

some of these old London roads, and we like to pick them up on our way. My inclination leads me to loiter a little along Ludgate Hill and Fleet Street, whose names are familiar to everyone who has read anything about the great city. The Fleet Street of to-day bears but little resemblance—in fact, none whatever—to the Fleet as it appeared previous to the Great Fire. Then the shops were rude sheds, with a penthouse,

he began "The Vicar of Wakefield." From Red Lion Court comes forth every week that world-renowned *Punch*. In Mitre Court is Mitre Tavern, where Dr. Johnson used to hold evening parties, at which were usually found Goldsmith, Percy, Hawksworth and Boswell. One can picture the clumsy old Doctor trudging along of an evening to the inn, and pausing at every post that he might lay his hand upon it, a



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beneath which the tradesmen unceasingly called, "What d'ye lack, gentles? What d'ye lack?"

The earliest London printers and booksellers were located on this street, and it still maintains its celebrity for printing offices. We now reach Bolt Court, where Dr. Johnson and Ferguson, the astronomer, ended their days. Goldsmith lodged in Wine Office Court. It was there where Dr. Johnson first saw him, and where

thing which he always did, or, if neglected, it entirely unfitted him for the enjoyment of his company.

Ben Jonson and his sons used to frequent the Devil's Tavern, which in those days stood in this street; and here, too, Chaucer, when a student of the Inner Temple, gave a Franciscan friar a thrashing, for which youthful indulgence in pugilistics he was fined two shillings. Cowley was born near Chancery Lane, and two