

**TRADITIONS OF
LONDON, HISTORICAL
AND LEGENDARY**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649723102

Traditions of London, Historical and Legendary by Waters

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

WATERS

**TRADITIONS OF
LONDON, HISTORICAL
AND LEGENDARY**

TRADITIONS OF LONDON,

HISTORICAL AND LEGENDARY.

BY WATERS,

AUTHOR OF

"RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE OFFICER," "THE SERF GIRL
OF MOSCOW," "KIRKE WEBBE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

Young Add London
8796



LONDON:

W. KENT & CO., PATERNOSTER ROW,
AND (LATE D. BOGUE) 88, FLEET STREET.
MDCCLX.

The right of Translation is reserved.



LONDON: PRINTED BY WOODFALL AND KINDER,
ANGEL COURT, BRINKER STREKT.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
1. ANDREW LATTON, HERBALIST	1
2. COLONEL SILAS CLARKE, CAVALIER AND ROUNDHEAD	26
3. AT THE SIGN OF THE SEAR, FLEET STREET	48
4. THE DEVIL'S GAP	97
5. THE FLOWER OF IRLINGTON	124
6. THE THREE JEWS OF ALDGATE	153
7. THE MURDER AT THE SWAN LYS, KNIGHTSBRIDGE	177
8. No. 1, BOWLING-INN ALLEY	218



TRADITIONS OF LONDON.

ANDREW LAYTON, THE HERBALIST.

*"Jesu Cristi, Mary is Son,
Have merci on the soul of Andrew Layton."
Ancient Inscription in Boss Church, Stratford.*

ON a bright afternoon in March, 1410, John Bradby, or Badby, tailor, suffered death by fire in Smithfield, for contumacious belief in the Bible as interpreted by Wickliffe. He was placed in a cask, and therein ultimately burnt to ashes, the progress of the martyrdom having been marked by circumstances which it is necessary to the clearness of this narrative that I should briefly notice. I do so with some reluctance, as I do not love to revive such memories.

The Prince of Wales, afterwards Henry V., was present with a large retinue, and he, moved by the cries wrung from the victim when first touched by the fiery torture, commanded the execution to be stayed, and offered Bradby, upon condition that he instantly recanted his heretical creed, not only to save his life, but to grant him a pension of three pence per diem—a by no means contemptible annuity in those days. But it was the flesh only of the sufferer that was weak; the heroic spirit was constant, undismayed as ever. Bradby rejected the Prince's offer of life and competence, and the renewed work of death was consummated, amidst the subdued murmurs of a large portion of the crowd; few of whom probably sympathised with or comprehended the doctrinal opinions of the sufferer; but

all had human hearts, which so afflictive a spectacle could not fail to inspire with pity, regret, and indignation.

One of the most earnest in his murmured denunciations of the devilish cruelty of Holy Church, though not till the Prince had manifested a leaning to mercy's side, was Andrew Layton, who assuredly was not actuated by religious enthusiasm. Layton was a herbalist and apothecary of repute, whose place of abode and business was at the sign of the Rosemary, in Holborn, or Oldbourne, as it was then called, opposite New Street, now Chancery Lane. He was a tall, spare man, considerably under thirty years of age, though from his aspect he would have been taken for forty at least, a profound melancholy which never left him, save during spasmodic intervals of excitement, having long since effaced the bloom and freshness of life from his thoughtful and striking, if not strictly handsome, features. He was weakly framed, and of a timid yet aggressive temperament; his corporeal nerves refusing to sustain the mental energy which, when he was under the influence of passion, glared from his large, dark, melancholy eyes. It seems that he had money-dealings with John Bradby, and though not, one must suppose, to any great extent, the fact that the sufferer's death would subject him to pecuniary loss, may have lent force to, under the circumstances, the insane impulse which prompted him to hurtle his way through the intervening crowd, draw by permission Bradby a little aside, and vehemently urge him to accept the Prince's gracious offer. He spoke to ears rendered deaf to such counsels by faith-heard harmonies of heaven.

"Fool! dolt!" exclaimed Layton, breaking in his earnestness of angry contempt into tones not sufficiently subdued, "thou art sacrificing thyself for a dream, a bubble. The fiery cross of martyrdom is indeed a terrible reality, but its phantom-crown which thou ravest of, eyes extinguished by eternal death shall never see. As to devils, believe me, my poor friend, when I say that thou hast none to fear either here or hereafter, save the clerical fiends who are now clamouring for thy blood——"

The pressure of a heavy hand from behind upon his shoulder choked Andrew Layton's utterance, and turning quickly about, he found himself closely confronted by the scowling visage of Matthew Paviour, a wealthy goldsmith

and orthodox fanatic, zealous unto slaying for the putting down of heresies. He was probably an ancestor of that Paviour, town-clerk of London in Henry VIII.'s time, who according to Hollingshed, "hanged himself in a fit of proud indignation, rather than see the Scriptures set forth in the English tongue."

"So, so!" hissed Matthew Paviour in the herbalist's shrinking ear, "I have at last been favoured to hear the credo of Andrew Layton from his own lips. Hell has long gaped for thee, blaspheming dog, and therein shalt thou be hurled before many days are past; and through the same gate of fire as thy tailor friend. Stir not hence; or if thou dost, it is no matter: I shall know where to find thee." Having thus delivered himself, Paviour made his way to the side of his wife and daughter, who with other richly-apparelled dames occupied elevated seats, from which the spectacle of a murder, perpetrated in honour of Him who never spake but to bless, never stretched forth His hand but to heal and save,—could be enjoyed in quietude and comfort.

The fanatic goldsmith left Andrew Layton rooted to the ground with terror. From that moment he afterwards declared he was distinctly conscious of nothing during the progress of the execution, save that Matthew Paviour's baleful glance continued unswervingly fixed upon him; the thick smoke fitfully flashing into vivid flame of the rekindled fire, now obscuring, now bringing into red relief the sinister features, from which he could not by any effort turn away his fascinated gaze.

That paralysis of fear remained unbroken after not only prince and priest, but the mass of the common file, had left the accursed place, and till Paviour, having first spoken with an officer of the Bishop of Worcester's household, approached and sternly commanded him to follow. Then a cry of terror parted Andrew Layton's white lips, and he turned distractedly to flee. Paviour's sturdy grip seized and held him as with a vice, and recognising the impossibility of resistance, he essayed what abject supplication might avail. All as vainly; and he was fain to obey the iterated command of the fierce goldsmith, when Sir Richard Redmayne, a young soldier who had won distinction in the civil wars of the unquiet time, and who had been condescendingly chatting with Paviour's wife and daughter, interposed. The result was,