Presented by
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A Brief Sketch of Cornhill, from 13th Century to 19th Century.

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Antiquity of Cornhill.

There are few thoroughfares that can boast of such antiquity, or whose neighbourhoods possess such interesting associations, as that running through the heart of the City of London, and known from time immemorial as Cornhill. As evidence of its antiquity, a map can be seen at the British Museum, showing Saxon London (A.D. 609), in which a part of the old Roman road running from Essex towards Lincoln and York is named Cornhill; while certain historians allege that the present Parish Church of St. Peter was the first Christian church founded in London, in A.D. 179. This is, however, hotly contested, Loftie calling it "an absurd claim," but that it is generally accepted, is shown by the presence of a brass tablet in the church at this day, which sets forth:

"Be it known unto all men, that the yeeres of our Lord, "a clxxix., Lucius, the first Christian King of this "Land, then called Brytaine, founded the first church in "London, that is to say, the first church of St. Peter upon "Cornhill, and he founded there an Archbishop's See, and "made that church the Metropolitaine and Chief Church of "the Kingdom: and so endured the space of cccc. yeeres, "unto the coming of St. Austin the Apostle of England, the "which was sent into this land by St. Gregory, the Doctor "of the Church in the time of King Ethelbert, and then "was the Archbishop's See and Pall removed from the "foresaid Church of Saint Peter upon Cornhill unto "Dereterniam, that is now called Canterbury, and there
"remaineth to this day; and Millet, Monke the which came to this land in S. Austin, was made the first Bishop of London, and his See was made in Paul's Church, and this Lucius King was the first founder of Saint Peter's Church upon Cornhill, and he reigned in this land after Brute, a Mccxlv. yeeres, and the yeeres of our Lord God A.C. Xxiii., Lucius was crowned King, and the yeeres of his reign were Lxxvii. years, and hee (after some chronicle) was buried at Gloucester in that place where the order of S. Francis standeth now."

Stow says, "there is a controversie moved among our Historiographers," as to whether the church which Lucius built stood at Cornhill or Westminster, and Stow is evidently inclined to the Westminster theory, on the ground that "the word Cornehill, a denomination given of late (to speak of) to one street may easily be taken for Thorney." The word Thorney, he tells us, was a Saxon one, and was the ancient name of Westminster. This historian further says, that he is unable to find any street in London called Cornhill before the conquest of the Normans, and so he inclines to the side of those who oppose the claim set forth on the brass tablet in St. Peter's. Be this as it may, there is enough evidence to show that both Cornhill and its Parish Church are of very ancient date.

Origin and Meaning of Name.

We come now to the meaning and origin of the name Cornhill, which in old records is variously spelt, Corn Hyl, Cornhil, Cornhull, and Cornehill. To quote Stow again, whose "History and Survey of London," published in 1633, is the first attempt at a complete record of the rise and progress of the Great City, Cornhill was so called "because of a corn market, time out of time there holden." But here again there is variance between the authorities. Loftie thinks it was originally so called by the
Saxons to denote its open condition. He says, "The small Saxon population which settled within the deserted walls of what had been Roman London, found a wide and empty space crossed by two great paved highways. Their first division of this space was into holdings, or estates, some of which may have been of considerable size. Such a space on the north side of the Cheap was the site of the King's residence. A similar space on Cornhill belonged to the Bishop."

In support of Loftie's theory it may be instanced that near to Dover there is a place, probably possessing a very ancient history, called Cornhill. There is also a sixteenth century tale called "The Martyrs of the Cornhill, Ipswich." But it is possible that neither Stow nor Loftie are right in this connection, and for this reason.

The chronicles of the City Wards show that originally
they were the "sokes" or estates of private persons after whom several of them were named. Thus, the Wards of Farringdon, within and without, were so named after Nicholas and William Farringdon, eminent and mighty City fathers in their day, and in an old document of the date of 1125, one Edward Hupcornhill is mentioned, together with several other "Brothers of a Knighten Guild," as conveying a "soke," or estate, to the church. As showing that it was from this Edward Hupcornhill and his gift to the church that Cornhill most probably derived its name, there is evidence that Cornhill was first the soke of the Bishop of London. The Bishop delegated his rights to a bailiff, and eventually an Alderman is mentioned.

Then, among the ancient landowners of the City, will be found the names of the Pountneys, the Bats, the Rokesleys, the Blounts, and the Cornhills. These counted themselves as equals or superiors of the great City lords, and Henry III. (1216—1272) is said to have taunted them as churls, who called themselves barons. With such a number of hypotheses, the origin of the name of the famous "streete" must, we are afraid, remain a matter of speculation. Perhaps the easiest way of disposing of the difficulty will be to reject them all, and accept the dictum of the wag, who said that Cornhill was of course named after Cornelius!

\[\text{Early History of the Neighbourhood.}\]

"CORNHILL WARD," says old John Strype, M.A., in his "corrected, improved and much enlarged" edition of Stow's "Survey of the Cities of London and Westminster," "is part of the principal high street, beginning at the west end of Leadenhall stretching down west on both the sides, by the south end of Finkes (Finch) Lane on the right hand, and by the north end of Birchover's (Birchin) Lane on the left part, of which lanes, to wit, to the middle
EARLY HISTORY OF THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

of them is of this Ward, and so down to the Stockes Market, and this is the bounds of the Ward.” And so it remains to this day; but in our effort at providing a brief, and we hope interesting, history of Cornhill, we shall not confine ourselves strictly to the limits of the Ward, but trespass a little on the surrounding neighbourhood. For instance, Leadenhall Market, which is situated in the neighbouring Ward of Lime Street, is spoken of by Stow as “Leadenhall Market upon Cornhill.”

Not only was the market confined to corn, but the spot became known and resorted to as a general emporium for everything, from “a fat oxe,” to old clothes. In 1522, fish was there sold; and “forraigne butchers were admitted there to sell flesh in 1533.” In this latter connection it may be interesting to state that the prices of “a fat lambe” at that date was “i2d.”; a fat wether, 3s. 4d.; a calf, the same; and a fat oxe, 26s. 8d. The number of butchers “in the citie and suburbs” is then given as fourscore, each killing six oxen weekly. In this present year of grace (1893), the number of butchers given in Kelly’s Directory of London proper, not counting the suburbs, is nearly fourteen hundred; the number of live stock on sale on an ordinary weekly market day in the Caledonian Road and Deptford is, cattle 3,000, sheep 12,000; while the average quantity of meat delivered weekly at Smithfield Market during last year was 6,213 tons. This is, perhaps, slightly foreign to the object of this little book, but for the sake of the vastness of the comparison it may be forgiven.

Reverting to the fact that the market on Cornhill was, in ancient days, the resort of “frippers,” or dealers in old clothes, a verse from the work of Lydgate, the monk of Bury, tends to show that the articles of attire exposed for sale were not always honestly come by,

“THEN into Corn Hyl anon I yode,
   Where was mutch stolen gere amonge;
I saw where honge myne ownc hoode,
   That I had lost amonge the thronge;
To buy my owne hoode I thought it wronge,
I knew it well as I did my crede,
But for lack of money I could not speede.”
IT is to be feared that "the thronge" of people which affected mediæval Cornhill, amongst whom this ancient poet lost his "hoode," were addicted to the breaking of other commandments beside the eighth, for, in 1282, one Henry Wallis, then Mayor of London, caused a prison to be built "for night-walkers and other suspicious persons," at the spot which, according to an early map, is now the corner of Birchin Lane and Cornhill.

This prison was called the Tunne, or Tun, "because the same was built somewhat in the fashion of a Tun standing on one end" (see illustration). On the west side of the Tun, Stow tells us that there was "a fair well of spring water, curbed round with stone." The city watchmen seemed to have made very free use of the Cornhill prison house, for in 1297 the authorities came into collision with the church for having incarcerated in the Tun several priests, and "punished them according to the customs of the City." The result of this was a communication to the citizens from King Edward I., as follows:—
“EDWARD, by the Grace of God, &c. Whereas Richard Gravesend, Bishop of London, hath shewed unto us that by the Great Charter of England, that no Clerke should be imprisoned by a Layman without our commandment, and breach of peace, which, notwithstanding, some citizens of London upon meere spight, doe enter in their watches into clerks’ chambers and they carry them to the Tunne, which Henry de Wallis, sometime Maior, built for night-walkers; wherefore wee will that this our commandment be proclaimed in full Hoystings, and that no watch hereafter enter any clerk’s chambers under the forfeit of £30. Dated at Carlisle, the 11th day of March, the 25th of our Reigne.”

It is sad to learn that the ministers of the church in that day were not above taking advantage of the protection thus afforded them, they apparently purging themselves of their offences by the payment of fines to their spiritual superiors. Thus the good citizens protested that “they abhorred not only the negligence of their prelates, but also detested their avarice that studied for money, omitted the punishment limited by law, and permitted those that were found guilty to live favourably by their fines.”

In making this protest these worthy men were not without some fear lest the consequences of churchmen evading punishment for transgressing against the laws would include them, they expressing an opinion that unless they were free to deal with all offenders, God’s vengeance would take the form of pestilence, or sword, or that the earth should swallow them up.

This protest appears to have had its due effect, at least in one instance on record, to wit, as follows: One John Attwood, draper, dwelling in the parish of St. Michael, Cornhill, “directly against the church, having a proper woman for his wife,” was in the habit of entertaining “a chauntry priest of the said parish” to supper at his house, and “a game of tables for a pint of ale.” The priest abused this hospitality by conducting an intrigue with John Attwood’s wife. Being apprehended and committed to the Tun, his punishment was this, “He was on three market days conveyed through the High Street and Markets of the City, with a paper on his head, whereon was written his
trespass; the first day he rode in a carriage; the second on a horse, his face to the horse’s tail; the third led betwixt twaine, and every day rung with basons, and proclamations made of his fact at every turning of the streets, and also before John Attwood’s stall, and the church door of his service, where he lost his chauntrey of twenty nobles the year, and was banished the City for ever.” And very glad, we should imagine, was he to get out of it.

In their desire to purify the City, its custodians five centuries since were not sparing of their punishments. They did their best to shame transgressors into leading proper lives. Thus, women guilty of certain offences were first imprisoned in the Tun on Cornhill, where, “after bringing them forth to the sight of the world, they caused their heads to be shaven after the manner of thieves, whom they named Appellators, and so to be led about the City in sight of all the inhabitants, with Trumpets and Pipes sounding before them, that their persons might be more largely known.”

Pious King Edward, who so strongly objected to the Tun being used as a house of correction for ecclesiastics, was, like most of our early monarchs, not averse to turning anything that might occur in his realm to his own pecuniary advantage, if possible. Thus, in 1299, “certain principal citizens of London broke up the prison called the Tun, and took out certain prisoners.” Twenty thousand marks was the sum named by William de March, treasurer of the King’s Exchequer, “to purchase the King’s favour, and the confirmation of their liberties”! Rather a heavy fine. In the year 1401, the old prison-house of the Tun was “made a cistern for sweet water, conveyed by pipes of lead from Tyburne,” which became known as the Conduit upon Cornhill. The old well was planked over, and a new prison built, which was called the Cage (see illustration). The bakers of this period
appear to have contracted a habit of "offending in the size of bread," and millers to have developed a penchant for "stealing corn at the mill." For the use and delectation of these offenders, a pillory was placed on the top of the Cage, the structure being also furnished with a pair of stocks. To this new prison certain jurors of venal mind, who had sold their verdicts to the highest bidder, were judged to ride from Newgate to stand in the pillory with "miters of paper on their heads." Publicity was evidently believed in by our forefathers. In 1745, the Conduit was enlarged by Robert Drope, draper, then Mayor of the City, but no mention is then made of the prison, Newgate having probably superseded it as a place of confinement for wrongdoers.

The Standard upon Cornhill.

The "well of spring water," and the Conduit attached to the Tun, were not the only sources of water supply for Cornhill. One Peter Morris, described both as a German and a Dutchman, built, in 1582, a Water Standard, "in the middle of the High Streete, and at the parting of the four ways," being the junction now formed by Bishopsgate Street, Gracechurch Street, Leadenhall Street and Cornhill. Morris’s idea was to convey Thames water in "pipes of lead over the steeple of St. Magnus Church, into divers men's houses in Thames Street, New Fish Street and Grass Street, up to the north-west corner of Leadenhall."

The Standard was provided "at the charges of the City," with four spouts running four ways at every tide, plentifully serving to the commodity of the inhabitants, near adjoining, in their houses, and also cleansing the channels of the street towards Bishopsgate, Aldgate, the Bridge and the Stocks Market." What steps were taken, or if any, to render the Thames water which flowed through the old Standard fit for drinking purposes, the chroniclers of the period do not state. Perhaps the great plague which raged a century later furnishes the best answer.
Cornhill the Highest Ground in the City.

By virtue of the ancient inscription on the well-known stone built into the wall at Panyer Alley, Newgate Street,

"When you have search'd the City round,
Yet still this is the highest ground.

such has always been accepted as a fact. But it is not so. The very reason that induced Peter Morris, the German, to build his water standard on Cornhill was because it was "the highest ground of all the city" (Stow). In support of this, Loftie places on his sectional map of London the spot where the Standard on Cornhill stood as sixty feet above the sea level, and Panyer Alley at fifty-nine feet. Of course twelve inches is not a great deal, but if there is anything in being the most elevated spot "when you have searched the City round," then Cornhill is entitled to it. The old water tower no longer exists, but for years a pump stood on the spot, and to this day are to be found around London milestones recording the fact that it is so many miles from the Standard in Cornhill, showing that the spot was, and still is, regarded as a central one.
The Battle of Cornhill.

The fact that in the turbulent times, which culminated in the execution of King Charles I. and the Protectorate of Cromwell, Cornhill was the site of a battle, is little known in history, but such is the case. When the king was beaten in battle after battle, and gave up the struggle, certain disbanded royalist regiments thought they would continue the war on their own account, and marched on London. Cromwell sent his favourite General, Fairfax, to repel them. The belligerents met at Leadenhall, and fought what was called afterwards the Battle of Cornhill. Fairfax was the victor, but the citizens had to pay very dearly for his services, a demand being made upon them by his imperious master for £50,000! Upon their refusal to pay so large a sum, the soldiers proceeded to dismantle the fortifications which then existed. Cromwell was a firm believer in the

"G O O D old rule . . the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

for he managed to squeeze £20,000 out of the citizens; and sometime after, when he contemplated visiting Ireland, he made a further demand on them for a trifle of £150,000 towards his expenses. So if the Battle of Cornhill had never been fought, the citizens of London would probably have been just as well off. King Charles' soldiers could hardly have got much more out of them.

The Royal Exchange.

No history of Cornhill would be complete without full reference to the Royal Exchange, which is one of the principal features, not only of the thoroughfare, but of the City of London itself, and it may be said of the world—anyway, of the world of commerce. "This country," said
the late Mr. Rothschild in 1832, "is in general the Bank of the Whole World—I mean that all transactions in India, in China, in Germany, in Russia, and in the whole world, are guided here and settled in this country," and the centre of these operations, the heart, as it were, of this Bank of the Whole World, is the Royal Exchange.

The honour of being the founder of the Exchange is generally accorded to Sir Thomas Gresham, but the suggestion was given to Sir Thomas by one Richard Clough, a Welshman, and originally a servant of Sir Thomas Gresham's who eventually rose to be a great merchant, and died Sir Richard Clough. At that time (1560) Antwerp was the commercial centre of Europe, and possessed a Bourse to which Clough was accredited as the agent of
Sir Thomas Gresham. Clough is stated to have written to his master blaming the City of London for neglecting to provide a Bourse, and "bluntly telling him that they studied nothing else but their own private profit; that they were content to walk about in the rain more like pedlars than merchants; and that there was no kind of people but had their place to transact their business in other countries."

Clough further expressed an opinion that "there would be more money found in Antwerpe, whensoever the Queene's Majesty should have need." Good Queen Bess often "had need" of money, and so acting on Clough's opinion, Sir Thomas Gresham wrote to Cecil suggesting that the Queen should borrow the money she required from her own subjects, by doing which he came to the remarkable conclusion that other princes would "see what a Prince of Power she ys"! But the Merchant Adventurers did not appear to have particular faith in the commercial integrity of their Queen (she on one occasion sent to the Ironmongers' Company for a loan of £60, and directed that if they had not got the amount they were to "borrow it immediately, and pay the interest themselves"), for when Gresham proposed a loan it was referred to the common hall and negatived by a show of hands, and this notwithstanding that the very liberal rate of 12 per cent. was offered.

Gresham did, however, manage to raise £12,900 from eight of the principal merchants, and later £8,200, for his sovereign, to be repaid in six months. When these sums became due they were renewed, and thus the foundation of frequent and large money transactions between the City and the State was laid "to the great profit"—to quote old Malcolm once more—"of the monied men of England."

One of the worthy Clough's suggestions having borne such good fruit, Sir Thomas Gresham commenced to carry out the other, with, as subsequent events proved, exceedingly beneficial effects to himself. He selected as a site for his projected Exchange part of the very spot where the present building now stands, and as "his extensive concerns had made him well known to his fellow citizens" he managed to induce them to purchase eighty houses and their sites and have the ground levelled at their expense. This done,
Sir Thomas agreed to erect the building. The eighty houses, and the land upon which they stood, cost the worthy citizens £4,000. The other day land in the vicinity was sold at the rate of £70 per square foot!

The way thus prepared for the Exchange, or Bourse as it was to be called, the wily Sir Thomas, before commencing operations, further induced the City to convey to him the ground and Exchange on the condition that it was subsequently to be reconveyed by him to the City. "He was to," says Malcolm, in his *Londinium Redivivum*, but "he never did." And a very excellent thing did Sir Thomas Gresham make out of the Exchange; for, after his death, Lady Gresham is said to have received £751 per annum in rent, etc., from the shops, etc., a very large sum in the year 1600. Malcolm, who shows great annoyance in his book at Sir Thomas's commercial astuteness, reckons this £751 to be the interest on £15,000 at five per cent. "Now," says he, "as the ground and old buildings of the site cost but £4,000, it is highly probable that the expenses of the Exchange were not more than £6,000; if so, he was enabled to present his Lady with the interest of £9,000, the clear profit of the undertaking"; which, as he further remarks,
"was a coalition of public utility and private advantage not often equalled!" Malcolm shows further anger that the citizens who found the money for the site are not properly recognized when the honours of founding the Exchange are allotted. He says, "I mean to infer that the frequenters of the Exchange are equally indebted to the then Mayor, Aldermen and Common Council of London as to Sir Thomas Gresham, though the former, with great injustice, are never mentioned with the Exchange." But, what may we may ask, what about poor Sir Richard Clough? Has he no claims to founder's honours?

But we have got in a little advance of things. To revert; the land having been cleared, and the conveyance made out by the confiding citizens, Sir Thomas Gresham, on June 7, 1566, laid the foundation stone, which foundation stone was, according to Pennant, a brick! The superstructure was of brick, "continued with a view to reimburse the expenses of erection;" and with the same view shops, with vaults beneath, were placed at the base. For these shops Sir Thomas received a rent of £4 per annum. We give an illustration of the building as it appeared in 1569, just previous to its formal opening by Queen Elizabeth. The strange-looking creatures, which are apparently performing the dangerous feat of balancing themselves on their stomachs, on the top of the various steeples, represent grasshoppers, the coat of arms of Sir Thomas Gresham.

On January 23, 1570, the Queen, who was "extravagantly fond of pomp and public pageantry," proceeded from Somerset House to Gresham's Mansion, where, having been banqueted, "the whole party went to the new building, where every shop and every tenant were exhibited to the utmost advantage. After gratifying her curiosity, the Queen commanded a herald to proclaim it the Royal Exchange by sound of trumpet."

Three hundred years later, another Queen of England, our own good Victoria, performed a similar ceremony in the building which is now the Royal Exchange. Gresham's building found its fate in the great fire of London, the only thing left to mark where the building stood, being curiously enough Gresham's statue, which was almost untouched.
In 1667, a year afterwards, Charles II. laid the first stone of its successor, in return for which he was regaled "with a chine of beef, a grand dish of fowls, hams, dried tongues, anchovies, caviare, etc., and plenty of wines." James, Duke of York, evidently heard of this, for three days later he laid another foundation stone, and was "regaled in the same manner." A fortnight later, Prince Rupert laid yet another stone, with presumably the same subsequent proceedings. More ground and some adjacent buildings being required for the new Exchange, the King's influence was brought to bear, and there are several instances recorded of the interest he took in the matter. To what degree his majesty's sound practical turn of mind made his assistance and advice valuable, is evidenced by his wanting to commence with the statues. He directed the Earl of Manchester to write a letter, recommending one Caius Gabriel Cibber "to the making of the statues for the Royal Exchange." The Committee are reported to have called Mr. Cibber in and acquainted him "that the business of making the statues is yet very far from their thoughts, having the whole Exchange to build first!"
Charles's Exchange was eventually opened on September 28, 1669, but the King appears in the meantime to have changed his opinions of Cibber, for although that sculptor did get some of his works into the Exchange, the statue of Charles himself was by Bushnell. In 1703, the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen affixed to the Exchange an order prohibiting "all persons coming upon the Royal Exchange, to do business before the hours of twelve o'clock and after the hour of two, till evening change." The evening change was from six to eight, or four to six, according to the time of year. At the beginning of the present century, only one hour was allotted to business at the Exchange, from three to four.

The second Exchange was destroyed by fire on January 10, 1830, and, in 1838, an Act was passed giving power of purchase of a number of buildings east and west of the old Exchange, and the present structure was commenced, the total cost of acquiring the increased space and the building, being over £370,000.

The present Royal Exchange is described as a quasi-Greek, Roman, and Composite building, and the foundation-stone was laid January 17, 1842, Sir John Pirie being Lord Mayor.

Nearly three years later, on October 28, 1844, the Exchange was opened by Queen Victoria. Luncheon was served in the Underwriters' room, Her Majesty subsequently proceeding to the quadrangle, and, following in the footsteps of Queen Elizabeth, said:—"It is my royal will and pleasure that this building be hereafter called the Royal Exchange."

**The Stocks Market.**

The Stocks Market, of which we give an illustration, must not be confounded with the Stock Exchange. It was erected sometime about the year 1280, and was, says Pennant, "the great market of the City during many centuries." It took its name from a pair of stocks for the punishment of offenders, erected in an open space near the spot.
In the market stood a famous statue of Charles I.,
erected by Sir Robert Viner, a Lord Mayor of the period.
The history of this statue is somewhat amusing. Sir Robert
must have possessed a pretty wit, and a quick
perception of how to adapt things to his own
uses. One day, it appears, he happened on a statue
which old chroniclers are
careful to tell us was
"Made in Leghorn"—it
would be "Made in
Germany" now—of John
Sobieski, King of Poland,
trampling on a Jew.

The quick-witted Viner here saw an excellent chance of
pleasing his monarch, and perchance getting a little some-
thing for himself in return. Just a little alteration and the
King of Poland made a splendid King Charles of England,
and some slight attention to the trampled-on Jew, and there
was Oliver Cromwell. "And thus," says Pennant, "new
named, it arose on this spot in honour of the convivial
monarch." It is just possible that the "convivial monarch,"
who was a needy man withal, was not above further testing
the good Sir Robert Viner's loyalty to the extent of a few
hundreds ready cash.

The Earl of Rochester, the King's whilom confidant and
buxom companion, thus disrespectfully wrote of the statue
and his Royal master—

"COULD Robert Viner have foreseen
The glorious triumphs of his master,
The wood church statue gold had been,
Which now is made of alabaster;
But wise men think had it been wood,
'Twere for a bankrupt King too good.

"Those that the fabric well consider,
Do of it diversely discourse.
Some pass their censure on the rider,
Others their judgment of the horse;
Most say the steed's a goodly thing,
But all agree 'tis a lewd King."
The famous statue, after adorning the Stocks Market for a century or so, fell upon evil days. When the market was pulled down, in order to make room for the present Mansion House, the statue was, we are told, relegated to the back-yard of an inn, where it remained from 1738 to 1779, when it was bestowed by the Common Council on a descendant of Sir Robert Viner, "who removed it to grace his country seat."

It seems a pity to have parted with so accommodating a statue. It might, with a little more attention, have served later on for Wellington trampling on Bonaparte, or, as an up-to-date allegory, it would only be necessary to place a harp in Cromwell's hands, and a fireman's helmet on King Charles's head, and you have "the hated Saxon" trampling on the "distressful country" at once.

It may be interesting to state that the income derived from rents in the Stocks Market was devoted to the maintenance of London Bridge, and in order that the shops within the market should always be let, it was decreed that "fish or flesh" should not be sold other than in the markets appointed (of which the Stocks was one), under pain of forfeiture.

As an instance of rents charged in the City three hundred and sixty years ago, there were, in 1543, in all forty-three shops or stalls for fishmongers and butchers in the Stocks Market, with "sixteen chambers above," the total rent per annum of which was £82 3s. At a recent dinner of the Markets Committee, it was stated that the weekly rents of the shops in Smithfield Market was £1,337!

The Great Fires of Cornhill.

Cornhill has several times been devastated by terrible fires. The first occurred on March 25, 1748, beginning at the house of a peruke maker, one Eldridge, in Change Alley, who, together with the whole of his family, and a number of other people, perished in the flames. The
fire appears to have rapidly spread, notwithstanding that an old chronicler states there were fifty engines at work, and consumed nearly a hundred houses, of which about twenty fronted Cornhill, the rest being in Birchin Lane, Change Alley, George Yard, and neighbourhood.

If the sort of overgrown coffee-mill, representing a fire engine in the print of the period, which we reproduce below, is a specimen of the fifty engines engaged, one can quite understand the failure of the leisurely gentleman playing with it to cope with the flames. The office of the London Assurance was one of the buildings burnt, but whether it had insured itself, historians do not say. A number of historical houses were also swept away, among them Garraway's celebrated Coffee-house; the almost equally famous coffee-houses, Tom's, The Rainbow, Jonathan's and The Jerusalem, The George and Vulture Tavern, The Fleece and Three Tuns Tavern, and the house where Gray the poet resided, alluded to in our chapter on the literary associations of Cornhill, were also destroyed. This was the greatest calamity of the kind that befell the City since the great fire a century before, and it was probably the cause of the enactment obliging builders to carry party walls beyond the roof, the
cause of the great spread of this fire being attributed to the walls not being built high enough to cut off the communication of the rafters.

Another terrible conflagration began at Hamlin's Coffee-house, in Sweeting's Alley, Cornhill, early in the morning of November 10, 1760. On this occasion the Royal Exchange narrowly escaped, but thirteen houses were burnt, and many more damaged. The Church of St. Benet Fink was also injured by fire and water. Thornbury mentions even a third great fire which occurred in 1765, and commenced, like the first, at a peruke maker's in Bishopsgate Street, and "made a clean sweep of all the houses from Cornhill to St. Martin Outwich; and the Church Parsonage, Merchant Taylors' Hall, and several houses in Threadneedle Street, were much damaged." The White Lion Tavern, purchased the evening before for £3,000, all the houses in White Lion Court, five houses in Cornhill, and several houses in Leadenhall Street were burnt, and several lives lost.

When we remember, that in addition to the Great Fire of 1666, the Royal Exchange was again burnt, Cornhill may be said to have had its full share of what the gentlemen who write about fires in the daily press are so fond of calling "the devouring element."

The Stone House upon Cornhill.

The Stone House upon Cornhill, of which we give an illustration, taken from an old print, "is," says Stow, "of some, to a church, whereof it had no proportion; of others, a Jew's house, as though none but Jews dwelt in stone houses; but that opinion is without warrant, for beside the strong building of stone houses against the invasion of thieves at night, when no watches were kept in the first year of Richard I., to prevent the casualties of fire, which often happened in the City, when the houses were built of timber, and covered with reed or straw, Henry Fitz Aleweine, being Mayor, it was henceforth decreed that henceforth no
man should build within the City but of stone until a certain height, and to cover the said building with either slate or tile." This particular stone house stood, it appears, on ground taken for enlarging the second Royal Exchange, and was presumably consumed in the Great Fire which destroyed the Exchange.

A Celebrated Inhabitant, and a Famous Business.

ALDERMAN BIRCH, nicknamed by the irreverent of his day, "Mr. Pattypan," the famous confectioner of Cornhill, was Lord Mayor in 1815. This celebrated business, which, under the title of Ring & Brymer, still flourishes at the same spot where it was originally established (No. 15), was founded by a Mr. Horton, in the reign of George I.

The fame of Samuel Birch, who was born in 1787, will not live in history merely because of the excellence of his confections, and the fact that he became Lord Mayor, for he was in truth a many-sided man. He excelled in oratory, achieved fame in military annals as Colonel of the City Militia, and in his spare moments was given to writing poetry and plays. The inscription on Chantrey's statue in the Guildhall is a specimen of his literary abilities; and his name is inscribed on the foundation stone of the London Institution, as having "well and truly laid" the same. Cornhill should certainly possess a statue of Samuel Birch; although, by the way, it did not apparently honour him during life, he not being Alderman of the Ward of his residence, but of that of Candlewick.
This thoroughfare, running from about the centre of Cornhill into Lombard Street, is as ancient as Cornhill itself. Its original name was Birchover Lane. "So called," says Stow, "of Birchover the first builder and owner thereof." Even in Stow's time it, by some means or other, became corrupted into Birchin Lane. In its early days it was a famous place for old clothes. Dekker, in his "Gull's Horn Book," speaks of the whalebone doublets of Birchin Lane, and there is a line spoken by one of the characters in an old play relevant to having purchased "a captain's suit, a valiant buff-doublet, stuffed with points, and a pair of velvet slops scored thick with lace."

In this connection Stow, in speaking of the thoroughfare in the time of Henry VI. (1422) says, "this lane and the High Street near adjoining, hath been inhabited for the most part with wealthy drapers; from Birchin Lane, on that side of the street, down to the Stocks, had ye for the most part dwelling fripperers, or upholsters that sold old apparel or household stuffs."

In Birchin Lane stood the celebrated Tom's Coffee House, alluded to in another chapter. Finch Lane is a continuation of Birchin Lane, running from the opposite side of Cornhill into Threadneedle Street, it was so named after Robert Finke, who built the Church of St. Benet-Finke, which, after narrowly escaping destruction, by the second great fire of Cornhill, was pulled down to make room for the Exchange. It is probably coeval, in the matter of antiquity, with Birchin Lane, but does not appear to have any special history.

St. Michael's, Change, and Pope's Head Alleys.

These byways are also of very ancient date, the first being entitled to some celebrity, as being the site of the opening of the first of the Coffee Houses of London,
which subsequently became such popular places of resort, and became, in fact, to our forefathers, what the clubs of to-day are to us.

It was in 1652, that one Bowman, formerly coachman to a Turkey merchant, entered into partnership with Pasque Rosee, a Levantine, another servant of the same merchant, and opened the first of the London Coffee Houses in St. Michael's Alley. Bowman subsequently dissolved partnership with Rosee, and started an opposition establishment in St. Michael's Churchyard. Bowman, in his turn, also had to face opposition, an apprentice of his a little while after starting business for himself opposite St. Michael's Church; and so these places grew in spite of the vintners, who saw in the growing popularity of the new drink a great danger to their own interests.

In Exchange Alley stood for two centuries the, perhaps, most famous of all Coffee Houses, the renowned Garraway's. Change Alley will always be associated with the disastrous South Sea Bubble, which brought ruin to thousands. Gay, the poet, in some verses to a friend who had been ensnared by the tempting offers made by those who worked the scheme, thus wrote:—

"Why did Change Alley waste thy precious hours
Among the fools who gaped for golden showers?
No wonder if we found some poets there,
Who live on fancy and can feed on air;
No wonder they were caught by South Sea Schemes,
Who ne'er enjoyed a guinea but in dreams."

Change Alley also contained another famous Coffee House, known as "Jonathan's."

In the "Anatomy of Exchange Alley," published in 1719, we read: "The centre of the jobbing is in the Kingdom of Exchange Alley and its adjacencies. The limits are easily surrounded in about a minute and a half, viz., stepping out of Jonathan's into the Alley you turn your face full south; moving on a few paces, and then turning due east, you advance to Garraway's; from thence going out at the door, you go on still east into Birchin Lane, and then halting a little at Sword Blade Bank, to do much mischief in fewest words, you immediately face to the north, enter Cornhill,
visit two or three petty provinces there on your way west; and thus, having boxed the compass, and sailed round the stock-jobbing globe, you turn into Jonathan's again; and so, as most of the great follies of life oblige us to do, you end just where you began."

Another of the Alleys of Cornhill is that called Pope's Head Alley, once the site, according to Stow, of a royal palace. This Alley is celebrated as being the place where, according to Cunningham, the first printseller was established in London. The first edition of Speed's "Great Britain," date 1611, was sold by John Sudbury and George Humble in Pope's Head Alley, at the sign of the White Horse. Ben Jonson alludes to the pamphlets of Pope's Alley, and in Peacham's "Complete Gentleman" the printsellers of the place are alluded to. At another period it became famous for traders in toys, and in another, and later on, cutlers congregated there.

Cornhill possesses two churches, each possessing features of great interest, both from an antiquarian and architectural point of view. We have already spoken of St. Peter's, which stands at the eastern end of the thoroughfare with a portion facing Gracechurch Street, as laying claim to the first Christian Church founded in London, and quoted
a tablet, which is still preserved in the church, to that effect. Whether this be a fact or no, the antiquity of St. Peter’s is undoubted. Even Stow, who is inclined to be against the “first Church” theory, speaks of St. Peter’s as “a very ancient building” at the time he commenced his survey, which was in 1598.

In its very earliest days, a library was founded in connection with the church, probably the first public library ever established, its principal object being to convert Druids, “learned men of Pagan law,” to Christianity. The library had disappeared in Stow’s time, and in its place stood a Grammar School. This was one of the schools commenced by Parliament in the reign of Henry VI. (1426), when it was enacted that “Four Grammar Schools in London should be maintained, viz: in the Parishes of Allhallowes in Thames Street; Saint Andrew’s in Olborne; Saint Peter’s upon Cornhill; and Saint Thomas of Acars.”

The church shown in our illustration of the Carrefoure with St. Peter’s, Cornhill, 1599, was extensively repaired, the work lasting five years, and costing the then large sum of £1,400. Thirty years later it was swept away by the Great Fire. The present edifice, by Sir Christopher Wren, was erected in 1686. Stow quotes some very curious epitaphs which stood in the old church, one of which, in order to show the wild desire which existed then, as now, on the part of some people to write rhyme, we append:—

```
HERE under lieth buried,
William Messe of this City.
Whilst he lived, free
Of the Grocers' Company,
And Julian, his wife,
To whom 24 years married was he,
By whom God sent him
Five Sons and Daughters three.
And to God's will
His heart was always bent,
So did his death
Shew a life well spent.
Here this is written,
That others may remember,
His godly departure
From this world, the 26th of September.''
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Remember, remember, the 26th of September, brings up visions of the late lamented Guido Fawkes.

The present church contains a tablet recording the death, in the great fire of January 18, 1782, of the seven children of James Woodmason, of Leadenhall Street. What an old writer calls "A dismal disturbance ending in blood," took place at St. Peter's in 1243, when one Amice, a deacon of the church, was found murdered within its precincts. Another murder took place about the same time at St. Paul's, and the supposed murderer, one Geoffry Russell,
“who was himself struck with a knife,” took refuge in the sanctuary of St. Peter, and “would not come to the Peace of our Lord the King, nor go out of the church.” Notwithstanding that the sheriffs caused the churchyard to be “kept,” Master Geoffrey Russell succeeded in escaping.

Some time ago there existed a subterranean passage leading from the tower of the Church. When explored by some bold youths in later years, a stone coffin and urn were found. The passage is now bricked up.

There used, anciently, to be a great procession on Whit Monday from St. Peter’s, through Cornhill, to Cheapside, in which “all the Rectors of London,” the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs took part. The patronage of the Rectory is in the hands of the Lord Mayor and Commonality of London, it having been conveyed to them by Sir Richard Whittington, of “cat” celebrity, in whose hands it came in 1411.

St. Michael’s is the Parish Church of Cornhill, now situate in St. Michael’s Alley, a little to the east of Birchin Lane, but it formerly faced Cornhill. King Edward VI., generally accounted a pious youth, was responsible for shutting the Parish Church out of Cornhill itself, by utilizing “a green churchyard” (Stow, the father of all the London Chroniclers, devises in his will, “My Body to be
buryed in the litell Grene Church-yard of the Paryshe Church of Seynt Myghel, Cornehyll," for the purpose of building four houses.

The earliest mention of a church on the spot is in the year 1133, in the reign of Henry I., when a grant of it was made to one Sparling, a Priest, on condition of paying the Abbot of Evnersham, or Eversham one mark annually as rent, and providing the said Abbot with "lodging, salt, water and fire," whenever he came to London. St. Michael's is one of the seven London Churches dedicated to the patron Saint of France, the Archangel Michael.

In the old church, destroyed by the Great Fire, there were, as in St. Peter's, some very curious specimens of the rhymed epitaph. Here is one relating to Francis Benneson, setting forth his whole life and adventures, including his marriage with a Dutch lady, and the whereabouts ("no doubt") of his soul:
Here is another, date 1625, relating to Laurence Caldwell, Citizen and Haberdasher, and Mary, his wife:

"Herein lodged a loving pair,

Sleeping, rest they free from care.

Though their journey from their birth,

Had been tedious long on earth,

He that freed them from their sin,

Sent them to this holy Inne,

Joyful Requiems for to sing,

Hallelujahs to their King.

Till the summons, till the day,

Till the trump Sound Rise Away."

Still another is that which was inscribed on the tomb of Alderman Houghton (1569), and, as the poet sets forth, "Elizabeth, his wife." The poet, it will be observed, is their son Peter, a fact which he is careful to work into his rhyme.

"As heart in life with love were lincks,

So here their Bodies ly,

Adjoining close, so are, I hope,

Their Souls with God on high.

Their names, as wel of him as hers,

Before their day of Death

Were these, He, Thomas Houghton, and

His wife, Elizabeth.

Behind him he hath left alive

But children (only) three,

Two Daughters and one only Son,

And I, alas! am he,

Who (Peter Houghton) have to name

Which here erected have

In memory of parents mine

This stone upon their grave."
We fail to see why honest Peter should reflect on the conduct of his parents in only having three children, and also why he should say "alas!" to the fact that he was the only male among the three. Perhaps, as he was given to writing poetry, the worthy Alderman might have been content even if Peter had never been born at all. Among other ancient monuments in the old church was one to William Rus or Rous, Sheriff of London in 1429, who left £100 to found an altar in the chancel, and £40 towards a new tower, the old one having been burnt down in 1421. We give an illustration of this old steeple.

We have already mentioned that Stow was buried in the church, as was also Alderman Fabian, another of our old historians, known for his "Chronicles of England and France." Stow's grandfather—also buried in St. Michael's—was a tallow chandler, and with the double purpose of achieving immortality and of benefiting his late trade, if possible, he left certain moneys for providing candles to be burnt on the seven altars of the church from six till half-past seven o'clock from All Hallows' Day till the Candlemas following. He gave also a poor man and woman one penny "on every Sunday in one yeere," to say five paternosters and aves and a credo for his soul. The following legend is told of St. Michael's, relating how his Satanic Majesty once descended the belfry of St. Michael's during a thunderstorm. It runs:

"UPON St. James's night, certain men in a loft under the bells, ringing a peal, a tempest of thunder and lightning did arise, an ugly shapen sight appeared to them coming in at the south window and lighted on the north. For fear whereof, they all fell down and lay as dead for the time, letting the bells ring and cease of their own accord. When the ringers came to themselves they found certain stones of the north window to be raised and scratched, as if they had been so much butter printed with a lyon's claw; the same stones were fastened there again and so remain to this day. I have seen them oft, and have put a feather or small stick into the holes where the claws had entered three or four inches deep."
It seems probable that what these poor bell-ringers fancied was the devil was a stroke of lightning. The whole church of St. Michael, with the exception of the tower, was consumed in the big conflagration of 1666, and the present structure was commenced from the designs of Sir Christopher Wren in 1672. The old tower stood till a hundred years later, when it had to be rebuilt. The present tower is said to be in imitation of the chapel tower of Magdalen College, Oxford. The body of the church, which is Italian, divided by Doric columns and arches, was magnificently decorated in 1859 from the designs of Sir Gilbert Scott.
Ancient Coffee-Houses.

We have told, in speaking of 'Change Alley, how, in 1652, the first Coffee-house in London was there opened. Coffee, when first introduced, was said to be a cure for nearly all the ills that the flesh is heir to. To quote Pasque Rosee's circular:

"It is excellent to prevent and cure dropsy, gout and scurvy. It is known by experience to be better than other drying drink for people in years, or children that have running humours on them, as the king's evil, etc. It is a most excellent remedy against the spleen, hypochondriac winds, and the like. It will prevent drowsiness, and make one fit for business, if one have occasion to watch; and therefore you are not to drink of it after supper unless you intend to be watchful, for it will hinder sleep for three or four hours."

It is not surprising that places for the sale of a beverage alleged to possess such wonderful and manifold qualities were not long in springing up in considerable numbers.

They did, and among the most famous, perhaps the most famous of all, was that known for over two centuries as Garraway's, in 'Change Alley, Cornhill. "This noted place," says Timbs, in his chatty work on the clubs, and coffee-houses, and taverns of London, "has a threefold celebrity: tea was first sold in England here; it was a great place of resort in the time of the South Sea Bubble; and has since been a place of great mercantile transactions." The original proprietor was Thomas Garway or Garraway, the first retailer of tea, which, like coffee, was described as being a cure for everything. Here is Garway's bill, issued at the time of the opening of his Coffee-house:

"Tea in England hath been sold in the leaf for six pounds, and sometimes for ten pounds the pound weight, and in respect of its former scarceness and dearness, it hath been only used as a regalia in high
treatments and entertainments, and presents made thereof to princes and grandees, till the year 1651. The said Thomas Garway did purchase a quantity thereof, and first publicly sold the said tea in leaf and drink made according to the directions of the most knowing merchants and travellers into those Eastern countries; and upon knowledge and experience of the said Garway's continued care and industry in obtaining the best tea, and making drink thereof, very many noblemen, physicians, and gentlemen of quality, have ever since sent to him for the said leaf, and daily resort to his house in Exchange Alley, aforesaid, to drink the drink thereof; and to the end that all persons of eminence and quality, gentlemen and others, who have occasion for tea in leaf may be supplied; these are to give notice, that the said Garway has tea to sell from sixteen to fifty shillings per pound."

Wines were sold at Garraway's, in 1673, "by the candle," that is, by auction while an inch of candle burns. Steele, in The Tatler, mentions how, on his return home one evening, he found "a very handsome present of French wine left him as a taster, of 216 hogsheads, which were to be put up at £20 the hogshead at Garraway's."

The "candle auction" was decided by the bidding progressing while a piece of candle an inch long burnt out. He who gave the last bid before the light went out was adjudged the purchaser. The sale room was on the first floor, and here, besides wine, sales of drugs, mahogany and timber were periodically held. Timbs says that, "Twenty or thirty property and other sales sometimes take place here in a day," during which it would seem that a great many inches of candle must have been burnt. Garraway's was closely adjacent to South Sea House, and at the time of the famous Bubble it was daily crowded with rash speculators.

Dr. Radcliffe, a famous physician of the day, usually seated himself at a table there, about Exchange time, to watch the turn of the market. When one day he was told that five thousand guineas which he had invested was lost, he replied, "Well, 'tis but going up five thousand pairs of stairs once more." A fine philosopher was Dr. Radcliffe. Swift, in his "Ballad on the South Sea Scheme, 1721," mentions Garraway's:
ANCIENT COFFEE-HOUSES.

"Here is a gulf where thousands fell
Here all the bold adventurers came,
A narrow sound, though deep as hell,
'Change Alley is the dreadful name.

Subscribers here by thousands float,
And jostle one another down,
Each paddling in his leaking boat,
And here they fish for gold and drown.

Now buried in the depths below,
Now mounted up to heaven again,
They reel and stagger to and fro,
At their wits' end like drunken men.

Meanwhile secure on Garway's cliff,
A savage race, by shipwrecks fed,
Lie waiting for the founder'd skiffs,
And strip the bodies of the dead."

In 1840 and 1841, when tea speculation was at its height, and prices were fluctuating sixpence and eightpence per pound, on the arrival of every mail Garraway's was frequented by a host of dealers, and great excitement prevailed. In an old work called The City, the writer says, "Champagne and anchovy toasts were the order of the night; and everyone came, ate, and drank, and went as he pleased, without the least question concerning the score, yet bills were discharged, and this plan continued for several months." Honesty in paying a wine bill seems to have slightly astonished our forefathers. But the glory has departed, nothing exists of Garraway's now except a tablet marking the place where once it stood.

Jonathan's was another celebrated Coffee-house of 'Change Alley. It is described in The Tatler as the general mart of Stock jobbers; and, notwithstanding that a prohibition against an assemblage of jobbers, issued by the City authorities, existed, gambling of all sorts was carried on openly at Jonathan's. Mrs. Centlivre, in the comedy of "A Bold Stroke for a Wife," has a scene from Jonathan's, in about the year 1719. While Stock jobbers are talking, the coffee boys are crying: "Fresh coffee, gentlemen, fresh coffee! Bohea tea, gentlemen!" A glimpse of Jonathan's in its prime is to be found in Pictures of the Periods, by W. F. Collier, LL.D.
At a table, a few yards off, sat a couple of men engaged in the discussion of a newly started scheme. Plunging his hand impatiently under the deep, silver-buttoned flap of frock coat of cinnamon cloth, and drawing out a paper, the more business-like of the pair eagerly read out figures intended to convince the listener, who took a jewelled snuff-box from the deep pocket of the green brocade waistcoat which overlapped his thigh, and, tapping the lid, enjoyed a pinch of perfumed Turkish, as he leaned back lazily in his chair.

Somewhat further off, standing in the middle of the room, was a keen lawyer, counting on his fingers the result of a certain speculation in human hair, to which a fresh-coloured farmer from St. Albans, on whose boots the mud of the Cattle Market was not dry, listened with a face of stolid avarice, clutching the stag-horn handle of his thonged whip as eagerly as if it were the wealth he coveted.

There strode a nonconformist divine, with S.S.S. in every line of his face, greedy for the gold that perisheth; here a bishop, whose true place was Garraway’s, edged his cassock through the crowd; sturdy ship-captains, whose manners smack of blustering breezes, and who hailed their acquaintances as if through a speaking trumpet in a storm. Booksellers’ hacks from Grub Street, who were wont to borrow ink-bottles, and ‘just one sheet of paper’ at the bar of the Black Swan in St. Martin’s Lane, and whose tarnished lace, when not altogether torn away, showed a suspicious coppery redness underneath.

Jews of every grade, from the thriving promoter of a company for importing ashes from Spain, or extracting stearine from sunflower seeds, to the seller of sailors’ slops from Wapping-in-the-Wose, come to look for a skipper who had bilked him; a sprinkling of well-to-do merchants; and a host of those flashy hangers-on to the skirts of commerce, who brighten up in days of maniacal speculation, and are always ready to dispose of shares in some unopened issue or some untried invention—passed and repassed with continuous change and murmur before the Squire’s eyes, during the quarter of an hour that he sat there.”

Such was Jonathan’s Coffee-house in ‘Change Alley, Cornhill, in its palmy days. A century and a half has passed away, and with it Jonathan’s; but dress the puppets differently, then bring them up-to-date as it were, and Dr. Collier’s description will apply to many places of to-day.
 Cobornhill in 1560.
The Jerusalem, situated in Cowper's Court, which is a little to the west of Birchin Lane, was a celebrated Coffee-house in Bishopsgate Street, previous to its removal some two centuries ago to the spot where it still stands, having been rebuilt after the great fire which devastated the district, and again in 1879. It is one of the oldest City news-rooms, and it still makes a feature of its files of foreign newspapers and shipping intelligence. Its "subscription room" is largely resorted to by captains and merchants connected with the China, India, and Australian trade. It was at the Jerusalem that John Tawell, the Slough murderer, was arrested in 1845. He had certain property in Sydney, and was in the habit of resorting to the Jerusalem for news respecting it. Information of his being at his old haunt was given to the authorities by telegraph, and he was captured; this being one of the earliest instances of the electric wire being instrumental in bringing a criminal to justice.

Tom's Coffee-house, which stood in Birchin Lane a century ago, was the great resort of the younger merchants, who then, as now, were fond of associating with the actors and actresses of the day. David Garrick, who, although a consummate artist, was not devoid of commercial instinct, used to further this companionship—which was no doubt of pecuniary advantage to the Thespians—by appearing at Tom's about twice during the season, in 'Change time. Colley Cibber was also a frequenter of Tom's (see chapter on "Literary Associations").

In one of the very oldest of newspapers, The Kingdom's Intelligencer (date 1662), published weekly "by authority," there is an account of the opening of a "New Coffee-house," called The Turk's Head, in 'Change Alley, Cornhill. A token, or sort of coin in the Beaufoy collection, has on the obverse, "Morat ye Great Mee did call—Sultan's head"; reverse "Where eare I came I conquered all." In the field, "Coffee, Tobacco, Sherbet, Tea, Chocolate, Retail in Exchange Alee." "The word 'Tea,'" says Mr. Burn in the Beaufoy catalogue, "occurs on no other tokens than those issued from the 'Great Turk' Coffee-house in Exchange Alley." In one of its advertisements, 1662, tea is quoted from six shillings to sixty shillings per pound.
Lloyd's is perhaps the most famous of all the Cornhill Coffee-houses, because from it sprang the great Marine Assurance Office, which occupies the east-end of the Royal Exchange (see chapter on “Lloyd’s”). The Coffee-house itself was first established in Lombard Street; subsequently in Pope's Head Alley, where it was called “New Lloyd's Coffee-house”; but on February 14, 1774, it was removed to the north-west corner of the Exchange, where it remained until the destruction of that building by the fire. On the re-building of the Exchange, Lloyd's Coffee-house became transformed into the present palatial offices.

Marine Insurance had been known in a desultory sort of way previous to the Great Fire of London, and those engaged in it used to meet at Gresham's Exchange.

While the second Exchange was building, these ancient underwriters are said to have met in a room near Cornhill; and from thence they removed to a Coffee-house in Lombard Street, kept by a person named Lloyd, where intelligence of vessels was collected and made public. It was here that the now celebrated Lloyd's List was first published, about the year 1726.
Nothing is positively known of the original Lloyd, but in an ode, written in 1750, it is stated by the author, a naval officer, to be “printed for Lloyd, well known for obliging the public with the Freshest and Most Authentic Ship News.”

In *The Gentleman's Magazine*, for 1740, the following will be found: “11 March, 1740, Mr. Baker, master of Lloyd’s Coffee-house, waited on Sir Robert Walpole with the news of Admiral Vernon’s taking Portobello. This was the first account received thereof, and proving true, Sir Robert was pleased to order him a handsome present.” This famous Coffee-house is often alluded to in contemporary prints. In a poem, printed in the year 1700, it is referred to as follows:

"Now to Lloyd's Coffee-house he never fails,  
To read the letters, and attend the sales."

Steele, in *The Tatler*, 1710, tells how, on receipt of news, a youth used to ascend the rostrum, used by the auctioneer for sales, and read it “with a loud and distinct voice, while the whole audience are sipping their various liquors.” Addison, in *The Spectator*, April 23, 1711, relates a curious incident which occurred. He happened to drop some of his “copy,” or matter for the next issue of his paper from his pocket. It having been perceived by some “merry gentlemen,” the reader youth was ordered by them to mount the rostrum, and read it aloud, which he did, and “made the whole Coffee house very merry.”

**Ancient Taverns.**

**LIKE** with its coffee-houses of old, the ancient taverns of Cornhill are rich in historical associations. One of the oldest, and in its day the most celebrated of these was the Pope's Head Tavern, which gave the name to Pope's Head Alley, a thoroughfare still in existence, opposite the Royal Exchange. This noted tavern is
mentioned as early as the fourth year of the reign of King Edward IV. (1464) in the account of a wager between an Alicant goldsmith and an English goldsmith; the Alicant stranger contending in the tavern that "Englishmen were not so cunning in workmanship of goldsmithry as Alicant strangers." It is satisfactory to learn that the Englishman won the wager, which, under the circumstances upon which a judgment was probably arrived, does not perhaps necessarily prove that the Alicant was wrong.

But Stow puts back the date of the actual house much earlier than this. He says, "this Pope's Head Tavern and other houses adjoining, strongly built of stone, hath of old time been all in one pertaining to some great estate or rather the King of this Realm." The reason Stow gives for coming to this conclusion is that the Arms of England as they were before the reign of King Edward III. were "fair and largely engraven on stone towards the High Street." Stow is further of opinion that the Tavern was formerly the residence of King John, because he discovered in "a written copy of Matthew Paris, his history," an account of how, in the year 1232, Henry III. sent Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent, to Cornhill, "there to answer all matters objected against him."

The next account of the Pope's Head Tavern is in 1615, in which year it was left by Sir William Craven, father of the first Earl of Craven, to the Merchant Taylors' Company for charitable purposes, and in 1849 the Company had nine houses on the spot. Pepys refers to the fine painted room here in 1668-9. In the tavern on April 14, 1718, Quin, the actor, killed, in self-defence, his fellow comedian Bowen, a clever but hot-headed Irishman, who was jealous of Quin's reputation. In a moment of anger he sent for Quin to the tavern, and as soon as he entered the room, Bowen drew his sword, placed his back against the door, and bade Quin draw his. Quin, having remonstrated, drew in his own defence, and endeavoured to disarm his antagonist. He, however, inflicted a wound upon Bowen, of which three days later he died, having acknowledged himself the aggressor. Quin was tried and honourably acquitted.

In that curious old ballad of "London Lyckpenny,"
quoted in our account of the earliest history of Cornhill, is to be found the statement that in the reign of Richard II. wine was sold at the Pope's Head at one penny per pint, with bread included! It is described how a traveller coming to Cornhill, when the wine drawer of the Pope's Head Tavern—"it being the custom of drawers thus to waylay passengers"—takes the man by the hand and says, "Will you drink a pint of wine," whereunto the countryman replies: "A penny spend I may," and so drank the wine. "For bread nothing did he pay"—that was given in. This is Stow's version, but the ballad makes the taverner, not the drawer, invite the countryman; and the latter, instead of getting the bread for nothing, complains of having to go away hungry:

"The taverner took me by the sleeve,
Sir," saith he, 'Will you our wine assay?'
I answered 'That cannot me much grieve,
A penny can do no more than it may';
I drank a pint, and for it did pay;
Yet sore a hungered from thence I yede,
And wanting money I could not speid."

The Pope's Head was in existence down to the year 1756, but there is no obtainable record of its actual demolition. Stow also mentions the Cardinal's Hat Tavern, in Pope's Head Alley; the Fleece Tavern, "seated in Cornhill, with a passage into this ('Change) Alley, being a very large House, and of great Resort"; the Globe Tavern, on the north side of Cornhill, "large and of good trade," but of these no further record exists. The same must be said of the Three Tuns, the Swan, and George and Vulture, which were all known to exist previous to the Great Fire.

The African Tavern, in St. Michael's Alley is remarkable as being the place where the learned Professor Porson was stricken with death. The savant fancied himself under restraint, and to convince himself of the contrary walked out one morning to the African, one of his City resorts. On reaching the tavern he was noticed to be very exhausted. Wine was given him, but he never rallied, and shortly afterwards died.
"Of all City Institutions," says a recent writer, "the 'Old Lady of Threadneedle Street,' as the Bank of England is still affectionately called, west of Temple Bar, stands pre-eminent in point of general importance, historical reputation, and actual wealth: so that from the governor to the youngest clerk in the building there is a stamp of respectability and of financial stability, which impresses all who enter its solid oaken portals."

Separated only from Cornhill by the Royal Exchange, the Bank, with its well-known exterior, of which we give an illustration, was the first Joint Stock Bank ever established, its charter dating back to July 27, 1694. Its origin, like a number of other benefits which we of to-day enjoy, was due
to the failings and frailties of King Charles II., of pious (?) memory. Charles was lax in money matters, as well as most others, and when he seized £1,300,000 deposited by the London Goldsmiths in the Exchequer—the Goldsmiths being, up to that time, the recognised bankers—it began to be considered whether it would not be as well to devise some scheme for providing a safer deposit of the moneys of the people.

One William Paterson, a native of Lochmaben in Dumfriesshire—a very remarkable man, with a romantic early history, he being, as stated, at various times to have been almost everything, from a parson to a pirate—was the man of the moment, and it was owing to his financial genius that the Bank of England was started.

The government of William III. were (1691) in debt to the tune of £3,000,000, and it wanted more. To get more, extravagant interest had to be paid, 20, 30, and even 40 per cent., and although security of taxes—the land tax principally—was offered, money was not always forthcoming. Paterson's plan was obtaining money on the public credit, and in 1693 his plan was brought before the Cabinet, Queen Mary being present, to whose firmness, it is said, after a six hours' sitting, it was adopted. A Bill was presented to Parliament, purporting only to be a Bill "to impose a new duty on tonnage, for the benefit of such loyal persons as shall advance money for carrying on the war"; the war, of course, being with France. Being at war with France was the normal state of affairs for nearly all the centuries which ended with 1815.

The Bill provided power for the Government to raise a loan of £1,200,000, at 8 per cent. upon the new taxes, the subscribers being formed into a Company under the name of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England. £4,000 per annum was to be allowed for management, making the whole annual payment to the Company £100,000.

The Company were to be enabled to purchase lands, and to deal in bills of exchange, and gold and silver bullion, but were not to buy merchandize, though they might sell unredeemed goods on which they had made advances. This Act received the royal assent on April 25, 1694, and the
subscription was completed by Paterson and his friends in ten days, 25 per cent. being paid down; and the Company received its Charter of Incorporation on the 27th of July. The Charter was renewed from time to time, till in 1844 Parliament passed the Great Bank Charter Act (7 and 8 Vic. cap. 32), which entirely remodelled the establishment, and made the provisions by which it still exists.

The most important of the changes made in the institution of the bank under this Charter, is the separation of the issue from the banking department, and the regulation of its issue of notes. One of the clauses of the Act orders that no person commencing the business of a banker after May 6, 1844, shall be allowed the issue of notes. The Act further removes the issuing of Bank of England notes from the control of the Directors, this department being now virtually a Government office, worked, for convenience, in Threadneedle Street. Notes to the extent of fourteen millions sterling—since increased—are allowed by the Act to be issued on the responsibility of the Government.

The Bank of England is managed by a Governor, Deputy-Governor, and twenty-four Directors, with a staff of clerks, and other employés numbering in all about a thousand persons. Between the years 1697 and 1782 the original capital of the Bank of England was augmented by new subscriptions and calls to £11,642,000, and further increased on June 29, 1816—just a year after the conclusion of the Napoleonic struggle—by the addition of 25 per cent. out of the Rest, to £14,553,000, on which there is no further liability. There is also a Reserve Fund, or "Rest," varying necessarily from week to week, and amounting roughly, to somewhat over £3,100,000.

As showing the extent of the extensive pile of buildings in which the business of the Bank is carried on, and the value of property around Cornhill, Sir John Soane, the late architect to the Bank, fixed the amount of rent which he thought ought to be paid by the Bank at £35,000, and £5,000 for fixtures, etc., making a total rental of £40,000; and this was a good many years ago, the probable rental value being now nearer £50,000 than £40,000. The present bank building was not commenced until many
years after its original establishment. As recently as 1732 the Bank was a very small and modest building, surrounded by houses, and almost invisible to passers-by.

There was a church called St. Christopher-le-Stocks, three taverns, and fifteen or twenty private buildings on the east side, just about where the principal entrance now is. On the 3rd of August in that year the Governors and Directors laid the first stone of their new building in Threadneedle Street, which was completed in 1734, the east and west wings being completed in 1766 and 1786, and the remainder of the structure completed by Sir John Soane in 1788. The material used throughout the greater part of the edifice is stone, and every means have been used to render it indestructible by fire.

Any person may walk into the rotunda, and most of the principal apartments. Among these principal apartments is the Pay Hall, 79 feet long and 40 feet wide, forming part of the original building by Sampson; the three per cent. Consol Office, 90 feet long by 50 feet wide, and constructed without timber; and the Dividend and Bank Stock Offices, designed in similar style. Altogether a very interesting institution is the Bank of England.

The Mansion House.

Facing the western end of Cornhill stands the Mansion House, the residence of the Lord Mayors of London, and their households, a building naturally of some note,
and yet of little antiquity, for although the office of "Maior of London" goes back a considerable number of centuries; it was not till 1737 that the chief officer of the City was furnished with an official residence, they, until that time, having to put up with their own houses, or borrowing one of the Companies' Halls.

In 1837, the old Stocks Market was removed to Farringdon Street, and called the Fleet Market, and on its site Lord Mayor Perry laid the first stone, of which Thornbury calls "the present dull and stately Mansion House," the architect being Dance, and the style selected Greek. "The edifice," says "Dodsley's Guide to London," "is very substantially built of stone, and has a portico of six lofty, fluted columns of the Corinthian Order, in the front being continued in pilasters, both under the pediment, and on each side. The basement story is very massive, and built in rustic. In the centre of this story is the door which leads to the kitchens, cellars, and other offices, and on each side rises a flight of steps of very considerable extent, leading up to the portico, in the middle of which is the door which leads to the apartments and offices where business is transacted. The stone balustrade of the stairs is continued along the front of the portico, and the columns, which are wrought
in the proportions of Palladio, support a large angular pediment." This pediment is adorned with a number of allegorical bas-reliefs.

The principal apartment in the interior is the noble banqueting-room, designed by the Earl of Burlington, and intended to resemble an Egyptian Chamber, described by Vitruvius, and on this account called the Egyptian Hall. At the close of the Exhibition of 1851, the Corporation of London, with a view to encourage art, voted £10,000 to be expended in statuary for the Egyptian Hall, which, as a result, contains a number of magnificent specimens of the sculptor's chisel. Here Emperors and Shahs, Kings, Queens, Princes, Solders, Sailors, Statesmen, Divines, and all the great, and powerful, and titled, and wealthy in this and other lands, have partaken of the Lord Mayor of London's hospitality. There are several other dining-rooms, known as the Venetian Parlour, Wilkes's Parlour, etc., besides a drawing-room and ball-room. The building also contains a Justice-room, where the Lord Mayor, as chief magistrate of the City, daily sits.

The kitchen is a remarkable place, it possessing ranges each large enough to roast an ox; the spits being large cages, turned by machinery. The stewing range is a long, broad iron pavement laid down over a series of furnaces, and provision is made for the boiling of vegetables, not by means of saucepans, but tanks! Altogether the Mansion House, if not for its architectural beauty and art treasures, will ever live as the first and foremost place in the world for feasting the inner man.

Cornhill Lord Mayors.

The Ward of Cornhill has supplied no less than twenty-one Aldermen who have filled the exalted office of Lord Mayor of London, the list extending over a period of over three centuries, as follows:—
Several other gentlemen, who held the office of Lord Mayor, resided or carried on business in the Ward of Cornhill, although being Aldermen of other Wards. One of these was Sir Robert Drope, Lord Mayor in 1474, who lived in Cornhill. His widow married Viscount Lisle. Sir John Hawes, who was Lord Mayor in 1547, afterwards removed from the Ward he then represented, to Cornhill. We have already spoken of Alderman Birch, Lord Mayor 1815; and Sir George Carroll, Lord Mayor 1846, had a lottery office in Cornhill. In still later times, Sir Joseph Savory, who had a distinguished year of office in 1890, was the head of the Goldsmiths' Alliance, opposite Wellington's Statue, in front of the Royal Exchange. Of the older race of Cornhill Aldermen, above mentioned, several were very distinguished men. Sir Henry Colet was the father of Dean Colet, whose name will ever be handed down to posterity as the Founder of St. Paul's School. Sir Thomas White founded St. John's College, Oxford, and married the widow of Alderman Warren, Cromwell's ancestor. Sir John White,
a native of Farnham, was M.P. for the City, and president of Christ's Hospital. **Sir Ralph Freeman** is an ancestor of **Lord Sondes**, his daughter having married a nobleman of that name.

**Sir John Philpot**, the first on the list, a native of Kent, was called the Head, Heart and Hand of the City. He represented the City in Parliament, and was knighted on the field of battle. "**Sir John Houblon was,"** says Orridge, in his book "Citizens and their Rulers," "a progenitor of **Viscount Palmerston**, his brother, Abraham Houblon, being the great grandfather of the celebrated statesman."

The names Abraham, Isaac and James appeared as partners in Winchester Street, in the "Little Directory," alluded to in another chapter. **Sir John Houblon** was M.P. for the City, first Governor of the Bank of England, and a Lord of the Admiralty. **Sir Charles Flower**, who was said to have risen from very humble origin, was created a Baronet in the Jubilee year of George III. **Sir John Pirie** is mentioned in another chapter as having laid the foundation-stone of the present Royal Exchange. He owed his Baronetcy to the accident that the Prince of Wales was born on the day he assumed the Mayoralty, November 9, 1841.

But perhaps the most celebrated of all the Aldermen of Cornhill, in a great many respects, was **Sir Robert Nicholas Fowler**, of the well-known banking firm of Dimsdale, Fowler, Barnard & Co., who was unanimously elected by the inhabitants of the Ward as their Alderman on the death of Mr. John Carter, in 1878. **Sir Robert**, or Mr. Fowler as he then was, took upon himself the duties of Lord Mayor amid the very unusual sounds of hissing and groans, and yet became one of the most popular Chief Magistrates on record; being chosen to the office a second time.

It was in 1883, some years before Alderman Fowler should, by the established rule of rotation, have been nominated Lord Mayor, that things were unsettled, the Government of the day were threatening the City, and, moreover, there were ugly rumours about the Alderman first on the list, Mr. Hadley. He was, however, elected by the Common Hall, and his name, together with that next
on the list, in accordance with custom, was sent to the Court Aldermen for election. The Aldermen passed both names over, and chose Alderman Fowler as Lord Mayor. Great was the surprise of everybody, and exceeding the wrath of Alderman Hadley's friends; but time showed that the Aldermen were right.

Sir Robert Fowler proved himself to be the man wanted at the moment, a staunch champion of the City, a beau-ideal member of Parliament for such a constituency; he greatly assisted in averting the threatened danger, gaining alike the respect and esteem of both friends and foes, and from the Queen a Baronetcy. The election of the Common Hall, and rejected of the Aldermen shortly afterwards fell upon evil times, and died in obscurity. So the City Fathers knew something in acting as they did. By a strange and sad coincidence, the other Alderman passed over, a most worthy man, named Nottage, died soon after being chosen as Lord Mayor, and Sir Robert Fowler was unanimously selected out by the Court of Aldermen to finish the term of his office. Altogether Cornhill has good reason to be proud of its long and illustrious list of Lord Mayors of London.

**Literary Associations.**

**Cornhill** and neighbourhood is rich in literary associations. Such names as *Daniel Defoe*, *Thomas Gray*, *Lord Macaulay*, *Samuel Pepys*, *Jonathan Swift*, *George Grote*, *Charles Lamb*, *Sir Philip Sidney*, *Douglas Jerrold*, and, in later years, *William Makepeace Thackeray*, were all more or less connected with it.

The first named, the author of the immortal "Robinson Crusoe," was, in the year 1685, a hosier and wool-dealer, carrying on business at Freeman's Court, a now demolished thoroughfare, which ran at the east end of Royal Exchange. Defoe, or as it was originally spelt De Foe, gave grave offence by writing a pamphlet entitled, "The Shortest Way
with Dissenters,” which, by a resolution passed in the House of Commons, was ordered to be burnt by the common hangman. The House also issued a reward of £50 for his arrest. This was in January, 1703, and it appears that in July of that year Defoe was captured, it being on record that part of his punishment was to stand in the pillory before the Royal Exchange in Cornhill, at the Conduit in
Cheapside and Temple Bar. The first-named place was, no doubt, chosen on account of its being near to the culprit's residence, our forefathers, as we have shown previously, having great faith in exposing one's sins before the eyes of one's immediate neighbours. The neighbours in this instance appeared either to have had personal sympathy with Defoe, or a grudge against dissenters, for in John Forster's "Biographical Essays," we are told that "Other missiles than were wont to greet a pillory reached De Foe, and shouts of a different temper. 'The people were expected to treat me very ill,' he said, 'but it was not so. On the contrary, they were pleased with me, wished those who sent me there were placed in my room, and expressed their affection by loud shouts and acclamations when I was taken down.'"

That giant in literature, THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY (LORD MACAULAY), historian, critic, poet, and statesman, although not actually born in Cornhill, was taken in his infancy to a house which his parents occupied in Birchin Lane, and, according to Laurence Hutton, to whose interesting work, "Literary Landmarks of London," we are indebted for several of our facts, baby Macaulay was daily carried along Cornhill and Threadneedle Street, to get the air in Drapers' Gardens, which at the time (1800) was an open space of considerable dimensions, and which, in a curtailed state, still exists.

THOMAS GRAY, the poet, whose "Elegy" will last as long as the English language is spoken, was the son of a money scrivener, whose house then (1716) stood on the south side of Cornhill, between Birchin Lane and St. Michael's Church. The house was destroyed by the great fire which occurred in 1748. SAMUEL PEPYS, the famous gossip-monger, and author of the celebrated Diary, was known to the habitués of Cornhill in the years between 1632-1703, the Navy Office (he was Secretary to the Admiralty) being then in Seething Lane hard by. The garrulous Samuel was a great frequenter of the taverns of his day. Mr. Hutton gives a list of no less than forty-two which are spoken of in the "Diary," and says, "besides these Pepys mentions scores of taverns by name, but gives no hint where they stood." Amongst those
especially favoured were the Pope's Head, in Pope's Head Alley, running from 18, Cornhill, to 73, Lombard Street, and The White Horse, in Lombard Street.

Richard Porson, a celebrated classical critic, and Professor of Greek at Cambridge, who flourished in the years 1759 to 1792, was a regular frequenter of the African Coffee-house, St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill. Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, satirist, author of "Tale of a Tub," "Gulliver's Travels," &c., was a well-known figure at Garraway's, Exchange Alley, while James Shirley, an early dramatic poet, whose "Gamester," published in 1637, still lives, and whose Dramatic Works and Poems were thought worthy of publication so recently as 1833, was born in the parish and baptized in the church of St. Mary, Woolchurch (see illustration), which stood on the site of the present Mansion House; Chatterton, "the marvellous boy, the sleepless soul that perished in his pride," mentions Tom's Coffee-house, which at one time stood in Cowper's Court, Birchin Lane, in a letter to his sister.

It is also related that one evening, when at Tom's Coffee-house, Colley Cibber, the actor and dramatist, was playing whist with an old General for his partner. As the cards were dealt to him, he took every one up in turn and expressed his disappointment at each indifferent one. In the
The progress of the game he did not follow suit, and his partner said "What, have you not a spade, Mr. Cibber?" The latter, looking at his cards, said "Oh, yes, a thousand," which drew a very peevish comment from the General, on which Cibber, who was shockingly addicted to swearing, replied, "Don't be angry, for —— I can play ten times worse if I like."

George Grote, the historian, commenced life as a clerk in his father's bank, 62, Threadneedle Street, and "lived in his house in the court adjoining." The great Sir Philip Sidney also passed part of his youth at his father's house in Threadneedle Street; and Richard Baxter, the eminent presbyterian, divine preacher and author of religious works (1615-1691), was married at the church of St. Benet Fink, Finch Lane. Charles Lamb, "the gentle Elia," was a clerk in the East India House, which stood in Leadenhall Street, and was pulled down in 1862. Douglas Jerrold worked at a printer's in Lombard Street, and John Locke, author of "Essays on the Human Understanding," had his letters left with Mr. Percivall, at the sign of the Black Boy, Lombard Street.

Cornhill is entitled to further literary celebrity, as being the place of publication of one of the earliest magazines and reviews, namely, The European Magazine, which was first published by I. Sewell, on Cornhill, January 1st, 1782. And then its associations with the famous Cornhill Magazine would alone be sufficient to make the name of the thoroughfare world-wide. It is as first editor of this magazine that Thackeray comes to be included in the list of literary celebrities, whose names are connected with Cornhill; and yet another distinguished name can be added, in the person of—happily still living—George Augustus Sala. Mr. Sala has recently told how in the days when he had yet to make a name, Thackeray gave him a letter of introduction to Mr. George Smith, of the firm of Smith and Elder, "whose place of business was then on the Hill of Corn itself."

Later in the same essay as above incident appears, Mr. Sala tells us how, in 1860, Thackeray sent for him and "explained to me fully the scope and purport of the new
Monthly Magazine which he was to edit, and which was to be published by Messrs. Smith and Elder. He showed me the marvellously clever design for the cover of the Magazine, which was to be called the *Cornhill Magazine*." Mr. George Smith, head of the famous publishing house, was evidently a man quite worthy of the traditions of the thoroughfare in which he carried on business. To quote Mr. Sala further, "he was a very munificent publisher." The same author describes the first "Cornhill" Dinner, afterwards held monthly, which Mr. Smith gave at his house in Hyde Park Square.

"Thackeray, of course, was in the chair, and on his left hand I think there sat a then well-known baronet, Sir Charles Taylor. To the president's right was good old Field-Marshal Sir John Burgoyne. Then we had Richard Monckton Milnes, soon to be Lord Houghton; Frederick Leighton and John Everett Millais, both young, handsome men, already celebrated and promising to be speedily famous. I think George H. Lewes was there; but I am sure that Robert Browning was. Anthony Trollope was very much to the fore, contradicting everybody, subsequently saying kind things to everybody, and occasionally going to sleep on sofas, chairs, or leaning against sideboards, and even somnolent while standing erect on the hearthrug. I never knew a man who could take so many spells of 'forty winks' at unexpected moments, and then turn up quite wakeful, alert, and pugnacious, as the author of 'Barchester Towers,' who had nothing of the bear but his skin, but whose ursine envelope was assuredly of the most grisly texture. Sir Edwin Landseer; Sykes, the designer of the 'Cornhill' cover; Frederick Walker, the last, a very young man, with every line in his features glowing with bright artistic genius; and Matthew Higgins, the 'Jacob Omnium' of the times, who was almost as tall as his fast friend Thackeray, were also among the guests at this memorable birthday banquet."

This quotation, written by a pen which in the time to come will not be accounted the least celebrated among the great writers whose names we have mentioned as connected with Cornhill and neighbourhood, aptly sets the seal on its claim to most interesting Literary Associations.
Much more might be written about the Cornhill of the past and the Cornhill of to-day, were this intended to be—what it is not—an exhaustive history of this most interesting locality. What we have endeavoured to do is to picture, within the brief limits of a small volume, the life of Cornhill as it has been lived from century to century; its ancient beginnings, and its gradual growth to the present stately thoroughfare, "the heart"—to again quote the words of one of our greatest financiers—"of the Bank of the Whole World"!

A history in itself would be the recounting of the many gigantic edifices, with their vast commercial transactions, which adorn the Cornhill of to-day. As, in the old time, it was the place where banks and bankers most did congregate, to-day it is the centre of the assurance world. One need only state that some thirty Insurance Companies have their offices in Cornhill, to show how great a centre for this class of business the old "streete" has become.

The goldsmiths, who first made Cornhill celebrated, have not quite deserted it, however, several fine establishments being still situate there; among the most prominent being those of Messrs. Barber and Smith, and Mr. Samuel Dixon; while the bankers are represented by Messrs. Prescott, Dimsdale, Cave, Tugwell & Co., Limited (which has of late furnished the Ward of Cornhill with two Aldermen, the late Sir Robert N. Fowler, and the present representative, Mr. Dimsdale). The London and Midland Bank, The Union Bank of Scotland, Messrs. Henry S. King & Co., The Bank of Adelaide, and National Bank of the South African Republic.

A notable establishment, at 59 and 60, the corner of Gracechurch, is that of The Cornhill Merchant Tailors' Co., almost the only representatives of a trade for which Cornhill was famous three and a half centuries ago. This firm affords a fit illustration of the vast difference which has come over the methods of business men in the latter part of the nineteenth century. The custom of passing an article through many hands, all of which derive a profit from the process, before it reached the consumer, has gradually given way to direct supply.
Wholesale merchants have become their own retailers, thus avoiding the bad debts which often accrued by the handling of their goods by the middle-man, while the purchasing public save his profit. And in no place could the advantage of such a system be better exemplified than in that one which, from the time when this great City of London was in its infancy, has always held a foremost position in its commercial history, to wit—CORNHILL.