

VARIOUS

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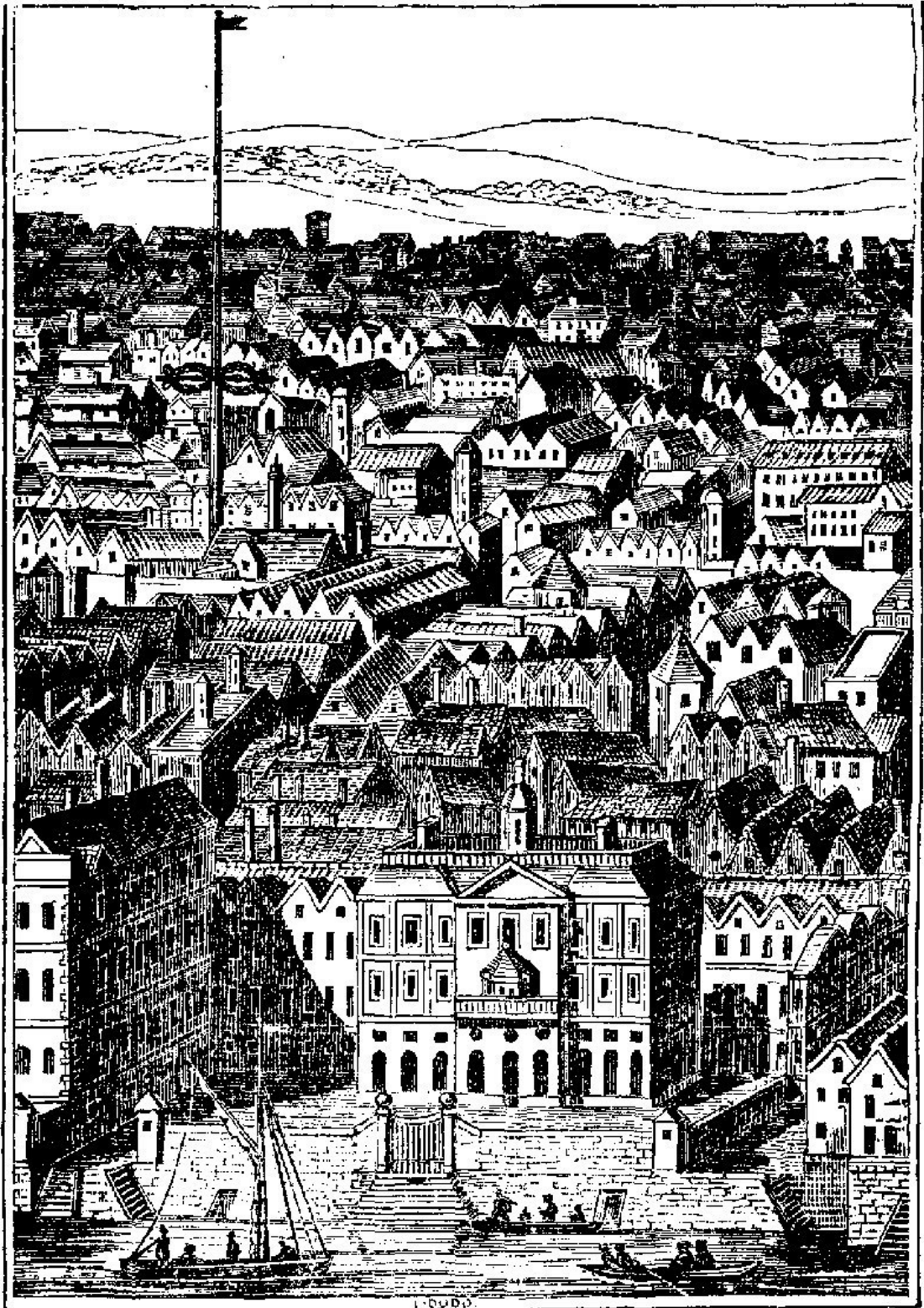
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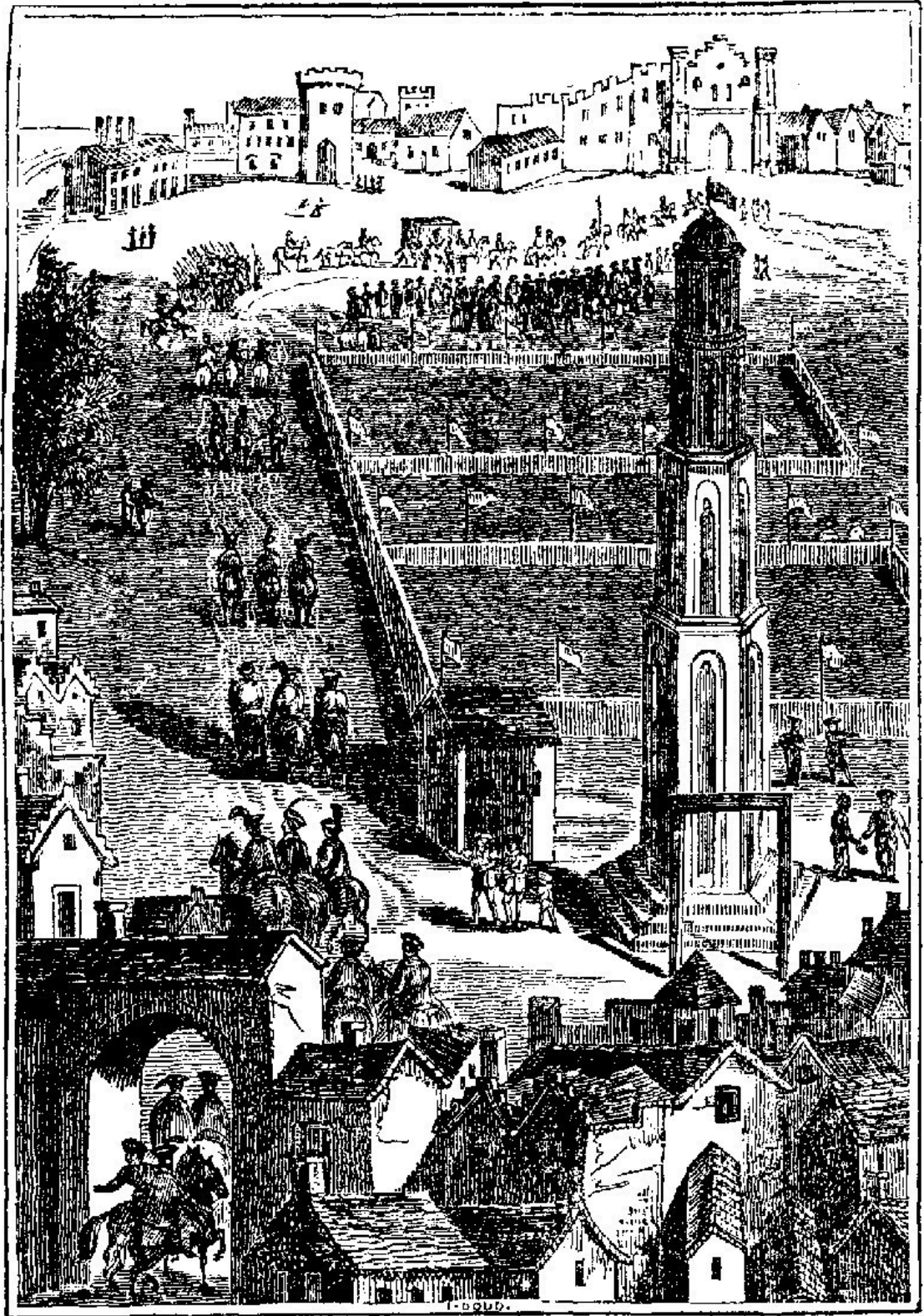
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THE STRAND, FROM ARUNDEL HOUSE, ANNO 1700.



STRAND CROSS, COVENT GARDEN, &c. ANNO 1547.

THE STRAND, ANCIENT AND MODERN

(Inscription copied from the original of the annexed Engraving.)

| THE STRAND, | THE STRAND, |
|---|---|
| In its ancient state, anno 1547. With the Strand Cross, Convent Garden, &c. With the Procession of Edward VI. | And its Neighbourhood, anno 1700. Looking from Arundel House, northwards, With the Maypole and Garland. |

We have often, in our antiquarian notices of the Metropolis, touched upon the olden topography of COVENT GARDEN and THE STRAND, and illustrated our pages with some portion of its history. Thus, in vol. xii. p. 40, the "regular subscriber" will find, an Engraving, and descriptive notes of Old Covent Garden: in vol. xiii. p. 122, he will find a second notice of the same spot; and in the same volume, p. 241, is a whole-page Engraving of the original Somerset House, with ample details of its foundation, the neighbouring district, &c. The reader should turn to these pages, and re-read them in connexion with the few particulars we have now to add.

To aid the first Engraving, with the Strand Cross and *Covent Garden*, we may quote that—

"Most of the ground occupied by the above parish was, in ancient times (anno 1222), an extensive garden, belonging to the Abbot and Convent of Westminster, and thence called the *Convent Garden*, from which the present appellation is an evident corruption. This estate, with other contiguous lands of the Abbots, which were originally named the *Elms*, and afterwards *Seven Acres*, and *Long Acre*, having reverted to the town at the Dissolution, was given by Edward the Sixth to his ill-fated uncle, the Duke of Somerset; after whose attainder, as appears from the original *Minutes* of the Privy Council, there was a patent granted in March, 1552, to John Russell, Earl of Bedford, and Lord Privy Seal, *per Bill. Dom. Regis* 'of the gift of the Covent, or Convent Garden, lying in the parish of St. Martin in the Fields, near Charing Cross, with seven acres, called *Long Acre*, of the yearly value of 6*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, parcel of the possessions of the late Duke of Somerset, to have to him and his heirs, reserving a tenure to the King's Majesty in *socage*, and not in *capite*.' Shortly after, the Earl of Bedford erected a mansion, principally of wood, for his town residence, near the bottom of what is now Southampton Street;¹ and that building, which obtained the name of *Bedford House*, remained till the year 1704: it was inclosed by a brick wall, and had a large garden extending northward, nearly to the site of the present market-place."

The Engraving scarcely requires further explanation. The Royal Procession to the Convent in the distance, with the young King, Edward VI. beneath a canopy, has a picturesque, if not imposing effect. By the way, a Correspondent, who appears to delight in the quaint sublime, tells us that in digging the foundation of the Market just erected in Covent Garden, a quantity of human bones were dug from a rich black mould, at the depth of five feet from the surface, opposite James-street. "The Irish labourers threw them forth, and the sun again gleamed upon the probable particles of holy nuns, till the heavy feet of costermongers, &c. scattered them, and carried the crumbling relics sticking to

¹ That street was so called in compliment to the celebrated Lady Rachel, daughter of Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of *Southampton*, and consort of William Lord Russell. Several other places in this parish were also denominated from either the names or titles of the Russell family—as *Russell Street*, *Bedford Street* and *Bury*, *Tavistock Street*, *Chandos Street*, &c. *King* and *Henrietta* Streets were so named in honour of Charles I. and his Queen; and *James* and *York* Streets, of the Duke of York, afterwards James II.

their muddy heels, throughout the town. This northern portion of the market might probably have been the Convent burial-ground."

A general descriptive outline of the Strand will assist the second view. Malcolm tells us that "the Strand *once* consisted of palaces for the Monarch, Archbishop, Bishops, a Royal Hospital, and mansions of the nobility. Yet a complaint occurs in the rolls of parliament of the high road between the Temple and the village of Charing being so deep and miry as to be almost impassable." Mr. Brayley, in his interesting *Londiniana*, gives the following:—

"In ancient times the STRAND was an open space, extending from *Temple Bar* to the village of *Charing*, sloping down to the river, and intersected by several streams from the neighbouring high grounds, which in this direction emptied themselves into the Thames. In after ages, when the residence of the court at Westminster had become more frequent, and the Parliament was held there, the Strand, being the road thence from the City, became the site of several magnificent mansions belonging to the nobility and clergy, most of which were situated on the south side, and had large gardens extending to the water's edge.

"The first of these mansions from Temple Bar, was *Exeter House*, an inn belonging to the Bishops of Exeter, afterwards called *Paget House*, and *Leicester House*, and finally *Essex House*, from being the residence of the favourite of Queen Elizabeth; under the latter appellation it has given name to the street, now built upon the spot where it formerly stood. Between that mansion and the present *Milford Lane*, was a Chapel, dedicated to the Holy Ghost, called *St. Spirit*, 'vpon what occasion founded,' says Stow, 'I have not read.'² To the west of this chapel was an Inn, belonging to the Bishop of Bath, called *Hampton Place*, and afterwards *Arundel House*, standing on the site of the present Arundel Street.—Further to the westward was an Inn of Chancery, called *Chester's Inn*, and *Strand Inn*, near which the Bishop of *Landaff* had also an *Inn*. At a short distance from the latter place was the *Strand Bridge*; 'and vnder it,' says Stow, 'a lane or way down to the landing-place on the bank of the Thames,'³ the site of which is still marked by Strand Lane. Not far from the bridge stood the Bishops of *Chester's Inn* ('commonly called *Lichfield* and *Couentrie*.⁴), and adjoining it the Bishop of *Worcester's Inn*, both of which were pulled down by the Protector Somerset, in 1549, when he erected *Somerset House*.⁵ Opposite the Bishop of Worcester's Inn formerly stood a stone cross, at which, says Stow, 'the justices itinerants sate without London.'⁶ Near this spot afterwards was erected the *May Pole*, which was removed in 1713.⁷ The next mansion was the *Palace* of the *Savoy*, adjoining to the walls of which were the gardens of the Bishop *Carlisle's Inn*, afterwards called *Worcester House*, now

² Stow's "Survey," p. 829, edit. 1618.

³ Ibid. p. 130.

⁴ Ibid.

⁵ The church of St. Mary le Strand was first termed St. Mary le Strand Cross; but, as the Protector Somerset, in the reign of Edward VI. deprived the inhabitants of it, in order to afford a site for his intended palace (Somerset House), our historians have barely mentioned it, some of whom suppose it to have been alluded to in the decretal sentence of Stephen, Archbishop of Canterbury, 1222, already mentioned under the name of the *Innocents*. The parishioners, thus deprived of their place of worship, were compelled to find admittance at the neighbouring churches, till the commissioners for erecting fifty new ones determined this parish should contain one of the number.—*Malcolm*.

⁶ Stow's "Survey," p. 130, edit. 1618.

⁷ The old May-pole often mentioned as in a state of decay in various publications, which stood almost on the site of the present church, was removed in 1713, and a new one erected July 4, opposite Somerset House, which had two gilt balls and a vane on the summit, decorated on rejoicing days with flags and garlands.—When the second May-pole was taken down, in May, 1718, Sir Isaac Newton procured it from the inhabitants, and afterwards sent it to the Rev. Mr. Pound, rector of Wanstead, Essex, who obtained permission from Lord Castlemain to erect it in Wanstead Park, for the support of the then largest telescope in Europe, made by Monsieur Hugon, and presented by him to the Royal Society, of which he was a member. This enormous instrument, 125 feet in length, had not long remained in the park, when the following limping verses were affixed to the May-pole: "Once I adorn'd the Strand, But now have found My way to pound, In Baron Newton's land: Where my aspiring head aloft is rear'd, T' observe the motions of the ethereal herd." "Here sometimes rais'd a machine by my side, Through which is seen the sparkling milky tide: Here oft I'm scented with a balmy dew, A pleasing blessing which the Strand ne'er knew." "There stood I only to receive abuse, But here converted to a nobler use; So that with me all passengers will say, I'm better far than when the Pole of May."

the site of Beaufort Buildings. The next in succession was *Salisbury House*, which has given name to Salisbury and Cecil Streets. Proceeding onwards, and passing over *Ivy Bridge*, the magnificent structure of *Durham House* presented itself, which at one period was a royal palace. Nearly adjoining was an *Inn* belonging to the Bishops of *Norwich*, afterwards called *York House*, from becoming the residence of the Archbishops of York, when their former mansion at Whitehall was converted into a royal palace by Henry the Eighth. York Stairs, at the bottom of Buckingham Street, still marks the water-gate of the estate, which subsequently became the property of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, whose names and titles are perpetuated in the various streets, &c. built upon it. The last mansion near the village of Charing, and now the only remaining one, was called *Northampton House*, afterwards *Suffolk House*, and now *Northumberland House*, from being the residence of the Dukes of Northumberland.

"On the north side, the Strand presented but few houses of note. *Wimbledon House*, on the spot lately occupied by D'Oyley's Warehouse, which had been erected by Sir Edward Cecil, was burnt down in 1628. At a little distance, westward, was *Burghley House*, afterwards *Exeter House*, and now partly occupied by Exeter 'Change; on the other part, and its attached ground, were erected the several streets and alleys receiving names from the Cecil family."

THE LAST WISH

(For the Mirror.)

Edward Rose, who died at Barnes, bequeathed an annual amount of 20*l.* to the parish, on condition that rose-trees should be planted round his tomb.

Vide Crofton Croker.

Ay! o'er them shall the soft wind blow,
And kiss their lips of bloom—
The fair, the bright in sunset's glow;
—Plant roses on my tomb.

The cypress is a mournful tree,
And bodes an early doom;
But lovely eyes shall weep o'er me;
—Plant roses o'er my tomb.

When feverish dreams assail with dread
The bosom's haunted gloom,
Oh, why should we lament the dead?
—Plant roses on my tomb.

The birds shall sing, amid their leaves,
To skies of richest bloom;
But cypress-shade the spirit grieves;—
—Plant roses on my tomb.

I loved them when a careless child,
And bless'd their deep perfume,
When lute and song my dreams beguiled;
—Plant roses on my tomb.

The fragrance touch'd with golden light,
And beautified with bloom;—
Oh, plant them in the sunset bright,
To consecrate my tomb.

R.A.⁸

⁸ Our correspondent assures us that the above lines were written many months before "The Tribute of Roses" appeared in the *Literary Gazette*.—See *Mirror*, vol. xvi. page 176.

HALCYON DAYS

(To the Editor.)

In illustration of your correspondent P.T.W.'s article, entitled "Halcyon Days," in No. 471, I beg to furnish you with the following, from a friend's album:—

There is a bird, a little bird, of plumage bright and gay,
Free as the tenants of the sea, free as its finny prey;
In wintry storms she lays her eggs, the briny sands among,
And twice seven days sweet calms succeed where billows roared along.
These are the sailor's *Halcyon Days*, when pleasure's on the main;
The young ones hatched, the storm appears, and Boreas rules again.

H.H.C.

ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH TITLE "DUKE OF CLARENCE."

(To the Editor.)

In No. 437 of the *Mirror*, is an account of "Clarence and its Royal Dukes, " which seems to imply that the title is derived from a town in Suffolk; but according to a recent traveller, the origin is of much older date, having descended by marriage, from the Latin conquerors of Greece. He thus describes the ancient town of Clarentza:—"One of the most prominent objects was Castel Tornese, an old Venetian fort, now a ruin, but in former days affording protection to the town of Chiarenza, or Clarentza, which, by a strange decree of fortune, has given the title of Clarence to our Royal Family. It would appear that at the time when the Latin conquerors of Constantinople divided the Western Empire amongst their leading chieftains, Clarentza, with the district around it, and which comprised almost all of ancient Elis, was formed into a Duchy, and fell to the lot of one of the victorious nobles, who transmitted the title and dukedom to his descendants, until the male line failed, and the heiress of Clarence married into the Hainault family. By this union, Phillippa, the consort of Edward III. became the representative of the Dukes of Clarence; and on this account was Prince Lionel invested with the title, which has since remained in our Royal Family. It is certainly singular that a wretched village in Greece should have bestowed its name upon the British monarch." According to the above account, Clarentia, I should suppose, is a corruption of Clarentza, and, perhaps, took its name in honour of the son of the warlike Edward; but, as to a "wretched village in Greece," bestowing its name upon the British monarch, the writer must be aware, according to his own account, that in ancient times Clarentza was no more a poor village, than Clare is what it was, when the wassail bowl cheered the baronial hall of its now mouldering castle.

W.G.C.

YES, WE SHALL MEET AGAIN

(For the Mirror.)

"The grave is the ordeal of true affection."

Washington Irving.

Yes, we shall meet again,
When this world's strife is over;
And where comes not care or pain,
A brighter land discover.

I will not think, in lasting night,
Earth's love and friendship dies;—
It lives again, serenely bright,
In worlds beyond the skies.

I will not think the grave hath power
To dim this heart's undying love;—
Oh! may I still, in death's dark hour,
Its lasting fondness prove.

Immortal sure some feelings are;—
Oh! not of earth the pure devotion,
Which lives in one fond earthly care,
And that—pure Friendship's soft emotion.

For brightest this wild world appears
When far each selfish care is driven;
Soft Pity! dry not yet thy tears—
They make dark earth resemble heaven.

For other's weal, for other's woe,
Let me have smiles and tears to give;
And all my busy care bestow,
In some fond trusting heart to live.

And let a voice be murmuring near,
When other sounds are faint and low.
And whisper softly in my ear.
When Death's chill dews are on my ear—

"Yes, we shall meet again,
When this world's strife is over;
And, where comes not care or pain,

A better land discover."

Kirton Lindsey.

ANNE R.

WHO WAS KATERFELTO?

(To the Editor.)

Perhaps some of your curious readers would oblige me with a little information concerning the personage mentioned in these lines of Cowper:—

"And Katerfelto, with his hair on end,
At his own wonders wondering for his bread,"

Task—Winter Evening.

All that *I* could discover about him, I found accidentally in a pamphlet on Quackery, published in 1805, at Kingston-upon-Hull. In a note to that little work, I am informed that *Dr. Katerfelto practised* on the people of London in the influenza of 1782; that he added to his *nostrum* the fascinations of hocus pocus; and that among other philosophical apparatus, he employed the services of some extraordinary *black cats*, with which he astonished the ignorant, and confounded the vulgar. But he was not, it seems, so successful in his practice when out of London: not long before his death, he was committed by the Mayor of Shrewsbury to the common House of Correction in that town, as a vagrant and impostor. When or how he died does not appear.

Cowper, when he mentions the name of Katerfelto, in the *Task*, in alluding to the advertisements of the London newspapers—and probably wrote the passage in the year 1782. The *Task* was published complete in 1785.

Whoever has easy access to the newspapers of 1782 or thereabout (as I, at this moment have not) will most probably discover some amusing particulars about this *Doctor*, that may attract your readers, few of whom will be more gratified than

Great Russell-st.

W.C.

THE CHEROOT

(To the Editor.)

In page 429, vol. xvi. of your amusing Miscellany, the Cheroot is called a China Cigar. The writer, if he had given himself the trouble to inquire of any person who had ever been in that country, would have ascertained that there is no such thing as a Cheroot manufactured in China; and what are called Cigars there are nothing more than a small quantity of very fine cut yellowish tobacco, wrapped up in white paper, and about two inches or rather more in length. These, the Chinese sometimes smoke, but generally prefer a shallow cupped pipe of composition metal, of which copper is the principal part; to which a long whanghee or small black bamboo is attached, as a stem or stalk, sometimes more than a yard in length, and tipped with an ivory tube or mouthpiece. They generally carry a piece of joss-stick or slow-match with them, and a flint, steel, and punk; and when they are inclined to smoke, they strike fire on a piece of punk, and light the joss-stick, which will continue burning a long while. As their tobacco is very fine and dry, the pipeful seldom takes more than one or two whiffs to consume it, and they emit the smoke through their nostrils in large volumes. In this manner they will smoke more than a dozen pipesfull in a short time. Cigars are generally imported into China by the Americans, or sent from Manilla; and Cheroots by the English and other trading vessels from Bengal or from Madras.

In India, the lower orders use a hookah or hubble bubble, which is made of a cocoa-nut shell well cleaned out, having a hole through the soft eye of the shell, and another on the opposite side, a little lower down, the first of which is used for the chauffoir, and the other to suck or draw the smoke from. The shell is nearly filled with water, and a composition of tobacco, sugar, and sometimes a little opium, is put into the chauffoir, in shape of a ball, about the size of a marble, which they call joggery. A live coal is then put on the ball in the chauffoir, and the hubble-bubble is handed from one to another, with the best relish imaginable. Sometimes a dozen natives, get squatting on their hams, in a group, and pass this delicate article of luxury from one to another, each taking two or three good pulls at it as it goes round, and chattering three or four at a time, like so many apes. They likewise emit the smoke through their nostrils like the Chinese. The women are in the habit of enjoying the hubble-bubble, in groups, in a similar manner.

The best Cheroots are manufactured at Chiusmab, near Calcutta, where likewise a great quantity are made up; they vary in length from four to eight or nine inches. A great quantity are likewise manufactured at Masulapatam, but they are considered as much inferior to those of Bengal. At Masulapatam there is a very extensive manufactory of a black clammy snuff, which is sent all over Hindostan.

Camden Town.

R.L.

STORY OF A BOY

(For the Mirror.)

Some years back a small party of children were amusing themselves upon the beach, near the town of Conway, in North Wales. One of them a fine boy of three years old being much fatigued, left his juvenile companions, and unperceived by them, got into a boat not far from the spot, and fell asleep. The tide soon afterwards coming in, floated the boat, and carried it up the river; and upon the return of tide it fell back, and subsequently the boat and infant were carried out into the channel, between Puffin Isle, near the Anglesea Coast and the Lancashire Shore, or I should say, in the Irish Channel. A trading vessel, in the grey of the morning, perceiving a small boat so far from any land, bore down, and the crew to their great surprise, found only the poor child in it, nearly heart broken at its unfortunate situation, and totally unable to give any regular account of itself. The master of the vessel felt every wish and anxiety to restore the poor child to its parents, but not being able to glean from it who they were, and having no children of his own, he made up his mind to adopt the boy, congratulating himself that Providence had in this singular manner thought proper to send him an heir to his property, and a delight as he fondly hoped in his declining years. Accordingly after his return back from Liverpool, where he was then bound, to his residence in the North of Ireland, he introduced his little charge to his wife, who had never borne him any family; related the very singular manner he had found him, and they mutually agreed to take him under their protection until they could find out his parents, and if they were unsuccessful, to bring him up as their own child.

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