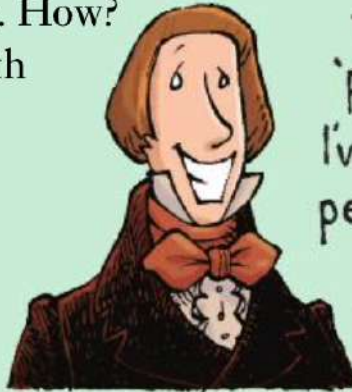


9 In the early 1800s a group called 'The Flying Dustmen' made a good living. How?

- a) Stealing teeth from corpses to dentists to make false teeth
- b) Stealing vacuum cleaners
- c) Stealing dust



Thanks to the 'Flying Dustman' I've got lovely new pearly white teeth

*Ask your Dentist for Dead Man's Molars®*

10 On 3 January 1804 Francis Smith was guilty of an unusual crime in Hammersmith. What did he do?

- a) He rode a pig down Hammersmith High Street and was charged with speeding.
- b) He shot the Hammersmith Ghost dead.
- c) He was sleepwalking with no clothes on and walked into a meeting of the Mothers' Union.

*Answers:*

1a) It was a dangerous and filthy job. But Dad, Marc Brunel, was too ill to do it so 21-year-old Isambard went. His brave mother went to keep an eye on him.

2c) In 1587 Michael Moody, an Irishman, planned to put gunpowder under Queen Elizabeth's bed in her London palace. Frizzled Lizzie. With Elizabeth dead her cousin, Mary, Queen of Scots, would take the throne. Elizabeth was so shocked she signed Mary's death warrant.

3b) The Londoners were afraid of a Catholic rebellion. Word went around that there were tens of thousands of Catholic soldiers hiding in tunnels under the city. When the rebellion started the soldiers would pop out.

Other Catholics would blow up the banks of the Thames to flood London – and flood the tens of thousands of soldiers? Doesn't make a lot of sense. But many potty people in London believed it.

4c) A stone was thrown at magistrate Samuel Gillam. The soldiers set out to catch the stone-thrower – a man in a red waistcoat. The man in red ran away. Guardsman Donald Maclean trapped William Allen in the back yard of an inn. He was wearing a red waistcoat. William said, 'This is my father's inn and I am working here. I've been here all morning.' Maclean didn't believe him. First he stabbed young Will with his bayonet then finished him off with a bullet. But William had been telling the truth. He was not the man who had thrown the stone. Oooops!

5a) Mr Peel's police were not very popular. Two had been killed by the end of 1830. Posters were put up in London streets telling people that the police were armed with weapons from the Tower of London. Kids called them nasty names like 'Raw Lobsters', 'Blue Monsters', 'Bloody Police', and 'Blue Devils'. Poor people pelted them with bricks and ginger-beer bottles. No wonder the unpopular police popped into pubs for pints whenever they had the chance.





6c) Ann Wood jumped in a canal and tried to kill herself. A policeman had to rescue her and then take her to court. That was a nuisance. The judge was angry with her. Instead of showing her some pity he told her she should have done a proper job. ‘Why did you not get under the water and make an end of it, instead of giving us all this trouble and bother?’ Nice man.

7b) Horny Winkle’s Horse is played by two groups of boys – girls couldn’t do it because of their long skirts. One group bends over and makes a bridge of their backs – like a long horse. The other group of boys jump on their backs and ride them. As they do so they chant:



(No ... I am not making this up. They really did play this game.)

The riders ride till the ‘horse’ collapses. Then it’s the turn of the other group to be the ‘horse’ and be ridden. (Try this with about nine of your friends – if you have half a brain between the ten of you.)

8a) Blood made friends with the keeper of the jewels and got himself invited to dinner. He tied up the keeper, stuffed some jewels down his trousers and rode off.

Blood was caught but said, 'I will speak to no one but King Charles II himself'. The King forgave him and gave him a pension of £500 a year. Lucky Blood. But why would the King do that? Some people believe Charles II set up the whole thing – stealing his own jewels and selling them.

9c) In Islington Mr Lacock paid the council £750. In return he was allowed to collect all the dust and ashes from the houses. His team of poor women and children gathered it in carts. They then took out the cinders and sold them for half the price of coal, and the rest was sold to make bricks. But there was a dangerous gang who went around pinching the dust – a gang known as 'The Flying Dustmen'. One of the thieves, Charles Fox, was caught stealing dust and beaten up.

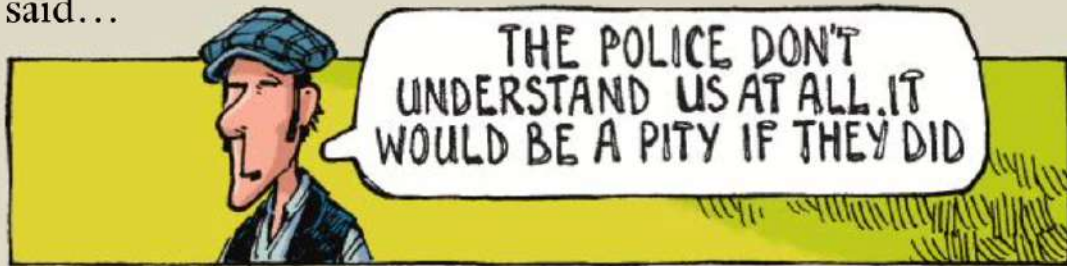


10b) People of Hammersmith were complaining about a ghost wandering the dark streets, so Francis Smith armed himself with a pistol and set out to track it down. Sure enough he saw a pale figure wandering along the road. He pulled out his pistol and shot it. But the pale figure was a brick-maker, Thomas Millwood, wearing a white smock and covered in light brick dust. He died. Francis gave himself up to the police and asked to be hanged. He spent a year in prison and was then set free. Let's hope Tom's ghost didn't return to haunt him.



# London Language

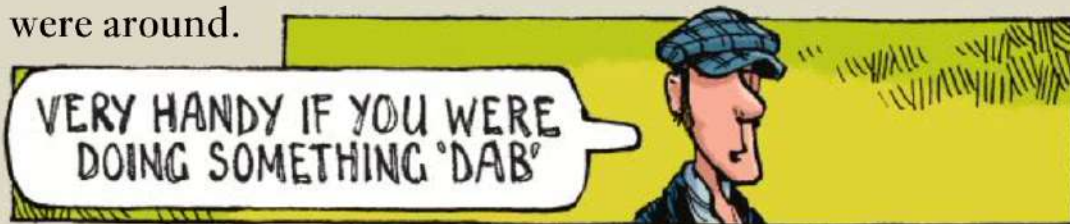
People in most big cities have their own way of talking. People from the East End of London – Cockneys – made up their own slang words. Their friends could understand them but not many other people could. As one villainous Victorian said...



The Cockneys used a few tricks to make new words – they spelled words backwards...



'Cool him' meant 'Look at him' – a warning when the police were around.



Sometimes they'd just make up words...



...which means 'Do you understand me?'

## Ridiculous rhymes

But the most famous Cockney trick is when they choose a rhyme for the word. So your 'north' was your 'north and south' – your 'mouth'.

If your dentist told you to 'open your north', or your teacher told you to, 'shut your north', then you may be a bit mixed up. That's how it must have been for the poor police in Victorian London.

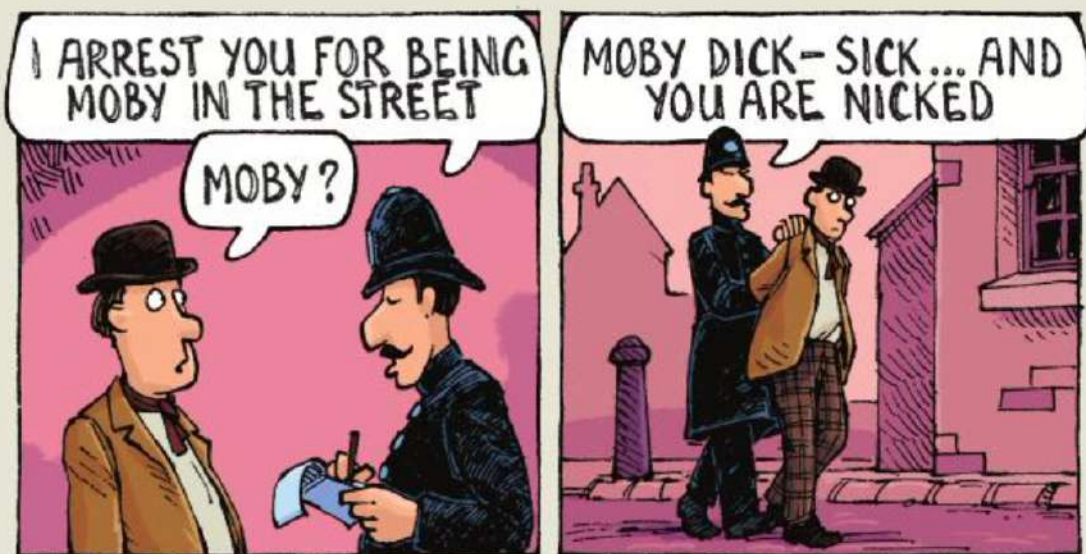
Could you help the *namecilop* who arrested this man?







- Answers:*
- 1c) Old Mother Hubbard = cupboard
  - 2a) Pig's ear = beer
  - 3b) Dicky dirt = shirt
  - 4a) Jack tar = bar
  - 5c) Elephant's trunk = drunk
  - 6b) Auntie Nellie = belly





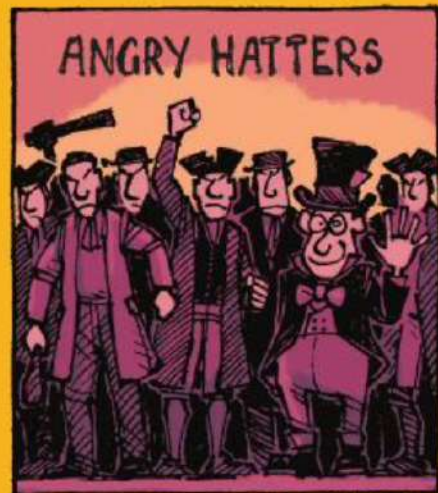
# Modern London Timeline

1763 The hat makers go on the rampage round Southwark having riots against the government. They call themselves the 'Gang of Hatters'. Ooooh – scary! Imagine them marching and crying, 'Freedom ... or I'll flatten you with my flat cap.'

1780 Lord George Gordon leads the Gordon Riots in London to attack Catholics. One victim is Catholic Mr Malo who owns a silk factory. The mob wreck his home and throw his furniture on to a bonfire. Mr Malo's canaries are stolen. Some people want them as pets. The mob decide they are 'Catholic' canaries – so they are thrown on to the fire, screaming ... not singing but singeing.

1790 The London Monster is caught – the man who stuck a spike in 500 London ladies' bottoms is locked up. No more knifed knickers. Sales of copper petticoats fall.<sup>1</sup>

1820 The Cato Street Conspiracy. A group of workers plot to kill the government – a bit like Guy Fawkes but with swords and pistols instead



WHY CAN'T YOU GET A GUY FAWKES LIKE NORMAL PEOPLE?



ABOUT TIME TOO! HE WAS GIVING US ALL A BAD NAME



<sup>1</sup> No joke! Tailors offered to sell ladies knife-proof armour to wear under their skirts. Step-Clank! Step-Clank!



of gunpowder. They pretend to set up a coffee shop in Cato Street – in fact their weapons are hidden in the loft. The police arrive before the plot is carried out. The plotters fight desperately.

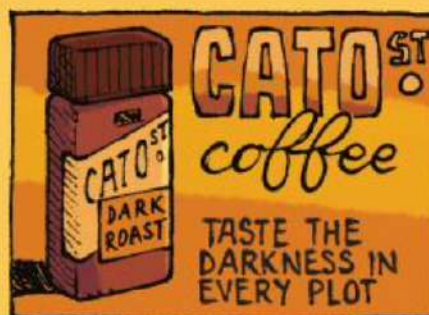
1858 'The Great Stink' – when the suffocating smell of poo in the Thames half chokes the people in Parliament.

1863 The first underground trains – when the smoke of the steam trains half chokes the passengers!

1888 Jack the Ripper stalks the streets of London – then vanishes as suddenly as he appeared. (Or as SHE appeared. It could have been Jill the Ripper, some say.)

1901 Queen Victoria dies. The streets of London are jammed as people say goodbye to a fat old queen and goodbye to a loathsome age in London.

1944 In the Blitz of the Second World War over 40,000 people died in London – about the same number that died during the plague.



## Awful execution

The 1700s were the days of the first popular newspapers. Put the riots and the newspapers together and what have you got? Some pretty gruesome reading...



STILL ONLY 1P. MAY 1768

**FREE** BINGO INSIDE **£1** FOR ONE LUCKY WINNER!!

The **HIGH STANDARD** *London Edition*

# GREEN SLAYERS SWING TOGETHER

From Miss Green to Stepney Green, the savage seven met their end at the end of a rope this morning. Gallows were specially built so all seven callous killers could swing together. It won't bring Miss Green back to life but she'll be happy in heaven.

Last month Alderman William Beckford – known as Becks – advertised for coal-haulers to do the work of the Thames coal-haulers who were on strike. These muscle men cart the coals from ships to shore. Ten horrible haulers marched to 'The Roundabout Tavern'

where top Becks supporter John Green lived. The strike leader said at the time, 'We plan to cut him to pieces and hang him from his own inn sign.'

But the strikers were driven off with gunfire and three coal-haulers were shot dead. The others turned to Green's sister and she was torn to death. 'We never meant to – we just gave her a bit of a pull and she sort of fell apart,' one of the strikers said. But the judge didn't believe the cruel coalman and all seven were sentenced to die this morning.



The judge didn't hang about – but the haulers will. They'll be covered in tar and hung in cages as a lesson to the others.

Sailors have been doing the work of the coal-haulers so now the violence has turned on them. Sailor John Beatty was stabbed to death in the latest outbreak. Posh Becks said, 'The army is now arresting the ring-leaders and there will be more hangings before the month is out. The gallows will groan with my message.

You don't mess with Becks.'

As they say in this part of London: that's entertainment!



One of the savage seven

William Beckford made a fortune from slave trading – he wasn't going to suffer strikes from coal-haulers.

He went on to become Lord Mayor of London.

### The Cato killings

If a poor policeman had written a letter about the Cato Street events it might have looked pretty gruesome. Maybe he would scramble the letters of the disgusting words so his mother wouldn't be too horrified.

*Horrible Histories* warning: Do NOT try to unscramble the words in this report...



Dear Mum,

Still enjoying life as a London policeman – a 'Bow Street Runner'. I have the full inside story of the Cato Street Plot. I've just changed some of the disgusting words because I know you're a weak old lady and I don't want you to be shocked.

It all started on 22 February 1820. Rebel leader Arthur Thistlewood saw an article in the paper saying all the government were going to have dinner in Grosvenor Square. He decided to lead his gang and kill them all. The beast! Thistlewood said their heads would be FLED OF POP and stuck on poles. They would be carried around the slums of London to start the revolution.

Only 27 men agreed to join the gang of SURE MR RED. On 23 February the plotters met in the loft above the Cato Street stable. Little did they know a spy was watching them from the pub across the road. We police moved in to arrest them. (Don't worry, Mum, I stayed at the back.)

One of our police officers, Richard Smithers, moved forward to make the arrests but Thistlewood BATS BED him with his WORDS. What a hero – I hope I'll be my Mum's hero one day – just not a dead one.

Smithers cried, 'Oh God, I am. . .' but we'll never know what he was, because he died before he finished the sentence. Wonder what it was? God, I am hungry? God, I am sorry I left my suit of armour at home? Or, God, I am trying to think of some famous last words but I am going to die before I get to say them?

Anyway, yesterday, 1 May 1820, the five leaders were hanged – very clumsily. Thistlewood GLUT DREGS for a few minutes. Ings suffered most and the hangmen pulled his legs and



LENT DRAGS him to finish him off. Then each man was  
A HEED BED. Crowds flocked to Cato Street to see the BAD  
STONE OILED floor.

Ladies climbed the steep steps into the loft even though it meant  
showing their UNWED REAR.

Watching the horror was a young writer called CHILDREN'S  
CAKES! He said it was the most disgusting thing he's ever seen.

Me? I enjoyed it!

Your loving son,

Edmund

DICKENS  
BLOOD-STAINED, UNDERWEAR, CHARLES  
STRUGGLED, STRANGLED, BEHEADED,  
LOPPED OFF, MURDERERS, STABBED, SWORD,  
out – then here they are in the correct order:  
the missing words are – but too stupid to work them  
*Answers:* If you are sick enough to want to know what

*Did you know ... will you ever know...?*

The Cato Street plotters were beheaded after they were hanged. The masked man who cut off the heads did a very neat job. The mob who watched decided he must be the doctor Thomas Wakeley. That night they went round to Wakeley's house for revenge – they set fire to the house and he was badly hurt – though not as badly hurt as the headless Cato killers.

Was Wakeley the headsman? Will we ever know?

## Horrible hangmen

Executing people is a nasty job. You probably wouldn't want to do it ... yes, all right, you wouldn't mind lopping off your history teacher's head for the crime of giving too much homework. But MOST people wouldn't fancy being an executioner. So the men who DID get the job were a little odd.

Here are some of the foulest facts – so foul that we've had to remove the most disgusting bits and put numbers in instead. Decide what you think the missing words are ... just think of it as a piece of history homework.

If you are not very bright – or if you are a teacher attempting this – then here are the words ... but not in the right order, of course.

Gouged, Executed, Sacked, Stabbed, Rioted, Jumped,  
Chopped, Whipped, Hanged, Haunted, Wriggled

*The first hangman we know about was called Cratwell. In 1538 Cratwell was (1) at Clerkenwell. He stole from a booth at St Bartholomew's fair.*

*Edward Dennis took part in the Gordon Riots of 1780 but kept his job of hangman and executed 30 of the people who had (2). Six years later he retired and was given a fine robe by the mayor – Dennis sold it.*

*In 1685 Jack Ketch became one of London's worst-ever executioners. He bungled the execution of the Duke of Monmouth and was (3). But the next hangman, Pascha Rose, was a burglar. Ketch got his job back so he could hang Rose.*



In 1714 John Price took the job. In the navy he'd been (4) and his wounds were pickled to make them more painful. He was London hangman for a year but then he attacked a woman pie-seller and (5) one of her eyes. She died. He was executed.

John Thrift was hangman from 1735 till 1752. A crowd gathered outside his house one night to insult him. He ran out and (6) one. The judge set Thrift free to execute again. Thrift was too kind-hearted at times. He almost fainted when he had to behead some rebels in 1745 and he was (7) by the people he'd killed.

Jack Hooper was next and he was known as 'The Laughing Hangman' because he joked with victims on the way to the scaffold. He liked to give the crowds a laugh too. When he (8) the ears off Sir Peter Stranger he waved them at the crowd. He went on to slit Stranger's nose.

Hooper liked to drink a lot before he (9) people. Once he was so drunk he tried to hang the priest who was there to pray for the prisoner. He probably laughed.

William Calcraft liked a laugh too. He executed a boy aged nine in 1832 but did it clumsily. The boy (10) on the end of a short rope so Calcraft (11) on his back to finish him off.

Hangman. A good job? No. A bit ropey in fact.



Answers:  
(1) Hanged (2) Rioted (3) Sacked (4) Whipped  
(5) Gouged (6) Stabbed (7) Haunted (8) Chopped  
(9) Executed (10) Wriggled (11) Jumped

*Did you know...?*

Being a hangman could be a dangerous job.

John Meff was due to be hanged in 1717. But the hangman owed a lot of money and the law officers went to his house to take his furniture and sell it, so the hangman missed the hanging.

The mob had been looking forward to seeing Meff swing. They were furious. So they went around to the hangman's house and beat him to death.

Meanwhile, you are probably wondering what happened to Meff.

Meff was pardoned and sent to a prison colony in America. On the way his ship was attacked by pirates and he was marooned on a deserted island off the American coast. He found a canoe and paddled to America.

CONDEMNED, PARDONED, MAROONED, CANOED - I WONDER IF I'LL END UP IN SOME HORRIBLE HISTORY BOOK ONE DAY



In 1721 he returned to London (on a ship – he didn't paddle his canoe). But his luck ran out. He was arrested and hanged. This time the hangman turned up and finished him off.



## The bad old days...

A lot of people talk about 'the good old days'. But there wasn't much good about the old days in London.

Even a hundred years ago most people had miserable and dirty lives.

- Servants like cooks and maids often slept in the kitchen because their bosses didn't think they needed a bedroom.
- In the middle of the housing areas there were 6,000 pig pens and slaughter houses.<sup>1</sup>
- Londoners were afraid that fresh air and baths would harm them – so they got very little of either.
- Most people only had one set of clothes and wore them all the time. We don't know how often those clothes were washed – some people probably *never* washed their clothes.
- Coal fires filled the air with soot, turned the houses black and choked the Londoners when fog turned into sooty fog: smog.

The smell of the people and the houses would be sickening to us. Germs must have loved London. Diseases spread quickly and killed many – mostly the poor people who were weak from eating bad food and from overwork.

## Slaughterhouses

If you wanted fresh meat then you had to keep your sheep, cattle and pigs in the city and kill them there. (There were no fridges.)

No one wanted to eat the guts so they were thrown into the gutters to be washed away – till a law in the 1300s put a stop to that.



<sup>1</sup> There was even a story that a herd of wild pigs lived in the sewers under Hampstead. That wasn't true!



But the poor people of London didn't get the best meat. They could only afford the mouldy scraps that were days old.

An American visitor described an open-air butcher stall in 1899...

*Not only is the worker poorly fed, but he is filthily fed. I stood outside a butcher's and watched a horde of housewives turning over the trimmings and scraps and shreds of beef and mutton – stuff we'd call dog-meat in the States. With filthy hands they raked and pawed and scraped the mess about to get the best their coppers could buy. I kept my eye on one disgusting bit of mutton, and watched it go through the hands of over twenty women. At last it was picked up by a timid little woman whom the butcher bullied into taking it. All day long this heap of scraps was added to and taken away from; the dust and dirt of the street falling upon it, flies settling on it, and the dirty fingers turning it over and over.*



Scrummy! Still, it could have been worse for the woman. She could have been the sheep she went off to eat.



# London's Lousy Jobs

London is the place to go for a job – an odd job ... or a very odd job.

In the 1800s children made a poor living by collecting and selling the dog-ends of cigars. The streets were muddy and covered in horse-poo. So a five-year-old crossing-sweeper would make a few pennies by clearing the way for posh people.

But these weren't the worst jobs you could do in loathsome London. Here are a few from the past. Your school careers adviser will NOT tell you about these terrible top ten jobs. Here they are in reverse horrible horder...

## 10 Head tar man

When a traitor was executed in London he was beheaded and cut into quarters. The heads were stuck on poles at the gates in the city walls, at the Tower of London, at Westminster or on London Bridge. This went on till 1746 when the last head to go on show was that of Francis Townley, a rebel who wanted the Scottish Bonnie Prince Charlie on the English throne. For a few pennies you could rent a telescope to get a good close look at his dead head. Yeuch!



These heads rotted, of course, and were pecked to bits by birds. So they were boiled in salt or painted with tar to make them last. Head painting. Could YOU do it?

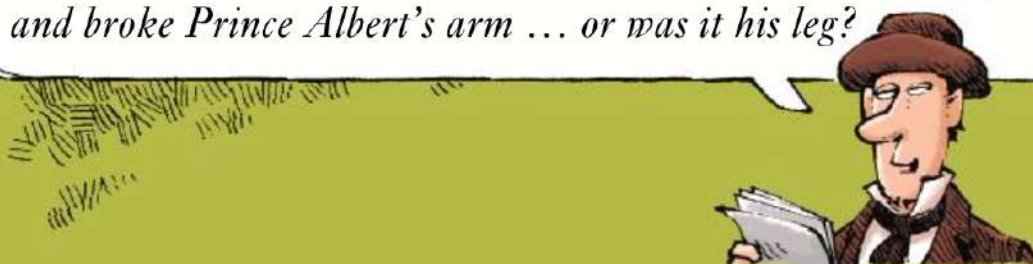


## 9 Running patterer

London people loved a good murder. They loved crime so much they would pay to read more about it. In the 1800s a running patterer would sell you a printed paper with all the latest gory stories. At an execution he would sell you the dying speech of the murderer – before he had been hanged.

If there were no good stories then what did the running patterer do? He made them up! The patterer invented a story and sold it on the streets. One patterer said...

*I killed the Duke of Wellington twice, had Prince Louis assassinated twice (once with a bullet, once with a knife) and broke Prince Albert's arm ... or was it his leg?*



Another patterer said he'd given Queen Victoria triplets: 'I did think of poisoning the Pope but the Catholics would have given me a beating.'

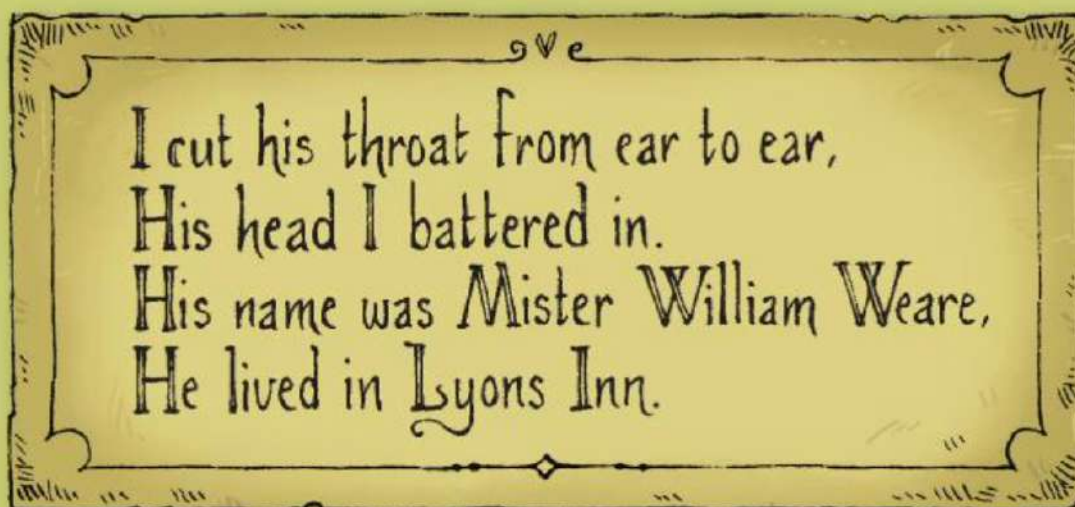


It's just like the newspapers of the twenty-first century – if there's no news they make it up!

Some of their poems were dreadful rhymes. When John Thurtell murdered William Weare in 1823 he was sent to be hanged. In court he made a curious speech that ended...



His parents must have been really upset when the patterers sold John's story at his execution with this vile verse...



## 8 Toilet cleaner

You may think London toilets can make you ill. But a hundred years ago those toilets could kill you. The poo gave off a gas, and if that gas filled your house it could choke you. Or, sometimes, a spark could cause the gas to explode. This is extra deadly if you are sitting on the toilet at the time. (So remember – never smoke in the school toilets.)

Small children were often sent into toilet pits because they could fit down the narrow pipes. They were expected to clean them ... and you complain when your parents ask you to clean their car?

The toilet-cleaning kids often choked on the gas. In 1849 a report into a toilet explosion read...

*Explosions happened in two separate places. In the first the men had the skin peeled off their faces and their hair singed. Further along the second lamp created an explosion that burnt the hair and face of the person holding it.*



In 1731 six prisoners in Newgate escaped into the sewers. Four got away. The skeletons of the other two were found many years later.

What a way to go. Or waterway to go...

## **7 Watercress seller**

An honest job – but a miserable one.

Little girls would be sent on to the streets by their parents to sell watercress – green stuff that cooks used to decorate boring meals.

The watercress had to be fresh – no freezers to keep it green and crisp. So the little girls had to go out every day in all weather to sell their cress.



As one eight-year-old child said...

*When the snow is on the ground I bears the cold – you must, so I puts my hands under my shawl, though it hurts them to take hold of the cresses, especially when we takes 'em to the pump to wash 'em. No, I never see any children crying – it's no use.*



## 6 Lurker

If you can read this you can probably write. If you can write then you could become a 'lurker'. A lurker knew how to copy the handwriting of rich people. He would then write letters that were supposed to come from those rich people. You know the sort of thing...

*My Dearest Lady Mary  
I am sending you this poor man because  
I know you can help him. He has thirteen  
children and is out of money but I could  
only afford five pounds. If you can give  
him a little cash then his family will  
not starve this week.  
Your dear friend  
Sir Peter Poplecrump*

One famous lurker forged the name of a judge. He was brought before the judge.



Of course there are still lurkers lurking today. Some young lurkers forge letters from their parents so they don't have to do horrible things at school ... things like cross-country running, or a detention for blowing your nose in class. Shocking.



A *Horrible Histories* reader, like you, must never be caught doing such a thing. (You may *do* it ... but you must never be *caught*.)

## 5 Mudlark

Men, women and children would wait for the tide to go out and then step into the thick mud on the banks of the River Thames. They would plod along and use their fingers and toes to search for anything that might have been dropped from ships – scraps of rope, coal, wood, iron and copper – anything they could sell.

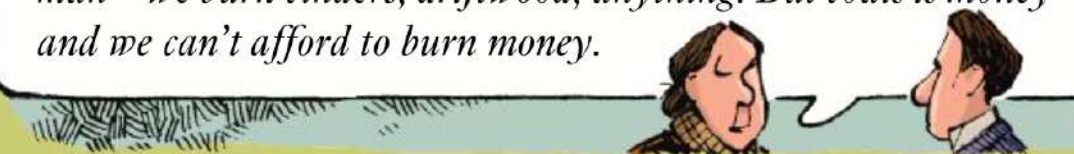
Even in bitter winter weather you could see them wading through the mud. One boy said...

*It was very cold in winter to stand in the mud without shoes. But if I didn't find anything I'd starve until the next low tide. A lot of lads have to do it. We're nearly all fatherless, and our mothers are too poor to keep us; so we take to it because we have nothing else to do.*



Some mudlarks collected old bones and sold them to factories to make soap. Some collected coal. When a reporter saw a woman with a bag of coal he said it would keep her nice and warm that night. She laughed at him...

*Make a fire with the coals I pick up? People like me don't have coal fires, mister. Anything does for a fire for me and my old man – we burn cinders, driftwood, anything. But coals is money and we can't afford to burn money.*



## **4 Coiner**

Take a coin, smear it in grease and press it into some damp plaster. Take the coin out and what have you got? An image of the coin. A 'mould'.

Do that for both sides of the coin.

Now melt down a cheap spoon and pour the metal into the mould. Open the mould and you have a new coin.

The next bit is tricky. You need to 'plate' it to make it shiny like a real coin. The Victorians used nitric acid, sulphuric acid and cyanide – all deadly poisons – to give their fake coins a shiny silver coat. Don't do it the Victorian way!

Next 'slum' the shiny coin – make it look well-used by rubbing it with soot and oil.

Then spend it.

Of course, Victorian coiners would go to prison for life if they were caught. Before the 1830s coiners had their hands lopped off or were hanged.

## **Top three London jobs**

You don't fancy forging coins or selling cress? You will when you look at the other horrible jobs you could be forced to do. Here are the top three.

Remember, if you DON'T fancy these jobs then you will just have to starve to death...

## **3 Dredger**

If you don't mind handling dead and rotting bodies then why not become a dredger?

Lots of people seemed to end up in the Thames – dead. And Londoners didn't want their river blocked up with shore-to-shore corpses. So they offered a reward to anyone who dragged a body from the river.



The dredgers set out in their little rowing boats and hauled the bodies from the water.

The first thing to do is go through the pockets to see if there is anything worth pinching. Then go to the nearest police station, hand over the body and collect your reward.

Of course, it could get messy. If a body has been in the river too long then arms and legs could drop off as you try to haul it in.

## 2 Tosher

Want to make some extra pocket money? Become a 'tosher'. Here's how...

Find a sewer – you know, the big underground drains that all the toilets empty into.

Find the place where the sewer flows into the River Thames and walk in the entrance.

People sometimes drop valuable things down toilets and down drains in the street – jewellery or coins – all you have to do is stick your hands in the fast-flowing poo and find the stuff. (It's known as 'tosh' and you are a 'tosher'.)

Easy.

A Victorian writer, Henry Mayhew, said...

*These toshers may be seen dressed in long greasy velvet coats with vast pockets, and their legs are covered by dirty canvas trousers, and any old slops of shoes that are only fit for mading through the mud.*



If there was a ship close by then the toshers would try to steal the copper that covered its bottom.

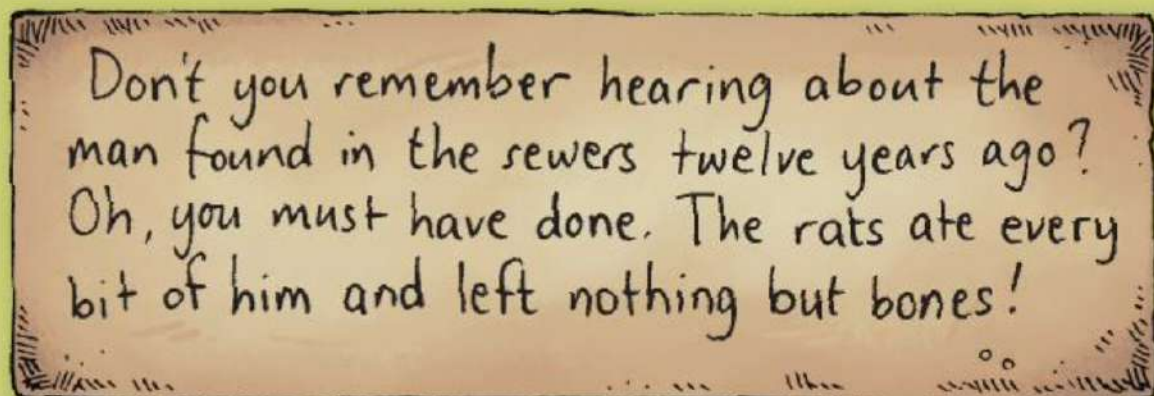
The toshers loved to tell horrible stories. This is a story that one tosher told Henry Mayhew. Mayhew seemed to believe it and he wrote it down. Of course the tosher **COULD** have been lying. What do you think?

When I was a tosher I often saw a hundred rats in a swarm. And they are whoppers in the sewers, I can tell you. Them were water rats too, and they is far more ferociouser than any other rats.

They'd think nothing of attacking a man. Usually they runs away and gets out of the road. But if they find they can't get out of his way, nohow, they'll turn on him.

I knows one chap that was tackled by the rats in the sewer. They bit him awfully. You must have heard about it? Some boatmen were rowing past the end of the sewer when they heard him scream. If they hadn't rescued him the rats would have killed him sure enough.





Don't you remember hearing about the man found in the sewers twelve years ago? Oh, you must have done. The rats ate every bit of him and left nothing but bones!

A true tale? Or do you smell a rat?

## 1 Pure finder

Yes, it's number one – the top London job.

As you know, leather comes from the skins of dead animals. But once that skin is stripped off the animal it starts to go hard – no one wants to wear shoes that feel like they're made of iron.

So the leather goes to a 'tanner' who works on it to make it soft. How did the London tanners do this 200 years ago? You don't want to know. Just skip to the next section.

You do? Fine. Just don't eat your tea as you read this.

The tanner would rub in doggie poo. (I did warn you.) You would not find many tanners who would bite their nails – and you would not find many people happy to shake hands with a tanner.

Now tanners were busy men – no time to go round the streets collecting doggie doo-doo. That's where the 'pure finder' came in.

Pure finders went round the streets and scooped up the dog droppings. Nice if you had a shovel – messy if you had to use your bare hands.

Off you go to that top London job. Pure finder.

# Terrible for Tots to Teens

Orphans had a terrible time in 1700s London. They were sent to a 'workhouse' where they had to work hard for nasty nibbles of nosh.

The workhouses were happy to send them out to work in people's homes as servants – and some of the poor kids must have been glad to go to a better life.

Others went to slavery ... or death.

## Elizabeth Brownrigg

The bruising, beating Brownrigg beast had several penniless girls working for her as servants in her own home. Here are ten terrible things to do to a girl. Which of these did Bullying Brownrigg do to Mary Clifford?

- 1 Beat her with a broom or a horse-whip
- 2 Made her sleep on a mat in a coal hole, in the cold with no blanket, only her thin dress
- 3 Fed her on bread and water – and not enough of either
- 4 Tied a chain around her neck, pulled it till it almost choked her and fastened it to a door for 12 hours
- 5 Tied her hands with a cord and pulled the cord through a hook in the ceiling before whipping her
- 6 Grabbed her by the cheeks and pulled the skin till the girl's eyes began to bleed
- 7 Cut her tongue with a pair of scissors
- 8 Whipped her till she bled then made her bathe in cold water
- 9 Whipped her so hard Brownrigg had to stop for a rest to get her breath back
- 10 Dipped her head into a pail of water



*Answer:* Brownrigg did all of these to Mary Clifford except number 10 ... and Brownrigg did that to another girl, Mary Jones. Jones escaped back to the workhouse and complained – but the workhouse did nothing.

Mary Clifford was rescued by the police but died two days later. Brownrigg, her husband and her son were charged with murder. They were hanged in 1767. As they were led to their execution the crowds yelled at them...

*You will go to hell and the devil himself will come and fetch you!*



After her hanging Brownrigg's body was cut up by the doctors and her skeleton was hung up in Surgeons' Hall.

## **Sarah Metyard**

Would a horrible hanging put you off cruelty to children? It didn't deter Sarah Metyard and her daughter. In 1768, just a year after the Brownrigg hangings, the Metyards were charged with murdering a workhouse girl...

Little Anne Naylor tried to run away from the miserable Metyards so they beat her, then tied her to a door so she couldn't sit down or stand up. They left her like this for three days with no food.

Other serving girls found her strung up on the door and ran to Sarah Metyard. The reports told the story...





ANNE...ANNE? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?



THE GIRL RAN TO FETCH HER MISTRESS

MISS SALLY! ANNE ISN'T MOVING



I'LL MAKE THE BRAT MOVE, YOU'LL SEE



SARAH METYARD BEAT HER OVER THE HEAD WITH A SHOE

WAKE UP, YOU MISERABLE SLAVE



BUT ANNE WAS DEAD. METYARD LIED TO THE OTHER SERVANTS...

ANNE JUST HAD A FAINTING FIT. SHE'S FINE NOW. BUT SHE'S LOCKED IN HER ROOM



EVERY DAY THE METYARDS TOOK FOOD TO THE DEAD GIRL

THE SMELL OF YOU PUTS ME OFF MY FOOD





Wrong!

The murderous Metyards had got away with it.

Anne's sister spotted some of Anne's clothes in the house and threatened to report the miserable Metyards. They strangled her and got rid of the body. They thought they had got away with that too.

For four years no one suspected them and poor Anne was buried and forgotten.

Then suddenly they were arrested and sent to trial. What had gone wrong?

- a) The ghost of Anne reported her own murder to the police.
- b) Sarah and her daughter argued and the daughter reported her to the police.
- c) A servant looked in Anne's room and found a four-year-old finger that the killers had forgotten.

*Answer: b) Sarah started to beat her daughter the way they had beaten Anne. The fed-up daughter reported her mother for murder – but they were both hanged. Sarah fainted on her way to the scaffold and they could not wake her up. They hanged her anyway so she probably woke up dead.*

## The baby farmers

Babies from poor families could be too much trouble to care for. So, in the 1700s and 1800s, many parents sent their babies off to child-minders they called 'baby farmers'.

Some farmers care for their animals – some can be cruel.

Baby farmers were the same – some kind, some cruel. Some baby farmers kept the kids quiet by drugging them with opium.

In 1750 Dr Cadogan said...

*In the old days the Greeks left unwanted babies out in the cold to die. That was kinder than the slow death some of them suffer today.*

SO MUCH  
FOR  
PROGRESS



Thomas Coram built a hospital for children and in 1742 he said...

*Children's nurses are wicked barbarians.*



In the 1870s the bodies of babies were found lying around the streets of Lambeth. They were the victims of a baby farmer, Margaret Waters. Police found another five children, sick and dying, at her house.

She was hanged.



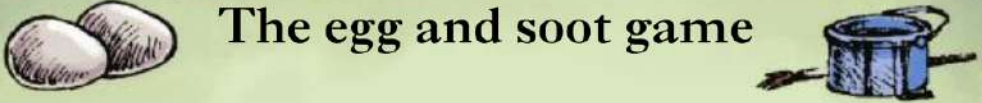
*Did you know...?*

London kids have played some disgusting games. One Middle Ages game was to crawl under the scaffold where someone had been beheaded. The nasty nippers would then scrape up any blood they could find there. Foul fun.

Teenagers were no better in the 1800s. When they got bored they played a disgusting game.

*Horrible Histories* note: Do NOT try this at home.<sup>1</sup>  
Do NOT pick on innocent wrinklies in the street.

Here's what Victorian teens did...




### The egg and soot game

**You need:** Eggs, soot, a bucket, a l-o-n-g brush

**To make:**  
Break two or three eggs into the bucket. Add a cup full of soot. Whisk it all together.

**To play:**

- You need a couple of friends. Take your bucket of egg-soot into the street with the brush in it.
- Your friend stops a posh old person in the street and asks them the time. As they look at their watch take your long brush and slap the egg-soot across their face.
- Run.



<sup>1</sup> Wait till you get to school and try it on the wrinkly teachers. When they threaten to expel you then just say you were conducting an historical experiment.

The egg-soot is horribly messy and hard to wash off.

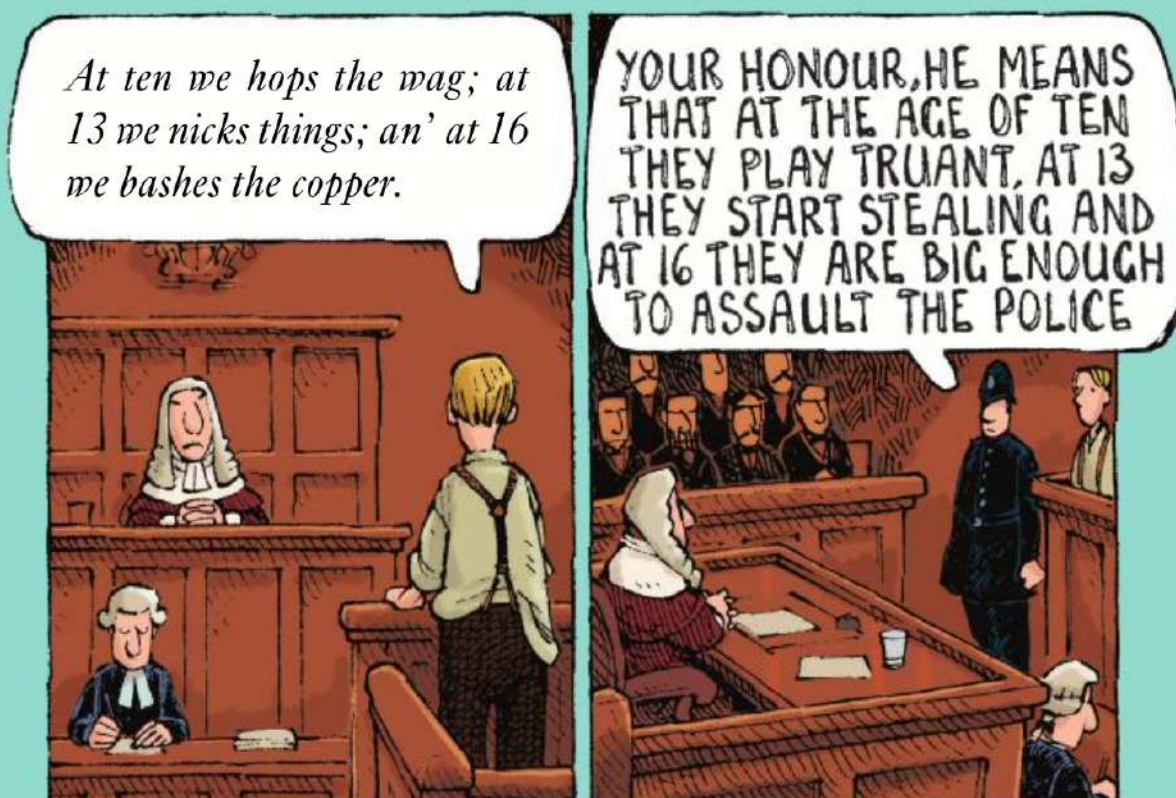
Of course you have to be sure you DON'T try this on a young, fit person or they may catch you and give you the beating you deserve.

This disgusting game was popular with posh young men, not scruffy street kids. The scruffy street kids would not waste eggs in that way. They'd eat them.

## Waggers and nickers

London could be a cruel place for kids to live. And kids had to be cruel to survive.

In the 1870s a London boy explained to a judge...

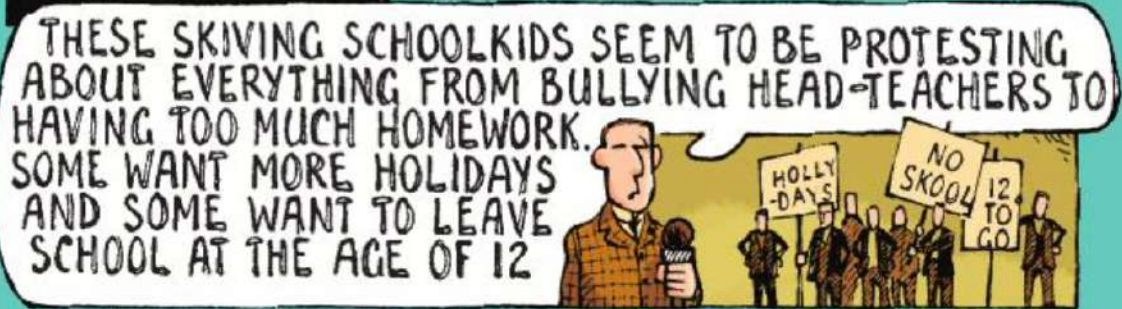
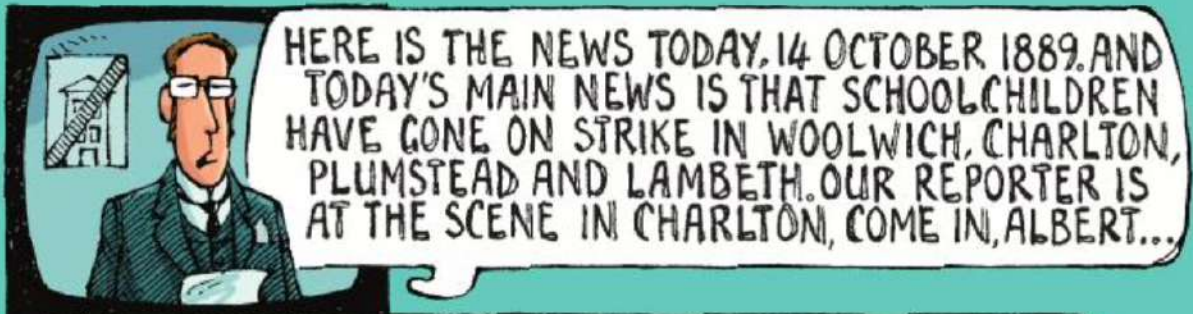


And it wasn't only the young truants who made trouble. The ones who stayed at school could cause problems too.

Take the school strikes of the 1880s and 1890s...



## Terrible teachers







And they were.

The striking pupils of 1889 handed a letter to the Director of London schools. It demanded things like free school meals and free school – each pupil paid a penny a day. The Director just laughed at their letter.

The boys who led the strike were lined up in front of the other pupils and beaten – extra hard.



The teachers could not understand how strikes could spring up all over Britain at the same time – there were no mobile phones in 1889 to pass the word around. They thought there must be a schoolboy spy network. One panicking paper, *The Dundee Advertiser*, wrote...

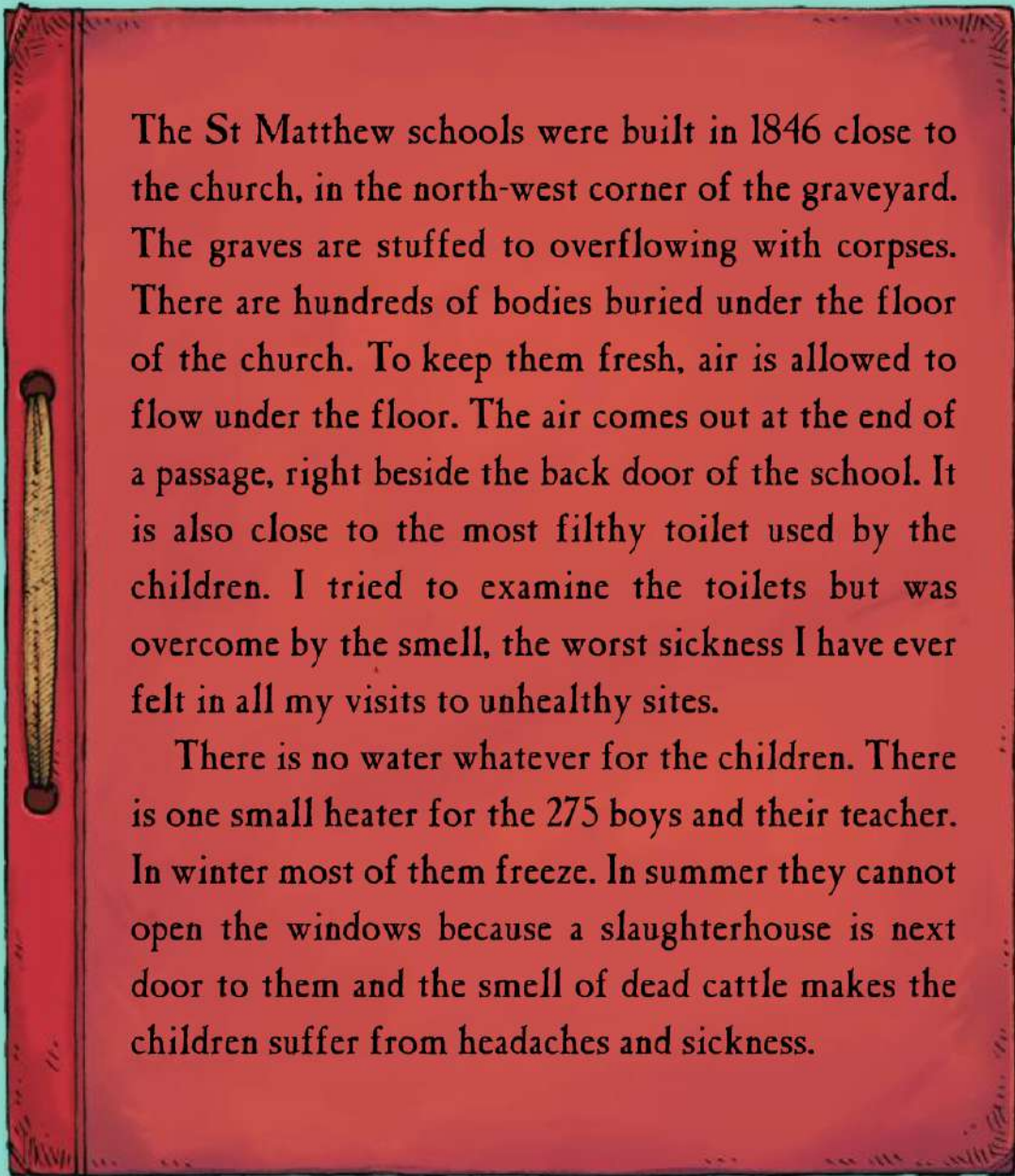
No one knows how word spread so the pupils can all strike at the same time. There has to be a plot. If Britain has secret societies of schoolchildren then the Empire is doomed.



Guess what? Sixty years later the British Empire was finished. Must have been those young rebels, eh?

## Suffocating schools

The children who went to school suffered in stuffy classrooms. In 1848 Hector Gavin made a report on health in Bethnal Green. He said one school was especially nasty ... and it wasn't just the terrible teachers.



The St Matthew schools were built in 1846 close to the church, in the north-west corner of the graveyard. The graves are stuffed to overflowing with corpses. There are hundreds of bodies buried under the floor of the church. To keep them fresh, air is allowed to flow under the floor. The air comes out at the end of a passage, right beside the back door of the school. It is also close to the most filthy toilet used by the children. I tried to examine the toilets but was overcome by the smell, the worst sickness I have ever felt in all my visits to unhealthy sites.

There is no water whatever for the children. There is one small heater for the 275 boys and their teacher. In winter most of them freeze. In summer they cannot open the windows because a slaughterhouse is next door to them and the smell of dead cattle makes the children suffer from headaches and sickness.

## Teacher terror

Of course it could be terrible being a teacher too.

In the 1890s Sarah-Anne Knobstick ran home to her mother. ‘Mummy, Mummy!’ she cried, ‘Miss Trimmer gave me the cane!’

She showed her little hand to her red-faced, thick-armed mother.

‘Did she now,’ her mother Katherine Knobstick said. ‘We’ll see about that.’

Katherine Knobstick marched down to Lirriper Lane Board School, burst through the doors and grabbed hold of Miss Dorothy Trimmer. First she told her what she thought of her – she used language you wouldn’t see even in a *Horrible Histories* book. But (to put it politely) she said...



Then she grabbed the teacher by the hair, tore out lumps and punched her to the floor. As the frail teacher whimpered, the mighty boot of Mrs Knobstick pounded her. The powerful parent was taken to court and fined a huge amount – 40 shillings. But she smirked and said...





# Barmy Buildings

London is not just the people, of course. It is thousands of old buildings too. Here are some you may like to visit. You can bore everyone around you by telling them these useless facts...

## Marble Arch

This was built in 1827 in front of Buckingham Palace to make a grand entrance for the royal carriages. Sadly the dumbo who built it forgot to measure the carriages – they were too wide to get through! The arch was moved down the road in 1851. The only people who are now allowed to pass through Marble Arch are the royal family and the King's Troop Royal Horse Artillery.

## The Thames Tunnel

In the 1820s Marc Brunel built a tunnel under the Thames from Rotherhithe to Wapping in London: the world's first tunnel under a river. As the workers dug under the river it began to leak. It let in water – and all the sewage from London's toilets. One massive flood in 1828 killed six workmen. Mark's famous son, Isambard Kingdom Brunel, was caught and dragged out, barely alive. Isambard later had to crawl through the toilet filth to repair the cracks that let the river leak in.<sup>1</sup>



<sup>1</sup> The tunnel is still in use as part of the London Underground system.

## **The Crystal Palace**

Queen Victoria's husband, Prince Albert, wanted to show the world how great Britain was. He wanted an exhibition. A massive glass hall was built in Hyde Park. There were some odd problems though.

Enemies of the plan said that it would attract tramps and, anyway, it would blow down in the first strong wind. (It didn't and it didn't.)

The Lincoln MP said Britain didn't want all those foreign people to visit – they might bring a plague with them. They didn't.

Victoria was worried about birds nesting in the trees, inside the glass palace. Would the birdy poo drop on people? Someone said, 'Kill the birds with hawks!'

The shocked Queen decided to let the birds live to poo in the palace.

In 1854 the palace was moved to Sydenham Hill in South London and in 1936 it burned to the ground.

## **10 Downing Street**

This house is the home of prime ministers – but when they lose the job they have to move out ... a bit like a hotel manager.

The top MPs – the 'cabinet' – meet there to plot and plan what to do with the taxes they squeeze from the people. Just like William the Conqueror in the Tower in the old days!

On this spot there used to be a 'cock-pit'. No, that was not the place where an aeroplane pilot sat. It was a pit where cockerels fought to the death.

In 1787 a cockerel called Old Trodgon won £200 for a fight at 10 Downing Street – a fortune in those days.

Then the place became a coffee house and a popular place for thieves to meet people who would buy their stolen goods.



So 10 Downing Street was a place for crooks to meet.



## The Houses of Parliament

Guy Fawkes tried to destroy Westminster Palace – the old Houses of Parliament – and kill King James in 1605. His ghost must have been happy when it burned down.

In 2003 the teachers at Aberystwyth University tried to work out what would have happened if Guy had lit the fuse. They reckoned...

- The bang would have been big enough to wipe out 25 Houses of Parliament.
- The King and parliament would have been blasted up high into the air ... if they had lived then they would have been killed when they came back down to earth.
- Everything within 30 metres would have been blown apart.
- Every building within 100 metres would have had its roof blown off.
- Flying bricks and tiles could have killed anyone closer than 150 metres.

Westminster Palace was used to store all the tax records of England from the Middle Ages till 1826. The place was stuffed with them. These records were made of wood. In 1834 someone said they'd burn well and keep the place warm. They burned so well they burned the palace down that same year.

## Victoria Embankment

A new Houses of Parliament was built by the side of the Thames in 1864–1870. Big mistake, as the river was London's biggest sewer. In summer it stank enough to choke the Members of Parliament.

What to do with poo was always a problem. Most London houses had pits at the bottom of the house where the poo and pee collected. 'Night Soil Men' would empty the sludge from the pits on to carts, carry the muck off and sell it to farmers to spread on their land. It made their crops grow better – poo-rich oats perhaps.

But as London got bigger the Night Soil Men had too far to travel. Toilet pits filled to overflowing.

In 1842 Edwin Chadwick, a social reformer, wrote...

*I found the cellars of some houses to be full of night soil, 3 feet (90 cm) deep. I found the back yard covered in night soil from the overflowing toilet. It was 6 inches (15 cm) deep and bricks had to be put down so the house owners could cross with dry shoes.*





New drains took the toilet waste into the Thames. So the Thames became London's toilet.

Londoners took drinking water from the Thames. In the 1850s, 30,000 of them died from the disease cholera. Tasty Thames.

The government wouldn't pay the money to have the filth removed – not until the filth came to the government. In 1858 a hot summer made the river really smell. The stench choked the MPs in Parliament, so they decided to pay for proper London drains. It was known as 'The Great Stink'.

Joseph Bazalgette built sewers that took the toilet waste and dumped it down the river near Barking. It was washed out to sea. (Super swimming, then.)

He also built Victoria Embankment to cover a long stretch of sewer. Think of that as you stroll along.



*Did you know...?*

The clock tower at the end of the new Houses of Parliament is not 'Big Ben'. It's the great bell that is known as Big Ben. And did you also know it cracked in 1859? It was repaired but the crack's still there. It used to take two men 32 hours to wind the clock every week.

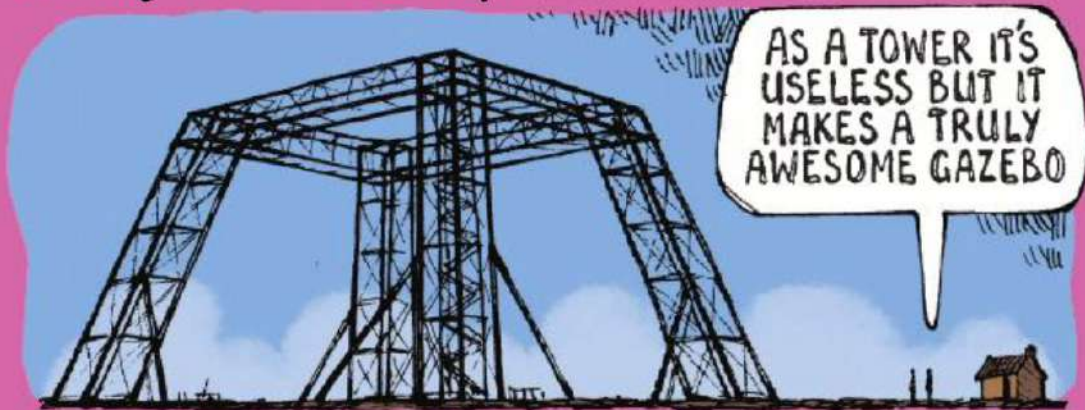
## The London landmark you'll never see...

### The Wembley Tower

In 1889 the French built the Eiffel Tower. In 1896 Sir Edward Watkin planned to build an even taller tower in Wembley. It should have had restaurants, theatres and even a ballroom at the top. (A lot of steps for Cinderella to run down.)

Mr Eiffel, who built the Paris tower, refused to help.

It was half built. Nobody wanted to pay to go up the tower. It started to sink into the marshy ground. The Leaning Tower of Wembley.



It closed in 1899 and was blown up in 1907. The famous old Wembley Stadium was put there instead.



# Under London

London may be horrible above the ground, but it can be just as ugly under the surface.

The Victorian Londoners were very superstitious. One preacher, Dr Cuming, said that digging into the ground would be digging into Hell and the Devil would be disturbed. (Even today people say the Underground is Hell, so maybe he was right.)

The first tube trains ran on 10 January 1863 from Paddington to Farringdon. So many people got on at the start that there was no room for anyone to get on at the other stations. Not a lot has changed there, then.

Steam trains were used for 25 years. Of course the tunnels filled with smoke. The railway companies said the smoke was a GOOD thing. If you had a bad chest then tube smoke would clear it. (Yeah, and putting your head on the track would cure your headache.)



Electric trains were first used in 1890. The law said you would be fined £2 if you tried to ride on the roof of an electric train. If you rode on the roof your head would be knocked off. Painful – but at least you'd save two pounds.

## Ten terrible Tube facts

Here are some foul facts about the Tube you may like to torment your teacher with. Get Sir (or Miss) on a tube and when it enters a tunnel and the lights flicker, then fill their ears with these truly terrible (but useless) facts.



PLEASE, SIR, COULD YOU REARRANGE THE FOLLOWING TEN FACTS INTO ORDER OF USELESSNESS... SCORE 10 FOR 'I-DIDN'T-NEED-TO-KNOW-THAT' TO 1 FOR UTTERLY-AND-MIND-KILLINGLY-USELESS



1 To test the first escalators they used a man called Bumper Harris because Bumper couldn't mangle his feet if it went wrong – he had two wooden legs.<sup>1</sup>

2 The first tube carriages had no windows and buttoned seats so they were known as 'padded cells'.

3 More people commit suicide at King's Cross and Victoria stations than at any other.

4 People who throw themselves under tube trains are called 'one-unders' by the staff. (In New York they call them 'track pizza').

5 The tunnels were cleaned at night by ladies with feather dusters, dustpans and brushes. They were known as 'fluffers'.

6 The two best stations to spot mice scurrying over the lines are Waterloo and Oxford Circus.

7 Nesting pigeons were a nuisance so staff used kestrels and hawks to kill them.

8 Carriages are too small today for most people who travel on the tube. This is because the tunnels were built in the 1860s when people were smaller.

9 Prime Minister Gladstone and Dr Barnardo were the only people ever to have their coffins carried by tube.

But the winner – the most useless fact of all – is:

10 Green grapes cause more accidents on the London

<sup>1</sup> Of course no one checked if he had wooden feet too, did they? For all we know brave Bumper could have been wearing his own feet on the end of the wooden legs. Bet you didn't think of that, did you?



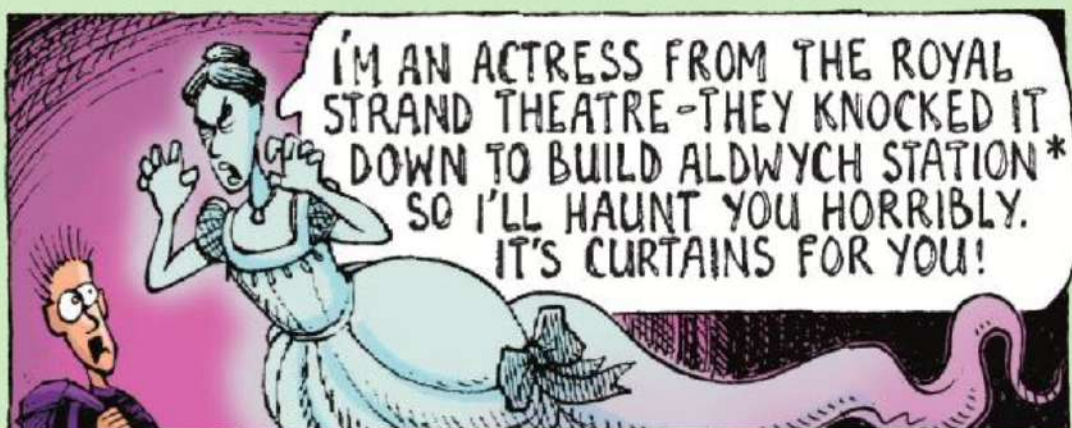
Underground than banana skins.

## Ghostly goings-on...

Of course, the Underground is haunted.

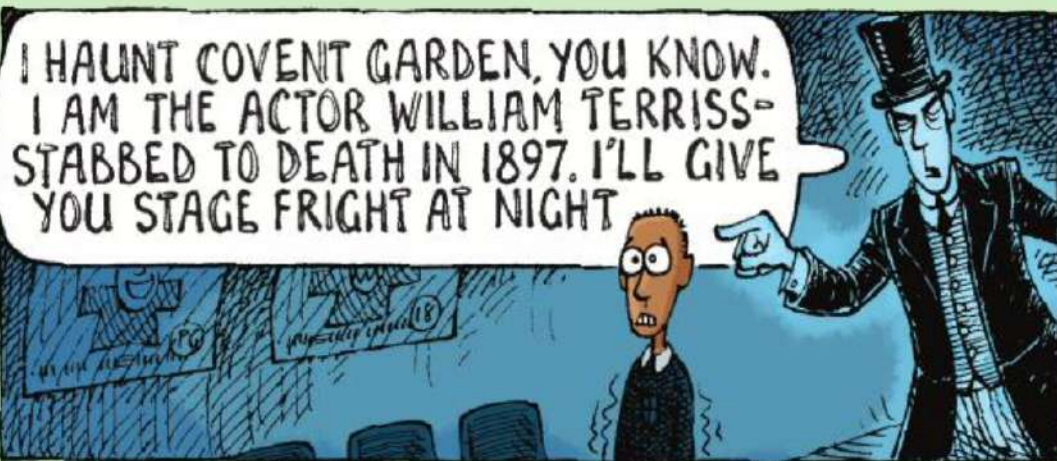
People say there are ghastly ghosts in deserted houses. So there must be sad spooks in deserted stations. The Underground has lots of stations that no one uses today.

Here are some of the scariest and hairiest places to be...

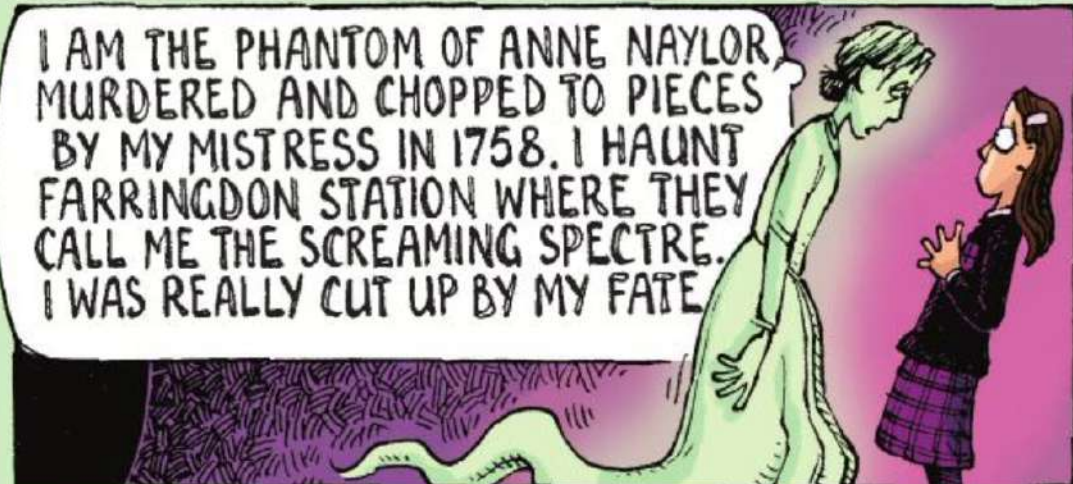
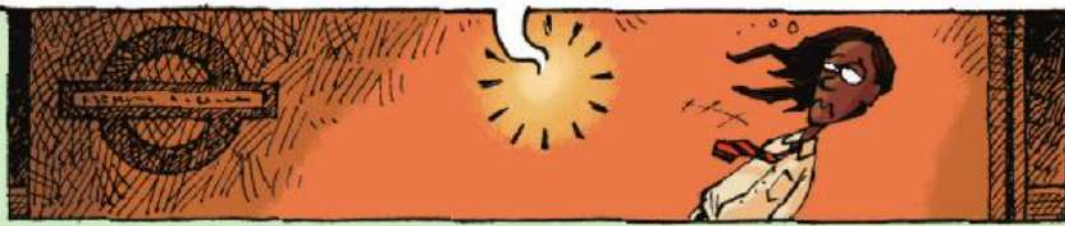


\*These stations are closed now – ghost stations in fact.





IF YOU HEAR TAPPING OF FOOTSTEPS OR DOORS FLUNG OPEN AT ELEPHANT AND CASTLE STATION THEN THAT'LL BE ME. I'M INVISIBLE. A CLEAR CASE OF A SAD SPOOK



*Did you know...?*

There is no tube station at Muswell Hill. There was supposed to be, but when they started digging underground they came across a deep pit – full of the skeletons of people buried during the plague.



# London Ends

London is a terrible place to die. And a place to die terribly. Here are a few of the most horrible.

## The Whitefriars Carpenter (around 1820)

He was desperately poor – so poor he had to sell his tools to buy food. And once he'd sold his tools he couldn't find any work. He became poorer and hungrier. Worst of all, he had no friends.

The man decided to kill himself. He had seen how guillotines worked in France. He used his skill to make a machine that would drop a 12 kg stone on to an axe that would cut his throat.

It worked.

His corpse was sent for trial. He was found guilty of suicide. But his horrible death wasn't cruel enough for the jury. They said he didn't deserve a Christian burial. The foreman of the jury said:

*He should be flung into a hole at night time, like a dog in a ditch.*



His body was pushed into a rough wooden box and buried at midnight in a shallow grave. No one cared. No one cried.

## The Spitalfields Children (1883)

If you catch scarlet fever today you will almost certainly survive. If you caught it in Victorian London you could well die. And your poor family could also suffer if you died. A public health inspector called Wrack visited one house where a child had been sick with scarlet fever and wrote this report...



On visiting No. 17, Hope Street, Spitalfields, I found in the room of the second floor the dead body of a child. She had died fifteen days before the time of my visit. The room was occupied by the parents of the dead child and a daughter aged thirteen years. The body was in a rotted state. The father said he could not afford a funeral. Friends had promised to help but had failed to. I pointed out the danger of keeping a dead body so long in the same room where the family lived.

Upon visiting No. 28, Church Street, Spitalfields, on the 5th December last, I found in the second-floor front room the dead body of a child which had died of scarlet fever on the 1st of the month. The body was not in a coffin, and it lay exposed on a table in one corner of the room. The room was occupied as a living and sleeping room by five persons, the father and mother, their child, a girl about three years old, the grandfather and grandmother of the child, who were tailors. The smell on entering the room was most sickening.

The tailors were working in a room with a scarlet fever victim. The person who bought the clothes could catch the disease from them and so it spread.

Mr Wrack made many reports of this sort. In most cases the parents could not afford a funeral.

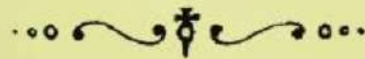
The government said it had 'no time' to deal with the problem of bodies left to rot in houses.



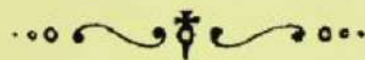
## The Lisson Grove Old Woman (1900)

An American writer, Jack London, visited London ... the city, not his dad ... and wrote about the lives of the poorest people in the slums. His tale of one old woman is gruesome, but true...

In Devonshire Place, Lisson Grove, a short while back an old woman died aged seventy-five. A police officer said that all he found in the room was a lot of old rags covered with fleas and lice. He had got himself smothered with the vermin. The room was in a shocking condition, and he had never seen anything like it. Everything was absolutely covered with fleas.



The doctor said: 'I found the deceased lying across the fireplace on her back. She had a dress and her stockings on. The body was quite alive with vermin, and all the clothes in the room were absolutely grey with insects. The woman was very badly fed and was very skinny. She had sores on her legs from the insect bites, and her stockings were sticking to those sores.'



A man said 'I had the bad luck to see the body of the unhappy woman as it lay in the coffin; she was a mere bundle of skin and bones. Her hair, which was matted with filth, was simply a nest of vermin. Over her bony chest leaped and rolled hundreds, thousands, countless numbers of insects.'



# Epilogue

Of course there are a lot of great things to love about London – and this book only has the space to look at the loathsome, not the lovely. Here are three things people have written about London.

Spot the difference...

a)

The people of Foster Lane empty their toilet pots out of the windows and cause a nuisance to the people in the street below. The cooks of Bread Street keep animal droppings and rubbish under their counters while a stream of sewage runs down Trinity Lane. Barbers show bowls of blood in their shop windows.

b)

No more dreary spectacle can be found on this earth than the whole of the 'awful East' London. The colour of life is grey and drab. Everything is hopeless and dirty. Bath-tubs are totally unknown. The people themselves are dirty. Strange smells come drifting along the greasy wind, and the rain when it falls, is more like grease than water from heaven. The very cobblestones are scummed with grease.



c)

The murder rate in London has doubled in 12 months to reach one of its highest levels ever. The crimes are getting more brutal. In the final three months of last year there were 61 murders in the capital. Behind each murder there is a tragic story of a family left behind, children left fatherless and wives who are now widows.

They are ALL about London and they are ALL about a Loathsome London. But what is the difference?

a) was written in the year 1212, b) was written in 1899 and c) was written in 2004.



So some things change – the plague is gone and the sewers work.

Some things haven't changed – the cruelty, the violence, the rats and the lonely lost people.

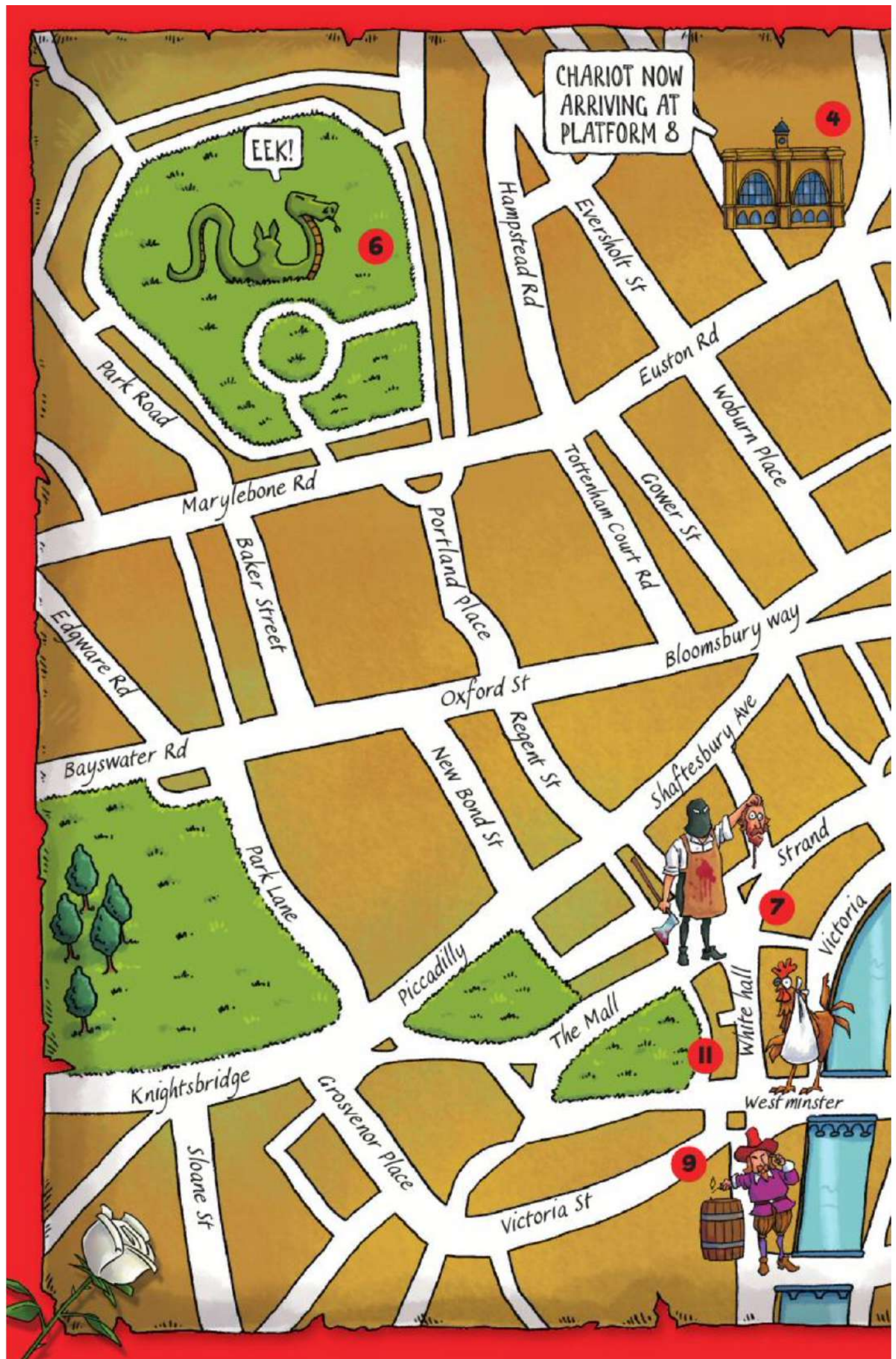






**THE  
HORRIBLE  
HIGHLIGHTS  
OF LONDON**





EEK!

6

CHARIOT NOW  
ARRIVING AT  
PLATFORM 8

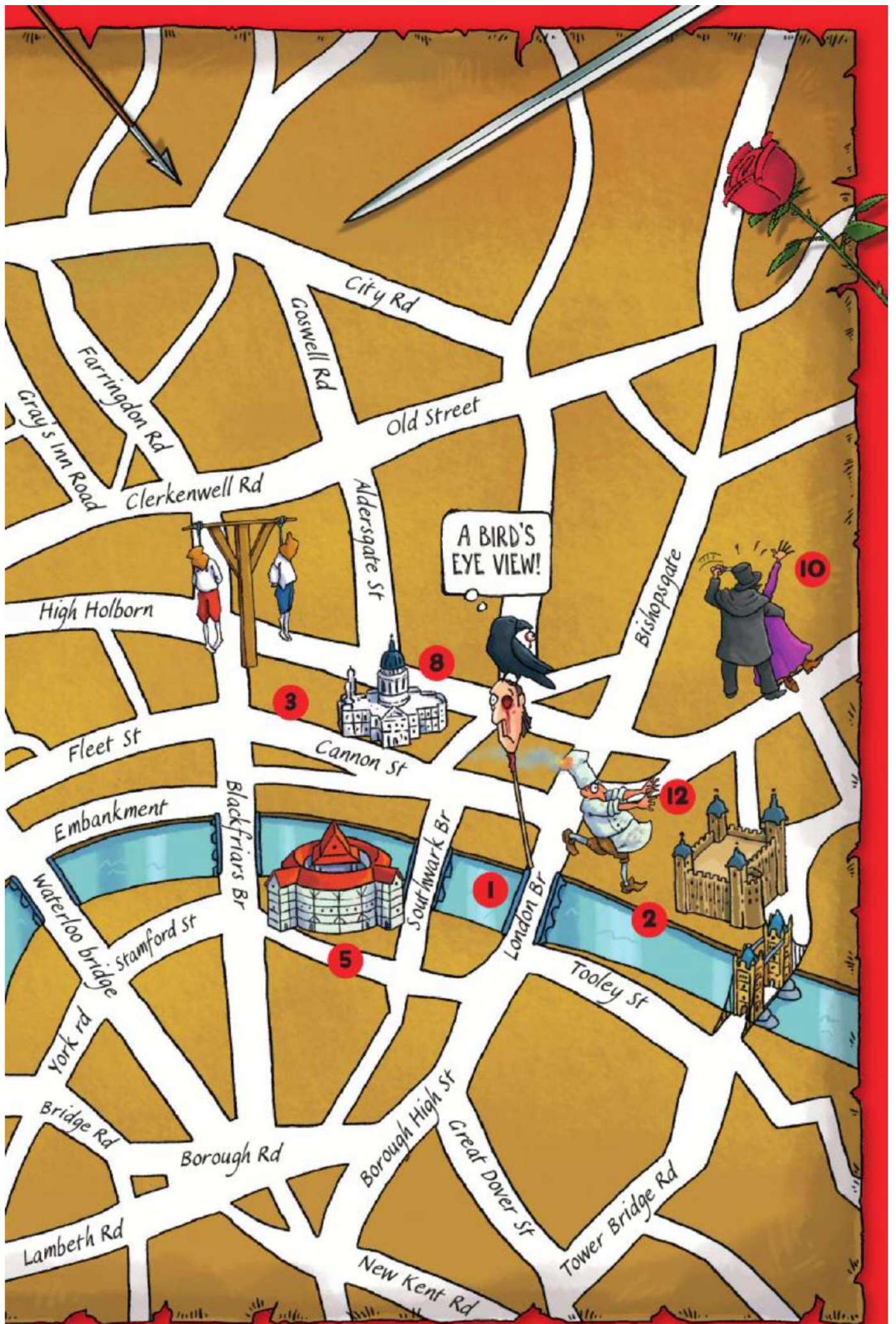
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# THE HORRIBLE HIGHLIGHTS OF LONDON

## 1 London Bridge

This is where they stuck the heads of traitors on poles. The message is clear: 'Look out!'



## 2 Tower of London

A palace of pleasure turned to a place of pain. Twisted torture and blood-soaked beheadings, stabbings, drowning and smotherings. Nice.

## 3 The Old Bailey

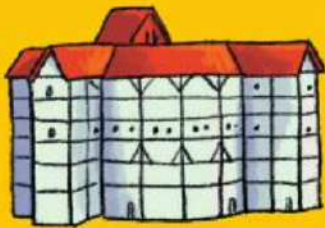
Court for villains who are caught. It used to house Newgate prison with the gallows outside. A place to hang around.





#### 4 **King's Cross Station**

Why were kings cross? Maybe their trains were late! Some say warrior Queen Boudica was buried under platform 8.



#### 5 **The Globe Theatre**

Shakespeare's pleasant plays performed here, along with bloody baiting of bulls and bears. Not now. All's well that ends well!

#### 6 **Regent's Park**

The zoo where snakes were once fed with live rabbits so vile Victorian visitors could see bunny bitten. Hiss-terical!



## 7 Whitehall

Charles I got chopped outside the Banqueting Hall. For a while old Whitehall would be red hall with gutters full of gore. Wipe your feet.



## 8 St Paul's

The churchyard was a great place for doing deals, watching street amusements, being cheated and getting your pocket picked. Raves on graves.

## 9 Houses of Parliament

In 1605 villains crept into the basement to blow it up but poor Guy Fawkes was caught. Now the villains are all upstairs.





## 10 Whitechapel

In Durward Street, 1888, London's greatest villain cut his first throat. The man they call Jack the Ripper. He was never caught. Ooo-er!



## 11 10 Downing Street

Once a place where people paid to watch cockerels rip each other apart. Now ministers meet there ... to rip each other apart.

## 12 Pudding Lane

This is where the Great Fire started and cleaned up filthy London's wooden houses. An ember to remember.







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