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## RELICS *and* MEMORIALS *of* LONDON CITY

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beyond. What is now Royal Mint Street was, in the time of Charles I., a suburban street, bearing the name of Rosemary Lane, where "Brandon," the executioner of that monarch, had his rag-store. In Restoration days Pepys tells us of little excursions with his wife to gather cowslips in the adjacent fields, or by coach to Bednall Green to Sir W. Rider's to dinner; "a fine, merry walk with the ladies alone after dinner, in the garden; the greatest quantity of strawberries I ever saw, and good;" in Mr. Pett's garden, adjoining his own on Tower Hill, where "I eat some of the first cherries I have eat this year, off the tree where the King himself had been gathering some this morning." But what London before the fire really was like, we can now only form a vague idea.

From many chroniclers we learn of its narrow streets of timber houses, its evil smells, its curious mixture of squalor and opulence, with the plague always looming near in the background. Covering no large space, the population must have been very dense.

The great market for England, whose freemen went toll and tithe free throughout the realm, its streets perpetually thronged with the coming and going of men from many lands; but of their domestic life we can only guess from illuminated manuscripts, and fragments here and there which we may or may not interpret correctly.

From the time that men began to roam the world for purposes of trade, houses of entertainment became a necessity, and there is no reason to doubt that many of the inns and taverns of London have existed under various names and conditions on the same spot, from the dawn of our history; the buildings decayed, and were rebuilt. The names changed with the ups and downs of the ruling powers, but the taverner's trade went on continuously.