, the colouring raw and the figure of Saturn too muscular; Mercury, Minerva, Diana, and Apollo; Bacchus, Venus, and Ceres, embracing; a young Selinus fallen down, and holding a goblet into which a boy was pouring wine. The Seasons between the windows, and on the ceiling, in a large circle, two angels supporting a mitre."

Yet, Fuller was a wretched painter, as borne out by Elsum's "Epigram on a Drunken Sot:"—

His head does on his shoulder lean,  
His eyes are sunk, and hardly seen:  
Who sees this sot in his own colour,  
Is apt to say, 'twas done by Fuller.

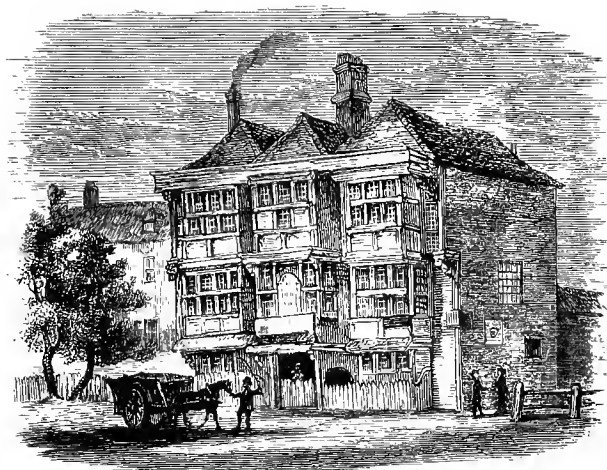
*Burn's Beaufoy Catalogue.*

## The King's Head, Fenchurch-street.

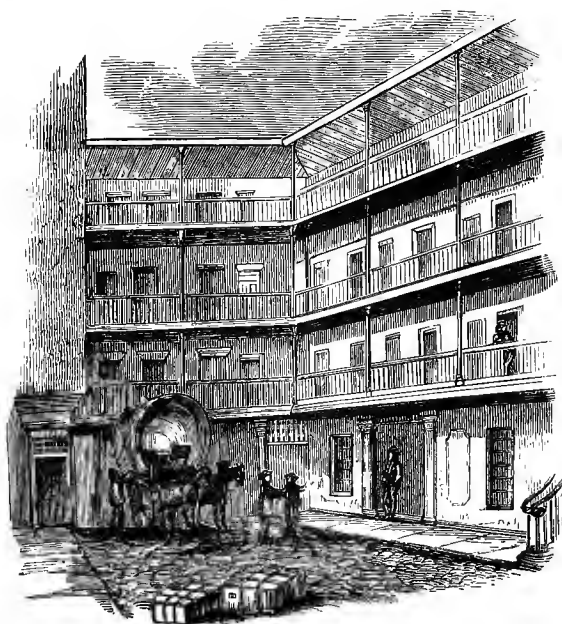
No. 53 is a place of historic interest ; for, the Princess Elizabeth, having attended service at the church of All-hallows Staining, in Langbourn Ward, on her release from the Tower, on the 19th of May, 1554, dined off pork and peas afterwards, at the King's Head in Fenchurch Street, where the metal dish and cover she is said to have used are still preserved. The Tavern has been of late years enlarged and embellished, in taste accordant with its historical association ; the ancient character of the building being preserved in the smoking-room, 60 feet in length, upon the walls of which are displayed corslets, shields, helmets, and knightly arms.

## The Elephant, Fenchurch Street.

In the year 1826 was taken down the old Elephant Tavern, which was built before the Great Fire, and narrowly escaped its ravages. It stood on the north side of Fenchurch-street, and was originally the Elephant and Castle. Previous to the demolition of the premises there were removed from the wall two pictures, which Hogarth is said to have painted while a lodger there. About this time a parochial entertainment which had hitherto been given at the Elephant, was removed to the King's Head (Henry VIII.) Tavern nearly opposite. At this Hogarth was annoyed, and he went over to the King's Head, when an altercation ensued, and he left, threatening to *stick them all up* on the Elephant tap-room ; this he is said to have done, and on the opposite wall subsequently painted the Hudson's Bay Company's Porters going to dinner, representing Fenchurch-street a century and a half ago. The first picture was set down as Hogarth's first idea of his Modern Midnight Conversation, in which he is supposed to have represented the parochial party at the King's Head, though it differs



Old Queen's Head, Lower Road, Islington.  
(Pulled down 1820.)



George and Blue Boar, Holborn. (The Courtyard.)



from Hogarth's print. There was a third picture, Harlequin and Pierrot, and on the wall of the Elephant first-floor was found a picture of Harlow Bush Fair, coated over with paint.

Only two of the pictures were claimed as Hogarth's. The Elephant has been engraved; and at the foot of the print, the information as to Hogarth having executed these paintings is rested upon the evidence of Mrs. Hibbert, who kept the house between thirty and forty years, and received her information from persons at that time well acquainted with Hogarth. Still, his biographers do not record his abode in Fenchurch-street. The Tavern has been rebuilt.

### The African, St. Michael's Alley.

Another of the Cornhill taverns, the African, or Cole's Coffee-house, is memorable as the last place at which Professor Porson appeared. He had, in some measure, recovered from the effects of the fit in which he had fallen on the 19th of September, 1808, when he was brought in a hackney-coach to the London Institution in the Old Jewry. Next morning he had a long discussion with Dr. Adam Clarke, who took leave of him at its close; and this was the last conversation Porson was ever capable of holding on any subject.

Porson is thought to have fancied himself under restraint, and to convince himself of the contrary, next morning, the 20th, he walked out, and soon after went to the African, in St. Michael's Alley, which was one of his City resorts. On entering the coffee-room, he was so exhausted that he must have fallen had he not caught hold of the curtain-rod of one of the boxes, when he was recognised by Mr. J. P. Leigh, a gentleman with whom he had frequently dined at the house. A chair was given him; he sat down, and stared around with a vacant and ghastly countenance, and he evidently did not recollect Mr. Leigh. He took a little wine, which

revived him, but previously to this his head lay upon his breast, and he was continually muttering something, but in so low and indistinct a tone as scarcely to be audible. He then took a little jelly dissolved in warm brandy-and-water, which considerably roused him. Still he could make no answer to questions addressed to him, except these words, which he repeated, probably, twenty times :—"The gentleman said it was a lucrative piece of business, and *I* think so too,"—but in a very low tone. A coach was now brought to take him to the London Institution, and he was helped in, and accompanied by the waiter; he appeared quite senseless all the way, and did not utter a word; and in reply to the question where they should stop, he put his head out of the window, and waved his hand when they came opposite the door of the Institution. Upon this Dr. Clarke touchingly observes: "How quick the transition from the highest degree of intellect to the lowest apprehensions of sense! On what a precarious tenure does frail humanity hold even its choicest and most necessary gifts."

Porson expired on the night of Sunday, September 20th, with a deep groan, exactly as the clock struck twelve, in the forty-ninth year of his age.

### The Grave Maurice Tavern.

There are two taverns with this name,—in St. Leonard's-road and Whitechapel-road. The history of the sign is curious. Many years ago the latter house had a written sign, "The Grave Morris," but this has been amended.

But the original was the famous Prince of Orange, Grave Maurice, of whom we read in Howel's "Familiar Letters." In Junius's "Etymologicon," Grave is explained to be Comes, or Count, as Palsgrave is Palatine Count; of which we have an instance in Palsgrave Count, or Elector Palatine, who married Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I. Their issue were the Palsgrave Charles Louis, the Grave



Count or Prince Palatine Rupert, and the Grave Count or Prince Maurice, who alike distinguished themselves in the Civil Wars.

The two princes, Rupert and Maurice, for their loyalty and courage, were, after the Restoration, very popular; which induced the author of the "Tavern Anecdotes" to conjecture: "As we have an idea that the Mount at Whitechapel was raised to overawe the City, Maurice, before he proceeded to the west, might have the command of the work on the east side of the metropolis, and a temporary residence on the spot where his sign was so lately exhibited." At the close of the troubles of the reign, the two princes retired. In 1652, they were endeavouring to annoy the enemies of Charles II. in the West Indies, when the Grave Maurice lost his life in a hurricane.

The sign of the Grave Maurice remained against the house in the Whitechapel-road till the year 1806, when it was taken down to be repainted. It represented a soldier in a hat and feather, and blue uniform. The tradition of the neighbourhood is, that it is the portrait of a prince of Hesse, who was a great warrior, but of so inflexible a countenance, that he was never seen to smile in his life; and that he was, therefore, most properly termed *grave*.

### Mathematical Society, Spitalfields.

It is curious to find that a century and a half since, science found a home in Spitalfields, chiefly among the middle and working classes; they met at small taverns in that locality. It appears that a Mathematical Society, which also cultivated electricity, was established in 1717, and met at the Monmouth's Head in Monmouth-street, until 1725, when they removed to the White Horse Tavern, in Wheeler-street; from thence, in 1735, to Ben Jonson's Head in Pelham-street; and next to Crispin-street, Spitalfields. The members were chiefly tradesmen and artisans; among those of

higher rank were Canton, Dollond, Thomas Simpson, and Crossley. The Society lent their instruments (air-pumps, reflecting telescopes, reflecting microscopes, electrical machines, surveying instruments, etc.) with books for the use of them, on the borrowers giving a note of hand for the value thereof. The number of members was not to exceed the square of seven, except such as were abroad or in the country; but this was increased to the squares of eight and nine. The members met on Saturday evenings: each present was to employ himself in some mathematical exercise, or forfeit one penny; and if he refused to answer a question asked by another in mathematics, he was to forfeit twopence. The Society long cherished a taste for exact science among the residents in the neighbourhood of Spitalfields, and accumulated a library of nearly 3000 volumes; but in 1845, when on the point of dissolution, the few remaining members made over their books, records, and memorials to the Royal Astronomical Society, of which these members were elected Fellows.\* This amalgamation was chiefly negotiated by Captain, afterwards Admiral Smyth.

### Globe Tavern, Fleet-street.

In the last century, when public amusements were comparatively few, and citizens dwelt in town, the Globe in Fleet-street was noted for its little clubs and card-parties. Here was held, for a time, the Robin Hood Club, a Wednesday Club, and later, Oliver Goldsmith and his friends often finished their Shoemaker's Holiday by supping at the Globe. Among the company was a surgeon, who, living on the Surrey side of the Thames (Blackfriars Bridge was not then built), had to take a boat every night, at 3s. or 4s. expense, and the risk of his life; yet, when the bridge was built, he grumbled at having a penny to pay for crossing it. Other frequenters of the Globe were Archibald Hamilton,

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\* "Curiosities of London," p. 678.

“with a mind fit for a lord chancellor;” Carnan, the bookseller, who defeated the Stationers’ Company upon the almanac trial; Dunstall, the comedian; the veteran Macklin; Akerman, the keeper of Newgate, who always thought it most prudent not to venture home till daylight; and William Woodfall, the reporter of the parliamentary debates. Then there was one Glover, a surgeon, who restored to life a man who had been hung in Dublin, and who ever after was a plague to his deliverer. Brasbridge, the silversmith of Fleet-street, was a frequenter of the Globe. In his eightieth year he wrote his “Fruits of Experience,” full of pleasant gossip about the minor gaieties of St. Bride’s. He was more fond of following the hounds than his business, and failure was the ill consequence: he tells of a sporting party of four—that he and his partner became bankrupt; the third, Mr. Smith, became Lord Mayor; and the fourth fell into poverty, and was glad to accept the situation of patrol before the house of his Lordship, whose associate he had been only a few years before. Smith had 100,000*l.* of bad debts on his books, yet died worth one-fourth of that sum. We remember the Globe, a handsomely-appointed tavern, some forty-five years since; but it has long ceased to be a tavern.

### The Devil Tavern.

This celebrated Tavern is described in the present work, pp. 9-13, as the meeting place of the Apollo Club. Its later history is interesting.

Mull Sack, *alias* John Cottington, the noted highwayman of the time of the Commonwealth, is stated to have been a constant visitor at the Devil Tavern. In the garb and character of a man of fashion, he appears to have levied contributions on the public as a pickpocket and highwayman, to a greater extent than perhaps any other individual of his fraternity on record. He not only had the honour of picking the pocket of Oliver Cromwell, when Lord Protector,

but he afterwards robbed King Charles II., then living in exile at Cologne, of plate valued at 1500*l*. Another of his feats was his robbing the wife of the Lord General Fairfax. "This lady," we are told, "used to go to a lecture on a weekday, to Ludgate Church, where one Mr. Jacomb preached, being much followed by the precisians. Mull Sack, observing this,—and that she constantly wore her watch hanging by a chain from her waist,—against the next time she came there, dressed himself like an officer in the army; and having his comrades attending him like troopers, one of them takes out the pin of a coachwheel that was going upwards through the gate, by which means, it falling off, the passage was obstructed; so that the lady could not alight at the church-door, but was forced to leave her coach without. Mull Sack, taking advantage of this, readily presented himself to her ladyship; and having the impudence to take her from her gentlemen usher, who attended her alighting, led her by the arm into the church; and by the way, with a pair of keen or sharp scissors for the purpose, cut the chain in two, and got the watch clear away: she not missing it till sermon was done, when she was going to see the time of the day." At the Devil Tavern Mull Sack could mix with the best society, whom he probably occasionally relieved of their watches and purses. There is extant a very rare print of him, in which he is represented partly in the garb of a chimney-sweep, his original avocation, and partly in the fashionable costume of the period.\*

In the Apollo chamber, at the Devil Tavern, were rehearsed, with music, the Court-day Odes of the Poets Laureate: hence Pope, in the "Dunciad:"

Back to the Devil the loud echoes roll,  
And "Coll!" each butcher roars at Hockley Hole.

The following epigram on the Odes rehearsals is by a wit of those times:

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\* Jesse's "London and its Celebrities."

When Laureates make Odes, do you ask of what sort ?  
 Do you ask if they're good, or are evil ?  
 You may judge—from the Devil they comè to the Court,  
 And go from the Court to the Devil.

St. Dunstan's, or the Devil Tavern, is mentioned as a house of old repute, in the interlude, *Jacke Jugeler*, 1563, where Jack, having persuaded his cousin Jenkin,

As foolish a knave withall,  
 As any is now, within London wall,

that he was not himself, thrusts him from his master's door, and in answer to Jenkin's sorrowful question—where his master and he were to dwell, replies,

At the Devyll yf you lust, I can not tell !

Ben Johnson being one night at the Devil Tavern, a country gentleman in the company was obtrusively loquacious touching his land and tenements: Ben, out of patience, exclaimed, "What signifies to us your dirt and your clods? Where you have an acre of land I have ten acres of wit!" "Have you so," retorted the countryman, "good Mr. Wise-acre?" "Why, how now, Ben?" said one of the party, "you seem to be quite stung!" "I was never so pricked by a hobnail before," grumbled Ben.

There is a ludicrous reference to this old place in a song describing the visit of James I. to St. Paul's Cathedral on Sunday, 26th of March, 1620:

The Maior layd downe his mace, and cry'd,  
 " God save your Grace,  
 And keepe our King from all evil !"  
 With all my hart I then wist, the good mace  
 had been in my fist,  
 To ha' pawn'd it for supper at the *Devill* !

We have already given the famous Apollo "Welcome," but not immortal Ben's Rules, which have been thus happily translated by Alexander Brome, one of the wits who fre-

quented the Devil, and who left "Poems and Songs," 1661: he was an attorney in the Lord Mayor's Court :

*Ben Jonson's Sociable Rules for the Apollo.*

Let none but guests, or clubbers, hither come.  
 Let dunces, fools, sad sordid men keep home.  
 Let learned, civil, merry men, b' invited,  
 And modest too ; nor be choice ladies slighted.  
 Let nothing in the treat offend the guests ;  
 More for delight than cost prepare the feast.  
 The cook and purvey'r must our palates know ;  
 And none contend who shall sit high or low.  
 Our waiters must quick-sighted be, and dumb,  
 And let the drawers quickly hear and come.  
 Let not our wine be mix'd, but brisk and neat,  
 Or else the drinkers may the vintners beat.  
 And let our only emulation be,  
 Not drinking much, but talking wittily.  
 Let it be voted lawful to stir up  
 Each other with a moderate chirping cup ;  
 Let not our company be or talk too much ;  
 On serious things, or sacred, let's not touch  
 With sated heads and bellies. Neither may  
 Fiddlers unask'd obtrude themselves to play,  
 With laughing, leaping, dancing, jests, and songs,  
 And whate'er else to grateful mirth belongs,  
 Let's celebrate our feasts ; and let us see  
 That all our jests without reflection be.  
 Insipid poems let no man rehearse,  
 Nor any be compelled to write a verse.  
 All noise of vain disputes must be forborne,  
 And let no lover in a corner mourn,  
 To fight and brawl, like hectors, let none dare,  
 Glasses or windows break, or hangings tear,  
 Whoe'er shall publish what's here done or said  
 From our society must be banishèd ;  
 Let none by drinking do or suffer harm,  
 And, while we stay, let us be always warm.

We must now say something of the noted hosts. Simon Wadlow appears for the last time, as a licensed vintner, in the Wardmote return, of December, 1626 ; and the buria

register of St. Dunstan's records: "March 30th, 1627, Symon Wadlowe, vintner, was buried out of Fleet-street." On St. Thomas's Day, in the last-named year, the name of "the widow Wadlowe" appears; and in the following year, 1628, of the eight licensed victuallers, five were widows. The widow Wadlowe's name is returned for the last time by the Wardmote on December 21st, 1629.

The name of John Wadlow, apparently the son of old Simon, appears first as a licensed victualler, in the Wardmote return, December 21, 1646. He issued his token, showing on its obverse St. Dunstan holding the devil by his nose, his lower half being that of a satyr, the devil on the signboard was as usual, *sable*; the origin of the practice being thus satisfactorily explained by Dr. Jortin: "The devils used often to appear to the monks in the figure of Ethiopian boys or men; thence probably the painters learned to make the devil black." Hogarth, in his print of the Burning of the Rumps, represents the hanging of the effigy against the signboard of the Devil Tavern.

In a ludicrous and boasting ballad of 1650, we read:

Not the Vintry Cranes, nor St. Clement's Danes,  
Nor the Devil can put us down-a.

John Wadlow's name occurs for the last time in the Wardmote return of December, 1660. After the Great Fire, he rebuilt the Sun Tavern, behind the Royal Exchange: he was a loyal man, and appears to have been sufficiently wealthy to have advanced money to the Crown; his autograph was attached to several receipts among the Exchequer documents lately destroyed.

Hollar's Map of London, 1667, shows the site of the Devil Tavern, and its proximity to the barrier designated Temple Bar, when the house had become the resort of lawyers and physicians. In the rare volume of "Cambridge Merry Jests," printed in the reign of Charles II., the will of a tavern-hunter has the bequeathment of "ten pounds to be

drank by lawyers and physicians at the Devil's Tavern, by Temple Bar."

*The Tatler*, October 11, 1709, contains Bickerstaff's account of the wedding entertainment at the Devil Tavern, in honour of his sister Jenny's marriage. He mentions "the Rules of Ben's Club in gold letters over the chimney;" and this is the latest notice of this celebrated ode. When, or by whom, the board was taken from "over the chimney," Mr. Burn has failed to discover.

Swift tells Stella that Oct. 12, 1710, he dined at the Devil Tavern with Mr. Addison and Dr. Garth, when the doctor treated.

In 1746, the Royal Society held here their Annual Dinner; and in 1752, concerts of vocal and instrumental music were given in the great room.

A view of the exterior of the Devil Tavern, with its gable-pointed front, engraved from a drawing by Wale, was published in Dodsley's "London and its Environs," 1761. The sign-iron bears its pendent sign—the Saint painted as a half-length, and the devil behind him grinning grimly over his shoulder. On the removal of projecting signs, by authority, in 1764, the Devil Tavern sign was placed flat against the front, and there remained till the demolition of the house.

Brush Collins, in March, 1775, delivered for several evenings, in the great room, a satirical lecture on Modern Oratory. In the following year, a Pandemonium Club was held here; and, according to a notice in Mr. Burn's possession, "the first meeting was to be on Monday, the 4th of November, 1776. These devils were lawyers, who were about commencing term, to the annoyance of many a nitherto happy *bon-vivant*."

From bad to worse, the Devil Tavern fell into disuse, and Messrs. Child, the bankers, purchased the freehold in 1787, for 2800*l.* It was soon after demolished, and the site is now occupied by the houses called Child's-place.



We have selected and condensed these details from Mr. Burn's exhaustive article on the Devil Tavern, in the Beaufoy Catalogue.

There is a token of this tavern, which is very rare. The initials stand for Simon Wadloe, embalmed in Squire Western's favourite air "Old Sir Simon the King :"—"AT THE D. AND DVNSTANS. The representation of the saint standing at his anvil, and pulling the nose of the 'D.' with his pincers.—R. WITHIN TEMPLE BARRE. In the field, I. S. W."

### The Young Devil Tavern.

The notoriety of the Devil Tavern, as common in such cases, created an opponent on the opposite side of Fleet-street, named "The Young Devil." The Society of Antiquaries, who had previously met at the Bear Tavern, in the Strand, changed their rendezvous Jan. 9, 1707-8, to the Young Devil Tavern ; but the host failed, and as Browne Willis tells us, the Antiquaries, in or about 1709, "met at the Fountain Tavern, as we went down into the Inner Temple, against Chancery Lane."

Later, a music-room, called the Apollo, was attempted, but with no success : an advertisement for a concert, December 19, 1737, intimated "tickets to be had at Will's Coffee-house, formerly the Apollo, in Bell Yard, near Temple Bar." This may explain the Apollo Court, in Fleet-street, unless it is found in the Cock Tavern below.

### Cock Tavern, Fleet-street.

The Apollo Club, at the Devil Tavern, is kept in remembrance by Apollo Court, in Fleet-street, nearly opposite ; next door eastward of which is an old tavern nearly as well known. It is, perhaps, the most primitive place of its kind in the metropolis : it still possesses a fragment of decoration of the time of James I., and the writer remembers the

tavern half a century ago, with considerably more of its original panelling. It is more than two centuries since (1665), when the Plague was raging, the landlord shut up his house and retired into the country; and there is preserved one of the farthings referred to in this advertisement:—"This is to certify that the master of the Cock and Bottle, commonly called the Cock Alehouse, at Temple Bar, hath dismissed his servants, and shut up his house, for this long vacation, intending (God willing) to return at Michaelmas next; so that all persons whatsoever who may have any accounts with the said master, or *farthings belonging to the said house*, are desired to repair thither before the 8th of this instant, and they shall receive satisfaction." Three years later, we find Pepys frequenting this tavern: "23rd April, 1668. Thence by water to the Temple, and there to the Cock Alehouse, and drank, and eat a lobster, and sang, and mightily merry. So almost night, I carried Mrs. Pierce home, and then Knipp and I to the Temple again, and took boat, it being now night." The tavern has a gilt signbird over the passage door, stated to have been carved by Gibbons. Over the mantelpiece is some carving, at least of the time of James I.; but we remember the entire room similarly carved, and a huge black-and-gilt clock, and settle. The head-waiter of our time lives in the verse of Laureate Tennyson—"O plump head-waiter of the Cock!" apostrophizes the "Will Waterproof" of the bard, in a reverie wherein he conceives William to have undergone a transition similar to that of Jove's cup-bearer:—

And hence (says he) this halo lives about  
 The waiter's hands, that reach  
 To each his perfect pint of stout,  
 His proper chop to each.  
 He looks not with the common breed,  
 That with the napkin dally;  
**I** think he came, like Gannymede,  
**From** some delightful valley.

And of the redoubtable bird, who is supposed to have performed the eagle's part in this abduction, he says:—

The Cock was of a larger egg  
 Than modern poultry drop,  
 Stept forward on a firmer leg,  
 And cramm'd a plumper crop.

### The Hercules' Pillars Taverns.

Hercules Pillars Alley, on the south side of Fleet-street, near St. Dunstan's Church, is described by Strype as "altogether inhabited by such as keep Publick Houses for entertainment, for which it is of note."

The token of the Hercules Pillars is thus described by Mr. Akerman:—"ED. OLDHAM AT Y HERCVLES. A crowned male figure standing erect, and grasping a pillar with each hand.—R. PILLERS IN FLEET STREET. In the field, HIS HALF PENNY, E. P. O." "From this example," illustratively observes Mr. Akerman, "it would seem that the locality, called Hercules Pillars Alley, like other places in London, took its name from the tavern. The mode of representing the pillars of Hercules is somewhat novel; and, but for the inscription, we should have supposed the figure to represent Samson clutching the pillars of the temple of Dagon. At the trial of Stephen Colledge, for high-treason, in 1681, an Irishman named Haynes, swore that he walked to the Hercules Pillars with the accused, and that in a room upstairs Colledge spoke of his treasonable designs and feeling. On another occasion the parties walked from Richard's coffee-house\* to this tavern, where it was sworn they had a similar conference. Colledge, in his defence, denies the truth of the allegation, and declares that the walk from the coffee-house to the tavern is not more than a bow-shot, and that during such walk the witness had all the conversation to

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\* Subsequently "Dick's."

himself, though he had sworn that treasonable expressions had been made use of on their way thither.

“Pepys frequented this tavern : in one part of his ‘Diary’ he says, ‘With Mr. Creed to Hercules Pillars, where we drank.’ In another, ‘In Fleet-street I met with Mr. Salisbury, who is now grown in less than two years’ time so great a limner that he has become excellent and gets a great deal of money at it. I took him to Hercules Pillars to drink.’”

Again : “After the play was done, we met with Mr. Bateller and W. Hewer, and Talbot Pepys, and they followed us in a hackney-coach ; and we all supped at Hercules Pillars ; and there I did give the best supper I could, and pretty merry ; and so home between eleven and twelve at night.” “At noon, my wife came to me at my tailor’s, and I sent her home, and myself and Tom dined at Hercules Pillars.”

Another noted “Hercules Pillars” was at Hyde Park Corner, near Hamilton-place, on the site of what is now the pavement opposite Lord Willoughby’s. “Here,” says Cunningham, “Squire Western put his horses up when in pursuit of Tom Jones ; and here Field Marshal the Marquis of Gransby was often found.” And Wycherley, in his “Plain Dealer,” 1676, makes the spendthrift Jerry Blackacre, talk of picking up his mortgaged silver “out of most of the ale-houses between Hercules Pillars and the Boatswain, in Wapping.”

Hyde Park Corner was noted for its petty taverns, some of which remained as late as 1805. It was to one of these taverns that Steele took Savage to dine, and where Sir Richard dictated and Savage wrote a pamphlet, which he went out and sold for two guineas, with which the reckoning was paid. Steele then “returned home, having retired that day only to avoid his creditors, and composed a pamphlet only to discharge his reckoning.”

## Hole-in-the-Wall Taverns.

This odd sign exists in Chancery-lane, at a house on the east side, immediately opposite the old gate of Lincoln's-Inn ; "and," says Mr. Burn, "being supported by the dependants on legal functionaries, appears to have undergone fewer changes than the law, retaining all the vigour of a new establishment." There is another "Hole-in-the-wall" in St. Dunstan's-court, Fleet-street, much frequented by printers.

Mr. Akerman says :—"It was a popular sign, and several taverns bore the same designation, which probably originated in a certain tavern being situated in some umbrageous recess in the old City walls. Many of the most popular and most frequented taverns of the present day are located in twilight courts and alleys, into which Phœbus peeps at Mid-summer-tide only when on the meridian. Such localities may have been selected on more than one account : they not only afforded good skulking 'holes' for those who loved drinking better than work ; but beer and other liquors keep better in the shade. These haunts, like Lady Mary's farm, were—

In summer shady, and in winter warm.

Rawlins, the engraver of the fine and much coveted Oxford Crown, with a view of the city under the horse, dates a quaint supplicatory letter to John Evelyn, 'from the Hole-in-the-Wall, in St. Martin's ;' no misnomer, we will be sworn, in that aggregation of debt and dissipation, when debtors were imprisoned with a very remote chance of redemption. In the days of Rye-house and Meal-tub plots, philanthropy overlooked such little matters ; and Small Debts Bills were not dreamt of in the philosophy of speculative legislators. Among other places which bore the designation of the Hole-in-the-Wall, there was one in Chandos-street, in which the famous Duval, the highwayman, was apprehended after an attack on—two bottles of wine, probably drugged by a 'friend' or mistress."

## The Mitre, in Fleet-street.

This was the true Johnsonian Mitre, so often referred to in "Boswell's Life;" but it has earlier fame. Here, in 1640, Lilly met Old Will Poole, the astrologer, then living in Ram-alley. The Royal Society Club dined at the Mitre from 1743 to 1750, the Society then meeting in Crane-court, nearly opposite. The Society of Antiquaries met some time at the Mitre. Dr. Macmichael, in "The Gold-headed Cane," makes Dr. Radcliffe say:—"I never recollect to have spent a more delightful evening than that at the Mitre Tavern in Fleet-street, where my good friend Billy Nutly, who was indeed the better half of me, had been prevailed upon to accept of a small temporary assistance, and joined our party, the Earl of Denbigh, Lords Colepeper and Stowel, and Mr. Blackmore."

The house has a token:—WILLIAM PAGET AT THE. A mitre.—R. MITRE IN FLEET STREET. In the field, W. E. P.

Johnson's Mitre is commonly thought to be the tavern with that sign, which still exists in Mitre-court, over against Fetter-lane; where is shown a cast of Nollekens' bust of Johnson, in confirmation of this house being his resort. Such was not the case; Boswell distinctly states it to have been the Mitre Tavern *in Fleet-street*; and the records by Lilly and the Royal Society alike specify "in Fleet-street," which Mr. Burn, in his excellent account of the Beaufoy Tokens, explains was the house, No. 39, Fleet-street, that Macklin opened, in 1788, as the Poet's Gallery; and lastly Saunders's auction-rooms. It was taken down to enlarge the site for Messrs. Hoare's new banking-house. The now Mitre Tavern, in Mitre-court, was originally called Joe's Coffee-house; and on the shutting up of the old Mitre, in Fleet-street, took its name; this being four years after Johnson's death.

The Mitre was Dr. Johnson's favourite supper-house, the

parties including Goldsmith, Percy, Hawkesworth, and Boswell; there was planned the tour to the Hebrides. Johnson had a strange nervous feeling, which made him uneasy if he had not touched every post between the Mitre and his own lodgings. Johnson took Goldsmith to the Mitre, where Boswell and the Doctor had supped together in the previous month, when Boswell spoke of Goldsmith's "very loose, odd, scrambling kind of life," and Johnson defended him as one of our first men as an author, and a very worthy man;—adding, "he has been loose in his principles but he is coming right." Boswell was impatient of Goldsmith from the first hour of their acquaintance. Chamberlain Clarke, who died in 1831, aged 92, was the last surviving of Dr. Johnson's Mitre friends. Mr. William Scott, Lord Stowell, also frequented the Mitre.

Boswell has this remarkable passage respecting the house:—"We had a good supper, and port-wine, of which he (Johnson) sometimes drank a bottle. The orthodox high-church sound of THE MITRE—the figure and manner of the celebrated SAMUEL JOHNSON—the extraordinary power and precision of his conversation, and the pride arising from finding myself admitted as his companion, produced a variety of sensations, and a pleasing elevation of mind, beyond what I had ever experienced."

### Ship Tavern, Temple Bar.

This noted Tavern, the site of which is now denoted by Ship-yard, is mentioned among the grants to Sir Christopher Hatton, 1571. There is, in the Beaufof Collection, a Ship token, dated 1649, which is evidence that the inner tavern of that sign was then extant. It was also called the Drake from the ship painted as the sign being that in which Sir Francis Drake voyaged round the world. Faithorne, the celebrated engraver, kept shop next door to the Drake.

“The Ship Tavern, in the Butcher-row, near Temple Bar,” occurs in an advertisement so late as June, 1756.

The taverns about Temple Bar were formerly numerous; and the folly of disfiguring signboards was then, as at a later date, a street frolic. “Sir John Denham, the poet, when a student at Lincoln’s-Inn, in 1635, though generally temperate as a drinker, having stayed late at a tavern with some fellow-students, induced them to join him in ‘a frolic,’ to obtain a pot of ink and a plasterer’s brush, and blot out all the signs between Temple Bar and Charing Cross. Aubrey relates that R. Estcourt, Esq., carried the ink-pot: and that next day it caused great confusion; but it happened Sir John and his comrades were discovered, and it cost them some moneys.”

### The Palsgrave Head, Temple Bar.

This once celebrated Tavern, opposite the Ship, occupied the site of Palsgrave-place, on the south side of the Strand, near Temple Bar. The Palsgrave Frederick, afterwards King of Bohemia, was affianced to the Princess Elizabeth (only daughter of James I.), in the old banqueting house at Whitehall, December 27, 1612, when the sign was, doubtless, set up in compliment to him. There is a token of the house in the Beaufoyc Collection. (See “Burn’s Catalogue,” p. 225.)

Here Prior and Montague, in “The Hind and Panther Transversed,” make the Country Mouse and the City Mouse bilk the Hackney Coachman:

But now at Piccadilly they arrive,  
And taking coach, t’wards Temple Bar they drive,  
But at St. Clement’s eat out the back,  
And slipping through the Palsgrave, bilkt poor hack.



## Heycock's, Temple Bar.

Near the Palsgrave's Head Tavern, was Heycock's Ordinary, much frequented by Parliament men and gallants. Andrew Marvell usually dined here : one day, having eaten heartily of boiled beef, with some roasted pigeons and asparagus, he drank his pint of port ; and on the coming in of the reckoning, taking a piece of money out of his pocket, held it up, and addressing his associates, certain members of Parliament, known to be in the pay of the Crown, said "Gentlemen, who would lett himself out for hire, while the can have such a dinner for half-a-crown?"

## The Crown and Anchor, Strand.

This famous tavern extended from Arundel-street eastward to Milford-lane, in the rear of the south side of the Strand, and occupied the site of an older house with the same sign. Strype, in 1729, described it as "the Crown Tavern ; a large and curious house, with good rooms and other conveniences fit for entertainments." Here was instituted the Academy of Music in 1710 ; and here the Royal Society Club, who had previously met at the Mitre in Fleet-street, removed in 1780, and dined here for the first time on December 21, and here they continued until the tavern was converted into a club-house in 1847.

The second tavern was built in 1790. Its first landlord was Thomas Simkin, a very corpulent man, who, in superintending the serving of a large dinner, leaned over a balustrade, which broke, when he fell from a considerable height to the ground, and was killed. The sign appears to have been originally "The Crown," to which may have been added the Anchor, from its being the emblem of St. Clement's, opposite ; or from the Lord High Admiral having once resided on the site. The tavern contained a

ball-room, 84 feet by 35 feet 6 inches; in 1798, on the birthday of C. J. Fox, was given in this house, a banquet to 2000 persons, when the Duke of Norfolk presided. The large room was noted for political meetings in the stormy Tory and Radical times; and the Crown and Anchor was long the rallying-point of the Westminster electors. The room would hold 2500 persons: one of the latest popular orators who spoke here was Daniel O'Connell, M.P. There was originally an entrance to the house from the Strand, by a long passage, such as was the usual approach to our old metropolitan taverns. The premises were entirely destroyed by fire, in 1854, but have been rebuilt.\*

Here Johnson and Boswell occasionally supped; and here Johnson quarrelled with Percy about old Dr. Monsey. Thither was brought the altar-piece (St. Cecilia), painted by Kent for St. Clement's Church, whence it was removed, in 1725, by order of Bishop Gibson, on the supposition that the picture contained portraits of the Pretender's wife and children.

### The Canary-House in the Strand.

There is a rare Token of this house, with the date, 1665. The locality of the "Canary House in the Strande," says Mr. E. B. Price, "is now, perhaps, impossible to trace; and it is, perhaps, as vain to attempt a description of the wine from which it took its name, and which was so celebrated in that and the preceding century. Some have erroneously identified it with sack. We find it mentioned among the various drinks which Gascoyne so virtuously inveighs against in his "Delicate Diet for daintie mouthde Droonkardes," published in 1576: "*We* must have March beere, dooble-dooble Beere, Dagger ale, Bragget, Renish wine, White wine, French wine, Gascoyne wine, Sack, Hollocke, Canaria wine, *Vino greco*, *Vinum amabile*, and al the wines

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\* See Whittington Club, p. 266.

that may be gotten. Yea, wine of its selfe is not sufficient; but Sugar, Limons, and sundry sortes of Spices must be drowned therein." The bibbers of this famed wine were wont to be termed "Canary birds." Of its qualities we can perhaps form the best estimate from the colloquy between "mine hostess of the Boar's Head and Doll Tearsheet;" in which the former charges the latter with having "drunk too much *Canaries*; and that's a *marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say, What's this?*"\*

### The Fountain Tavern,

Strand, now the site of Nos. 101 and 102, Ries's Divan, gave the name to the Fountain Club, composed of political opponents of Sir Robert Walpole. Strype describes it as "a very fine Tavern, with excellent vaults, good rooms for entertainment, and a curious kitchen for dressing of meat, which, with the good wine there sold, make it well resorted to." Dennis, the Critic, describes his supping here with Loggan, the painter, and others, and that after supper they "drank Mr. Wycherley's health by name of Captain Wycherley."

Here, Feb. 12, 1742, was held a great meeting, at which near 300 members of both Houses of Parliament were present, to consider the ministerial crisis, when the Duke of Argyll observed to Mr. Pulteney, that a grain of honesty was worth a cart-load of gold. The meeting was held too late to be of any avail, to which Sir Charles Hanbury Williams alludes in one of his odes to Pulteney, invoking his Muse thus:—

Then enlarge on his cunning and wit ;  
 Say, how he harang'd at the Fountain ;  
 Say, how the old patriots were bit,  
 And a mouse was produc'd by a mountain.

\* We learn from Collier's "Roxburghe Ballads" (*Lit. Gaz.* No. 1566) that in the reign of James I. "sparkling sack" was sold at 1s. 6d. per quart, and "Canary—pure French wine," at 7d.

Upon the Tavern site was a Drawing Academy, of which Cosway and Wheatley were pupils; here also was the lecture-room of John Thelwall, the political elocutionist. At No. 101, Ackermann, the printseller, illuminated his gallery with cannel coal, when gas-lighting was a novelty.

In Fountain-court, named from the Tavern, is the Coal-hole Tavern, upon the site of a coal-yard; it was much resorted to by Edmund Kean, and was one of the earliest night taverns for singing.

### Tavern Life of Sir Richard Steele.

Among the four hundred letters of Steele's preserved in the British Museum, are some written from his tavern haunts, a few weeks after marriage, to his "Dearest being on earth:"

*Eight o'clock, Fountain Tavern, Oct. 22, 1707.*

My dear,

I beg of you not to be uneasy; for I have done a great deal of business to-day very successfully, and wait an hour or two about my *Gazette*.

In the next he does "not come home to dinner, being obliged to attend to some business abroad." Then he writes from the Devil Tavern, Temple Bar, January 3, 1707-8, as follows:—

I have partly succeeded in my business, and enclose two guineas as earnest of more. Dear Prue, I cannot come home to dinner; I languish for your welfare, and will never be a moment careless more.

Your faithful husband, etc.

Within a few days, he writes from a Pall Mall tavern:—

Dear Wife,

Mr. Edgecome, Ned Ask, and Mr. Lumley, have desired me to sit an hour with them at the George, in Pall Mall, for which I desire your patience till twelve o'clock, and that you will go to bed, etc.

When money-matters were getting worse, Steele found it necessary to sleep away from home for a day or two, and he writes:—

*Tennis-court Coffee-house, May 5, 1708.*

Dear Wife,

I hope I have done this day what will be pleasing to you ; in the meantime shall lie this night at a baker's, one Leg, over against the Devil Tavern, at Charing Cross. I shall be able to confront the fools who wish me uneasy, and shall have the satisfaction to see thee cheerful and at ease.

If the printer's boy be at home, send him hither ; and let Mr. Todd send by the boy my night-gown, slippers, and clean linen. You shall hear from me early in the morning, etc.

He is found excusing his coming home, being "invited to supper at Mr. Boyle's." "Dear Prue," he says on this occasion, "do not send after me, for I shall be ridiculous." There were *Caudles* in those days.\*

### Clare Market Taverns.

Clare Market lying between the two great theatres, its butchers were the arbiters of the galleries, the leaders of theatrical rows, the musicians at actresses' marriages, the chief mourners at players' funerals. In and around the market were the signs of the Sun ; the Bull and Butcher, afterwards Spiller's Head ; the Grange ; the Bull's Head, where met "the Shepherd and his Flock Club," and where Dr. Radcliffe was carousing when he received news of the loss of his 5000*l.* venture. Here met weekly a Club of Artists, of which society Hogarth was a member, and he engraved for them a silver tankard with a shepherd and his flock. Next is the Black Jack in Portsmouth-street, the haunt of Joe Miller, the comedian, and where he uttered his time-honoured "Jests :" the house remains, but the sign has disappeared. Miller died in 1738, and was buried in St. Clement's upper ground, in Portugal-street, where his gravestone was inscribed with the following epitaph, written by Stephen Duck : "Here lie the remains of honest Joe Miller, who was a tender husband, a sincere friend, a

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"Lives of Wits and Humourists," vol. i. p. 134.

facetious companion, and an excellent comedian. He departed this life the 15th day of August, 1738, aged 54 years.

“ If humour, wit, and honesty could save  
 The humorous, witty, honest, from the grave,  
 This grave had not so soon its tenant found,  
 With honesty, and wit, and humour crown'd.  
 Or could esteem and love preserve our health,  
 And guard us longer from the stroke of Death,  
 The stroke of Death on him had later fell,  
 Whom all mankind esteem'd and loved so well.”

The stone was restored by the parish grave-digger at the close of the last century; and in 1816, a new stone was set up by Mr. Jarvis Buck, churchwarden, who added S. Duck to the epitaph. The burial-ground has been cleared away, and the site has been added to the grounds of King's College Hospital.

At the Black Jack, also called the Jump (from Jack Sheppard having once jumped out of a first-floor window, to escape his pursuers, the thief-takers,) a Club known as “the Honourable Society of Jackers,” met until 1816. The roll of the fraternity “numbers many of the popular actors since the time of Joe Miller, and some of the wits; from John Kemble, Palmer, and Theodore Hook down to Kean, Liston, and the mercurial John Pritt Harley. Since the dissolution of this last relic of the sociality of the Joe Miller age, ‘wit-combats’ have been comparatively unknown at the Old Black Jack.”\*

### The Craven Head, Drury-lane.

This modern Tavern was part of the offices of Craven House, and the adjoining stabling belonged to the mansion; the extensive cellars still remain, though blocked up.

Craven House was built for William Lord Craven, the

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\* “Jo. Miller;” a Biography, 1848.

hero of Creutznach, upon part of the site of Drury House, and was a large square pile of brick, four storeys high, which occupied the site of the present Craven-buildings, built in 1723. That portion of the mansion abutting on Magpie alley, now Newcastle-street, was called Bohemia House, and was early in the last century, converted into a tavern, with the sign of the head of its former mistress, the Queen of Bohemia. But a destructive fire happening in the neighbourhood, the tavern was shut up, and the building suffered to decay ; till, at length, in 1802, what remained of the dilapidated mansion was pulled down, and the materials sold ; and upon the ground, in 1803, Philip Astley erected his Olympic Pavilion, which was burnt down in 1849.

The Craven Head was some time kept by William Oxberry, the comedian, who first appeared on the stage in 1807 ; he also edited a large collection of dramas. Another landlord of the Craven Head was Robert Hales, "the Norfolk Giant" (height 7ft. 6in.), who, after visiting the United States, where Barnum made a speculation of the giant, and 28,000 persons flocked to see him in ten days,—in January, 1851, returned to England, and took the Craven Head Tavern. On April 11th Hales had the honour of being presented to the Queen and Royal Family, when Her Majesty gave him a gold watch and chain, which he wore to the day of his death. His health had been much impaired by the close confinement of the caravans in which he exhibited. He died in 1863, of consumption. Hales was cheerful and well-informed. He had visited several Continental capitals, and had been presented to Louis Philippe, King of the French.

### The Cock Tavern, in Bow-street.

This Tavern, of indecent notoriety, was situated about the middle of the east side of Bow-street, then consisting of very good houses, well inhabited, and resorted to by gentry for

lodgings. Here Wycherley and his first wife, the Countess of Drogheda, lodged over against the Cock, "whither, if he at any time were with his friends, he was obliged to leave the windows open, that the lady might see there was no woman in the company, or she would be immediately in a downright raving condition." ("Dennis's Letters.")

The Cock Tavern was the resort of the rakes and Mohocks of that day, when the house was kept by a woman called "Oxford Kate." Here took place the indecent exposure, which has been told by Johnson, in his life of Sackville, Lord Dorset. "Sackville, who was then Lord Buckhurst, with Sir Charles Sedley, and Sir Thomas Ogle, got drunk at the Cock, in Bow-street, by Covent-Garden, and going into the balcony, exposed themselves to the company in very indecent postures. At last, as they grew warmer, Sedley stood forth naked, and harangued the populace in such profane language, that the public indignation was awakened; the crowd attempted to force the door, and being repulsed, drove in the performers with stones, and broke the windows of the house. For this misdemeanour they were indicted, and Sedley was fined five hundred pounds; what was the sentence of the others is not known. Sedley employed Killegrew and another to procure a remission of the King, but (mark the friendship of the dissolute!) they begged the fine for themselves, and exacted it to the last groat."

Sir John Coventry had supped at the Cock Tavern, on the night when, in his way home, his nose was cut to the bone, at the corner of Suffolk-street, in the Haymarket, "for reflecting on the King, who, therefore, determined to *set a mark* upon him:" he was watched; when attacked, he stood up to the wall, and snatched the flambeau out of the servant's hands, and with that in one hand, and the sword in the other, he defended himself, but was soon disarmed, and his nose was cut to the bone; it was so wellsewed up that the scar was scarce to be discerned. This attempt at



assassination occasioned the Coventry Act, 22 and 23 Car. II. c. 1, by which specific provisions were made against the offence of maiming, cutting off, or disabling, a limb or member.

### The Queen's Head, Bow-street.

This Tavern, in Duke's Court, was once kept by a facetious person, named Jupp, and is associated with a piece of humour, which may either be matter of fact, or interpreted as a pleasant satire upon etymological fancies. One evening, two well-known characters, Annesley Shay and Bob Todrington (the latter caricatured by Old Dighton), met at the Queen's Head, and at the bar asked for "half a quartern" each, with a little cold water. They continued to drink until they had swallowed four-and-twenty half-quarterns in water, when Shay said to the other, "Now, we'll go." "Oh, no," replied he, "we'll have another, and then go." This did not satisfy the Hibernians, and they continued drinking on till three in the morning, when they both agreed to go: so that under the idea of going they made a long stay, and this was the origin of drinking, or calling for, goes of liquor; but another, determined to eke out the measure his own way, used to call for a quartern at a time, and these, in the exercise of his humour, he called *stays*. We find the above in the very pleasant "Etymological Compendium," third edition, revised and improved by Merton A. Thoms, 1853.

### The Shakspeare Tavern.

Of this noted theatrical tavern, in the Piazza, Covent Garden, several details were received by Mr. John Green, in 1815, from Twigg, who was apprenticed at the Shakspeare. They had generally fifty turtles at a time; and upon an average from ten to fifteen were dressed every week; and it was not unusual to send forty quarts of turtle soup a-week into the country, as far as Yorkshire.

The sign of Shakspeare, painted by Wale, cost nearly 200*l.*: it projected at the corner, over the street, with very rich iron-work. Dick Milton was once landlord; he was a great gamester and once won 40,000*l.* He would frequently start with his coach-and-six, which he would keep about six months, and then sell it. He was so much reduced, and his credit so bad, at times, as to send out for a dozen of wine for his customers; it was sold at 16*s.* a bottle. This is chronicled as the first tavern in London that had rooms; and from this house the other taverns were supplied with waiters. Here were held three clubs—the Madras, Bengal, and Bombay.

Twigg was cook at the Shakspeare. The largest dinner ever dressed here consisted of 108 made dishes, besides hams, etc., and vegetables; this was the dinner to Admiral Keppel, when he was made First Lord of the Admiralty. Twigg told of another dinner to Sir Richard Simmons, of Earl's Court, Mr. Small, and three other gentlemen; it consisted of the following dishes:—A turbot of 40*lb.*, a Thames salmon, a haunch of venison, French beans and cucumbers, a green goose, an apricot tart, and green peas. The dinner was dressed by Twigg, and it came to about seven guineas a head.

The Shakspeare is stated to have been the first tavern in Covent Garden. Twigg relates of Tomkins, the landlord, that his father had been a man of opulence in the City, but failed for vast sums. Tomkins kept his coach and his country-house, but was no gambler, as has been reported. He died worth 40,000*l.* His daughter married Mr. Longman, the music-seller. Tomkins had never less than a hundred pipes of wine in his cellar; he kept seven waiters, one cellar-man, and a boy. Each waiter was smartly dressed in his ruffles, and thought it a bad week if he did not make 7*l.* Stacie, who partly served his apprenticeship to Tomkins, told Twigg that he had betted nearly 3000*l.* upon one of his race-horse,

of the name of Goldfinder. Stacie won, and afterwards sold the horse for a large sum.

There was likewise a Shakspeare Tavern in Little Russell-street, opposite Drury-lane Theatre; the sign was altered in 1828, to the Albion.

### Shuter, and his Tavern-places.

Shuter, the actor, at the age of twelve, was pot-boy at the Queen's Head (afterwards Mrs. Butler's), in Covent Garden, where he was so kind to the rats in the cellar, by giving them sops from porter, (for, in his time, any person might have a toast in his beer,) that they would creep about him and upon him; he would carry them about between his shirt and his waistcoat, and even called them by their names. Shuter was next pot-boy at the Blue Posts, opposite Brydges-street, then kept by Ellidge, and afterwards by Carter, who played well at billiards, on account of the length of his arms. Shuter used to carry beer to the players, behind the scenes at Drury-lane Theatre, and elsewhere, and being noticed by Hippisley, was taken as his servant, and brought on the stage. He had also been at the house next the Blue Posts,—the Sun, in Russell-street, which was frequented by Hippisley. Mr. Theophilus Forrest, when he paid Shuter his money, allowed him in his latter days two guineas per week, found him calling for gin, and his shirt was worn to half its original size. Latterly, he was hooted by the boys in the street: he became a Methodist, and died at King John's Palace, Tottenham Court Road.

### The Rose Tavern, Covent Garden.

This noted Tavern, on the east side of Brydges-street, flourished in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and from its contiguity to Drury-lane Theatre, and close con-

nection with it, was frequented by courtiers and men of letters, of loose character, and other gentry of no character at all. The scenes of *The Morning Ramble, or the Town Humour*, 1672, are laid "at the Rose Tavern, in Covent Garden," which was constantly a scene of drunken broils, midnight orgies, and murderous assaults by men of fashion, who were designated "Hectors," and whose chief pleasure lay in frequenting taverns for the running through of some fuddled toper, whom wine had made valiant. Shadwell, in his comedy of the *Scowrers*, 1691, written at a time when obedience to the laws was enforced, and these excesses had in consequence declined, observes of these cowardly ruffians: "They were brave fellows indeed! In those days a man could not go from the Rose Tavern to the Piazza once, but he must venture his life twice."

Women of a certain freedom of character frequented taverns at the commencement of the last century, and the Rose, doubtless, resembled the box-lobby of a theatre. In the *Rake Reformed*, 1718, this tavern is thus noticed:

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.

Dramatists and poets resorted to the house, and about 1726 Gay and other wits, by clubbing verses, concocted the well-known love ditty, entitled "Molly Mogg of the Rose," in compliment to the then barmaid or waitress. The Welsh ballad, "Gwinfrid Shones," printed in 1733, has also this tribute to Molly Mogg, as a celebrated toast:

Some sing Molly Mogg of the Rose,  
And call her the Oakingham pelle;  
Whilst others does farces compose,  
On peautiful Molle Lepelle.

Hogarth's third print of the *Rake's Progress*, published in 1735, exhibits a principal room in the Rose Tavern: Lether-

coat, the fellow with a bright pewter dish and a candle, is a portrait ; he was for many years a porter attached to the house.

Garrick, when he enlarged Drury-lane Theatre, in 1776, raised the new front designed by Robert Adam, took in the whole of the tavern, as a convenience to the theatre, and retained the sign of the Rose in an oval compartment, as a conspicuous part of the decoration, which is shown in a popular engraving by J. T. Smith.

In D'Urfey's Songs, 1719, we find these allusions to the Rose :

*A Song in Praise of Chalk, by W. Pettis.*

We the lads at the Rose  
A patron have chose,  
Who's as void as the best is of thinking ;  
And without dedication,  
Will assist in his station,  
And maintains us in eating and drinking.

*Song.—The Nose.*

Three merry lads met at the Rose,  
To speak in the praises of the nose :  
The flat, the sharp, the Roman snout,  
The hawk's nose circled round about,  
The crooked nose that stands awry,  
The ruby nose of scarlet dye ;  
The brazen nose without a face,  
That doth the learned college grace.  
Invention often barren grows,  
Yet still there's matter in the nose.

## Evans's, Covent Garden.

At the north-west corner of Covent Garden Market is a lofty edifice, which, with the building that preceded it, possesses a host of interesting associations. Sir Kenelm Digby came to live here after the Restoration of Charles II. : here he was much visited by the philosophers of his day, and built in the garden in the rear of the house a laboratory.

The mansion was altered, if not rebuilt, for the Earl of Orford, better known as Admiral Russell, who, in 1692, defeated Admiral de Tourville, and ruined the French fleet. The façade of the house originally resembled the fore-castle of a ship. The fine old staircase is formed of part of the vessel Admiral Russell commanded at La Hogue; it has handsomely carved anchors, ropes, and the coronet and initials of Lord Orford. The Earl died here in 1727; and the house was afterwards occupied by Thomas, Lord Archer, until 1768; and by James West, the great collector of books, etc., and President of the Royal Society, who died in 1772.

Mr. Twigg recollected Lord Archer's garden (now the site of the singing-room), at the back of the Grand Hotel, about 1765, well stocked; mushrooms and cucumbers were grown there in high perfection.

In 1774, the house was opened by David Low as an hotel; the first family hotel, it is said, in London. Gold, silver, and copper medals were struck, and given by Low, as advertisements of his house; the gold to the princes, silver to the nobility, and copper to the public generally. About 1794, Mrs. Hudson, then proprietor, advertised her hotel, "with stabling for one hundred noblemen and horses." The next proprietors were Richardson and Joy.

At the beginning of the present century, and some years afterwards, the hotel was famous for its large dinner- and coffee-room. This was called the "Star," from the number of men of rank who frequented it. One day a gentleman entered the dining-room, and ordered of the waiter two lamb-chops; at the same time inquiring, "John, have you a cucumber?" The waiter replied in the negative—it was so early in the season; but he would step into the market, and inquire if there were any. The waiter did so, and returned with—"There are a few, but they are half-a-guinea apiece." "Half-a-guinea apiece! are they small or large?" "Why, rather small." "Then buy two," was the reply. This



The Swiss Cottage, Finchley Road.  
(House of Meeting for Germans in London.)



The Catharine Wheel Inn, Southwark.





incident has been related of various epicures ; it occurred to Charles Duke of Norfolk, who died in 1815.

Evans, of Covent Garden Theatre, removed here from the Cider Cellar in Maiden-lane, and, using the large dining-room for a singing-room, prospered until 1844, when he resigned the property to Mr. John Green. Meanwhile, the character of the entertainment, by the selection of music of a higher class than hitherto, brought so great an accession of visitors, that Mr. Green built, in 1855, on the site of the old garden (Digby's garden) an extremely handsome hall, to which the former singing-room forms a sort of vestibule. The latter is hung with the collection of portraits of celebrated actors and actresses, mostly of our own time, which Mr. Green has been at great pains to collect.

The *spécialité* of this very agreeable place is the olden music, which is sung here with great intelligence and spirit ; the visitors are of the better and more appreciative class, and often include amateurs of rank. The reserved gallery is said to occupy part of the site of the cottage in which the Kembles occasionally resided during the zenith of their fame at Covent Garden Theatre ; and here the gifted Fanny Kemble is said to have been born.

### The Fleece, Covent Garden.

The Restoration did not mend the morals of the taverns in Covent Garden, but increased their licentiousness, and made them the resort of bullies and other vicious persons. The Fleece, on the west side of Brydges-street, was notorious for its tavern broils ; L'Estrange, in his translation of Quevedo's "Visions," 1667, makes one of the Fleece hectors declare he was never well but either at the Fleece Tavern or Bear at Bridgefoot, stuffing himself "with food and tipple, till the hoops were ready to burst." According to Aubrey, the Fleece was "very unfortunate for homicides ;" there were several killed there in his time ; it was a private house till

1692. Aubrey places it in York-street, so that there must have been a back or second way to the tavern—a very convenient resource.

### The Bedford Head, Covent Garden,

Was a luxurious refectory, in Southampton street, whose epicurism is commemorated by Pope :—

Let me extol a cat on oysters fed,  
I'll have a party at the Bedford Head.

*2nd Sat. of Horace, 2nd Bk.*

When sharp with hunger, scorn you to be fed  
Except on pea-chicks at the Bedford Head?

*Pope, Sober Advice.*

Walpole refers to a great supper at the Bedford Head, ordered by Paul Whitehead, for a party of gentlemen dressed like sailors and masked, who, in 1741, on the night of Vernon's birthday, went round Covent Garden with a drum, beating up for a volunteer mob ; but it did not take.

### The Salutation, Tavistock-street.

This was a noted tavern in the last century, at the corner of Tavistock-court, Covent Garden. Its original sign was taken down by Mr. Yerrel, the landlord, who informed J. T. Smith, that it consisted of two gentlemen saluting each other, dressed in flowing wigs, and coats with square pockets, large enough to hold folio books, and wearing swords, this being the dress of the time when the sign was put up, supposed to have been about 1707, the date on a stone at the Covent Garden end of the court.

Richard Leveridge, the celebrated singer, kept the Salutation after his retirement from the stage ; and here he brought out his "Collection of Songs," with the music, engraved and printed for the author, 1727.

Among the frequenters of the Salutation was William

Cussans, or Cuzzons, a native of Barbadoes, and a most eccentric fellow, who lived upon an income allowed him by his family. He once hired himself as a potman, and then as a coal-heaver. He was never seen to smile. He personated a chimney-sweeper at the Pantheon and Opera-house masquerades, and wrote the popular song of Robinson Crusoe :

He got all the wood  
That ever he could,  
And he stuck it together with glue so ;  
And made him a hut,  
And in it he put  
The carcase of Robinson Crusoe.

He was a bacchanalian customer at the Salutation, and his nightly quantum of wine was liberal : he would sometimes take eight pints at a sitting, without being the least intoxicated.

### The Constitution Tavern, Covent Garden.

In Bedford-street, near St. Paul's church-gate, was an old tavern, the Constitution (now rebuilt), noted as the resort of working men of letters, and for its late hours ; indeed, the sittings here were perennial. Among other eccentric persons we remember to have seen here, was an accomplished scholar named Churchill, who had travelled much in the East, smoked and ate opium to excess, and was full of information. Of another grade were two friends who lived in the same house, and had, for many years "turned night into day ;" rising at eight o'clock in the evening, and going to bed at eight next morning. They had in common some astrological, alchemical, and *spiritual* notions, and often passed the whole night at the Constitution. This was the favourite haunt of Wilson, the landscape painter, who then lived in the Garden ; he could, at the Constitution, freely indulge in a pot of porter, and enjoy the

fun of his brother-painter, Mortimer, who preferred this house, as it was near his own in Church-passage.

### The Cider Cellar.

This strange place, upon the south side of Maiden-lane, Covent Garden, was opened about 1730, and is described as a "Midnight Concert Room," in "Adventures Underground, 1750." Professor Porson was a great lover of cider, the patronymic drink for which the cellar was once famed ; it became his nightly haunt, for wherever he spent the evening, he finished the night at the cider cellar. One night, in 1795, as he sat here smoking his pipe, with his friend George Gordon, he abruptly said, "Friend George, do you think the widow Lunan an agreeable sort of personage, as times go?" Gordon assented. "In that case," replied Porson, "you must meet me to-morrow morning at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, at eight o'clock ;" and without saying more, Porson paid his reckoning and went home. Next morning, Gordon repaired to the church, and there found Porson with Mrs. Lunan and a female friend, and the parson waiting to begin the ceremony. The service being ended, the bride and her friend retired by one door of the church and Porson and Gordon by another. The bride and bridegroom dined together with friends, but after dinner Porson contrived to slip away and passed the rest of the day with a learned friend, and did not leave till the family were about to retire for the night, when Porson adjourned to the Cider Cellar, and there stayed till eight o'clock next morning. One of his companions here is said to have shouted before Porson, "Dick can beat us all : he can drink all night, and spout all day," which greatly pleased the Professor.

We remember the place not many years after Porson's death, when it was, as its name implied, *a cellar*, and the fittings were rude and rough : over the mantel-piece was a large mezzotint portrait of Porson, framed and glazed, which

we take to be the missing portrait named by the Rev. Mr. Watson, in his *Life of the Professor*. The Cider Cellar was subsequently enlarged; but its exhibitions grew to be too sensational for long existence.

### Offley's, Henrietta-street.

This noted Tavern, of our day, enjoyed great and deserved celebrity, though short-lived. It was No. 23, on the south side of Henrietta-street, Covent Garden, and its fame rested upon Burton ale, and the largest supper-room in this theatrical neighbourhood; with no pictures, placards, paper-hangings, or vulgar coffee-room finery, to disturb one's relish of the good things there provided. Offley, the proprietor, was originally at Bellamy's, and "as such, was privileged to watch, and occasionally admitted to assist, the presiding priestess of the gridiron at the exercise of her mysteries." Offley's chop was thick and substantial; the House of Commons' chop was small and thin, and honourable Members sometimes ate a dozen at a sitting. Offley's chop was served with shalots shred, and warmed in gravy, and accompanied by nips of Burton ale, and was a delicious after-theatre supper. The large room at that hour was generally crowded with a higher class of men than are to be seen in taverns of the present day. There was excellent dining upstairs, with wines really worth drinking—all with a sort of Quakerly plainness, but solid comfort. The fast men came to the great room, where the *spécialité* was singing by amateurs upon one evening of the week; and to prevent the chorus waking the dead in their cerements in the adjoining churchyard, the coffee-room window was double. The "professionals" stayed away. Francis Crew sang Moore's melodies, then in their zenith; sometimes, in a spirit of waggery, an amateur would sing "Chevy Chase" in full; and now and then Offley himself trolled out one of Captain Morris's lyrics. Such was this right joyously con-

vivial place some five-and-forty years since upon the singing night. Upon other evenings, there came to a large round table (a sort of privileged place) a few well-to-do, substantial tradesmen from the neighbourhood, among whom was the renowned surgical-instrument maker from the Strand, who had the sagacity to buy the iron from off the piles of old London Bridge, and convert it (after it had lain for centuries under water) into some of the finest surgical instruments of the day. Offley's, however, declined: the singing was discontinued; Time had thinned the ranks and groups of the bright and buoyant; the large room was mostly frequented by quiet, orderly persons, who kept good hours; the theatre-suppers grew few and far between; the merry old host departed—when it was proposed to have his portrait painted—but in vain; success had ebbed away, and at length the house was closed.\*

Offley's was sketched with a free hand, in "Horæ Offleanæ, Bentley's Miscellany," March, 1841.

### The Rummer Tavern.

The locality of this noted tavern is given by Cunningham, as "two doors from Locket's, between Whitehall and Charing Cross, removed to the water-side of Charing Cross, in 1710, and burnt down Nov. 7th, 1750. It was kept in the reign of Charles II., by Samuel Prior, uncle of Matthew Prior, the poet, who thus wrote to Fleetwood Shephard:

My uncle, rest his soul ! when living,  
Might have contriv'd me ways of thriving :  
Taught me with cider to replenish  
My vats, or ebbing tide of Rhenish.  
So when for hock I drew prickt white-wine,  
Swear't had the flavour, and was right wine.

The Rummer is introduced by Hogarth into his picture

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\* "Walks and Talks about London," 1865, pp. 180-182.

of "Night." Here Jack Sheppard committed his first robbery by stealing two silver spoons.

The Rummer, in Queen-street, was kept by Brawn, a celebrated cook, of whom Dr. King, in his "Art of Cookery," speaks in the same way as Kit-Kat and Locket.

King, also, in his "Analogy between Physicians, Cooks, and Playwrights," thus describes a visit :—

"Though I seldom go out of my own lodgings, I was prevailed on the other day to dine with some friends at the Rummer in Queen-street. . . . Sam Trusty would needs have me go with him into the kitchen, and see how matters went there. . . . He assured me that Mr. Brawn had an art, etc. I was, indeed, very much pleased and surprised with the extraordinary splendour and economy I observed there ; but above all with the great readiness and dexterity of the man himself. His motions were quick, but not precipitate ; he in an instant applied himself from one stove to another, without the least appearance of hurry, and in the midst of smoke and fire preserved an incredible serenity of countenance."

Beau Brummel, according to Mr. Jesse, spoke with a relish worthy a descendant of "the Rummer," of the savoury pies of his aunt Brawn, who then resided at Kilburn ; she is said to have been the widow of a grandson of the celebrity of Queen-street, who had himself kept the public-house at the old Mews Gate, at Charing Cross.—See *Notes and Queries*, 2nd S., No. xxxvi.

We remember an old tavern, "the Rummer," in 1825, which was taken down with the lower portion of St. Martin's-lane, to form Trafalgar-square.

## Spring Garden Taverns.

Spring Garden is named from its water-spring or fountain, set playing by the spectator treading upon its hidden machinery—an eccentricity of the Elizabethan garden.

Spring Garden, by a patent which is extant, in 1630 was made a bowling-green by command of Charles I. "There was kept in it an ordinary of six shillings a meal (when the king's proclamation allows but two elsewhere); continual bibbing and drinking wine all day under the trees; two or three quarrels every week. It was grown scandalous and insufferable; besides, my Lord Digby being reprehended for striking in the king's garden, he said he took it for a common bowling-place, where all paid money for their coming in."—*Mr. Garrard to Lord Strafford.*

In 1634 Spring Garden was put down by the King's command, and ordered to be hereafter no-common bowling-place. This led to the opening of "a New Spring Garden" (Shaver's Hall), by a gentleman-barber, a servant of the lord chamberlain's. The old garden was, however, re-opened; for 13th June, 1649, says Evelyn, "I treated divers ladies of my relations in Spring Gardens;" but 10th May, 1654, he records that Cromwell and his partisans had shut up and seized on Spring Gardens, "w<sup>ch</sup> till now had been y<sup>e</sup> usual rendezvous for the ladys and gallants at this season."

Spring Garden was, however, once more re-opened; for, in "A Character of England," 1659, it is described as "The inclosure not disagreeable, for the solemnness of the grove, the warbling of the birds, and as it opens into the spacious walks at St. James's. . . . It is usual to find some of the young company here till midnight; and the thickets of the garden seem to be contrived to all advantages of gallantry, after they have refreshed with the collation, which is here seldom omitted, at a certain cabaret in the middle of this paradise, where the forbidden fruits are certain trifling tarts, neats' tongues, salacious meats, and bad Rhenish."

"The New Spring Garden" at Lambeth (afterwards Vauxhall) was flourishing in 1661-3; when the ground at Charing Cross was built upon, as "Inner Spring Garden" and "Outer Spring Garden." Buckingham-court is named from the Duke of Buckingham, one of the rakish frequenters



of the Garden ; and upon the site of Drummond’s banking-house was “Locket’s Ordinary, a house of entertainment much frequented by gentry,” and a relic of the Spring Garden gaiety :

For Locket’s stands where gardens once did spring.

*Dr. King’s Art of Cookery, 1709.*

Here the witty and beautiful dramatist, Mrs. Centlivre, died, December 1, 1723, at the house of her third husband, Joseph Centlivre, “Yeoman of the Mouth” (head cook) “to Queen Anne.”\* In her Prologue to *Love’s Contrivances*, 1703, we have,

At Locket’s, Brown’s, and at Pontack’s enquire  
What modish kickshaws the nice beaux desire,  
What famed ragouts, what new invented sallad,  
Has best pretensions to regain the palate.

Locket’s was named from its first landlord :† its fame declined in the reign of Queen Anne, and expired early in the next reign.

### “Heaven” and “Hell” Taverns, Westminster.

At the north end of Lindsay-lane, upon the site of the Committee-rooms of the House of Commons, was a tavern called “Heaven ;” and under the old Exchequer Chamber were two subterraneous passages called “Hell” and “Purgatory.” Butler, in *Hudibras*, mentions the first as

False Heaven at the end of the Hell ;

Gifford, in his notes on Ben Jonson, says : “Heaven and Hell were two common alehouses, abutting on Westminster

\* “Curiosities of London,” pp. 678, 679.

† Edward Locket, in 1693, took the Bowling-green house, on Putney Heath, where all gentlemen might be entertained. In a house built on the site of the above died, January 23, 1806, the Right Hon. William Pitt.

Hall. Whalley says that they were standing in his remembrance. They are mentioned, together with a third house, called Purgatory, in a grant which I have read, dated in the first year of Henry VII."

Old Fuller quaintly says of Hell: "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."

Peacham describes Hell as a place near Westminster Hall, "where very good meat is dressed all the term time;" and the Company of Parish Clerks add, it is "very much frequented by lawyers." According to Ben Jonson, Hell appears to have been frequented by lawyers' clerks; for, in his play of the *Alchemist*, Dapper is forbidden

To break his fast in Heaven or Hell.

Hugh Peters, on his Trial, tells us that he went to Westminster to find out some company to dinner with him, and having walked about an hour in Westminster Hall, and meeting none of his friends to dine with him, he went "to that place called Heaven, and dined there."

When Pride "purged" the Parliament, on December 6, 1648, the forty-one he excepted were shut up for the night in the Hell tavern, kept by a Mr. Duke (*Carlyle*); and which Dugdale calls "their great victualling-house near Westminster Hall, where they kept them all night without any beds."

Pepys, in his "Diary," thus notes his visit: "28 Jan., 1659-60. And so I returned and went to Heaven, where Ludlin and I dined." Six years later, at the time of the Restoration, four days before the King landed, in one of these taverns, Pepys spent the evening with Locke and

Purcell, hearing a variety of brave Italian and Spanish songs, and a new canon of Locke's on the words, "Domine salvum fac Regem." "Here, out of the windows," he says, "it was a most pleasant sight to see the City, from one end to the other, with a glory about it, so high was the light of the bonfires, and thick round the City, and the bells rang everywhere."

After all, "Hell" may have been so named from its being a prison of the King's debtors, most probably a very bad one: it was also called the Constabulary. Its Wardenship was valued yearly at the sum of 11*s.*, and Paradise at 4*l.*

Purgatory appears also to have been an ancient prison, the keys of which, attached to a leathern girdle, says Walcot's *Westminster*, are still preserved. Herein were kept the ducking-stools for scolds, who were placed in a chair fastened on an iron pivot to the end of a long pole, which was balanced at the middle upon a high trestle, thus allowing the culprit's body to be *ducked* in the Thames.

### "Bellamy's Kitchen."

In a pleasantly written book, entitled "A Career in the Commons," we find this sketch of the singular apartment, in the vicinity of the (Old) House of Commons, called "the Kitchen." "Mr. Bellamy's beer may be unexceptionable, and his chops and steaks may be unrivalled, but the legislators of England delight in eating a dinner in the place where it is cooked, and in the presence of the very fire where the beef hisses and the gravy runs! Bellamy's kitchen seems, in fact, a portion of the British Constitution. A foreigner, be he a Frenchman, American, or Dutchman, if introduced to the 'kitchen,' would stare with astonishment if you told him that in this plain apartment, with its immense fire, meatscreen, gridirons, and a small tub under the window for washing the glasses, the statesmen of England very often dine, and men, possessed of wealth untold, and

with palaces of their own, in which luxury and splendour are visible in every part, are willing to leave their stately dining-halls and powdered attendants, to be waited upon, while eating a chop in Bellamy's kitchen, by two unpretending old women. Bellamy's kitchen, I repeat, is part and parcel of the British Constitution. Baronets who date from the Conquest, and squires of every degree, care nothing for the unassuming character of the 'kitchen,' if the steak be hot and good, if it can be quickly and conveniently dispatched, and the tinkle of the division-bell can be heard while the dinner proceeds. Call England a proud nation, forsooth! Say that the House of Commons is aristocratic! Both the nation and its representatives must be, and are, unquestionable patterns of republican humility if all the pomp and circumstance of dining can be forgotten in Bellamy's kitchen!"\*

### A Coffee-house Canary-bird.

Of "a great Coffee-house" in Pall Mall we find the following amusing story, in the "Correspondence of Gray and Mason," edited by Mitford:—

"In the year 1688, my Lord Peterborough had a great mind to be well with Lady Sandwich, Mrs. Bonfoy's old friend. There was a woman who kept a great Coffee-house in Pall Mall, and she had a miraculous canary-bird that piped twenty tunes. Lady Sandwich was fond of such things, had heard of and seen the bird. Lord Peterborough came to the woman, and offered her a large sum of money for it, but she was rich, and proud of it, and would not part with it for love or money. However, he watched the bird narrowly, observed all its marks and features, went and bought just such another, sauntered into the coffee-room, took his oppor-

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\* At the noted Cat and Bagpipes tavern, at the south-west corner of Downing-street, George Rose used to eat his mutton-chop; he subsequently became Secretary to the Treasury.

tunity when no one was by, slipped the wrong bird into the cage and the right into his pocket, and went off undiscovered to make my Lady Sandwich happy. This was just about the time of the Revolution ; and, a good while after, going into the same coffee-house again, he saw his bird there, and said, ‘ Well, I reckon you would give your ears now that you had taken my money.’ ‘ Money !’ says the woman, ‘ no, nor ten times that money now, dear little creature ! for, if your lordship will believe me (as I am a Christian, it is true), it has moped and moped, and never once opened its pretty lips since the day that the poor king went away !’ ”

## Star and Garter, Pall Mall.

### FATAL DUEL.

Pall Mall has long been noted for its taverns, as well as for its chocolate and coffee houses, and “ houses for clubbing.” They were resorted to by gay nobility and men of estate ; and, in times when gaming and drinking were indulged in to frightful excess, these taverns often proved hot-beds of quarrel and fray. One of the most sanguinary duels on record—that between the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun—was planned at the Queen’s Arms, in Pall Mall, and the Rose in Covent Garden ; at the former Lord Mohun supped with his second on the two nights preceding the fatal conflict in Hyde Park.

Still more closely associated with Pall Mall was the fatal duel between Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth, which was *fought in a room* of the Star and Garter, when the grand-uncle of the poet Lord killed in a duel, or rather scuffle, his relation and neighbour, “ who was run through the body, and died next day.” The duellists were neighbours in the country, and were members of the Nottinghamshire Club, which met at the Star and Garter once a month.

The meeting at which arose the unfortunate dispute that produced the duel was on the 26th of January, 1765, when

were present Mr. John Hewet, who sat as chairman ; the Hon. Thomas Willoughby, Frederick Montagu, John Sherwin, Francis Molyneux, Esqrs., and Lord Byron ; William Chaworth, George Donston, and Charles Mellish, junior, Esq. ; and Sir Robert Burdett, who were all the company. The usual hour of dining was soon after four, and the rule of the Club was to have the bill and a bottle brought in at seven. Till this hour all was jollity and good-humour, but Mr. Hewet happening to start some conversation about the best method of preserving game, setting the laws for that purpose out of the question, Mr. Chaworth and Lord Byron were of different opinions, Mr. Chaworth insisting on severity against poachers and unqualified persons, and Lord Byron declaring that the way to have most game was to take no care of it at all. Mr. Chaworth, in confirmation of what he had said, insisted that Sir Charles Sedley and himself had more game on five acres than Lord Byron had on all his manors. Lord Byron, in reply, proposed a bet of 100 guineas, but this was not laid. Mr. Chaworth then said, that were it not for Sir Charles Sedley's care and his own, Lord Byron would not have a hare on his estate, and his Lordship asking with a smile what Sir Charles Sedley's manors were, was answered by Mr. Chaworth,—Nuttall and Bulwell. Lord Byron did not dispute Nuttall, but added, Bulwell was his, on which Mr. Chaworth, with some heat, replied : " If you want information as to Sir Charles Sedley's manors, he lives at Mr. Cooper's, in Dean Street, and, I doubt not, will be ready to give you satisfaction ; and, as to myself, your Lordship knows where to find me, in Berkeley Row."

The subject was now dropped, and little was said, when Mr. Chaworth called to settle the reckoning, in doing which the master of the tavern observed him to be flurried. In a few minutes Mr. Chaworth, having paid the bill, went out, and was followed by Mr. Donston, whom Mr. C. asked if

he thought he had been short in what he had said, to which Mr. D. replied, "No ; he had gone rather too far upon so trifling an occasion, but did not believe that Lord Byron or the company would think any more of it." Mr. Donston then returned to the club-room. 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. C. desired Mr. Fynmore, the landlord, to take his sword, and Lord B. 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."

When Mr. Mawkins, the surgeon, arrived, he found Mr. Chaworth sitting by the fire, with the lower part of his waistcoat open, his shirt bloody, and his hand upon his belly. He inquired if he was in immediate danger, and being answered in the affirmative, he desired his uncle, Mr. Levinz, might be sent for. In the meantime, he stated to Mr. Hawkins, that Lord Byron and he (Mr. Chaworth) entered the room together ; that his Lordship said something of the dispute, on which he, Mr. C., fastened the door, and turning round, perceived his Lordship with his sword either drawn or nearly so ; on which he instantly drew his own and made a thrust at him, which he thought had wounded or killed him ; that then perceiving his Lordship shorten his sword to return the thrust, he thought to have parried it with his left hand, at which he looked twice, imagining that he had cut it in the attempt ; that he felt the sword enter his body, and go deep through his back ; that he struggled, and being the stronger man, disarmed his Lordship, and expressed his apprehension that he had mortally wounded him ; that Lord Byron replied by saying something to the like effect ; adding that he hoped now he would allow him to be as brave a man as any in the kingdom.

After a little while, Mr. Chaworth seemed to grow stronger, and was removed to his own house : additional medical advice arrived but no relief could be given him : he continued sensible till his death. Mr. Levinz, his uncle, now arrived with an attorney, to whom Mr. Chaworth gave very sensible and distinct instructions for making his will. The will was then executed, and the attorney, Mr. Partington, committed to writing the last



words Mr. Chaworth was heard to say. This writing was handed to Mr. Levinz, and gave rise to a report that a paper was written by the deceased, and sealed up, not to be opened till the time that Lord Byron should be tried; but no paper was written by Mr. Chaworth, and that written by Mr. Partington was as follows:—"Sunday morning, the 27th of January, about three of the clock, Mr. Chaworth said, that my Lord's sword was half-drawn, and that he, knowing the man, immediately, or as quick as he could, whipped out his sword, and had the first thrust; that then my Lord wounded him, and he disarmed my Lord, who then said, 'By G——, I have as much courage as any man in England.'"

Lord Byron was committed to the Tower, and was tried before the House of Peers, in Westminster Hall, on the 16th and 17th of April, 1765. Lord Byron's defence was reduced by him into writing, and read by the clerk. The Peers present, including the High Steward, declared Lord Byron, on their honour, to be not guilty of murder, but of manslaughter; with the exception of four Peers, who found him not guilty generally. On this verdict being given, Lord Byron was called upon to say why judgment of manslaughter should not be pronounced upon him. His Lordship immediately claimed the benefit of the 1st Edward VI. cap. 12, a statute, by which, whenever a Peer was convicted of any felony for which a commoner might have Benefit of Clergy, such Peer, on praying the benefit of that Act, was always to be discharged without burning in the hand, or any penal consequence whatever. The claim of Lord Byron being accordingly allowed, he was forthwith discharged on payment of his fees. This singular privilege was supposed to be abrogated by the 7 & 8 Geo. IV. cap. 28, s. 6, which abolished Benefit of Clergy; but some doubt arising on the subject, it was positively put an end to by the 4 & 5 Vict. cap. 22. (See "Celebrated Trials connected with the Aristocracy," by Mr. Serjeant Burke.)

Mr. Chaworth was the descendant of one of the oldest houses in England, a branch of which obtained an Irish peerage. His grand-niece, the eventual heiress of the family, was Mary Chaworth, the object of the early unrequited love of Lord Byron, the poet. Singularly enough, there was the same degree of relationship between that nobleman and the Lord Byron who killed Mr. Chaworth, as existed between the latter unfortunate gentleman and Mr. Chaworth.\*

Several stories are told of the high charges of the Star and Garter Tavern, even in the reign of Queen Anne. The Duke of Ormond, who gave here a dinner to a few friends, was charged twenty-one pounds, six shillings, and eight pence, for four, that is, first and second course, without wine or dessert.

From the *Connoisseur* of 1754, we learn that the fools of quality of that day "drove to the Star and Garter to regale on macaroni, or piddle with an ortolan at White's or Pontac's."

At the Star and Garter, in 1774, was formed the first Cricket Club. Sir Horace Mann, who had promoted cricket in Kent, and the Duke of Dorset and Lord Tankerville, leaders of the Surrey and Hants Eleven, conjointly with other noblemen and gentlemen, formed a committee under the presidency of Sir William Draper. They met at the Star and Garter, and laid down the first rules of cricket, which very rules form the basis of the laws of cricket of this day.

### Thatched-house Tavern, St. James's-street.

Come and once more together let us greet  
The long-lost pleasures of St. James's-street.—*Tickell*.

Little more than a century and a half ago the parish of St. James was described as "all the houses and grounds comprehended in a place heretofore called 'St. James's Fields' and the confines thereof." Previously to this, the

\* Abridged from the "Romance of London," vol. i. pp. 225-232.

above tavern was most probably a *thatched house*. St. James's-street dates from 1670: the poets Waller and Pope lived here; Sir Christopher Wren died here, in 1723; as did Gibbon, the historian, in 1794, at Elmsley's, the bookseller's, at No. 76, at the corner of Little St. James's-street. Fox lived next to Brookes's in 1781; and Lord Byron lodged at No. 8, in 1811. At the south-west end was the St. James's Coffee-house, taken down in 1806; the foreign and domestic news house of the *Tatler*, and the "fountain-head" of the *Spectator*. Thus early, the street had a sort of literary fashion favourable to the growth of taverns and clubs.

The Thatched House, which was taken down in 1844 and 1863, had been for nearly two centuries celebrated for its club meetings, its large public room, and its public dinners, especially those of our universities and great schools. It was one of Swift's favourite haunts: in some birthday verses he sings:—

The Deanery-house may well be matched,  
Under correction, with the Thatch'd.

The histories of some of the principal Clubs which met here, will be found in an earlier portion of this volume; as the Brothers, Literary, Dilettanti, and others; (besides a list, given in the Appendix.)

The Royal Naval Club held its meetings at the Thatched House, as did some art societies and kindred associations. The large club-room faced St. James's-street, and when lit in the evening with wax-candles in large old glass chandeliers, the Dilettanti pictures could be seen from the pavement of the street. Beneath the tavern front was a range of low-built shops, including that of Rowland, or Rouland, the fashionable coiffeur, who charged five shillings for cutting hair, and made a large fortune by his "incomparable *Huile Macassar*." Through the tavern was a passage to Thatched House-court, in the rear; and here, in Catherine-Wheel-alley, in the last century, lived the good old widow Delany, after the Doctor's death, as noted in her autobiography, edited by Lady

Llanover. Some of Mrs. Delany's fashionable friends then resided in Dean-street, Soho.

Thatched House-court and the alley have been swept away. Elmsley's was removed for the site of the Conservative Club. In an adjoining house lived the famous Betty, "the queen of apple-women;" whom Mason has thus embalmed in his "Heroic Epistle :"—

And patriot Betty fix her fruitshop here.

It was a famous place for gossip. Walpole says of a story much about, "I should scruple repeating it, if Betty and the waiters at Arthur's did not talk of it publicly." Again, "Would you know what officer's on guard in Betty's fruitshop?"

The Tavern, which has disappeared, was nearly the last relic of old St. James's-street, although its memories survive in various modern Club-houses, and the Thatched House will be kept in mind by the graceful sculpture of the Civil Service Club-house, erected upon a portion of the site.

### "The Running Footman," May Fair.

This sign, in Charles-street, Berkeley-square, carries us back to the days of bad roads, and journeying at snail's pace, when the travelling equipage of the nobility required that one or more men should run in front of the carriage, chiefly as a mark of the rank of the traveller; they were likewise sent on messages, and occasionally for great distances.

The running footman required to be a healthy and active man; he wore a light black cap, a jockey-coat, and carried a pole with at the top a hollow ball, in which he kept a hard-boiled egg and a little white wine, to serve as refreshment on his journey; and this is supposed to be the origin of the footman's silver-mounted cane. The Duke of Queen's-berry, who died in 1810, kept a running footman longer than his compeers in London; and Mr. Thoms, in *Notes and*

*Queries*, relates an amusing anecdote of a man who came to be hired for the duty by the Duke. His Grace was in the habit of trying their paces, by seeing how they could run up and down Piccadilly, he watching them and timing them from his balcony. The man put on a livery before the trial; on one occasion, a candidate having run, stood before the balcony. "You will do very well for me," said the Duke. "And your livery will do very well for me," replied the man, and gave the Duke a last proof of his ability by running away with it.

The sign in Charles-street represents a young man, dressed in a kind of livery, and a cap with a feather in it; he carries the usual pole and is running; and beneath is, "I am the only running footman," which may relate to the superior speed of the runner, and this may be a portrait of a celebrity.

Kindred to the above is the old sign of "The Two Chairmen," in Warwick-street, Charing Cross,\* recalling the sedans or chairs of Pall Mall; and there is a similar sign on Hay Hill.

### Piccadilly Inns and Taverns.

Piccadilly was long noticed for the variety and extent of its Inns and Taverns, although few remain. At the east end were formerly the Black Bear and White Bear (originally the Fleece), nearly opposite each other. The Black Bear was taken down 1820. The White Bear remains: it occurs in St. Martin's parish-books, 1685: here Chatelain and Sullivan, the engravers, died; and Benjamin West, the

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\* The old Golden Cross Inn, Charing Cross, stood a short distance west of the present Golden Cross Hotel, No. 452, Strand. Of the former we read: "April 23, 1643. It was at this period, by order of the Committee or Commission appointed by the House, the sign of a tavern, the Golden Cross, at Charing Cross, was taken down, as superstitious and idolatrous."—In Suffolk-street, Haymarket, was the Tavern before which took place "the Calves' Head Club" riot.—See p. 21.

painter, lodged, the first night after his arrival from America. Strype mentions the White Horse Cellar in 1720; and the booking-office of the New White Horse Cellar is to this day in "the cellar." The Three Kings stables gateway, No. 75, had two Corinthian pilasters, stated by Disraeli to have belonged to Clarendon House: "the stable-yard at the back presents the features of an old galleried inn-yard, and it is noted as the place from which General Palmer started the first Bath mail-coach." (J. W. Archer: "Vestiges," part vi.) 'The Hercules' Pillars (a sign which meant that no habitation was to be found beyond it) stood a few yards west of Hamilton-place, and has been mentioned. The Hercules' Pillars, and another roadside tavern, the Triumphant Car, were standing about 1797, and were mostly frequented by soldiers. Two other Piccadilly inns, the White Horse and Half Moon, both of considerable extent, have given names to streets.

The older and more celebrated house of entertainment was Piccadilly Hall, which appears to have been built by one Robert Baker, in "the fields behind the Mews," leased to him by St. Martin's parish, and sold by his widow to Colonel Panton, who built Panton-square and Panton-street. Lord Clarendon, in his "History of the Rebellion," speaks of "Mr. Hyde going to a house called Piccadilly for entertainment and gaming:" this house, with its gravel walks and bowling-greens, extending from the corner of Windmill-street and the site of Panton-square, as shown in Porter and Faithorne's Map, 1658. Mr. Cunningham found (see "Handbook," 2nd edit. p. 396), in the parish accounts of St. Martin's, "Robt. Backer, of Pickadilley Halle;" and the receipts for Lammass money paid for the premises as late as 1670. Sir John Suckling, the poet, was one of the frequenters; and Aubrey remembered Suckling's "sisters coming to the Peccadillo bowling-green, crying, for the feare he should lose all their portions." The house was taken down about 1685: a tennis-court in the rear remained to

our time, upon the site of the Argyll Rooms, Great Windmill-street. The Society of Antiquaries possess a printed proclamation (*temp.* Charles II. 1671) against the increase of buildings in Windmill-fields and the fields adjoining Soho; and in the Plan of 1658, Great Windmill-street consists of straggling houses, and a windmill in a field west.

Colonel Panton, who is named above, was a celebrated gamester of the time of the Restoration, and in one night, it is said, he won as many thousands as purchased him an estate of above 1500*l.* a year. "After this good fortune," says Lucas, "he had such an aversion against all manner of games, that he would never handle cards or dice again; but lived very handsomely on his winnings to his dying day, which was in the year 168*x*. He was the last proprietor of Piccadilly Hall, and was in possession of land on the site of the streets and buildings which bear his name, as early as the year 1664. Yet we remember to have seen it stated that Panton-street was named from a particular kind of horse-shoe called a *panton*; and from its contiguity to the Haymarket, this origin was long credited.

At the north-east end of the Haymarket stood the Gaming-house built by the barber of the Earl of Pemboke, and hence called Shaver's Hall: it is described by Garrard, in a letter to Lord Strafford in 1635, as "a new Spring Gardens, erected in the fields beyond the Mews:" its tennis-court remains in James-street.

From a Survey of the Premises, made in 1650, we gather that Shaver's Hall was strongly built of brick, and covered with lead: its large "seller" was divided into six rooms; above these four rooms, and the same in the first storey, to which was a balcony, with a prospect southward to the bowling-alleys. In the second storey were six rooms; and over the same a walk, leaded, and enclosed with rails, "very curiously carved and wrought," as was also the staircase, throughout the house. On the west were large kitchens and coal-house, with lofts over, "as also one faire Tennis Court,"

of brick, tiled, "well accommodated with all things fitting for the same;" with upper rooms; and at the entrance gate to the upper bowling-green, a parlour-lodge; and a double flight of steps descending to the lower bowling alley; there was still another bowling alley, and an orchard-wall, planted with choice fruit-trees; "as also one pleasant banqueting house, and one other faire and pleasant Roome, called the Greene Roome, and one other conduit-house, and 2 other Turrets adjoininge to the walls." The ground whereon the said buildings stand, together with 2 fayre Bowling Alleys, orchard gardens, gravily walks, and other green walks, and Courts and Courtyards, containinge, by estimation, 3 acres and 3 qrs., lying betweene a Roadway leading from Charinge Crosse to Knightsbridge west, now in the possession of Captayne Geeres, and is worth per ann. cl<sup>li</sup>.\*

### Islington Taverns.

If you look at a Map of London, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the openness of the northern suburbs is very remarkable. Cornhill was then a clear space, and the ground thence to Bishopsgate-street was occupied as gardens. The Spitalfields were entirely open, and Shoreditch church was nearly the last building of London in that direction. Moorfields were used for drying linen; while cattle grazed, and archers shot, in Finsbury Fields, at the verge of which were three windmills. On the western side of Smithfield was a row of trees. Goswell-street was a lonely road, and Islington church stood in the distance, with a few houses and gardens near it. St. Giles's was also a small village, with open country north and west.

The ancient Islington continued to be a sort of dairy-farm for the metropolis. Like her father, Henry VIII., Elizabeth

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\* In Jermyn-street, Haymarket, was the One Tun Tavern, a haunt of Sheridan's; and, upon the site of "the Little Theatre" is the Café de l'Europe.



paid frequent visits to this neighbourhood, where some wealthy commoners dwelt; and her partiality to the place left many evidences in old houses, and spots traditionally said to have been visited by the Queen, whose delight it was to go among her people.

Islington retained a few of its Elizabethan houses to our times; and its rich dairies were of like antiquity: in the entertainment given to Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle, in 1575, the Squier Minstrel of Middlesex glorifies Islington with the motto, "*Lac caseus infans*;" and it is still noted for its cow-keepers. It was once as famous for its cheesc-cakes as Chelsea for its buns; and among its other notabilities were custards and stewed "pruans," its mineral spa and its ducking-ponds; Ball's Pond dates from the time of Charles I. At the lower end of Islington, in 1611, were eight inns, principally supported by summer visitors:

Hogsdone, *Islington*, and Tothnam Court,

For cakes and creame had then no small resort.

— *Wither's* "Britain's Remembrancer," 1628.

Among the old inns and public-houses were the Crown, apparently of the reign of Henry VII., and the old Queen's Head, of about the same date:

The Queen's Head and Crown in Islington town,

Bore, for its brewing, the brightest renown.

Near the Green, the Duke's Head, was kept by Topham, "the strong man of Islington;" in Frog-lane, the Barley-mow, where George Morland painted; at the Old Parr's Head, in Upper-street, Henderson the tragedian first acted; the Three Hats, near the turnpike, was taken down in 1839; and of the Angel, originally a galleried inn, a drawing may be seen at the present inn. Timber gables and rudely-carved brackets are occasionally to be seen in house-fronts; also here and there an old "house of entertainment," which with the little remaining of "the Green," remind one of Islington village.

The Old Queen's Head was the finest specimen in the neighbourhood of the domestic architecture of the reign of Henry VII. It consisted of three storeys projecting over each other in front, with bay windows supported by brackets and figures carved in wood. The entrance was by a central porch, supported by caryatides of oak, bearing Ionic scrolls. To the left was the Oak Parlour, with carved mantelpiece, of chest-like form; and caryatid jambs, supporting a slab sculptured with the story of Diana and Actæon. The ceiling was a shield, bearing J.M. in a glory, with cherubim, two heads of Roman emperors, with fish, flowers, and other figures, within wreathed borders, with bosses of acorns.

White Conduit House was first built in the fields, in the reign of Charles I., and was named from a stone conduit, 1641, which supplied the Charterhouse with water by a leaden pipe. The tavern was originally a small ale and cake house: Sir William Davenant describes a City wife going to the fields to "sop her cake in milke;" and Goldsmith speaks of tea-drinking parties here with hot rolls and butter. White Conduit rolls were nearly as famous as Chelsea buns. The Wheel Pond close by was a noted place for duck-hunting.

In May, 1760, a poetical description of White Conduit House appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. A description of the old place, in 1774, presents a general picture of the tea-garden of that period: "It is formed into walks, prettily disposed. At the end of the principal one is a painting which seems to render it (the walk) in appearance longer than it really is. In the centre of the garden is a fish-pond. There are boxes for company, curiously cut into hedges, adorned with Flemish and other paintings. There are two handsome tea-rooms, and several inferior ones." To these were added a new dancing and tea-saloon, called the Apollo Room. In 1826, the gardens were opened as a minor Vauxhall; and here the charming vocalist, Mrs.

Bland, last sang in public. In 1832, the original tavern was taken down, and rebuilt upon a much larger plan; in its principal room 2000 persons could dine. In 1849 these premises were also taken down, the tavern rebuilt upon a smaller scale, and the garden-ground let on building leases.

Cricket was played here by the White Conduit Club, as early as 1799; and one of its attendants, Thomas Lord, subsequently established the Marylebone Club.

White Conduit House was for some years kept by Mr. Christopher Bartholomew, at one time worth 50,000*l.* He had some fortunate hits in the State Lottery, and celebrated his good fortune by a public breakfast in his gardens. He was known to spend upwards of 2000 guineas a day for insurance: fortune forsook him, and he passed the latter years of his life in great poverty, partly subsisting on charity. But his gambling propensity led him, in 1807, to purchase with a friend a sixteenth of a lottery-ticket, which was drawn a prize of 20,000*l.*, with his moiety of which he purchased a small annuity, which he soon sold, and died in distress in 1809.

Bagnigge Wells, on the banks of the Fleet brook, between Clerkenwell and old St. Pancras church, was another tavern of this class. We remember its concert-room and organ, its grottoes, fountain and fishpond, its trim trees, its grotesque costumed figures, and its bust of Nell Gwynne to support the tradition that she had a house here.

A comedy of the seventeenth century has its scene laid at the Saracen's Head, an old hostelry, which in Queen Mary's reign had been hallowed by secret Protestant devotion, and stood between River Lane and the City Road.

Highbury Barn, upon the site of the barn of the monks of Canonbury, was another noted tavern.\* Nearly opposite Canonbury Tower are the remains of a last-century tea-

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\* Canonbury Tavern was in the middle of the last century a small ale-house. It was taken by a Mr. Lane, who had been a private soldier:

garden ; and in Barnsbury is a similar relic. And on the entrance of a coppice of trees is Hornsey Wood House, a tavern with a delightful prospect.

Islington abounds in chalybeate springs, resembling the Tunbridge Wells water ; one of which was rediscovered in 1683, in the garden of Sadler's music-house, subsequently Sadler's Wells Theatre ; and at the Sir Hugh Myddelton's Head tavern was formerly a conversation-picture with twenty-eight portraits of the Sadler's Wells Club. In Spa Fields was held "Gooseberry Fair," where the stalls of gooseberry-fool vied with the "threepenny tea-booths," and the beer at "my Lord Cobham's Head," which denotes the site of the mansion of Sir John Oldcastle, the Wickliffite, burnt in 1417.

### Copenhagen House.

This old suburban tavern, which stood in Copenhagen Fields, Islington, was cleared away in forming the site of the New Cattle Market.

The house had a curious history. In the time of Nelson, the historian of Islington (1811), it was a house of considerable resort, the situation affording a fine prospect over the western part of the metropolis. Adjoining the house was a small garden, furnished with seats and tables for the accommodation of company ; and a fives ground. The principal part of Copenhagen House, although much altered, was probably as old as the time of James I., and is traditionally said to have derived its name from having been the

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he improved the house, but its celebrity was gained by the widow Sutton, who kept the place from 1785 to 1808, and built new rooms, and laid out the bowling-green and tea-gardens. An Assembly was first established here in the year 1810. Nearly the entire premises, which then occupied about four acres, were situated within the old park wall of the Priory of St. Bartholomew ; it formed, indeed, a part of the eastern side of the house ; the ancient fish-pond was also connected with the grounds. The Tavern has been rebuilt.

residence of a Danish prince or ambassador during the Great Plague of 1665. Hone, in 1838, says: "It is certain that Copenhagen House has been licensed for the sale of beer, wine, and spirits, upwards of a century; and for refreshments, and as a tea-house, with garden and ground for skittles and Dutch pins, it has been greatly resorted to by Londoners." The date of this hostelry must be older than stated by Hone. Cunningham says: "A public-house or tavern in the parish of Islington, is called Copenhagen in the map before Bishop Gibson's edition of Camden, 1695."

About the year 1770 this house was kept by a person named Harrington. At his decease the business was continued by his widow, wherein she was assisted for several years by a young woman from Shropshire. This female assistant afterwards married a person named Tomes, from whom Hone got much information respecting Copenhagen-house. In 1780—the time of the London riots—a body of the rioters passed on their way to attack the seat of Lord Mansfield at Caen-wood; happily, they passed by without doing any damage, but Mrs. Harrington and her maid were so much alarmed that they dispatched a man to Justice Hyde, who sent a party of soldiers to garrison the place, where they remained until the riots were ended. From this spot the view of the nightly conflagrations in the metropolis must have been terrific. Mrs. Tomes says she saw nine fires at one time. On the New Year's-day previous to this, Mrs. Harrington was not so fortunate. After the family had retired to rest, a party of burglars forced the kitchen window, and mistaking the salt-box, in the chimney-corner, for a man's head, fired a ball through it. They then ran upstairs with a dark lantern, tied the servants, burst the lower panel of Mrs. Harrington's room door—while she secreted 50*l.* between her bed and the mattresses—and three of them rushed to her bed-side, armed with a cutlass, crowbar, and a pistol, while a fourth kept watch outside. They demanded her money, and as she denied that she had any, they wrenched

her drawers open with the crowbar, refusing to use the keys she offered to them. In these they found about 10*l.* belonging to her daughter, a little child, whom they threatened to murder unless she ceased crying : while they packed up all the plate, linen, and clothes, which they carried off. They went into the cellar, set all the ale barrels running, broke the necks of the wine bottles, spilt the other liquors, and slashed a round of beef with their cutlasses. From this wanton destruction they returned to the kitchen, where they ate, drank, and sung ; and eventually frightened Mrs. Harrington into delivering up the 50*l.* she had secreted, and it was with difficulty she escaped with her life. Rewards were offered by Government and the parish of Islington for the apprehension of the robbers ; and in May following one of them, named Clarkson, was discovered, and hopes of mercy tendered to him if he would discover his accomplices. This man was a watchmaker of Clerkenwell : the other three were tradesmen. They were tried and executed, and Clarkson pardoned. He was, however, afterwards executed for another robbery. In a sense, this robbery was fortunate to Mrs. Harrington. A subscription was raised, which more than covered the loss, and the curiosity of the Londoners induced them to throng to the scene of the robbery. So great was the increase of business, that it became necessary to enlarge the premises. Soon afterwards the house was celebrated for fives-playing. This game was our old *hand tennis*, and is a very ancient game. This last addition was almost accidental. "I made the first fives-ball," says Mrs. Tomes, "that was ever thrown up against Copenhagen House. One Hickman, a butcher at Highgate, a countryman of mine, called, and, seeing me counting, we talked about our country sports, and, amongst the rest, *fives*. I told him we'd have a game some day. I laid down the stone myself, and against he came again made a ball. I struck the ball the first blow, he gave it the second—and so we played—and as there was company, they liked the sport,

and it got talked of." This was the beginning of fives-play which became so famous at Copenhagen House.

### Topham, the Strong Man, and his Taverns.

In Upper-street, Islington, was formerly a house with the sign of the Duke's Head, at the south-east corner of Gadd's Row, (now St. Alban's Place,) which was remarkable, towards the middle of the last century, on account of its landlord, Thomas Topham, "the strong man of Islington." He was brought up to the trade of a carpenter, but abandoned it soon after his apprenticeship had expired; and about the age of twenty-four became the host of the Red Lion, near the old Hospital of St. Luke, in which house he failed. When he had attained his full growth, his stature was about five feet ten inches, and he soon began to give proof of his superior strength and muscular power. The first public exhibition of his extraordinary strength was that of pulling against a horse, lying upon his back, and placing his feet against the dwarf wall that divided Upper and Lower Moorfields.

By the strength of his fingers, he rolled up a very strong and large pewter dish, which was placed among the curiosities of the British Museum, marked near the edge, "April 3, 1737, Thomas Topham, of London, carpenter, rolled up this dish (made of the hardest pewter) by the strength of his hands, in the presence of Dr. John Desaguliers," etc. He broke seven or eight pieces of a tobacco-pipe, by the force of his middle finger, having laid them on his first and third fingers. Having thrust the bowl of a strong tobacco-pipe under his garter, his legs being bent, he broke it to pieces by the tendons of his hams, without altering the position of his legs. Another bowl of this kind he broke between his first and second finger, by pressing them together sideways. He took an iron kitchen poker, about a yard long, and three inches round, and bent it nearly to a right angle, by striking

upon his bare left arm between the elbow and the wrist. Holding the ends of a poker of like size in his hands, and the middle of it against the back of his neck, he brought both extremities of it together before him; and, what was yet more difficult, pulled it almost straight again. He broke a rope of two inches in circumference; though from his awkward manner, he was obliged to exert four times more strength than was necessary. He lifted a rolling stone of eight hundred pounds' weight with his hands only, standing in a frame above it, and taking hold of a chain fastened thereto.

But his grand feat was performed in Coldbath Fields, May 28, 1741, in commemoration of the taking of Porto Bello, by Admiral Vernon. At this time Topham was landlord of the Apple-tree, nearly facing the entrance to the House of Correction; here he exhibited the exploit of lifting three hogsheads of water, weighing one thousand eight hundred and thirty-one pounds: he also pulled against one horse, and would have succeeded against two, or even four, had he taken a proper position; but in pulling against two, he was jerked from his seat, and had one of his knees much hurt. Admiral Vernon was present at the above exhibition, in the presence of thousands of spectators; and there is a large print of the strange scene.

Topham subsequently removed to Hog-lane, Shoreditch. His wife proved unfaithful to him, which so distressed him that he stabbed her, and so mutilated himself that he died, in the flower of his age.

Many years since, there were several signs in the metropolis, illustrative of Topham's strength: the last was one in East Smithfield, where he was represented as "the Strong Man pulling against two Horses."

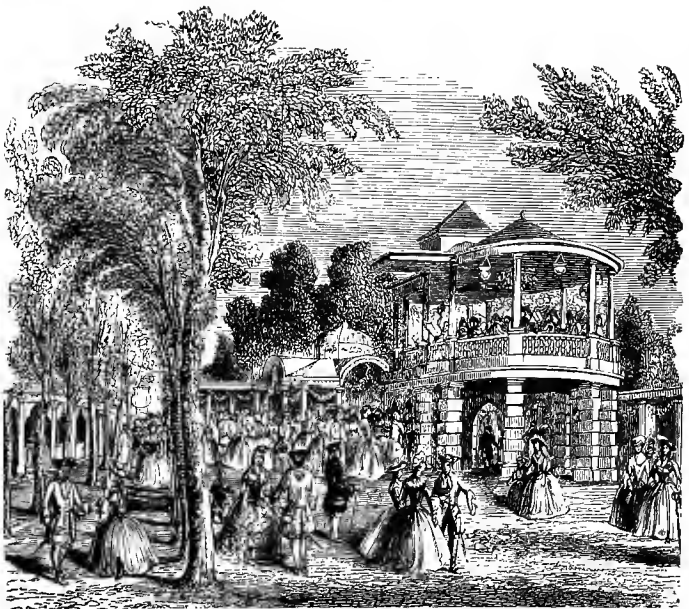
### The Castle Tavern, Holborn.

This noted tavern, described by Strype, a century and a half ago, as a house of considerable trade, has been, in our





White Conduit House, 1747.  
(*The Conduit in Front.*)



Vauxhall Assembly and Gardens, 1751.



time, the head-quarters of the Prize Ring, kept by two of its heroes, Tom Belcher and Tom Spring. Here was instituted the Daffy Club ; and the long room was adorned with portraits of pugilistic heroes, including Jem Belcher, Burke, Jackson, Tom Belcher, old Joe Ward, Dutch Sam, Gregson, Humphreys, Mendoza, Cribb, Molyneux, Gulley, Randall, Turner, Martin, Harmer, Spring, Neat, Hickman, Painter, Scroggins, Tom Owen, etc. ; and among other sporting prints, the famous dog, Trusty, the present of Lord Camelford to Jem Belcher, and the victor in fifty battles. In "Cribb's Memorial to Congress" is this picture of the great room :—

Lent Friday night a bang-up set  
 Of milling blades at Belcher's met,  
 All high-bred heroes of the Ring,  
     Whose very gammon would delight one ;  
 Who, nurs'd beneath the Fancy's wing,  
     Show all her feathers but the white one.  
 Brave Tom, the Champion, with an air  
 Almost Corinthian, took the chair,  
 And kept the coves in quiet tune,  
     By showing such a fist of mutton  
 As on a point of order soon  
     Would take the shine from Speaker Sutton.  
 And all the lads look'd gay and bright,  
     And gin and genius flashed about ;  
 And whosoe'er grew unpolite,  
     The well-bred Champion serv'd him out.

In 1828, Belcher retired from the tavern, and was succeeded by Tom Spring (Thomas Winter), the immediate successor of Cribb, as Champion of England. Spring prospered at the Castle many years. He died August 17, 1851, in his fifty-sixth year ; he was highly respected, and had received several testimonials of public and private esteem ; among which were these pieces of plate :—1. The Manchester Cup, presented in 1821. 2. The Hereford Cup, 1823. 3. A noble tankard and a purse, value upwards

of five hundred pounds. 4. A silver goblet, from Spring's early patron, Mr. Sant.

Spring's figure was an extremely fine one, and his face and forehead most remarkable. His brow had something of the Greek Jupiter in it, expressing command, energy, determination, and cool courage. Its severity was relieved by the lower part of his countenance, the features of which denoted mildness and playfulness. His actual height was five feet eleven inches and a half; but he could stretch his neck so as to make his admeasurement more than six feet.

### Marylebone and Paddington Taverns.

Smith, in his very amusing "Book for a Rainy Day," tells us that in 1772, beyond Portland Chapel, (now St. Paul's,) the highway was irregular, with here and there a bank of separation; and having crossed the New Road, there was a turnstile, at the entrance of a meadow leading to a little old public-house—the Queen's Head and Artichoke—an odd association: the sign was much weather-beaten, though perhaps once a tolerably good portrait of Queen Elizabeth: the house was reported to have been kept by one of Her Majesty's gardeners.

A little beyond was another turnstile opening also into the fields, over which was a walk to the Jew's Harp Tavern and Tea Gardens. It consisted of a large upper room, ascended by an outside staircase for the accommodation of the company on ball-nights. There were a semicircular enclosure of boxes for tea and ale drinkers, and tables and seats for the smokers, guarded by deal-board soldiers between every box, painted in proper colours. There were trap-ball and tennis-grounds, and skittle-grounds. South of the tea-gardens were summer-houses and gardens, where the tenant might be seen on Sunday evening, in a bright scarlet waistcoat, ruffled shirt, and silver shoe-buckles, comfortably taking his tea with his family, honouring a Seven Dials friend.

with a nod on his peregrination to the famed Wells of Kilburn. Such was the suburban rural enjoyment of a century since on the borders of Marylebone Park.

There is a capital story told of Mr. Speaker Onslow, who when he could escape from the heated atmosphere of the House of Commons, in his long service of thirty-three years, used to retire to the Jew's Harp. He dressed himself in plain attire, and preferred taking his seat in the chimney-corner of the kitchen, where he took part in the passing joke and ordinary concerns of the landlord, his family and customers! He continued this practice for a year or two, and thus ingratiated himself with his host and his family, who, not knowing his name, called him "the gentleman," but, from his familiar manners, treated him as one of themselves. It happened, however, one day, that the landlord of the Jew's Harp was walking along Parliament street, when he met the Speaker, in his state-coach, going up with an address to the throne; and looking narrowly at the chief personage, he was astonished and confounded at recognising the features of the gentleman, his constant customer. He hurried home and communicated the extraordinary intelligence to his wife and family, all of whom were disconcerted at the liberties which, at different times, they had taken with so important a person. In the evening, Mr. Onslow came as usual to the Jew's Harp, with his holiday face and manners, and prepared to take his seat, but found everything in a state of peculiar preparation, and the manners of the landlord and his wife changed from indifference and familiarity to form and obsequiousness: the children were not allowed to climb upon him, and pull his wig as heretofore, and the servants were kept at a distance. He, however, took no notice of the change, but, finding that his name and rank had by some means been discovered, he paid his reckoning, civilly took his departure, and never visited the house afterwards.

The celebrated Speaker is buried in the family vault of

the Onslows, at Merrow ; and in Trinity Church, Guildford, is a memorial of him—"the figure of the deceased in a *Roman habit*," and he is resting upon volumes of the Votes and Journals of the House of Commons. The monument is overloaded with inscriptions and armorial displays : we suspect that "the gentleman" of the Jew's Harp chimney-corner would rather that such indiscriminate ostentation had been spared, especially "the Roman habit." If we remember rightly, Speaker Onslow presented to the people of Merrow, for their church, a cedar-wood pulpit, which the Churchwardens ordered to be *painted white!*

To return to the taverns. Wilson, our great landscape painter, was fond of playing at skittles, and frequented the Green Man public-house, in the New-road, at the end of Norton-street, originally known under the appellation of the "Farthing Pye-house ;" where bits of mutton were put into a crust shaped like a pie, and actually sold for a farthing. This house was kept by a factious man named Price, of whom there is a mezzotinto portrait : he was an excellent salt-box player, and frequently accompanied the famous Abel, when playing on the violoncello. Wilkes was a frequenter of this house to procure votes for Middlesex, as it was visited by many opulent freeholders.

The Mother Redcap, at Kentish Town, was a house of no small terror to travellers in former times. It has been stated that Mother Redcap was the "Mother Damnable" of Kentish Town ; and that it was at her house that the notorious Moll Cutpurse, the highwaywoman of the time of Oliver Cromwell, dismounted, and frequently lodged.

Kentish Town has had some of its old taverns rebuilt. Here was the Castle Tavern, which had a Perpendicular stone chimney-piece ; the house was taken down in 1849 : close to its southern wall was a sycamore planted by Lord Nelson, when a boy, at the entrance to his uncle's cottage ; the tree has been spared. Opposite were the old Assembly rooms, taken down in 1852 : here was a table with an

inscription by an invalid, who recovered his health by walking to this spot every morning to take his breakfast in front of the house.

Bowling-greens were also among the celebrities of Marylebone: where, says the grave John Locke ("Diary," 1679), a curious stranger "may see several persons of quality bowling, two or three times a week, all the summer." The bowling-green of the Rose of Normandy Tavern and Gaming-house in High-street is supposed to be that referred to in Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's memorable line; and it is one of the scenes of Captain Macheath's debaucheries, in *Gay's Beggar's Opera*.

The Rose was built some 230 years ago, and was the oldest house in Marylebone parish: it was originally a detached building, used as a house of entertainment in connection with the bowling-green at the back; and in 1659 the place was described as a square brick wall, set with fruit-trees, gravel walks, and the bowling-green; "all except the first, double set with quickset hedges, full-grown, and kept in excellent order, and indented like town walls." In a map of the Duke of Portland's estate, of 1708, there are shown two bowling-greens, one near the top of High-street, and abutting on the grounds of the Old Manor House; the other at the back of this house: in connection with the latter was the Rose Tavern, once much frequented by persons of the first rank, but latterly in much disrepute, and supposed to be referred to by Pennant, who, when speaking of the Duke of Buckingham's minute description of the house afterwards the Queen's Palace, says: "He has omitted his constant visits to the noted Gaming-house at Marybone; the place of assemblage of all the infamous sharpers of the time;" to whom his Grace always gave a dinner at the conclusion of the season: and his parting toast was, "May as many of us as remain unchanged next spring meet here again."

These Bowling-greens were afterwards incorporated with

the well-known Marylebone Gardens, upon the site of which are now built Beaumont-street, part of Devonshire-street, and Devonshire place. The principal entrance was in High-street. Pepys was here in 1688: "Then we abroad to Marrowbone, and there walked in the Gardens: the first time I was ever there, and a pretty place it is." In the *London Gazette*, 1691, we read of "Long's Bowling-green at the Rose, at Marylebone, half a mile distant from London." The Gardens were at first opened gratis to all classes; after the addition of the bowling-greens, the company became more select, by one shilling entrance money being charged, an equivalent being allowed in viands.

An engraving of 1761 shows the Gardens in their fullest splendour: the centre walk had rows of trees, with irons for the lamps in the stems; on either side, latticed alcoves; and on the right, the bow-fronted orchestra with balustrades, supported by columns; with a projecting roof, to keep the musicians and singers free from rain; on the left is a room for balls and suppers. In 1763, the Gardens were taken by Lowe, the singer; he kept them until 1769, when he conveyed the property by assignment to his creditors; the deed we remember to have seen in Mr. Sampson Hodgkinson's Collection at Acton Green; from it we learn that the premises of Rysbrack, the sculptor, were formerly part of the Gardens. Nan Cattley and Signor Storace were among the singers. James Hook, father of Theodore Hook, composed many songs for the Gardens; and Dr. Arne, catches and glees; and under his direction was played Handel's music, followed by fireworks; and in 1772, a model-picture of Mount Etna, in eruption. Burlettas from Shakspeare were recited here in 1774. In 1775, Baddeley, the comedian, gave here his Modern Magic Lantern, including Punch's Election; next, George Saville Carey his Lecture on Mimicry; and in 1776, fantoccini, sleight of hand, and representations of the Boulevards at Paris and Pyramids of Egypt.



Chatterton wrote for the Gardens *The Revenge*, a burletta, the manuscript of which, together with Chatterton's receipt, given to Henslow, the proprietor of the Gardens, for the amount paid for the drama, was found by Mr. Upcott, at a cheesemonger's shop, in the City; it was published, but its authenticity was at the time doubted by many eminent critics. (*Crypt*, November, 1827.)

Paddington was long noted for its old Taverns. The White Lion, Edgware-road, dates 1524, the year when hops were first imported. At the Red Lion, near the Harrow-road, tradition says, Shakspeare acted; and another Red Lion, formerly near the Harrow-road bridge over the Bourn, is described in an inquisition of Edward VI. In this road is also an ancient Pack-horse; and the Wheatsheaf, Edgware-road, was a favourite resort of Ben Jonson.\*

Kilburn Wells, a noted tea-drinking tavern and garden, sprang up from the fame of the spring of mineral water there.

Bayswater had, within memory, its tea-garden taverns, the most extensive of which were the "physic gardens" of Sir John Hill, who here cultivated his medicinal plants, and prepared from them his tinctures, essences, etc. The ground is now the site of noble mansions. The Bayswater springs, reservoirs, and conduits, in olden times, brought here thousands of pleasure-seekers; as did Shepherd's Bush, with its rural name. Acton, with its wells of mineral water, about the middle of the last century, were in high repute; the assembly-room was then a place of great fashionable resort, but on its decline was converted into tenements. The two noted taverns, the Hats, at Ealing, were much resorted to in the last century, and early in the present.

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\* Robins's "Paddington, Past and Present."

## Kensington and Brompton Taverns.

Kensington, on the Great Western-road, formerly had its large inns. The coffee-house west of the Palace Road was much resorted to as a tea-drinking place, handy to the gardens.

Kensington, to this day, retains its memorial of the residence of Addison, at Holland House, from the period of his marriage. The thoroughfare from the Kensington Road to Notting Hill is named Addison Road. At Holland House are shown the table upon which the Essayist wrote; his reputed portrait; and the chamber in which he died.

It has been commonly stated and believed that Addison's marriage with the Countess of Warwick was a most unhappy match; and that, to drown his sorrow, and escape from his termagant wife, he would often slip away from Holland House to the White Horse Inn, which stood at the corner of Lord Holland's Lane, and on the site of the present Holland Arms Inn. Here Addison would enjoy his favourite dish of a fillet of veal, his bottle, and perhaps a friend. He is also stated to have had another way of showing his spite to the Countess, by withdrawing the company from Button's Coffee-house, set up by her Ladyship's old servant. Moreover, Addison is accused of having taught Dryden to drink, so as to hasten his end: how doubly "glorious" old John must have been in his cups. Pope also states that Addison kept such late hours that he was compelled to quit his company, But both these anecdotes are from Spence and are doubted; and they have done much injury to Addison's character. Miss Aikin in her "Life of Addison," endeavours to invalidate these imputations, by reference to the sobriety of Addison's early life. He had a remarkably sound constitution, and could, probably, sit out his companions, and stop short of actual intoxication; indeed, it was said that he was only warmed into the utmost brilliancy of table conversation, by

the time that Steele had rendered himself nearly unfit for it. Miss Aikin refers to the tone and temper, the correctness of taste and judgment of Addison's writings, in proof of his sobriety; and doubts whether a man, himself stained with the vice of intoxication, would have dared to stigmatize it as in his 569th *Spectator*. The idea that domestic unhappiness led him to contract this dreadful habit is then repudiated; and the opposite conclusion supported by the bequest of his whole property to his lady. "Is it conceivable," asks Miss Aikin, "that any man would thus 'give and hazard all he had,' even to his precious only child, in compliment to a woman who should have rendered his last years miserable by her pride and petulance, and have driven him out from his home, to pass his comfortless evenings in the gross indulgence of a tavern?" Our amiable biographer, therefore, equally discredits the stories of Addison's unhappy marriage, and of his intemperate habits.

The White Horse was taken down many years since. The tradition of its being the tavern frequented by Addison was common in Kensington when Faulkner printed his "History," in 1820.

There was a celebrated visitor at Holland House who, many years later, partook of "the gross indulgence." Sheridan was often at Holland House in his latter days; and Lady Holland told Moore that he used to take a bottle of wine and a book up to bed with him always; the *former* alone intended for use. In the morning, he breakfasted in bed, and had a little brandy or rum in his tea or coffee; made his appearance between one and two, and pretending important business, used to set out for town, but regularly stopped at the Adam and Eve public-house for a dram, and there ran up a long bill, which Lord Holland had to pay. This was the old roadside inn, long since taken down.

When the building for the Great Exhibition of 1851 was in course of construction, Alexis Soyer, the celebrated cook

from the Reform Club, hired for a term, Gore House, and converted Lady Blessington's well-appointed mansion and grounds into a sort of large *restaurant*, which our poetical cook named "the Symposium." The house was ill planned for the purpose, and underwent much grotesque decoration and *bizarre* embellishment, to meet Soyer's somewhat unorthodox taste; for his chief aim was to show the public "something they had never seen before." The designation of the place—Symposium—led to a dangerous joke: "Ah! I understand," said a wag, "impose-on-'em." Soyer was horrified, and implored the joker not to name his witticism upon 'Change in the City, but he disregarded the *restaurateur's* request, and the pun was often repeated between Cornhill and Kensington.

In the reconstruction and renovation of the place, Soyer was assisted by his friend Mr. George Augustus Sala, who, some years after, when he edited *Temple Bar*, described in his very clever manner, what he saw and thought, whilst for "many moons he slept, and ate, and drank, and walked, and talked, in Gore House, surrounded by the very strangest of company":—

From February to mid-March a curious medley of carpenters, scene-painters, plumbers, glaziers, gardeners, town-travellers for ironmongers, wine-merchants, and drapers, held high carnival in the place. By-and-by came dukes and duchesses, warriors and statesmen, ambassadors, actors, artists, authors, quack-doctors, ballet-dancers, journalists, Indian princes, Irish members, nearly all that was odd and all that was distinguished, native or foreign, in London town. They wandered up and down the staircases, and in and out of the saloons, quizzing, and talking, and laughing, and flirting sometimes in sly corners. They signed their names in a big book, blazing with gold and morocco, which lay among shavings on a carpenter's bench in the library. Where is that wondrous collection of autographs, that *Libro d'Oro*, now? Mr. Keeley's signature followed suit to that of Lord Carlisle. Fanny Cerito inscribed her pretty name, with that of "St. Leon" added, next to the signature of the magnificent Duchess of Sutherland. I was at work with the whitewashers on the stairs, and saw Semiramis sweep past. Baron Brunnow met Prof. Holloway on the neutral ground of a page of auto-

graphs. Jules Janin's name came close to the laborious *paraphé* of an eminent pugilist. Members of the American Congress found themselves in juxtaposition with Frederick Douglas and the dark gentleman who came as ambassador from Hayti. I remember one Sunday, during that strange time, seeing Mr. Disraeli, Madame Doche, the Author of "Vanity Fair," a privy councillor, a Sardinian attaché, the Marquis of Normanby, the late Mr. Flexmore the clown, the Editor of *Punch*, and the Wizard of the North, all pressing to enter the whilom boudoir of the Blessington.

Meanwhile I and the whitewashers were hard at work. We summoned upholsterers, carvers and gilders to our aid. Troops of men in white caps and jackets began to flit about the lower regions. The gardeners were smothering themselves with roses in the adjacent parterres. Marvellous erections began to rear their heads in the grounds of Gore House. The wilderness had become, not exactly a paradise, but a kind of Garden of Epicurus, in which some of the features of that classical bower of bliss were blended with those of the kingdom of Cockaigne, where pigs are said to run about ready roasted with silver knives and forks stuck in them, and crying, "Come, eat us; our crackling is delicious, and the sage-and-onions with which we are stuffed distils an odour as sweet as that of freshly gathered violets." Vans laden with wines, with groceries, with plates and dishes, with glasses and candelabra, and with bales of calico, and still more calico, were perpetually arriving at Gore House. The carriages of the nobility and gentry were blocked up among railway goods-vans and Parcels Delivery carts. The authorities of the place were obliged to send for a detective policeman to mount permanent guard at the Gore, for the swell-mob had found us out, and flying squadrons of felony hung on the skirts of our distinguished visitors, and harassed their fobs fearfully. Then we sent forth advertisements to the daily papers, and legions of mothers, grandmothers, and aunts brought myriads of newly-washed boys, some chubby and curly-haired, some lanky and straight-locked, from whom we selected the comelier youths, and put them into picturesque garbs, confected for us by Mr. Nicoll. Then we held a competitive examination of pretty girls, and from those who obtained the largest number of marks (of respect and admiration) we chose a bevy of Hebes, whose rosy lips, black eyes and blue eyes, fair hair and dark hair, very nearly drove me crazy in the spring days of 1851.

And by the end of April we had completely metamorphosed Gore House. I am sure that poor Lady Blessington would not have known her coquettish villa again had she visited it, and I am afraid she would not have been much gratified to see that which the upholsterers, the whitewashers, the hangers of calico, and your humble servant, had

wrought. As for the venerable Mr. Wilberforce, who, I believe, occupied Gore House some years before Lady Blessington's tenancy, he would have held up his hands in pious horror to see the changes we had made. A madcap masquerade of bizarre taste and queer fancies had turned Gore House completely inside out. In honest truth, we had played the very dickens with it. The gardens were certainly magnificent, and there was a sloping terrace of flowers in the form of a gigantic shell, and literally crammed with the choicest roses, which has seldom, I believe, been rivalled in ornamental gardening. But the house itself! The library had been kindly dealt by, save that from the ceiling were suspended a crowd of quicksilvered glass globes, which bobbed about like the pendent ostrich-eggs in an Eastern mosque. There was a room called the "Floriana," with walls and ceiling fluted with blue and white calico, and stuck all over with spangles. There was the "Doriana," also in calico, pink and white, and approached by a portal called the "door of the dungeon of mystery," which was studded with huge nails, and garnished with fetters in the well-known Newgate fashion. Looking towards the garden were the Alhambra Terrace and the Venetian Bridge. The back drawing-room was the Night of Stars, or the *Réverie de l'Etoile polaire*; the night being represented by a cerulean ceiling painted over with fleecy clouds, and the firmament by hangings of blue gauze spangled with stars cut out of silver-foil paper! Then there was the vestibule of Jupiter Tonans, the walls covered with a salmagundi of the architecture of all nations, from the Acropolis to the Pyramids of Egypt, from Temple Bar to the Tower of Babel. The dining-room became the Hall of Jewels, or the *Salon des Larmes de Danaë*, and the "Shower of Gems," with a grand arabesque perforated ceiling, gaudy in gilding and distemper colours. Upstairs there was a room fitted up as a Chinese pagoda, another as an Italian cottage overlooking a vineyard and the Lake of Como; another as a cavern of ice in the Arctic regions, with sham columns imitating icebergs, and a stuffed white fox—bought cheap at a sale—in the chimney. The grand staircase belonged to me, and I painted its walls with a grotesque nightmare of portraits of people I had never seen, and hundreds more upon whom I had never set eyes save in the print-shops, till I saw the originals grinning, or scowling, or planted in blank amazement before the pictorial libels on the walls.

In the gardens Sir Charles Fox built for us a huge barrack of wood, glass, and iron, which we called the "Baronial Hall," and which we filled with pictures and lithographs, and flags and calico, in our own peculiar fashion. We hired a large grazing-meadow at the back of the gardens, from a worthy Kensington cow-keeper, and having fitted up another barrack at one end of it, called it the "Pré D'Orsay." We

memorialized the Middlesex magistrates, and, after a great deal of trouble, got a licence enabling us to sell wines and spirits, and to have music and dancing if we so chose. We sprinkled tents and alcoves all over our gardens, and built a gipsies' cavern, and a stalactite pagoda with double windows, in which gold and silver fish floated. And finally, having engaged an army of pages, cooks, scullions, waiters, barmaids, and clerks of the kitchen, we opened this monstrous place on the first of May, 1851, and bade all the world come and dine at SOYER'S SYMPOSIUM.

However, the ungrateful public disregarded the invitation, and poor Alexis Soyer is believed to have lost 4000*l.* by this enterprise. He died a few years after, at the early age of fifty. His friend Mr. Sala has said of him with true pathos :—"He was a vain man ; but he was good and kind and charitable. There are paupers and beggars *even among French cooks*, and Alexis always had his pensioners and his alms-duns, to whom his hand was ever open. He was but a cook, but he was my dear and good friend."

We remember to have heard Soyer say of the writer of these truthful words, in reply to an inquiry as to the artist of the figures upon the staircase-walls, "He is a very clever fellow, of whom you will hear much,"—a prediction which has been fully verified.

Brompton, with its two centuries of Nursery fame, lasted to our time ; southward, among "the Groves," were the Florida, Hoop and Toy, and other tea-garden taverns ; there remains the Swan, with its bowling-green.

### Knightsbridge Taverns.

Knightsbridge was formerly a noted "Spring Garden," with several taverns, of gay and questionable character. Some of the older houses have historical interest. The Rose and Crown, formerly the Oliver Cromwell, has been licensed above three hundred years. It is said to be the house which sheltered Wyatt, while his unfortunate Kentish followers rested on the adjacent green. A tradition of the

locality also is that Cromwell's body-guard was once quartered here, the probability of which is carefully examined in Davis's "Memorials of Knightsbridge." The house has been much modernized of late years; "but," says Mr. Davis, "enough still remains in its peculiar chimneys, oval-shaped windows, the low rooms, large yard, and extensive stabling, with the galleries above, and office-like places beneath, to testify to its antiquity and former importance." The Rising Sun, hard by, is a seventeenth century red-brick house, which formerly had much carved work in the rooms, and a good staircase remains.

The Fox and Bull is the third house that has existed under the same sign. The first was Elizabethan with carved and panelled rooms, ornamented ceiling; and it was not until 1799; that the immense fireplaces and dog-irons were removed for stove-grates. This house was pulled down about 1836, and the second immediately built upon its site; this stood till the Albert-gate improvements made the removal of the tavern business to its present situation.\*

The original Fox and Bull is traditionally said to have

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\* Stolen Marriages were the source of the old Knightsbridge tavern success, and ten books of marriages and baptisms solemnized here, 1658 to 1752, are preserved. Trinity Chapel, the old edifice, was one of the places where these irregular marriages were solemnized. Thus, in Shadwell's *Sullen Lovers*, Lovell is made to say, "Let's dally no longer; there is a person at Knightsbridge that yokes all stray people together; we'll to him, he'll dispatch us presently, and send us away as lovingly as any two fools that ever yet were condemned to marriage." Some of the entries in this marriage register are suspicious enough—"secrecy for life," or "great secrecy," or "secret for fourteen years," being appended to the names. Mr. Davis, in his "Memorials of Knightsbridge," was the first to exhume from this document the name of the adventuress, "Mrs. Mary Aylif," whom Sir Samuel Morland married as his fourth wife, in 1697. Readers of Pepys will remember how pathetically Morland wrote, eighteen days after the wedding, that when he had expected to marry an heiress, "I was, about a fortnight since, led as a fool to the stocks, and married a coachman's daughter not worth a shilling."



been used by Queen Elizabeth on her visits to Lord Burghley, at Brompton. Its curious sign is said to be the only one of the kind existing. . . Here for a long time was maintained that Queen Anne style of society, where persons of parts and reputation were to be met with in public rooms. Captain Corbet was for a long time its head ; Mr. Shaw, of the War Office, supplied the *London Gazette* ; and Mr. Harris, of Covent Garden, his play-bills. Sir Joshua Reynolds is said to have been occasionally a visitor ; as also Sir W. Wynn, the patron of Ryland. George Morland, too, was frequently here. The sign was once painted by Sir Joshua, and hung till 1807, when it was blown down and destroyed in a storm. The house is referred to in the *Tatler*, No. 259.

At about where William-street joins Lowndes-square was "an excellent Spring Garden." Among the entries of the Virtuosi, or St. Luke's Club, established by Vandyke, is the following : "Paid and spent at Spring Gardens, by Knightsbridge, forfeiture, 3*l.* 15*s.*" Pepys being at Kensington, "on a frolic," June 16, 1664, "lay in his drawers, and stockings, and waistcoat, till five of the clock, and so up, walked to Knightsbridge, and there eat a mess of cream, and so to St. James's," etc. And, April 24, 1665, the King being in the Park, and sly Pepys being doubtful of being seen in any pleasure, stepped out of the Park to Knightsbridge, and there ate and drank in the coach.

Pepys also speaks of "the World's End," at Knightsbridge, which Mr. Davis thinks could only have been the sign adopted for the Garden ; and Pepys, being too soon to go into Hyde Park, went on to Knightsbridge, and there ate and drank at the World's End ; and elsewhere the road going "to the World's End, a drinking-house by the Park, and there merry, and so home late." Congreve, in his *Love for Love*, alludes, in a woman's quarrel, to the place, between Mrs. Frail and Mrs. Foresight, in which the former says : "I don't doubt but you have thought yourself happy in a hackney-coach before now. If I had gone to Knights-

bridge, or to Chelsea, or to Spring Garden, or Barn Elms, with a man alone, something might have been said." The house belonging to this Garden stood till about 1826.

Knightsbridge Grove, approached through a stately avenue of trees from the road, was a sporting house. Here the noted Mrs. Cornelys endeavoured to retrieve her fortunes, after her failure at Carlisle House. In 1785 she gave up her precarious trade. "Ten years after," says Davis's "Memorials of Knightsbridge," "to the great surprise of the public, she reappeared at Knightsbridge as Mrs. Smith, a retailer of asses' milk. A suite of breakfast-rooms was opened; but her former influence could not be recovered. The speculation utterly failed; and at length she was confined to the Fleet Prison. There she ended her shallow career, dying August 19, 1797."

A once notorious house, the Swan, still exists on the Knightsbridge-road, a little beyond the Green. It is celebrated by Tom Brown. In Otway's *Soldier's Fortune*, 1681, Sir Davy Dunce says:—

I have surely lost, and ne'er shall find her more. She promised me strictly to stay at home till I came back again; for ought I know, she may be up three pair of stairs in the Temple now, or, it may be, taking the air as far as Knightsbridge, with some smooth-faced rogue or another; 'tis a damned house that Swan,—that Swan at Knightsbridge is a confounded house.

To the Feathers, which stood to the south of Grosvenor-row, an odd anecdote is attached. A Lodge of Odd Fellows, or some similar society, was in the habit of holding its meetings in a room at the Feathers; and on one occasion, when a new member was being initiated in the mysteries thereof, in rushed two persons, whose abrupt and unauthorized entrance threw the whole assemblage into an uproar. Summary punishment was proposed by an expeditious kick into the street; but, just as it was about to be bestowed, the secretary recognised one of the intruders as George, Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV. Circum-

stances instantly changed: it indeed was he, out on a nocturnal excursion; and accordingly it was proposed and carried that the Prince and his companion should be admitted members. The Prince was chairman the remainder of the evening; and the chair in which he sat, ornamented, in consequence, with the plume, is still preserved in the parlour of the modern inn in Grosvenor-street West, and over it hangs a coarsely-executed portrait of the Prince in the robes of the order. The inn, the hospital, and various small tenements were removed in 1851, when the present stately erections were immediately commenced. On the ground being cleared away, various coins, old horse-shoes, a few implements of warfare, and some human remains were discovered.\*

Jenny's Whim, another celebrated place of entertainment, has only just entirely disappeared; it was on the site of St. George's-row. Mr. Davis thinks it to have been named from the fantastic way in which Jenny, the first landlady, laid out the garden. Angelo says, it was established by a fire-work-maker, in the reign of George I. There was a large breakfast-room, and the grounds comprised a bowling-green, alcoves, arbours, and flower-beds; a fish-pond, a cock-pit, and a pond for duck-hunting. In the *Connoisseur*, May 15, 1775, we read: "The lower sort of people had their Ranelaghs and their Vauxhalls as well as the quality. Perrot's inimitable grotto may be seen, for only calling for a pint of beer; and the royal diversion of duck-hunting may be had into the bargain, together with a decanter of Dorchester, for your sixpence, at Jenny's Whim." The large garden here had some amusing deceptions; as by treading on a spring—taking you by surprise—up started different figures, some ugly enough to frighten you—a harlequin, a Mother Shipton, or some terrific animal. In a large piece of water facing the tea-alcoves, large fish or mermaids were showing themselves

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\* Davis's "Memorials of Knightsbridge."

above the surface." Horace Walpole, in his Letters, occasionally alludes to Jenny's Whim; in one to Montagu he spitefully says—"Here (at Vauxhall) we picked up Lord Granby, arrived very drunk from Jenny's Whim."

Towards the close of the last century, Jenny's Whim began to decline; its morning visitors were not so numerous, and opposition was also powerful. It gradually became forgotten, and at last sank to the condition of a beerhouse, and about 1804 the business altogether ceased.\*

Jenny's Whim has more than once served the novelist for an illustration; as in "Maids of Honour, a Tale of the Times of George the First:"—"There were gardens," says the writer, mentioning the place, "attached to it, and a bowling-green; and parties were frequently made, composed of ladies and gentlemen, to enjoy a day's amusement there in eating strawberries and cream, syllabubs, cake, and taking other refreshments, of which a great variety could be procured, with cider, perry, ale, wine, and other liquors in abundance. The gentlemen played at bowls—some employed themselves at skittles; whilst the ladies amused themselves at a swing, or walked about the garden, admiring the sunflowers, hollyhocks, the Duke of Marlborough cut out of a filbert-tree, and the roses and daisies, currants and gooseberries, that spread their alluring charms in every path.

"This was a favourite rendezvous for lovers in courting time—a day's pleasure at Jenny's Whim being considered by the fair one the most enticing enjoyment that could be offered her; and often the hearts of the most obdurate have given way beneath the influence of its attractions. Jenny's Whim, therefore, had always, during the season, plenty of pleasant parties of young people of both sexes. Sometimes

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\* The last relic of "Jenny's Whim" was removed in November, 1865.

all its chambers were filled, and its gardens thronged by gay and sentimental visitors."\*

## Ranelagh Gardens.

This famous place of entertainment was opened in 1742, on the site of the gardens of Ranelagh House, eastward of Chelsea Hospital. It was originally projected by Lacy, the patentee of Drury Lane Theatre, as a sort of Winter Vauxhall. There was a Rotunda, with a Doric portico, and arcade and gallery; a Venetian pavilion in a lake, to which the company were rowed in boats; and the grounds were planted with trees and *allées vertes*. The several buildings were designed by Capon, the eminent scene-painter. There were boxes for refreshments, and in each was a painting: in the centre was a heating apparatus, concealed by arches, porticoes and niches, paintings, etc.; and supporting the ceiling, which was decorated with celestial figures, festoons of flowers, and arabesques, and lighted by circles of chandeliers. The Rotunda was opened with a public breakfast, April 5, 1742. Walpole describes the high fashion of Ranelagh: "The prince, princess, duke, much nobility, and much mob besides, were there." "My Lord Chesterfield is so fond of it, that he says he has ordered all his letters to be directed thither." The admission was one shilling; but the *ridottos*, with supper and music, were one guinea. Concerts were also given here: Dr. Arne composed the music; Tenducci and Mara sang; and here were first publicly performed the compositions of the Catch Club. Fireworks and a mimic Etna were next introduced; and lastly masquerades, described in Fielding's "Amelia," and satirized in the *Connoisseur*, No. 66, May 1, 1755; wherein the Sunday evening's tea-drinkings at Rane-

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\* In 1755, a quarto satirical tract was published, entitled "Jenny's Whim; or, a Sure Guide to the Nobility, Gentry, and other Eminent Persons in this Metropolis."

lugh being laid aside, it is proposed to exhibit "the story of the Fall of Man in a Masquerade."

But the promenade of the Rotunda, to the music of the orchestra and organ, soon declined. "There's your famous Ranelagh, that you make such a fuss about; why, what a dull place is that!" says Miss Burney's Evelina. In 1802, the Installation Ball of the Knights of the Bath was given here; and the Pic-nic Society gave here a breakfast to 2000 persons, when Garnerin ascended in his balloon. After the Peace Fête, in 1803, for which allegorical scenes were painted by Capon, Ranelagh was deserted, and in 1804 the buildings were removed.

There was subsequently opened in the neighbourhood a New Ranelagh.

### Cremorne Tavern and Gardens.

This property was formerly known as Chelsea Farm, and in 1803 devolved to the Viscount Cremorne, after whom it was named, and who employed Wyatt to build the elegant and commodious mansion. In the early part of the present century, Cremorne was often visited by George III., and Queen Charlotte, and the Prince of Wales. In 1825, the house and grounds devolved to Mr. Granville Penn, by whom they were much improved. Next, the beauty of the spot, and its fitness for a pleasure-garden, led to its being opened to the public as "the Stadium." After this, the estate fell into other hands, and was appropriated to a very different object. At length, under the proprietorship of Mr. T. B. Simpson, the grounds were laid out with taste, and the tavern enlarged; and the place has prospered for many years as a sort of Vauxhall, with multitudinous amusements, in variety far outnumbering the old proto-gardens.

## The Mulberry Garden,

Upon the site of which is built the northern portion of Buckingham Palace, was planted by order of James I., in 1609, and in the next two reigns became a public garden. Evelyn describes it in 1654 as "y<sup>e</sup> only place of refreshment about y<sup>e</sup> towne for persons of y<sup>e</sup> best quality to be exceedingly cheated at;" and Pepys refers to it as "a silly place," but with "a wilderness somewhat pretty." It is a favourite locality in the gay comedies of Charles II.'s reign.

Dryden frequented the Mulberry Garden; and according to a contemporary, the poet ate tarts there with Mrs. Anne Reeve, his mistress. The company sat in arbours, and were regaled with cheesecakes, syllabubs, and sweetened wine; wine-and-water at dinner, and a dish of tea afterwards. Sometimes the ladies wore masks. "The country ladys, for the first month, take up their places in the Mulberry Garden as early as a citizen's wife at a new play."—Sir Charles Sedley's "Mulberry Garden," 1668.

A princely palace on that space does rise,  
Where Sedley's noble muse found mulberries.—*Dr. King.*

Upon the above part of the garden site was built *Goring House*, let to the Earl of Arlington in 1666, and thence named *Arlington House*; in this year the Earl brought from Holland, for 60s., the first pound of tea received in England; so that, in all probability, *the first cup of tea made in England was drunk upon the site of Buckingham Palace.*

## Pimlico Taverns.

Pimlico is a name of gardens of public entertainment, often mentioned by our early dramatists, and in this respect resembles "Spring Garden." In a rare tract, "Newes from Hogsdon," 1598, is: "Have at thee, then, my merrie boys, and hey for old Ben Pimlico's nut-browne!" and the place,

in or near Hoxton, was afterwards named from him. Ben Jonson has :

A second Hogsden,  
In days of Pimlico and eye-bright.—*The Alchemist.*

“Pimlico-path” is a gay resort of his “Bartholomew Fair;” and Meercraft, in “The Devil is an Ass,” says :

I'll have thee, Captain Gilthead, and march up  
And take in Pimlico, and kill the bush  
At every tavern.

In 1609, was printed a tract entitled “Pimlyco, or Prince Red Cap, 'tis a Mad World at Hogsden.” Sir Lionel Rash, in Green's “Tu Quoque,” sends his daughter “as far as Pimlico for a draught of Derby ale, that it may bring colour into her cheeks.” Massinger mentions,

Eating pudding-pies on a Sunday,  
At Pimlico or Islington.—*City Madam.*

Aubrey, in his “Surrey,” speaks of “a Pimlico Garden on Bankside.”

Pimlico, the district between Knightsbridge and the Thames, and St. James's Park and Chelsea, was noted for its public gardens : as the Mulberry Garden, now part of the site of Buckingham Palace ; the Dwarf Tavern and Gardens, afterwards Spring Gardens, between Ebury-street and Belgrave-terrace ; the Star and Garter, at the end of Five-Fields-row, famous for its equestrianism, fireworks, and dancing ; and the Orange, upon the site of St. Barnabas' church. Here, too, were Ranelagh and New Ranelagh. But the largest garden in Pimlico was Jenny's Whim, already described. In later years it was frequented by crowds from bull-baiting in the adjoining fields. Among the existing old signs are, the Bag o' Nails, Arabella-row, from Ben Jonson's “Bacchanals;” the Compasses, of Cromwell's time (near Grosvenor-row) ; and the Gun Tavern and Tea-gardens, Queen's-row, with its arbours



and costumed figures taken down for the Buckingham Gate improvements. Pimlico is still noted for its ale-breweries.

### Lambeth,—Vauxhall Taverns and Gardens, etc.

On the south bank of the Thames, at the time of the Restoration, were first laid out the New Spring Gardens, at Lambeth (Vauxhall), so called to distinguish them from Spring Garden, Charing Cross. Nearly two centuries of gay existence had Vauxhall Gardens, notwithstanding the proverbial fickleness of our climate, and its ill-adaptation for out-door amusements. The incidents of its history are better known than those of Marylebone or Ranelagh Gardens; so that we shall not here repeat the Vauxhall programmes. The gardens were finally closed in 1859, and the ground is now built upon: a church, of most beautiful design, and a school of art, being the principal edifices.

“Though Vauxhall Gardens retained their plan to the last, the lamps had long fallen off in their golden fires; the punch got weaker, the admission-money less; and the company fell in a like ratio of respectability, and grew dingy, not to say raffish,—a sorry falling off from the Vauxhall crowd of a century since, when it numbered princes and ambassadors; ‘on its tide and torrent of fashion floated all the beauty of the time; and through its lighted avenues of trees glided cabinet ministers and their daughters, royal dukes and their wives, and all the red-heeled macaronics.’ Even fifty years ago, the evening costume of the company was elegant: head-dresses of flowers and feathers were seen in the promenade, and the entire place sparkled as did no other place of public amusement. But low prices brought low company. The conventional wax-lights got fewer; the punch gave way to fiery brandy or doctored stout. The semblance of Vauxhall was still preserved in the orchestra printed upon the plates and mugs; and the old firework bell tinkled as gaily as ever. But matters grew more seedy; the

place seemed literally worn out : the very trees were scrubby and singed ; and it was high time to say, as well as see, in letters of lamps, ' Farewell for ever ! '\*

Several other taverns and gardens have existed at different times in this neighbourhood. Cumberland Gardens' site is now Vauxhall Bridge-road, and Cuper's Garden was laid out with walks and arbours by Boydell Cuper, gardener to Thomas, Earl of Arundel, who gave him some of the mutilated Arundelian marbles (statues), which Cuper set up in his ground : it was suppressed in 1753 : the site is now crossed by Waterloo Bridge Road. Belvidere House and Gardens adjoined Cuper's Garden, in Queen Anne's reign.

The Hercules Inn and Gardens occupied the site of the Asylum for Female Orphans, opened in 1758 ; and opposite were the Apollo Gardens and the Temple of Flora, Mount-row, opened 1788. A century earlier there existed, in King William's reign, Lambeth Wells, in Three Coney Walk, now Lambeth Walk ; it was reputed for its mineral waters, sold at a penny a quart, " the same price paid by St. Thomas's Hospital." About 1750 a Musical Society was held here, and lectures and experiments were given on natural philosophy by Erasmus King, who had been coachman to Dr. Desaguliers. In Stangate-lane, Carlisle-street, is the Bower Saloon, with its theatre and music-room, a pleasure haunt of our own time. Next is Canterbury Hall, the first established of the great Music Halls of the metropolis.

The Dog and Duck was a place of entertainment in St. George's Fields, where duck-hunting was one of its brutal amusements. The house was taken down upon the rebuilding of Bethlehem Hospital ; and the sign-stone, representing a dog squatting upon his haunches, with a duck in his mouth, with the date 1617, is imbedded in the brick wall of

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\* See the Descriptions of Vauxhall Gardens in "Curiosities of London," pp. 745-748 ; "Walks and Talks about London," pp. 16-30 ; "Romance of London," vol. iii. pp. 34-44.

the Hospital garden, upon the site of the entrance to the old tavern ; and at the Hospital is a drawing of the Dog and Duck : it was a resort of Hannah More's "Cheapside Apprentice."

Bermondsey Spa, a chalybeate spring, discovered about 1770, was opened, in 1780, as a minor Vauxhall, with fireworks, pictures of still life, and a picture model of the Siege of Gibraltar, painted by Keyse, the entire apparatus occupying about four acres. He died in 1800, and the garden was shut up about 1805. There are Tokens of the place extant, and the Spa-road is named from it.

A few of the old Southwark taverns have been described. From its being the seat of our early Theatres, the houses of entertainment were here very numerous, in addition to the old historic Inns, which are fast disappearing. In the Beaufoy collection are several Southwark Tavern Tokens ; as—The Bore's Head, 1649 (between Nos. 25 and 26 High-street). Next also is a Dogg and Dvcke token, 1651 (St. George's Fields) ; the Greene Man, 1651 (which remains in Blackman-street) ; y<sup>a</sup> Bull Head Taverne, 1667, mentioned by Edward Alleyn, founder of Dulwich College, as one of his resorts ; Duke of Suffolk's Head, 1669 ; and the Swan with Two Necks.

### Freemasons' Lodges.

Mr. Elmes, in his admirable work, "Sir Christopher Wren and his Times," 1852, thus glances at the position of Freemasonry in the Metropolis two centuries since, or from the time of the Great Fire :

"In 1666 Wren was nominated deputy Grand Master under Earl Rivers, and distinguished himself above all his predecessors in legislating for the body at large, and in promoting the interests of the lodges under his immediate care. He was Master of the St. Paul's Lodge, which, during the building of the Cathedral, assembled at the Goose and

Gridiron in St. Paul's Churchyard, and is now the Lodge of Antiquity, acting by immemorial prescription, and regularly presided at its meetings for upwards of eighteen years. During his presidency he presented that Lodge with three mahogany candlesticks, beautifully carved, and the trowel and mallet which he used in laying the first stone of the Cathedral, June 21, 1675, which the brethren of that ancient and distinguished Lodge still possess and duly appreciate.

“During the building of the City, Lodges were held by the fraternity in different places, and several new ones constituted, which were attended by the leading architects and the best builders of the day, and amateur brethren of the mystic craft. In 1674 Earl Rivers resigned his grand mastership, and George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, was elected to the dignified office. He left the care of the Grand Lodge and the brotherhood to the Deputy Grand Master Wren and his Wardens. During the short reign of James II., who tolerated no secret societies but the Jesuits, the Lodges were but thinly attended: but in 1685 Sir Christopher Wren was elected Grand Master of the Order, and nominated Gabriel Cibber, the sculptor, and Edward Strong, master mason at St. Paul's and other of the City churches, as Grand Wardens. The Society has continued with various degrees of success to the present day, particularly under the grand-masterships of the Prince of Wales, afterwards King George IV.,\* and his brother, the late Duke of Sussex, and since the death of the latter, under that of the Earl of Zetland; and Lodges under the constitution of the Grand Lodge of England are held in every part of the habitable globe, as its numerically and annually-increasing lists abundantly show.”

Sir Francis Palgrave, in an elaborate paper in the *Edin-*

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\* The Prince was initiated in a Lodge at the Key and Garter, No. 26, Pall Mall.

*burgh Review*, April, 1839, however, takes another view of the subject, telling us that "the connexion between the operative masons,\* and those whom, without disrespect, we must term a convivial society of good fellows, met at the 'Goose and Gridiron, in St. Paul his Churchyard,' appears to have been finally dissolved about the beginning of the eighteenth century. The theoretical and mystic, for we dare not say ancient, Freemasons, separated from the Worshipful Company of Masons and Citizens of London about the period above mentioned. It appears from an inventory of the contents of the chest of the London Company, that not very long since, it contained 'a book wrote on parchment, and bound or stitched in parchment, containing 113 annals of the antiquity, rise, and progress of the art and mystery of Masonry.' But this document is not now to be found."

There is in existence, and known to persons who take an interest in the History of Freemasonry, a copper-plate List of Freemasons' Lodges in London in the reign of Queen Anne, with a representation of the Signs, and some Masonic ceremony, in which are eleven figures of well-dressed men, in the costume of the above period. There were then 129 Lodges, of which 86 were in London, 36 in English cities, and 7 abroad.

Freemasonry evidently sprang up in London at the building of St. Paul's, and many of the oldest Lodges are in the neighbourhood. But the head-quarters of Freemasonry are the Grand Hall, in the rear of Freemasons' Tavern, 62, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields: it was commenced May 1, 1775, from the designs of Thomas Sandby, R.A., Professor of Architecture in the Royal Academy: 5000*l.* was raised by a Tontine towards the cost; and the Hall was opened and dedicated in solemn form, May 23, 1776;

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\* Hampton Court Palace was built by Freemasons, as appears from the very curious accounts of the expenses of the fabric, extant among the public records of London.

Lord Petre, Grand Master. "It is the first house built in this country with the appropriate symbols of masonry, and with the suitable apartments for the holding of lodges, the initiating, passing, raising, and exalting of brethren." Here are held the Grand and other lodges, which hitherto assembled in the Halls of the City Companies.

Freemasons' Hall, as originally decorated, is shown in a print of the annual procession of Freemasons' Orphans, by T. Stothard, R.A. It is a finely-proportioned room, 92 feet by 43 feet, and 60 feet high, and will hold 1500 persons: it was re-decorated in 1846: the ceiling and coving are richly decorated; above the principal entrance is a large gallery, with an organ; and at the opposite end is a coved recess, flanked by a pair of fluted Ionic columns, and Egyptian doorways; the sides are decorated with fluted Ionic pilasters; and throughout the room in the frieze are masonic emblems, gilt upon a transparent blue ground. In the intercolumniations are full-length royal and other masonic portraits, including that of the Duke of Sussex, as Grand-Master, by Sir W. Beechey, R.A. In the end recess is a marble statue of the Duke of Sussex, executed for the Grand Lodge by E. H. Baily, R.A. The statue is seven feet six inches high, and the pedestal six feet; the Duke wears the robes of a Knight of the Garter, and the Guelphic insignia: at his side is a small altar, sculptured with masonic emblems.

### Whitebait Taverns.

At what period the lovers of good living first went to eat Whitebait at "the taverns contiguous to the places where the fish is taken," is not very clear. At all events the houses did not resemble the Brunswick, the West India Dock, the Ship, or the Trafalgar, of the present day, these having much of the architectural pretension of a modern club-house.

Whitebait have long been numbered among the delicacies of our tables, for we find "six dishes of Whitebait" in the

funeral feast of the munificent founder of the Charterhouse, given in the Hall of the Stationers' Company, on May 28, 1612—the year before the Globe Theatre was burnt down, and the New River completed. For aught we know these delicious fish may have been served up to Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth in their palace at Greenwich, off which place, and Blackwall opposite, Whitebait have been for ages taken in the Thames at flood-tide. To the river-side taverns we must go to enjoy a "Whitebait dinner," for one of the conditions of success is that the fish should be directly netted out of the river into the cook's cauldron.

About the end of March, or early in April, Whitebait make their appearance in the Thames, and are then small, apparently but just changed from the albuminous state of the young fry. During June, July, and August immense quantities are consumed by visitors to the different taverns at Greenwich and Blackwall.

Pennant says: Whitebait "are esteemed very delicious when fried with fine flour, and occasion during the season a vast resort of the *lower order of epicures* to the taverns contiguous to the places where they are taken." If this account be correct, there must have been a strange change in the grade of the epicures frequenting Greenwich and Blackwall since Pennant's days, for at present the fashion of eating Whitebait is sanctioned by the highest authorities, from the Court of St. James's Palace in the West to the Lord Mayor and *his* court in the East; besides the philosophers of the Royal Society, and her Majesty's Cabinet Ministers. Who, for example, does not recollect such a paragraph as the following, which appeared in the *Morning Post* of the day on which Mr. Yarrell wrote his account of Whitebait, September 10th, 1835?—

"Yesterday the Cabinet Ministers went down the river in the Ordnance barges to Lovegrove's West India Dock Tavern, Blackwall, to partake of their annual fish dinner. Covers were laid for thirty-five gentlemen."

For our own part, we consider the Ministers did not evince their usual good policy in choosing so late a period as September, the Whitebait being finer eating in July or August, so that their "annual fish dinner" must rather be regarded as a sort of prandial wind-up of the Parliamentary session than as a specimen of refined epicurism.

We remember many changes in matters concerning Whitebait at Greenwich and Blackwall. Formerly, the taverns were mostly built with weather-board fronts, with bow-windows, so as to command a view of the river. The old Ship and the Crown and Sceptre taverns at Greenwich were built in this manner; and some of the Blackwall houses were of humble pretensions: these have disappeared, and handsome architectural piles have been erected in their places. Meanwhile, Whitebait have been sent to the metropolis by railway or steamer, where they figure in fishmongers' shops and tavern *cartes* of almost every degree.

Perhaps the famed delicacy of Whitebait rests as much upon its skilful cookery as upon the freshness of the fish. Dr. Pereira has published the mode of cooking in one of Lovegrave's "bait-kitchens" at Blackwall. The fish should be dressed within an hour after being caught, or they are apt to cling together. They are kept in water, from which they are taken by a skimmer as required; they are then thrown upon a layer of flour, contained in a large napkin, in which they are shaken until completely enveloped in flour; they are then put into a colander, and all the superfluous flour is removed by sifting; the fish are next thrown into hot lard contained in a copper cauldron or stew-pan placed over a charcoal fire; in about two minutes they are removed by a tin skimmer, thrown into a colander to drain, and served up instantly, by placing them on a fish-drainer in a dish. The rapidity of the cooking process is of the utmost importance; and if it be not attended to, the fish will lose their crispness, and be worthless. At table, lemon juice is squeezed over them, and they are seasoned with Cayenne pepper; brown



bread and butter is substituted for plain bread ; and they are eaten with iced champagne, or punch.

The origin of the Ministers' Fish Dinner, already mentioned, has been thus pleasantly narrated :—

Every year, the approach of the close of the Parliamentary Session is indicated by what is termed "the Ministerial Fish Dinner," in which Whitebait forms a prominent dish ; and Cabinet Ministers are the company. The Dinner takes place at a principal tavern, usually at Greenwich, but sometimes at Blackwall : the dining-room is decorated for the occasion, which partakes of a state entertainment. Formerly, however, the Ministers went down the river from Whitehall in an Ordnance gilt barge : now, a government steamer is employed. The origin of this annual festivity is told as follows :—On the banks of Dagenham Lake or Reach, in Essex, many years since, there stood a cottage, occupied by a princely merchant named Preston, a baronet of Scotland and Nova Scotia, and sometime M.P. for Dover. He called it his "fishing cottage," and often in the spring he went thither, with a friend or two, as a relief to the toils of parliamentary and mercantile duties. His most frequent guest was the Right Hon. George Rose, Secretary of the Treasury, and an Elder Brother of the Trinity House. Many a day did these two worthies enjoy at Dagenham Reach ; and Mr. Rose once intimated to Sir Robert that Mr. Pitt, of whose friendship they were both justly proud, would, no doubt, delight in the comfort of such a retreat. A day was named, and the Premier was invited ; and he was so well pleased with his reception at the "fishing cottage"—they were all two if not three bottle men—that, on taking leave, Mr. Pitt readily accepted an invitation for the following year.

For a few years, the Premier continued a visitor to Dagenham, and was always accompanied by Mr. George Rose. But the distance was considerable ; the going and coming were somewhat inconvenient for the First Minister

of the Crown. Sir Robert Preston, however, had his remedy, and he proposed that they should in future dine nearer London. Greenwich was suggested: we do not hear of Whitebait in the Dagenham dinners, and its introduction, probably, dates from the removal to Greenwich. The party of three was now increased to four; Mr. Pitt being permitted to bring Lord Camden. Soon after, a fifth guest was invited—Mr. Charles Long, afterwards Lord Farnborough. All were still the guests of Sir Robert Preston; but, one by one, other notables were invited,—all Tories—and, at last, Lord Camden considerably remarked, that, as they were all dining at a tavern, it was but fair that Sir Robert Preston should be relieved from the expense. It was then arranged that the dinner should be given, as usual, by Sir Robert Preston, that is to say, at his invitation; and he insisted on still contributing a buck and champagne: the rest of the charges were thenceforth defrayed by the several guests; and, on this plan, the meeting continued to take place annually till the death of Mr. Pitt.

Sir Robert was requested, next year, to summon the several guests, the list of whom, by this time, included most of the Cabinet Ministers. The time for meeting was usually after Trinity Monday, a short period before the end of the Session. By degrees, the meeting, which was originally purely gastronomic, appears to have assumed, in consequence of the long reign of the Tories, a political or semi-political character. Sir Robert Preston died; but Mr. Long, now Lord Farnborough, undertook to summon the several guests, the list of whom was furnished by Sir Robert Preston's private secretary. Hitherto, the invitations had been sent privately: now they were despatched in Cabinet boxes, and the party was, certainly, for some time, limited to the Members of the Cabinet. A dinner lubricates ministerial as well as other business: so that the "Ministerial Fish Dinner" may "contribute to the grandeur and prosperity of our beloved country."



The White Horse, Kensington.



St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell. (The Urban Club.)



The following Carte is from the last edition of the "Art of Dining," in Murray's "Railway Reading :"—

*Fish Dinner at Blackwall or Greenwich.*

La tortue à l'Anglaise.  
 La bisque d'écrevisses.  
 Le consommé aux quenelles de merlan.  
 De tortue claire.

Les casseroles de green fat feront le tour de la table.

Les tranches de saumon (crimped).  
 Le poisson de St. Pierre à la crème.  
 Le zoutchet de perches.

„ de truites.  
 „ de flottons.  
 „ de soles (crimped).  
 „ de saumon.  
 „ d'anguilles.

Les lamproies à la Worcester.  
 Les croques en bouches de laitances de marquereau.  
 Les boudins de merlans à la reine.

Garnis de persil frit. { Les soles menues frites.  
 Les petits carrelets „  
 Croquettes de homard.  
 Les filets d'anguilles.

La truite saumonée à la Tartare.  
 Le whitebait : *id.* à la diable.

*Second Service.*

Les petits poulets au cresson—le jambonneau aux épinards.  
 La Mayonnaise de filets de soles—les filets de merlans à l'Arpin.  
 Les petits pois à l'Anglaise—les artichauts à la Barigoule.  
 La gelée de Marasquin aux fraises—les pets de nonnes.  
 Les tartelettes aux cerises—les célestines à la fleur d'orange.  
 Le baba à la compôte d'abricots—le fromage Plombière.

Mr. Walker, in his "Original," gives an account of a dinner he ordered, at Lovegrove's, at Blackwall, where if you never dined, so much the worse for you :—

The party will consist of seven men besides myself, and every guest is asked for some reason—upon which good fellowship mainly depends ; for people brought together unconnectedly had, in my opinion, better be kept separately. Eight I hold the golden number, never to be

exceeded without weakening the efficacy of concentration. The dinner is to consist of turtle, followed by no other fish but Whitebait, which is to be followed by no other meat but grouse, which are to be succeeded simply by apple-fritters and jelly, pastry on such occasions being quite out of place. With the turtle, of course, there will be punch; with the Whitebait, champagne; and with the grouse, claret; the two former I have ordered to be particularly well iced, and they will all be placed in succession upon the table, so that we can help ourselves as we please. I shall permit no other wines, unless, perchance, a bottle or two of port, if particularly wanted, as I hold variety of wines a great mistake. With respect to the adjuncts, I shall take care that there is cayenne, with lemons cut in halves, not in quarters, within reach of every one, for the turtle, and that brown bread and butter in abundance is set upon the table for the Whitebait. It is no trouble to think of these little matters beforehand, but they make a vast difference in convivial contentment. The dinner will be followed by ices, and a good dessert, after which coffee and one glass of liqueur each, and no more; so that the present may be enjoyed without inducing retrospective regrets. If the master of a feast wish his party to succeed, he must know how to command, and not let his guests run riot, each according to his own wild fancy.

### The London Tavern,

Situated about the middle of the western side of Bishops-gate-street Within, presents in its frontage a mezzanine-storey, and lofty Venetian windows, reminding one of the old-fashioned assembly-room façade. The site of the present tavern was previously occupied by the White Lion Tavern, which was destroyed in an extensive fire on the 7th of November, 1765; it broke out at a peruke-maker's opposite; the flames were carried by a high wind across the street, to the house immediately adjoining the tavern, the fire speedily reaching the corner; the other angles of Cornhill, Grace-church-street, and Leadenhall-street, were all on fire at the same time, and fifty houses and buildings were destroyed and damaged, including the White Lion and Black Lion Taverns.

Upon the site of the former was founded "The London Tavern," on the Tontine principle; it was commenced in

1767, and completed and opened in September, 1768; Richard B. Jupp, architect. The front is more than 80 feet wide by nearly 70 feet in height.

The Great Dining-room, or "Pillar-room," as it is called, is 40 feet by 33 feet, decorated with medallions and garlands, Corinthian columns and pilasters. At the top of the edifice is the ball-room, extending the whole length of the structure, by 33 feet in width, and 30 feet in height, which may be laid out as a banqueting-room for 300 feasters; exclusively of accommodating 150 ladies as spectators in the galleries at each end. The walls are throughout hung with paintings, and the large room has an organ.

The Turtle is kept in large tanks, which occupy a whole vault, where two tons of turtle may sometimes be seen swimming in one vat. We have to thank Mr. Cunningham for this information, which is noteworthy, independently of its epicurean association,—that "turtles will live in cellars for three months in excellent condition if kept in the same water in which they were brought to this country. To change the water is to lessen the weight and flavour of the turtle." Turtle does not appear in bills of fare of entertainments given by Lord Mayors and Sheriffs between the years 1761 and 1766; and it is not till 1768 that turtle appears by name, and then in the bill of the banquet at the Mansion House to the King of Denmark. The cellars, which consist of the whole basement storey, are filled with barrels of porter, pipes of port, butts of sherry, etc. Then there are a labyrinth of walls of bottle ends, and a region of bins, six bottles deep; the catacombs of Johannisberg, Tokay, and Burgundy. "Still we glide on through rivers of sawdust through embankments of genial wine. There are twelve hundred of champagne down here; there are between six, and seven hundred dozen of claret; corked up in these bins is a capital of from eleven to twelve thousand pounds; these bottles absorb, in simple interest at five per cent., an income

amounting to some five or six hundred pounds per annum.”\*  
“ It was not, however, solely for uncovering these floods of mighty wines, nor for luxurious feasting that the London Tavern was at first erected, nor for which it is still exclusively famous, since it was always designed to provide a spacious and convenient place for public meetings. One of the earliest printed notices concerning the establishment is of this character, it being the account of a meeting for promoting a public subscription for John Wilkes, on the 12th of February, 1769, at which 3000*l.* were raised, and local committees appointed for the provinces. In the Spring season such meetings and committees of all sorts are equally numerous and conflicting with each other, for they not unfrequently comprise an interesting charitable election or two; and in addition the day’s entertainments are often concluded with more than one large dinner, and an evening party for the lady spectators.

“ Here, too, may be seen the hasty arrivals of persons for the meetings of the Mexican Bondholders on the second floor; of a Railway assurance ‘upstairs, and first to the left;’ of an asylum election at the end of the passage; and of the party on the ‘first-floor to the right,’ who had to consider of ‘the union of the Gibleton line to the Great-Trunk-Due-Eastern-Junction.’

“ For these business meetings the rooms are arranged with benches, and sumptuously Turkey-carpeted; the end being provided with a long table for the directors, with an imposing array of papers and pens.

“ ‘The morn, the noon, the day is pass’d’ in the reports, the speeches, the recriminations and defences of these parties, until it is nearly five o’clock. In the very same room the Hooping Cough Asylum Dinner is to take place at six; and the Mexican Bondholders are stamping and hooting above, on the same floor which in an hour is to

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\* *Household Words*, 1852.



support the feast of some Worshipful Company which makes t their hall. The feat appears to be altogether impossible ; nevertheless, it must and will be most accurately performed."

The Secretary has scarcely bound the last piece of red tape round his papers, when four men rush to the four corners of the Turkey carpet, and half of it is rolled up, dust and all. Four other men with the half of a clean carpet bowl it along in the wake of the one displaced. While you are watching the same performance with the remaining half of the floor, a battalion of waiters has fitted up, upon the new half carpet, a row of dining-tables and covered them with table-cloths. While in turn you watch them, the entire apartment is tabled and table-clothed. Thirty men are at this work upon a system, strictly departmental. Rinse and three of his followers lay the knives ; Burrows and three more cause the glasses to sparkle on the board. You express your wonder at this magical celerity. Rinse moderately replies that the same game is going on in other four rooms ; and this happens six days out of the seven in the dining-room.

When the Banquet was given to Mr. Macready in February, 1851, the London Tavern could not accommodate all the company, because there were seven hundred and odd ; and the Hall of Commerce was taken for the dinner. The merchants and brokers were transacting business there at four o'clock ; and in two hours, seats, tables, platforms, dinner, wine, gas, and company, were all in. By a quarter before six everything was ready, and a chair placed before each plate. Exactly at six, everything was placed upon the table, and most of the guests were seated.

For effecting these wonderful evolutions, it will be no matter of surprise that we are told that an army of servants, sixty or seventy strong, is retained on the establishment ; taking on auxiliary legions during the dining season.

The business of this gigantic establishment is of such extent as to be only carried on by this systematic means.

Among the more prominent displays of its resources which take place here are the annual Banquets of the officers of some twenty-eight different regiments, in the month of May. There are likewise given here a very large number of the annual entertainments of the different charities of London. Twenty-four of the City Companies hold their Banquets here, and transact official business. Several Balls take place here annually. Masonic Lodges are held here; and almost innumerable Meetings, Sales, and Elections for Charities alternate with the more directly festive business of the London Tavern. Each of the departments of so vast an establishment has its special interest. We have glanced at its dining-halls, and its turtle and wine cellars.\* To detail its kitchens and the management of its stores and supplies, and consumption, would extend beyond our limit, so that we shall end by remarking that upon no portion of our metropolis is more largely enjoyed the luxury of doing good, and the observance of the rights and duties of goodfellowship, than at the London Tavern.

### The Clarendon Hotel.

This sumptuous hotel, the reader need scarcely be informed, takes its name from its being built upon a portion of the gardens of Clarendon House, between Albemarle and Bond-streets, in each of which the hotel has a frontage.

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\* The usual allowance at what is called a Turtle-Dinner is 6 lb. live weight per head. At the Spanish-Dinner, at the City of London Tavern, in 1808, four hundred guests attended, and 2500 lb. of turtle were consumed.

For the Banquet at Guildhall, on Lord Mayor's Day, 250 tureens of turtle are provided.

Turtle may be enjoyed in steaks, cutlets, or fins, and as soup, clear and *purée*, at the Albion, London, and Freemasons', and other large taverns. "The Ship and Turtle Tavern," Nos. 129 and 130, Leadenhall-street, is especially famous for its turtle; and from this establishment several of the West-end Club-houses are supplied.

The house was, for a short term, let to the Earl of Chatham, for his town residence.

The Clarendon contains series of apartments, fitted for the reception of princes and their suites, and for nobility. Here are likewise given official banquets on the most costly scale.

Among the records of the house is the *menu* of the dinner given to Lord Chesterfield, on his quitting the office of Master of the Buckhounds, at the Clarendon. The party consisted of thirty; the price was six guineas a head; and the dinner was ordered by Count D'Orsay, who stood almost without a rival amongst connoisseurs in this department of art:—

*Premier Service.*

*Potages.*—Printanier; à la reine: *turtle*.

*Poissons.*—Turbot (*lobster and Dutch sauces*): saumon à la Tartare: rougets à la cardinal: friture de morue: *whitebait*.

*Relevés.*—Filet de bœuf à la Napolitaine: dindon à la chipolata: timballe de macaroni: *haunch of venison*.

*Entrées.*—Croquettes de volaille: petits pâtés aux huîtres: côtelettes d'agneau: purée de champignons: côtelettes d'agneau aux points d'asperge: fricandeau de veau à l'oseille: ris de veau piqué aux tomates: côtelettes de pigeons à la Dusselle: chartreuse de légumes aux faisans: filets de cannetons à la Bigarrade: boudins à la Richelieu: sauté de volaille aux truffes: pâté de mouton monté.

*Côté.*—Bœuf rôti: jambon: salade.

*Second Service.*

*Rôts.*—Chapons, quails, turkey poults, *green goose*.

*Entremets.*—Asperges: haricot à la Française: mayonnaise de homard: gelée Macédoine: aspics d'œufs de pluvier: Charlotte Russe: gelée au Marasquin: crème marbre: corbeille de pâtisserie: vol-au-vent de rhubarb: tourte d'abricots: corbeille des meringues: dressed crab: salade au gélatine.—Champignons aux fines herbes.

*Relevés.*—Soufflé à la vanille: Nesselrode pudding: Adelaide sandwiches: fondus. Pièces montés," etc.

The reader will not fail to observe how well the English dishes,—*turtle*, *whitebait*, and *venison*,—relieve the French in this dinner: and what a breadth, depth, solidity, and dignity they add to it. *Green goose*, also, may rank as

English, the goose being held in little honour, with the exception of its liver, by the French ; but we think Comte D'Orsay did quite right in inserting it. The execution is said to have been pretty nearly on a par with the conception, and the whole entertainment was crowned with the most inspiring success. The price was not unusually large.\*

### Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen-street.

This well-appointed tavern, built by William Tyler, in 1786, and since considerably enlarged, in addition to the usual appointments, possesses the great advantage of Freemasons' Hall, wherein take place some of our leading public festivals and anniversary dinners, the latter mostly in May and June. Here was given the farewell dinner to John Philip Kemble, upon his retirement from the stage, in 1817 ; the public dinner, on his birthday, to James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, in 1832. Mollard, who has published an excellent "Art of Cookery," was many years *Maître d'Hôtel*, and proprietor of the Freemasons' Tavern.

In the Hall meet the Madrigal Society, the Melodists' and other musical clubs : and the annual dinners of the Theatrical Fund, Artists' Societies, and other public institutions, are given here.

Freemasons' Hall has obtained some notoriety as the arena in which were delivered and acted the Addresses at the Anniversary Dinners of the Literary Fund, upon whose eccentricities we find the following amusing note in the latest edition of the "Rejected Addresses :"—

"The annotator's first personal knowledge of William Thomas Fitzgerald, was at Harry Greville's Pic-Nic Theatre, in Tottenham-street, where he personated Zanga in a wig too small for his head. The second time of seeing him was at the table of old Lord Dudley, who familiarly called him

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\* "The Art of Dining." Murray, 1852.

Fitz, but forgot to name him in his will. The Viscount's son, however, liberally supplied the omission by a donation of five thousand pounds. The third and last time of encountering him was at an anniversary dinner of the Literary Fund, at the Freemasons' Tavern. Both parties, as two of the stewards, met their brethren in a small room about half-an-hour before dinner. The lampooner, out of delicacy, kept aloof from the poet. The latter, however, made up to him, when the following dialogue took place :

"Fitzgerald (with good humour). 'Mr. —, I mean to recite after dinner.'

"Mr. —. 'Do you?'

"Fitzgerald. 'Yes : you'll have more of God bless the Regent and the Duke of York !'

"The whole of this imitation, (one of the Rejected Addresses,) after a lapse of twenty years, appears to the authors too personal and sarcastic ; but they may shelter themselves under a very broad mantle :—

Let hoarse Fitzgerald bawl  
His creaking couplets in a tavern-hall.—*Byron.*

"Fitzgerald actually sent in an address to the Committee on the 31st of August, 1812. It was published among the other "Genuine Rejected Addresses," in one volume, in that year. The following is an extract :—

The troubled shade of Garrick, hovering near,  
Dropt on the burning pile a pitying tear.

"What a pity that, like Sterne's recording angel, it did not succeed in blotting the fire out for ever ! That failing, why not adopt Gulliver's remedy?"

Upon the "Rejected," the *Edinburgh Review* notes :—  
"The first piece, under the name of the loyal Mr. Fitzgerald, though as good we suppose as the original, is not very interesting. Whether it be very like Mr. Fitzgerald or not, however, it must be allowed that the vulgarity, servility,

and gross absurdity of the newspaper scribblers is well rendered."

### The Albion, Aldersgate Street.

This extensive establishment has long been famed for its good dinners, and its excellent wines. Here take place the majority of the banquets of the Corporation of London, the Sheriffs' Inauguration Dinners, as well as those of Civic Companies and Committees, and such festivals, public and private, as are usually held at taverns of the highest class.

The farewell Dinners given by the East India Company to the Governors-General of India, usually take place at the Albion. "Here likewise (after dinner) the annual trade sales of the principal London publishers take place," revivifying the olden printing and book glories of Aldersgate and Little Britain.

The *cuisine* of the Albion has long been celebrated for its *recherché* character. Among the traditions of the tavern it is told that a dinner was once given here under the auspices of the *gourmand* Alderman Sir William Curtis, which cost the party between thirty and forty pounds apiece. It might well have cost twice as much, for amongst other acts of extravagance, they dispatched a special messenger to Westphalia to choose a ham. There is likewise told a bet as to the comparative merits of the Albion and York House (Bath) dinners, which was to have been formally decided by a dinner of unparalleled munificence, and nearly equal cost at each; but it became a drawn bet, the Albion beating in the first course, and the York House in the second. Still, these are reminiscences on which, we frankly own, no great reliance is to be placed.

Lord Southampton once gave a dinner at the Albion, at ten guineas a head; and the ordinary price for the best dinner at this house (including wine) is three guineas.\*

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\* "The Art of Dining." Murray, 1852.

## St. James's Hall.

This new building which is externally concealed by houses, except the fronts in Piccadilly and Regent-street, consists of a greater Hall and two minor Halls, which are let for Concerts, Lectures, etc., and also form part of the Tavern establishment, two of the Halls being used as public dining-rooms. The principal Hall, larger than St. Martin's, but smaller than Exeter Hall, is 140 feet long, 60 feet wide, and 60 feet high. At one end is a semicircular recess in which stands the large organ. The noble room has been decorated by Mr. Owen Jones with singularly light, rich, and festive effect: the grand feature being the roof, which is blue and white, red and gold, in Alhambresque patterns. The lighting is quite novel, and consists of gas-stars, depending from the roof, which thus appears spangled.

The superb decoration and effective lighting, render this a truly festive Hall, with abundant space to set off the banquet displays. The first Public Dinner was given here on June 2, 1858, when Mr. Robert Stephenson, the eminent engineer, presided, and a silver salver and claret-jug, with a sum of money—altogether in value 2678*l.*—were presented to Mr. F. Petit Smith, in recognition of his bringing into general use the system of Screw Propulsion; the testimonial being purchased by 138 subscribers, chiefly eminent naval officers, ship-builders, ship-owners, and men of science.

In the following month, (20th of July,) a banquet was given here to Mr. Charles Kean, F.S.A., in testimony of his having exalted the English theatre—of his public merits and private virtues. The Duke of Newcastle presided: there was a brilliant presence of guests, and nearly four hundred ladies were in the galleries. Subsequently, in the Hall was presented to Mr. Kean the magnificent service of plate, purchased by public subscription.

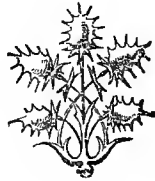
The success of these intellectual banquets proved a most auspicious inauguration of St. James's Hall for—

The feast of reason and the flow of soul.

### Theatrical Taverns.

Among these establishments, the Eagle, in the City-road, deserves mention. It occupies the site of the Shepherd and Shepherdess, a tavern and tea-garden of some seventy-five years since. To the Eagle is annexed a large theatre.

Sadler's Wells was, at one period, a tavern theatre, where the audience took their wine while they sat and witnessed the performances.





## APPENDIX.

### Almack's

(Page 71.)

Captain Gronow, writing in 1814, says: "At the present time, one can hardly conceive the importance which was attached to getting admission to Almack's, the seventh heaven of the fashionable world." Of the three hundred officers of the Foot Guards, not more than half-a-dozen were honoured with vouchers of admission to this exclusive temple of the *beau monde*; the gates of which are guarded by lady patronesses, whose smiles or frowns consigned men and women to happiness or despair. These lady patronesses were the Ladies Castlereagh, Jersey, Cowper, and Sefton; Mrs. Drummond Burrell, now Lady Willoughby; the Princess Esterhazy, and the Countess Lieven.

"The most popular amongst these *grandes dames* were unquestionably Lady Cowper, now Lady Palmerston. Lady Jersey's bearing, on the contrary, was that of a theatrical tragedy queen: and whilst attempting the sublime, she frequently made herself simply ridiculous, being inconceivably rude, and in her manner often illbred. Lady Sefton was kind and amiable; Madame de Lieven haughty and exclusive: Princess Esterhazy was a *bon enfant*; Lady Castlereagh and Miss Burrell, *de très grandes dames*.

"Many diplomatic arts, much finesse, and a host of intrigues, were set in motion to get an invitation to Almack's. Very often persons, whose rank and fortunes entitled them to the *entrée* anywhere, were excluded by the cliqueism of the Lady patronesses; for the female government of Almack's was

a pure despotism, and subject to all the caprices of despotic rule : it is needless to add that, like every other despotism, it was not innocent of abuses. The fair ladies who ruled supreme over this little dancing and gossiping world, issued a solemn proclamation, that no gentleman should appear at the assemblies without being dressed in knee-breeches, white cravat, and *chapeau bras*. On one occasion, the Duke of Wellington was about to ascend the staircase of the ball-room, dressed in black trousers, when the vigilant Mr. Willis, the guardian of the establishment, stepped forward and said, 'Your Grace cannot be admitted in trousers ;' whereupon the Duke, who had a great respect for orders and regulations, quietly walked away.

"In 1814, the dances at Almack's were Scotch reels, and the old English country-dance ; the orchestra, being from Edinburgh, was conducted by the then celebrated Neil Gow. In 1815, Lady Jersey introduced from Paris the favourite quadrille. The persons who formed the very first quadrille that was ever danced at Almack's were Lady Jersey, Lady Harriet Butler, Lady Susan Rider, and Miss Montgomery ; the men being the Count St. Aldegonde, Mr. Montgomery, Mr. Montague, and Charles Standish. The mazy waltz was also brought to us about this time ; but there were comparatively few who at first ventured to whirl round the salons of Almack's ; in course of time Lord Palmerston might, however, have been seen describing an infinite number of circles with Madame de Lieven. Baron de Neumann was frequently seen perpetually turning with the Princess Esterhazy ; and in course of time, the waltzing mania, having turned the heads of society generally, descended to their feet, and the waltz was practised in the morning in certain noble mansions in London with unparalleled assiduity."—*Abridged from the Reminiscences of Captain Gronow, 1862.*

## Clubs at the Thatched House.

(Page 450.)

Mr. Willis took this tavern from Mr. Freere, about 1755 ; and, as a relative of Mr. Almack, afterwards succeeded to the celebrated assembly-rooms which bore his name. "If the old saw, that 'practice makes perfect,' writes Admiral Smyth, be correct, the *cuisinerie* of the Thatched House ought to surpass that of all others ; for besides accidental parties and visitors, the Messrs. Willis ably entertain the following Societies and Clubs : [this was written in 1860.]

Actuaries, Institute of.	Royal Academy Club.
Catch Club.	Royal Astronomical Club.
Club, Johnson's.	Royal Institution Club.
Cornish Club.	Royal London Yacht Club.
Dilettanti Society.	Royal Naval Club (1765).
Farmers' Club.	Royal Society Club.
Geographical Club.	St. Albans Medical Club.
Geological Club.	St. Bartholomew's Contemporaries.
Linnæan Club.	Star Club.
Literary Society.	Statistical Club.
Navy Club.	Sussex Club.
Philosophical Club.	Union Society, St. James's.
Physicians, College of, Club.	
Political Economy Club.	

And they moreover accommodate the following Masonic Lodges :—

Friendship.	Mount Mosiah Chapter.
Prince of Wales's.	Castle Lodge of Harmony.
Middlesex.	The Knights Templars.
Chapter of Friendship.	Britannic Lodge.
Chapter of Prince of Wales's.	

## The Kit-Kat Club.

(Page 47.)

Charles Dartiquenane, better known by the ab<sup>1</sup> name of Dartineuf, was the intimate friend and

Swift, Steele, and Addison, and a member of the Kit-Kat Club. He was not only famous as an epicure, but as a punster. He is said to have been a contributor to the *Tatler*, though his papers cannot now be ascertained. Pope, in his "Epistles," has :

Each mortal has his pleasure, none deny—  
Scarsdale his bottle, Darty his Ham Pie.

Hard task to suit the palate of such guests,  
When Oldfield loves what Dartineuf detests.

Lord Lyttelton has a Dialogue in the *Shades* between Dartineuf and Apicius, on good eating, in which ham pie is stated to have been the favourite dainty of the former. Darty died in 1737, and is stated to have left the receipt for his favourite pie with an old lady, who transferred it to Dr. Kitchiner. (See his "Housekeepers' Oracle," 1829, p. 249.)

### Watier's Club.

(Page 143.)

Captain Gronow also relates the following account of the origin of this noted but short-lived Club :—

"Upon one occasion, some gentlemen of both White's and Brookes's had the honour to dine with the Prince Regent, and during the conversation, the Prince inquired what sort of dinners they got at their Clubs ; upon which Sir Thomas Stepney, one of the guests, observed, "that their dinners were always the same, the eternal joints or beef-steaks, the boiled fowl with oyster sauce, and an apple-tart ; this is what we have at our Clubs, and very monotonous fare it is." The Prince, without further remark, rang the bell for his cook Watier, and in the presence of those who dined at the Royal table, asked him whether he would take a house, and organize a dinner-club. Watier assented, and named Madison, the Prince's page, manager ; and Labourie, the

cook, from the Royal kitchen. The Club flourished only a few years, owing to the night-play that was carried on there. The Duke of York patronized it, and was a member. The dinners were exquisite: the best Parisian cooks could not beat Labourie. The favourite game played there was Macao. Upon one occasion, Jack Bouverie, brother of Lord Heytesbury, was losing large sums, and became very irritable. Raikes, with bad taste, laughed at Bouverie, and attempted to amuse the company with some of his stale jokes, upon which Bouverie threw his play-bowl, with the few counters it contained, at Raikes' head; unfortunately, it struck him, and made the City dandy angry, but no serious results followed this open insult.

### Clubs of 1814.

Captain Gronow, in his very entertaining "Anecdotes and Reminiscences," gives these details of the Clubs of the above period:—

"The members of the Clubs in London, many years since, were persons, almost without exception, belonging exclusively to the aristocratic world. 'My tradesmen,' as King Allen used to call the bankers and the merchants, had not then invaded White's, Boodle's, Brookes's; or Watier's, in Bolton-street, Piccadilly; which, with the Guards, Arthur's, and Graham's, were the only Clubs at the West End of the town. White's was decidedly the most difficult of entry; its list of members comprised nearly all the noble names of Great Britain.

"The politics of White's Club were then decidedly Tory. It was here that play was carried on to such an extent that made many ravages in large fortunes, the traces of which have not disappeared at the present day. General Scott, the father-in-law of George Canning and the Duke of Portland, was known to have won at White's 200,000*l.*; thanks to his notorious sobriety and knowledge of the game

of whist. The General possessed a great advantage over his companions by avoiding those indulgences at the table which used to muddle other men's brains. He confined himself to dining off something like a boiled chicken, with toast-and-water: by such a régime he came to the whist-table with a clear head; and, possessing, as he did, a remarkable memory, with great coolness and judgment, he was able honestly to win the enormous sum of 200,000*l.*

"At Brookes's, for nearly half a century, the play was of a more gambling character than at White's. . . . On one occasion Lord Robert Spencer contrived to lose the last shilling of his considerable fortune given him by his brother, the Duke of Marlborough. General Fitzpatrick being much in the same condition, they agreed to raise a sum of money, in order that they might keep a faro-bank. The members of the Club made no objection, and ere long they carried out their design. As is generally the case, the bank was a winner, and Lord Robert bagged, as his share of the proceeds, 100,000*l.* He retired, strange to say, from the foetid atmosphere of play, with the money in his pocket, and never again gambled. George Harley Drummond, of the famous banking-house, Charing Cross, only played once in his whole life at White's Club at whist, on which occasion he lost 20,000*l.* to Brummell. This even caused him to retire from the banking-house, of which he was a partner.

"Arthur's and Graham's were less aristocratic than those Clubs I have mentioned. It was at the latter place in 1832, that a most painful circumstance took place. A nobleman of the highest position and influence in society, was detected in cheating at cards, and after a trial, which did not terminate in his favour, he died of a broken heart."

### Gaming-Houses kept by Ladies.

The following curious piece of evidence, probably an extract from the Journals of the House of Lords, although

there is no reference to the subject in the published "Parliamentary Debates," was found not long since by the Editor of the *Athenæum* amongst a mass of contemporary MSS. :—

"Die Lunæ, 29<sup>o</sup> Aprilis, 1745.—Gaming.—A Bill for preventing the excessive and deceitful use of it having been brought from the Commons, and proceeded on so far as to be agreed to in a Committee of the whole House with amendments,—information was given to the House that Mr. Burdus, Chairman of the Quarter Session for the city and liberty of Westminster, Sir Thomas de Veil, and Mr. Lane, Chairman of the Quarter Sessions for the county of Middlesex, were at the door; they were called in, and at the Bar severally gave an account that claims of privilege of Peerage were made and insisted on by the Ladies Mordington and Cassillis, in order to intimidate the peace officers from doing their duty in suppressing the public gaming-houses kept by the said ladies. And the said Burdus thereupon delivered in an instrument in writing under the hand of the said Lady Mordington, containing the claim she made of privilege for her officers and servants employed by her in her said gaming-house.—And then they were directed to withdraw.—And the said instrument was read as follows :—'I, Dame Mary, Baroness of Mordington, do hold a house in the Great Piazza, Covent Garden, for and as an Assembly, where all persons of credit are at liberty to frequent and play at such diversions as are used at other Assemblys. And I have hired Joseph Dewberry, William Horsely, Ham Cropper, and George Sanders as my servants or managers (under me) thereof. I have given them orders to direct the management of the other inferior servants (namely), John Bright, Richard Davids, John Hill, John Vandenvoren, as box-keepers,—Gilbert Richardson, housekeeper, John Chaplain, regulator, William Stanley and Henry Huggins, servants that wait on the company at the said Assembly, William Penny and Joseph Penny, as porters thereof.—And all the above-

mentioned persons I claim as my domestick servants, and demand all those privileges that belong to me as a peeress of Great Britain appertaining to my said Assembly.—M. MORDINGTON.—Dated 8th Jan. 1744.—Resolved and declared that no person is entitled to privilege of Peerage against any prosecution or proceeding for keeping any public or common gaming-house, or any house, room, or place for playing at any game or games prohibited by any law now in force.”

### Beefsteak Society.

(Page 135.)

We find in Smith's "Book for a Rainy Day" the following record respecting the Beefsteak Society, or, as he calls it, in an unorthodox way, Club :—

“Mr. John Nixon, of Basinghall-street, gave me the following information :—Mr. Nixon, as Secretary, had possession of the original book. Lambert's Club was first held in Covent Garden theatre [other accounts state, in the Lincoln's-Inn-Fields theatre], in the upper room called the 'Thunder and Lightning;' then in one even with the two-shilling gallery; next in an apartment even with the boxes; and afterwards in a lower room, where they remained until the fire. After that time, Mr. Harris insisted upon it, as the playhouse was a new building, that the Club should not be held there. They then went to the Bedford Coffee-house, next-door. Upon the ceiling of the dining-room they placed Lambert's original gridiron, which had been saved from the fire. They had a kitchen, a cook, a wine-cellar, etc., entirely independent of the Bedford Hotel.

“There was also a Society held at Robins's room, called 'The Ad Libitum,' of which Mr. Nixon had the books; but it was a totally different Society, quite unconnected with the Beefsteak Club.”



## White's Club.

(Page 92.)

The following humorous Address was supposed to have been written by Colonel Lyttelton, brother to Sir George Lyttelton, in 1752, on His Majesty's return from Hanover, when numberless Addresses were presented. White's was then a Chocolate-house, near St. James's Palace, and was the famous gaming-house, where most of the nobility had meetings and a Society :—

*The Gamesters' Address to the King.*

“ Most Righteous Sovereign,

“ May it please your Majesty, we, the Lords, Knights, etc., of the Society of White's, beg leave to throw ourselves at your Majesty's feet (our honours and consciences lying under the *table*, and our fortunes being ever at stake), and congratulate your Majesty's happy return to these kingdoms which assemble us together, to the great advantage of some, the ruin of others, and the unspeakable satisfaction of all, both us, our wives, and children. We beg leave to acknowledge your Majesty's great goodness and lenity, in allowing us to break those laws, which we ourselves have made, and you have sanctified and confirmed: while your Majesty alone religiously observes and regards them. And we beg leave to assure your Majesty of our most unfeigned loyalty and attachment to your sacred person; and that next to the Kings of Diamonds, Clubs, Spades, and Hearts, we love, honour, and adore you.”

To which His Majesty was pleased to return this most gracious answer :—

“ My Lords and Gentlemen,

“ I return you my thanks for your loyal address; but while I have such rivals in your affection, as you tell me of, I can

neither think it worth preserving or regarding. I look upon you yourselves as a *pack of cards*, and shall *deal* with you accordingly."—*Cole's MSS.* vol. xxxi. p. 171,—in the British Museum.

In "Richardsoniana" we read: "Very often the taste of running perpetually after diversions is not a mark of any pleasure taken in them, but of none taken in ourselves. This sallying abroad is only from uneasiness at home, which is in every one's self. Like a gentleman who overlooking them at White's at piquet, till three or four in the morning: on a dispute they referred to him; when he protested he knew nothing of the game; 'Zounds,' say they, 'and sit here till this time?'—'Gentlemen, I'm married!'—'Oh! Sir, we beg pardon.'"

### The Royal Academy Club.

This Club consisted exclusively of Members of the Royal Academy. Nollekens, the sculptor, for many years, made one at the table; and so strongly was he bent upon saving all he could privately conceal, that he did not mind paying two guineas a year for his admission-ticket, in order to indulge himself with a few nutmegs, which he contrived to pocket privately, for as red-wine negus was the principal beverage, nutmegs were used. Now, it generally happened, if another bowl was wanted, that the nutmegs were missing. Nollekens, who had frequently been seen to pocket them, was one day requested by Rossi, the sculptor, to see if they had not fallen under the table, upon which Nollekens actually went crawling beneath, upon his hands and knees, pretending to look for them, though at that very time they were in his waistcoat-pocket. He was so old a stager at this monopoly of nutmegs that he would sometimes engage the maker of the negus in conversation, looking him full in the face whilst he, slyly and unobserved, as he thought, conveyed away the spice; like the fellow who is stealing the bank-

note from the blind man, in Hogarth's admirable print of the Royal Cockpit.—*Smith's Nollekens and his Times*, vol. i. p. 225.

### Destruction of Taverns by Fire.

On the morning of the 25th of March, 1748, a most calamitous and destructive fire commenced at a peruke-maker's, named Eldridge, in Exchange Alley, Cornhill, and within twelve hours totally destroyed between 90 and 100 houses, besides damaging many others. The flames spread in three directions at once, and extending into Cornhill, consumed about twenty houses there, including the London Assurance office; the Fleece and the Three Tuns Taverns; and Tom's and the Rainbow Coffee-houses. In Exchange Alley, the Swan Tavern, with Garraway's, Jonathan's, and the Jerusalem Coffee-houses, were burnt down; and in the contiguous avenues and Birchin-lane, the George and Vulture Tavern, with several other coffee-houses, underwent a like fate. Mr. Eldridge, with his wife, children, and servants, all perished in the flames. The value of the effects and merchandise destroyed was computed at 200,000*l.*, exclusive of that of the numerous buildings.

In the above fire was consumed the house in which was born the poet Gray; and the injury which his property sustained on the occasion induced him to sink a great part of the remainder in purchasing an annuity: his father had been an Exchange broker. The house was within a few doors of Birchin-lane.

### The Tzar of Muscovy's Head, Tower-street.

Close to Tower-hill, and not far from the site of the Rose tavern, is a small tavern, or public-house, which received its sign in commemoration of the convivial eccentricities of an Emperor, one of the most extraordinary characters that ever

appeared on the great theatre of the world—"who gave a polish to his nation and was himself a savage."

Such was Peter the Great, who, with his suite, consisting of Menzikoff, and some others, came to London on the twenty-first of January, 1698, principally with the view of acquiring information on matters connected with naval architecture. We have little evidence that during his residence here Peter ever worked as a shipwright in Deptford Dockyard, as is generally believed. He was, however, very fond of sailing and managing boats and a yacht on the Thames; and his great delight was to get a small decked-boat, belonging to the Dockyard, and taking only Menzikoff, and three or four others of his suite, to work the vessel with them, he being the helmsman. Now, the great failing of Peter was his love of strong liquors. He and his companions having finished their day's work, used to resort to a public-house in Great Tower-street, close to Tower-hill, to smoke their pipes, and drink beer and brandy. The landlord, in gratitude for the imperial custom, had the Tzar of Muscovy's head painted, and put up for his sign, which continued till 1808, when a person of the name of Waxel took a fancy to the old sign, and offered the then occupier of the house to paint him a new one for it. A copy was accordingly made from the original, as the sign of "The Tzar of Muscovy," looking like a Tartar. The house has, however, been rebuilt, and the sign removed, but the name remains.

### Rose Tavern, Tower-street.

In Tower-street, before the Great Fire, was the Rose tavern, which, upon the 4th of January, 1649, was the scene of a memorable explosion of gunpowder, and miraculous preservation. It appears that over-against the wall of All-hallows Barking churchyard, was the house of a ship-chandler, who, about seven o'clock at night, being busy in his shop, barrelling up gunpowder, it took fire, and in the

twinkling of an eye, blew up not only that, but all the houses thereabout, to the number (towards the street and in back alleys) of fifty or sixty. The number of persons destroyed by this blow could never be known, for the next house but one was the Rose tavern; a house never (at that time of night) but full of company; and that day the parish-dinner was at the house. And in three or four days, after digging, they continually found heads, arms, legs, and half bodies, miserably torn and scorched; besides many whole bodies, not so much as their clothes singed.

In the course of this accident, says the narrator (Mr. Leybourne, in *Strype*), "I will instance two; the one a dead, the other a living monument. In the digging (strange to relate) they found the mistress of the Rose tavern, sitting in her bar, and one of the drawers standing by the bar's side, with a pot in his hand, only stifled with dust and smoke; their bodies being preserved whole by means of great timbers falling across one another. This is one. Another is this:—The next morning there was found upon the upper leads of Barking church, a young child lying in a cradle, as newly laid in bed, neither the child nor the cradle having the least sign of any fire or other hurt. It was never known whose child it was, so that one of the parish kept it as a memorial; for in the year 1666 I saw the child, grown to be then a proper maiden, and came to the man that kept her at that time, where he was drinking at a tavern with some other company then present. And he told us she was the child so found in the cradle upon the church leads as aforesaid."

According to a tablet which hangs beneath the organ gallery of the church, the quantity of gunpowder exploded in this catastrophe was twenty-seven barrels. Tower-street was wholly destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666.

## The Nag's Head Tavern, Cheapside.

As you pass through Cheapside, you may observe upon the front of the old house, No. 39, the sign-stone of a "Nag's Head;" this is presumed to have been the sign of the Nag's Head Tavern, which is described as at the Cheapside corner of Friday-street. This house obtained some notoriety from its having been the pretended scene of the consecration of Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, at that critical period when the English Protestant or Reformed Church was in its infancy. Pennant thus relates the scandalous story. "It was pretended by the adversaries of our religion, that a certain number of ecclesiastics, in their hurry to take possession of the vacant see, assembled here, where they were to undergo the ceremony from Anthony Kitchen, alias Dunstan, Bishop of Landaff, a sort of occasional conformist who had taken the oaths of supremacy to Elizabeth. Bonner, Bishop of London, (then confined in the Tower,) hearing of it, sent his chaplain to Kitchen, threatening him with excommunication, in case he proceeded. The prelate therefore refused to perform the ceremony: on which, say the Roman Catholics, Parker and the other candidates, rather than defer possession of their dioceses, determined to consecrate one another; which, says the story, they did without any sort of scruple, and Scorey began with Parker, who instantly rose Archbishop of Canterbury." The refutation of this tale may be read in Strype's "Life of Archbishop Parker," at p. 57. A view of the Nag's Head Tavern and its sign is preserved in La Serre's prints, *Entrée de la Reyne Mère du Roy*, 1638, and is copied in Wilkinson's "Londina Illustrata."

The Roman Catholics laid the scene in the tavern: the real consecration took place in the adjoining church of St. Mary-le-Bow. As the form then adopted has been the

subject of much controversy, the following note, from a letter of Dr. Pusey, dated Dec. 4, 1865, may be quoted here :

The form adopted at the *confirmation* of Archbishop Parker was carefully framed on the old form used in the *confirmations* by Archbishop Chichele (which was the point for which I examined the registers in the Lambeth library). The words used in the *consecrations* of the bishops confirmed by Chichele do not occur in the registers. The words used by the consecrators of Parker, "*Accipe Spiritum Sanctum*," were used in the later Pontificals, as in that of Exeter, Lacy's (*Maskell, Monumenta Ritualia*, iii. 258). Roman Catholic writers admit that *that* only is essential to consecration which the English service-book retained—prayer during the service, which should have reference to the office of bishops, and the imposition of hands. And, in fact, Cardinal Pole engaged to retain in their orders those who had been so ordained under Edward VI., and his act was confirmed by Paul IV. (*Sanders de Schism. Angl.*, L. iii. 350).

### The Hummums, Covent Garden.

"Hamman" is the Arabic word for a bagnio, or bath, such as was originally "The Hummums," in Covent Garden, before it became an hotel.

There is a marvellous ghost story connected with this house, where died Parson Ford, who makes so conspicuous a figure in Hogarth's *Midnight Modern Conversation*. The narrative is thus given in Boswell's "Johnson" by Croker:—

"*Boswell*. Was there not a story of Parson Ford's ghost having appeared ?

"*Johnson*. Sir, it was believed. A waiter at the Hummums, in which house Ford died, had been absent for some time, and returned, not knowing that Ford was dead. Going down to the cellar, according to the story, he met him. Going down again, he met him a second time. When he came up, he asked some people of the house what Ford could be doing there. They told him Ford was dead. The waiter took a fever, in which he lay for some time. When he recovered, he said he had a message to deliver to some women from Ford ; but he was not to tell what or to whom.

He walked out ; he was followed ; but somewhere about St. Paul's they lost him. He came back and said he had delivered it, and the women exclaimed, 'Then we are all undone.' Dr. Pallet, who was not a credulous man, inquired into the truth of this story, and he said the evidence was irresistible. My wife went to the Hummums ; (it is a place where people get themselves cupped.) I believe she went with intention to hear about this story of Ford. At first they were unwilling to tell her ; but after they had talked to her, she came away satisfied that it was true. To be sure, the man had a fever ; and this vision may have been the beginning of it. But if the message to the women, and their behaviour upon it, were true, as related, there was something supernatural. That rests upon his word, and there it remains."

### Origin of Tavern Signs.

The cognisances of many illustrious persons connected with the Middle Ages are still preserved in the signs attached to our taverns and inns. Thus the White Hart with the golden chain was the badge of King Richard II. ; the Antelope was that of King Henry IV. ; the Feathers was the cognisance of Henry VI. ; and the White Swan was the device of Edward of Lancaster, his ill-fated heir slain at the battle of Tewkesbury.

Before the Great Fire of London, in 1666, almost all the liveries of the great feudal lords were preserved at these houses of public resort. Many of their heraldic signs were then unfortunately lost : but the Bear and Ragged Staff, the ensign of the famed Warwick, still exists as a sign : while the Star of the Lords of Oxford, the brilliancy of which decided the fate of the battle of Barnet ; the Lion of Norfolk, which shone so conspicuously on Bosworth field ; the Sun of the ill-omened House of York, together with the Red and White Rose, either simply or conjointly, carry the historian



and the antiquary back to a distant period although now disguised in the gaudy colouring of a freshly-painted sign-board.

The White Horse was the standard of the Saxons before and after their coming into England. It was a proper emblem of victory and triumph, as we read in Ovid and elsewhere. The White Horse is to this day the ensign of the county of Kent, as we see upon hop-pockets and bags; and throughout the county it is a favourite inn-sign.

The Saracen's Head inn-sign originated in the age of the Crusades. By some it is thought to have been adopted in memory of the father of St. Thomas à Becket, who was a Saracen. Selden thus explains it: "Do not undervalue an enemy by whom you have been worsted. When our countrymen came home from fighting with the Saracens, and were beaten by them, they pictured them with huge, big terrible faces (as you still see the sign of the Saracen's Head is), when in truth they were like other men. But this they did to save their own credit. Still more direct is the explanation in Richard the Crusader causing a Saracen's head to be served up to the ambassadors of Saladin. May it not also have some reference to the Saracen's Head of the Quintain, a military exercise antecedent to jousts and tournaments?"

The custom of placing a Bush at tavern doors has already been noticed; we add a few notes:—In the preface to the "Law of Drinking," keeping a public-house is called the trade of the ivy-bush: the bush was a sign so very general, that probably from thence arose the proverb "good wine needs no bush," or indication as to where it was sold. In "Good Newes and Bad Newes," 1622, a host says:—

I rather will take down my bush and sign  
Than live by means of riotous expense.

The ancient method of putting a bough of a tree upon anything, to signify that it was for disposal, is still exemplified by an old besom (or birch broom) being placed at the

mast-head of a vessel that is intended for sale. In Dekker's "Wonderful Yeaere," 1603, is the passage "Spied a bush at the end of a pole, the ancient badge of a countrey ale-house." And in Harris's "Drunkard's Cup," p. 299, "Nay, if the house be not with an ivie bush, let him have his tooles about him, nutmegs, rosemary, tobacco, with other the appurtenances, and he knows how of puddle ale to make a cup of English wine." From a passage in "Whimzies, or a new Cast of Characters," 1631, it would seem that signs in ale-houses succeeded birch poles.

It is usual in some counties, particularly Staffordshire, to hang a bush at the door of an alehouse, or mughouse. Sir Thomas Browne considers that the human faces depicted on sign-boards, for the sun and moon, are relics of paganism, and that they originally meant Apollo and Diana. This has been noticed in Hudibras—

Tell me but what's the nat'ral cause  
Why on a sign no painter draws  
The full moon ever, but the half.

A Bell sign-stone may be seen on the house-front, No. 26, Great Knight-Rider-street: it bears the date 1668, and is boldly carved; whether it is of tavern or other trade it is hard to say: the house appears to be of the above date.

The Bell, in Great Carter-lane, in this neighbourhood, has been taken down: it was an interesting place, for, hence, October 25, 1598, Richard Quiney addressed to his "loveing good ffriend and countryman, Mr. Wm. Schackespeare" (then living in Southwark, near the Bear-garden), a letter for a loan of thirty pounds; which letter we have seen in the possession of Mr. R. Bell Wheler, at Stratford-upon-Avon: it is believed to be the only existing letter addressed to Shakspeare.

The Bull, Bishopsgate, is noteworthy; for the yard of this inn supplied a stage to our early actors, before James

Burbadge and his fellows obtained a patent from Queen Elizabeth for erecting a permanent building for theatrical entertainments. Tarleton often played here. Anthony Bacon, the brother of Francis, lived in a house in Bishopsgate-street, not far from the Bull Inn, to the great concern of his mother, who not only dreaded that the plays and interludes acted at the Bull might corrupt his servants, but on her own son's account objected to the parish as being without a godly clergyman.

Gerard's Hall, Basing-lane, had the fine Norman crypt of the ancient hall of the Sisars for its wine-cellar; besides the tutelar effigies of "Gerard the gyant," a fair specimen of a London sign, *temp.* Charles II. Here also was shown the staff used by Gerard in the wars, and a ladder to ascend to the top of the staff: and in the neighbouring church of St. Mildred, Bread-street, hangs a huge tilting-helmet, said to have been worn by the said giant. The staff, Stow thinks, may rather have been used as a May-pole, and to stand in the hall decked with evergreens at Christmas; the ladder serving for decking the pole and hall-roof.

Fosbroke says, that the Bell Savage is a strange corruption of the Queen of Sheba; the Bell Savage, of which the device was a savage man standing by a bell, is supposed to be derived from the French, Belle Sauvage, on account of a beautiful savage having been once shown there; by others it is considered, with more probability, to have been so named in compliment to some ancient landlady of the celebrated inn upon Ludgate-hill, whose surname was Savage, as in the Close-rolls of the thirty-first year of the reign of Henry VI. is an entry of a grant of that inn to "John Frensch, gentelman," and called "Savage's Ynne," *alias* the "Bell on the Hoof."

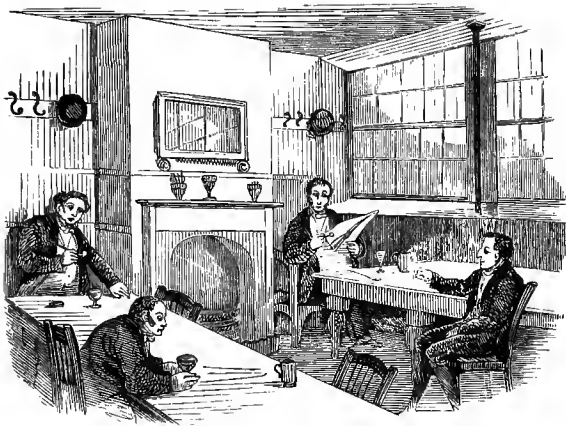
The token of the house is—"HENRY YOUNG AT Y<sup>B</sup>. An Indian woman holding an arrow and a bow.—R. ON LUDGATE HILL. In the field, H. M. Y. 25 old-words

"There is a tradition [Mr. Akerman writes] that the

origin of this sign, and not only of the inn, but also of the name of the court in which it is situate, was derived from that of Isabella Savage, whose property they once were, and who conveyed them by deed to the Cutlers' Company. This, we may observe, is a mistake. The name of the person who left the Bell Savage to the Cutlers' Company was Craythorn, not Savage."

In Flecknoe's *Ænigmatical Characters*, 1665, in alluding to "your fanatick reformers," he says, "as for the signs, they have pretty well begun the reformation already, changing the sign of the Salutation of the Angel and our Lady into the Shouldier and Citizen, and the Catherine Wheel into the Cat and Wheel, so that there only wants their making the Dragon to kill St. George, and the Devil to tweak St. Dunstan by the nose, to make the reformation compleat. Such ridiculous work they make of their reformation, and so zealous are they against all mirth and jollity, as they would pluck down the sign of the Cat and Fiddle, too, if it durst but play so loud as they might hear it."

The sign In God is our Hope is still to be seen at a public-house on the western road between Cranford and Slough. Coryatt mentions the Ave Maria, with verses, as the sign of an alehouse abroad, and a street where all the signs on one side were of birds. The Swan with Two Nicks, or Necks, as it is commonly called, was so termed from the two nicks or marks, to make known that it was a swan of the Vintners' Company; the swans of that company having two semicircular pieces cut from the upper mandible of the swan, one on each side, which are called nicks. The origin of the Bolt-in-Tun is thus explained. The bolt was the arrow shot from a cross-bow, and the tun or barrel was used as the target, and in this device the bolt is painted sticking in the bung-hole. It appears not unreasonable to conclude, that hitting the bung was as great an object in crossbow-shooting as it is to a member of the Toxophilite Club to strike the target in the bull's eye. The sign of the



Lamb and Coleridge at the "Salutation and Cat,"  
Newgate Street.



The Spaniards Tavern, Hampstead.



Three Loggerheads is two grotesque wooden heads, with the inscription "Here we three Loggerheads be," the reader being the third. The Honest Lawyer is depicted at a beer-shop at Stepney; the device is a lawyer with his head under his arm, to prevent his telling lies.

The Lamb and Lark has reference to a well-known proverb that we should go to bed with the lamb and rise with the lark. The Eagle and Child, *vulgo* Bird and Baby, is by some persons imagined to allude to Jupiter taking Gany-mede; others suppose that it merely commemorates the fact of a child having been carried off by an eagle; but this sign is from the arms of the Derby family (eagle and child) who had a house in Lambeth, where is the Bird and Baby.

The Green Man and Still should be a green man (or man who deals in *green herbs*) with a bundle of peppermint or pennyroyal under his arm, which he brings to be distilled.

Upon the modern building of the Bull and Mouth has been conferred the more elegant name of the Queen's Hotel. Now the former is a corruption of Boulogne Mouth; and the sign was put up to commemorate the destruction of the French flotilla at the mouth of Boulogne harbour in the reign of Henry VIII. This absurd corruption has been perpetuated by a carving in stone of a bull and a human face with an enormous mouth. The Bull and Gate, palpably, has the like origin; as at the *Gate* of Boulogne the treaty of capitulation to the English was signed.

The Spread Eagle, which constitutes the arms of Austria and Russia, originated with Charlemagne, and was in England introduced out of compliment to some German potentate.

The oddest sign we know is now called The Mischief, in Oxford-street, and our remembrance of this dates over half a century, when the street was called Oxford-road, then unpaved; it is truly Hogarthian. It was at that time called the Man loaded with Mischief, *i.e.* a wife, two squalling brats, a monkey, a cat, a jackdaw, etc. The perpetrator of

this libel on the other sex, we suppose, was some poor henpecked individual.\*

On the subject of sign combinations, a writer in *Notes and Queries* says:—"This subject has been taken up by a literary contemporary, and some ingenious but far-fetched attempts at explanation have been made, deduced from languages the publican is not likely to have heard of. The following seem at least to be undoubtedly English: The Sun and Whalebone, Cock and Bell, Ram and Teazle, Cow and Snuffers, Crow and Horseshoe, Hoop and Pie,—*cum multis aliis*. I have some remembrance of a very simple solution of the cause of the incongruity, which was this: The lease being 'out of (say) the sign of The Ram, or the tenant had left for some cause, and gone to the sign of The Teazle; wishing to be known and followed by as many of his old connexion as possible, and also to secure the new, he took his old sign with him, and set it up beside the other, and the house soon became known as The Ram and Teazle. After some time the signs required repainting or renewing, and as one board was more convenient than two, the 'emblems,' as poor Dick Tinto calls them, were depicted together, and hence rose the puzzle."

There have been some strange guesses. Some have thought the Goat and Compasses to be a corruption of "God encompasseth us," but it has been much more directly traced as follows, by Sir Edmund Head, who has communicated the same to Mr. P. Cunningham: "At Cologne, in the church of Santa Maria in Capitolio, is a flat stone on the floor, professing to be the Grabstein der Brüder und Schwester eines ehrbaren Wein- und Fass-Ampts, Anno 1693; that is, I suppose, a vault belonging to the Wine Coopers' Company. The arms exhibit a shield with a pair of compasses, an axe, and a dray or truck, with goats for suppor-

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\* Communicated to the *Builder* by Mr. Rhodes.



ters. In a country like England, dealing so much at one time in Rhenish wine, a more likely origin for such a sign could hardly be imagined."

The Pig in the Pound might formerly be seen towards the east end of Oxford-street, not far from The Mischief.

The Magpie and Horseshoe may be seen in Fetter-lane : the ominous import attached to the bird and the shoe may account for this association in the sign : we can imagine ready bibbers going to houses with this sign "for luck."

The George, Snowhill, is a good specimen of a carved sign-stone of—

St. George that swing'd the dragon,  
And sits on horseback at mine hoste's door.





## INDEX TO CLUBS.

- A**LFRED Club, the, 202.  
 Allen, King, his play, 244.  
 Almack's Assembly Rooms, 73,  
 509.  
 Almack's, by Capt. Gronow, 75.  
 Almack's Club, 71.  
 Almack's Rooms, 73.  
 Ambassadors' Club, 260.  
 Anacreontic *Ad Poculum*, by  
 Morris, 128.  
 Angling Club Anecdotes, 257.  
 Antiquarian Club, 261.  
 Army and Navy Club, 237.  
 Apollo Club, 9.  
 Arms for White's, 98.  
 Arnold and the Steaks, 119.  
 Arthur's Club, 91.  
 Athenæum established, 206.  
 Athenæum Club, the, 205.  
 Athenæum Club-house described,  
 206.
- B**ARRY'S Reform Club-house,  
 227.  
 Barry's Travellers' Club-house,  
 199.  
 Beef-steak Club, the, 105.  
 Beef-steak Club, Ivy-lane, 136.  
 Beef-steak Clubs, various, 135.  
 Beef-steak Society, History of  
 the, 105, 516.  
 Beef-steaks, Ward's Address to,  
 110.  
 Bell Tavern Beef-steak Club, 136.  
 Benson Driving Club, 246.
- Betting, extraordinary, at White's,  
 96.  
 Bibliomania, what is it?, 164.  
 Bickerstaffe and his Club, 54.  
 Bishops and Judges at the Alfred,  
 203.  
 Blasphemous Clubs, 38.  
 Blue-stocking Club, at Mrs. Mo-  
 tague's, 170.  
 Blue-stocking Clubs, ancient, 169.  
 Bolland at the Steaks, 125.  
 Boodle's Club, 103.  
 Boodle's Club-house and Pictures,  
 103.  
 Bowl, silver, presented by the  
 Steaks to Morris, 132.  
 Box of the Past Overseers' So-  
 ciety, Westminster, 165.  
 Brilliants, the, 262.  
 Brookes's Club, 76.  
 Brookes, the Club-house proprie-  
 tor, 76.  
 Brougham, Lord, at the Steaks,  
 125.  
 Brummel and Alderman Combe  
 at Brookes's, 87.  
 Brummel and Bligh at Watier's,  
 144.  
 Buchan, Dr., at the Chapter,  
 154, 158.  
 Burke and Johnson at the Lite-  
 rary Club, 177.  
 Burke at the Robin Hood, 168.  
 Busby, Dr., at the Chapter, 157.  
 Byron and Dudley, Lords, at the  
 Alfred, 202.

**CALVES' Head Club, 21.**  
 Calves' Head Club Laureat, 26.  
 Calves' Head Club, origin of, 21.  
 Canning, Mr., at the Clifford-street Club, 144.  
 Carlton Club, the, 233.  
 Carlton Club-house, new, 233.  
 Cavendish and the Royal Society Club, 67.  
 Celebrities of the Alfred, 202.  
 Celebrities of Brookes's, 76.  
 Celebrities of the Literary Club, 182.  
 Celebrities of the Royal Naval Club, 197.  
 Celebrities of the Royal Society Club, 64.  
 Celebrities at the Steaks, 120.  
 Celebrities of Tom's Coffee-house Club, 138.  
 Celebrities of White's, early, 94.  
 Chapter Coffee-house, 343.  
 Chapter Coffee-house Club, 153.  
 Chatterton at the Chapter, 153.  
 Chess Clubs, 267.  
 Child's Coffee-house and the Royal Society Club, 56.  
 Churchill at the Steaks, 113.  
 Cibber, Colley, at White's, 94.  
 Civil Club in the City, 4.  
 Clark, Alderman, at the Essex Head, 174.  
 Clifford-street Club, the, 144.  
 Club defined by Johnson, 6.  
 Club, the term, 1.  
 Clubs of the Ancients, 1.  
 Clubs, influences of, 207.  
 Club Life experiences, 214.  
 Clubs, origin of, 1.  
 Clubs of 1814, by Capt. Gronow, 244, 513.  
 Club System, advantages of, 205.  
 Clubs at the Thatched House, 267.  
 Coachmanship, anecdotes of, 246.  
 Cobb and Old Walsh at the Steaks, 119.  
 Cocoa-tree Club, the, 69.  
 Conservative Club, 234.

Colman at the Literary Club, 213.  
 Colman at the Steaks, 120, 133.  
 Commons of the Royal Society Club, 59.  
 Covent Garden Celebrities, 219.  
 Covent Garden old Taverns, 136.  
 Covent Garden, by Thackeray, 218.  
 Covent, Garden Theatre and the Steaks, 112.  
 Coventry Club, the, 260.  
 Coverley, Sir Roger, and Mocks, 36.  
 Crockford's start in life, 240.  
 Crockford's Club, 240.  
 Crockford's fishmonger's shop, at Temple Bar, 244.  
 Crown and Anchor Club, and Royal Society Club, 59.  
 Curran and Capt. Morris, 135.  
 Curran at the King of Clubs, 142.  
 Curran and Lord Norbury, 142.

**DANIEL, G., of Canonbury, his list of Clubs, 151.**  
 Darty's Ham-pies at the Kit-kat, 512.  
 Davies, Scrope, play of, 245.  
 Devil Tavern and Royal Society Club, 58.  
 Dibdin, Dr., and the Roxburghe Club, 159.  
 Dilettanti between 1770 and 1790, 191.  
 Dilettanti, their object and name, 189.  
 Dilettanti Portraits, 195.  
 Dilettanti Society, the, 189.  
 Dilettanti Society's Journeys, 190.  
 Dilettanti Society's Publications, 191.  
 Dinner, memorable, at the Royal Society Club, 66.  
 Dinners of the Roxburghe Club, 160.  
 Dinners of the Royal Society Club, 57.

Dunning, Lord Ashburton, at Brookes's, 83.

**ECCENTRIC** Clubs, 146.

Eccentrics, the, 262.

Economy of the Athenæum Club, 207.

Economy of Clubs, 207.

Epicurism at White's, 102.

Eretheum Club, 260.

Essex Head Club, the, 173.

Estcourt and the Beef-steak Club, 105.

Everlasting Club, the, 147.

**FARO** at White's, 96.

Fielding, Sir John, on Street Clubs, 33.

"Fighting Fitzgerald" at Brookes's, 87.

Fines of the Dilettanti, 193.

Fire at White's Chocolate House, 93.

Footo at Tom's Coffee-house Club, 138.

Fordyce and Gower, Dr., at the Chapter, 155.

Forster, Mr., his account of the Literary Club, 176.

Four-in-hand Club, the, 246.

Fox at Brookes's, 78.

Fox's love of Play, 79.

Fox's play at White's, 98.

Francis, Sir Philip, at Brookes's, 78.

Friday-street Club, 5.

**GAMING** at Almack's, 72.

Gaming at White's, 98.

Gaming Houses kept by Ladies, 514.

Garrick and the Literary Club, 180.

Garrick at the Steaks, 115.

Garrick Club, the, 218.

Garrick Club-house, New, 222.

Garth and Steele, at the Kit-kat Club, 52.

Gibbon at Boodle's, 104.

Gibbon at the Cocoa-tree, 69.

Gifford on the Mermaid Club, 8.

Gin Punch at the Garrick, 224.

Globe Tavern Clubs, 187.

Glover the Poet, at White's, 95.

"Golden Ball," the, 245.

Golden Fleece Club, Cornhill, 146.

Goldsmith and Annet at the Robin Hood, 168.

Goldsmith, Beauclerk, and Langton at the Literary Club, 175, 183.

Goldsmith's Clubs, 187.

Goldsmith at the Crown, Islington, 189.

Goosetree's, in Pall Mall, 73.

Gore, Mrs., on Clubs, 212.

Gourmands at Crockford's, 242.

Graham's Club, 254.

Green Ribbon Club, 30.

Gridiron of the Steaks Society, 108, 110, 114, 120, 124.

Gridiron, Silver, and the Steaks, 108.

Grub-street account of the Calves' Head Club, 24.

Guards' Club, the, 237.

**HARRINGTON'S** *Oceana*, 14.

Haslewood's account of the Roxburghe Club Dinners, 160.

Hawkins and Burke at the Literary Club, 176.

Hazard at the Cocoa-tree, 70.

Hell-fire Club, 38.

Hill, Sir John, and the Royal Society, 65.

Hill, Thomas, at the Garrick, 225.

Hippisley, Sir John, at the Steaks, 123.

Hoadly, Bishop, at the Kit-kat Club, 52.

Hoax, Calves' Head Club, 21.

Hood, Thomas, on Clubs, 212.

Hook, Theodore, at the Athenæum, 200.

- Hook, Theodore, at Crockford's, 243.  
 Hook, Theodore, at the Garrick, 225.  
 Hooks and Eyes, the, 266.  
 Hoyle's Treatise on Whist, 259.
- I**ONIAN Antiquities, Walpole on, 191.  
 Ivy-lane Club, the, 171.
- J**ACOB and Waithman, Aldermen, at the Chapter, 158.  
 Jacobite Club, 152.  
 Jacobite and Loyal Mobs, 41.  
 Jerrold, Douglas, at his Clubs, 263.  
 Johnson Club, the, 184.  
 Johnson, Dr., and the Ivy-lane Club, 171.  
 Johnson, Dr., and Boswell at the Essex Head, 173.  
 Johnson, Dr., founds the Literary Club, 174.  
 Johnson, Dr., last at the Literary Club, 182.  
 Jonson, Ben, his Club, 7.
- K**EMBLE, John, at the Steaks, 126.  
 King Club and Club of Kings, 30.  
 King of Clubs, the, 140.  
 King's Head Club, 30.  
 Kit-kat Club, 47, 511.  
 Kit-kat, epigram on, 49.  
 Kit-kat, origin of, 47.  
 Kit-kat Pictures, 51.  
 Kit-kat Toasts, 50.
- L**ADIES' Club at Almack's, 74.  
 Ladies' Club, the farce, 214.  
 Lambert and the Beef-steak Society, 112.  
 Lawyers' Club, the, 147.  
 Lennox celebration at the Devil Tavern, 171.
- Lewis, the bookseller, Covent Garden, 136.  
 Library of the Athenæum, 207.  
 "Life's a Fable," by Morris, 132.  
 Linley, William, at the Steaks, 117.  
 Literary Club, the, 174.  
 Literary Club dates, 175.  
 Little Club, the, 147.  
 London Club Architecture, 227.  
 Long Acre Mug-house Club, 39.  
 Loyal Society Club, 41.  
 Lyceum Theatre, the Steaks, at, 124.  
 Lying Club, Westminster, 147.  
 Lynedoch, Lord, at the United Service, 201.
- M**ACAULAY, Lord, his pictures of the Literary Club, 183.  
 Mackreth, and Arthur's Club, 91.  
 M'Clean, the highwayman, at White's, 101.  
 March Club, 16.  
 Mathews, Charles, his collection of Pictures, 220.  
 Mermaid Club, 4, 7.  
 Middlesex, Lord, and Calves' Head Club, 27.  
 Mitre Tavern and Royal Society Club, 56.  
 Mohocks, history of the, 33.  
 Mohun, Lord, at the Kit-kat Club, 51.  
 Morris, Capt., Bard of the Beef-steak Society, 121, 127.  
 Morris's Farewell to the Steaks, 131.  
 Morris making Punch at the Steaks, 134.  
 Morris, recollections of, 133.  
 Morris's "Songs," Political and Convivial, 127.  
 Mountford, Lord, tragic end of, 97.  
 Mug-house Club, history of, 38.  
 Mug-house Riots, 43, 44.  
 Mug-houses in London, 46.  
 Mug-house Politics, 40.  
 Mug-house Songs, 44.

Mug-houses suppressed, 46.  
 Mulberry Club, the, 263.  
 Murphy and Kemble at the Steaks,  
 121.  
 Museum Club, 264.

**NORFOLK**, Duke of, and Capt.  
 Morris, 130  
 Norfolk, Duke of, at the Steaks,  
 121.  
 Noviomagians, the, 261.

**OCTOBER** Club, 14.  
 One of a Trade Club, 5.  
 Onslow, Lord, the celebrated whip,  
 247.  
 Onslow, Tommy, epigrams on,  
 247, 248.  
 Oriental Club, the, 204.  
 Origin of Clubs, 1.  
 Oxford and Cambridge Club, 236.

**P. P.**, Clerk of the Parish, 20.  
 Pall Mall Tavern Clubs, 6.  
 Palmerston, Lord, at the Reform,  
 230.  
 Parthenon Club, 260.  
 Parliamentary Clubs, 16.  
 Past Overseers' Society, West-  
 minster, 165.  
 Peterborough, Lord, and the Beef-  
 steak Society, 111.  
 Phillidor at St. James's Chess  
 Club, 267.  
 Phillips and Chalmers at the  
 Chapter, 138.  
 Pictures at the United Service,  
 202.  
 Pictures at the Garrick Club,  
 220.  
 Pitt and Wilberforce at Goose-  
 tree's, 73.  
 Political Clubs, early, 13.  
 Pontack's, Royal Society Club at,  
 58.  
 Pope-burning Processions, 32.  
 Presents to the Royal Society  
 Club, 60.

Pretender, the, and Cocoa-tree  
 Chocolate-house, 69.  
 Prince's Club Racquet Courts, 254.  
 Prince of Wales at Brookes's, 77,  
 79.  
 Prince of Wales at the Steaks,  
 121.

**QUEEN'S** Arms Club, St. Paul's  
 Churchyard, 172.

**RACQUET** Courts, Prince's  
 Club, 254.  
 Read's Mng-house, Salisbury-  
 square, 40, 45.  
 Red Lions, the, 258.  
 Reform Club, the, 227.  
 Rich and the Beef-steak Society,  
 110.  
 Richards, Jack, at the Steaks, 117.  
 Rigby at White's, 102.  
 Robinson, "Long Sir Thomas,"  
 138.  
 Robin Hood, the, in Essex-street,  
 168.  
 Rota Club, 4, 13.  
 Roxburghe Club Dinners, the, 159.  
*Roxburghe Revels*, the, 160.  
 Royal Academy Club, 518.  
 Royal Society Club, 56.  
 Royal Naval Club, 196, 451.  
 Rumbold at White's, 101.  
 Rump-steak, or Liberty Club, 136.

**ST. JAMES'S** Palace Clock,  
 anecdote of, 235.  
 St. Leger at White's, 100.  
 Salisbury-court Mng-house, 41, 45.  
 Saturday Club, 16.  
 Savoir Vivre, later Boodle's, 103.  
 Scowrers, the, 34.  
 Scriblerus Club, 20.  
 Sealed Knot, 14.  
 Secret History of the Calves' Head  
 Club, 21.  
 Selwyn's account of Sheridan at  
 Brookes's, 84.  
 Selwyn at White's, 100.

Shakespeare Club, 263.  
 Sharp, Richard, at the King of Clubs, 141.  
 Sheridan at Brookes's, 76, 77, 78, 84.  
 Shilling Whist Club at the Devil Tavern, 187.  
 Shire-lane and the Kit-kat Club, 47.  
 Shire-lane and the Trumpet Tavern, 54.  
 Short Whist, its origin, 252.  
 Smith, Albert, at the Garrick, 227.  
 Smith, Bobus, at the King of Clubs, 140.  
 Smith, James, at the Union, 216.  
 Smyth, Admiral, his History of the Royal Society Club, 66.  
 Soyer at the Reform Club, 229.  
 Spectator Clubs, 6, 150.  
*Spectator* on the Mohocks, 36.  
 Star and Garter, Pall Mall, 18.  
 Steaks, early Members of, 120.  
 Steaks' table-linen and plate, 127.  
 Steele's tribute to Estcourt, 105.  
 Stephens, Alexander, at the Chapter, 154.  
 Stevenson, Rowland, at the Steaks, 119.  
 Stewart, Admiral, and Fighting Fitzgerald, 87.  
 Stillingfleet and the Blue-stocking Club, 170.  
 Street Clubs, 32.  
 Sublime Society of Steaks, 105.  
 Sweaters and Tumblers, 34.  
 Swift at the Brothers Club, 16.  
 Swift and the Mohocks, 35.  
 Swift at the October, 15.  
 Swift's account of White's, 94.

**T**ALLEYRAND at the Travellers', 199.  
 Tatler's Club, in Shire-lane, 54.  
 Temperance Corner at the Athenæum, 210.  
 Tennis Courts in London, 254.  
 Thackeray, 218.  
 Thatched House, Dilettanti at, 195, 311.

Thursday's Club of Royal Philosophers, 57.  
 Toasting-glasses, Verses written on, 50.  
 Tom's Coffee-house, Club at, 136.  
 Tonson, Jacob, defended, 53.  
 Tonson, Jacob, at Kit-kat Club, 48.  
 Toasts at the Roxburghe Club Dinners, 163.  
 Travellers' Club, the, 198.  
 Treason Club, 5.  
 Turk's Head Club, 176.  
 Turtle and Venison at the Royal Society Club, 60, 61.  
 Twaddlers, the, in Shire-lane, 54.

**U**DE at Crockford's, 242.  
 Union Club, the, 216.  
 United Service Club, the, 201.  
 United Service Club, Junior, 239.  
 University Club, the, 211.

**W**ALKER, Mr., his account of the Athenæum, 207.  
 Ward's account of the Beef-steaks, 107.  
 Ward, and Calves' Head Club, 22.  
 Ward's account of the Kit-kat Club, 48, 107.  
 Ward's account of the Royal Society Club, 65.  
 Ward's *Secret History of Clubs*, 146.  
 Watier's Club, 143, 512.  
 Watier's Club, by Capt. Gronow, 512.  
 Welcome, Ben Jonson's, 10.  
 Wednesday Club, at the Globe, 5, 187.  
 Wet Paper Club, the, 154.  
 Whigs and Kit-kat Club, 53.  
 Whist Clubs, 289.  
 Whist, Laws of, 260.  
 Whitbread at Brookes's, 78.  
 White's Chocolate-house, 92, 93.  
 White's Club, 92, 517.  
 White's and the *Tatler*, 93.



- White's, early Rules of, 95.  
 White's present Club-house, 103.  
 Whittington Club, 268.  
 Wilberforce at Brookes's, 77.  
 Wilkes at the Steaks, 114.  
 Willis's Rooms, 73.  
 Wilson, Dick, at the Steaks, 118.
- Wittinagemot of the Chapter  
 Coffee-house, 153.  
 Woffington, Peg, and Beef-steak  
 Club, 135.  
 World, the, 7.  
 Wyndham, Mr., Character of, 198.  
 Wyndham Club, the, 198.

## INDEX TO COFFEE-HOUSES.

- A**DDISON at Button's, 323.  
 Artists' Meeting, at the Turk's  
 Head, 348.  
 Artists at Slaughter's Coffee-house,  
 354.
- B**AKER'S Coffee-house, 294.  
 Barrowby, Dr., at the Bedford,  
 335.  
 Bedford Coffee-house, 333.  
 British Coffee-house and the Scots,  
 315.  
 Broadside against Coffee, 271.  
 Button's Coffee-house, 323.
- C**ELEBRITIES at Button's, 323.  
 Chapter Coffee-house described  
 by Mrs. Gaskell, 343.  
 Charles the Second's Wig, worn  
 by Suett, 355.  
 Chelsea Bun-house, 308.  
 Chess-players, 355.  
 Child's Coffee-house, 345.  
 Chocolate-houses and Coffee-  
 houses, 1714, 300.  
 Churchill's quarrel with Hogarth,  
 337.  
 Cibber, Colley, at Will's, 319.  
 Club of Six Members, 342.  
 Coffee and Canary compared, 282.  
 Coffee, earliest mention of, 269.  
 Coffee first sold in London, 270.  
 Coffee-houses, early, 629.  
 Coffee-houses, 18th century, 299.  
 Coffee-house Politics, 301.  
 Coffee-house Sharpers, 1776, 304.
- Coffee-houses in 1714, 297.  
 Conversation Picture of Old  
 Slaughter's, 356.  
 Covent Garden Piazza in 1634, 337.  
 Cromwell's sword, letters, &c.,  
 355.  
 Curiosities, Saltero's, at Chelsea,  
 305.
- D**ICK'S Coffee-house, 285.  
 Dryden at Will's, 315.
- F**ARR and the Rainbow Coffee-  
 house, 280.  
 "Finish," the, 341.  
 Foote at the Bedford, 333.  
 Foote at the Grecian, 357.  
 Fulwood's Rents, Holborn, 350.
- G**ARRAWAY'S Coffee-house,  
 273.  
 Garrick at the Bedford, 336.  
 Garrick at Tom's, 332.  
 George's Coffee-house, 359.  
 Giles's and Jenny Man's Coffee-  
 houses, 399.  
 Goldsmith at the Bedford, 333.  
 Goldsmith at the Chapter, 345.  
 Goldsmith at the Grecian, 357.  
 Goldsmith's "Retaliation" and  
 the St. James's, 312.  
 Gray's Inn Walks described by  
 Ward, 350.  
 Grecian Coffee-house, 357.  
 Guardian Lion's Head, 323, 333.

**HAYDON** and Wilkie, anecdotes of, 353.

**Hazard Club**, painted by Hogarth, 341.

Hogarth designs **Button's Lion's Head**, 326.

Hogarth's drawings from **Button's**, 328.

**INCHBALD**, Mrs., 330.  
*Inspector at the Bedford*, 333.

**JERUSALEM Coffee-house**, 293.

**John's Coffee-house**, 350.

**Jonathan's Coffee-house**, 278.

**Julian at Will's**, 317.

**KEMBLE**, 342.  
King, Moll, some account of, 340.  
King, Tom, his **Coffee-house**, 340.

**LARON**, Capt., and King's **Coffee-house**, 341.

**Lion's Head at Button's**, 323.

**Lloyd's Coffee-house**, Royal Exchange, 289.

**Lloyd's Members in verse**, 292.

**Lloyd's Subscription Rooms**, 291.

**Lloyd's, temp. Charles II.**, a Song, 286.

**Lockier, Dean**, at Will's, 316.

**London Coffee-house and Punch-house**, 345.

**MACKLIN'S Coffee-house Oratory**, 338.

**Macklin and Foote quarrel**, 339.

**Maclaine, the highwayman**, at **Button's**, 329.

**Man's Coffee-house**, 296.

**Milton and Dryden**, 358.

**Murphy at George's**, 359.

**Murphy and Cibber at Tom's**, 332.

**NANDO'S Coffee-house**, 284.

**PARRY the Welsh Harper**, 355.  
**Pasqua Rosee's Coffee-house**, 269.

**Peele's Coffee-house**, 361.

**Pepys's first Cup of Tea**, 348.

**Pepys at Will's**, 318.

**Percy Coffee-house**, and "Percy Anecdotes," 360.

**Philips, Ambrose**, at **Button's**, 327.

**Piazza Coffee-house**, 342.

**Pope on Coffee**, 321.

**Pope cudgelled in Rose Alley**, 319.

**Pope at Button's**, 326.

**Pope at Will's**, 319.

**Prince's Council Chamber in Fleet-street**, 284.

**Prior and Swift at the Smyrna**, 310.

**RAINBOW Coffee-house**, Fleet-street, 280.

**Richard's Coffee-house**, 285.

**Rod hung up at Button's**, 327.

**ST. JAMES'S Coffee-house**, 301, 310.

**St. Martin's-lane, Artists in**, 348.

**Sail-cloth Permits**, 277.

**Sale by the Candle at Garraway's**, 274.

**Saloop Houses**, 309.

**Saltero's Coffee-house and Museum**, at **Chelsea**, 305.

**Scenes at Jonathan's**, 278.

**Serle's Coffee-house**, 356.

**Shenstone at George's**, 359.

**Sheridan and Kemble at the Piazza**, 342.

**Slaughter's Coffee-house**, 352.

**Smollett**, 307.

**Smyrna Coffee-house**, 309.

**South Sea Scheme**, 275.

**Spectator**, **Coffee-houses described in**, 301.

**Spectator at Lloyd's**, 289.

**Spectator at Squire's**, 350.

**Spectator at Will's**, 320.

**Squire's Coffee-house, Fulwood's Rents**, 350.

**Swift at Button's**, 331.

Swift at the St. James's, 310.  
 Swift at the Smyrna, 310.  
 Swift and the wits at Will's, 319.

**T**EA, early sale of, 347.  
 Tea first sold at Garway's, 273.  
 Thomson, 310.

Thurlow at Nando's, 284.  
 Tiger Roach at the Bedford, 334.  
 Token of the Rainbow, 282.

Tom's Coffee-house, Cornhill, 332.  
 Tom's Coffee-house Devereux-  
 court, 358.

Tottel's Printing Office, 286.  
 Turk's Head Coffee-house, Change-  
 alley, 347.

Turk's Head Coffee-house, Ge-  
 rard-street, 348.

Turk's Head Coffee-house, Strand,  
 349.  
 Turk's Head Coffee-house, West-  
 minster, 349.

**W**ARD'S account of early  
 Coffee-houses, 294.

Ward's Punch-house, Fulwood's  
 Rents, 294, 350.

Ware, the architect, at Slaughter's,  
 354.

Wilkie, 353.

Will's Coffee-house, 315, 318.

Will's Coffee-house, Lincoln's Inn,  
 356.

Woodward at the Bedford, 337.

## INDEX TO TAVERNS.

**A**DAM and Eve, Kensington-  
 road, 473.

African Tavern, St. Michael's-  
 alley, 401.

Aikin, Miss, her defence of Addi-  
 son, 472.

Albion Tavern, Aldersgate-street,  
 506.

Aldersgate Taverns, 393.

Apollo Chamber at the Devil  
 Tavern, 406.

Apollo Sociable Rules, 408.

Apple-tree, Topham at the, 464.

**B**AGNIGGE Wells Tavern, 459.  
 Bayswater Taverns, 471.

Bear at the Bridge-foot Tavern,  
 373.

Bedford Head, Covent Garden,  
 434.

Bellamy's Kitchen, 443.

Bermondsey Spa, 489.

Betty's Fruit-shop, St. James's-  
 street, 452.

Black Jack, or Jump, Clare Mar-  
 ket, 424.

Blackwall and Greenwich White-  
 bait Taverns, 492.

Boar's Head Tavern, Eastcheap,  
 365, 374.

Boar's Head Waiters, 364.

Boar's Head, Southwark, 376.

Brasbridge the Silversmith, at the  
 Queen's and Globe, 391.

Brompton Taverns, 472.

Brummel and the Rummer Ta-  
 vern, 439.

Bush, the, Aldersgate-street, 393.

Byron, Lord, and Mr. Chaworth-  
 Duel between, 445.

**C**ANARY House in the Strand,  
 420.

Canonbury Tavern, 459.

Castle Tavern, Holborn, 464.

Centlivre, Mrs., anecdote of, 441.

Chairmen, the Two, 453.

Chatterton and Marylebone Gar-  
 dens, 471.

Cider Cellar, the, 436.

Clare Market Taverns, 423.

Clarendon Hotel, the, 502.

Clubs at the Queen's Arms, 391.  
 Coal-hole Tavern, Fountain-court, 422.  
 Cock Tavern, Bow-street, 425.  
 Cock Tavern, Fleet-street, 411.  
 Cock Tavern, Threadneedle-street, 381.  
 Coffee-house Canary-bird, 444.  
 Coleridge and Lamb, at the Salutation and Cat, 390.  
 Colledge, Stephen, and the Hercules' Pillars, 413.  
 Constitution Tavern, Covent Garden, 435.  
 Copenhagen House Tavern, 460.  
 Cornelys, Mrs., last of, 480.  
 Coventry Act, origin of the, 426.  
 Craven Head Tavern, Drury-lane, 424.  
 Craven House, Drury-lane, 424.  
 Cremorne Tavern and Gardens, 484.  
 Cricket at White Conduit House, 459.  
 Crown, the, Aldersgate-street, 147.  
 Crown Tavern, Threadneedle-street, 382.  
 Crown and Anchor Tavern, Strand, 419.  
 Cumberland and Cuper's Gardens, 488.  
**D**AGGER in Cheapside, 364.  
 Devil Tavern, Fleet-street, 405.  
 Devil Tavern, Views of, 409.  
 Devil Tavern Token, rare, 409.  
 Dog and Duck, St. George's Fields, 488.  
 Dolly's, Paternoster-row, 392.  
 Drawers, and tapsters, waiters, and barmaids, 364.  
 Dryden and Pepys at the Mulberry Garden, 485.  
 Duke's Head, Islington, 457.  
 D'Urfey's Songs of the Rose, 431.  
**E**AGLE Tavern, City-road, 508.  
 Elephant Tavern, Fenchurch-street, 400.  
 Evans's, Covent Garden, 431.

**F**EATHERS Tavern, Grosvenor-road, 480.  
 Fish Dinner carte at Blackwall or Greenwich, 497.  
 Fitzgerald at Freemasons' Hall, 504.  
 Fives at Copenhagen House, 460.  
 Fleece, Covent Garden, 433.  
 Fountain Tavern, Strand, 421.  
 Fox and Bull, Knightsbridge, 478.  
 Freemasons' Hall, 491.  
 Freemasons' Lodges, 489.  
 Freemasons' Lodges in Queen Anne's reign, 491.  
 Freemasons' Tavern, 491, 504.  
 French Wine-trade in 1154, 363.  
**G**LOBE Tavern, Fleet-street, 404.  
 Golden Cross Sign, 453.  
 Goldsmith at the Boar's Head, 376.  
 Goldsmith at the Globe, 404.  
 Goose and Gridiron, 489, 491.  
 Grave Maurice Taverns, 402.  
 Green Man Tavern, 263.  
**H**ALES, the giant, landlord of the Craven Head, 425.  
 "Heaven" and "Hell" Taverns, 441.  
 Hercules and Apollo Gardens, 488.  
 Hercules' Pillars Taverns, 413, 454.  
 Hercules' Pillars, Hyde Park Corner, 413.  
 Heycock's Ordinary, Temple Bar, 419.  
 Highbury Barn Tavern, 459.  
 Hole-in-the-Wall, Chandos-street, 415.  
 Hole-in-the-Wall, St. Martin's, 415.  
 Hole-in-the-Wall Taverns, 415.  
 Hummums, Covent Garden, 523.  
 Hyde Park Corner Taverns, 414.  
**I**SLINGTON Taverns, 456.

**JACKERS**, the Society of, 424.  
 Jerusalem Taverns, Clerkenwell, 395.  
 Jenny's Whim Tavern, 481.  
 Jerusalem Tavern, Clerkenwell Green, 395.  
 Jew's Harp Tavern, 466.  
 Joe Miller, his Grave, 423.

**KENT'S** St. Cecilia picture, 420.  
 Kensington Taverns, 472.  
 Kentish Town Taverns, 468.  
 Kilburn Wells, 471.  
 King's Head Tavern, Fenchurch-street, 400.  
 King's Head Tavern, Poultry, 383.  
 Knightsbridge Taverns, 477.  
 Knightsbridge Grove Tavern, 480.

**LAMBETH** Taverns, 487.  
 Leveridge's Songs, 434.  
 Locket's Tavern, 441.  
 London Stone Tavern, 378.  
 London Tavern, the, 498.  
 Lovegrove's, dinner at, 497.  
 Lowe's Hotel, 432.  
 Lydgate's Ballad on Taverns, 364.

**MATHEMATICAL** Society,  
 Spitalfields, 403.  
 Marylebone Gardens, account of, 470.  
 Marylebone Taverns, 466.  
 Mermaid Taverns, three, 374.  
 Ministerial Fish Dinner, origin of, 495.  
 Mitre, Dr. Johnson and his friends at, 416.  
 Mitre Painted Room, 399.  
 Mitre Tavern, Fenchurch-street, 398.  
 Mitre Tavern, Fleet-street, 416.  
 Mitre Tavern, Wood-street, 388.  
 Molly Mogg of the-Rose, 430.  
 Mother Redcap Tavern, 468.  
 Mourning Bush Tavern, Aldersgate, 393.  
 Mourning Crown Tavern and Taylor, the Water-poet, 395.  
 Mulberry Garden, the, 485.

"Mull Sack" at the Devil Tavern, 405.  
 Myddelton's Head Tavern, 460.

**NAG'S** Head Tavern, Cheapside, 522.

**OFFLEY'S**, Henrietta-street, 437.  
 Old Swan Tavern, Thames-street, 381.  
 Oliver Cromwell Tavern, 477.  
 One Tun Tavern, Jermyn-street, 456.  
 Onslow, Speaker, at the Jew's Harp, 467.  
 Oxford Kate, of the Cock Tavern, 426.

**PADDINGTON** Taverns, 466.  
 Paintings at the Elephant, Fenchurch-street, 400.  
 Palsgrave Head Tavern, Temple Bar, 418.  
 Panton, Col., the gamester, 455.  
 Paul Pindar's Head Tavern, Bishopsgate, 398.  
 Pepys at the Cock Tavern, 412.  
 Pepys at the Hercules' Pillars, 414.  
 Piccadilly Hall, 454.  
 Piccadilly Inns and Taverns, 453.  
 Pimlico Taverns, 485.  
 Politics at the Crown and Anchor, 420.  
 Pontack's Abchurch-lane, 379.  
 Pope's Head, Cornhill, 380.  
 Porson at the Cider Cellar, 436.  
 Porson taken ill at the African, 401.  
 Portraits, Theatrical, 433.  
 Prince of Wales an Odd Fellow, 480.  
 Purgatory Tavern, 441.

**QUEEN'S** Arms Tavern, St. Paul's Churchyard, 391.  
 Queen's Head, Islington, 458.  
 Queen's Head Tavern, Bow-street, 427.

**RANELAGH** Gardens described, 483.

Relics of the Boar's Head, 375.  
 Robin Hood Tavern, Chiswell-street, 378.  
 Rose Tavern and Drury-lane Theatre, 429.  
 Rose Tavern, Covent Garden, 429.  
 Rose Tavern, Marylebone, 469.  
 Rose Tavern, Poultry, 383.  
 Rose Tavern, Tower-street, 520.  
 Rummer Tavern, Charing Cross, 438.  
 "Running Footman," May Fair, 452.

SADLER'S Wells, 508.  
 St. John's Gate Tavern, 396.  
 St. John's Gate, Johnson at, 396.  
 Sala, Mr., his account of Soyer's Symposium, 474.  
 Salutation Taverns, 390.  
 Salutation and Cat, Newgate-street, 389.  
 Salutation, Tavistock-street, 434.  
 Shakspeare Tavern, Covent Garden, 427.  
 Shaver's Hall, Haymarket, 455.  
 Shepherd and his Flock Club, Clare Market, 423.  
 Ship Tavern, (Drake,) Temple Bar, 417.  
 Shuter, and his tavern places, 429.  
 Sign-boards, disfiguring, an old frolic, 418.  
 Southwark Tavern Tokens, 489.  
 Soyer's Symposium, Gore House, 473.  
 Spring Garden Taverns, 439.  
 Spring's Tavern, Holborn, 464.  
 Spring Garden, Knightsbridge, 477.  
 Star Dining-room, 432.  
 Star and Garter Tavern, Pall Mall, 445.  
 Steele's Tavern Life, 422.  
 Stolen Marriages at Knightsbridge, 478.

St. James's Hall, 507.  
 Sngar and Sack, 368.  
 Swift at the Devil Tavern, 410.

TAVERN, characterized by Bishop Earle, 369.  
 Tavern Life of Sir Richard Steele, 422.  
 Tavern Signs, Origin of, 524.  
 Taverns of Old London, 362.  
 Taverns in 1608 and 1710, 367, 368.  
 Taverns, *temp.* Edward VI., 366.  
 Taverns, *temp.* Elizabeth, 366.  
 Taverns destroyed by fire, 519.  
 Thatched House Tavern, St. James's-street, 450.  
 Theatrical Taverns, 508.  
 Three Cranes Tavern, Poultry, 388.  
 Three Cranes in the Vintry, 363, 367, 377, 409.  
 Tom Brown on Taverns, 372.  
 Topham the Strong Man, his Taverns, 463.  
 Turtle at the London Tavern, 499.  
 Two Chairmen, 453.  
 Tzar of Muscovy's Head, 519.

VAUXHALL Gardens, last of, 487.  
 Vintner, the, by Massinger, 370.

WADLOWS, hosts of the Devil Tavern, 408.  
 Ward, Ned, on Taverns, 371.  
 White Conduit House, 458.  
 White Hart Tavern, Bishopsgate Without, 397.  
 Whitebait Taverns, 491.  
 White Horse, Kensington, 472.  
 Win-hous, Saxon, 362.  
 Wines by old measure, 397.

YOUNG Devil Tavern, 411.

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