
RELICS *and* MEMORIALS *of* LONDON CITY

so great an ornament, and have played so great a part in the history of the town, are easily sacrificed, there is little hope that any private dwelling will survive. Our history will then be on the printed page, or in the pillule form of the encaustic tablet, briefly marking where something of interest stood.

When it is all done, and the last old house swept away, what a wilderness of houses will the modern London be ! To many of the old houses surviving we can assign no tenants ; or there are names of humble citizens, no more famous than those

“ Who bind the sheaf, who build the house,
Who dig the grave,”

that by some little twist of circumstances remain for all time. Such a man as Farmer Goodman, whose name survives in Goodman's Fields, and whom we are able to identify because John Stow gives us the measure of the milk supplied to him as a little boy. “ Never less than three pints in summer and a quart in winter, for one halfpenny.”

Farmer Goodman rests from his labours in the little church of St. Botolph, near the Minories, and his fields are covered with squalid houses.

This church, a very plain building, rebuilt about 1706, in place of the older church belonging to the Priory of the Holy Trinity, contains the ashes of a few persons of distinction, including Lord Cobham, the chief accuser of Raleigh in his last troubles, and a head, contained in a box, said to be that of the father of Lady Jane Grey. When Stow wrote, Hog Lane (the Petticoat Lane of later days) had rows of elms on either side, with bridges and stiles, to pass over the town ditch into the pleasant fields