

William Sprague sat down beside her, and then remembered the imprudence of sitting on the grass in April, and rose. "I thought it all out," he assured her. "It's the only thing to do. It will straighten out everything. What do you say, 'Mandy?'"

But she had nothing to say. She saw the bit of dim glass in the slate headstone, and caught the last line of the inscription, "Mourned by his friends." She put her hands over her face. "Oh, *Willie!*" she said.

"Well, now, there! that's right," said William, heartily. "My first wife called me that, and I like to hear it again. We'll get along first rate, 'Mandy—you and Jimmy and the old lady and me. Come, now, it's all settled, ain't it?"

She drew a half-sobbing breath before she could speak. "Oh, I don't know—I don't know! I think I'll go home now, Mr. Sprague. I thank you; indeed I do; but I must see mother. I must go home. Oh, it will save mother. Oh, you are very kind to think of it—William."

## LONDON OF CHARLES THE SECOND.

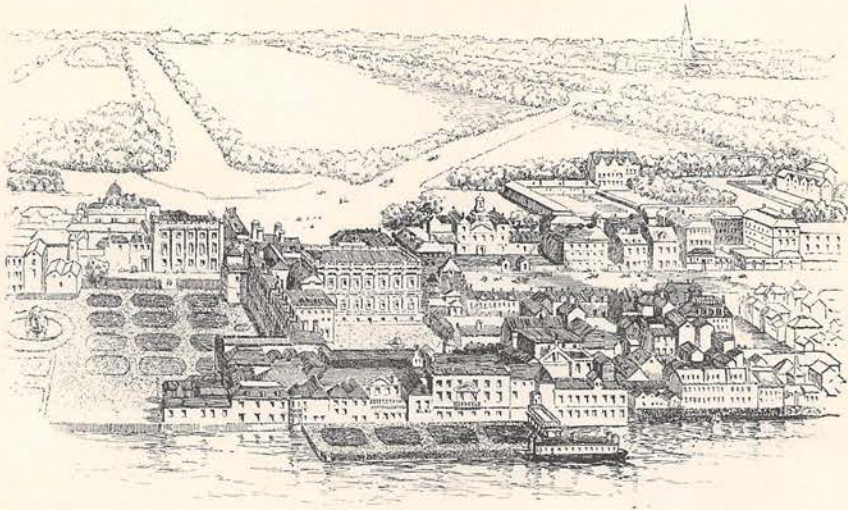
BY WALTER BESANT.



IT is not proposed in this place to swell with any new groans the general chorus of lamentation over the deplorable morals of King Charles's court. Some contemporary writers are, indeed, of opinion that all the available groans are wanted for the deplorable morals of our own time. We will leave on one side Whitehall, with the indolent King, the mistresses, the singing-boys, the gaming-tables, the tinkling guitars, the feasting, and the dancing. We will have nothing to do with Chiffinch and his friends, nor with Rochester, nor with Nell Gwynne, nor with old Rowley himself. Therefore we must also have nothing to do with Messrs. Wycherley, Congreve, and company. It is, I know, the accepted excuse for these dramatists that their characters are not men and women, but puppets. To my humble thinking they are not puppets at all, but living and actual human creatures. But we will leave the court and Whitehall and the Mall. We will keep to the east of Temple Bar. Hither, it is true, come occasional whispers, murmurs,

rumors, of sad doings at court. The sober and grave citizens, still filled with the Puritan spirit, speak of these things partly in sorrow and partly in disbelief; the court is far from their ways, and the courtiers have little to do with the city; they know of their own experience nothing that goes on at Whitehall; they are always ready to believe well of the King. The reports, although persistent, remain mere reports. There is really very little use in having a king unless you are able to persuade yourself that he is wiser, nobler, more virtuous, braver, and greater than ordinary mortals. Indeed, as the head and leader of the nation, he is officially wisest, noblest, bravest, best, and greatest among us, and is so recognized in the prayer-book. Even those who are so unhappy as to be convinced of the exact contrary do their best to keep up the illusion. The great mass of mankind still continue to believe this of the reigning sovereign. Yet modern ideas have brought us one change in our view of sovereigns. Nations under the monarchic form of government, while they cling to the old beliefs as regards the reigning sovereign, no longer believe in the exceptional wisdom and virtue of his predecessor. Are the citizens of a republic similarly convinced as regards their presidents?

The evil example of the court, in a word, produced very little effect upon the morals of the city. At first, indeed, the whole nation, tired to death of grave faces, sober clothes, Puritanic austerity, godly talk, downcast eyes, and the intolerable nuisance of talking and thinking perpetually upon the slender chance of getting into heaven, rushed into a reck-



PALACE OF WHITEHALL IN THE REIGN OF JAMES II.

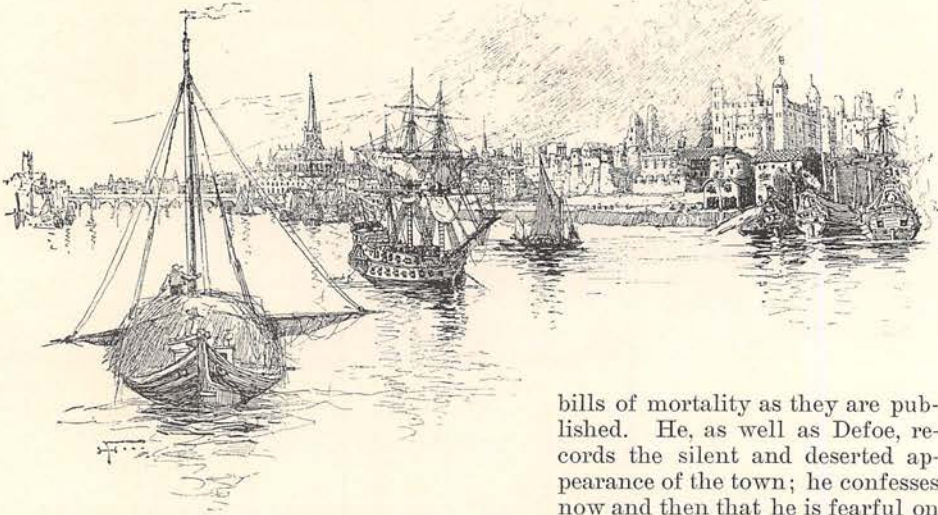
less excess of brave and even gaudy attire and generous feasting—the twang of the guitar no longer prohibited, nor the singing of love ditties punished, nor the dancing of the youths and maids regarded as a deadly sin. Even this natural reaction affected only the young. The heart of the city was, and remained for a hundred and fifty years afterwards, profoundly affected with the Puritanic spirit. It is the foolish modern fashion to laugh at this spirit.

Two events—two disasters—give special importance to this period. I mean the Plague and the Fire.

The plague of 1665 was the twelfth of its kind which visited the city during a period of seven hundred years. The twelfth and the last. Yet not the worst. That of the year 1407 is said to have killed half the population; that of 1517, if historians are to be believed in the matter of numbers—which is seldom the case—killed more than half. Of all these plagues we hear no more than the bare dreadful fact. Plague came: so many thousands died of it. Since there was no contemporary historian, we know nothing more. How many plagues have fallen upon poor humanity, with the terrible tragedies and appalling miseries that came in their train, to be forgotten for want of a historian? What about that of the year 1604, when thirty thousand people are said—but we cannot believe it—to have perished in London alone? Yet

there must have been one or two old people living in 1665 who could remember this plague. What about that of the year 1625, when thirty-five thousand died in London? Everybody of fifty in the year 1665 remembered that. But there was no historian, and so we can only guess at the things which happened.

We read the marvellous history of the plague as it presented itself to the imagination of Daniel Defoe, who wrote fifty years after the event. Nothing ever written in our language so holds the reader with such a grip as this history of the plague. It seems, to us who read those pages, as if no one at the time could have been able to speak or think of anything but the plague. We see the horror of the empty streets; we hear the cries and lamentations of those who are seized and those who are bereaved. The cart comes slowly along the streets, the man ringing his bell, and crying: “Bring out your dead! Bring out your dead!” We see the great *fosses communes* in the churchyards, the holes into which the dead were thrown in heaps and covered with a little earth; we think of the grass growing in the streets; the churches deserted; the clergymen basely flying from their posts; their places taken by the ejected Non-conformists, who preach to as many as dare to assemble together; the roads black with fugitives hurrying from the abode of Death, till they are met by rustics armed with pitchforks, who drive them back; we



LONDON BEFORE THE DESTRUCTION OF ST. PAUL'S STEEPLE.

hear the frantic mirth of revellers snatching a doubtful rapture, for to-morrow they die. The city is filled with despair. We look into the pale faces of those who venture forth; we hear the sighs of those who meet; nobody can think of aught else than the immediate prospect of death for himself and all he loves.

Pepys, however, who remained in the city part of the time, and was never far distant, not only notes down calmly the progress of the pestilence, but also allows us to see the effect it produced on his own mind. It is very curious. He reads the

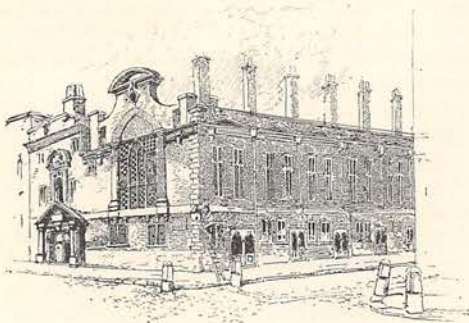
bills of mortality as they are published. He, as well as Defoe, records the silent and deserted appearance of the town; he confesses now and then that he is fearful on his own account, but his mind remains occupied with his own advancement and his own pleasures. He thinks very little about the

plague. He drinks with his friends and notes the merriment of the party.

The summer of 1665 was curiously hot and dry. Every day a blue sky, a scorching sun, and no breath of wind. If bonfires were kindled to purify the air, the smoke ascended and hung overhead, a motionless cloud. From May till September no wind, no rain, no cloud, only perpetual sunshine to mock the misery of the prostrate city.

At the first outbreak of the disease the people began to run away; the roads were covered with carts carrying their necessaries into the country. The city clergy, for the most part, deserted their churches; physicians ran from the disease which they could not cure, pretending that they went away with their patients; the court left Whitehall; the courts of justice were removed to Oxford. The Archbishop of Canterbury, however, remained at Lambeth Palace; and the Duke of Albemarle and Lord Craven remained in their town houses. And the Lord Mayor, Sir John Laurence, ordered that the aldermen, sheriffs, common councilmen, and all constables and officers of the city should remain at their posts.

As the plague increased, business of



SION COLLEGE.

all kinds was suspended; works were closed; ships that arrived laden went down the river again and across to Amsterdam; ships that waited for their cargoes lay idle in the Pool by hundreds; shops were shut; manufactories and industries of all kinds were stopped.

Defoe, in his cataloguing way, which is the surest way of bringing a thing home to every one's understanding, enumerates all the different trades thrown out of work. That is to say, he catalogues all the trades of London. Let it be understood that the population of London was then about 350,000. This means about 100,000 working-men of sixteen and upwards. All these craftsmen, living from week to week upon their wages, with nothing saved, were suddenly turned out of employment, almost all at the same time, they and their families left to starve, with no immediate hope of getting employment. In addition to the craftsmen, all the clerks, bookkeepers, serving-men, footmen, maidservants, and apprentices were also turned into the streets together. Add to this the loss of their trade to small shopkeepers and retailers, who lived by their daily or weekly takings, and we shall find a population of a quarter of a million thrown suddenly and helplessly upon our hands.

The Lord Mayor, assisted by the Archbishop and the two lords, Albemarle and Craven, rapidly organized and maintained a service of relief for these starving multitudes. The King sent a thousand pounds a week—this is a little fact in the life of Charles the Deplorable that does not seem generally known. A thousand pounds a week is a handsome gift. Then the city gave six hundred pounds a week; merchants and rich people contributed hundreds every week. It is even said that a hundred thousand pounds a week was contributed: this is manifestly absurd, because a quarter of a million could in those days be fed for a quarter of that sum. Yet the amount wanted must have been enormous. Think of a whole city out of work for three months at least. Employment, to be sure, was found for some of the men as constables, drivers of the dead-carts, and so forth, and for the women as nurses. And somehow, thanks to the Mayor's exertions and to the contributions of the better sort, it does not appear as if the people suffered from want.

The disease continued to spread. It was thought that dogs and cats carried about infection. All those in the city were slaughtered. They even tried, for the same reason, to poison the rats and mice, but the sagacity of these creatures enabled them to discover the conspiracy and to defeat it. Many families isolated themselves. The journal of one such household remains. The family, which lived in Wood Street, Cheapside, consisted of the master, a wholesale grocer, his wife, five children, two maidservants, two apprentices, a porter, and a boy. He first sent away the boy to his friends in the country; he gave the elder apprentice the rest of his time; and he stationed his porter, Abraham, at his door as an outer guard. He then closed every window, and suffered nothing to enter the house except at one upper window, which, before he opened it, he fumigated with gunpowder. At first the plague, while it raged about Holborn, Fleet Street, and the Strand, came not within the city. This careful man, however, fully expected it, and when it appeared in July he ordered his porter to take up his place outside the door, and locked himself up for good. Then he knew nothing of the outside world except what the porter told him, and what he read in the bills of mortality. But all day long the knell never ceased to toll. Very soon all the houses in the street were infected and visited except his own. But when, every day, he heard worse news from his porter, and every night the dismal bell and the rumbling of the cart and the voice of the bellman kept him awake, he began to give up all for lost. He did not lose courage, however; he made arrangements for the isolation of any one who should be seized, and gave directions in case it should be himself. Three times a day he held a service of prayer with his household; twice a week he observed a day of fasting; every morning he went round to each chamber door to ask how the inmates fared. When they replied, "Well," he answered, "Give God thanks therefor." Outside, Abraham sat all day long exchanging the news with the passers-by; this grew daily more and more terrifying. One day Abraham came not. But his wife came. "Abraham," she said, "died of the plague this morning, and as for me, I have it also, and am going home to die. But first I will send another man

to take my husband's place." So the poor faithful woman crept home and died, and that night, with her husband, was thrown into a great pit, with no funeral service but the oaths of the men who drove the cart. The other man came, but after a day or two he also sickened and died. Then they had no porter, and no way of communicating with the outer world. They were prisoners, the whole family, with the two maids, for five long months.

Presently the plague began to decrease; its fury was spent. But it was not until the first week of December that this citizen ventured forth. Then he took all his family to Tottenham for change of air. One would think they needed it after this long confinement and the monotony of their prison fare.

By this time the people were coming back fast—too fast, because their return caused a fresh outbreak. They burned an immense quantity of curtains, sheets, blankets, hangings, and whatever might harbor the accursed thing. And every house in which a case had occurred was scoured and whitewashed, while the church-yards were all covered with fresh earth at least a foot thick.

All this is a twice-told tale. But some tales may be told again and again. Consider, for instance, apart from the horror of this mighty pestilence, the loss and injury which it inflicted upon the city. If it is true that a hundred thousand were destroyed, a good half of them would be the craftsmen, the skilled workmen who mostly made the wealth of London. How to replace these men? They could not be replaced.

Consider again that London was the great port for nearly all the export and import of the whole country. The stoppage of trade in London meant the stoppage of trade over the whole land. The cloth-makers of the west, the iron-founders, the colliers, the tin mines, the tanners—all were stopped; all were thrown out of work.

Again, consider the ruin of families. How many children of flourishing master-workmen, tradesmen, and merchants were reduced to poverty by the death of the father, and suddenly reduced to the lower levels—happy if they were still young enough to learn a craft? How many lost their credit in the general stoppage of business? How many fortunes were cast

away when no debts could be collected, and when the debtors themselves were all destroyed? And in cases where children were too young to protect themselves, how many were plundered of everything when their parents were dead?

When it abated at last, and the runaways went back to town, Pepys among them, he notes the amazing number of beggars. These poor creatures were the widows or the children of the craftsmen, or the craftsmen themselves, whose ruin we have just noted.

This was in January. The plague, however, dragged on. In the week ending March 1, 1666, there were still forty-two deaths from it. In the month of July it was still present in London, and reported to be raging at Colchester. In August, Pepys finds the house of one of his friends, in Fenchurch Street, shut up with the plague, and it was said to be as bad as ever at Greenwich. This was the last entry about it, for in a week or two there was to happen an event of even greater importance than the Great Plague.

Now for another twice-told tale.

The last cross had not been removed from the last infected house, the last person dead of the plague had not been buried, before the Great Fire of London broke out, and purged the plague-stricken city from end to end.

Three great fires had destroyed London before this of the year 1666, viz., in 962, in 1087, which swept away nearly the whole of the city, and in 1212, when a great part of Southwark and of the city north of the bridge was destroyed.

This fire began early in the morning of Sunday, September the 2d. It broke out at the house of one Farryner, a baker, in Pudding Lane, Thames Street. All the houses in that lane, and, one supposes, in all the narrow lanes and courts about this part of the city, were of wood, pitched without; the lane was narrow, and the projecting stories on either side nearly met at the top. The baker's house was full of fagots and brushwood, so that the fire raged at once with great fury, and spread four ways at once. The houses stood very thick in this the most densely populated part of the city. In the narrow lanes north and south of Thames Street dwelt those who made their living as stevedores, watermen, porters, carriers, and so forth; in Thames Street itself, on either side, were warehouses filled with

oil, pitch and tar, wine, brandy, and other inflammable things, so that by six o'clock on Sunday morning all Fish Street was in flames, and the fire was spreading so fast that the people barely had time to remove their goods. As it drew near to a house, they hurriedly loaded a cart with the more valuable effects, and carried them off to another house further away, and then to another, and yet another. Some placed their goods in churches for safety, as if the flames would respect a consecrated building. The booksellers, for instance, of Paternoster Row, put all their books into the crypt of St. Paul's, thinking that there at least would be a safe place if any in the whole world. Who could look at those strong stone pillars, with the arched roof of stone, and suspect that these stones would crumble like sand beneath the fierce heat which was going to play upon them? All that terrible Sunday—the churches empty—the people fought the flames, and snatched their goods out of their houses before the fire caught them; the river was covered with barges and lighters laden with furniture.

The fire was stayed at length by blowing up houses at the Temple Church, at Pie Corner, Smithfield (where the figure of a boy still stands to commemorate the fact), at Aldersgate, Cripplegate, and the upper part of Bishopsgate Street. It consumed five-sixths of the city, together with a great piece beyond the western gates. It covered an area of 436 acres, viz., 387 acres within the walls and 73 without; it destroyed 13,200 dwelling-houses, St. Paul's Cathedral, 89 parish churches, 4 of the city gates, Sion College, the Royal Exchange, the old Greyfriars' Church, the chapel of St. Thomas of Acon, an immense number of great houses, schools, prisons, and hospitals. The value of the property destroyed was estimated at ten millions. There is no such fire of any great city on record, unless it is the burning of Rome under Nero.

Their city being thus destroyed, the citizens set to work manfully to put it up again. The rebuilding of London is a subject of some obscurity. One thing is quite certain—that as soon as the embers were cool enough to enable the people to walk among them, they returned and began to find out the sites of their former houses. It is also certain that it took more than two years to clear away the tottering walls and the ruins.

It was at first proposed to build on a new plan. Sir Christopher Wren prepared one plan, and Sir John Evelyn another. Both plans were excellent, symmetrical, and convenient. Had either been adopted, the city of London would have been as artificial and as regular as a new American town, or as the city of Turin. Fortunately, while the Lord Mayor and aldermen were considering the matter, the people had already begun to build. A very fortunate thing it was that the city rose again on its old lines, with its winding streets and narrow lanes—but these a little wider than before. At first the houseless people, two hundred thousand in number, camped out in Moorfields, just north of the city. Very happily, these fields, which had long been a swamp or fen intersected by ditches, a place of pasture, kennels, and windmills, had been drained by the city in 1606, and were now laid out in pleasant walks, a place of resort for summer evenings, a wrestling and cudgel-playing ground, and a ground for the muster of the militia. Here they set up tents and cottages; here they presently began to build two-storied houses of brick.

As they had no Exchange, they used Gresham College for the purpose; the same place did duty for the Guildhall; the Excise Office was removed to Southampton Fields, near Bedford House; the General Post-office was taken to Brydges Street, Covent Garden; the Custom-house to Mark Lane; Doctors' Commons to Exeter House, Strand. That part most wanted for the shipping and foreign trade was first rebuilt.

On the 18th of September the Houses of Parliament created a Court of Judicature for settling the differences which were sure to arise between landlord and tenants, and between owners of land as to boundaries, and other things. The justices of the courts of King's Bench and Common Pleas, with the barons of the Exchequer, were the judges of the court. So much satisfaction did they give that the grateful city caused their portraits to be placed in Guildhall, where, I believe, they may be seen to this day.

In order to enable the churches, prisons, and public buildings to be rebuilt, a duty was laid upon coals. This duty was also intended to enable the city to enlarge the streets, take over ground for quays, and other useful purposes. No-

thing, however, seems to have been granted for the rebuilding of private houses.

The building of the churches took a long time to accomplish. The first was that of St. Dunstan's in the East, the tower of which is Sir Christopher Wren's; the body of the church, which has since been pulled down, by another hand. That was built two years after the fire. Six years after the fire another church was finished; seven years after, three more; eight years after, three more; ten years after, five; and so on, dragging along, until the last two of those rebuilt—for a great many were not put up again—were finished in the year 1697, thirty-one years after the fire.

The records are nearly silent as to the way in which the people were affected by the fire. It is certain, however, that where the plague ruined hundreds of families, the fire ruined thousands. Thirteen thousand houses burnt down. Many of these were houses harboring two or three families, for two hundred thousand were made homeless. Some of them were families of the lower working-class, the river-side laborers and watermen, who would suffer little more than temporary inconvenience and the loss of their humble "sticks." But many of them were substantial merchants, their warehouses filled with wine, oil, stuffs, spices, and all kinds of merchandise—warehouses and contents all gone, swept clean away, and with them the whole fortune of the trader. And there were the retailers, whose stock in trade, now consumed, represented all they had in the world. And there were the master-work-

men, their workshops fitted with such machinery and tools as belonged to their craft and the materials for their work, and these all gone, all destroyed. Where was the money found to replace these treasures? Who could refurnish his shop for the draper? Who could rebuild and fill his warehouse for the merchant? Who could give back his stock to the bookseller? No one. It was all gone.

The prisoners for debt, as well as those who were imprisoned for crime, regained their freedom when the prisons were burned down. Could the debts be proved against them when the papers were all destroyed?

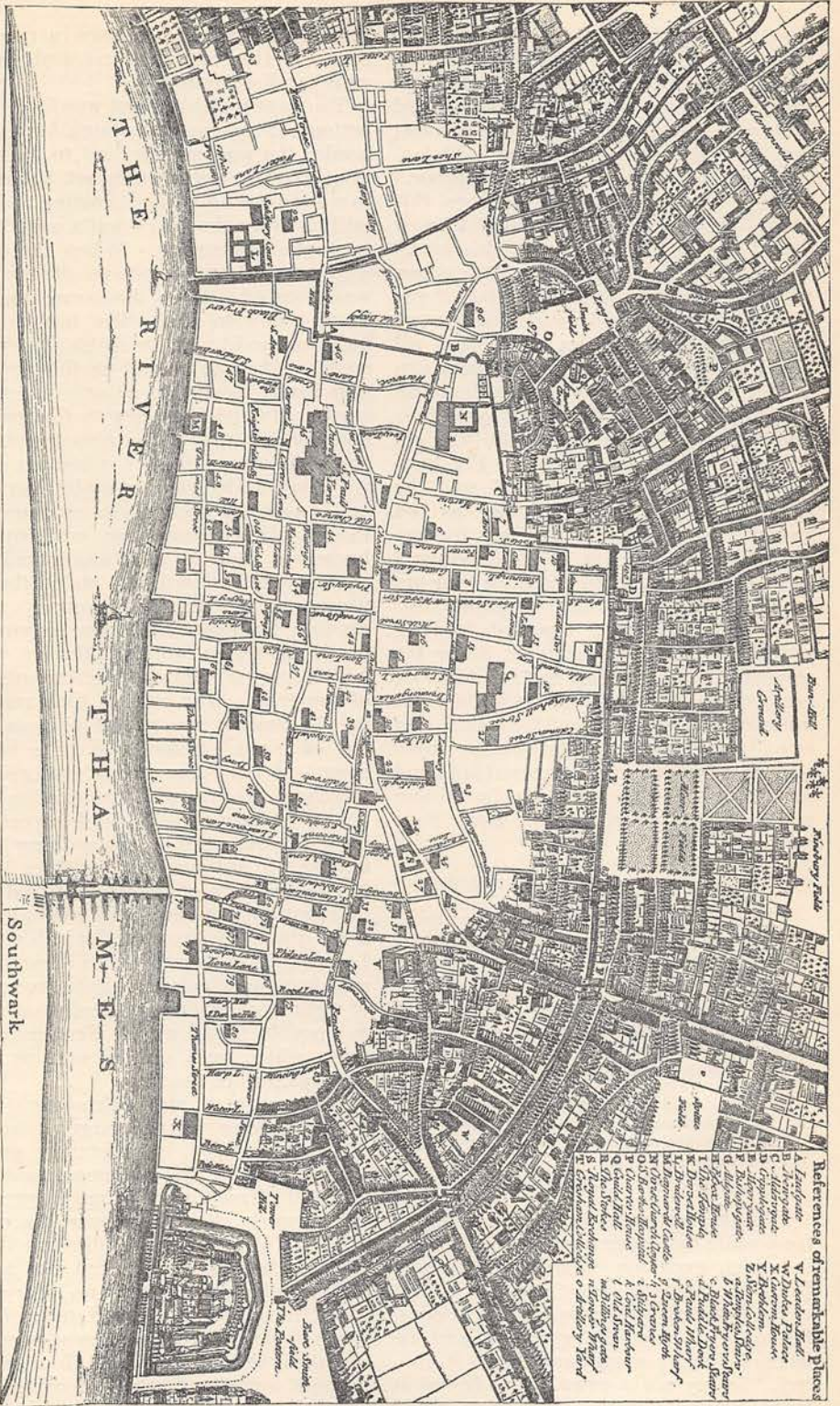
The tenant whose rent was in arrears was safe, for who could prove that he had not paid?

All debts were wiped clean off the slate. London began again. There were no more mortgages, no more promissory bills to meet, no more drafts to honor. Debts, as well as property, were all destroyed together. The money-lender and the borrower were ruined together. The schools were closed—for how long? The almshouses were burned down—what became of the poor old bedesmen and bedeswomen? The city charities were suspended—what became of the poor? The houses were destroyed—what became of rents and tithes and taxes?

But the fire is out at last; the rain has quenched the last sparks; the embers have ceased to smoke; those walls which have not fallen in totter and hang trembling, ready to fall. I see men standing about singly; the tears run down their

NOTE.—Names of churches in London with figures annexed, referring to their situation in map on the opposite page:

- |                                  |                                     |                           |                                    |
|----------------------------------|-------------------------------------|---------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. Cathedral of S. Paul.         | 25. S. Bartholomew by the Exchange. | 51. S. Nicholas.          | 78. S. Botolphs.                   |
| 2. Christ Church.                | 26. French Church.                  | 52. S. Nicholas Olaves.   | 79. S. Mary Hill.                  |
| 3. S. Michael Paternoster Row.   | 27. S. Bennet.                      | 53. S. Mary Somerset.     | 80. S. Dunstan.                    |
| 4. S. Peters Wood Street.        | 28. Augustin Fryers.                | 54. S. John Evangelist.   | 81. Alhallows Barking.             |
| 5. S. Foster.                    | 29. S. Martin Outwith.              | 55. S. Mildred.           | 82. S. Olaves.                     |
| 6. S. Leonard.                   | 30. S. Michael.                     | 56. Alhallows.            | 83. Alhallows in Fenchurch Street. |
| 7. S. Ann Aldersgate.            | 31. S. Peters.                      | 57. S. Mary.              | 84. S. Catherine Colmans.          |
| 8. S. Michael Wood Str.          | 32. Alhallows.                      | 58. S. Thomas Apostles.   | 85. S. Catherine Creed C.          |
| 9. S. John Zachary.              | 33. S. Edmunds.                     | 59. S. John Baptist.      | 86. S. Andrew Undershaft.          |
| 10. S. Olaves.                   | 34. S. Clements.                    | 60. S. Michael.           | 87. S. Hellens.                    |
| 11. S. Mary Staining.            | 35. S. Nicholas.                    | 61. S. James.             | 88. Ethelborough.                  |
| 12.                              | 36. S. Mary Woolnoth.               | 62. S. Martins.           | 89. Alhallows on ye Wall.          |
| 13. S. Mary Aldermanbury.        | 37. S. Mary Canwick Str.            | 63. S. Mary Botolphs L.   | 90. S. Botolphs Bishops-gate.      |
| 14. S. Michael Bashaw.           | 38. S. Stephen Walbro.              | 64. S. Swifthus.          | 91. S. Botolphs Aldgate.           |
| 15. S. Laurence.                 | 39. S. Bennet.                      | 65. S. Mary Bush Lane.    | 92. S. Brides.                     |
| 16. S. Maudlins.                 | 40. S. Pancras.                     | 66. Alhallows ye great.   | 93. Temple Church.                 |
| 17. Alhallows.                   | 41. S. Antholins.                   | 67. Alhallows ye less.    | 94. S. Dunstans West.              |
| 18. S. Martins Ironmongers Lane. | 42. Bow Church.                     | 68. S. Laurence Poultney. | 95. S. Andrew Holborn.             |
| 19. S. Olaves.                   | 43. S. Matthew.                     | 69. S. Michael Crooked L. | 96. S. Sepulchers.                 |
| 20. S. Mary Colechu.             | 44. S. Austins.                     | 70. S. Magnus.            | 97. S. Bartholomew.                |
| 21. S. Stephen.                  | 45. S. Gregory.                     | 71. S. Margaret.          | 98. S. Bartholomew.                |
| 22. S. Mildred.                  | 46. S. Martins Ludgate.             | 72. S. Leonard.           | 99. S. Botolphs Alders-gate.       |
| 23. S. Margaret.                 | 47. S. Andrew.                      | 73. S. Bennet.            | 100. S. Giles Cripplegate.         |
| 24. S. Christopher.              | 48. S. Bennet Thames Str.           | 74. S. Dennis.            | * 8. Martin Canwick Str.           |
|                                  | 49. S. Peters.                      | 75. S. Margaret.          |                                    |
|                                  | 50. S. Mary.                        | 76. S. Andrew Hubart.     |                                    |
|                                  |                                     | 77. S. Georges.           |                                    |



MAP OF LONDON AFTER THE GREAT FIRE OF 1666.  
 The Blank Part represents the area covered by the Fire.—For references to Churches see Note on page 295.

- References of remarkable places
- A. Antiquaries
  - B. Bishop's Palace
  - C. City of London
  - D. Dock
  - E. Exchange
  - F. Fleet
  - G. Guildhall
  - H. Hospital
  - I. Inns
  - J. Jewry
  - K. King's Bench
  - L. Lambeth
  - M. Market
  - N. Newgate
  - O. Old London
  - P. Palace
  - Q. Queen's Bench
  - R. River
  - S. St. Dunstons
  - T. Temple
  - U. University
  - V. Victoria
  - W. Whitehall
  - X. Westminster
  - Y. York
  - Z. Zions



cheeks: two hundred years ago, my friends, if we had anything to cry about, we did cry; we thought no shame to shed tears copiously. They are dressed in broadcloth; their ruffles are of lace; they look like reputable citizens. Listen. One draws near another. "Neighbor," he says, "a fortnight ago, before this stroke—whether of God or papist I know not—I had a fair shop on this spot." "And I also, good friend," said the other. "My shop," continued the first, "was stocked with silks and satins, kid gloves, lace ruffles and neckties, shirts, and all that a gentleman or a gentlewoman can ask for. The stock was worth a thousand pounds at least. I turned it over four times a year. And my profit was six hundred pounds by the year. Six hundred pounds." "As for me," said the other, "I was in a smaller way, as you know. Yet such as it was, my fortune was all in it, and out of my takings I could call two hundred pounds a year my own." "It is all gone," said the first. "All gone," the other repeated, fetching a sigh. "And now, neighbor, unless the company help, I see nothing for it but we must starve." "Must starve," the other repeated. And so they separated and went divers ways, and whether they starved, or whether they received help and rose from the ashes with new house and newly stocked shop, I know not. Says Dryden:

"Those who have homes, when home they do repair,

To a last lodging call their wandering friends;  
Their short uneasy sleeps are broke with care,  
To look how near their own destruction tends.

"Those who have none sit round where it once was,

And with full eyes each wonted room require,  
Haunting the yet warm ashes of the place,  
As murdered men walk where they did expire.

"The most in fields like herded beasts lie down,  
To dews obnoxious on the grassy floor;  
And while their babes in sleep their sorrow drown,  
Sad parents watch the remnant of their store."

I think there must have been a return for a while to the primitive state of society in which exchange was the only trade. Not quite, because every man carried out of the fire such money as he had. Pepys, for instance, as we have seen, placed his bags of gold in a cart and drove it himself, "in my night-gown," to a friend at rural Bethnal Green. But there could

have been very little money in comparison with the millions invested in the merchandise destroyed.

The most pressing want was food. The better sort had money enough for present needs; the poorer class had to be maintained. The corporation set thousands to work clearing rubbish, carting it away, pulling down the shaly walls, and throwing open the streets. When the quays were cleared, the business of the port was resumed. Then the houses and the shops began to rise. The former were built on credit and the latter stocked on credit. The companies, or the corporation itself, became to a large extent security, advancing money to the builders and making easy terms about rent. Of course it was a time of enormous activity, every trader making up for lost time, and especially such trades as concerned the building, furnishing, or fitting of houses—a time of good wages and constant work. Indeed, it is stated that the prosperity of the west country cloth-making business was never so great as during the years following the fire, which had destroyed such a prodigious quantity of material. The city in time resumed its old aspect; the ruined citizens sunk out of sight. Some died of a broken heart—no grief like that of the bankrupt merchant—some with resignation took places of service. The old aspect and busy life returned. But nothing could replace the millions that had been lost.

The manners of the city differed little in essentials, as has been said already, from those of Queen Elizabeth's time. Let us note, however, two or three points, still keeping the unspeakable court out of sight, and confining ourselves as much as possible to the city. Here are a few notes, which must not be taken as a finished picture of the time.

It was a great time for drinking. Even grave divines drank large quantities of wine. Pepys is constantly getting "foxed" with drink; on one occasion he is afraid of reading evening prayers, lest the servants should discover his condition. Of course they did discover it, and went to bed laughing—but not aloud; and as the maids kept no diary, the world never learned it. London drank freely. Pepys tells how one lady, dining at Sir William Bullen's, drank at one draught a pint and a half of white wine. They all went to church a great deal, and

had fast days on every occasion of doubt and difficulty. On the first Sunday in the year the longest psalm in the book—could it have been the 119th? If so, cruel!—was given out after the sermon. This took an hour to sing, and all the while the sexton went about the church making a collection. On Valentine's day the married men took each other's wives for valentines. Public wrestling matches were held, followed by bouts with the cudgels.

They still carried on the sports of bull and bear baiting. Once they baited a savage horse to death. That is, they attempted it, but he drove off all the dogs, and, the people insisting on his death, they stabbed him to death. The King issued two patents for theatres—one to Henry Killigrew, at Drury Lane, whose company called themselves the King's servants; the other to Sir William Davenant, of Dorset Gardens, whose company were the Duke's servants. There were still left many very fine superstitions. These are illustrated by the remedies advertised for the plague and other diseases. A spider, for instance, placed in a nutshell and wrapped in silk was considered a sovereign remedy for ague. They believed in the malignant influence of the planets. One evening at a dancing-house half a dozen boys and girls were taken suddenly ill. Probably they had swallowed some poisonous stuff. They were supposed to be planet-struck. And of course they believed in astrology and in chiromancy, the latter of which has again come into fashion.

Saturday was the day of duns. Creditors then went about collecting their money. In the autumn the merchants rode out into the country and looked after their country customers.

Tea, which at the Restoration was quite beyond the means of private persons, became rapidly cheaper, and in common use among the wealthy. Thus, in Congreve's *Way of the World*, Mrs. Millamant claims to be "sole empress of my tea-table." Her lover readily consents, with a condition which shows that the love of tea was as yet more fashionable than real, since it could be combined with that of strong drinks. He says that he must banish from her table "foreign forces, auxiliaries to the tea-table, such as orange, brandy, aniseseed, cinnamon, citron, and Barbadoes water, together with ratafia and the most noble spirit of clary."

The favorite place of resort was the gallery of the Royal Exchange, filled with shops for the sale of gloves, ribbons, lace, fans, scent, and such things. The shops were kept by young women, who, like the modern barmaid, added the attraction of good looks and affable manners. The piazza of Covent Garden was another favorite place, but this, with Spring Gardens, Vauxhall, was outside the city. The old desecration of Paul's was to a great extent stopped by the erection of the west porch, designed for those who met here for purposes of business.

Coffee-houses were first set up at this time, and at once became indispensable to the citizens, who before had had no other place of evening resort than the tavern. The city houses were Dick's and the Rainbow in Fleet Street, Tom's, of Birch Lane (not to speak of the more classic Tom's of Covent Garden). All the old inns of the city have now been destroyed. Fifty years ago many were still standing, with their galleries and their open courts. Such were the *Bell*, of Warwick Lane; the *Belle Sauvage*, of Ludgate Hill; the *Blossom*, Laurence Lane; the *Black Lion*, Whitefriars Street; the *Swan with the Four Necks*, Bishopsgate Street; the *Saracen's Head*, Friday Street, and many others.

It is, I suppose, pretty clear that the songs collected by Tom D'Urfey are a fair representation of the delectable and edifying ditties sung in taverns and places where the society was "mixed." It would be easy to preach against the wickedness of the times which could permit the singing of such songs, but in reality they are no worse than the songs of the preceding generation, to which many of them belong. And, besides, it does not appear that the better sort of people regaled themselves with these songs at all, and even in this collection some of those which permit themselves to be quoted are most spirited; others present the shepherd in the usual fashion, as consumed by the ardor of his love, languishing, pining, sighing, and weeping. That seeming extravagance of passion was not all convention, it was only exaggeration. It is quite certain that men and women were far less self-governed formerly than now. Nay, it is only of late years, say during the last hundred years, that people generally have learned to restrain passions of

any kind. Love, jealousy, envy, hatred, were far fiercer emotions under the second Charles than they are with us. Anger was more common. To inquire into the causes of this universal softening of manners would take us too far. But we may note as a certain fact that manners are softened over the whole world.

One must not, again, charge the city at this time with being more than commonly pestered by rogues. The revelations of the Elizabethan moralists and the glimpses we get of mediæval rogues forbid this accusation. At the same time there was under Charles, as earlier and later, a good standing mass of solid wickedness. Plenty of contemporary literature proves that fact, if it wanted proof. There is a work of some literary merit called the *Life of Meriton Latroon*, in which is set forth an immense quantity of rogueries. Among other things, the writer shows the tricks of trade, placing his characters in many shops so as to give his experiences in each. We are thus enabled to perceive that there were sharpers and cheats in respectable-looking shops then as now. There is no reason to believe that the cheats were in greater proportion to the honest men than they are at present. Besides the masters, the honest Meriton Latroon shows us the ways of the London prentice, which were highly promising for the future of the city. He robbed his master as much as he dared; he robbed him of money; he robbed him of stuffs and goods; he ruined the maids; he belonged to a club which met on Saturday nights, when the master was away at his country box, and exchanged for the common good the robberies of the week. On this night they feasted and drank with young Bona Robas, who took from them the money they had stolen. It is a beautiful picture, and would by some moralists be set down to the evil example of the court. But these prentice rascals knew nothing of the court, and the thing had been going on all through the Protectorate, and, for that matter, I dare say, as far back as the original institution of apprenticeship. Not all the prentices of the city belonged to this spirited and dashing club. Otherwise one thinks that the burning of London ought to have been the end of London.

The worst vice of the age seems to have been gambling, which was nearly as prevalent in the city as at the court.

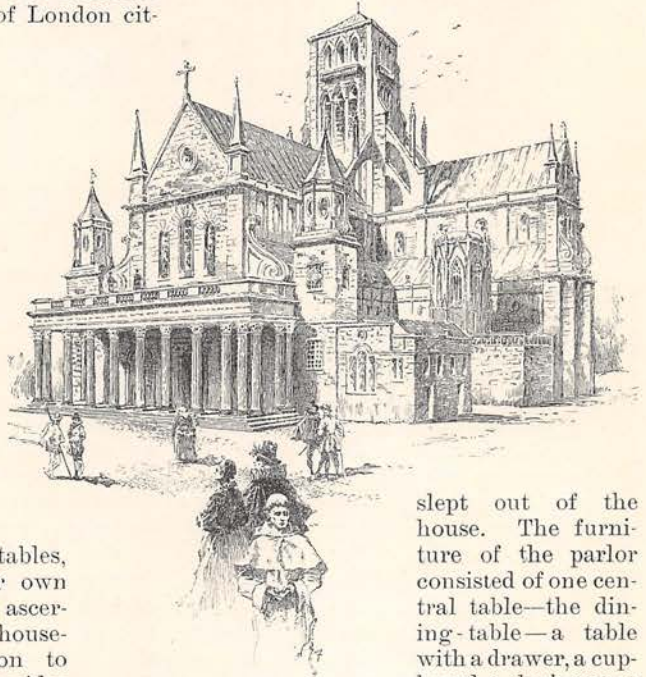
That is to say, one does not accuse sober merchants of gambling, but in every tavern there were cards and dice, and these were in use all day long. Now, wherever there is gambling, there are thieves, sharpers, and cheats by profession, and in every age these gentry enjoy their special names, whether of opprobrium or of endearment. They were then called huffs, rooks, pads, pimpinios, philo puttonists, ruffins, shabbaroons, rufflers, and other endearing terms, the very number of the names showing the extent of the evil. Whatever they were called, the whole object of their lives—their only way of living—was to trick, extort, or coax money out of flats. Very often they were gentlemen by birth, younger sons of good families, who scorned any honest way of making their living. By their good manners, fashionable appearance, pleasing address, and known connections they often succeeded in getting hold of unsuspecting gentlemen from the country. It is the old, old story. Captain Hawk is always on the lookout for Master Pigeon, and too often catches him. The story that Thackeray has told belongs to no period, but to all. Of course there was the lower class of rogues—the sturdy beggar; the man who cannot work because he has in his blood the taint of whole generations of idleness; the nomad, who would die unless he were always roving about the country; the outcast, who delights in pitting his wits against the law.

Let us turn from general statements to a single family. That of Samuel Pepys might be taken as an example, and his journal is by no means, as is generally thought, well-trodden and familiar ground. In fact, he is not often read except in parts. Yet it is better to take a case not before the public at all. Besides, even a minute diary, such as that of Pepys, kept day by day, leaves, when you come to construct the daily life out of it, great gaps here and there. Less literary documents may sometimes yield more results. The diarist scorns to speak of details. For them we must look into more humble papers. For instance, I have before me a bundle of documents on which I have lit by accident, containing the household accounts of a respectable family for the years 1677–1679. And I propose, by means of these accounts, to reproduce the household life of a bourgeois, well-to-do family of the time.

The family consisted of the master, the mistress, and "Mr. Arthur," probably the master's brother. The former two were at this time a young married couple, whose joys and anxieties are presently increased by the arrival of a baby—"mid-wife, one shilling." Their residence was a short distance from London, and their way of life may be taken to illustrate that of the general run of London citizens. The occupation of the master is not stated, but he appears to be a man following no profession or trade; perhaps a gentleman with a small estate. They kept no horses. Their nearest market-town was Hertford, whither they went by coach (fare, one shilling) to buy what they wanted. Their house-keeping was conducted with an eye to economy; yet there is no stint. They lived about fifteen miles from London, and presumably they had a garden, yet they could not grow enough vegetables, herbs, and fruit for their own consumption. We cannot ascertain the number of the household, but there is reason to believe that it consisted, besides the family and the nurse, of a cook, two maids, and a gardener or man-of-all-work. The accounts are partly kept by the mistress and partly by a servant—perhaps a housekeeper. Remembering that Pepys refused to receive his sister "Pall" into his house except on the footing of a servant, the keeper of the accounts may very well have been a poor relation.

The rent of the house was £26 a year. It contained two sitting-rooms and four bedrooms, with a kitchen. The parlor, or best sitting-room, was hung with five pieces of fine tapestry; the other sitting-room with gray linsey-woolsey and gilt leather; the bedrooms had hangings of striped cloth. Curtains of green cloth, with a green carpet, decorated the parlor; the other rooms had green say or "sad-color" striped curtains. The best bedroom contained a magnificent "wrought"

—i. e., carved—bedstead, with a canopy: the curtains, valance, and chairs were all hung with the same material. There were three other bedrooms—one for Mr. Arthur, one for the nurse and the baby (unless they slept at the foot of the big bed), and one for the maids. The gardener



SOUTHWEST VIEW OF OLD ST. PAUL'S, SHOWING PORCH OF INIGO JONES.

slept out of the house. The furniture of the parlor consisted of one central table—the dining-table—a table with a drawer, a cupboard, a clock case, a leather chair, a plush chair, six green cloth chairs, and two green stools. The carpet

and curtains have been already mentioned. There were no pictures, no cabinets, no bookshelves, no mirrors, no sofas. The other room was more simply furnished with a Spanish table, a plain table, and a few chairs. Two of the bedrooms had looking-glasses, and there was a very generous provision of feather-beds, bolsters, pillows, and blankets, which speaks of comfort for the night.

The inventory of the kitchen furniture is unfortunately incomplete. Thus, there is no mention at all made of any china-ware. Yet porcelain was by this time in common use; it was made at Bow and at Chelsea. In middle-class houses the master and mistress used it at table, while the servants and children still had pewter or even wooden platters. The



CORNHILL, LONDON, 1630.

inventory speaks of porringers—doubtless of wood; of pewter candlesticks—there are no brass candlesticks; of a three-pint pewter pot; of a great and little bowl—for possets and hot spiced ale; and of wooden platters. Nothing is said of silver. There are no silver cups. Yet in the century before this no respectable householder was without one silver mazer at least. There are no silver candlesticks. There is no mention of forks. Now the two-pronged fork of steel was made in Sheffield certainly in the middle of the century. It would be curious if the ordinary household still kept up the old fashion of eating without forks so late as the reign of Charles the Second.

Such was the equipment of the house—one sitting-room and one bedroom handsomely, the rest plainly furnished.

A thing which immediately strikes one on first glancing at the accounts is the enormous consumption of beer. They drank two kilderkins, or thirty-six gallons, of beer every week. One hundred and forty-five quarts a week! Twenty-one quarts a day! It means nearly three quarts a head. This seems impossible. There must, one thinks, have been some external assistance. Perhaps the master had some kind of farm, or employed other servants. But it is not really impossible, nor was it really excessive at that time. We must remember that there was no tea, that people would never drink water if they could get anything else, that small-beer was the universal, the national beverage, and that it was taken with every meal, and that the al-

lowance was practically à discrétion. It was certainly quite possible and even common for a man to drink three quarts a day. A hundred years later Benjamin Franklin describes the daily beer-drinking in a London printing-house. The men took a pint before breakfast, a pint with breakfast, a pint between breakfast and dinner, a pint at dinner, a pint at six o'clock, and a pint when work was knocked off. There are three quarts, without counting any beer that might be taken in the evening. In the well-known and often-quoted account of Mr. Hastings (Hutchin's *History of Dorsetshire*), who lived over a hundred years, it is recorded of him that he would take his glass or two of wine or strong ale at dinner, but that he always had beside him his great "tun glass" filled with small-beer, which he stirred with rosemary. But one supposes, even if the men drank three quarts a day, the women could not. They drank much more than women of the present day, and to make up we must allow the men even more. But, in addition to the small-beer at three pence a gallon, there are continual entries of ale at two pence a quart. This means strong ale for the master, which was bought at the tavern. They used also many kinds of ale—as cock ale, college ale, wormwood ale, sage ale, and scurvy-grass ale—some of them medicated, to be taken at certain seasons of the year. They drank wine sometimes, but not much. Occasionally they bought a cask—a tierce of forty-two gallons—and bottled it at home. The kind of wine is not stated. Sometimes they would send out for a bottle, and it cost a shilling.

The accounts seem to set down everything wanted for the conduct of a house; every week, however, there is an item

given without details, called "cook's bill." This was the separate account of the servants' table. The "cook's bill" amounts every week to a good sum, a little above or a little below a pound. It seems to have contained the wages as well as the board.

During the winter months they bought no fresh beef at all. In November they bought great pieces, thirty, forty, even seventy pounds at a time. This was for the pickling-tub. Boiled beef played a great part in the winter's dinners. If they drank enormous quantities of beer, they managed with very little bread.

two pounds of bread apiece every week, or four and a half ounces a day, which is one slice not too thick. Oatcake, however, they used in good quantity, so that the bread would be considered as a luxury.

The old vice of the English in eating vast quantities of meat to very little bread or vegetable could no longer be reproached to them. For by this time there was abundance of vegetables of every kind. We are especially told that in the serving of the boiled beef great quantities of vegetables—carrots, parsnips, cauliflowers, cabbage, spinach, beans, pease, etc.—were



OLD ALMSHOUSES FOUNDED BY ELIZABETH, VISCOUNTESS LAMLEY.

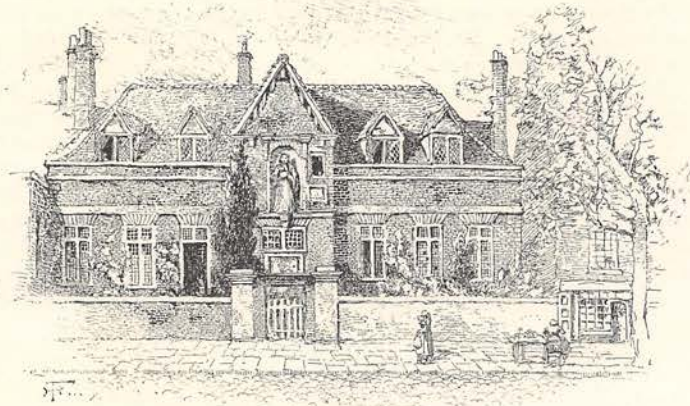
Taking ten consecutive weeks, I find that they spent no more than eight shillings in all upon bread. The price of wheat was then subject to very great variations. For example:

In the year 1675 it was	£3	4s.	8d.	the quarter.
" " 1676 "	£1	18s.	0	" "
" " 1677 "	£2	2s.	0	" "
" " 1678 "	£2	19s.	0	" "

In other words, it was dearer in 1678 than it is in 1891. It is reckoned that in a house where there are children the average consumption of bread per week is now six pounds weight a head. In this household of seven the average consumption per week was no more than eight pounds altogether. Setting aside the servants, the family had no more than

served with it, and so also with other meat. There is no mention of potatoes, though one had always thought that they were firmly established in the country by this time. Their own garden was not able to furnish them with enough fruit or vegetables, which they had to buy constantly. They also bought nosegays in the summer.

The prices of things in the time of Charles the Second may be found interesting. In considering them remember that the general purchasing power of money was then four times that of the present time. A leg of mutton generally cost two and six pence; a shoulder, two shillings; a hand of pork, eighteen pence; "a cheese"—they had one every week,



SCHOOL FOUNDED BY THE REV. RALPH DAVENANT.

but it is not stated how much it weighed—varied from one and two pence to one and eight pence. Butter was eight or nine pence a pound: they used about a pound a week. Sugar was six pence a pound. They bought their flour by six-pennyworths, and their coals in small quantities for eighteen pence each week during the winter, so that their fires must have been principally kept agoing with wood. Once a month the washer-woman was called in, and the big things, such as the sheets, were washed. Therefore the ordinary washing was all done at home. Raisins and currants were sold at two pence a pound, while the weekly expenditure on eggs, nutmegs, ginger, mace, rice, suet, etc., proclaims the pudding. This was made in fifty different ways, but the ingredients were always the same, and in this family they evidently had pudding every day. Cakes also they had, and pies, both fruit pies and meat pies, and open tarts. These were all sent to the bakehouse to be baked, at a penny each, so that the kitchen contained no oven. Candles were five pence a pound, but the entries of candles are so irregular that one suspects the accounts to be imperfect. Herrings were bought nearly every week, and sometimes ling—"a pole of ling." Bacon was seven pence a pound. Rice was also seven pence a pound. Oranges came in about December: cherries in their season were two pence a pound; gooseberries, four pence—sold, I suppose,

that is, thyme, sage, rosemary, etc.—for two pence. "Cowcubers" are a penny apiece, and a favorite vegetable. Radishes, carrots, turnips, French beans, are also bought. In the spring cream-cheese appears. Sweetbriar is bought every year, one knows not for what. And roses by the bushel, evidently for rose-water. This is the only allusion to the still-room, which undoubtedly formed part of the *ménage*. Nothing is said of preserved fruits, home-made wines, distilled waters, and pickles, which then made up a great part of the housekeeping. They pickled everything—walnuts, gherkins, asparagus, peaches, cauliflowers, plums, nectarines, onions, lemons, barberries, mushrooms, nasturtium buds, lime-tree buds, oysters, samphire, elder roots. They distilled rose buds and rose leaves, lavender, walnut-water, and cherry-water. They always had plague-water handy, hysterical-water, and other sovereign remedies. They "jarred" cherries, quinces, hops, apricots, damsons, and peaches. They made syrups in many pleasing varieties. They knew how to keep green pease, green gooseberries, asparagus, and damsons till Christmas. They made wine out of all the fruits in their season—the art still survives, though the clubman turns up his nose at the delicate cowslip and the dainty raspberry wine. They potted everything, from pigeon to venison. Nothing is said of these things in the account-books. But

by the measure; pease, six pence a peck; beans, four pence a quart. Asparagus—"sparragrass"—was in April excessively dear; we find them giving six shillings and two pence, a most extravagant expenditure, for a single dish; two weeks later it has gone down to eighteen pence for two hundred. A "sallet"—that is, a lettuce—is one penny. Once in six weeks or so we find mention of "earbs"—

the large quantity of vinegar bought every week shows the activity of the pickling department. Only once is there any appearance of spirits. It is when a bottle of brandy is bought, at one shilling and two pence. Perhaps that was used to fortify the raspberry and the currant wines. Very little milk is bought. Sometimes for many months there is no mention of milk. This may have been because their own dairy supplied them. Perhaps, however, milk was only occasionally used in the house. The food of very young children—infants after they were weaned—was not then milk, but pap, which I suppose to have been some confection of flour and sugar. There is no mention at all of tea, coffee, or chocolate. Tea was already a fashionable drink, but at this time it was sixty shillings a pound, a price which placed it quite beyond the reach of the ordinary household. Coffee was much cheaper—at the coffee-houses it was sold at a penny a cup—but it had not yet got into private houses.

Turning to other things besides food: Schooling "for E. J." was two pence a week. The boy's hornbook cost two pence, and his primer four pence. His shoes were one shilling and nine pence the pair. The cobbler who made them was Goodman Archer; Goody Archer was his wife. A letter cost two pence or four pence: everything bought or order-



THE DUKE'S ORDINARY, 1643.

ed was brought by the carrier, which greatly increased the expense. A lady's gloves cost two shillings a pair; her silk stockings ten shillings, and her ordinary stockings six shillings a pair; her shoes, three shillings; her mask, one shilling; her pattens, for muddy weather, were two shillings a pair; her knitting-needles cost a penny apiece; her steel bodkin, two pence; her needles, eight pence the half-hundred; her pins, nine pence a thousand; her ribbon, three pence a yard. As for the little things required for the house, they were far dearer than now, considering especially the value of money. For instance, a mop cost a shilling; a pitcher, five pence; glasses, one shilling and eight pence each; an earthenware pan, four pence; a broom, six pence; a mustard-pot, one shilling and six pence; a padlock, ten pence; a mouse-trap, ten pence. Eleven shillings were given for a pair of candlesticks; it is not stated of what metal. Holland was two shillings a yard; a "newsbook" cost a penny. On one occasion only it is recorded that they bought a book—only one book, and it was so expensive that they could never afford to buy another. Here is the entry: "Paid a gentleman for a book £3 10 0." What book, one asks in wonder, could be worth seventy



OLD GROCERS' HALL, USED FOR BANK OF ENGLAND.

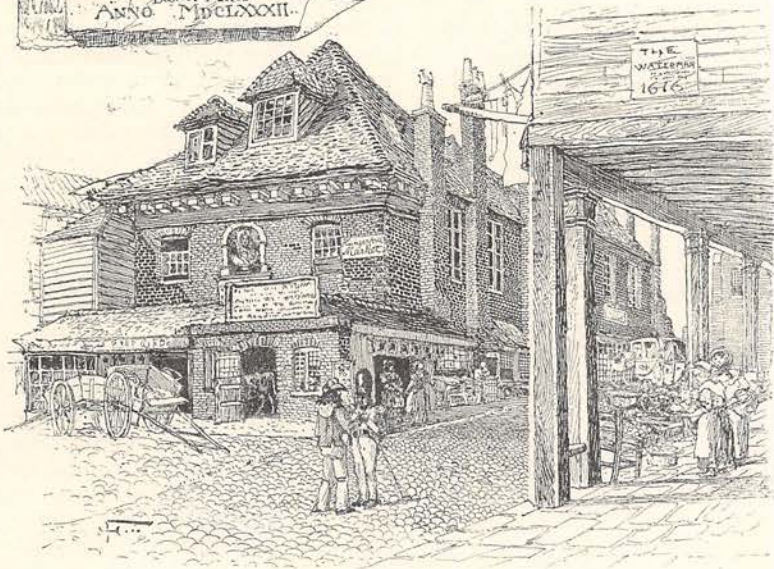


shillings in the year 1678 to a man who was neither a scholar nor a collector?

The servants were up and took their breakfast at six in the winter and at five in the summer. The family breakfasted at eight. They had, for the most part,



At two o'clock dinner was served. If it was boiled-beef day, the broth was first brought up in porringers, bread or oat-cake being crumbled into it with herbs. When it was not boiled-beef day they had fresh meat or poultry (the latter only seldom), and in season what are called in the accounts "pateridges"—it really matters little how a bird is spelled, provided it is well cooked and ready to be eaten. The invariable rule of the house was to have two joints a week, mutton, veal, pork, or poultry. This provided four dinners, or perhaps five. The other two or three dinners were consecrated to boiled beef. Calf's head and bacon was deservedly a favorite dish; they did not disdain tripe; black puddings were regarded with affection; a



HUNGERFORD MARKET.

cold meat and beer with oatcake. Pepys tells us of a breakfast of cold turkey pie and goose. Imagine a poor weak creature of this generation making a breakfast of turkey pie and goose, or of goose alone, with small-beer! At another time he had bread and butter, sweetmeats, and strong drinks. And on another occasion he sat down to a table spread with oysters, anchovies, and neats' tongues, with wine "of all sorts"!

hog's cheek was reckoned a toothsome dish; anchovies, prawns, and lobsters are also mentioned. On most days they had a pudding, the good old English pudding, boiled or baked, with raisins and "currance" in it, flour, eggs, butter, sugar, nutmeg, mace, ginger, suet, and sometimes milk—a famous pudding, of which no one was ever tired.

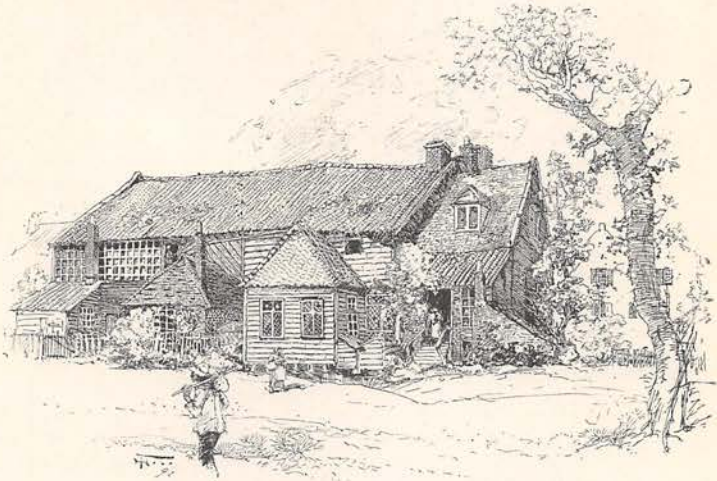
The *menu* of a dinner when there is company is preserved in Pepys. Every-

thing was put on the table at once. They had marrow-bones, a leg of mutton, three pullets, and a dozen larks in one dish; a tart, a neat's tongue, anchovies, and a dish of prawns, and cheese. This was for thirteen persons. The dishes were served in pewter, as they are still for the students in the hall of Lincoln's Inn.

The supper, of which very little is said, was like the breakfast, but not quite so solid.

Cheese played a large part in the supper, and in summer "a sallet"—cost one penny—or a dish of "redishes" helped out the cold meat. After supper a cool tankard of ale—not small-beer—stood within the master's reach while he took his pipe of tobacco. In the winter there was a posset or a toasted crab in the jug.

One is sorry to part with this interesting family, but unfortunately further information is lacking. I could give the inventory of the master's linen and that of his wife, but these details want general interest. So they disappear, the master, the mistress, Mr. Arthur, and the baby. Let us hope that they all enjoyed a long life and prospered exceedingly. After pondering over their account-books one seems to know them so well. They have become personal friends. They sit on the green cloth chairs in the room with the green carpet and the green curtains and the five pieces of fine tapestry. The chairs are high and straight in the back. Madame has her knitting in her lap, and nods over it, especially in the afternoon. The master and Mr. Arthur sit on opposite sides of the fire, their heads adorned with beautiful flowing periwigs of brown hair, their natural color, which they have fresh curled every week for Sunday church, at an expense of two pence. It is evening. The room is lit by a pair of candles in pewter candlesticks. The men are sipping hot spiced ale, and talking of last Sunday morning's sermon, which tri-



JOHN BUNYAN'S MEETING-HOUSE IN ZOAR STREET.

umphantly reconciled two texts previously the despair of the theologians. They are grave and responsible people, rather fat in the cheeks, because they take so little exercise and so much beer. In the window stands a row of books—all they have. Among them are Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying*; Herick's *Hesperides*; Baxter's *Saint's Rest*; Braithwaite's *Arcadian Princess*; Milton's *Paradise Lost*, the first edition, in ten books; a Book of Husbandry, a Prophetical Almanack—that of Montelion; and, I suppose, if we only knew, the book for which they paid the "gentleman" three pounds ten shillings. What was that book? What was that priceless book? How shall we find out the book for which a private gentleman, not too rich, was willing to give seventy shillings? It is only seventeen years since the Commonwealth; they are Puritans still; their talk turns every day on godly matters; they discuss texts and the doctrine of predestination; the clamor and the scandal of the court hardly so much as reach their ears. As we gaze the clouds roll over; they are gone. Oh, world of change and fleeting shows! Where do they go, the flying shadows, the ghosts, the groups and pictures of the men and women that flit before our eyes when we raise the wizard's wand and conjure up the spirits of the past? Whence do they come? Whither do they go?