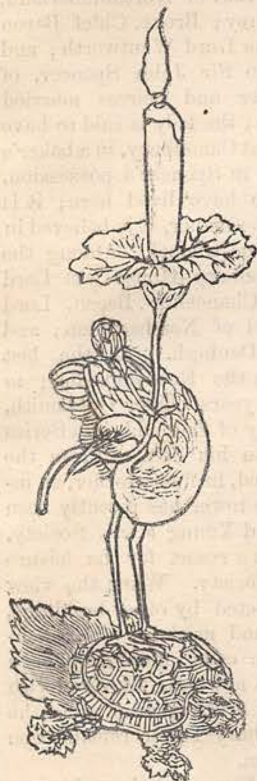
pouring boiling water on a small quantity of tea in a cup, and covering it over for a few minutes with a small saucer; teapots are only used when it is wished to keep some ready at hand. The kettles in the tea-houses are very large, made of copper, and capable of holding many gallons of water. To keep the water boiling a chamber is constructed in the centre of the kettle, and filled with burning charcoal. The vessel is suspended from a framework, and, like our swinging table tea-urns, is nicely balanced, and can be easily tilted to pour out its contents.

LANTERNS AND CANDLESTICKS.

These also are so essential as to deserve a separate heading in describing the furnishing of a Japanese house.

Lanterns form conspicuous objects in the decoration of Japanese houses and temples, both externally and internally; and they are ornamental by day as well as by night. Some are globular, made of paper, stretched on thin pieces of bamboo, painted with pictures of flower-stalks, figures, etc.; lacquer work forms the solid portions to which the other parts are attached; and silken tassels of various colours depend from the bottom. Of this kind are the lanterns suspended in the verandah. At the centre of the lower piece of lacquer, a sharp iron spike projects, on which the candle is stuck. Candles are made from the vegetable wax tree, or Rhus Succedanea; a rush forms the wick, and into this the spike at the bottom of the lantern passes, and supports the candle during combustion.



The common folding lantern is made of thin rings of bamboo of two sizes; paper is gummed from one ring to the other, and the whole can be shut up flat when not required for use. There is also a curious bronze candlestick in common use, which is equally economical of space. Two of these were sent over to England with a number of other curiosities; but their use could not be divined, till a former visitor to Japan solved the problem, and unfolded the candlestick. Other candlesticks remind one of the grotesque bronzes recently manufactured in Paris. For example, we give one formed by a crane, standing on a tortoise, and holding a lotus flower in his mouth. The idea is certainly pretty. Candles are also sheltered from the air by every variety of protection of paper and bamboo that can be devised.

CURIOSITIES OF ISLINGTON.

BY JOHN TIMBS.

I.

One of the most remarkable returns in the last census of the population of the metropolis is that showing the vast increase of the ten years in the suburbs; of which the extensive parish of Islington showed an addition of within 32 of 60,000 souls; the excess of births over the deaths in the same period being 15,881, and the entire population in 1861 being 155,291. Now, the increase of St. Pancras in the ten years, in a population of 199,000, was little more than half that of Islington. These facts and figures explain the great stream of traffic which is ever pouring into and through Islington and its leading thoroughfares after nightfall; and it is not too much to expect that the Parliamentary return of the "lodgers" will be more numerous in Islington than in any other metropolitan suburb. The parish is reckoned to be sixteen miles in circumference.

The name "Islington" seems to be a vernacular corruption of Yseldon, anciently pronounced and written *Eyseldon;* but we find it written *Islington* certainly before the reign of Edward IV, when one of the judges of the King's Bench rode to Islington (*chevaucha à Islington*) and interrogated a woman on her death-bed in the case of an appeal of murder, as reported in the Year-book of the period. The name has a host of etymons, amongst which the Saxon derivation, according to Sharon Turner, is *Ysseldune—i.e.*, the Down of the Yssel—taken to be the original name of some river, most likely the River of Wells, which joined or fell into the Fleet River. Another derivation is from the British word *Ishel*, lower, and *don* (from *twyn*), a fortified inclosure, inferring that Iseldon, according to that interpretation, meant the Lower Town or Fortification; and Mr. Cromwell seems to favour this derivation as agreeing with the site of the original village. The various other etymons given in Mr. Edlyne Tomlins' "Perambulation of Islington" are curious and interesting, as is every page of that treasurable work.

Upon the arrival of the Romans in Britain, when a thick wood stretched over the summits of the sister hills of the modern Hampstead and Highgate, the conquerors penetrated the dense forest of Middlesex, and civilised the barbarous inhabitants. The Romans formed works of importance within the limits of the present parish of Islington. They had a camp in the fields, near the present Barnsbury Park, and a summer camp at Highbury. "It is not very long since the camp at Barnsbury could be clearly traced; and within the last few years a stone with a Roman inscription has been found in a field at no great distance from the Barnsbury Camp, on the side of the Caledonian Road." (Lewis's "Islington as It is and as It was, 1854.") This inscription stone was found in 1842, upon the remains of Reedmont or Redmont Field, a camp of Suetonius Paulinus, between White Conduit House and Copenhagen House. Arrow-heads and figured pavement were also found at Reedmont in 1825; and one of the streets off the Caledonian Road is appropriately named *Roman Road.*

Before the Saxons were mingled with the Britons, rude habitations had no doubt been raised, forming the original hamlet of Iseldon. From the richness of the soil, the parish must have been at a very early period one of the chief sources from which London drew its supply of agricultural produce, and its meadow or pasture land, gardens, and nursery-grounds, must have been extensive; but these have mostly been cleared for the sites of streets and roads. The meadow, such as remains, is used as grazing-land, and occupied by cowkeepers for the purpose of feeding milch kine. "In fact," says Mr. Tomlins, "the land on the north side of London has been so applied from time immemorial." Its rich dairies are of great antiquity. Nay, we find, three centuries ago, the Squier Minstrels of Middlesex glorifying Islington with the motto, *Lac caseus infans;* and in 1628, Wither sung:—

> "Hogsdone, *Islington*, and Tothnam Court,
> For cakes and creame had then no small resort."

Islington was also famous for its cheese-cakes and custards; and cheese-cakes made at Holloway were cried about London by men on horseback. Islington still retains much of this kind of trade; and there is scarcely a suburb which so abounds with confectioners' shops and those of dealers in buns and cakes—just as Banbury is noted for its cakes, and, for the same reason, the rich nature of the soil.

The most ancient highway, connecting Islington with London, was that by Goswell Street, in Stow's time "replenished with small tenements, cottages and alleys, gardens, banqueting-houses, and bowling-places. Then the way stretched up towards Iseldon; and on the right hand, or east side, at a red cross, turneth into Old Street, so called for that it was the old highway from Aldersgate for the north-east parts of England, before Bishopsgate was built." Old Street was an old military road of the Romans. Another ancient road to Islington is Brick Lane, continued by the Bridle Lane or Bridle Way, the rough Frog Lane, to the Lower Road. Gerard, in his "Herbal," alludes to this road as follows:—"Our ordinary mustard, as also the mild and small, may all three be found on the banks about the back of Old Street, and in the way to Islington." Goswell Street Road is described by Strype as stretching up "towards Iseldon, commonly called Islington, a country town hard by, which in the former age was esteemed to be so pleasantly seated, that in 1581 Queen Elizabeth on an evening rode that way to take the air, where, near the town, she was environed with a number of begging rogues (as beggars usually haunt such places), which gave the queen much disturbance."

On the left-hand side of the High Street, Islington, it will be remembered, is a raised causeway, which has immemorially led from St. John Street end to the church, and was formerly called the *Long Causeway*. This extended below Sadler's Wells, and must have been very ancient; for Richard Cloudesley, 13th January, 1517, makes a bequest to the repairing of the causeway between his house and Islington Church; his house being "much above where the 'Angel' now stands, or perhaps a little lower down." Cloudesley was the great benefactor to Islington, and, among other bequests to the parish, he left to poor men gowns with the names of Jesu and Maria upon them; also a load of straw to be laid upon his grave. But superstition would not let Cloudesley's "bodie rest, until certain exorcisers, at dede of night," had quieted him "with diuers diuine exorcises by torchlight." The name of this benefactor is preserved in Cloudesley Square and Terrace.

The Saxon village of Islington has been placed by antiquaries chiefly on the sloping ground by the Lower Street, the neighbourhood of which—especially the narrow ways, such as Elder Walk—retains the irregular features of old thoroughfares in ancient towns. There stood the Saxon parish before the coming of the Normans. "As early as the second century Christianity had rejoiced many hearts in Britain; and the subsequent arrival of St. Augustine was gladly hailed by the victorious Saxons, who had refused to learn from, or had been too much disregarded by, the enslaved and irritated British Christians."—(Lewis's "Islington.")

It is a long leap from these early times to an institution of the thirteenth century, when one of the family of Berners (whose name is given to a recently built street in Islington) presented to the Prior of the Canons of St. Bartholomew, in West Smithfield, a manor, as a bury, or retiring place; and the estate thenceforth bore the name of *Canonbury*. The monks were thrifty cultivators of the productive soil, and moreover provided the Priory in Smithfield with a conduit-head, the water running in leaden pipes; and we are told that it was much prized for its clearness and purity. The manor retains its boundaries to the present day, its waste being the triangular plot of land called Islington Green. The oldest portion remaining of the buildings, re-edified by Prior Bolton, whose rebus, sculptured in stone—a bird-bolt through a tun—is still perfect and visible in one of the buildings—

"Old Prior Bolton with his bolt and tun"—

is Canonbury Tower, a square red brick tower, fifty-eight feet in height, and a fine specimen of brickwork. The adjoining houses are of various dates. At the dissolution of the monasteries, the priory and manor were granted to Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex; they were next settled by Henry VIII on Anne of Cleves, who received for the property an annuity of £20 until her death. The manor was then granted to John Dudley, Earl of Northumberland, father-in-law to Lady Jane Grey; Broke, Chief Baron of the Exchequer; and Thomas Lord Wentworth; and by the latter sold for £2000 to Sir John Spencer, of Crosby Place, whose daughter and heiress married William, second Lord Compton; the lady is said to have eloped from her father's house at Canonbury, in a baker's basket! When the estate was in Spencer's possession, Sir Walter Raleigh is said to have lived here; it is more certain that he lived on the manor, it is believed in a house near the site of Islington Chapel. Among the subsequent residents at Canonbury House was Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, Lord Chancellor Bacon, Lord Keeper Coventry; James, Earl of Northampton; and Viscount Fielding, Earl of Denbigh. In the last century lodged here Chambers the Encyclopædist; in the Tower House lodged two years Oliver Goldsmith, and here he wrote his "History of England, in a Series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son." From the roof of the tower may be enjoyed, in fine weather, an interesting view of London. The tower has recently been taken by the Church of England Young Men's Society, and fitted up and furnished as a resort for the leisure hours of the members of the Society. When the view from the tower was unobstructed by other buildings, and in the midst of a park and gardens, with a fish-pond and other accessories, the estate must have been a charming retreat. The site is now nearly covered with houses, of which the Marquis of Northampton is the ground landlord. Still, Canonbury Tower remains one of the curiosities of old Islington.

There was long believed to have existed a subterranean passage from Canonbury to the Priory of St. Bartholomew in Smithfield: such was the tradition, but, upon the opening of the supposed passage, it was proved, not many years since, to consist of a water-course, which is specified in a grant made at the suppression of the Priory, as "the water from the conduit-head of St. Bartholomew, within the manor of Canonbury, in the county of Middlesex, as enjoyed by Prior Bolton and his predecessors."

The Green was granted to the parish by the Marquis of Northampton in 1777, eight years before which the watch-house, cage, and stocks were built here. Less than a century ago, Islington, in prints, consisted of the High Street and Green, and houses at intervals here, as well as in the Lower Street, as far as the Thatched House. Building progressed but slowly, and Islington was then almost as solitary, and as much exposed to depredation and robbery, as it is certified to have been a century previous. "Surrounded by the fields," says Tomlins, "although connected by the highway of St. John Street Road with London, the appearance of Islington was

pleasant; nay, one topographer, not more than fifty years since, styled it picturesque."

Aged persons there are who recollect the High Street and Lower Street lined on each side with trees, like a boulevard; several large elms then stood opposite the "Angel" and "Nelson" Inns. And Islington had a rural aspect in the hay-making season. The ancient houses and inns were mostly, in former times, the residences of the nobility and gentry from the time of Henry VIII to the end of the reign of Charles I. The "Angel" resembled a large country inn, with a galleried court-yard, as shown by Hogarth in his print of "A Stage Coach," 1747. A water-colour drawing of the inn was hung, within our recollection, in the coffee-room of the present inn, which was built in 1820. It stands ninety-nine feet above Trinity high-water mark. The "Angel" Inn was formerly noted as a halting-place for travellers approaching London from the north, who, if they arrived after nightfall, generally waited till the morrow for fear of the thieves, who robbed, and sometimes murdered, persons at night on the road beyond leading to the metropolis. Persons who had to cross the fields to Clerkenwell usually went in a body, for mutual protection, and a bell was rung at the "Angel" to assemble the party before starting. And persons walking from the City to Islington in the evening, waited near the end of St. John Street until a sufficient party had collected, and who were then escorted by the armed patrols.

The "Peacock," a long-roofed and capacious building, bore the date of 1564. The "White Lion" figures in "Barnaby's Journal"—

> "Veni Islington ad Leonem—
> Thence to Islington, the Lion."

The "Pied Bull" was the abode of Sir John Miller, in the time of James I. Three other houses may be noted here. Near the Green, the "Duke's Head," kept by Topham, the "strong man of Islington;" in Frog Lane, the "Barley Mow," where George Morland painted some of his pictures; and the "Old Boar's Head," in Upper Street, where Henderson, the tragedian, first acted. Opposite Rufford's Buildings, previous to 1812, there existed a large wood-framed mansion, dated 1688; and in Oldys' and Birch's "Life of Sir Walter Raleigh" this is stated to have been one of his residences. The "Three Hats," near the turnpike-gate, was noted for its equestrian performances before either Astley or Hughes; it was taken down in 1839. In Lower Street were more ancient mansions than on the upper side of High Street. We remember the "Queen's Head," curious and picturesque, of the time of Elizabeth, with projecting bays and porch, taken down in 1829; an old oak parlour has been preserved. Fisher House, a brick-built mansion, of the time of James I, stood opposite the end of Cross Street; and slight remains of Ward's Place exist in Greenman's Lane. Ward's Place was also called Hunsdon House, from having been the residence of Henry Carey, cousin to Queen Elizabeth, created Lord Hunsdon, 1559; and from the quarterings of Sir Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, having remained in a window of this mansion, it is probable that at some time he resided here. At the "Crown" public house, in Lower Street, long since taken down, Goldsmith met his club, while he was lodging at Canonbury; it was a curious old place, with painted glass, apparently of the reign of Henry VII, namely, the "Mercers' Arms," the demy virgin in which was mistaken for a portrait of Elizabeth, Henry VII's queen. In Cross Street also was the residence of the Fowler family, taken down in 1850; and at the extremity of what was the garden there yet stands a brick edifice that, till the last forty years, looked over what were then Canonbury Fields; this edifice was called, though without authority, "Queen Elizabeth's Lodge;" it was built by Sir Thomas Fowler, and bears his sculptured arms and the date 1653.

"White Conduit House" takes its name from the white conduit, built as a reservoir to the Charter House, to which place water was conveyed by pipes. It was built in 1641, and bore the arms of Sutton, of Charter House; and it was granted to the monastery for the herbage of land in the manor of Barnsbury and the reserved rents. The conduit was arched, and built of stone, flint, and brick, and cased with *white* stone, whence its name; it remained until about 1812, after which it fell into decay, was stripped of its outer casing, and in 1831 was destroyed to make way for some new buildings in Barnsbury Road. The conduit stood upon part of the site of the house No. 10, Penton Street, the original spring being at forty-three perches west from the "Conduit House;" remains of the connecting brick channel were discovered some twelve or fourteen years since, and the leaden pipes have been met with about Pentonville. This conduit gave name to a house of entertainment, well known in the last and present centuries. The old house stood on the east side of a foot-path in the line of Amwell Street. A Grub Street poetaster of 1760 celebrated the "tea and cream and buttered rolls," and "china and gilt spoons," of "White Conduit;" and we remember its old garden, fish-pond, fountain, and grotesque costume figures, its assembly-rooms, garden, etc. Goldsmith, in his "Citizen of the World," describes "White Conduit" as a place where "the inhabitants of London often assemble to celebrate a feast of hot rolls and butter." The loaves grew into such repute as to be cried about the streets of London as "White Conduit loaves," prior to the rise in the price of bread, brought about by the French revolutionary war. Goldsmith was a frequenter of "White Conduit," and here it was that he treated the tradesman's three daughters to tea, and then discovered that he had not money to pay the bill. The gardens flourished, and in 1826 one of the attractions was M. Chabert, the fire-eater, who, after a luncheon of phosphorus, arsenic, oxalic acid, boiling oil, and molten lead, walked into a hot oven, preceded by a leg of lamb and a beef-steak; on the two last, when properly baked, the spectators dined with him. Graham ascended from here several times in his balloon; followed by fireworks. The house was then rebuilt, with a room to dine 2,000 persons, and opened in the summer of 1829; but within twenty years the large premises were taken down, and upon a portion of the garden were built a much smaller tavern, and White Conduit Street adjoining. Fourteen acres of land next White Conduit Fields were devised by Richard Cloudesley, in the year 1517, for the benefit of the poor of Islington parish. The estate now yields upwards of £1,000 a year in ground-rents. In White Conduit Fields was the cricket-ground of the White Conduit Club, who laid down the first rules of cricket, which are the basis of the laws of cricket to this day; and one of the attendants was Thomas Lord, who subsequently formed "Lord's Cricket-ground."

Where the "Belvedere" Tavern, facing the Pentonville Road, now stands, was formerly the site of "Busby's Folly," whence, every May, a club marched in mock procession to Highgate, bearing upon a staff a pair of horns, having reference to an ancient passage-toll levied upon horned cattle, and gathered by some park-keeper or manor-bailiff, who bore the above emblem of his office. The "Belvedere" has long been noted for its racket-grounds. Nearly opposite is "Dobney's Place," which

keeps in memory Daubigny's Gardens, noted for equestrianism; here, too, Wildman exhibited his docile bees in 1772.

Copenhagen House, upon the site of the London Cattle Market, was first opened by a Dane, and is named in Camden's "Britannia;" it was noted for fives and tennis to the day of its removal.

Among the more important notabilia of Islington is the tunnel, 970 yards (half-a-mile and ninety yards) in length, through which passes the Regent's Canal, *under the town of Islington and the New River*, and emerges into what was the field adjoining the City Gardens; where the water is received into a basin 1600 feet long by 110 feet wide, covering with its wharfs an area of twenty-five acres.

Islington has been, from the earliest times, the abode of many notable persons, to be hereafter noticed, with the institutions and other means by which the place has attained its importance as one of our great suburban centres.

THE BATTLE OF THE BEES.

Being witness to the results of a remarkable phenomenon last autumn, and only regretting that it occurred without the complete observation of any competent naturalist, I am induced to offer the best account I could gather of what I have faithfully called The Battle of the Bees! And first let me say, that anything similar is unprecedented and unknown to the oldest inhabitants, gentle or simple, in this part of the country.* Therefore I am inclined to think the circumstances sufficiently extraordinary to deserve a report. Having accidentally seen the effects, I was curious to ascertain the cause, and the following narrative is the embodiment of the answers to my inquiries from the gardener, under-gardener, and one of the household servants.

Before presenting it, however, I must describe the position of the battle-field. A lawn and pleasure-grounds, of handsome extent, and enriched with flower-beds and flowering shrubs, was the seat of the apiary involved in the catastrophe. It consisted of three square box-hives, united on the same platform, and each glazed at the back, with a wooden slide opening to admit the works of their industrious inhabitants to be viewed in progress as they formed their combs and filled their cells. A single straw hive (which was not molested) stood near, and the whole were in most prosperous order, with the bees healthy and strong; as well they might be with the heaths on Harrow Weald and Stanmore Common close at hand to supplement their own abundant food in wood, field, and garden. Such was the *status quo ante bellum.*

Wednesday and Thursday, 21st and 22nd of August last, were two of the fine, warm, and sunny harvest-weather days which gladdened so important a portion of that month. About noon, on the 21st, the gardener noticed the large triple hive darkened, and instinct with the movements of a myriad of bees. He fancied that a swarm was being thrown off, but, on approaching the scene of action, discovered that the whole appearance was owing to a furious contest between the bees under his care (the family were from home) and the bees, as he inferred, of a foreign invasion, apparently assailing the centre hive with indomitable rage and perseverance. Every post, and pillar, and vantage space was crowded by them, and charge after charge upon the defenders of their sacred home was incessantly iterated with desperate courage and repulsed. The great point attempted to be forced was the entrance to the centre hive; and, except that its warriors were on the outside of their wooden walls, nothing could more accurately represent the determination to storm a fortified place, only defeated by the bravest resistance of the besieged. The method of the defence, too, was very remarkable, as an example of insect (marvellously resembling human) strategy. Across and on each side (shall we say?) of the gateway, the hiveites were drawn up in strong lines on the platform, and opposed, as it were, a disciplined phalanx to the enemy; and the enemy, on their part, never ceased to form in sections or divisions, and rush to the encounter to break the lines and penetrate the hive. These feats they often partially effected. At and near about the entrance the struggle was astonishing, and the slaughter immense—the slaughter of the invaders, for there were no dead observed among the defenders. On the contrary, they were vindictively employed in overpowering and murdering their foes, and dragging and pushing them to the edge of the platform, and throwing them over upon the grass. In this way they made three heaps of the slain, one nearly opposite to each entrance, and of some variety. At one end the hecatomb was so large that you could lift the dead bees up in double handfuls (in short, by hundreds) at a time. At the other end the tumulus was not so great, and at the centre the deposit of the killed was intermingled with many fragments of apparently broken, coarse, or formative wax. Two or three of the hive bees were generally engaged in the killing of one of their adversaries, and joined in hauling the victim of many vicious stings to the overthrow from the platform. Meanwhile the battle was tumultuously raging about the centre opening, into which if any of the attacking party succeeded in entering, they seemed to be immediately dispatched and brought out for disposal along with their butchered comrades. Knowing what we do of bee order and discipline, it is not in the least unlikely that the body employed as executioners and throwing over the dead were specially appointed for the service, and that no warrior ever stepped out of his ranks to assist in the office.

This continued all Wednesday afternoon. "No slackness was there found." The combat was going on till the shades of evening fell upon it, and the gardener left them still fighting when he went away, at the darkening of night. In the morning of Thursday, little or no change was observable; and, throughout the day, the battle was furiously contested. One different manœuvre was noticed, viz.: bodies of perhaps fifty or sixty of the assailants flew off, hotly pressed by a posse of the home bees, by which they were pursued, pounced upon, and knocked down, and immediately followed to the ground and put to death. The lawn and gravel walks were extensively sprinkled with their remains, and a considerable number were found destroyed in a greenhouse and a garden toolhouse, not far from the spot—the latter, however, being on the other side of a high wooden paling fence, with shady trees, so that the flight and pursuit were as obstinate as they were hot and merciless.

On Friday, the 23rd, the battle had ceased, and the field was clear of combatants. Unfortunately, neither the commencement nor the termination of the contest was noticed; and, two days later, viz., the 25th, when the tale was told to me, I could only observe the entire corroboration of its truth in the multitudes of slain I have mentioned on the three tumuli under the platform, and the numbers of dead scattered over the gravel-walks, or swept into heaps off the lawn. There was proof enough that there had been a furious war and

* Bushey Heath, Herts.

5h. 25m. p.m., the line of central eclipse passing through Peru, Brazil, across the South Atlantic Ocean, to the western coast of Africa, near Sierra Leone.

Our diagrams, which illustrate the midnight sky on February 15th, will also serve for 10h. p.m. on March 15th; 8h. p.m. on April 15th; 6h. a.m. on November 15th; 4h. a.m. on December 15th; and for 2h. a.m. on January 15th.

CURIOSITIES OF ISLINGTON.

II.

Hornsey Wood House, a noted tea-house, was built at the entrance to a coppice of trees, called Hornsey Wood, in the footway from Hornsey to Highbury Barn. This house, being built on an eminence, afforded a delightful prospect of the neighbouring country; it had large rooms for company, and was much resorted to. Mount Pleasant was another famous spot; and hard by is Stroud Green, where, as in a secluded spot, some ninety years since parties of pleasure used to enjoy their picnics; and an Association of citizens used to make stated excursions, humorously styling themselves "The Mayor and Corporation of Stroud Green," reminding one of "The Mayor of Garratt," in Surrey. Hereabout, in a nook, about a century since, was Stapleton Hall, in front of which was this invitation to travellers: "Ye are welcome all—To Stapleton Hall." Mr. Tomlins believes this to have been built upon the site of the more ancient prebendal house of Stanestaple, where the Canons of St. Paul held four hides, now represented by their Prebendal Manor of Brownswood. The name is traceable to a Stone House and a Staple Hall; and according to Anthony à Wood, sub anno 1190, those halls that had staples to their doors (for our predecessors had only latch and catch) were written Staple Halls. And Mr. Tomlins further thinks that Stanestaple is suggestive of a Roman origin, when taken in connection with its proximity to the Roman Road called Ermine Street; which took its course over Stroud Green, where, according to Maitland, "there is a much greater appearance of a military way than in any other place in the neighbourhood of London, and much more so than the reputed Roman way, called the Devil's Lane." This name has been altered to Du Val's Lane, from its having been, traditionally, the scene of his exploits; and here is an old weather-board house, formerly moated, where this highwayman is said to have lived; but there is no circumstance to connect it with Du Val's history, and its more ancient name was "the Devil's House." Grose, the antiquary, used to observe that all ancient and uncommon structures, about which the vulgar could give no account, were by them ascribed either to the Devil or King John. An adjoining meadow is, to this day, called "the Devil's Field." The lane may have been named from the robberies committed there: almost within memory, it was so infested with highwaymen that few persons would venture to peep into it, even at midday; in 1831 it was lighted with gas.

We miss, in Upper Holloway, the "Crown," which had evidently once been a country mansion; it was taken down about 1857. The "Old Pied Bull" was partly burnt in 1866, but has been rebuilt. Higher up is the "Mother Red Cap," a modern public-house, but ancient in its site, for it occurs in "Drunken Barnaby," about 1630—

"Thence to Holloway, Mother Red Cap."

Pepys has an odd note, 24th September, 1661, of "drinking at Holloway, at the sign of a woman with a cake in one hand and a pot of ale in the other, which did give occasion of mirth, resembling her to the maid that served us." There exists a token circulated at this ale-house: on the obverse is Elinour Rummyn, with a pot in one hand and a cake in the other: and in the play of "The Merry Milkmaid of Islington" is the character of Mother Red Cap. It seems to have been not an unusual alehouse-sign in former days.

Before we leave the tavern traits, we shall pay a visit to some curious old resorts in and about Islington Road, as St. John Street Road was formerly called. Here the "Old Red Lion" dates its existence from 1415, as is shown in the middle distance of Hogarth's print of "Evening." Among the eminent frequenters of this house were Thomson, the poet of "The Seasons;" Dr. Johnson, and Oliver Goldsmith. In a room here Thomas Paine wrote his infamous book, "The Rights of Man," which Burke and Bishop Watson demolished. The tavern has been almost rebuilt; opposite the "Red Lion" was "Goree Farm," let in suites of rooms; here lodged Cawse, the painter; and the mother and sister of Charles and Thomas Dibdin. The "Clown" sign, facing the gates leading to Sadler's Wells Theatre, was named in compliment to Old Grimaldi, who frequented the house. In his day it was known as the "King of Prussia," prior to which its sign had been the "Queen of Hungary." To this tavern, or rather to an older one, upon the same site, Goldsmith alludes in his "Essay on the Versatility of Popular Favour." "An ale-house keeper," he says, "near Islington, who had long lived at the sign of the 'French King,' upon the commencement of the late war with France, pulled down his own sign, and put up that of the 'Queen of Hungary.' Under the influence of her red face and golden sceptre, he continued to sell ale till she was no longer the favourite of his customers; he changed her, therefore, some time ago, for the 'King of Prussia;' which may, probably, be changed in time for the next name that shall be set up for vulgar admiration." The oldest sign of this house was the "Turk's Head." At the "Rising Sun," in the Islington Road, in 1762, on Shrove Tuesday, was advertised "a fine hog *barbaqu'd—i.e.*, roasted whole, with spice, and basted with Madeira wine—at the house where the ox was roasted whole on Christmas last." And, in 1732, there were sold at the "Golden Ball," near Sadler's Wells, the valuable curiosities of Monsieur Boyle, of Islington, including "a most strange living creature, bearing a near resemblance to the human shape; he can utter some few sentences, and give pertinent answers to many questions. Here is likewise an Oriental oyster-shell, measuring three feet two inches over. The other curiosity is called the Philosopher's Stone, and is about the size of a pullet's egg; the colour of it is blue, more beautiful than ultramarine. This unparalleled curiosity was clandestinely stolen out of the Great Mogul's closet: this irreparable loss had so great an effect upon him that, in a few months after, he pined himself to death." Hereabout was Stokes's Amphitheatre, a low place, though much resorted to by the nobility and gentry. It was devoted to bull and bear baiting, dog-fighting, boxing, and sword-fighting: among the disgusting sights was a bull, illuminated with fireworks, turned loose, eating farthing pies, and drinking half a gallon of October beer in less than eight minutes. Happily, these brutalities and low exhibitions have been forbidden by law, and have been succeeded by pastimes of a better order, which at once delight and raise the public mind.

At two of the more elevated positions near Islington —namely, Barnsbury and Highbury—there existed recently moated sites, supposed to be vestiges of camps,

or, at least, summer encampments of the Romans. The claim of Barnsbury rests upon no solid foundation. Highbury Castle and Hill existed as a place of defence, Mr. Tomlins considers, "as early as the residence of the Romans in this country, and that armies have encamped there is still more probable; indeed, the Saxon word *burrow* evidently points to some earthwork thrown up and raised either for defence or for burial of soldiers slain; while the name of Danebottom, the descriptive appellation of the valley below Highbury, in writings so far back as the reign of Henry II, demonstrates that this name of Danebottom has peculiar reference to some of those encounters our Saxon ancestors had with the Danes." Nevertheless, such vestiges and remains may with equal certainty be attributed to the British, the Romans, and also to the Danes. In 1787 Highbury Hill was abrupt and steep on the north and north-west; the eminence, rounded or artificially formed, may be consistently referred to the Romans; as may the embankments and terrace-work on the north-west of Highbury House, the site of the ancient Highbury Castle. The moat was filled up in 1855; no Roman coins were discovered. The words Castle Hill or Hills, and Castle Yard, that occur in the descriptions of Highbury Grange, or Highbury Barn, seem to point traditionally to a Roman origin. Since the destruction, in 1381, of the residential manor-house, or castle, by the coadjutor of Wat Tyler, Jack Straw, who, as Stow informs us, "took in hand to ruinate that house," it has borne the nick-name of "Jack Straw's Castle." Upon the site of Highbury Barn was built the noted house of entertainment of that name; and on Highbury Grange are built villas with gardens, and a brick house of the time of Charles II, called Cream Hall, about sixty years since a farm-house, but now a villa; and somewhat farther northward was Little St. John's Wood. The oak still lingers at Highbury, and on the hedgerows above Cream Hall; and thereabout are some gnarled stocks of great age. Gerard simpled in Highbury Wood, and saw-wort grew here, as well as in the wood adjoining Islington.

The present lane or road is parallel with the embankment of the New River, and terminated by the present Sluice House (the old stone sluice stood by the side of the green lanes), made in 1776, thus dispensing with the trough through which the stream was carried, called the "Boarded River," by which it entered Islington parish. But in 1776 a passage for the stream was made in a bank of earth nearly along the old track. The river, passing beneath Highbury to the east of Islington, engulfs itself under the road in a channel of three hundred yards. The stream between Bird's Buildings and the Head was covered by iron pipes in 1861.

The New River Head is a vast circular basin, inclosed by a brick wall, whence the water is conveyed by sluices into large brick cisterns, and thence by mains and riders, named according to the districts which they supply. Here is the Company's house, originally built in 1613. The board-room, over one of the cisterns, is wainscoted, and has a fine specimen of Gibbons' carving. On the ceiling are a portrait of King William III, and the arms of Sir Hugh Myddelton and Greene. The water, having reached the works at Islington, is there filtered, and delivered into a tunnel eight hundred feet long, and eight feet by six feet six inches diameter, whence it is passed by steam-engines of three hundred horse-power into the service reservoir and distributing mains. The channels at Islington, constructed by Mylne, contain two millions and a half of bricks. The east service reservoir at Pentonville, built in hydraulic lime, contains four millions of bricks, of which forty thousand were laid in one day; the covering of this reservoir cost £21,000. The name of Sir Hugh Myddelton is honoured in Islington and Clerkenwell, and street and square still bear his name. Upon Islington Green is a Sicilian marble portrait-statue of Sir Hugh, in the costume of his period. This statue was presented by Sir Morton Peto, Bart., M.P. It is placed upon an embellished pedestal, which has two drinking-fountains. North of the New River Head, the stream was formerly let into a tank or reservoir under the stage of Sadler's Wells Theatre, originally the Sluice House, which was drawn up by machinery for "real water" scenes, the water being sufficiently deep for men to swim in. This canal has been drained dry and filled in, and large iron water-pipes placed in its bed. At the "Sir Hugh Myddelton's Head" Tavern, hard by, was formerly an old conversation picture, with twenty-eight portraits of the Sadler's Wells Club.

Islington, the "country town hard by London," as Strype termed it, has been the residence of many great and learned men from a remote period; and especially of persons of antiquarian pursuits. Sir Walter Raleigh and the distinguished occupants of Canonbury, from the peer to the poor poet, have been named. Addison came here for change of air. No. 393 of the "Spectator," signed L., has this note: "By Addison, dated, it is supposed, from Islington, where he had a residence." Bagford, the antiquary, and book and print collector, died here, 1716; Collins, the poet, whilst labouring under mental infirmity, was visited at Islington by Dr. Johnson; and Alexander Cruden, compiler of the "Concordance," died here, 1770; John Nelson wrote here "The History and Antiquities of Islington;" John Nichols, editor of the "Gentleman's Magazine," resided at Highbury; as did William Knight, F.S.A., a collector of books on angling, and missals; and William Upcott, the bibliographer and English topographer, who possessed "the most marvellous collection of autographs that was ever brought together by the unwearied research and good luck of one individual;" Charles Lamb, who had for a time lived in Chapel Street, removed to Colebrooke Cottage, on the banks of the New River—"rather elderly by this time, running (if a moderate walking pace can be so termed) close to the foot of the house." One of his friends was George Daniel, "a certain bibliographical wight, with a biblical cognomen, who rejoiced in a bundle of old black-letter ballads, in sundry tiny, dingy tomes of merrie jestes, songs, garlands, penny drolleries, and profane stage playes, and a goodly row of Shakespearian quartos." Daniel groups his old neighbours in humorous verse, entitled "The Islington Garland." He died at Canonbury Square, April, 1864, in his seventy-fifth year, leaving a collection of rarities which it took the auctioneer ten days to dispose of. He wrote two volumes of "Merrie England in the Olden Time." Among his treasures was a collection of black-letter broadside ballads, printed between 1559 and 1597, which brought 750 guineas; his first folio Shakespeare, 682 guineas; quarto plays, £300 each and upwards; two missals of high class, etc. Quick, whom George III used to call his actor, lived in a small cottage in Hornsey Row. The passage and staircase were covered with Zoffany's paintings of Quick, in his capital characters. And in Cumberland Row lived Donald Davies, who had his coffin made some time previous to his decease, and placed it in one of his rooms for a corner cupboard. He is said to have returned one coffin upon the hands of the undertaker, because it did not please him as to size, on his getting into it.

The mother church of Islington is built upon the

site of a church with an embattled tower and bell turret, and presumed to be 300 years old when taken down in 1751. Rich Spencer's only daughter was christened here, from Canonbury. One of its oldest monuments was that to Thomas Gore, "parsonne of Iseldon," who died in 1499; and here was a memorial of Dame Katharine Brook, who "nourished with her milk" the Princess Mary, daughter of Henry VIII. Dame Alice Owen, foundress of the almshouses and school at the top of Goswell Road, was buried here; as was Dr. Cave, chaplain to Charles II; he became vicar of Islington at the age of twenty-five. Alice, wife of Robert Fowler, who died in 1540, lay here, with this inscription:—

> 'Behold and see: thus as I am so shall ye be.
> When ye be dead and laid in the grave,
> As ye have done so shall ye have."

There were also some remarkably fine brasses here. After the Great Fire of London, 1666, the fields around Islington afforded an asylum to multitudes of homeless citizens; and £18 were collected in the parish church, on October 10, for the relief of distressed citizens, as recorded in the vestry minutes. Evelyn notes, "I went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seen 200,000 people, of all ranks and degrees, dispersed and lying by their heaps of what they could save from the fire, deploring their loss; and, though ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appeared a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld."

In 1557, the rural village of Islington was the scene of this martyrdom: "In searching out," says Foxe, "the certain number of the faithful martyrs of God that suffered within the time and reign of Queen Mary, I find that, about the 17th day of September (1557), were burned at Islington, nigh unto London, these four constant professors of Christ — Ralph Allerton, James Austoe, Margery Austoe, his wife, and Richard Rolt." The four were martyred at Islington, giving up their spirits to Christ on one day, and in one furnace of trial.

After the Act of Uniformity was passed, in 1682, some of the ministers ejected from the Church of England opened schools in Islington. The Rev. Thomas Doolittle, late rector of St. Alphage, London Wall, had an academy at Islington about 1682, and prepared several young men for the ministry, among whom were the pious Dr. Henry and Dr. Edmund Calamy. The present church was built in 1754; its tower and stone spire are 164 feet high; it has a fine peal of eight bells, each inscribed with a couplet, inculcating loyalty, love, and harmony. Here is buried Earlom, the mezzotinto engraver, remembered by his fine plates of Sir Joshua Reynolds's pictures; and, in a grave a few yards from the house in which he was born, lies John Nichols, F.S.A., of the "Gentleman's Magazine."

The single church long accommodated the suburban village of Islington, but in 1744 an Independent meeting-house was built in Lower Street, on the site now occupied by a larger chapel. Next, an episcopally-ordained clergyman ministered in a chapel in Church Street, which gave rise to the existing Islington Chapel. During the last forty years more than seventeen churches have been erected in the district of Islington; and dissenting chapels have multiplied in a similar proportion.

The increase in the value of land at Islington has been very remarkable. In 1859, at the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of a new church there, the Rev. D. Wilson, the vicar, remarked that, twenty years ago, Mr. Thornhill offered him a piece of ground for nothing, provided he would build a church upon it; and, in addition, that he would give £300 in aid of building it, because it would improve his property; now they were obliged to give £2,000 for that which, twenty years ago, they were offered £300 to accept. At that time, however, the land was in the midst of fields, now it is covered with houses, and densely populated.

Here we halt, to glance at the Caledonian Road, named from the Caledonian Asylum, and in its history showing us how metropolitan neighbourhoods grow. About thirty years ago, a statue of our fourth George, placed at the intersection of the roads, gave the spot the name of King's Cross; the statue has disappeared, as have the Fever and Small Pox Hospitals, to make room for the Great Northern Railway terminus, whose colossal arches and rich grilles are creditable to the taste of Mr. Lewis Cubitt. Adjoining is in course of erection another large terminus, for the Midland Railway.

At the above date there were two lines of road, leading from King's Cross, or Battle Bridge, northward—viz., Maiden Lane, now the York Road, and Chalk Road. The latter is now the Caledonian Road. Six-and-twenty years ago we remember its *chalk*, its hedges and palings broken down, its trodden-down turf, and its numerous small quarries; its hovels, its swings, ginger-beer and fruit stalls, and its Sabbath-breaking scenes. Then there were tile and brick makers, with an eye to the future formation of a line of communication of the north-west portion of Islington with Holloway and Highgate. The first important building here, below the heights of Barnsbury, was the Model Prison, as it was then called, its plan being proposed for the several gaols in the kingdom; but, from its partial success, the name has been changed to the Pentonville Prison, a costly experiment—each cell costing £180, and victualling and management nearly £36 a-head. The entrance gateway, with its massive portcullis, is not unpicturesque. Nearly opposite has since been built the Metropolitan Cattle Market, covering seventy-five acres. Near this was Copenhagen House, with its tennis and fives court. Towards the north, where a junction is formed with the Holloway Road, there is a view of the City Prison, whose picturesqueness in some measure masks the sad fact that here are shut out from society hundreds of offending fellow-men. In the prospect, however, the spires of churches and chapels are not wanting. Here are railway works, and lines of villas, indicative of prosperity; but our eye turns towards the road, where the scene on Saturday night is very imposing. The gaslights are blazing, the shops of grocers, butchers, bakers, greengrocers, coal-dealers, pawnbrokers, stationers, and newsmen, are thronged with customers; and out of doors are ballad-singers, beggars, costermongers whose goods are lighted with smoky lamps, and the stream of people seems never ending. The Caledonian Road is now a handsomely-appointed line, and all this change has come over the place within thirty years; and an industrious correspondent of the "Builder," who had an eye for such views of life, but has been removed by death from his sphere of usefulness, wrote: "Often, at night-time, we used to come westward from Islington; and when we think of the solitude which then reigned, and of the quiet nooks which were to be found about here, of sheep and cattle which fed in the Copenhagen Fields, it is difficult to imagine that this can be the same site, so completely changed in such a short time; that there can be employment for the long line of cabs; and that the thousands of foot passengers, the multitude of crowded omnibuses and carriages of different kinds, and other objects which meet the eye, are not the figures of a dream instead of reality."