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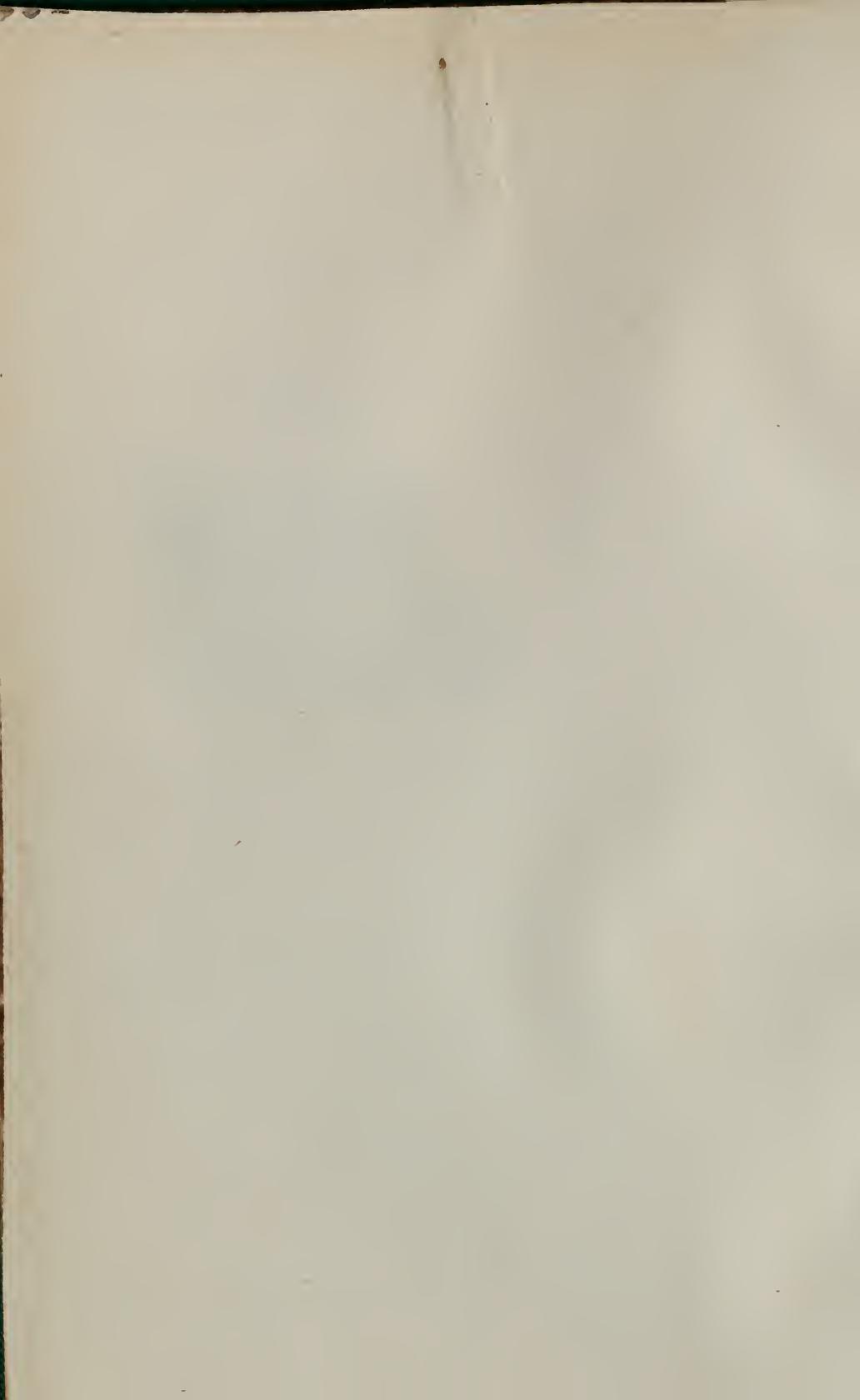


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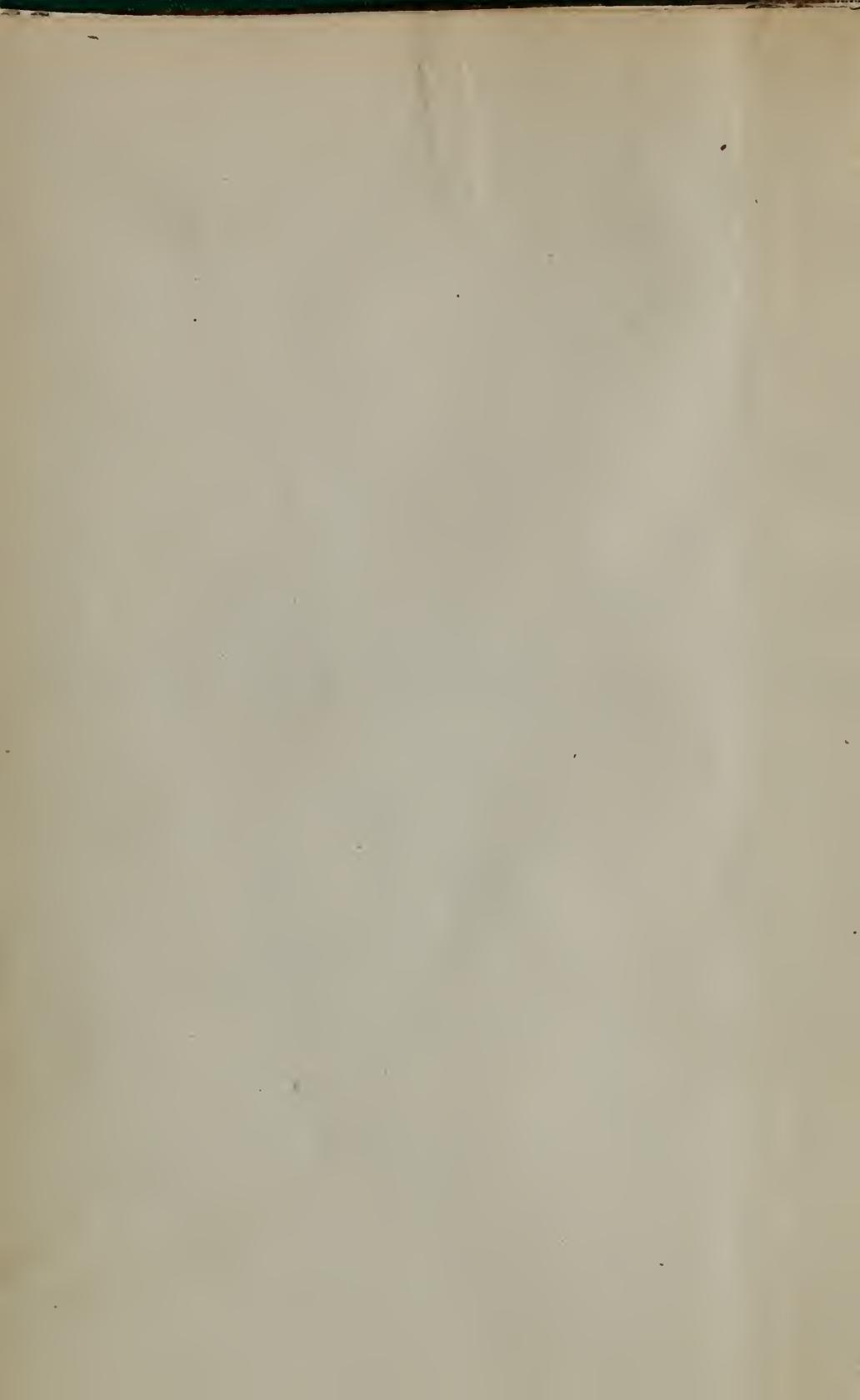


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THE STORY OF
THE LONDON PARKS.

BY
JACOB LARWOOD.



A Hyde Park Park in 1815

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

London:
CHATTO AND WINDUS, PUBLISHERS.
(SUCCESSORS TO JOHN CAMPBELL HOTTE)



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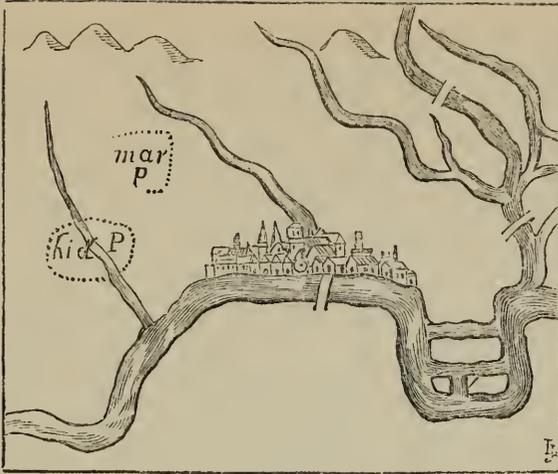
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HYDE PARK AND MARYBONE PARK IN THE XVIIth CENTURY.

From the title-page of a Civil War tract, 1642.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY HISTORY OF THE PARK.

WHEN the Romans conquered Britain, they found a native settlement on the banks of the Thames, which, from the name of the people who inhabited it, they called the "Town of the Trinobantes,"—a hyperbolic designation for a few hovels built of mud and branches, defended by a ditch and surrounded by forests. Under the sway of the invaders this British town soon became a place of some importance, and, ere long, its name being changed into Augusta or Londinum, it was transformed into a walled town, located within the boundaries of the river Fleet, Cheapside, and the Tower. Such was the beginning of the present Metropolis of the world, "opulent, enlarged, and still increasing London." The site of the future Hyde Park lay in the far west, in the midst of virgin forests, which for more than ten centuries after continued to surround London to the north and the west. Wild boars and bulls, wolves, deer, and smaller game, a few native hunters, swine-

herds, and charcoal-burners, were in all probability the only inhabitants of those vast wildernesses.

Even at this early date the northern boundary of our Park was defined. The Via Trinobantina, one of the military roads which led from the sea-coast of Hampshire to the coast of Suffolk, ran partly over the site now occupied by the Uxbridge Road and Oxford Street; and thus, since Hyde Park never extended beyond that line, it may justly be said that the Romans traced its northern limit. The eastern bounds were partly formed in a similar manner, for another Roman road, Old Watling or Gathelin Street, which led from Chester to Dover, crossed the Oxford Road at Tyburn, and thence, through what is now St. James's Park, shaped its way to the Thames. Even in those remote times London rapidly became an opulent city, and it may be imagined that the unwary packman trudging along these roads to carry the luxuries of the town to the centurions in the camps and the procurators in their villas, would frequently fall a prey to the barbarian natives, who still preferred the freedom of their woods to a life under the military control of the foreign invaders.

These general remarks, scarcely connected with the history of the Park, may assist in helping us over ten centuries. To the Roman had succeeded the Saxon and the Dane, to these in course of time the Norman, and with them we begin to obtain distinct data. One of the high dignitaries at the court of the Saxon kings bore the title of *Stalre* or *Stallere*, and held an office which appears to have been a combination of the more modern Master of the Horse, Constable, and Standard-bearer. The nobleman who held this dignity at the time of the Norman invasion was named Asgar, and from Domesday Book it appears that he held numerous lands and manors by right of his office. After the Conquest, William the Norman appointed one of his nobles, Geoffrey de Mandeville or Magnavilla (ancestor of the Mandevilles, Earls of Essex), to succeed to all those lands which Asgar had held *officially*, but *not* to the

property which that Saxon lord had inherited from his fathers. A certain manor or estate of Eia appears to have come under the first category. This manor, 890 acres in extent, was situated in the parish of Westminster and the Hundred of Ossulston: it extended from the Old Roman and military road (now Uxbridge Road and Oxford Street) down to the banks of the Thames, and included the site of our future Hyde Park within its boundaries. Thus the very first authentic notice we possess connected with the Park is, that it formed part of an estate which belonged *ex officio* to the Saxon Master of the Horse. Could the shade of that old Saxon revisit the land which he held when in the flesh, no doubt he would be satisfied, for nowhere in the world could he find finer horses and better riders than those we daily see in Rotten Row.

Close upon the time when Domesday Book was compiled, this estate of Eia was divided into three manors: Neyte or Neate, Eubery, and Hyde, which last eventually became our famous Park. Mandeville did not long continue in possession of Eia. His wife Athelais died before him, and was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, where he himself intended to be laid by her side when his hour should come. Having, probably, like most of the adventurous friends of William the Conqueror, a heavy load of peccadilloes on his conscience, he thought it prudent to make his peace with Heaven by securing the intercession of the holy fathers at the Abbey; and, as the prayers of the monks were a valuable commodity in those days, he gave in exchange for them that goodly manor of Eia, at the same time endowing Hurley in Berks, with some lands adjacent to it, and making it a cell of Westminster Abbey.

Of Hyde, unfortunately, nothing is known beyond the fact that the present Park occupies part of its site. Eyebury, Eubery, or Ebury, was and is still situated towards Chelsea, and at present forms part of the property of the Marquis of Westminster. Neyte, on

account of its proximity to the Abbey and to the river, appears to have been that part of the estate to which the monks gave the preference. This manor was subsequently used as a residence by some of the Abbots, and in it died, November 27, 1386, Abbot Nicholas Littleington, who had greatly improved the property. So comfortable had the good monks by this time made the manor of Neyte, that no less a person than John of Gaunt, titular king of Castille, and brother of King Edward III., did not think it beneath his dignity to take up his abode in it, and asked liberty of the Abbot to reside there whilst Parliament was sitting in Westminster. Nor is he the only person of royal blood connected with this manor: for there also on November 7, 1448, John, fifth son of Richard, Duke of York, was born. Little more than a century after, in 1592, Neyte (though it still had a moat in the time of Henry VIII.), had dwindled down to the proportions of "a farm," and thus it is described in the particulars of a dispute laid in that year before Lord Burleigh.

After the Restoration it became a tea-garden and cockney pleasure-resort, under the name of the Neat Houses, and the first well-known character we meet in it, is merry gossip Pepys, who tells us that on August 1, 1667, after the play, he went into the green-room or some such place, and spoke with Mrs. Knipp (a pretty actress and particular friend of Master P.) Thence he went with her and Mrs. Pepys to the Neat Houses, "and there," quoth Pepys, "in a box in a tree we sat and sang, and talked and eat; my wife," adds the naughty little man, "out of humour, as she always is when this woman is by." The Neat Houses were still extant in the beginning of the present century. They stood on the site of St. George's Row, Warwick Street, Pimlico. In front of them, reaching to the river side, on the area now bounded by the Chelsea Waterworks, Bessborough Gardens, and Warwick Street (then called Willow Walk), were the Neat Gardens, which used to supply the markets of London

with asparagus, artichokes, cauliflowers, and other vegetables. The whole of this was swept away and covered with houses, by the building of Pimlico and South Belgravia.

The manor of Hyde continued in the undisturbed possession of the monks for nearly five centuries. As the holy fathers understood thoroughly how to render property profitable, it is likely that they may have employed their serfs to cut down some of the oaks and elms, clear part of the forest, and make some of it into pasture lands, for which the soil, enriched during centuries by the yearly spoil of the trees, would have been admirably adapted. In the adjacent forest there was pannage for their hogs, and there also the merry abbots "that loved venerie," like him of the Canterbury Tales, could hunt the hart, the buck, and the doe, or, if inclined

"To ryde on hawkinge by the ryver
With grey goshawke in hande,"

there would be good sport of waterfowl on the banks of the small stream of the Eye Burn (the Tyburn), the West Bourne, and among the marshy pools which then occupied the site of the Serpentine. But the time came at last when the light of the Gospel having dawned upon Henry VIII. through the beautiful eyes of Anna Boleyn, that king drove the poor monks from their snuggeries and claimed the church-lands. The Abbot of Westminster had to submit like the rest, and in 1536 was compelled to part with his goodly manor of Hyde, with Neyte, Ebury, and Toddington. The conveyance, as recited in the Act,* dated July 1, 28 Hen. VIII., states that the Right Reverend Father in God, William Boston, and the Convent of Westminster, "with their whole assent, consent, and agreement," transferred to the king the above-named lands, including "the scyte, soyle, circuyte, and procyncte of the manor of Hyde, wyth all the demayne landes, tenements, rents, meadowes, and pastures of the said

* Statutes of the Realm, 28 Hen. VIII. ch. 49.

manor, with all other profytes and comōdities to the same appertainyng or belongyng, which now be in the tenure and occupation of one John Arnold." In exchange for these lands the Abbot and Convent of Westminster received the dissolved priory of Hurley in Berks, which, curiously enough, had been endowed by the same Mandeville who had given the manor of Eia to the abbey. Hyde having been surveyed at the period of transfer to the King, was valued at a yearly return of 14*l.*, which proves it to have been a lucrative and well-managed property.

Henry's main object in appropriating this estate seems to have been to extend his hunting-grounds to the north and west of London. He had previously purchased that plot of ground which afterwards became St. James's Park. Marylebone Park (now the Regent's Park and surrounding districts) formed already part of the royal domain, and thus the manor of Hyde connected with these gave him an uninterrupted hunting-ground, which extended from his palace of Westminster to Hampstead Heath. That some such idea existed in the royal mind appears from a proclamation for the preservation of his game issued in July, 1536, in which it is stated that "As the King's most royal Majesty is desirous to have the games of hare, partridge, pheasant, and heron preserved, in and about the honour of his palace of Westminster, for his own disport and pastime, no person, on the pain of imprisonment of their bodies, and further punishment at his Majesty's will and pleasure, is to presume to hunt or hawk, from the palace of Westminster to St. Giles'-in-the-Fields, and from thence to Islington, to Our Lady of the Oak, to Highgate, to Hornsey Park, and to Hampstead Heath." It was probably also about this period that the manor of Hyde was made into a park, that is, was enclosed with a fence or paling, and thus became still better adapted for the rearing and preserving of game. And here it may be fit to observe that its extent at that time and for long after was much greater than it is at present, reaching as far as Park Lane to the east, and almost up

to the site of Kensington Palace to the west. How and when it was pared to its present proportions will be told in the proper place.

The Park once formed, it became necessary to appoint a Ranger or keeper over it. This office of ranger of one of the royal parks was a sinecure to which, though the salary was but small, there were attached various desirable perquisites, such as free lodging and firewood, permission to hunt in the Park, grazing cattle, and similar douceurs. It was usually conferred upon a royal favourite, or upon some meritorious person who had rendered signal services to either the country or the king. George Roper was the first keeper of Hyde Park, and appears to have been appointed at the Reformation, with the modest salary of sixpence a day, added to which were the perquisites already mentioned. Who George Roper was, and how he had deserved this favour, is now no longer known. In the State Papers I find mention of one George Roper to whom Henry VIII. in 1511 granted a corrody* in the monastery of St. Mary Osney, which may be the same gentleman. Possibly he was a member of the family of the Ropers of Canterbury and of Eltham, one of whom, William Roper, had married Sir Thomas More's daughter; and as a chancellor is but a man notwithstanding the woolsack, and has no objection to see his family snugly settled in lucrative places, it lies within the range of possibilities, that Master George Roper was put in the way of advancement through the influence of the said Lord Chancellor, Sir Thomas More.

In 1553 Roper was succeeded by Francis Nevell. For some unexplained reason the keepership was now divided between two gentlemen, who, however, occupied separate lodges. The one lived in the lodge which stood on the site of the present Apsley House; the other more towards the centre of the Park, probably

* A corrody, or corody, is an allowance of money, provisions, or other necessaries, due from a religious house to the king for the support of his servants.

in a building afterwards known as the Banqueting House, or the Old Lodge, and which was pulled down at the formation of the Serpentine in 1733. The patent of Nevell's appointment, after alluding to the faithful services rendered by him, as well to King Edward VI. as to Queen Mary, states that he had exercised the office of keeper "well and faithfully from the time of the death of the said George Roper," and conferred upon him the office of keeper, which he was to hold, himself or his sufficient deputies, for life. But the fee was only fourpence per day, and pasture for twelve cows, one bull, and six oxen, together with the other profits to the said office belonging. Nevell, then, was appointed in the last year of the reign of King Edward VI., but does not appear to have had any associate for twenty-one years after.

It was only in 1574 that Queen Elizabeth appointed Henry Carey, first Lord Hunsdon, K.G., as Nevell's associate in the keepership. He also was to receive a fee of fourpence a day, and all the "herbage, pannage, and brouzewood for deer," whilst at the death of Nevell he was to have the reversion of the office, with an additional fourpence a day salary. Full particulars of the fees paid to the keepers, underkeepers, and the rest, are to be found in a list of the salaries allotted to the various officers in her Majesty's service, in which the park-keepers figure as follow:—

Hyde Park, Annual fee of the keeper . .	£12	13	4
For exercising the said office	12	13	4
Keeper of Hyde Park . . .	6	1	8
For his necessaries and costs	17	3	4
Keeper of the ponds [there].	10	5	0
Keeper of St. James's Park .	6	1	8*

The pristine *naïveté* of this record seems to show that the great Lord received a certain sum attached to the sinecure he held, and that another man received a similar sum to do the work for him. There was some justice in this arrangement, but *nous avons changé tout cela*.

* Peck's "Desiderata Curiosa," p. 68, from a MS. in his possession.

This Carey, Lord Hunsdon, was the Queen's cousin-german, being a son of Mary, Anne Boleyn's youngest sister. During the lifetime of Queen Mary, Carey had lent the Princess Elizabeth pecuniary assistance to the amount of several thousand pounds. For this kindness Elizabeth rewarded him, as soon as she came to the throne, by making him Baron of Hunsdon, not merely conferring the title upon him, but giving him also the manor of Hunsdon and three lordships adjoining it. Nichols, in his "Progresses of Queen Elizabeth," pointedly insinuates that there was in the Queen's breast something stronger than gratitude towards her stout kinsman. "He might have been with the Queen whatever he would himself, but would be no more than what he was, preferring enough above a feast in that nature." The ancient jest-books tell a good anecdote of this Lord Hunsdon, highly characteristic of the rude manners of that old world. He was a bold and high-spirited gentleman, very choleric, but not malicious, and a lover of what our fathers were wont to call "*men of their hands*,"—in other words, strong fellows, who could strike out from the shoulder in proper style. One day, as he was coming to London with a lordly retinue and a numerous band of followers, without which no nobleman ever travelled in those days, he met on the road a Mr. Colt to whom he owed a grudge. Colt probably did not make way sufficiently, or offended the fiery Lord in some other manner; at all events, Hunsdon gave him a sound box on the ear, which Colt at once returned with interest. Hunsdon's followers thereupon drew their swords and were going to take summary vengeance for this insult, but were immediately checked by their master with these words: "Stand back, you rogues: may not I and my neighbour change a blow but you must interpose?" And so the quarrel began and ended in a moment, nor do the blows appear to have led to any more serious consequences.

Nevell died before Lord Hunsdon, and when in due time his lordship also was gathered to his fathers in 1596 (and was buried in Westminster Abbey), his

fourth son, Sir Edward Carey, Knt., succeeded to the office of keeper, without any associate, and with a salary of eightpence a day, and the use of *all* the houses, lodges, and edifices, except the lodge and mansion, with the herbage and pannage attached to it, reserved for his mother, the Lady Ann Hunsdon, relict of the late keeper. Of this Sir Edward not much need be said here. He was brother of that Countess of Nottingham so well known on account of her connexion with the romantic affair of Essex's ring. He also had a brother, Robert Carey, who is known to have been the first man who announced to James I. that, by the death of Queen Elizabeth, he had become King of England. For this purpose he rode post haste from London to Edinburgh, a distance of 400 miles, which he performed in three days,—hard riding, considering the state of the roads (it was in the month of March), and the slowness of the breed of horses then in use. For this and some other services, James subsequently made him Earl of Monmouth.

As Sir Edward Carey retained his keepership till after the accession of King James, it will here be the place to cast a retrospective glance at the condition of the Park in the reign of good Queen Bess. In Nevell's time, in 1570, forty acres of land attached to the Park, and lying in the parish of Knightsbridge, were railed in, enclosed, and added to it. No cattle were allowed to enter this enclosure, as it was reserved for the deer to graze in, and the grass growing within it was to be mown for hay, on which to feed the deer in winter. The exact locality of these forty acres is not stated, but it is not improbable that it was the very fence which was pulled down by the Londoners on their Lammas crusade in 1592.

Hyde Park, as in the time of Henry VIII., was still used as a hunting-ground in the reigns of Edward VI., Queen Elizabeth, and King James. In 1550 we find the boy-king Edward VI. hunting in it with the French Ambassadors. In January, 1578, John Casimir, Count Palatine of the Rhine, Duke of Bavaria, and a

general in the service of the Dutch, paid a visit to Queen Elizabeth, lodged in Somerset House, and was by her Majesty made Knight of the Garter. Amongst the entertainments given to this princely visitor was that of hunting at Hampton Court and shooting in Hyde Park, on which last occasion the old chroniclers relate that the Duke "killed a barren doe with his piece from amongst three hundred other deer." Again, an entry in the accounts of the Board of Works for the year 1582 contains a payment "for making of two new standings in Marybone and Hyde Park, for the Queen's Majesty and the noblemen of France [*i. e.*, the Duke of Anjou, Elizabeth's intended husband, and his Court] to see the hunting." No doubt these were the "princely standes" to which Norden alludes in his mention of Hyde Park in 1596.* Perhaps the Queen herself at times here followed the pursuit of her patroness Diana, for we know that her Majesty took pleasure in hunting. On such occasions the sport would conclude, according to the established law of the chase, by one of the huntsmen offering a hunting-knife to the Queen, as the first lady of the field, and her "*taking say*" of the buck, *i. e.*, plunging the knife in its throat with her own fair and royal hand. Again, the pools in the Park must have been a favourite haunt of the heron (which Henry VIII. includes among the game to be preserved in the neighbourhood of his palace), and other water-fowl, and there she may have cast her hawk on summer afternoons. We can imagine her riding on an "ambling palfrey" through the forest glades, accompanied by the fiery Essex, the courtly Burleigh, the manly Raleigh, or that arch-plotter and scheming villain Leicester, whose name, if the Devil had had his due, *ought* to have been for ever connected with a certain spot north-east of the Park where Tyburn's gallows stood. In the reign of this Queen, also, we find the first mention of a review in Hyde Park, namely, that held on the 28th of March, 1569, when her Majesty mustered there the Queen's Pensioners, who were "well appointed in armour, on

* Norden's "Survey of Middlesex and Hertfordshire," 1596, p. 19.

horseback, and arrayed in green cloth and white,"—the colours of the Tudor family, as may be seen in several of the old pictures at Hampton Court and Windsor. The corps was commanded by Lord Hunsdon, the Park keeper, and for this reason, probably, the review was held in the Park.

Sir Edward Carey, the keeper, was succeeded in 1607 by Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, to whom again, in 1610, an adjunct was appointed,—Sir Walter Cope, and, as on a former occasion, with benefit of survivorship. An under-keeper, George Baynard, is mentioned at this time: he of course had all the work to do, whilst the office of the other gentleman was a mere sinecure. Robert Cecil was a younger son of Burleigh, Queen Elizabeth's famous Lord Treasurer, and he himself was Lord High Treasurer to King James. These appointments were the rewards earned by his time-serving qualities, for in him his father's wisdom had degenerated into mere cunning, or even duplicity. Though he contrived to the last to keep up his interest with the Queen, and succeeded in ousting his rival Essex and others, yet, when Elizabeth's end was drawing nigh, he was the first to make secret terms with her successor James I., and to prepare the way for his reception in England. It was he who built Salisbury House in the Strand, which gave its name to the present Salisbury Street. His colleague, Sir Walter Cope, was the son of Sir Walter Cope, Master of the Wards and Chamberlain to the Exchequer, who made his way in the world by raising money for James I. He was a considerable landowner in Kensington, and built the centre part and turrets of the present Holland House. On the death of the Earl of Salisbury, in 1612, Sir Walter surrendered the keepership of Hyde Park for life to his son-in-law, Sir Henry Rich, subsequently created Earl of Holland.

During the keepership of Salisbury and Cope, various repairs and improvements appear to have been going on in the Park. The State Papers record divers grants of money for planting of trees, repairs of lodges, pales,

fences, standings, pond-heads, and so forth. There was also a dispute at that time between the keeper and the Earl of Lincoln, who claimed a right to certain lands in the Park. Other occurrences of note I find none, except in 1619, when two or three poachers, being caught shooting the deer, an affray happened, in which one of the gamekeepers was killed. Mr. Chamberlain, in a letter to his friend Carleton, says that "the case was not so foul as it seems at first sight, if it is true that they were set on by a letter of Sir Thomas Watson's, to entrap certain notorious dealers by a double train, and that the keepers had notice of their coming as they pretend, and shot hail-shot amongst them at their first approach." However this may be, meddling with his game was a crime the British Solomon could not forgive, and the unfortunate men were executed a few weeks after at Hyde Park gate. Even a poor labourer whom they had hired for sixteen pence to hold their dogs, shared the same fate.

King James I., as everybody knows, was a mighty hunter before the Lord. Frequently, no doubt, the dryads and hamadryads of the Park must have witnessed his Sacred Majesty in that famous costume which he wore when on his journey from Scotland to England to ascend the throne—"a doublet green as the grass he stood on, with a feather in his cap and a horn by his side." Then the clear echoes nestling in the quiet nooks and corners of the ancient forest, were awakened by the merry blasts of the horn, the hallooing of the huntsmen cheering the dogs, and the "yearning" of the pack as they followed the hart to one of the pools where it "took soil," and was bravely despatched by his Majesty. After that followed the noisy "quarry," in which of course Jowler and Jewel, the King's favourite hounds, obtained the lion's share. When the hunt was over, his Majesty would probably adjourn to the Banqueting House, which stood in the middle of the Park, and refresh himself with a deep draught of sack or canary: and in the cool of the evening, as, returning home to Whitehall, the King crossed over "the way to

Reading" (now Piccadilly), he might see in the far blue distance the little village of St. Giles' nestled among the trees, the square steeple of old St. Paul's, and the smoking chimneys of his good citizens of London, whilst the faint evening breeze wafted towards him the sweet silvery sound of Bow bells ringing the curfew.

In the reign of James I., and long after, there were in Hyde Park eleven pools. Judging from the geological formation of the soil, they may have been the remains of a large sheet of water which in prehistoric times extended itself to those parts—when the elephant, the hippopotamus, the long-fronted ox, and the red deer roamed on its banks. There was also another shallow watercourse, the West Bourne, which ran through Hyde Park from north to south. It arose at the west end of Hampstead, shaped its course through Bayswater, ran through the Park, and leaving it somewhere between the present Knightsbridge Terrace and the French Embassy, crossed the road there and was spanned by a bridge, from which the parish of Knightsbridge derived its name. Thence the little rivulet wandered in the direction of William Street, Lowndes Square, and Chesham Street, and finally fell into the Thames by two mouths, the principal of which was near Ranelagh. These pools and watercourses in Hyde Park used to supply various parts of London and Westminster with water. Thus James's Queen, Anne of Denmark, who lived in Somerset House, had water brought in pipes from Hyde Park to that palace.* Westminster Palace, also, was provided with water from the same source, and in 1617, the Earl of Suffolk obtained licence to have a small pipe for conveying water to Suffolk House (on the site of the present Northumberland House, Charing Cross) inserted into the main pipe which ran from the Park to Westminster Palace,—an important royal favour in a time when all the water used in London had to be brought from the city conduits. Three years after, in 1620, the Dean and Chapter of Westminster obtained permission to carry water, arising out of four springs in

* Strype's "Stow," B. iv. p. 105.

Hyde Park, to their conduit pipe. That same year also the King granted letters patent to Thomas Day, Gent., of Chelsea, empowering him to "convey the springs"—or rather water from the springs—in Hyde Park to the city of Westminster, and to lay pipes through the Park for that purpose. But these letters were revoked by a writ of the King's Bench in the reign of Charles I., on the representation of the Park keepers, who asserted that the ponds were so drained by these pipes that there was not sufficient water left for the deer. The inhabitants of Westminster thereupon petitioned the King, alleging that they knew the pools to be full. His Majesty, however, took the word of the keepers, preferred seeing his subjects lack water rather than his deer, and so rejected the petition. Thus things remained till after the Restoration, when Charles II., in 1663, granted to Thomas Haines of Westminster, all the springs and conduits in the Park, to hold for ninety-nine years, at an annual rent of six shillings and eightpence. About the same time also water was brought in pipes from Hyde Park to Whitehall, at a cost of 1700*l*.

Sir Walter Cope, in 1612, surrendered his keepership in favour of his son-in-law Sir Henry Rich, Knt., who was created Earl of Holland in 1624, and beheaded by the Parliamentarians in 1649. This keeper's life and character are sufficiently interesting not to be passed by in silence. He was grandson by the mother's side of Queen Elizabeth's Earl of Essex, and being of a comely person, rapidly rose in the good graces of James I., who employed him as negotiator for the marriage of Henrietta Maria with Charles I. He was also appointed to bring that princess over to England, and, as he was handsome and a coxcomb to boot, the natural intimacy which arose from these relations with the Queen, gave rise to the report that he was something more than a friend and subject to her Majesty. His career was an erratic one, and in some respects resembled that of the notorious Duke of Wharton, who lived a century after him. First he sided with the Parliament, then he fought for the King, next returned to the Parliament,

and again changing sides, was at last taken prisoner, after his miscarriage at Kingston-upon-Thames. The stern Roundheads, tired of his never-ending changes, put an end to them by beheading him, in company with the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Capel, in front of Westminster Hall, in 1649. Hamilton and Capel died with great dignity; but Lord Holland, after having petitioned for his life, thought fit to die like a coxcomb, and appeared on the scaffold dressed in white satin trimmed with silver, which made Bishop Warburton say that "he had lived like a knave and died like a fool."

On St. James's day (July 25) 1625, Hyde Park is said to have witnessed one of the most curious scenes ever transacted in it. The young and beautiful Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I., induced by the influence which her priests had obtained over her, on that day went barefoot and in sackcloth through Hyde Park—the gates of which had been expressly ordered to be kept open—and walked to the gallows at Tyburn, "her luciferian confessor riding along by her in a coach." There she prayed for the *piis manibus* of the saints and martyrs executed for their share in the Gunpowder Plot. This absurd exhibition, to which a fanatical priesthood had led the lightheaded Queen, deeply aggravated the King, and was one of the principal grievances of the nation against her Majesty's French priests and followers. But it is not a little curious to see how flatly the whole story is denied by the French Ambassador Extraordinary at that time in London, the Marshal de Bassompierre, who alleges the whole scandal to have simply arisen out of a walk which the Queen took in the Park. "By permission of the King," writes the Marshal, "her Majesty joined the jubilee at the chapel of the Fathers of the Oratory at St. James's, with the devotion which might be expected from so high-born a princess, and who is so zealous for her religion. Her devotions were concluded at Vespers: a few hours after, when the greatest heat of the day was

over, her Majesty took a walk in St. James's Park, and thence went to Hyde Park [*Hipparc* as the Marshal calls it, who also metamorphoses St. James's into *St. Gemmes*] which adjoins it. This she was frequently in the habit of doing, and in company with the King; but that she went in procession, or that any prayers were said in public or in private, aloud or in a subdued voice, that they even approached within fifty yards of the gallows, that they knelt with their prayer-books or their rosaries in their hands, that is a story which has only lately been invented by slander."

Such a direct contradiction, made so soon after the alleged date of the occurrence, renders it rather difficult to arrive at the truth of this strange affair. But true or false, the story made a great sensation, and was the chief cause why a year after the King wrote that laconic letter to the Duke of Buckingham, in which he ordered him to ship the French priests at once, "dryving them away like so many wyld beastes, soe the Devyll goe with them."*

Among the few good things for which the nation has to thank Charles I., was the opening of Hyde Park as a pleasure ground to the public. And this was not a concession made, like some others, to the irresistible force of circumstances: it was entirely done by his Majesty's free will. The event happened some time before 1637, perhaps even before 1635, for evidence is extant of a race having taken place in the Park in that year. The articles of agreement for this race have found their way into the Public Record Office, where they are still preserved among the State Papers; they are drawn up between one John Prettyman of Horninghold, county Leicester, and John Havers of Stockerston in the same county. These two gentlemen agreed to run a match in the Park with two of their horses, for 100*l.* each, on the 23rd of April, 1635, between the hours of nine and ten in the forenoon. They were to start together "at the upper lodge, and to run *the usual*

* Ellis' "Original Letters," first series, vol. iii. p. 244. Letter of Mr. John Pory to Mr. John Mead, July 5, 1626.

way from thence over the lower bridge unto the ending place at the Park gate," each horse to carry eight and a half stone of fourteen pounds, and 50*l.* forfeit.

As the words "*the usual way*" indicate, such races were common in the Park at that time. The course on which they were run appears from the same document to have extended from the present farmhouse to the gate at Hyde Park Corner, the bridge alluded to being probably one by which the road to the lodge crossed the West Bourne. Full details of a race in that place and in those very times may be gathered from a comedy produced in 1637, by James Shirley, entitled "Hyde Park," in which a race forms the leading incident. This play, the author states, was written at the suggestion of Henry, Earl of Holland (at that time keeper of the Park), and had been "made happy by his smile when it was presented after a long silence *upon first opening of the Park.*" Pepys, who saw the play revived on July 11, 1668, good-naturedly calls it "a very moderate one;" he might have used a stronger epithet. But for our purpose it is valuable, as it contains descriptive touches of the Park, the races, and the manners and customs of the company who assisted at them. The third act, for instance, the scene of which is laid in the Park, abounds in allusions to the singing of birds "on every tree," which give a delightful idea of its rural character: the nightingale and the cuckoo being more particularly mentioned.

One of the episodes is a foot-race, a favourite kind of sport in those days, and one which King James himself went more than once to see. In Shirley's play it creates considerable excitement, and betting is carried on with as much ardour as on Epsom Downs. The parties engaged in the race are "an English and an Irish footman"—running footmen, no doubt. After the foot-race there is a horse-race. Whilst the people are waiting for it, a milkmaid goes round with milk, crying "Milk of a red cow!" exactly as they continued to cry a century after at Milk Fair in St. James's Park. This was refreshment for the "musty superfluity;" the more

exalted company partaking of sillabub with sack in it. Some desultory conversation, and the usual philandering ensues; the ladies bet scarlet silk stockings and Spanish scented gloves; a gentleman and a jockey talk about "the cracks o' th' field" (so ancient is that term)! then there is "a confused noise of betting within, after that a shout." They start, and the betting goes on with breathless excitement: "twenty to thirty," "odds," "keeps the start," all these household words of the present racecourse occur in those old days, and finally, the winner's name is shouted. In the end, when the race is over, Jockey the winner rides

"In full pomp on his Bucephalus,
With his victorious bagpipe."

And the stage direction accordingly says: "A Bagpipe playing, and Jockey in triumph," whilst the people shout "A Jockey, a Jockey!"

As a history of the Parks bears essentially upon the manners, fashions, and pleasures of past generations, the "Song of all the running Horses," which occurs in this play, may be appropriately introduced here. It will be seen that the names of the racers are fully as quaint as those which figure in the racing calendars and "k'rect cards" of the present day. The first stanza is merely an invocation to the Muses, but they, it will be admitted, appear to have turned a deaf ear to the poet. The song then goes on as follows.

2.

Young Constable and *Killdeer's* famous,
The *Cat*, the *Mouse*, and *Noddy Gray*,
With nimble *Pegabrig* you cannot shame us,
With *Spaniard* nor with *Spinola*;
Hill-climbing *White Rose* praise doth not lack,
Handsome *Dunbar*, and *Yellow Jack*;
But if I be just, all praises must
Be given to well-breath'd *Jilian Thrust*.

3.

Sure-spurr'd *Sloven*, true-running *Robin*,
Of *Young Shaver* I do not say lesse,
Strawberry Soame and let *Spider* pop in,
Fine *Brackley* and brave *Lurching Besse*;

Victorious too was *Herring-Shotten*,
 And *Spit-in's* — is not forgotten;
 But if I be just, all praises must
 Be given to well-breath'd *Jilian Thrust*.

4.

Lusty *George*, and, gentlemen, harke yet,
 To wining *Mackarell*, fine-mouth'd *Freake*,
Bay Tarrall that won the cup at Newmarket,
 Thundering *Tempest*, *Black Dragon* eke.
 Precious *Sweetelippes* I doe not lose,
 Nor *Toby* with his golden shoes;
 But if I be just, all praises must
 Be given to well-breath'd *Jilian Thrust*.

King Charles I. was a lover of sport, like his father before him. He was frequently present at the races in Hyde Park, on one of which occasions, rash and headstrong as he always was, he gave a mortal affront to Henry Martin, an M.P., which, according to Aubrey, raised the whole county of Berks against him. The story is thus narrated by Aubrey: "Martin was a great lover of pretty girls, to whom he was so liberal that he spent the greater part of his estate. King Charles I. had complaints against him for his wenching: it happened that Henry Martin was in Hyde Park one time when his Majesty was there going to see a race. The King espied him, and said aloud, 'Let that ugly rascal begone out of the Park, that ———, or else I will not see the sport.' So Martin went away patiently, but, *manebat alta mente repostum*. The sarcasm raised the whole county of Berks against the King;" and the "ugly rascal" had terrible revenge when a few years after he put his name next to Cromwell's upon Charles's death-warrant. On that ominous day Martin sat beside Cromwell, and such was the jocular mood of these two men that "Martin gave his vote very merrily and was in great sport," whilst Cromwell besmeared Martin's face with ink, a joke which the jolly member for Berks immediately retorted on the massive jaws of General Oliver. So say the quidnunc historians of the time, but the story must be taken for just what it is worth.



OLIVER CROMWELL.

Reduced facsimile of an Engraving by Rombout van den Hoeye.

CHAPTER II.

THE LADY-PIONEERS.

IN the first year of the Civil War, when the Royalists had won several battles, and were victorious both in the northern and western counties, Parliament began to be alarmed, and thought it necessary to fortify London. Early in the month of March, 1643, a Bill was passed ordering that the City and suburbs should be surrounded by a strong earthen rampart, with bastions and redoubts. The cost of this vast work was to be defrayed by a tax laid upon all houses: such as were valued at 5*l.* a year had to pay sixpence, whilst those that paid higher rents were rated at two-pence in the pound. Shortly after, an order was made by the Common Council that the Ministers in the several parishes of the city should “stir up” the parishio-

ners in the churches, "to send such of their servants and children as were fit to labour with spades, shovels, and other necessary tools, to help and assist at raising the outworks of the city, which is very needful to be finished."* The work thereupon was begun on Wednesday the first of May, 1643, and apparently carried on with a right hearty good will.

A large square fort with four bastions was erected on the spot where Hamilton Place, Piccadilly, now stands, which was then the limit of the Park on that side. Such was the fear or enthusiasm of the times, that even ladies of rank not only encouraged, and liberally supplied with provisions, the men who worked at these forts, but even took up the spade and the basket, the pickaxe and shovel, and worked in the trenches. Hudibras at least says that they

"Marched rank and file, with drum and ensign,
To intrench the City for defence in:
Raised rampiers with their own soft hands,
To put the enemy to stands;
From ladies down to oyster wenches
Labour'd like pioneers in trenches,
Fell to their pick-axes and tools,
And help'd the men to dig like moles."

The most prominent amongst these patriotic lady-volunteer engineers appear to have been the Lady Middlesex, Lady Foster, Lady Ann Waller, and Mrs. Dunch. This "double pair royal" of ladies is noticed for "their great experience in soldiery" in a royalist pamphlet of the day.†

It is a matter of some difficulty now to trace those enthusiastic ladies to their homes and families. I imagine Lady Middlesex to have been the wife of Lionel Cranfield, first Earl of Middlesex, one of the Lords Commissioners who made the treaty of Newport with King Charles. Lady Foster may have been the wife of Sir Robert Foster, at that time Chief Justice of the King's Bench. Lady Ann Waller no doubt was a

* Perfect Diurnal, April 24-May 1, 1643.

† "The Parliament of Ladies," 1647.

relation of Sir William Waller, the great Parliamentary general whom his party surnamed William the Conqueror. But it was not his wife, for her name was Jane, daughter of Sir Richard Reynell. Whoever this Lady Ann was, it is evident that she was very active in the cause, for which reason she was frequently taken to task by the royalist papers, particularly the *Mercurius Aulicus*. Finally, as for Mrs. Dunch,* she may have been Cromwell's cousin, a daughter of Mary Dunch, of Little Whittenham, who herself was one of the twenty-nine children of Sir Oliver Cromwell, of Cheshunt Park, elder brother of Richard Cromwell, the reported brewer of Huntingdon, and Oliver's father.

The fort at Hyde Park Corner remained standing for four years, and was demolished in 1647 by order of the House of Commons, as there was then no further use for it. Curious allusions to it occur in one of the mystical, incomprehensible pamphlets which in those turbulent times inundated the land. In that tract, said to be "the petition of the Lady Eleanor," Hyde Park is compared to paradise, the Roundhead troopers at the forts and court guards to cherubim with flaming swords, and the regimental colours to the wings of the said cherubim. "And thou, Hyde Park," quoth the fair fanatic, "none of the greatest, yet makes up the harmony before the wedding all rejoicing. The trees of the wood also utter their ayrie voice, where the court of guards' service is well worth the marking and observation; those bulwarks there so watcht round about; and here to proceed with the everlasting word of God, there the flaming sword also; the tree of life guarded thereby with turns every way on the east of it, and as it were the cherubim returned displaying in the air their golden wings, those colours of theirs. Like as the man when droven out to till the ground from whence he was taken, and so the thorn and the thistle and herb of

* In the seventeenth century and for some time after, *Mistress* was the usual designation of unmarried women, the married ones were entitled to *Madam*. *Miss* was only applied to "fair women without discretion."

the field his portion, with his wife sent away in their buff coats and skins to take their progresses.”*

At the north-eastern corner of Hyde Park “a court of guard” was erected; there a close watch was kept over all who went along the road to Oxford, where the Court then resided. Every now and then in those stirring days the Parliamentary newspapers contained notices of captures made by the soldiers there on guard. One day it was a Colonel Brown who was sneaking off to the Royalists with the pay of his Roundhead regiment in his pocket. That same day poor Thomas Fuller, author of “The Worthies,” but then an obscure lecturer at the Savoy, was taken up by those vigilant sentries. The Doctor and his party had a warrant of free passage from the Parliament, but the captain of the guard, with that dry good sense and military precision which characterized the Roundhead, said “he would see that they did carry nothing else but what they had a warrant for.” Several petitions to the King and other papers were found in the capacious pockets of the clerical cassock, and the future author of “The Worthies” was sent back to Parliament with a troop of “Dragouners.”†

Meantime the Park did not profit much by the unsettled state of affairs, or the presence of the military and enthusiastic volunteers, who, being at too great a distance from home to return for their meals, no doubt cooked their dinners with pales broken down from the fences and wood cut from the trees. Hence, in 1643, the House of Commons ordered “that the officers and soldiers at the courts of guard be required not to permit any to cut down trees or wood in Hyde Park, and not to suffer any such persons

* “The Star to the Wise: To the High Court of Parliament, the Honourable House of Commons, the Lady Eleanor her Petition; shewing cause to have her book licensed, being the Revelation’s interpretation.” Printed at Knightsbridge, 1643.

† Perfect Diurnal, January 3, 1643. See also further captures, Jan. 23-30, and that of a gentleman “with a hatfull of letters” in Continuation of Special and Remarkable Passages, March 2-9, 1643.

as go out to the works to cut wood in the park, or to bring any from thence but by warrant from the committee appointed for that ordinance.”* This committee, of which Sir John Hippenley was the executive member, had been formed in that year when, “in regard of the extraordinary want of fuel, the House of Parliament ordered to cut down the underwood within sixty miles of London in the King’s and Queen’s Parks, and those belonging to any bishops, prebends, deans, or chapters; a select committee being appointed to distribute it among the poor.”† The Parliamentary decree, however, appears to have had no effect, for the year after a new Act was passed, in the preamble of which it is stated that “several unruly and disorderly persons have, in a tumultuous and riotous manner, broken into Hyde Park and pulled down the pales, to destroy his Majesty’s deer and wood there.” This respect for the King’s property whilst they were at war with his “sacred person” is highly characteristic. Again, it was ordered “that no soldier or other person whatsoever, shall presume to pull down or take away any of the pales belonging to the said Park, nor kill or destroy any deer therein, nor cut, sell, or carry away any wood growing in or about the said Park or mounds thereof, &c.”‡

The Park, during these turbulent times, still continued a place of resort for the gay, the fashionable, and the lovers of fresh air and exercise. But in 1645, when godliness, as the Puritans understood it, was at its greatest height, orders were given “that Hyde Park and Spring Gardens should be kept shut, and no person be allowed to go into any of those places on the Lord’s day, fast, and thanksgiving days, and hereof those that have the keeping of the said places are to take notice and see this order obeyed, as they will answer the contrary at their uttermost peril.”§ But even on “lawful days” there was not much gaiety and festivity

* Journal of the House of Commons, iii. 267.

† Weekly Account, October 4, 1643.

‡ Journ. House of Comm., iii. 663. § Lord’s Journal, vol. vii.

in Hyde Park: like the rest of the country it frequently echoed with the tramp of armed men. Pikemen, musketeers, and dragoons, from the neighbouring forts and guardhouses, now replaced the plumed court-gallants who a few years before were present at the races and merry doings which took place there. Meantime some things not unimportant in the history of the Civil War, happened under the shade of its ancient trees.

Thus on Friday, August 6, 1647, the Parliamentary army under Fairfax, between whom and the Londoners there had been some ill-feeling, marched three deep through Hyde Park into the heart of the city, with laurel-branches in their hats. They had just amicably settled their differences at Holland House, and in the gardens of that house no doubt the laurel-branches had been cut. In Hyde Park the Lord Mayor and Aldermen met General Fairfax, "to congratulate the fair composure between the city and the army." And after some formalities they marched through the Park in the following order. First, Colonel Hammond's regiment of foot; then Colonel Rich's (the apostate ranger, Lord Holland), and Cromwell's regiment of horse. Then Fairfax on horseback with his Lifeguards, followed by the Speaker and the members of the Lords and Commons in coaches; finally, Tomlinson's regiment bringing up the rear. "Colonel Rich," said the *Moderate Intelligencer*, "had the honour to bring in the first bough of bays, which every officer and soldier did likewise wear, thereby betokening not only peace, but a marriage between the city and army, *et sans sacrificeur*."

In December of the next year, Lord Essex and Colonel Lambert with their mighty men were encamped in the Park, and there also on Wednesday the 9th of May, 1649, Cromwell reviewed his regiment of Ironsides and Fairfax's regiment of horse. A spirit of insubordination was rampant amongst the men at this period. Utopian republics, Fifth Monarchies, and Levelling notions filled the heads of those enthusiastic heroes; and as a badge of their opinions, they wore sea-green ribbons in their hats, the colours of the Levellers.

Cromwell spoke to them in a manly and earnest manner, explaining the great care and pains of Parliament in the execution of justice against delinquents, and their intention to dissolve the Parliament; told them how they meant to protect trade by means of a gallant Navy, and acquainted them with their proceedings for the payment of arrears. Finally he concluded by saying, "that those who thought martial law a burden, were at liberty to lay down their arms, and receive their tickets, and would be paid their arrears as fully as those that staid." There was one trooper who made some objections, and was "bold," for which act of insubordination he was committed, but on the intercession of his comrades, he was set free again, and allowed to return to the ranks. This manly conduct in the General produced its effect on the men, and the Levellers' colours were pulled out of the hats of some of them.* Swift ranks this incident in the life of Cromwell

* Perfect Occurrences, May 4-11, 1649. The royalist papers tell this story in their own sneering way, altering the facts as it suited their purpose. *Mercurius Pragmaticus*, May 8-16, gives it in the following words: "Newes at London this Wednesday. General Tom [Fairfax] drew his regiment and Cromwell's to a rendez-vous in Hyde Park, where Lieutenant-General *Nose* [Cromwell] made a speech to them, setting forth very eloquently the good acts his brethren were now about to do for the destruction of the subject; the particulars of this oration would be too tedious to relate. Fairfax said nothing save nodded with his head, and made mouths at the soldiers. There was one trooper made some bold demand, and objections against *Rubynose*, for which he was committed, whereupon there began to be some grudging or shew of mutiny, which made Noll to pull in his nose, and give liberty to the trooper again; yet those who had sea-green colours received some affronts, having their fancies taken from them, to which they said little, whatever they thought."—There was much abuse of this contemptible kind to be found among the royalists. Oliver's nose in particular was a standing joke with them. When Major-General Massey was introduced to the presence chamber at the Hague, on his escape from England, immediately after the execution of Charles I., the Marquess of Montrose, by way of a joke, asked him how *Oliver's nose* did?—And Clement Walker says that when Cromwell ordered his soldiers to fire in the insurrection of the London apprentices, "his nose looked as prodigiously upon you as a comet." Speaking of the government, he adds, that should the House vote "that Oliver's nose is a ruby, they would expect you to swear it, and fight for it."

amongst the "great figures made by great men in some particular action."

On the 31st of May, 1650, there was another military pageant in the Park. His Highness the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Oliver Cromwell, returned to town after the terrible wars in that kingdom. He was met on Hounslow Heath by many members of Parliament and officers of the army. As he passed through Hyde Park on his way to Whitehall, the great guns fired salutes, whilst Colonel Backstead's regiment, which was drawn up, fired a volley. It was one wide tumult of salutation, congratulation, artillery-volleying, human shouting,—hero-worship after a sort not the best, remarks Carlyle. Oliver seems to have thought something of the same kind, for he said, or at least is reported to have said, when some flatterer observed, "Your Highness may see by this that you have the voice of the people as well as the voice of God,"—"As to God," replied Cromwell, "we will not talk about Him here; but for the people, they would be just as noisy if they were going to see me hanged." Cromwell in this remark did not do justice to his party. In every body of people there are two sides, each of which appears separately: if Cromwell had been going to the gallows, the inimical party would, as the triumphant one, have shouted, but those who rejoiced at his success would have been silent. The same people are consistent, but in opposite mobs the same parties do not appear.

As the Park was *de facto* no longer "royal" property, from the moment the King had retired from London to make war against his subjects, the Parliament appointed a new keeper over it. The Earl of Holland, the late keeper, had requested in 1630, that the reversion of his office might be granted to Mountjoy, Earl of Newport (subsequently Earl of Warwick and Lord Gray), and afterwards to Sir John Smith on the death of his lordship: but in 1648, the Earl of Northumberland proposed in the House of Lords, that Lord Howard of Escricke* should be appointed to

* This Howard of Escricke was a most infamous character, "a monster of a man," as Evelyn calls him. In the reign of Charles

the keepership. Against this, however, the Earl of Warwick, then Lord Admiral for the Commonwealth, objected, and wrote to the Speaker to inform him that he had an assignment of the keepership from Lord Holland, and desired to be heard by his counsel before the place should be disposed of. The letter ran as follows:

“MY VERY GOOD LORD,

“I understand that upon perusal of my brother of Holland’s grant to me of Hyde Park, in strictness of law there may a question arise whether it could be assigned (being a keepership), without express power in the first patent so to do, which I knew not of when I took the assignment upon a valuable consideration. And I was the less careful to look into the validity of the grant, because I assured myself my brother of Holland would not take the advantage of any defect in it, being his own act. And I hope such an oversight shall not redound to my prejudice, when I shall wholly lay the weakness of my title to the Park before their Lordships’ judgment: being confident in their Lordships’ favour, that being in possession upon a grant made for a considerable debt which my brother owed me, they will take the equity of my case in consideration, rather than lay hold of the strictness of the law in a matter of so small advantage or profit to the State. This, my Lord, if you will please to impart to their Lordships, and mediate for their favours, is a request so reasonable, you will very much oblige

“Your humble Servant,

“WARWICK.

“From aboard the St. George, in the Downs, the
17th September, 1648.

“For my Son-in-law, the Earl of Manchester,
Speaker of the House of Peers, *pro tempore*.”*

II. he was concerned in the Rye House plot, but turned coat and became an informer. Algernon Sidney was convicted and executed on his single evidence. Yet Charles himself had so mean an opinion of him, that he said “he would not hang the worst dog he had upon his evidence.”

* Journal of the House of Lords, x. 521.

Upon reading of this letter the Lords revoked their recommendation of Lord Howard of Escricke, and desired the Earl of Warwick might have the office granted to him. Consequently, on March 20, 1649, it was conferred upon his lordship "during the pleasure of Parliament," and ordered that the Lord Howard should have the next thing of this nature which might happen to fall vacant.

The gallant Admiral, however, did not long enjoy his keepership. The year after his appointment, when the King was beheaded, it was resolved in Parliament that Hyde Park and St. James's Park, together with various other royal mansions and parks,* should be kept for the use of the Commonwealth, and be thrown open to the public. But this act was revoked three years after, for on Saturday, November 27, 1652, the journals of the House of Commons contain this laconic entry, "Resolved that Hyde Park be sold for ready money." By the same "fell swoop" the fate was also sealed of Enfield Chase, Hampton Court, Bushy Park, Greenwich, Windsor, and Somerset House. All these were to be disposed of for "ready money."

Hyde Park was to be sold in three lots. The official documents relating to these transactions are still extant, but as compositions of auctioneers are by no means an entertaining kind of literature, there is no occasion to introduce here at full length the specifications in the indentures of sale. A few valuable particulars, however, are to be gathered from those dreary monuments of verbosity, one of which is, that the western circuit of the Park was part of the house and grounds belonging to the Finch family (the present Kensington Palace), and the ground lying near the Gravel-pits.†

* Whitehall, Hampton Court, New Park at Richmond, Westminster Palace, Windsor House and Parks, and Greenwich Park and castle.

† The Kensington Palace estate, when purchased by William III., had only 26 acres of ground attached to it, of which the present Palace Green to the west of Kensington Palace formed part. All the land since added has been taken off Hyde Park,

The purchasers of the three lots were Richard Wilcox of Kensington, who bought the Gravel-pit division for 4144*l.* 11*s.* (of which 2428*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* was the price of the wood). The Kensington division was bought by John Tracey of London, merchant, for 3906*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*; this division contained wood to the value of only 261*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* Finally, the third lot: three parcels described as the Middle, Banqueting, and Old Lodge Divisions, were purchased by Anthony Dean of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Esq., a shipbuilder of Harwich and Woolwich, for the sum of 9020*l.* 8*s.* 2*d.*, of which 2210*l.* was the price of the wood. The eleven pools were divided over the three lots as equally as possible. Of the two buildings in Anthony Dean's lot, the one is described as "a building intended at its first erection for a banqueting-house;" its materials were valued at 125*l.* 12*s.* It stood not far from the site now occupied by the Receiving House of the Royal Humane Society. The other edifice, denominated the Old Lodge, was situated near Hyde Park Corner: it had barns and stables and several tenements near Knightsbridge, attached to it. The materials of this lodge were valued at 120*l.* From the prices paid for the wood on the different lots, it may be inferred that the north-western parts of the Park, surrounding the pools, were thickly wooded, whilst the part towards Kensington was a meadow-ground enclosed for deer.

The "deer of several sort," although their numbers must have been somewhat thinned during the troublous times of the Civil Wars, still appear to have been very numerous, for they were valued in the specifications at the considerable sum of 765*l.* 6*s.* 2*d.* They were sold for the benefit of the Navy, deducting from their price the expense of stocking St. James's Park with deer from Hampton and Bushy Parks. The Acts of Parliament which ordered this sale, enjoin those concerned to take particular care "that no deer be embezzled or stolen."

which at the time of the sale in 1654 contained about 621 acres. At present it only measures about 394 acres.

Although the Park was now in private hands, yet it continued still to be much visited. The year after the sale (1653), Evelyn, the well-known Diarist, says, on the 11th of April, "I went to take the air in Hyde Park, when every coach was made to pay a shilling, and horse sixpence, by the sordid fellow who had purchased it of the State, as they were called."—May-day had for ages been a great holiday throughout all merry England, to the great horror of the Puritans, who saw in the festivities on the first day of "the month of Mary" a remnant of rank popery, and, what was in their eyes *almost* as bad, of heathenish customs. So one of the first things the jealous saints did, was to cut down May-poles and put an end to dancing and other May games. But as they could not root out vanity from the heart of that perverse and stiff-necked generation, young and old still continued to hallow May-day with a display of their best silk petticoats and velvet doublets, ruffs and fardingales. Hyde Park was *the* place to be seen in spick-and-span new finery on that day, notwithstanding (or perhaps because) there was entrance money levied at the gate. Dull and gloomy as we are apt to picture to ourselves the life of our forefathers during the times of the Commonwealth, there were still occasional glimpses of sunshine, when vanity and animal spirits got the upperhand, and saints would be men. Such a one was the first of May, 1654, which we may conclude was as bright and as sunny a day as ever gladdened the heart of man. "This day," says one of the sanctimonious newspapers, "was more observed by people going a-Maying, than for divers years past, and, indeed, much sin committed by wicked meetings with fiddlers, drunkenness, ribaldry, and the like. Great resorts came to Hyde Park, many hundreds of coaches, and gallants in attire, but most shameful powder'd-hair men, and painted and spotted women. Some men played with a silver ball, and some took other recreation. But his Highness the Lord Protector was not thither, nor any of the Lords of the Council, but were busy about the great affairs of the

Commonwealth.”* The worthy newspaper correspondent no doubt thought it *infra dignitatem* for my Lord Protector to appear among abominable “powder’d-hair men and painted and spotted women.” So he told a fib for the benefit of the Good Old Cause. His Highness *was* there on that day we know from various other sources, and on many others, appearing sometimes alone, and sometimes surrounded by his Lifeguards, dressed in gray frock-coats with velvet welts.

We obtain a very lively picture of the company in the Park in all its glory, in one of those delightful, gossiping letters which gentlemen in London used to write to their friends in the country, at a time when newspapers were scarce and contained nothing but a very scanty summary of political news. That letter also takes the disgrace of being a “sordid fellow” from off the shoulders of Anthony Dean, Esq., who otherwise might have still borne the opprobrium of having been the man that ordered toll to be levied at the gate. Mr. Scudamore, the writer of the letter, after informing his correspondent that Mrs. Garrard is going to marry her old serving-man, Mr. Heveringham, that the family is frequently in the Park, “where still also I frequently see Mrs. Bard’s fair eyes,” continues as follows: “Yesterday each coach (and I believe there were fifteen hundred) paid half a crown, and each horse one shilling. [The toll seems to have been raised on this occasion on account of the holiday.] The benefit accrues to a brace of citizens, who have taken the herbage of the Park from Mr. Dean, to which they add this excise of beauty. There was a hurling in the *paddock course* by Cornish gentlemen for the great solemnity of the day, which, *indeed* (to use my Lord Protector’s word) was great. When my Lord Protector’s coach came into the Park with Colonel Ingleby and my Lord’s daughters only (three of them, all in green-a), the coaches and horses flocked about them like some miracle. But they galloped (after the mode court-pace now, and which they all use wherever

* Several Proceedings of Parliament, April 27-May 4, 1654.

they go), round and round the Park, [*i.e.*, the Ring], and all that great multitude hunted them, and caught them still at the turn like a hare, and then made a lane with all reverent haste for them, and so after them again, that I never saw the like in my life.”*

The *Moderate Intelligencer* for April 26-May 4th, of that year, thus speaks about the hurling-match which was played on that same first of May: “This day there was a hurling-match of a great ball by fifty Cornish gentlemen on the one side, and fifty on the other; one party played in red caps and the other in white. *There was present his Highness the Lord Protector, many of the Privy Council, and divers eminent gentlemen, to whose view was presented great agility of body, and most neat and exquisite wrestling at every meeting of one with the other, which was ordered with such dexterity, that it was to show more the strength, vigour, and nimbleness of their bodies, than to endanger their persons. The ball they played withal was silver, and designed for that party which did win the goal.*”

Such hurling-matches were for many ages peculiar to Cornwall, the parties engaged in them consisting frequently of as many as forty or sixty men on a side. The game was played with a hard leather ball, covered with a plate of silver which commonly bore the motto “Fair Play is Good Play.” This ball was tossed or dealt between the two parties, and the success depended on catching it and carrying it off to the goal, which was often three or four miles distant. If the man carrying the ball was stopped by the adverse party, he might give the ball up, but it was considered more “generous” to throw it to one of his own party and wrestle with the man who had stopped him. Thus one player being stopped after another, there generally were many pairs wrestling in the field at the same time. This was called “In-hurling.” Out-hurling was played by one parish against another, or by Cornish men against Devonshire men: the only difference in the game was,

* Letter of J [ohn ?] B [arber ?] to Mr. Scudamore, May 2, 1654.

that the respective parish churches were the goal, and that party that could throw the ball into or upon the church, won. It was a sport which required a nimble hand, a quick eye, a swift foot, and great skill in wrestling, as well as muscular strength, with good wind and lungs. Formerly it was practised annually at the perambulation of parish bounds, but from the many broken heads and limbs that generally attended the game, it fell gradually in disuse, and is now scarcely ever practised. Being a national sport, it was quite in keeping with the manners of the seventeenth century, that the natives of the same county should play it in London.

Oliver Protector is connected with Hyde Park by another less festive occasion, on which his life was placed in jeopardy. Suffering from some disease, his physicians recommended him to take as much exercise as he possibly could. One day in the beginning of October, 1654, he was taking his usual drive in the Park, when, not being one of those who

“Excel in guiding a chariot to the goal,”

an accident happened to him which very nearly proved fatal. This occurrence is narrated at full length in the following letter, which the Dutch Ambassadors then in London sent home to the States-General :

“HIGH AND MIGHTY LORDS,

“My Lords,—After the sending away of our letters of last Friday, we were acquainted the next morning, which we heard nothing of the night before, that about that time a mischance happened to the Lord Protector, which might have been in all likelihood very fatal unto him, if God had not wonderfully preserved him. As we are informed, the manner of it to be thus: His Highness, only accompanied with Secretary Thurloe and some few of his gentlemen and servants, went to take the air in Hyde Park, where he caused some dishes of meat to be brought, where he made his dinner, and afterwards had a desire to drive the coach himself, having put only the Secretary into it, being

those six [grey] horses, which the Earl of Oldenburgh had presented unto his Highness, who drove pretty handsomely for some time. But at last, provoking those horses too much with the whip, they grew unruly, and ran so fast that the postillion could not hold them in; whereby his Highness was flung out of the coach-box upon the pole, upon which he lay with his body, and afterwards fell upon the ground. His foot getting hold in the tackling he was carried away a good while in that posture, during which time a pistol went off in his pocket: but at last he got his foot clear, and so came to escape, the coach passing by without hurting him. He was presently brought home and let blood; and after some rest taken, he is now pretty well again. The Secretary being hurt on his ankle with leaping out of the coach, hath been forced to keep his chamber hitherto, and been unfit for any business, so that we have not been able to further or expedite any business this week, etc. etc.

“BEVERNING.

“NIEUWPOORT.

“JONGESTALL.

“*Westminster, 16 Octob. 1654. N.S.*”

From the newspapers of the time it appears that Cromwell was confined to his house for several days in consequence of this accident. The *Weekly Post** represents it to have been the postillion who was thrown from his seat, and that Cromwell was in the coach. The writer of a poem on the occasion of “the Protector’s Miraculous Escape,” in the *Faithful Scout*,† admits the fact of Oliver’s being on the box, but thinking apparently that such a frolic required some excuse, justifies it by the example of the heroes of old. Of course the royalist party could not allow such a fine opportunity to pass without some lampoons; Sir John Birkenhead, the witty but scurrilous pamphleteer, writer of the *Mercurius Aulicus*, made a poem on the accident, which he entitled “The Jolt.” Another con-

* October 3, 1654.

† October 13, 1654.

cluded a copy of verses with the following rather unpleasant prophecy :

“ Every day and hour has shown us his power,
 And now he has shown us his art.
 His first reproach was a fall from a coach,
 And his next will be from a cart.”*

In another collection of loyal songs, there is a ballad entitled “ Old England is now a brave Barbary,” (*i. e.* horse,) in which occur the following lines :

“ But Noll, a rank rider, gets first in the saddle,
 And made her show tricks, curvate, and rebound ;
 She quickly perceived he rode widdle-waddle,
 And like his coach-horses threw his Highness to the ground.”

It is somewhat curious that a similar accident should have happened to another great, self-made man, Napoleon I. Like Cromwell, he was more expert in ruling a nation than in managing a team of horses. One day when he was driving a four-in-hand in the park of St. Cloud, the horses ran away. The carriage struck against a post, so that the Emperor lost his balance and was thrown a considerable distance. He strove to rise, fell down again, and became unconscious. The horses in the meantime were stopped, and the ladies got out, almost ready to faint. With some difficulty Napoleon was brought to himself, and, though he continued his ride, it was inside the coach. He had received a slight contusion on the chin, and his right wrist had also been a little hurt.

This fall from the coach was not the only time Cromwell's life was endangered in the Park. At the trial of Miles Sindercombe, who, in February, 1656, at Shepherd's Bush, had shot at his Highness when he was returning from Richmond to London, Cecill, one of the accomplices, deposed to the imminent danger the Protector had run from their hands more than once in

* In allusion to the way in which criminals were hanged before the ‘ drop ’ was invented. They stood on a cart till the noose was fastened round their neck, and when that was done, the cart was driven away from under them, and left them hanging.

Hyde Park. "They [the conspirators] went out several times for the purpose of shooting him," says he, "and having received notice from one Troope of his Highness's Lifeguards that he would be in the Park on a certain day, they went thither heavily armed, and that the hinges of the Park gate were filed in order to facilitate their escape. That having failed four different times, they had resolved on a fifth occasion to break through all difficulties to effect it. That when his Highness rode into the Park he alighted, and speaking to Cecill asked whose horse that was he rode upon, Sindercombe being then outside of the Park; that Cecill was then ready to have done it, but doubted the fleetness of his horse, he having a cold." And the *Mercurius Politicus*,* a newspaper of the time, says, "They were wont to thrust themselves in among those that rode abroad with his Highness, and rode about with the train, with intent then to have given him a fatal charge, if he had chanced to have galloped out at any distance from the company."

The last incident worth recording which happened in the Park during the Commonwealth was a coach-race, noticed by Evelyn under the date of May 20, 1658. Unfortunately he does not give any detail of this kind of amusement, which was then, and for nearly a century after, one of our national sports, but of which I have failed to find any particulars. That same year the mighty Cromwell passed away, and was deposited in Westminster Abbey. There his remains rested "after life's fitful fever," until, by order of the Most Honourable House of Peers, on Dec. 8, 1660, the nation had, in the words of Macaulay, "the miserable satisfaction of digging up, hanging, quartering, and burning the remains of the greatest prince that has ever ruled England."

May-day, as we have seen, was almost the only one of the year in these old Commonwealth times, when the Park presented a universally merry appearance. The gaiety and display of that day frequently moved the bile

* January 15-21, 1657.

of the old God-fearing puritans. One of them in 1656 published a curious little book, in order to point out the sinfulness of these vain meetings. It had the following quaint title: "The Yellow Book, or a serious letter sent by a private Christian to the Lady Consideration, the first day of May, 1656, which she is desired to communicate in Hyde Park to the gallants of the times, a little after sunset. Also a brief account of the names of some vain persons that intend to be there, whose company the new ladies are desired to forbear." Amongst the ladies enumerated are "fine Mrs. Dust, Madame Spot, and my Lady Paint;" just the parties we would have expected to meet there. But notwithstanding this "worshipful company," republican Hyde Park was but a sorry attempt, on the whole, and the absence of a royal court, with its aristocratic adherents and dependents, was but too plainly perceptible. An anonymous author who wrote in 1659, describes the assembly in no very brilliant colours, but if, as it is supposed, it was Evelyn who wrote these lines, the description ought to be taken with an allowance, owing to that gentleman's royalist principles. "I did frequently in the spring," says he, "accompany my Lord N. into a field near the town, which they call Hyde Park; the place not unpleasant, and which they use as our *Cours* [in Paris]; but with nothing of that order, equipage, and splendor, being such an assembly of wretched jades and hackney coaches, as next a regiment of carmen, there is nothing approaches the resemblance. This Park was, it seems, used by the late King and Nobility for the freshness of the air, and the goodly prospect: but it is that which now (besides all other excises) they pay for here in England, though it be free in all the world beside; every coach and horse which enters, buying his mouthful, and permission of the Publican who has purchased it, for which the entrance is guarded with porters and long staves."*

After the general elections of 1660, a restoration

* "A Character of England, as it was lately presented in a Letter to a Nobleman of France." 1659.

of the royal family began openly to be talked of. Cromwell's old troopers, however, were very adverse to it: for not only were the majority of them republicans to the backbone, but they also foresaw that it would be the end of their tyranny. Since the death of Cromwell indeed, they had, on a small scale, acted the part of the Roman prætorians or the Turkish janissaries. The civil powers trembled in their fur gowns at those old fire-eaters, and a general dread was entertained that this Restoration would not be brought about peaceably. Everything therefore was done to propitiate the stern old redcoats; bribes, praises, promises, and coaxing were lavished upon them, and nothing was neglected in order to keep them in good humour, whilst some of the most refractory regiments were disbanded by General Monk. At the same time great exertions were made to counterbalance the power of the military, by organizing the militia, and soon a force of 120,000 volunteers were ready to march. In April a review of the London Train-bands was appointed to take place in Hyde Park, of which the newspapers acquainted those whom it might concern, in the following words, that "The Commissioners of the Militia of London, in pursuance of an order of the Council of State, appointed on Tuesday, April 24, to rendez-vous their regiments of Trained Bands and Auxiliaries at Hyde Park. Major Cox, Quartermaster-General of the City, hath since by their order been to view the ground, and hath elected a place to be erected for reception of the Lord Mayor, the Court of Aldermen, and the Commissioners for the Militia. The Lord Mayor intends to appear there with his collar of SS, and all the Aldermen in scarlet robes, attended with the mace and cap of maintenance, as is usual on great solemnities."*

No doubt the ceremony was grand in the extreme, for the next number of the *Mercurius* gives an "exact account" of it, from which we gather that the Lord Mayor had been as good as his word. He came with

* *Mercurius Publicus*, April 19-26, 1660.

his massive collar of SS, and sat throned in the midst of the portly aldermen in their scarlet gowns, in all the

“Pomp without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,
Gold chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad faces.”

A “spacious fabric” had been purposely erected for the reception of this noble and imposing company. As the Train-bands filed past, the White Regiment of Auxiliaries attracted particular attention, for in the first rank of it Major General Mysse trailed a pike. A loud cheer of acclamation proved the esteem in which the City held that worthy old warrior. All the regiments, both Train-bands and Auxiliaries, had their full complement of men, and many persons of quality trailed pikes in them. In fact, it was so glorious a spectacle “that the like hath hardly been seen, it being conceived that there would not be less than 20,000 men in arms, besides the Yellow Regiment that came out of Southwark, and also that complete regiment of horse commanded by Major-General Brown. There was likewise present so great a multitude of people, that few persons hath seen the like.” After filing past, they were ranged in battalia, “as well as the field could afford them room,” many volleys of *shot** were discharged, and

* That salutes were formerly fired shotted, may be inferred from two incidents related in Nichols’ “Progresses of Queen Elizabeth.” On one occasion a boy shot one of her boatmen through the arm as she was passing on the river. Another time a stone cannon ball fired from a ship which was saluting Greenwich Palace, passed through the walls of that building. This incident is also noticed in Stow’s “Annals,” on January 4th, 1557. Mdlle. de Montpensier, in her Memoirs, tells how Louis XIV. was nearly shot in a similar manner. “On the day we left Douai, the officers of the Fort de la Scarpe fired salutes in honour of his Majesty with shotted guns; one of their bullets passed quite close over his chariot.” (Mémoires de Mdlle. de Montpensier, 1823, viii. p. 216). Whitelock says that the ships at Portsmouth, rejoicing over one of Cromwell’s victories, “fired great and small shot.” The same also may be inferred from Pepys on the Restoration: “In the evening, as I was going on board the Vice-Admiral, the General began to fire his guns, which he did, all that he had in his ship, and so did all the rest of the commanders, which was very gallant, and to hear the bullets go hissing over our heads as we were in the boat.” (Diary, May 3,

finally they marched out of the Park in the same handsome order, to the great honour and repute of the City of London, and satisfaction and content of all the spectators, and, which is observable, in the height of this show, the Lord Mayor received notice that Colonel John Lambert was carried by the Park a prisoner unto Whitehall.*

A notable sign of the times this !

1660.) In the ancient picture at Windsor, representing the embarking of Henry VIII. for his interview with Francis I., in 1520, there are two forts in the foreground, from which salutes are fired. At the foot of one of them a man is gathering up cannon balls, which he puts in the leather apron of his companion. These balls evidently had to be used in firing the salutes.

* *Mercurius Politicus*, April 26-May 3, 1660.



GRAMMONT'S COACH.

CHAPTER III.

“THE BLESSED RESTORATION.”

THE first of May in the year of grace 1660 was a glorious day for Hyde Park, more glorious than it had been for many a year. The nation was heartily tired of the sour Puritans and their strict notions, their hatred of dress and display. The King (God bless him!) was expected soon to have “his own again,” and the approaching return of royalty effected a remarkable change in the manners, appearance, and conversation of the people. It had been characteristic of the Cavaliers to dress in silk and satin, lace and ribbons, to revel in “unlovely love-locks,” fluttering feathers, and jingling spurs, whilst the sober-minded Puritan wore his slouched hat, his hair cropped short, and went about in plain sad-coloured cloth, with a Bible suspended from his girdle. Now, therefore, all those who cherished old recollections, and who were tired of Presbyterian persecution, showed their loyalty

by indulging in luxury and extravagance, and by plunging into all sorts of godless delights. Ancient traditions were now joyfully revived, and gay-coloured silks and velvets sparkled in the merry sunshine on that May morning. Old Cavaliers talked loudly of Naseby and Edgehill, lifted their hats when the King's name was pronounced, and used no end of forbidden expletives, which a few years before would have been visited by a heavy fine. In short, hope stood on tiptoe. With a few exceptions everybody was merry and happy, "for," as worthy Evelyn says, "it was the Lord's doing: such a restoration was never mentioned in any history since the return of the Jews from the Babylonish captivity." That amusing diarist, Pepys, was too much the son of a tailor not to be enamoured with fine company and fine clothes: well he knew what he missed that day. His heart was in Hyde Park as he leisurely looked over the bulwarks of the good ship *Naseby*, and saw the sunbeams dancing on the rippling waves opposite Deal, where the royal standard was floating in the clear air, and the guns were booming from the castle. Although he was with his kinsman Lord Sandwich, on board one of the ships sent to fetch his Majesty from Holland, yet, like Tennyson's Mariana, he said,

"I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were"—

in Hyde Park! And that evening, as he sat in his little cabin, and, according to his custom, chronicled the occurrences of the day in his Diary, he ended his notes with the words, "It being a very pleasant day, I wished myself in Hyde Park."

His Majesty King Charles, second of that name, made his triumphant entry into London on his birthday, the 29th of May. He mounted the throne with a burning desire to enjoy life, and to imitate that luxury and magnificence which he so much envied and admired at the court of young Louis XIV. Exile, penury, and danger had only developed that ardent longing after pleasure and undisturbed enjoyment of every possible

luxury. And thus he plunged head foremost into all sorts of amusements, wild gaiety, and reckless dissipation.

Hyde Park soon became again what it had been before the Civil War—the rendezvous of fashion. The national sales not having been confirmed by Parliament, were regarded by the courts of law as nullities, and Mr. John Tracy, one of the purchasers of the Park, was glad to plead that he had been thirty-eight years a merchant in Holland, and had just returned to his native land in 1652, ignorant of the affairs of the State, when he bought the Crown lands for 7000*l*. He further stated, in his exoneration, that he had preserved the timber, and planted the ground, in consideration of which all he asked was the grant of two houses, which he built, on the road to Knightsbridge. What excuse Anthony Dean made does not appear, but it seems that his offence of buying part of Hyde Park was not only forgiven, but that subsequently he was even promoted to offices of trust. “Sir Anthony Dean,” says the *Domestic Intelligencer*, January 2nd, 1679, “who was imprisoned with Mr. Pepys by the last House of Commons, and who, some time since, was restored to his liberty, is made Surveyor-General of the Shipyards, which is said to be a place of great trust as well as profit.”

Hardly were the members of the Royal family safely lodged in the palaces of Whitehall and St. James’s, when they commenced their round of amusements, Hyde Park forming part of the programme. Both Charles and his brother James were of active habits, fond of open air and exercise; both also found a still more powerful attraction in the Park, for it was the gathering place of all those matchless beauties which still live on the canvas of Lely and Kneller. All Grammont’s equivocal heroines, and all their more virtuous and not less beautiful sisters, were daily there, fluttering in the sunshine, and dazzling alike both King and subjects. There were Lady Castlemaine, la belle Hamilton, la belle Stewart and la belle Jennings, the

Countesses of Chesterfield and Southesk, Lady Denham and Mrs. Lawson, Mrs. Middleton, Mrs. Bagot, Miss Price—in a word that entire galaxy whose beauty, as Pope says, was an excuse for the gallantries of Charles and an apology for his Asiatic court. These, in fact, were

“ Those days of ease, when now the weary sword
Was sheath'd, and luxury with Charles restor'd;
In every taste of foreign courts improv'd,
All by the king's example lived and lov'd.”

There still remained some of the picturesque elegance of the Spanish costume which had been *en vogue* in the reign of Charles I., though it was gradually spoiled more and more by an invasion of exaggerated French fashions. But there was one great and charming novelty, the new riding garb—the *Amazone*, as it was called—the nondescript attire from which the present *habit* is descended. Till then ladies had worn the usual walking-dress on horseback; it was left for the beautiful flirts of Charles's reign to introduce the habit. It was this novelty which puzzled good Pepys so much, when he, for the first time, saw the ladies “with coats and doublets with deep skirts, just for all the world like mine, and their doublets buttoned up the breasts, with periwigs and with hats, so that, only for a long petticoat dragging under their men's coats, nobody would take them for women in any point whatever.”

Pepys's Diary is invaluable for the minuteness with which he describes the first nine years of this reign. The gaiety, jollity, and merry life of those times beam through his pages, which rustle with silk and velvet, and sparkle with gold-lace and jewellery. A crowd of dissolute gay people still move through them with the same restless flutter which animated them when in the flesh, two hundred years ago. By his help we peep into that bygone world, and obtain a full view of the manners, fashions, and pleasures of those past generations; and we cannot do better than follow him, whenever he shows his merry face in the Park. Early in June, 1660, Pepys heard from his friends that the

two royal Dukes of York and Gloucester "do haunt the Park much." But he had not seen them there himself. It was not till the 9th of June that the good clerk of the Admiralty had the happiness to see his Majesty there face to face, a sight which he describes as "gallantly great." On the 3rd of July the King was there again, "and abundance of gallantry," quoth Mr. Evelyn. Pepys next bears witness to the fact that foot-races still continued. On August 10, 1660, he enters in his Diary: "With Mr. Moore and Creed to Hyde Park by coach, and saw a fine foot-race, three times *round the Park*, between an Irishman and my Lord Claypole's footman."

When Pepys and his contemporaries speak in this manner of the Park, they must not be understood to mean the whole circumference of the Park, but simply a part of it, called "the Ring," round which the fashion used to ride and drive. Sometimes this part was also called "the Tour;" Pepys at least employs that term. "March 31st, 1668.—Took up my wife and Deb, and to the Park, where, being in a hackney, and they undressed, was ashamed to go into the Tour, but went round the Park, and so with pleasure home." In 1719 the Ring is described by a French traveller as being "two or three hundred paces in diameter, with a sorry kind of balustrade, or rather with poles placed upon stakes, but three feet from the ground, and the coaches drive round this. When they have turned for some time round one way, they face about and turn t'other. So rolls the world."* Another foreigner, who resided in England at the end of the seventeenth century, in speaking of the Ring, says: "They take their rides in a coach in an open field where there is a circle, not very large, enclosed by rails. There the coaches drive slowly round, some in one direction, others the opposite way, which, seen from a distance, produces a rather pretty effect, and proves clearly that they only come there in order to see and to be seen. Hence it

* Misson's "Memoirs and Observations in his Travels through England." 1719.

follows that this promenade, even in the midst of summer, is deserted the moment night begins to fall, that is to say, just at the time when there would be some real pleasure in enjoying the fresh air. Then everybody retires, because the principal attraction of the place is gone."* It was on account of this gyratory movement that Lady Malapert, in the old comedy, calls the Ring, not inappropriately, a "dusty mill-horse drive."†

The origin of this Ring is unknown; it may have been a remnant of the garden attached to the Banqueting House, or it may simply have been made by the two speculating citizens who hired the ground from Anthony Dean, Esq., and levied toll at the gates. Remnants of it were still traceable at the beginning of this century, on the high ground directly behind the farmhouse. A few very old trees are even now to be found on that spot. Some of these are indeed ancient enough to have formed part of the identical trees round which the wits and beauties drove in their carriages, and, as Pennant says, "in their rotation exchanged as they passed, smiles and nods, compliments or smart repartees." Plain as it was, it must have been a pleasant spot on a summer's afternoon. Situated on an upland space of ground, one may imagine the pleasurable prospect from hence when all around was open country, and nothing intercepted the view, from the Surrey hills to the high grounds of Hampstead and Highgate. One can imagine how delightful it must have been for the ladies who came in their carriages from the hot playhouse, and the close, confined sweltering streets of dirty old London, to be fanned by soft winds which blew over broad acres of ripening corn, flowering clover, and new-mown hay, or rustled through the reeds and willows on the banks of the pools.

The hand of fate was hard upon our good friend Pepys, and bad luck evidently followed him. Once

* "Lettres sur les Anglais et les Français," p. 41. Cologne, 1727. Written, the preface says, about thirty years before they were published.

† Southerne, "The Maid's Last Prayer." 1693.

more May-day came round, in the second year of the "blessed Restoration," and again he was prevented from showing his new clothes in the Ring, among what he calls "the great gallants." This time he was on his way to Portsmouth, and on the last of April he made the following lamentation, in which the confusion of the auxiliary verb shows the perturbation of his mind. "I am sorry I was not at London to be at Hyde Park to-morrow, among the great gallants and ladies, which will be very fine." And he had reason to be sad, for his friend Evelyn, who was present, and who was otherwise rather fastidious, says that he went to Hyde Park "to take the air" (he never went for any other purpose, if we are to believe him, not he!) and "there was his Majesty and an innumerable appearance of gallants and rich coaches, being now a time of universal festivity and joy."

The brilliant appearance presented by the Park, in those festive times shortly after the Restoration, when people drank deeply from the cup of pleasure of which they had been so long deprived, is vividly depicted in a ballad of that period. Being singularly illustrative of the manners of that time, it is to be regretted that this ballad is somewhat too gross to be quoted entire, but the reader will lose nothing in point of information with regard to the Park, by the omission of those passages which are more indelicate than descriptive. Though decidedly bad poetry, the description of the Park is very vivid and suggestive.

"One evening a little before it was dark,
 Sing tantararara tantivee,
 I call'd for my gelding and rid to Hide Parke,
 On tantararara tantivee:
 It was in the merry month of May,
 When meadows and fields were gaudy and gay,
 And flowers apparell'd bright as the day,
 I got upon my tantivee.

"The Park shone brighter than the skyes,
 Sing tantararara tantivee,
 With jewels, and gold, and ladies' eyes
 That sparkled and cry'd come see me:

Of all parts of England, Hyde Park hath the name
 For coaches and horses, and persons of fame,
 It looked at first sight like a field full of flame,
 Which made me ride up tantivee.

“There hath not been seen such a sight since Adam’s,
 For perriwig, ribbon, and feather.
 Hyde Park may be termed the market of Madams,
 Or Lady-Fair, chuse you whether;
 Their gowns were a yard too long for their legs,
 They shew’d like the rainbow cut into rags
 A garden of flowers, or a navy of flags,
 When they all did mingle together.”*

It was at this time that Hyde Park became the favourite place for reviews. Within a few months after Charles had mounted the throne, he remodelled the Trained Bands, increasing them to 20,000 men, and 800 cavalry, the last divided into two regiments of five troops, of eighty men each. When the whole was properly organized, the King reviewed them in Hyde Park, accompanied with “divers persons of quality and innumerable other spectators, to general satisfaction.”† The following year there was a spectacle which must have given the Londoners still more satisfaction; it was a muster of archers shooting with that famous old English weapon, the long-bow. Will Wood, the best bowman of his time, describes the performance with enthusiasm. “On March 21st, 1661,” says he, “four hundred archers with their bows and arrows made a splendid and glorious show in Hyde Park, with flying colours and cross-bows to guard them. Sir Gilbert Talbot, Knt., was their Colonel; Sir Edward

* For the liberty of using this very curious ballad I am indebted to the kindness of William Ewing, Esq., of Glasgow, of whose unique and valuable collection of ballads it forms part. The title is—“News from Hyde Park; or, A very merry Passage which hapned betwixt a North Country Gentleman and a very Gaudy Gallant Lady of pleasure, whom he took up in the Parke, and conducted her (in her own coach) home to her Lodgings, and what chanced there, if you’ll venter attention the song will declare. To the tune of ‘The Crost Couple.’” From an allusion to the notorious Colonel Hewson, the one-eyed cobbler, it is evident that the ballad must have been written shortly after the Restoration.

† Strype’s “Stow,” ii. p. 572.

Hungerford, K.B., their Lieutenant-Colonel; Mr. Donne their Major. Great was the appearance of the nobility, gentry, and commonality. Several of the archers shot near twenty score yards within the compass of a hat with their cross-bows, and many of them, to the amazement of the spectators, hit the mark. There were likewise three showers of whistling arrows. So great was the delight, and so pleasing the exercise, that three regiments of foot laid down their arms to come and see it."* This last is one of those characteristic little traits which well illustrate the bonhomie of those days, when the world was more homebred, social, and joyous than at present.

The first account I find of Charles reviewing military troops in Hyde Park, is on September 27th, 1662. The Lifeguards had been formed whilst the King was still in Holland; the first eighty were raised there from among the remnants of the Cavalier army, who still continued hanging about the proscribed King, and were put under the command of Lord Gerrard of Brandon. The rest of the corps, consisting of three troops, was formed after the Restoration. Monk obtained the command of the second troop. "In a quarter of a year," says a traveller who visited England in 1661, "half the men were renewed, owing to the many dignities and offices to which they had been appointed, for he who enters this corps is sure to get on."† They were nearly all young men of a handsome appearance, and the uniform was gallant and picturesque in the extreme. They wore round Cavalier hats, with a profusion of white feather, scarlet coats covered with gold lace, wide sleeves slashed in front, large white linen collars turned over the neck, scarlet sashes round their waists, jackboots up to the middle of the thigh, and large ruffles round the wrist. Their horses were slender and slightly built, not very high, but spirited, sure-footed, swift, and well-trained. They were all black, and their

* William Wood, "The Bowman's Glory," p. 69. 1682.

† Sixtus Petrus Arnoldiaus, "Memorial of Journey from Friesland to England." 1661.

long tails on field days were tied up with ribbons, which also ornamented their heads and manes. These ribbons in the first troop were blue, in the second green, in the third yellow. In this gaudy costume they must have presented a splendid sight as they rode past the King, with the butt-end of their carabines resting on their thighs, and their crimson silken standard fluttering in the air. The spectators, accustomed to the plainly dressed Puritanical troopers of the Commonwealth, were in ecstasy. "It was a glorious sight at all capacities," said the *Kingdom's Intelligencer*, "and (with reverence be it spoken) worthy those royal spectators who came purposely to behold it, for his Sacred Majesty, the Queen, the Queen Mother, the Duke and Duchess of York, with many of the nobility, were all present. The horse and foot [guards] were in such exquisite order that 'tis not easie to imagine anything so exact, which is the more creditable if you consider, that there were not a few of that great body who had formerly been commanders, and so more fit to be guard to the person of the most excellent King in the world." Thus the unsuspecting multitude applauded the "most excellent King's" first attempt at organizing a standing army.

On the 8th of April, 1663, we get a peep at the scandal of the day. "After dinner to Hyde Park" (it is Pepys who speaks); "at the Park was the King, and in another coach my Lady Castlemaine, they greeting one another every turn." My Lady Castlemaine was the beautiful Barbara Palmer, in whose company Charles passed the first night after his arrival in London, and whom he made Countess of Castlemaine, and finally Duchess of Cleveland, a lady sufficiently notorious to require no further notice here. It will be observed that Pepys says he went to the Park "after dinner." That was then the fashionable time for taking the air, and not only was it after dinner, but it was also after the play. At that time people rose and went to bed much earlier than they do now, so that all the day's duties and pleasures fell a

few hours sooner than they do with us. As for the plays, the theatres were partly open to the air, and thus were but ill adapted to be lit up by candlelight: the consequence was that the performance took place in the afternoon instead of the evening. The *beau-monde* dined before going to the play, took a drive in the Park when coming from the theatre, then returned home to supper; for evening amusements and parties were scarcely heard of except at Court. Cibber tells a curious anecdote which at once illustrates these early hours, and also the strange *laisser-aller* of the times. "Kynaston [a young actor who played female parts] at that time was so beautiful a youth, that the ladies of quality prided themselves in taking him with them in their coaches to Hyde Park in his theatrical habit after the play; which in those days they might have sufficient time to do, because plays were then used to begin at four o'clock, the hour that people of the same rank are now [1740] going to dinner. Of this truth I had the curiosity to inquire, and had it confirmed from his own mouth in his advanced age." In our sober days we should be somewhat startled if we saw one of our peeresses driving about the Park with a handsome young actor in her calèche. But in the days of merry King Charles such freaks were very mildly construed, for folly reigned supreme, and

"Common sense stood trembling at the door."

Three years of the merry monarch's reign had now well nigh passed over, but as yet Pepys had witnessed no May Day in the Park. He had heard its magnificence and splendour commended, even by his grave friend Evelyn, but since the new dispensation he had not been permitted to contribute his share towards increasing that splendour. At last the happy day arrived: but, as is often the case in this sublunary world, where we anticipate most pleasure we frequently find none. Pepys was disappointed in his high-pitched expectations. Needless to say that his costume had been carefully studied that day. After due deliberation he sallied

forth in a close-kneed coloured suit, in which the fond Mrs. P. said he looked "mighty noble," with new stockings of the same colour as the suit, a new gilt-handled sword and belt, and "painted gloves, very pretty and all the mode." Thus apparelled he saw his father off to the end of Bishopsgate Street, then turned back, and rode, with some trouble, through green fields and lanes of flowering hawthorn, to Holborn, where he turned to the left, and so gained Charing Cross. There he put his own "dull jade" in the stables of the Chequer Inn, and mounting a splendid horse lent him by his friend Captain Ferrers, "rode in state to Hyde Park, where," says the triumphant Samuel, "none better mounted than I almost. But, being in a throng of horses, seeing the King's riders showing tricks with their managed [*manège*] horses, which were very strange, my stone-horse was very troublesome, and began to fight with other horses, to the dangering himself and myself, and with much ado I got out and kept myself out of harm's way. Here I saw nothing good—neither the King, nor my Lady Castlemain, nor any great ladies or beauties being there, there being a great deal more pleasure at an ordinary day; or else those few good faces that there were choked up with the many bad ones, there being people of all sorts in coaches there to some thousands. By-and-by, almost 7 o'clock, homeward, and changing my horse again [*i.e.* returning to his dull jade] I rode home, coaches going in great crowds to the further end of the town almost."

It was about this time also that the amusing incident of the magnificent coach, which the Chevalier de Grammont had ordered from Paris, took place in the Park. That arch-wit, Hamilton—who chronicled "all the laughing scandal of the lower sky"—tells the story in that inimitable rattling style of his, which it would be a grievous sin to curtail. "Hyde Park," says he, "every one knows is the promenade of London; nothing was so much in fashion during the fine weather as that promenade, which was the rendezvous of magnificence and beauty. Every one therefore,

who had either sparkling eyes or a splendid equipage, constantly repaired thither, and even the King took much pleasure in the place.

“Coaches with glasses being then a new invention, the ladies did not like to be shut up in them: they greatly preferred the pleasure of showing almost their whole persons, to the convenience of modern coaches. That which was made for the King not being remarkable for its elegance, the Chevalier de Grammont was of opinion that something more graceful might be invented, which should partake of the ancient fashion and likewise prove preferable to the modern. He therefore sent Termes [his valet] privately with all the necessary instructions to Paris; the Duke of Guise was again charged with this commission, and the messenger having this time by the favour of Providence escaped the quicksands, in a month's time brought safely over to England the most elegant and magnificent calèche that had ever been seen, which the Chevalier presented to the King.

“The Chevalier de Grammont had given orders that fifteen hundred louis [about 1500*l.*] should be expended upon it; but the Duke of Guise, who was his friend, to oblige him laid out two thousand. All the Court was in admiration at the magnificence of this present, and the King, charmed with the Chevalier's attention to everything which could afford him pleasure, was never tired of thanking him. He would not, however, accept a present of so much value, but upon condition that the Chevalier should not refuse another from him.

“The Queen imagining that this splendid carriage might bring her luck, wished to be seen in it first, with the Duchess of York. Lady Castlemaine, who had seen them in it, having taken it into her head that one looked handsomer in that carriage than in any other, begged of the King to lend her this wonderful chariot, so as to appear in it the first fine day in Hyde Park. La belle Stewart had the same wish, and asked it for the same day. As it was impossible to put together

these two goddesses, whose former union had turned into mortal hatred, the King was very much perplexed, for each of them wanted to have it first."

Lady Castlemaine threatened his Sacred Majesty in a manner that need not be described, if her rival had the preference. Miss Stewart threatened something far more dreadful in the eyes of the King, if the request was not granted. This menace prevailed over the other; "Lady Castlemaine's rage was so great that she had almost kept her word, and it was believed that this triumph cost her rival some of her innocence."

The season in these old days appears to have commenced earlier than at present. Pepys mentions going in the Park as early as March, "*being the first day of the Tour there*, where many brave ladies, among others my Lady Castlemain, who lay impudently on her back in her coach asleep, with her mouth open. There was also my Lady Kerneguy, once my Lady Ann Hamilton [who, as Countess of Southesk, figures in a rather disgraceful story in De Grammont's Memoirs]. Here I saw Sir J. Lawson's daughter, and also Mr. Southwell and his new lady, very pretty." It was a good show for such an early day in the year. Again, in '64, the King was there as early as the 18th of April, "with his periwig on, but not altered at all. There was also my Lady Castlemain in a coach by herself, in yellow satin and a pinner on, and many brave persons."

In that same month of April, James Hamilton, the chief ranger, received instructions to water "the passage from the gate to where the coaches resort," in order to avoid the annoyance of dust, which was much complained of. The expense of this watering (there being no rates in those days), was to be borne by a charge of sixpence on each coach. Orders were issued to prevent all saddle-horses from coming into the Park, on account of the dust, except such as were ridden by gentlemen or servants in livery. A French writer who visited London about this period, says that he saw his Majesty and the Queen together in the Ring, in a beautiful calèche with six piebald horses. They came

late and only remained a short time; as soon as they left, all the other coaches followed with the same disorderly haste and confusion as in Paris, when the coaches there leave the Cours. The Duchess of Cleveland he describes as sometimes riding on a white palfrey, with a red velvet saddle and bridle covered with gold lace. On another occasion he saw her in her carriage in the Ring, when the King stood for three-quarters of an hour talking with her. What surprised him most was the great number of hackney coaches: "yet," says he, "nobody hissed them as they would do in Paris." Considering the clumsy, primitive construction of the hackney coaches of those days, with their jack-booted coachmen seated in saddles, they must have considerably marred the fine aspect of the Ring.

On the 4th of July, 1664, there was a grand review in the Park of the King's Guards, 4000 horse and foot, at which Pepys assisted as usual. But as the hackney coaches had raised their fares for the nonce, our amusing diarist, who occasionally experienced fits of extreme economy, was glad to accept a lift from his friend Mr. Cutler, grocer, and subsequently Lord Mayor of London—the worthy man whom Pope has so entirely misrepresented as a miser. Thanks to his friend's coach, Pepys saw the whole show: the soldiers, the King, the Duke of York and his suite, on horseback, and the two Queens in the Queen-mother's coach. After having seen all this, he alighted, and walked to the place where the King and the Duke stood, to see the troops file past and discharge their *guns*, "which indeed was very good, though not without a slip now and then; and one *broadside* [Mr. Pepys was in the Admiralty] close to our coach, we had, going out of the Park, even to the nearness as to be ready to burn our hairs. Yet methought," quoth Pepys, "these gay men were not the soldiers that must do the King's business, it being such as these that lost the old King all he had, and were beat by the most ordinary fellows that could be." And with this philosophical remark, Mr. P., in order to vary his pleasures, went to Lambeth to see

the Archbishop of Canterbury lie in state. Evelyn also was present at the review, and says that the troops were commanded by the Duke of Albemarle, and were "in extraordinary equipage and gallantry, consisting of gentlemen of quality and veteran soldiers." The old Earl of Cleveland,* then seventy-three years of age, trailed a pike, and led the right-hand file in a foot company commanded by the Lord Wentworth his son, "a worthy spectacle and example, being both of them old and valiant soldiers." This review took place in honour of the French Ambassador, the Count de Comminges.

On the accession of Charles II. to the throne, the Earl of Holland, the last keeper appointed by Charles I., being dead, and the Earl of Warwick having surrendered his office, his Majesty on June 28, 1660, appointed his youngest brother, Henry, Duke of Gloucester, to the keepership of the Park. But the young Prince survived his appointment only a few weeks; for he died of the small-pox in the month of September, to the great grief of the whole nation, and of the King in particular. Shortly after the death of the youthful Prince, on September 29, 1660, James Hamilton, Esq., was appointed in his place. This gentleman was nephew to the Duke of Ormond, and eldest brother of Anthony Hamilton, the witty "small-beer chronicler" of the Court of Charles II. James Hamilton was also Groom of the Bedchamber and Colonel of a regiment of Foot, but he will be best known to most readers as the Beau Hamilton whom the Countess of Chesterfield duped in such an amusing manner at Bretby. Being considerably in the King's favour, Hamilton received some grants in connexion with the Park. One of these was the triangular piece of ground between the Lodge (which stood on the site of Apsley House) and the present Park Lane;

* Thomas Lord Wentworth, made Earl of Cleveland by Charles I.; he distinguished himself greatly on the King's side during the Civil Wars, particularly at the defeat of Sir William Waller at Cropredy Bridge, in 1644. At the Restoration he was made Captain of the Band of Pensioners, which appointment he held till his death in 1667. His son, Thomas Lord Wentworth, had also taken an active part in the wars.

during the Commonwealth the fort and various houses had been built upon it. This was now granted to Mr. Hamilton, with the covenant that he should make leases to purchasers to be appointed at half the improved rents. Of course it is from him that this site still bears the name of Hamilton Place. He was shot in an engagement with the Dutch in 1673, on which occasion the King renewed the lease for ninety-nine years to his widow.

Under Hamilton's keepership the Park was finally enclosed with a brick wall, and was again stocked with deer. The enclosure where they were kept was situated towards the western limit of the Park, and bore the name of Buckdine Hill. Sir Charles Harbord, Surveyor-General of the Works, in a report drawn up in 1664, observes that King Charles I. was "very earnest with him for walling Hyde Park in, as well for the honour of his palace and great city, as for his own disport and recreation." Hamilton's wall stood till 1726. The new wall erected in that year was six and a half feet high on the inside, and eight on the outside. Yet this wall was cleared by a horse in 1792: twice it went over in a standing leap, without any difficulty, except that in returning its hind feet brushed some bricks off the top of the wall. The horse belonged to a Mr. Bingham, and performed this extraordinary feat in the presence of the Duke of York, Prince William of Gloucester, Lord Derby, and other members of the aristocracy. The wall was finally replaced by an iron railing in 1828.

Hamilton, notwithstanding his character of a fast man and a beau, did not lose sight of the main interest. He was of a speculative turn of mind, as we may infer from his building transactions on the outskirts of the Park. Another of his ventures was to grow apple-trees in Hyde Park, in which speculation John Birch, Esq., Auditor of the Excise, was his partner. Hamilton received the first grant of a piece of ground for this purpose in 1664, but in consequence of some delay in carrying out his design, it was renewed two years later. The parcel of land then received was fifty-five acres in

extent, and is described in the indenture as "ditched and severed from the Park, and lying in the north-west corner thereof, bounded on the north by the Uxbridge way, on the west with the lands of Sir Heneage Finch [now Kensington Gardens], and on the south and east by the said Park." It was granted for a term of forty-one years, and was to be planted with pippins and redstreaks, at ten yards distance or less from each other. The conditions of the grant were that they should enclose this piece of ground with a brick wall of eight feet high at their own expense, and that the King was to have one-half of the apples there grown, at his own choice either in apples or in cider. If in the latter form, his Majesty was to find the bottles and casks.

The Ring must have been dull in the year 1665, for it was the Great Plague year. Those who could leave town were gone, those who remained were in the month of September dying at the rate of 8297 a week, amounting to 38,195 between the 22nd of August and the 26th of September. It is probable then that the grass grew in the Ring, as well as in the streets of the City. The only thing which served to enliven the Park a little in those melancholy times, was that, to avoid crowding in the pestilential city, the Guards during part of the summer were encamped there, under command of the Duke of Albemarle. Two years later, all was on the old footing again. It is true that the plague had left a few gaps amongst the frequenters of the Ring; but as in the City, where new houses were rising on the ruins of those which were burnt down the year before, so in the Park, new beauties came out every season, to step into the place of those who had been carried off by death, or marriage, or what not. Folly and extravagance too once more burst forth with renewed vigour, and on one occasion displayed themselves in an unprecedented piece of absurdity. This happened on St. George's Day, 1667, when the King and the Knights of the Garter had the "ridiculous humour" of keeping on their robes of the Garter all day, and in

the evening made their appearance in the Ring still wearing these noble insignia. The Lord Orford and the Duke of Monmouth thus appalled even drove about in a hackney coach! *Fleat Heraclitus an rideat Democritus?*

Amongst the company who reappeared after the Plague and Fire, was merry Pepys, as full of life and animal spirits as ever. He was there on June 3rd, 1668: "To the Park, where much fine company and many fine ladies, and in so handsome a hackney I was, that I believe Sir W. Coventry and others who looked on me, did take me to be in one of my own, which I was a little troubled for; so to the Lodge and drank a cup of new milk, and so home." The lodge where Mr. Pepys went to drink a cup of new milk, to recover from his trouble at having been seen in that handsome hackney coach, was the building in the middle of the Park in which one of the keepers took up his residence at the time when there were two of them; the other residing in the lodge near Hyde Park corner. But in the reign of Charles II. it served as a drinking-house, or a place where refreshments were sold, and was sometimes called Price's Lodge, from the name of Gervase Price, the chief under-keeper. Like everything connected with the Park, it is frequently mentioned by the dramatists of that reign—for instance in Howard's "English Monsieur" (1674):—"Nay, 'tis no London female, she's a thing that never saw a cheesecake, a tart, or a syllabub at the Lodge in Hyde Park." In Queen Anne's time it was more generally called the Cake House, or Mince-pie House, and, according to the fashion which still continued to prevail, the beaux and belles used to go there to refresh themselves. The dainties which might be obtained there in the reign of George II., are thus enumerated in a little descriptive poem of the period:—

"Some petty collation
Of cheesecakes, and custards, and pigeon-pie puff,
With bottle-ale, cider, and such sort of stuff."*

* William Draper, "The Morning Walk," p. 175.

It was a timber and plaster building, and was taken down in the early part of the nineteenth century; during the last years of its existence it bore the appearance it presents in the subjoined engraving, the wooded parts in the distance over the water being the Kensington Gardens.

On September 16, 1668, there was a grand military pageant in the Park again. The Duke of Monmouth (Charles's natural son) not content with being a Duke and one of the most handsome cavaliers in that merry Court, desired to add laurels gathered in the field of Mars to the myrtle garlands won in the bowers of Venus—as the poets of the day would have expressed it. In order to make a vacancy for him, Lord Gerard was induced to resign his commission of Captain and Colonel of the King's Own Troop of Lifeguards, and the command of the brigade, in return for which complaisance he was created Earl of Macclesfield, and Colonel of a regiment of horse. To give a greater show of importance to Monmouth's appointment, all the Guards stationed in and near London, both horse and foot, were ordered to parade in Hyde Park, where they assembled on September 16th at an early hour. Between nine and ten, the King, the Duke of York, and a great train of nobility arrived upon the ground. After the troops had gone through some evolutions, his Majesty placed the young Duke at the head of the first troop of Lifeguards, as Captain and Colonel, and also gave him the command of the whole brigade, the trumpets sounding and the drums beating as he took his post. Pepys, who never missed a sight, was present in a hackney, and saw it all, "and indeed thought it mighty noble, and their firing mighty fine, and the Duke of Monmouth in mighty rich clothes;" but "the well ordering of the men," Pepys confessed, was lost upon himself.

Games and pastimes, which had been usual in the Park during the reign of Charles I. and the interregnum, still continued in the time of Charles II. There is an allusion to racing in Sedley's play of the

“Mulberry Garden” (1668), where one sporting gentleman says to another:—“He has given me a hundred pounds for my *Graybeard*, and is to ride himself this day month, twice round the Park, against a bay stone-horse of Wildishe’s for two hundred more.”

One Whitsun week, the precise year I do not know, there was another great Cornish hurling-match, which was sufficiently grand to be sung by one of the thread-bare ballad-makers of the day. A copy of this production is still extant; it describes how the merry doings at Islington and elsewhere had been marred by the foul weather on the Sunday and Monday, but the Tuesday was bright and sunny, and on that day the match took place in Hyde Park, which is commemorated in the following strain:—

“*The Cornish Hurling of the Silver Ball.*”

“But yet Hyde Park a man might truly say
 Had in it much the glory of that day.
 Stout Cornwall, always loyal to their Kings,
 A hundred brave, resolved persons brings,
 Of their own country to the Park that day,
 One of their country’s exercise to play.
 Where being come, themselves they do divide
 To east and west, their manhood to decide.
 I’ th’ midst o’ th’ Park’s thrown up a silver ball,
 Which being done, stoutly to it they fall;
 Heels were tript up, and bodies come to ground,
 The Cornish hug always good play was found.
 Long time it lasted, and now East, then West,
 At several times had each of them the best.
 Thousand spectators stood with greedy eyes,
 To see them act this manly exercise;
 His Highness York’s great Duke beheld the same,
 With other persons of renowned fame.
 Brave Cornish men, you are to be commended,
 And will be so until the world is ended.”*

When Master Pepys was rising in the world, he began to have serious misgivings that it was *infra dig.*

* “Poor Robin’s Observations upon Whitsun Holidays, concerning the fair and foul weather happening thereon, together with the manly exercise of the Cornish men hurling the ball in Hyde Park on Whitsun Tuesday last.” (No date.)

for a Secretary of the Admiralty to be seen in a hackney coach. As early as April, '64, he felt compunctions on that subject, "myself being in a hackney," he blushingly admits, "and the Park full of people, was ashamed to be seen by the world, many of them knowing me." A rising man now-a-days, whether his father had been a tailor or a tinker, would not hesitate for a moment to set up a coach as soon as he could afford it, and even this last consideration would by no means be a *sine quâ non*. But two hundred years ago it was different, and notwithstanding Pepys' high office and noble relatives, we have seen that he was "somewhat troubled" at being seen in too handsome a hackney.

That vain little head of his, however, and the curtain lectures of Mrs. Pepys, overcame those dying struggles of his modesty, and the coach was ordered. Finally the blessed hour came when the long wished-for vehicle was sent home, and, ten months after Sir William Coventry had seen him in the handsome hackney, that very same gentleman was one of the first who had the fortune to see Mr. Pepys full blown in his private carriage, with pretty Mrs. P. by his side. This memorable event is thus recorded in the Diary: "11 April, 1669. Thence to the Park, my wife and I, and here Sir William Coventry did first see *me and my wife* in a coach of our own, and so did also this night the Duke of York, who did eye my wife mightily." A fortnight after he was there again: "25 April, 1669. Abroad with my wife in the afternoon to the Park, where very much company, and the weather very pleasant. I carried my wife to the Lodge, the first time this year, and there in our coach eat a cheesecake and drank a tankard of milk. I showed her also this day first the Prince of Tuscany, who was in the Park, and many very fine ladies." When May Day came round again, see with what disdain Pepys alludes to hackney coaches: "May 1st, 1669. The Park full of coaches, but dusty and windy and cold, and now and then a little dribbling of rain. And what

made it worse, there were so many hackney coaches as spoiled the sight of a gentleman's (!), and so we had little pleasure." More was the pity, for Pepys had made up his mind to produce a sensation that day. The servants had a new livery of serge, the horses' manes and tails were tied up with red ribbons, the standards were gilt, and the reins were green. No wonder that "the people did mightily look upon us, and the truth is, I did not see any coach more pretty, though more gay, than ours all the day." As for the owners of the pretty coach their costume was intended to match with it. Mr. Pepys had bedight himself for the nonce in a fine summer-suit, consisting of a flowered tabby vest, and coloured camelot tunic with gold lace at the bands. So beautiful was this suit, that, with the modesty which characterized poor Samuel, he was again afraid to be seen in it, and only put it on at the pressing instances of Mrs. P. That lady herself was "extraordinary fine with a flowered tabby gown she made *two years ago*" [think of that, ye ever-changing belles!] "new-laced exceeding pretty, and indeed was fine all over, and mighty earnest to go."

On the last day of that same month of May, Pepys, unfortunately for us, concluded his entertaining Diary. His very last entry describes a visit with his wife and some friends to the Park, and thence to the World's End, a noted drinking-house which he and the other choice spirits of that day frequently patronized. When we have no longer this good-natured and amusing chronicler to guide us and to indicate what was going on, we feel entirely at a loss, and the busy frequenters of the Park become comparatively strangers to us. Pepys used to take us into the thick of the fashionable crowd, nudge our elbows at the flirtations of Charles and his ladies, point out the most famous beauties and Court gallants, tell us who wore a new coat or a new wig, what philandering and gallivanting were going on, and keep us *au courant* of everything. We render him the just tribute of our thanks for being, next to Hamilton, the most amusing chronicler of the

days of the merry monarch. Reading Pepys is living in his time; we hear and see all that Pepys himself heard, saw, and did, day after day, nay, almost hour after hour.

One of the last occasions on which King Charles assisted at a great military spectacle in the Park, was on January 28th, 1682, when the Guards went through their evolutions in honour of the Ambassadors of the Sultan of Morocco. The soldiers were gallantly, and the officers magnificently accoutred. After they had gone through their various exercises to the great admiration of the Ambassadors, the Moorish followers of their Excellencies would show what they could do, and though their performances were very different from the military exercises of western nations, they proved themselves good and active horsemen. Whilst riding at full speed, with their lances they took off a ring hung up for the purpose, and performed various other surprising feats.

Evelyn says that this Ambassador "often went to Hyde Park on horseback, where he and his retinue showed their extraordinary activity in horsemanship, and flinging and catching their lances at full speed. They rid very short [*i.e.* with short stirrups], and could stand upright at full speed, managing their spears with incredible agility." Such games may still be witnessed among the Moors on festive occasions, and are called by them *Fantasias*.

"Scarce ever," say the papers of the day, "was seen in Hyde Park so great an appearance of coaches." No doubt the Moors proved an extra attraction. But even an ordinary review of the Horse and Lifeguards always drew a crowd of visitors. These troops, until 1788, were on very different regulations from those of the present day. The privates were all men of good family: so great an honour and such privileges were attached to these corps that as much as 800*l.* was paid in order to obtain the rank of "private gentleman," as the troopers were then called. Their pay also was far higher than that of the most favourite regiments of our time; a Lifeguards-

man had as much as four shillings a day, though the Blues had only half a crown ; add to this their splendid horses, rich trappings, buff coats adorned with ribbons, velvet, and gold lace, and nobody will wonder that they were the cynosure of the female population. One of the most notorious characters among the "private gentlemen" about this time was Jack Ogle, younger son to a Northamptonshire family, a man whose jokes at one time were as popular as those of the famous Joe Miller at a subsequent period. Owing to his wit, and to the fact that his sister was mistress of the Duke of York, Jack had a little more margin allowed him than the other Guardsmen, of which he availed himself to his heart's content. One day when there was a general muster of the Lifeguards in the Park, Ogle having lost his cloak at play, supplied its absence by borrowing his landlady's scarlet petticoat. This he tied neatly up so as to give it the appearance of the absent cloak, strapped it to the back of the saddle, then mounted, safe enough as he thought, and rode to the parade. Unfortunately one of the officers perceiving the embroidered border, smelt a rat, and at once told the Duke of Monmouth, who commanded the corps. His Grace expecting some drollery, immediately commanded, "Gentlemen, cloak all." The word of command was obeyed by all except Ogle, who, starting and stammering, exclaimed, "Cloak all ! what must we cloak for ? it don't rain !" The Duke seeing that he did not put on his cloak, said, "Mr. Ogle, why don't you obey the word of command ?" "Cloak, sir !" replied Ogle, in a rage, "why, d—n it, there then !" and peeping his head out of the petticoat, "Though I can't cloak, I can petticoat with the best of you !"

James Hamilton was the last ranger of Hyde Park *separately*, for Charles II. having thrown open St. James's Park to the public, subsequent keepers were denominated Rangers of St. James's Park. But though no particular mention is made of Hyde Park, they appear to have had that domain also under their supervision. Colonel Hamilton, serving on board the fleet

commanded by Prince Rupert, and under him by Hamilton's kinsman the Earl of Ossory, was present at an engagement with the Dutch on June 4th, 1673, when one of his legs was shot off by a cannon-ball. He died on the 6th, and was buried the next day in Westminster Abbey. Nobody appears to have been appointed in his place until 1684, when the office, under its new denomination of Ranger of St. James's Park, was conferred upon William Harbord, Esq., of Ceadbury in Somersetshire, M.P. for Launceston in Cornwall, and son of Sir Charles Harbord, who had been Surveyor-General under Charles I. William Harbord's name occurs frequently in Pepys' Diary, and the folios which he wrote in order to show the cause of the naval miscarriages, must have given the poor Secretary many a heartburning.



DUEL BETWEEN THE DUKE OF HAMILTON AND LORD MOHUN.

(From an original and contemporary drawing in the British Museum.)

CHAPTER IV.

WILLIAM THE THIRD.

THE reign of James II. offers no facts worth chronicling in our history of the Parks. It was a dull period of civil war, of religious persecution, and of monks, friars, and confessors. James's successor, the heaven-sent intruder William III., was a man of delicate health, and a quiet reserved turn of mind, who had none of the lively *entrain* of the Stuarts. Whitehall and St. James's were too noisy for this placid, debile little Dutchman, and he therefore bought the manor of Kensington from the Earl of Nottingham, altered it so as to fit it somewhat for a royal residence, and in this quiet retirement he passed much of his time. The royal road from St. James's to Kensington Palace, then as now, ran through the Green and Hyde Parks, and as his

Majesty often passed along it after dark, he ordered three hundred lamps to be placed by its side. This was the first instance of a public road being lit up in such a manner, and was considered sufficiently noteworthy to deserve particular mention on a contemporary print of Kensington Palace, where the illumination is described as "very grand and inconceivably magnificent." But this luxury could only be tolerated during the winter months; in summer time the lamps used to be taken down, and "preserved for their Majesties' further service" in the woodyard at Kensington Palace. Darkness, deep ruts, mud and dust, however, were only trifles compared with the other dangers which beset travellers through the Park. Like all other approaches to London, it swarmed with highwaymen. Piccadilly ended at Albemarle Street, or, as it was then called, Portugal Street, and "the road between Park gate and Knightsbridge" was so proverbially unsafe, that Defoe chose it for the scene of the coach robberies of his Colonel Jack. Knightsbridge had never enjoyed the best of reputations, and now the traffic through the Park began to be worth looking after. As early as the reign of Charles II. the salubrious and pleasant situation of Kensington had rendered that village a favourite suburban retreat for the aristocracy, and its attractions increased when William III. took up his residence in Kensington Palace. The consequence was that fashionable people on their way to and from theatres and assemblies, had to pass through the Park, and there, unless their carriage was well attended by armed servants, the highwaymen lay in wait for them. So common were these robberies that King William ordered the Guards to patrol the Park till eleven o'clock at night, and when his Majesty held his basset table at Kensington Palace, these patrols were doubled and marched to and fro all night, so that the gentlemen might have some chance of carrying home their winnings unmolested. In addition to this, a guard-house was built in the Park in 1699, "for securing the road against the footpads, who,"

according to this paper, "continue to be very troublesome."*

Except at reviews, King William and his dull stocking-knitting spouse did not often show themselves in the Park; and the company in the Ring, deprived of the fostering smiles of royalty, appears to have somewhat degenerated. If we may believe Tom Brown, there were "beviés of gallant ladies" to be seen in coaches, "some singing, others laughing, others tickling one another, and all of them toying and devouring cheese-cakes, marchepane, and china oranges."† But his authority would be of little account if it were not backed up by the following official document, which proves that irregularities did occasionally take place. "Some days since, several persons of quality having been affronted at the Ring in Hyde Park by some of the persons that rode in hackney coaches with masks, and complaint thereof being made to the Lords Justices, an order is made that no hackney coaches be permitted to go into the said Park, and that none presume to appear there in masks."‡ This order remains in vigour down to the present day, no hackney-coaches being allowed to enter any of the places set off for drives and promenades.

In 1694 William Harbord was succeeded in the keepership by William Henry Granville, third Earl of Bath, who occupied the office only for six years, for in 1700 Edward Villiers, first Earl of Jersey, was appointed his successor. This gentleman, a descendant of the famous Duke of Buckingham, had been attached to the Court of the Princess Mary on her marriage with the Dutch Stadhouder, and came over with that Prince when he landed at Torbay to seat himself on the throne of his father-in-law. He was several times ambassador to Holland and France, and was plenipotentiary at the treaty of Ryswyck, and after having occupied various

* London Post, December 16, 1699.

† Tom Brown's Amusements for the Meridian of London, p. 54. 1700.

‡ Postboy, June 8, 1695.

other high and lucrative offices, gave up all public employment in 1704, and died in 1711. A lease was granted to this Earl for a lodge with land and gardens in Hyde Park, for fifty-one years, at a rent of 13*l.* 4*s.* per annum, with a clause of resumption on payment of the sum expended in improving the premises. To him succeeded, in 1703, Henry Portman, cousin and heir of Sir William Portman, a Tory gentleman of great note, who had commanded the Somerset militia against the Duke of Monmouth in 1685. His family name was Seymour, but he adopted the name of Portman on succeeding to the immense estates of Sir William. Part of this property is situated in London, and forms the ground on which Portman Square, Dorset Square, Bryanston Square, and the adjoining streets are built, most of which are named after seats belonging to the family. He died on January 24, 1719, without issue, leaving an estate of 10,000*l.* a year, and 40,000*l.* in ready money, to a sister's son.

Great reviews frequently took place in the Park during the reign of William III. The Jacobites, though constantly disappointed in their plans, were still in hope of restoring James to the throne. In March, 1692, King William went to Holland, and his absence seemed to offer them an opportunity for another trial. The whole scheme was organized in France; a descent was to be made on the coast of England, which would be followed by a general rising of all the Jacobites throughout the land; William was to be assassinated in Holland, and then James was to return triumphant. Queen Mary having received information of these designs, renewed the proclamation by which all Papists were ordered to leave London, and took various other precautions, one of which was a review in Hyde Park of the militia of London and Westminster. The Westminster corps, consisting of two regiments of foot of about 1500 men each, and a troop of horse, were reviewed on the 9th of May, 1692, under command of the Earl of Bedford, Lord-Lieutenant of the County of Middlesex. The following day the six regiments

of London Trained Bands, consisting of about 10,000 men, were reviewed in the same place under command of the Lord Mayor (Sir Thomas Stamp) and their respective colonels. Her Majesty reviewed those corps herself on both days. About three years afterwards, on the 23rd of December, 1695, as many as thirteen regiments passed muster in the Park before the King previous to their departure for the wars in Flanders. Indeed, in those stirring times there was some show of this kind to be seen almost every week, and it would be a useless waste of the reader's time and patience to give an account of them all. *Ex uno disce omnes.* Take for instance that of November 9, 1699. The papers had been in ecstasy long before over the "glorious appearance" the men would present in their new uniforms; they announced that the troops had passed preliminary muster before their officers, and they gave all sorts of details. At last the grand day came; the three troops of Lifeguards took up their ground, commanded by the Duke of Ormond, the Earl Rivers, and the Earl of Albemarle. King William arrived about one o'clock, accompanied by the Prince of Denmark (the husband of the future Queen Anne), the Duke of Gloucester (son of Queen Anne), the Duke of Schomberg (the great Field-Marshal), and another famous warrior, John Churchill, then *Earl* of Marlborough, besides various other men of great birth but less known to fame. The King, on a neat barb, presented him by the Dey of Algiers, rode through the ranks, and was "extreamly well pleased." Then he ordered the troops to file off so that he might take particular notice of each gentleman as he passed before him. The first troop, the Duke of Ormond's, were all mounted on black horses, and wore scarlet coats richly laced, with white feathers, and great knots of ribbon, tagged at the ends, on the side of their hats. The other two troops followed, also in richly laced scarlet, but with red and green feathers in their hats. "They appeared," said the *London Post*, "by account of all the spectators, to be the finest body of men and the compleatest clothed

and accoutred in the world."* The number of spectators on this occasion was computed at about 20,000 persons, and above a thousand coaches belonging to the nobility and gentry. What renders this review interesting to us is, that Richard Steele, the future author of the "Tatler" and "Spectator," rode at that time as one of the private gentlemen in the Duke of Ormond's troop, and must have been among the gallant soldiers who on this 9th of November delighted the eye of our warlike King.

There was, as we have seen, always a "goodly" concourse of spectators at these reviews of the Guards, and among them ladies were not wanting. They of course, as in the lines of Ovid, came to be seen as well as to see. But if we may believe George Granville, the poet, and first Lord Lansdowne, none of the fair who witnessed those pageants could bear comparison with a certain Mira, whose all-conquering charms "dealt destruction's devastating doom" to all those who were not fireproof, and particularly to the tender-hearted gentlemen of his Majesty's Lifeguard. And thus Granville sang the ravages she committed :

"Mira at a Review of the Guards in Hyde Park.

"Let meaner beauties conquer singly still,
But haughty Mira will by thousands kill :
Thro' armed ranks triumphantly she drives;
And with one glance commands a thousand lives.
The trembling heroes nor resist, nor fly,
But at the head of all their squadrons die."

Since the reign of Charles II. the Mall in St. James's Park had become a powerful rival to the Ring. In Etherege's "Man of Mode" (1676), a young lady observes that the Ring has a better reputation than the Mall; "but," says she, "I abominate the dull diversions there, the formal bows, the affected smiles, the silly bywords and amorous tweers in passing; here [in the Mall] one meets with a little conversation now and then." On the other hand, the Ring had this

* London Post, November 10-12, 1699.

advantage, that it gave the opportunity for displaying a carriage, horses, and smart livery. Equipages at that time became more and more the fashion, and to be seen afoot in the Mall was by many considered the height of vulgarity. There appeared a satire in 1709,* in the preface of which occurs the following remark: "If gentlemen are never such dear companions now, they must have no conversation together but upon equal terms, lest some should say to the man of figure, 'Bless me, sir! what strange, filthy fellow was that you bow'd to parading in the Mall, as you were driving to the Ring?'"—This satire, which is written in very passable verse, describes the company in the Ring in a bitter, biting tone, which in its time must have caused many a cheek to blush and many a heart to ache. For though the characters were veiled under imaginary names, still the allusions must have been unmistakeable to the frequenters of the Ring acquainted with the *chronique scandaleuse* of those old days. But to us Licius, Gazus, Furnesio, Oneglia, Cimander, and the rest, are a mere dead letter. A few particulars, however, may be gathered from this production which belong to the history of the Park. For instance, it appears that the beaux bought fruit in the Park, and there, as in the theatres, amused themselves with breaking indelicate jests with the orange and nosegay-women, or other female hawkers. Thus the satire—

"With bouncing Bell a luscious chat they hold,
Squabble with Moll, or Orange Betty scold."

The same practice is also alluded to in another satire, Mrs. Manley's "New Atlantis" (a work of which we shall presently speak more fully), where a Mrs. Hammond is represented buying a basket of cherries and receiving a billet-doux from the orange wench. Again, in Southerne's play of the "Maid's Last Prayer" (1693), Lady Malapert says, "There are a thousand innocent diversions

* The Circus, or the British Olympus. A Satyr on the Ring in Hyde Park. 1709.

more wholesome and diverting than always the dusty mill-horse driving in Hyde Park." But her airy husband is of a different opinion: "O law!" says he, "don't prophane Hyde Park: is there anything so pleasant as to go there alone and find fault with the company? Why, there can't a horse or a livery 'scape a man that has a mind to be witty; and then, I sell bargains to [*i.e.* 'chaff'] the orange-women." It was with such refined amusements, such a delicate way of displaying their wit, that the beau of that period, like Sir Harry Wildair, acquired the reputation of being "the joy of the playhouse, the life of the Park."

No gallant equipage in the Ring was complete without six grey Flanders mares, and the owner's coat of arms emblazoned on the panels. Thus in the satire—

"Manlius through all the city doth proclaim
His arms, his equipage, and ancient name;
For search the court of honour, and you'll see
Manlius his name—but not his pedigree.
What then? This is the practice of the town;
For should no man bear arms but what's his own,
Hundreds that make the Ring would carry none,
And that would spoil the beauty of the place."

The worthy here alluded to under the name of the famous Roman Consul, I strongly suspect to be Beau Fielding, who indeed bore the name of a family rejoicing in a pedigree long even for a Welsh one, a family descended from the Hapsburgs, and cousins to the Emperors of Germany. Beau Fielding, on the strength of his name, ventured to have the arms of Lord Denbigh emblazoned on his coach, and to drive about the Ring, proud as the rook with the purloined peacock feathers. At the sight of the immaculate coat of arms on the plebeian chariot, "all the blood of all the Hapsburgs" flew to the head of Basil, fourth Earl of Denbigh; in a high state of wrath and fury he at once procured a house-painter, and ordered him to daub the coat of arms completely over, in broad daylight, and before all the company in the Ring. The

beau seems to have thought with Falstaff that "the better part of valour is discretion," and as the insult, after all, had not been offered to *his* arms, judged it wise to bear it rather than to resent it.

During Queen Anne's reign the Ring still continued in its greatest exaltation. "No frost, snow, nor east wind," says the "Spectator," May 1, 1711, "can hinder a large set of people from going to the Park in February; no dust nor heat in June. And this is come to such an intrepid regularity, that those agreeable creatures that would shriek at a hind-wheel in a deep gutter, are not afraid in their proper sphere of the disorder and danger of seven crowded Rings." In the Tatlers, Spectators, and the plays of the period, allusions constantly occur to the brilliant company that assembled in the Ring: round which a full tide of gaudily dressed human beings daily whirled. It was an endless stream of stout coachmen driving ponderous gilt chariots lined with scarlet, drawn by six heavy Flanders mares; and running footmen trotting in front, graced with conical caps, long silver-headed canes, and quaintly cut silk jackets loaded with gold lace, tassels, and spangles. In those coaches appeared all the beauty and elegance of the kingdom, outvieing each other in splendour and extravagance, for daughters of Eve were scarce who thought, like Lady Mary Montague, that "All the fine equipages that shine in the Ring never gave me another thought than either pity or contempt for the owners that could place happiness in attracting the eyes of strangers."*

Cardinal Bellarmine, in describing the torments of the bottomless pit, enumerates uncomfortable heat and crowding among the chief sufferings: but tastes differ on that point, for living and moving in a crowd is most decidedly a *sine quâ non* of aristocratic pleasure. Fresh air and sunshine have nothing to do with the attractions of the Park, nobody goes for these; neither are heat, dust, and overcrowding considered objections.

* Lord Wharnccliffe's edition of Lady Mary Wortley Montague's Works. Vol. i. p. 177.

Man is a gregarious animal, and mostly so when he has a fine face, fine clothes, fine horses, and fine carriages to show off. For above two hundred years people have grumbled about the dust and the crowd in the Park, but how many in these seven or eight generations have come to the conclusion that a drive round Hampstead Heath was preferable, and have acted up to that conclusion? Yet we of the nineteenth century are well off compared with our forefathers, *tempore* Queen Anne. The watering-carts of the Board of Works have effectually overcome dust, but it was not so in the beginning of the last century, and the means adopted to lay the dust were most primitive. "On account of the numerous coaches which drive round in a small circle," says a German traveller in 1710, "one is greatly troubled with the excessive dust. When the heat and the dust are *very great*, however, a man rides round with a barrel of water on a cart; the tap is taken out of the barrel, so that as he drives round the water runs out on the road, makes it wet, and so lays the dust."*

In the same year that the German Baron quoted above was correcting the notes he had taken in London, a certain sprightly lady, Mrs. de la Rivière Manley, a native of Guernsey, and daughter of Sir Roger Manley, governor of that island, published a satire entitled the "New Atlantis," in which she made very free with the character of some of the most conspicuous members of our aristocracy, both male and female. As the work was not devoid of wit, and the stories she told were in a great measure true, it made a terrible uproar in chaste Vanity Fair, and Mrs. Manley was lodged in the Queen's Bench on a charge of *scandalum magnatum* or something of that kind. The Ring, under the name of the Prado, occupied a prominent place in this satire. "The Prado," she says, "is a place eminent for what is either illustrious or conspicuous: here the rich and the fair, adorned in their most distinguishing habits,

* Zacharias Conrad von Uffenbach, "Remarkable Journey through various parts of Europe." Berlin, 1710.

come to take the dust under pretence of air. If a lady be new-married and longs to show her equipage, no place so proper as the Prado. A beauty just come to town that has a mind to be a toast, exposes herself first upon the Prado; the gamester after a lucky run, from no shoes and a coat out at elbows, steps into a large well-built coach with pillars and arches, glorious horses and trappings and rich liveries, and where's the place so proper for admiration as the Prado? The aldermen's wives come to learn fashions, and make the Court envy the lustre of their jewels at the Prado. Young amorous beaux that have a mind to ogle the airy, vain coquet, whisk to the Prado. A town husband would have but an ill life (these fashionable times), if he grudged his wife a chariot for the Prado; nay, the very country gentlewoman (humble in town and proud in the country), when she has got her husband in the mind to let her come to Angela [London], thinks she had as good stay at home if she be not able to have her only pair of horses drag her thro' the dusty roads in order to carry her to the Prado, with her country-built coach and her rustical airs to divert the rest of the company. Nay, the very coachmen here are so refined that they shall ridicule a brother come from the country, and find fault with his driving, because it mayn't be exactly *à la mode du Prado*.* After this, the charming Mrs. Manley treats us to thirty-three pages of scandal and *cancans* about the company usually seen in the Ring. Every character is torn to pieces, and all the most piquant slips and peccadilloes are analysed with the scalpel of keen wit and *une mauvaise langue*. To that work then we refer such of our male readers as are curious to know more about the mysteries of the chaste and hallowed court of Queen Anne. But it must be borne in mind that Mrs. Manley had been, what she considered, ill-used by the world, owing to some esca-

* "Secret Memoirs of the New Atlantis," p. 164. 1709. Mrs. Manley had been for some time companion to the Duchess of Cleveland, and hence was probably well *au courant* of the shortcomings of Vanity Fair. However, "all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye."

pades of her own; and having hopelessly lost her character, she did all she could to take away that little which other ladies might have remaining of theirs.

Steele was at that time making a rather smart figure about town: he lived in Bury Street, St. James's, and had a country house at Hampton. He was daily to be seen in the Ring, sometimes in a coach-and-four, at others in a coach-and-pair, at the side of his young and pretty wife, and sometimes riding on horseback. Mrs. Manley, who just then was no friend of his (though subsequently they were reconciled), describes him amongst the company in the Ring, as "a black beau, stuck up pert in a chariot, thick-set, his eyes lost in his head, hanging eyebrows, broad face, and tallow complexion. I long to inform myself if it be his own coach, he cannot yet sure pretend to that: t'other day he was but a wretched trooper." Another literary celebrity, Dean Swift, was at that time also frequently in the Ring, but as Mrs. Manley was his coadjutor, he escaped a place in the New Atlantis. February 25, 1712, the Dean enters in his Diary: "I was this morning again with the secretary [Lord Bolingbroke], and we were two hours busy, and then went to the Park, Hyde Park I mean, and he walked to cure his cold, and we were looking at two Arabian horses sent sometime ago to the Lord Treasurer [Godolphin]. The Duke of Marlborough's coach overtook us, with his Grace and Lord Godolphin [his son-in-law] in it, but they did not see us, to our great satisfaction, for neither of us desired that either of those two lords should see us together. There were half a dozen ladies riding like cavaliers, to take the air." One of the Arabian horses here mentioned, may have been the celebrated Godolphin Arabian from whom descends all the blue blood of the race-course, and who was the grandfather of Eclipse—that horse which was first in every race, was never touched by whip nor pricked by spur, and the fastest horse of his time, for he ran four miles in eight minutes, with a weight of 160 lbs. on his back.

Up to this period, with the exception of the poor

poachers hanged by the British Solomon, and Oliver Protector's misadventure, these chronicles of the Park have been a tissue of brilliant shows, pageants, and popular diversions. During the eighteenth century the merry spectacles continue, but scenes of murder and bloodshed frequently alternate with them. As London extended itself, many of the favourite localities in which gentlemen used to settle their little differences in a friendly manner, by means of "a yard of cold steel," became too much frequented. They lost the retired character which is necessary for the quiet transaction of business of that description. Buildings were beginning to arise in the neighbourhoods of Tothill Fields, Barn Elms, and the Field of Forty Footsteps, behind Montague House, which up to that period had been favourite duelling localities. Hyde Park was just at a convenient distance from town, it was unfrequented in the early hours of the day, there were quiet, snug corners in it, where the turf was smooth, and the soil firm and elastic,—in a word, it was a most desirable place for what Fielding calls "dying of honour." Among the first persons mentioned in the papers as having resorted to Hyde Park for this kind of diversion, was a certain Captain Steele of the Guards,* who on Sunday, the 16th of June, 1700, ran a Captain Kelly through the body. On the 7th of December of that same year, a Colonel Edward Colt was killed on the same spot in a duel with a Captain Swift. These are the two first affairs of that kind which are recorded in the papers as having been settled in Hyde Park. But the probabilities are, that the Park had been a favourite place for such rencontres long before. In an anonymous play (attributed to Nevil Payne), written in 1673, and entitled the "Morning Ramble, or the Humours of the Town," two gentlemen are introduced who send challenges, and who both appoint "the lower side of

* This may have been our friend Dick Steele, who is known to have had a duel about this time. The inaccuracy of the papers may easily have promoted him from a private gentleman in the Guards to a Captain.

Hyde Park" as the field of honour. Whence we may conclude that already duels were of no uncommon occurrence in the Park. The exact spot of this cockpit we learn from Fielding's "Amelia" and from other sources was situated a little to the south of the Ring, near the present Serpentine, and not far from the spot where the Royal Humane Society's building now stands. Thus, where at one time life used to be so recklessly sacrificed, now the most strenuous efforts are made to preserve it: a worthy *piaculum* to the manes of those unhappy men who there shed their blood misled by an erroneous sense of honour. In Fielding's novel "Amelia," Lieutenant Booth and the fire-eating Colonel Bath, having quarrelled on the Mall in St. James's Park, adjourn at once to the spot above described in order to settle their difference. "The Colonel strutted forward directly up Constitution Hill to Hyde Park, Booth following him at first and afterwards walking before him, till they came to that place which may be properly called the field of blood, being that part a little to the left of the Ring, which heroes have chosen for the scene of their exit out of this world."*

It was on this same spot that on the 15th of November, 1712, that fatal and sanguinary duel took place between James, fourth Duke of Hamilton, and Charles Lord Mohun, the circumstances of which encounter were as follows. The Duke, an eminent Tory, having been appointed Ambassador to the Court of Versailles, where the Pretender then resided, the Whigs took great alarm, and resolved to get rid of the new Ambassador by fair means or by foul. A duel was hit upon as the most simple and effective means of obtaining this object. This could be managed so much the more conveniently as Lord Mohun, the Hector of the Whig party, had been for a long time involved in a tedious and expensive lawsuit with the Duke, relative to the right of succession to the Gerrard estates, both having married nieces of the first Earl of Macclesfield, that same Lord Gerrard whom we have met with in

* Fielding's "Amelia." Book v. chap. iii.

a former chapter as the first captain of the Life-guards.

This Mohun, an Irish nobleman of most disreputable character, was set upon the Duke; but as he once before had been mixed up in a notorious cut-throat business (the murder of Mountford the actor) his Grace felt little inclination to cross swords with such an antagonist. Mohun's second, however, a General Macartney, managed to obtain a meeting. The duel was fought with swords, the seconds, as was then the custom, engaging as well as the principals. Macartney, after having wounded his opponent, Colonel Hamilton, was disarmed, and the fight between them was thus brought to an end. But Mohun and the Duke were still lunging at each other with uncommon ferocity; both were bleeding from several wounds, which reddened the grass all round them. At last they made a thrust at the same time: the Duke's sword passed through his adversary up to the very hilt, and the latter, though thus transfixed, had yet strength enough left to shorten his weapon and plunge it into the Duke's left breast, after which both fell to the ground.

The keeper of Price's Lodge lifted the Duke up, and helped him to walk about thirty yards, when his Grace said he could walk no further, and expired almost immediately. Mohun had fallen on his back in a ditch, and died on the spot. His body was brought back to his house in Marlborough Street, Oxford Street, in the same hackney which had taken him to the Park, and it is said that his lady was vastly displeased at the wet, bloody corpse being laid upon the best bed, and spoiling her Chinese counterpane. General Macartney at once fled to Holland, and was accused by Colonel Hamilton upon oath before the Privy Council, of having stabbed the Duke through the heart, over his (the Colonel's) shoulder, whilst he was raising him from the ground, as represented in the woodcut at the head of this chapter. The Tories went even further, and asserted that the Whigs had placed hired assassins in the Park to kill the Duke in case he had escaped alive. Eight

hundred pounds reward were offered for the apprehension of the General, but he returned voluntarily in the following year, in order to take his trial. After a full and lengthy investigation of all the circumstances, the jury found Macartney guilty of manslaughter, a verdict which, in the words of Iago, "may help to thicken other proofs that do demonstrate thinly." Then it became the turn of Hamilton to fly, to avoid a prosecution for perjury, whilst Macartney subsequently found great favour with King George I., by bringing over 6000 Dutch troops at the breaking out of the Scotch Rebellion in 1715.

At the end of the year 1714 there were serious Jacobite riots in London. Those who celebrated King George's birthday were insulted by the populace, whilst the anniversary of the Chevalier's birth was kept up with great demonstrations of Jacobite feeling. On that day William III. was burnt in effigy, and the windows were broken in the houses that were not illuminated. "No Hanover" and "No Foreign King" were the popular cries. These troubles spread over all England, and assumed gradually a more and more alarming appearance. In order to preserve London from a *coup de main*, and to intimidate the adherents of the Stuart family in the metropolis, it was thought advisable to concentrate a strong body of troops in its immediate vicinity. A camp under the command of General Cadogan was formed in Hyde Park on the 16th of July, 1715. It occupied the south side of the Park, between King William's Lamp Road and Knightsbridge or the Kensington Road, and consisted of the Lifeguards and Horse Grenadiers, the regiment of the Duke of Argyle, and three battalions of Footguards, besides twelve pieces of cannon and several waggons of ammunition from the Tower. The first of August, the anniversary of King George's happy accession to the throne, was celebrated with great rejoicings. The Footguards were paraded in their new clothing, and, as usual, "made a most noble appearance." The day was concluded with bonfires, illuminations, and deep potations. In town

the Pretender was burnt in effigy opposite the Roebuck tavern, a famous mug-house in Cheapside, whilst health was drunk to the noble House of Brunswick, the Ministry, and the Parliament, with "confusion to the Jacobites and the young Gentleman of the Warming-pan."

On the 25th of August, the very day that the Highland clans rallied at Braemar round the standard of the Stuart family, the loyal troops were reviewed by King George, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Marlborough, and various other Generals, all men of note at that period, but now quite forgotten. The Duke, who was Commander-in-Chief of the Forces, saluted the stiff Hanoverian King at the head of the cavalry, and afterwards dismounting, repeated the same ceremony on foot at the head of the infantry, a highly edifying sight. In September, when the troubles in the North had broken out, the Articles of War were read to the troops, but no rebellion or disaffection appeared among them. When the season began to be inclement, towards the middle of October, the canvas tents were replaced by huts for the soldiers, whilst wooden stables were erected for the horses. The festivities on the birthday of the Prince of Wales, November 3rd, surpassed even those of the 1st of August. The Duke of Montague, who commanded the Lifeguards, presented that corps with 500 pounds of pudding, two hogsheads of wine, two of ale, and an ox, roasted whole at the head of the first troop standard. The Footguards were not treated by any means so liberally. They had only a guinea per company to drink the Prince's health, and Colonel Oughton, who commanded the corps, invited all the officers to his tent. In the evening the soldiers were assembled within illuminated circles, and drank various loyal toasts with considerable emphasis, expressed by loud cheers and huzzas, whilst volleys of cannon and small arms followed each toast. After the defeat of the Jacobite army at Sheriffmuir, and their surrender at Preston, the camp was no longer necessary; it was broken up on the 10th of December, and the troops returned to

their respective quarters. One of the benefits derived by the Park from these events, appears to have been that a momentary check was put upon the daring depredations of footpads and highwaymen in its neighbourhood. In October, 1715, Mary, Countess Cowper, wrote in her Diary: "I was now at Kensington, where I intended to stay as long as the camp was in Hyde Park, the roads being so secure by it, that one might come from London any time of the night without danger, which I did very often."

The year after this, whilst his Sacred Majesty George I. was disporting himself in Hanover, and forgetting in the arms of his elderly sultanas the dangers of his English kingdom, there was again a camp in Hyde Park. But, beside the usual round of reviews and parades, there happened nothing worth mentioning, and on the 13th of September the troops returned to their respective quarters in Westminster and Southwark. On the 11th of November, the Prince of Wales, who during the absence of his father had been styled "Guardian of the Realm," reviewed the Household Cavalry in the Park. Among the corps thus reviewed were two troops of Horse Grenadier Guards.

This old-fashioned corps, which was then considered a very useful one, was first formed in 1678, when it was altogether a novelty. They were armed with a fusil with dagger or bayonet, a hatchet, cartridge-box, and grenade pouch; two drummers and two hautboys were attached to each troop. In the field they acted like a company of grenadiers to a battalion; they dismounted, linked their horses, fired, and threw their grenades by rank, the centre and rear ranks advancing in succession through the intervals between the file-leaders. They then grounded their arms, went to the right about and dispersed, and at the preparation or beating to arms, they drew their swords, and stood by their arms, falling in with a loud huzza. After that they returned their swords, shouldered and slung their muskets, marched to their horses, unlinked and mounted; this done they fired their pistols and

muskets on horseback. With the exception of the grenades, therefore, their exercise was almost the same as that of the dragoons of the old *régime*.

Prince George was highly pleased with the performance, and when the review was over, told the officers in a pure and unadulterated Hanoverian accent, that "he could now send his father word that he had reviewed his Guards, and found them the finest body of men in person and appearance that the world can produce." And if we may believe the newspapers, though he subsequently liked neither "boets nor bainters," on this occasion he rushed into metre, and added :

" For when brave officers the English head,
The world their men as well as conduct dread ;
Thus foreign realms, if peace to them we'll spare,
For all the world beside they would not care."*

Military executions at this period generally took place in Hyde Park, but sometimes also on the Parade in St. James's Park. For such crimes as petty larceny, insubordination, and ordinary desertion, &c., soldiers used to be tied to a tree or to the halberds, and then soundly flogged. Thus on August 6, 1716, two Guardsmen, previous to being drummed out of the army, were almost flogged to death in Hyde Park, for having worn oak-branches in their caps on the 29th of May, the anniversary of the Restoration. For more serious transgressions soldiers had to run the gauntlet, or were whipped in both the Parks, one after the other. For very serious offences they were shot, but their bodies were not delivered to the surgeons, like those of the malefactors executed at Tyburn; they were either returned to their friends or buried at the Park wall. A few yards from where the Marble Arch now stands, there was a stone against or upon which the soldiers to be executed were placed. This spot is represented in Roque's plan of London, published in 1749, where it is marked as "the stone where the

* Weekly Journal, November 24, 1716.

soldiers are shot." When Cumberland Gate was built, and the ground prepared for that purpose, this stone was found so deeply embedded in the earth that it was thought more convenient to cover than to remove it. The earth was consequently thrown over it, and it now lies buried in its original resting-place. Soldiers in those times were executed as unsparingly on this spot, as the rest of his Majesty's lieges were at Tyburn. Thus the papers tell us that on Tuesday, August 7, 1722, one Tomkins, a youth of about nineteen, who had deserted from Colonel Lowther's company in the second regiment of Footguards, was shot there, in presence of a detachment of 700 men from the three regiments. "The prisoner," say the papers, "who was in a high fever, was attended in his last moments by Dr. King, Master of the Charterhouse."

But as these sad ceremonies all resembled each other, there is no necessity to chronicle them. One more only deserves to be mentioned, although it happened several years after the period last mentioned, viz., in 1747. In this instance, the culprit, being a traitor, was not shot, but hanged on a gibbet erected for the purpose. On Friday morning, the 11th of December, 1747, at eight o'clock, the delinquent, Sergeant Smith, was conducted from the Savoy to the Parade in St. James's Park, and at about nine he walked thence to Hyde Park in the middle of the Footguards, commanded by Colonel Dury, and attended by the minister of the Savoy. He was dressed in a red coat, with a white waistcoat, stockings and breeches, tied at the knees with plaid coloured ribbons. A gibbet had been erected on purpose for his execution near the place where soldiers were usually shot, and near this gibbet his body was buried. He was put to death in this ignominious manner for having deserted, and entered first the French service, and afterwards that of the Pretender. With these examples, the subject of military executions may be dismissed.

In the year 1722 the Jacobites and Tories were again fomenting rebellion and conspiring against the existing

government. In order to prevent any serious attempts, camps were formed in various parts of the country, and the troops were constantly kept in readiness for action upon any emergency. The sound of the drum and the trumpet was heard throughout the land. There was a camp on Hounslow Heath, another on Salisbury Plain, a third on Datchet Mead near Windsor, a fourth on Scarborough Down near Winchester, a fifth at Hungerford, besides several others in Scotland and Ireland. Early in May a site was marked out for the Household Brigade in Hyde Park, and on Tuesday the 8th of that month the three regiments of Footguards marched to take up their ground. As they passed through St. James's Park, King George, unattended by his court, reviewed them from the garden wall of St. James's Palace, for nearly an hour and a half, and returned the salutes of the officers with the greatest civility. A few days after the Life and Horseguards, and the Field Train from the Tower, took up their quarters in the same camp.*

A fair soon arose on the outskirts of the camp, for the benefit of the joyous spirits who were at that time making the Park gladsome with their presence. There were suttlers' booths adorned with quaint signs, dancing saloons, puppet-shows, posture-masters, the famous Mr. Fawks—the Professor Anderson of his day, besides French billiards and dice for the *gens de qualité*, and

* When the camp was completed, the numbers were as follows:—Four troops of Horseguards, each troop consisting of 156 private gentlemen, 1 captain, 2 lieutenants or lieutenant-colonels, 1 corporal, 4 guidons, 4 exempts, 4 brigadiers, 4 sub-brigadiers, 1 adjutant, 1 surgeon, 4 trumpeters, 1 kettle drummer; in all 183 men, besides a chaplain, for his Majesty had given strict orders that divine service should be said every morning at 11 o'clock.

The first and second troops of Horse Grenadier Guards.

The 1st regiment of Footguards (28 companies), 1346 privates; among the officers figures a solicitor to the regiment; in all 1669 men.

The Coldstream or 2nd Footguards, 18 companies, in all 1072 men.

The 3rd Footguards, also 1072 men.

Besides 21 fieldpieces and 24 ammunition carriages.

many other amusements which in ordinary times were only to be obtained at Bartholomew and other fairs. So great was the attraction of the redcoats in the Park, that when Whitsuntide came all the usual places of resort in the suburbs were totally neglected, or, in the language of the newspapers of the day, had "full stomachs and empty purses." For the hosts of the suburban tea-gardens had provided the usual stock of furmety, syllabubs, cream and cheesecakes, but for once were under the painful necessity of eating these good things themselves.

On the King's birthday there were great festivities. All the troops were new clothed, the guns were fired three times, the troops fired feux-de-joie, and the commanding officers strove to outvie each other in loyalty, expressed by enormous quantities of the roast beef of Old England presented to the soldiers. Earl Cadogan, who commanded the cavalry, gave four oxen to be roasted whole, and the same number was given by Lord Herbert and the other officers to the regiments under their command. On Monday, June 11th, his Majesty King George reviewed three regiments of Footguards. The troops were drawn up "near the walnut-trees" at the east end of the Park. The King took up his position near the Ring, Earl Cadogan to his right, and General Withers to his left, each with his half-pike. The soldiers then performed their evolutions, fired salutes, and went through the usual round of review exercise. His Majesty and the Prince of Wales that day dined in one of Earl Cadogan's tents, and after dinner resorted to a large marquee or pavilion, which Prince Eugene had taken from the Grand Vizir at the siege of Vienna, and presented to the Duke of Marlborough, who in his turn had given it to Earl Cadogan. By five o'clock the King returned to Kensington Palace. "There was," says the *Flying Post*, "a great appearance of about sixty Dukes and other Peers, besides abundance of other persons of distinction." Amongst them was "the Right Honourable Mr. Robert Walpole, the famous Prime Minister." But the person who

attracted most attention would certainly be the Bishop of Durham, who was "finely mounted in a lay habit of purple with jackboots, his hat cocked, and his black wig tied behind him, like a military officer."

Whilst the camp mania was at its culminating point, the Grub Street muse was busy writing more or less weak satires upon the subject in the newspapers and elsewhere. A grumbling six-bottle "Anonymous" wrote a letter to the *Weekly Journal*,* in a burst of indignation at an unparalleled disgrace he had witnessed in the camp. "Anonymous" was one afternoon walking through the rows of tents, admiring the military look of the men and the martial appearance of the whole affair, when he came to an officer's marquee. A great many knickknacks were standing on the table, which "Anonymous" took for a "plan of some fortification," thinking the officer was an engineer studying how to beat Vauban or Coehorn. But what was his horror when he saw the officer lift to his mouth one of the supposed bastions! then he discovered that he was no engineer, but an "effeminate tea-drinker," and that the knickknacks he had taken for a "plan," were "the equipage appurtenant to that unmanly practice." The horror of "Anonymous" at the sight was equal to that of Horace at the unfortunate mosquito-net in the camp of Antony.

"Interque signa turpe militaria
Sol aspicit conopium."

"If this be the great end of our officers," cried "Anonymous," "I would entreat you should recommend them all to take wives, that with their present subsistence his Majesty may double the number of his forces." And thereupon he grows bitter, and remarks that ensigns' "*places*" of three or four hundred pounds will be provision for girls of fortune; that misses from the boarding-school will do very well for officers, "being versed in the dress and management of the tea-table," whilst chambermaids out of place might obtain the rank of sergeants, and so forth.

* *Weekly Journal*, June 27, 1723.

Another scribbler vented his spleen in a little pamphlet entitled "Whipping Tom, or a Rod for a Proud Lady," in which he falls foul of the belles of the day "for their ridiculous walking in red cloaks like soldiers," whilst a third satire was designed "for the Use of the Female Volunteers in Hyde Park." Neither, however, are worth quoting from. But there is another waif of those days, entitled "A Ramble through Hyde Park, or the Humours of the Camp," which will assist us in drawing a full-sized picture of the scene in that locality. From this poem we gather the following particulars:—

In front of the rows of tents stood the guns, guarded by "sentinels with match on halberts;" and a little in advance of these again, the "warning piece" was placed—a gun fired to give notice of the hours of reveille and tattoo. Behind the guns were the powder carriages, and to the right the master-gunner's tent, "set out with match for use or ornament." Facing the front was the quarter-guard; the right and left wings were formed by the horse, the centre by the foot, each regiment being known by its standard erected in front. "Gay bell-tents" were placed before the tents of the foot, under which the arms were kept, to guard them from rust. In the centre of the camp stood the pavilion of the noble H——s, whoever that may have been—probably the Prince of Wales—with a guard at the entrance, and so thickly surrounded with a bower of plaited branches that it was quite hidden from the vulgar gaze. The comforts of the officers' tents greatly provoked the wrath of the satirist, and at these the weak shafts of his small wit are particularly levelled. These canvas habitations were "sprucely neat and clean," and surrounded by little gardens which our authority describes as follows:—

"And all is there dispos'd with *bonne mine*,
 Each strives to show his genius to be brilliant,
 In the composure of his gay pavilion.
 The spacious avenue that leads to th' door,
 Is with red gravel (rolled) all cover'd o'er;
 A grassy turf each walk emborders round,
 And greatly beautifies the golden ground.

In various forms their fancies are exprest,
 One walk on either side with flowers is drest ;
 Another entrench'd with strew'd cockleshells,
 And each thinks doubtless that his own excels."

The floors of some of these tents were boarded, but most of them were carpeted : opposite the door stood the bed, with green, blue, or red curtains, according to the fancy of the owner, sometimes even covered with lace. The servant slept in the same tent with his master, but divided from him by a curtain, behind which was also the cellar to keep the wine cool ; the furniture consisted of a table, chairs, a tea-table, a looking-glass, and a copper camp-kitchen. Nor does the officer himself find any more favour in the eyes of the satirist ; for of him he speaks in the following manner. At ten or thereabouts he will rise, and put on his gown at his levée. This gown is usually kept on till after his breakfast, which consists of tea. When that is over, he takes a little rest, previous to commencing the most important business of the day, viz., to dress. That operation is minutely described, from the pulling on of the stockings, to that of the gaudy regimental coat, the gilt gorget, and the powdered wig, topped by a little gold-laced cocked hat, adorned with a white feather. When he is thus tricked out, the officer draws his gold snuff-box (with a licentious picture on the lid), takes a pinch in a manner which shows his diamond ring to the best advantage ; scatters some grains of snuff over his coat and shirt-frill, hangs on his sword, and with his cane dangling from the third button, and dice in his pocket, he strolls forth among the fashionable crowd.

The Ring, as long as the camp existed, remained desolate. Titled ladies, as well as city dames and town madams, were constantly hovering about the tents. Officers and soldiers, with the gallantry characteristic of the army, invited the ladies to inspect their tents, treated them to " a dish of tea, or a dram of ratafia," &c. That the satirist did not exaggerate in this part of his description may be gathered from a letter

written by Pope to his friend Mr. Digby. "Women of quality," says he, "are all turned followers of the camp in Hyde Park this year, whither all the town resort to magnificent entertainments given by the officers, &c. The Scythian ladies that dwelt in the waggons of war were not more closely attached to the baggage. The matrons, like those of Sparta, attend their sons to the field, to be witnesses of their glorious deeds; and the maidens, with all their charms displayed, provoke the spirit of the soldiers. Tea and coffee supply the place of the Lacedemonian black broth. This camp seems crowned with perpetual victory, for every sun that rises in the thunder of cannon, sets in the music of violins. Nothing is yet wanting but the constant presence of the Princess to represent the *Mater Exercitus*."

Such a large concourse of men and so much joviality could not of course pass by without a duel now and then to enliven the dulness of daily routine. A few rencontres passed unnoticed, but at last there happened one between two friends who lived at Twickenham, and came to town together to see this camp. One of them had formerly been a Lieutenant in the Guards, who meeting with some quondam brother officers, deep potations ensued "for the sake of auld lang syne." The consequence was that when the two Twickenham friends were reeling back to their carriage at one o'clock in the morning, a quarrel arose between them, and one was killed, it was said, before he had time to draw his sword. After this affair, orders were issued to the officers of all the regiments to abstain from duelling, and the Earl of Cadogan threatened to cashier any one who should disobey this command. The King also put the officers on their good behaviour, for on his departure from London he left them strict orders not to sleep out of their tents without special permission, whilst the places of amusement were ordered to close at ten o'clock.

The constant increase of London in a westerly direction had long rendered an ample supply of water a

great desideratum in those parts. Myddleton's New River had been an incalculable benefit to the City and the northern parts of the metropolis, but the distance was too great to provide the new buildings in the west. Besides, the supply would have been inadequate. For this reason the Governor and Company of the Chelsea Waterworks, on their application, obtained a grant from the King in 1725 for building a reservoir near the walnut trees at the east end of Hyde Park. By means of this reservoir the Company were to supply with fresh water the town and palace of Kensington, the new buildings about Oliver's Mount (now Mount Street, Mayfair), and the northern parts of Westminster. They constructed for this purpose a circular basin of 200 feet diameter, whence the water, by means of a pipe 290 feet long, was conveyed to Park Lane and the adjacent parts. The year 1731 was marked by the failure of the York Building Water Company, which had previously supplied the west end of London with water, partly derived from the Thames, partly from a reservoir in Marylebone. The Chelsea Company thereupon undertook to provide those parts with water derived from Hyde and St. James's Parks. New pipes were laid down for this purpose, and so primitive was the machinery in those days, that the water had to be conveyed to the houses on the high ground about Grosvenor Square by means of a mill turned by horses.*

At the time when this basin was constructed, a

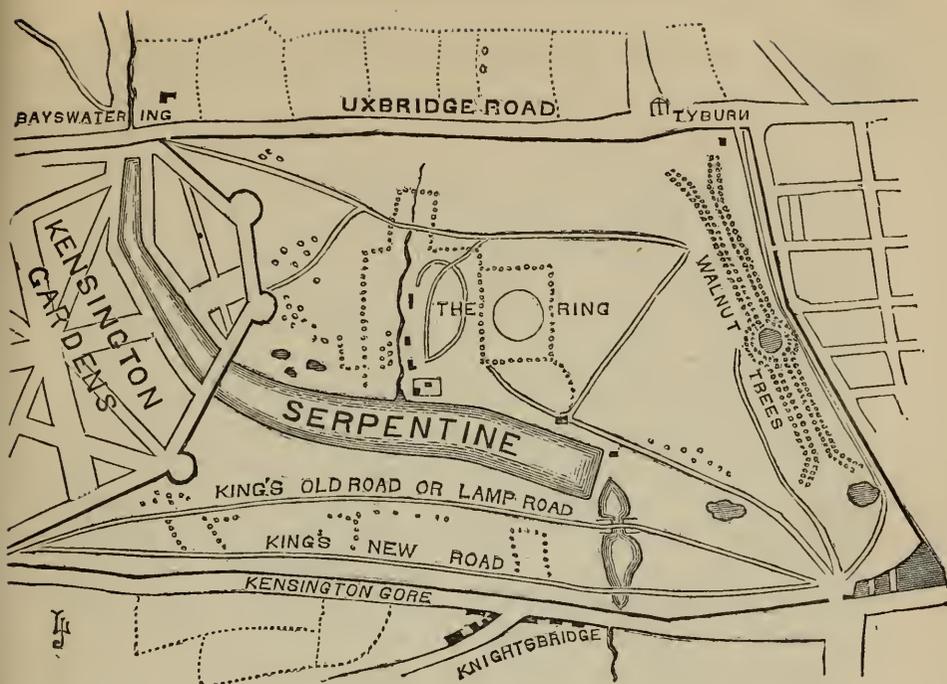
* The licence granted to the Chelsea Company by George I. was only recalled in 1835, when the ugly brick engine-house was taken down, and the circular space ultimately converted into the basin with a fountain in the middle which still remains near Grosvenor Gate. Near this basin formerly stood also a building known as the Duke of Gloucester's riding-house. The Duke obtained this plot of ground in the year 1768, at an annual rent of 5*l*. During the wars against Napoleon this building was bought from his Royal Highness, and used as the head-quarters of the Westminster Volunteer Cavalry. It was finally taken down in 1820. Subsequently a wooden shed was erected for a short time on its site, in which a picture of the battle of Waterloo was exhibited, painted by Pieneman, a Dutch artist. This picture, measuring 27 feet by 18, is now in the Royal Museum of the Pavilion, near Harlem (Holland).

beautiful avenue composed of five rows of walnut trees, with fine gravel walks in the middle, ran parallel to the eastern Park wall. This avenue, though already in 1785 described as "very old and much decayed," continued in existence through the first decade of the present century. It was cut down about 1811, and the wood converted into stocks for soldiers' muskets, an end scarcely foreseen by those who planted the trees:

"Seris facturæ nepotibus umbram."



LIFEGUARD IN THE 17TH CENTURY.



HYDE PARK AFTER 1736.

CHAPTER V.

FORMATION OF THE SERPENTINE.

ON the accession of George I. in 1714, Mr. Walter Chetwynd, who had been Master of the Buckhounds to Queen Anne, and M.P. for Stafford and Lichfield, was appointed Chief Ranger of St. James's (and Hyde) Park, and Keeper of the Mall. By the same King he was also made Baron of Rathdown and Viscount Chetwynd of Bearham. But when George II. succeeded to the throne, his lordship—as the polite Peerage books express it—"resigned" his office, in other words, had to make room for a favourite of the new party which then entered into power. How little "resignation" there was in the case, will appear from the following letter which Lady Chetwynd on this

occasion wrote to Miss Howard, the King's English mistress :—

“July 29, 1727.

“I cannot help now expressing my sorrow for the news I hear, that my Lord Chetwynd is not continued to serve his present Majesty as he had the honour to serve the late King ; not from the benefit that accrued to him from that post, but because (he having been always zealous for the interest of the present royal family in this county [Staffordshire], where the general bent was another way, and he and his family having constantly been disturbed in all their measures for that cause only), I say because they being laid aside now, the joy of the [Tory] party is shocking to a degree inexpressible. And unless their Majesties by some kind intercession shall show us somewhat of their royal favour to convince mankind here we are not in the utmost disgrace (which I hope we have not in the least degree deserved), we shall be obliged by necessity to find some other corner of the world to pass the remainder of our days in.”

But this eloquent letter, notwithstanding the awful calamity threatened at the end, produced no effect, and William, Lord Capel, third Earl of Essex, was appointed in the place of Lord Chetwynd.

Whilst George II. was improving Kensington Gardens, and doing away to a certain extent with the formal stiffness of the Dutch arrangement, demolishing boxtree grenadiers, dragons of yew, and suchlike abominations, his spouse Queen Caroline, in 1730, conceived the idea of improving the appearance of Hyde Park by draining the pools and forming the little Westbourne brook into a more extensive stream. Her Majesty, who was a woman of some taste, took delight in improving the various royal parks. The King believed that it was all paid out of her own money, and good-humouredly refused to look at her plans, saying he did not care how much money she flung away of her

own revenue. He little suspected the aid Walpole furnished her from the royal treasury, and it was only at the Queen's death that this little trick of Walpole's policy came to light, for then it appeared that 20,000*l.* of the King's money had been expended by her Majesty upon these various improvements.

In order to form the new river, one of the two lodges, styled "the old lodge," and part of a grove, had to be destroyed. The direction of the whole undertaking was entrusted to Charles Withers, Esq., Surveyor-General of his Majesty's Woods and Forests, and it was he who gave the Serpentine its present form. The Queen probably bestowed its present name,—and a singular misnomer it is, inasmuch as, instead of being *serpentine*, there is only a slight curve in the stream. This little bend, however, was thought sufficient to justify the name, for down to that period the ornamental waters, like the rest of the gardens, were all straight and rectangular. Lord Bathurst, Pope's friend, is said to have been the first who deviated from this style, in a rivulet which he widened on his estate at Ryskins near Colebrook. And so rude were at that time the notions of picturesque beauty, that one day Lord Stafford, who was paying him a visit, being shown the effect of this improvement, asked Lord Bathurst "to own fairly how much more it would cost him to make the stream straight."

At the formation of the Serpentine there appears to have been some intention of erecting a palace in the Park, for the papers of the day tell us: "Next Monday (October 5th, 1730) they begin the Serpentine River and *Royal Mansion* in Hyde Park. Mr. Ripley is to build the house, and Mr. Jepherson to make the river, under direction of Charles Withers, Esq.)* Two hundred men were employed upon the formation of this river. A dyke was thrown across the valley to dam up the Westbourne, and with the soil dug out of this channel a mound was raised at the south-eastern end of the Kensington Gardens, on the summit of

* London Journal, September 26, 1730.

which was placed a small temple, revolving on a pivot, so as to afford shelter from the winds. The expense of making this excavation of 400 yards in length, 100 yards in breadth, and 40 feet deep, was estimated at 6000*l.* Of these 2500*l.* had to be paid to the Chelsea Water-works Company in order to cancel the lease granted in 1663 to Thomas Haines, and to purchase and remove their pipes which were laid through the Park. By this fortunate windfall that Company was said to have gained full 400*l.* a year.

Withers died before the completion of the work, and in 1733 was succeeded by Kimberly. The undertaking, however, appears to have progressed rapidly; for as early as the month of May, 1731, the river was sufficiently deep to allow two yachts to be placed upon it, "for the diversion of the royal family." By the end of 1733 the Serpentine appears to have been finished, but the improvements still went on. In September, 1736, a basin, 300 yards in circumference, was made at the end of the Serpentine, "between the old and the new bridges,"—that is, between the bridges over which the old and the new road crossed the pools. This basin was to receive the waste water from the Serpentine, and an engine was placed under the new bridge, to throw the water back into the Kensington Gardens.*

Nobody, we think, will feel inclined to quarrel with

* Up to 1834 the Serpentine obtained a supply of water from the West Bourne, which was led into it by a subterranean conduit underneath the Paddington Canal and through Bayswater. Heavy falls of rain of course would make this rivulet rise: its swollen waters were then carried to the Serpentine, and the consequence was that that river overflowed its bounds. Such accidents are occasionally reported in the old papers, as in February, 1737, when we are told that the Serpentine "blew up," whereby Knightsbridge, Brompton, and other places were inundated. But in course of time the West Bourne became a still greater nuisance. When the district on its bank was built over, the drains of many of the houses found their way into this stream, and the water became too impure to be of any good service for feeding the Serpentine. It was, therefore, cut off in 1834, and transformed into a sewer, in connexion with those which run from the Uxbridge road to the Thames.

Queen Caroline for transforming the sedgy West Bourne into a pleasant sheet of water; for though it remains still open to many improvements, it is something infinitely better than the marsh to which the little stream and the pools, if left to themselves, would have been reduced. But the Queen took other less pardonable liberties with the Park; she curtailed it of not less than 300 acres, which were added to the Kensington Gardens, at that time entirely reserved for the use of the royal family. And not content with this encroachment, she seems to have contemplated further attacks upon the integrity of the Park, for a newspaper paragraph in May, 1736, says: "A new plan was on Wednesday last presented to her Majesty, for the enlargement of Kensington Gardens, and including the Serpentine, for the pleasure of the royal family. And as we are informed, the said plan will be put in execution as soon as the King's Road in Hyde Park will be completed. 'Tis said there will be several engines erected to make the waters play in emulation of Versailles. A fine pleasure-boat will also be built for the said river, and a little vessel for the exercise and diversion of his Royal Highness the Duke." Again, in the month of December in that same year, the papers say: "*The Ring in Hyde Park being quite disused by the quality and gentry, we hear that the ground will be taken in for enlarging the Kensington Gardens.*"* Queen Caroline, indeed, seems to have had very exclusive notions concerning the royal Parks. At one time she thought of taking St. James's Park entirely from the public, and converting it into a noble garden for the palace of that name. Fortunately a smart answer of the famous Sir Robert Walpole led her to change her mind: for when she asked him what the probable cost of that undertaking might be, he told her, "Only three crowns."

While Queen Caroline was thus busying herself in improving the general appearance of the Park, her royal consort seconded her efforts by the construction

* London Spy Revived, December 6, 1736.

of a new road to Kensington Palace. This road ran to the south of King William's old Lamp Road. It was originally intended to be railed in, and to have a large ditch on each side. But, if faith may be given to the testimony of Lord Hervey, it was by no means a success. Writing from Kensington in 1736, he says: "The road between this place and London has grown so infamously bad, that we live in the same solitude as we would do if cast away on a rock in the middle of the ocean, and all the Londoners tell us there is between them and us a great impassable gulf of mud. There are two ways through the Park, but the new one is so convex, and the old one is so concave, that by this extreme of faults they agree in the common of being, like the high road, impassable."*

William, Lord Capel, third Earl of Essex, continued Keeper until the year 1739, when he resigned on being appointed Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard. Though he had filled the rather pacific office of Gentleman of the Bedchamber to his Majesty, yet he appears to have had something of a martial spirit in him. In October, 1729, he appointed Figg, the famous prizefighter, gatekeeper of the Green Park. This was no doubt intended as a testimony of his lordship's high regard for the accomplished bruiser and swordsman, and must have been a sinecure, for Figg at the same time kept an amphitheatre in Oxford Road, Marybone Fields, where all his time was taken up in fighting the knights-errant of the P.R. and teaching the noble art of self-defence to the British youth. That Lord Essex was a strict disciplinarian may be judged from the following example. A colony of geese from St. James's Park was located in the Kensington Gardens: these geese, without any respect for the royal domain, scratched holes in the gravel walks and otherwise misbehaved themselves in the gardens. This was in the eyes of Lord Essex a crime of *lèse-majesté*, and at once, with the stern justice of a Draco, he ordered all the offending geese to be shot by the keepers. It

* Lord Hervey's Letters, vol. i. p. 189.

was no doubt owing to such undeniable proofs of a military spirit as these that his lordship, in 1739, was appointed Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard.

On Essex's resignation, Thomas, second Viscount Weymouth, subsequently created Marquis of Bath, was appointed in his place. He was a man of dissolute life, though he held various high offices. At one time he was even appointed Viceroy of Ireland, and the secret history of that appointment is not a little curious. It happened one night at the Cocoa-tree Chocolate House in St. James's Street, that the Right Honourable Richard Rigby had the good fortune to win from Lord Weymouth at one sitting 60,000*l.* So considerable a sum induced his lordship next morning to make an application to the winner, either to obtain an abatement or liberty to pay 2000*l.* a year. Though neither of these proposals suited Rigby, he seemingly complied with the latter, but, considering the uncertainty of human life, and the long time he would have to wait for his money, he resolved to procure his friend some lucrative office on condition that he should pay him the whole sum in three years. Being on good terms with some influential members of the Government, he obtained for Lord Weymouth the Viceroyalty of Ireland. He never filled that office, however; for his fortune being deeply impaired by gambling and other extravagances, he was so unpopular in Ireland that it was thought advisable not to send him there, and to confer upon him the office of Secretary of State instead. Such was the career of the gentleman who was appointed Ranger in 1739.

Cricket, which we find for the first time mentioned as a popular pastime in the reign of William III., was perhaps more in fashion in the beginning of the reign of George II. than at any other time. The papers of that day constantly report grand matches, played in various parts of the southern counties for large sums of money. The highest aristocracy joined in the sport, and even the Prince of Wales in 1735 played a match for 1000*l.* with the Earl of Middlesex, eldest son of the

Duke of Dorset. Moorfields and other open spaces near the metropolis were usually selected for these games. Sometimes even matches were played in Hyde Park, as in April, 1730, when the players were the Dukes of Devonshire and Richmond, the Earl of Albemarle, Lord James Cavendish, and about twelve more. Rather a dangerous game it was for a public resort like the Park, and accidents are frequently recorded to have taken place, as in Moorfields, where a man bled to death from being struck by a cricket-ball. But life was held cheap in those good old times. What with constant stories of robberies, murders, duels, battles, and fortnightly executions at Tyburn, our forefathers appear to have learnt to be more callous on that point than we are, and to have treated such accidents with great indifference.

When the Serpentine was finished Queen Caroline contemplated still further improvements in the Park, which do not appear to have been carried into execution. The old Lamp Road was to be levelled, and made into a fine grass walk for the use of the royal family, and three new gates were to be erected at Hyde Park Corner. They were to stand in the form of a crescent, one of them to lead to the new road, the other to the Green Walk, and the third to the road leading to Grosvenor Square. That same year also the Serpentine was continued into the Kensington Gardens.* The state of the roads we know from Lord Hervey's description.† It must be considered, however, that at the period when he wrote the new road was as yet unfinished; for it was not till September, 1737, that the papers announced: "The King's Road in Hyde Park is almost gravelled and finished, and the lamp-posts are fixed up. It will soon be opened, and the old road levelled with the Park."‡ But alas! when finished it still was by no means so smooth and level as might have been wished. One Sunday night in October, 1739, the Duke of Grafton coming from

* Old Whig, June 26, 1735.

† See p. 125.

‡ London Spy Revived, September 23, 1737.

Kensington, ordered his coachman to drive to Grosvenor Gate,* as he intended to make some visits in the neighbourhood of Grosvenor Square. The chariot driving along the King's new road was upset in a *large deep pit*; the Duke 'slipt' (dislocated) his collarbone, the coachman broke his leg, which was splintered in several places, so that it had to be amputated, and the footman also was severely hurt. Nor do the lamps appear to have been very bright, or such an accident as the following could not have happened. On the evening of September 17, 1739, as their Royal Highnesses, the four daughters of George II., were coming to town from Kensington, in a coach drawn by six horses, a single-horse chaise with a gentleman and his daughter in it, drove against their leader in the Park. The chaise was upset, and the horse fell under the royal coach horses, who, being frightened, commenced rearing, plunging, and trampling on the fallen animal, until at last four of the coach horses also were down. The Princesses were terrified and screamed loudly for help, which brought some people to the spot, who dragged the chaise from under the entangled horses. It was then found that the gentleman and his daughter were dangerously injured, and that the postillion who rode one of the leaders had broken his legs. The visit to town was postponed for that night, and the four Princesses returned to Kensington, where they had recourse to bleeding, Eau de carme, Eau de luce, Hungary water, hartshorn drops, and other fashionable composing draughts of the day, in order to restore their fluttered spirits.

Though the Ring was now deserted, and desolate as Ossian's Balaclutha, still Hyde Park continued to be the favourite drive as much as ever. The Mall in St. James's Park kept up its ancient reputation, and daily attracted thousands; Kensington Gardens also, when the Court was at Richmond or at Windsor, were open to the public on Saturdays; but only to the higher

* Grosvenor Gate had been built in 1724 by subscription of the neighbouring inhabitants.

classes, for such was the sanctity of those courtly precincts that people were only admitted in full dress.* In neither of these places, however, were either horses or carriages allowed, and it is owing to this that Hyde Park has never lost its attraction, whilst both the other resorts are now abandoned. Riding was much in fashion among the ladies in the reign of martial little George II., and it is said that it was the sight of the beautiful Duchess of Bedford, an accomplished equestrian, in a blue habit trimmed with white, which suggested to the gallant King the idea of clothing the officers of our navy in uniform of that colour. It is probable that about, or perhaps somewhat before this period, the roadway now denominated Rotten Row became the fashionable ride. The Ring we have seen, in 1736, described as "quite disused;" when the new road to Kensington was made, it was proposed to level the old one and form it into a grass walk. But there is no evidence that this project was carried out. It is probable then that this old road became at that period the favourite ride, though it still continued to be used at the same time as a drive for carriages even as late as the first quarter of the present century. A glance at the plan at the head of this chapter will at once convince the reader that it is on William the Third's old "Lamp Road" that the beauties of the present day display their graceful horsemanship. As for the origin of the name, it is of no use to attempt making a guess at it: learned philologists have kindly derived it for us from the Anglo-Saxon, the Danish, and for aught I know, from the ancient British language, but

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

The days, then, continued as merry as ever under the sylvan shades of Hyde Park, but when

"The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
Was crept into the bosom of the sea,"

* Even as late as 1795 no silk neckties nor leather breeches without top-boots were admitted into these gardens, neither were private soldiers nor sailors tolerated in that limbo of vanity. See Walker's Gazetteer, *voce* Kensington.

a swarm of "copper captains," squires of the night, and clerks of St. Nicholas,—in other words, robbers of every description, hovered about the outlying districts of London, and preyed upon benighted travellers. Then the Park was as unsafe as Blackheath or Finchley Common. Taking one year for instance, we find that in February, 1749, a Mr. Joyner coming from Kensington through Hyde Park was attacked "near the hedge" by some footpads, who robbed him of his money and sleeve-buttons, and were going to strip him, but he being nimble-footed broke loose from them and got away without further loss. In May of the same year a Mr. Hoskins, a pale-ale brewer of Tyburn Road, was robbed by three footpads, near the Serpentine, of 80*l.* which he had received in Kensington; and in the month of November Horace Walpole, the delightful letter-writer, had very nearly become "the subject of a tale instead of telling one," by the hands of the highwaymen. On the 8th of November, 1749, about nine o'clock in the evening, Walpole was returning home from Holland House, when in crossing Hyde Park his carriage was stopped by two highwaymen. One of them, named Plunkett, presented a blunderbuss at the coachman, whilst the other, the famous MacLean himself, with a pistol in his hand, robbed Walpole of his gold watch and eight guineas; they also took the coachman's watch and the footman's money. Whilst MacLean was emptying Walpole's pockets, the robber's pistol went off by accident so near the poor victim's head, that the powder from the flash burnt his face; the ball, however, did not touch him, but went through the coach. Besides the two men who did the work, there was a reserve of three more at a distance, properly armed, in case their assistance might have been required.

Though highwaymen at that time abounded in the outskirts of the metropolis, still an attack on a person of so much consequence as the son of the famous Earl of Orford caused a movement in Bow Street, and some measures were taken to prevent these frequent outrages

in Hyde Park. Orders were issued that in case of future attempts the gate-keepers were to fix upon a certain method of acquainting each other, and at once close the gates, so that the robbers might not be able to escape. A patrol was appointed to walk up and down the Park and Constitution Hill, and various other means were employed in order to prevent the recurrence of similar attempts. Government also came to the assistance of the police, and issued a proclamation that 100*l.* should be paid to every person who would bring a highwayman to justice.

As for the gallant MacLean, that hero was soon afterwards apprehended, and, notwithstanding the intercession of Lady Caroline Petersham, who begged his life, he ended his career near the scene of his prowess, at the gallows of Tyburn, in the following year. Subsequently, when Walpole had recovered from his fright, he wrote a bantering article about his adventure in the *World*, in which he celebrated the politeness of the English highwayman over that of his French brother. "An acquaintance of mine," says he, "was robbed a few years ago and very near shot through the head by the going off of a pistol of the accomplished Mr. MacLean; yet the whole affair was conducted with the greatest good breeding on both sides. The robber, who had only taken a purse this way because he had that morning been disappointed of marrying a great fortune, no sooner returned to his lodgings than he sent the gentleman two letters of excuses, which, with less wit than the epistles of Voiture, had ten times more natural and easy politeness in the turn of their expression. In the postscript he appointed a meeting at Tyburn at twelve at night, where the gentleman might purchase again any trifles he had lost, and my friend has been blamed for not accepting the rendezvous, as it seemed liable to be constructed by ill-natured people into a doubt of the honour of a man who had given him all the satisfaction in his power for having unluckily been near shooting him through the head."*

* The World, No. 103, December 19, 1754. As stated in *this*

But the activity of the Fieldings and their colleagues did not produce much effect, for the year following the *Penny London Post** reported that, "So many robberies have been committed of late at the Court end of the town, that the servants go armed with pistols and blunderbusses, with both coaches and chairs at night." Notwithstanding the patrol, Hyde Park remained very unsafe. In June, 1751, a gentleman was stopped by two footpads under the walnut trees near the reservoir: one held a pistol to his breast whilst the other rifled his pockets. At the end of December, 1752, a gentleman and his daughter coming in their coach through Hyde Park, between four and five o'clock, were robbed by a highwayman on horseback. The papers described him as "genteelly dressed in an iron-grey frock, with black velvet cape, plain hat, brown peruke, plain shirt, and white handkerchief tied before his mouth. Pretending to speak broken English, on leaving them he said, 'I wish you a *bon repos*.' He was a thin man, looked about forty, and rode a dark brown horse with a brown muzzle. The horse extremely clean, and supposed to have just come fresh out of London, being neither sweated nor splashed. A servant who was waiting at the gate with two horses, said that he had seen that man ride in about five minutes before." Three men were taken up for numerous highway robberies in the Park in March following, and in due time were hanged at Tyburn. Another man—one Belchier, who was also hanged, admitted that he had taken many a purse in the precincts of the Park. But executions were of little avail, though as many as sixteen victims were despatched at once on the 12th of March, 1752: it was with the rogues as with religious fanatics, the more there were executed the more new ones started up. Government

essay, the robbers had really sent a note to Horace Walpole, in which they proposed to return him his watch and that of his coachman if 30 guineas were brought to them at a certain place in the Tyburn Road. See General Advertiser, November 15, 1749.

* Penny London Post, January 26, 1750.

next adopted the measure of inserting in the *London Gazette* a proclamation filling nearly a page and a half, in which, with the flowers of official language, the fate awaiting the robber was detailed with grim minuteness. It was a perfect programme of all that the culprit had to go through, from the moment of his apprehension until his body was "delivered to the surgeons to be dissected or anatomized," or hung in chains, as the case might be. But the number of robberies was not diminished.

Under that spirited monarch George II., who himself challenged his royal brother of Prussia to a single combat with pistol and sword, duels of course flourished. New streets and squares were arising all round Mayfair and Marylebone, yet Hyde Park still continued the favourite arena. Two gentlemen of the Guards fought there with swords on February 1st, 1748, and a few days after a Lieutenant George Brissac and a French officer had a meeting. On Sunday, March 4th, 1750, a duel with pistols took place between Admiral Knowles and Captain Holmes, R.N., when two or three shots were fired on each side, but neither of the combatants received any wound. A fortnight afterwards another duel was fought with pistols and swords, between Captain Clarke and Captain Innes, both belonging to Admiral Knowles' squadron. Captain Clarke fired first, and shot Captain Innes through the body, of which wound he expired the same night. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of "wilful murder" against Clarke, in consequence of which he was sentenced to be hanged, but was eventually respited.*

* On the trial of Captain Clarke the court of the Old Bailey was unusually crowded, and grew so hot that it became necessary to let down one of the sashes. The wind being north-east, and blowing from Newgate into this open sash, a stream of foul air blew upon those persons who sat in the south and south-western parts of the court. Forty-four of the persons then in court lost their lives; only five of these sat on the opposite side, so that it is probable that the disease was not brought by the prisoners, but inhaled by those in court. Among the victims were Sir Samuel Pennant, Lord Mayor; Sir Thomas Abney and Baron Clarke, two of the judges; Sir Daniel Lambert and five members of the Middlesex jury. See *Middlesex Journal*, December 5-7, 1773.

Both these duels arose from a court martial held at Deptford on several captains whom Admiral Knowles had accused of neglect of duty during operations in the Spanish Main in 1748. They were all unanimously acquitted, but appear to have been determined to punish the Admiral for accusing them. The King, however, put a stop to it; for having heard that more challenges were pending, especially of four lately received by the Admiral, his Majesty ordered three of the officers to be put under arrest. In February of the following year a Mr. Paschal, belonging to the royal household, had a rencontre with a Captain Soule, arising out of some angry words spoken at play. Paschal died of his wounds two days afterwards; the Captain, though dangerously wounded, recovered. Shortly after a Mr. Robert Middleditch killed a Mr. Evan Stockbury; and thus examples of duels in the Park might be quoted in any number.

A few particulars relating to the appearance of the Park at this period may be gathered from a poem by Mr. W. H. Draper, entitled "The Morning Walk; or, the City Encompassed" (1751). The only merit of this little work is that of being descriptive, and furnishing us with some glimpses of the scenery of the Park. The first object which attracted the attention of the wandering poet was "the Ranger," or rather one of the under park-keepers.

"Behold the Ranger there with gun aslant,
As just now issuing from his cottage fold,
With crew Cerberian prowling o'er the plain,
To guard the harmless deer, and range them in
Due order set, to their intended use.
Key he can furnish, but must first receive
One splendid shilling ere I can indulge
The pleasing walk, and range the verdant field."

The "pleasing walk" and "verdant field" to which the "one splendid shilling" gained admittance, was an enclosure at the north-west corner of the Park. It had anciently been called Buckdine Hill, the Deer Harbour, or the Paddock. This spot was surrounded on three

sides by the Park wall, Kensington Gardens, and the Serpentine. On the fourth side it was divided from the main body of the Park by a fence. It still continued in existence when the nineteenth century was in its teens, and was the prettiest part of the Park. Its verdure was of the freshest, and the beauty of the whole was greatly enhanced by the small gardens of the keeper's lodge, which stood on the side of the Park, the whole being backed by the noble trees of the Kensington Gardens. No dogs were allowed in this enclosure, and if any did venture within it, they were shot by the keepers,—hence the “gun aslant.” This gun was also used for making war upon foxes, which abounded in the Park as late as the end of the last century. There is extant a minute of the Board of Green Cloth, in 1798, granting a pension of 18*l.* to Sarah Gray, in compensation for the loss of her husband, who had been accidentally shot by one of the keepers whilst they were hunting for foxes in the Kensington Gardens. The fact that those animals could find a safe lair there at that time, speaks for its rural character. There is another little circumstance which proves this still further. Philip Miller, who about the middle of the last century wrote his botanical works, states that he saw the strawberry plant wild in Hyde Park, and we know that this plant, in its wild state, grows mostly under the shade of forest trees and underwood. Hence it may be inferred how rural the Park must have been a hundred years ago.

Our poet, Mr. Draper, next sings in high strain the springs in the Park :

“But let my footsteps first pursue their course
 To yon clear fountain, hid in shady grove,
 And quaff the clear salubrious crystal brook,
 Emblem of purity! Where innocence
 Partakes, and all the waken'd sense restores.
 O blessed Jordan! at thy limpid spring
 Gladly I mingle with the cheerful throng,
 And drink the cup, and then renew my walk
 With strengthen'd nerves down the delightful shade.”

Beneath a row of trees running parallel with the

keeper's garden were two springs, greatly resorted to in those days. The one was supposed to be slightly mineral, and was used for drinking, the other was for bathing weak eyes. Even at the beginning of the present century people of fashion used often to go in their carriages to the entrance of the enclosure, would send their servants with jugs for the water, and sometimes sent their children to drink at the spring, the water of which was served out by an old woman, who had a table, chairs, and glasses for the use of visitors. The brim of the farther well was generally surrounded with people of the lower classes bathing their eyes. The water was always clear, from the abundance which flowed from the spring, and which ran off with great force by an outlet from a small square reservoir.

Mr. Draper next notices the grooms training their horses in the Park (a thing now no longer allowed), and Mr. Faubert

“Wheeling with graces of manege,
And troops of horses in strictest motion.”

Faubert or Foubert, as he is sometimes called, was probably a grandson of Major Faubert, who in the reign of Charles II. had a riding school in Foubert's Passage, Regent Street, where it still existed in 1801.

Then, admiring the view afforded by Stanhope House, and the distant hills of Surrey, with

“Fair Ranelagh's top
Gay peeping in high circumambient form,”

he wanders by the Serpentine, which, he informs us, was at that time a favourite place for drowning illegitimate children. There he sees the gentle disciples of Walton at their quiet sport. But let Mr. Draper speak for himself: his grandiloquent phrases and sesquipedalian words on the most insignificant occasions, are highly amusing:

“But lo! what fisherman of monstrous bulk,
With hungry pike entangled at the hook!
The puny boat strains to the cumbrous load,
As Raphael's bark in his far-fam'd cartoon.”

Finally he arrives at what he calls "Bethesda's sacred pool," with its "pure healing power," and in various high-flown verses describes the little spring noticed before. There appears at that time to have been a small building near this spring called the "Queen's Bath," with an inscription of seven lines in verse on the left hand on entering. These verses are so congenial to Mr. Draper's muse, that he has embodied them in his poem. They are as follows:—

"How are Bethesda's wonders here renew'd,
Nay more, that sacred pool but annual heal'd,
And then but one: *this* happier, myriads cures,
The wondrous miracle restor'd to all.
Hail, salutary spring! blest source of health!
Thy vital fire gives vigour to the limbs,
And lights afresh the brilliant lamp of life!"

Thus much for Mr. W. H. Draper's Morning Walk.

At the death of the Marquis of Bath in 1751, Thomas, first Earl of Pomfret, was appointed keeper. "My Lord Pomfret," says Walpole, "is made Ranger of the Parks, and by consequence, my lady is queen of Duck Island."* His lordship was Master of the Horse to Queen Caroline, and was father of the beautiful Lady Sophia Fermor for whom Horace Walpole had a *tendre penchant*, but she flew her kite at higher game than a younger son. Her mother, an imperious beauty, *matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior*, whom Horace here calls Queen of Duck Island,† is often slyly ridiculed by him in his letters, for he owed her a grudge on account of her having discountenanced his attentions to the Lady Sophia. But the Countess has a better claim to remembrance for her munificent gift of the Arundelian marbles (purchased by the first Lord Lempster), to the University of Oxford. Lord Pomfret died in 1753, and was succeeded by John, second Earl of Ashburnham. The most important event which happened during Pomfret's short reign was the setting up

* Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, February 9, 1751.

† See full particulars about this island in the chapters treating about St. James's Park.

of globular lamps, instead of the old square ones, along the roads through the Park. Also in his time, in the beginning of May, 1752, Lord Chesterfield, "the man of the Graces," had a severe fall from his horse, which took fright whilst drinking at one of the little ponds in the Park. That aged nobleman was one of the most constant frequenters of the drive. A few days before his death, one of his friends expressed some astonishment at meeting his lordship there, considering the precarious state of his health. "Why," replied Chesterfield, "I am rehearsing my funeral;"* alluding to his own dark-coloured chariot drawn by four horses, and the string of fashionable carriages which followed behind. Thus Chesterfield remained to the last a seeker after the vanities of this world. His constant endeavour was to be more young and more frivolous than was becoming his age. His days were employed in parading in the Park among youth and fashion, his nights at White's, gaming and pronouncing witticisms amongst "the boys of quality." The consequence was, as we find from his own letters, that his old age was one of fretfulness and disappointment. He was always attempting to keep up his former reputation, and constantly found it sinking under him, for the sportiveness and frivolity which is pleasing in youth becomes ridiculous and contemptible in old age. The best picture of Chesterfield in his latter days, are those lines in which Sir Charles Hanbury Williams describes another superannuated beau, General Churchill, than which nothing can be conceived more hopelessly contemptible.

"His old desire to please is still express'd:
 His hat's well cock'd, his periwig well dress'd;
 He rolls his stockings still, white gloves he wears,
 And in the boxes with the beaux appears.
 His eyes through wrinkled corners cast their rays,
 Still he bows graceful, still soft things he says,
 And still rememb'ring that he once was young,
 He strains his crippled knees and struts along."

* Chesterfield Correspondence. Letter to Dayrolles, May 19, 1752.

In the year 1755 his Majesty at various times reviewed in Hyde Park the then newly raised corps of Light Horse. Down to that period the English Cavalry had been entirely composed of heavy troops, but during the wars in Germany the usefulness of a corps of Light Dragoons had been particularly remarked by the Duke of Cumberland. Consequently when hostilities commenced with France in 1755, George II. ordered a troop of Light Dragoons to be added to each regiment of heavy cavalry, who were to serve in the same manner as the light company in an infantry regiment. In the June of that year the papers reported that "the new-raised Light Horse, or as they are commonly called Hussars, were exercised in the Park. They made a very pretty and genteel appearance, and went through their peculiar method of exercise, both on horseback and on foot, with the greatest vivacity, to the satisfaction of many thousands present." In 1758 nine troops of this force were formed into a brigade, commanded by George Augustus Elliott, afterwards Lord Heathfield, of Gibraltar celebrity, and at that time aide-de-camp to George II., and Colonel of the Horse Grenadier Guards. The year following five entire regiments of Light Dragoons were raised. Of these corps, "Elliott's Light Horse" (now the 15th Hussars) was the most remarkable. It was almost entirely composed of journeymen tailors and clothiers, who, having come to London to petition Parliament for a relief from certain grievances, took a fancy to the uniform of this popular regiment, and soon completed the number. There was no end of stale jokes about riding geese, and the number of tailors required to make a man, but the tailors proved themselves lads of mettle, and showed that they could wield the sword as well as the needle. They received their fire-baptism the year after at Emsdorf, where the Duke de Broglie found them more than a match for his old fire-eating Dragoons, and the regiment behaved with the most brilliant gallantry throughout the whole of the wars in Germany. Notable changes which had originated among the

troops of Frederick the Great, were about the same period introduced into the exercise of our infantry. To detail these ramrod particulars would be irksome, but an experiment tried by the first regiment of Footguards in Hyde Park, on the 17th of May, 1756, in the presence of the King, certainly established the superiority of the new system over the old one in a most surprising manner. The newspapers of the day bade their readers enjoy the knowledge of the fact that a piece of canvas, fifty yards in length and of the height of a man, having been stretched against an embankment, fifty men were drawn up in a line to fire against it at a distance of fifty yards. First they fired according to the old method, when only *three* balls were found to have been placed. Then they fired according to the new or "Prussian method," and every one of the balls went through the canvas! *Credat Judæus Apella.*

At the latter end of November, 1757, a singular and mysterious adventure befel Charles, the second Duke of Marlborough. The following letter was thrust under the door of the Ordnance Office, of which he was Master at that time: it was written in a handwriting imitating print:—

*"To his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, with care
and speed.*

"MY LORD,—As ceremony is an idle thing upon most occasions, more especially to persons in my state of mind, I shall proceed immediately to acquaint you with the motive and end of addressing this epistle to you, which is equally interesting to us both. You are to know then that my present situation in life is such, that I should prefer annihilation to a continuance of it; desperate diseases require prompt remedies, and you are the man I have pitched upon, either to make me or to unmake yourself. As I had never the honour to live among the great, the tenor of my proposals will not be very courtly, but let that be an argument to enforce the belief of what I am going to write. It has em-

ployed my invention for some time to find out a method to destroy another without exposing my own life ; that I have accomplished, and defy the law now for the application of it. I am desperate, and must be provided for ; you have it in your power, it is my business to make it your inclination to serve me ; which you must determine to comply with by procuring me a genteel support for my life, or your own will be at a period before this session of Parliament is over. I have more motives than one for singling you out upon this occasion ; and I give you this fair warning because the means I shall make use of are too fatal to be eluded by the power of physic. If you think this of any consequence, you will not fail to meet me on Sunday next at ten in the morning, or on Monday (if the weather should be rainy on Sunday), near the first tree beyond the stile in Hyde Park, in the footwalk to Kensington. Secresy and compliance may preserve you from a double danger of this sort, as there is a certain part of the world where your death has been more than wished for upon other motives. I know the world too well to trust this secret in any breast but my own : a few days determine me your friend or enemy.

“ FELTON.

“ You will apprehend that I mean you should be alone, and depend upon it, that a discovery of any artifice in this affair will be fatal to you : my safety is insured by my silence, for confession only can condemn me.”

The trysting-place appointed by the mysterious correspondent was at that period a lonely out-of-the-way spot, not very proper to allay the just suspicions which this amiable letter might have awakened in the Duke's mind. His Grace, however, was a man without fear, as he proved at the battle of Dettingen, and on the Sunday appointed he rode to the spot on horse-back, with a pair of loaded pistols in his holsters, and having taken the precaution of concealing a friend among the underwood at a short distance.

After waiting for half an hour, he perceived a man loitering about; the Duke rode up to him, passed him a couple of times, expecting him to speak, but as the man kept silence, he at last asked him if he had anything to say to him. The answer was "I don't know you." "I am the Duke of Marlborough," replied his Grace, "and again I ask you if you have anything to communicate to me?" But the stranger said he had not, and so the conversation necessarily ended.

A few days afterwards the Duke received another epistle from his unknown correspondent, who upbraided him with having been armed, attended, and wearing the star of the Garter on that Sunday morning in the Park. Another meeting was asked in the west aisle of Westminster Abbey, on the next Sunday at eleven o'clock, when the Duke should be made acquainted with the address of his mysterious friend, where he was requested to send the next day two or three hundred pounds in banknotes per penny post, &c. When the Duke at the appointed time took his walk in the west aisle, one of the first persons who caught his attention was the same individual whom he had seen in Hyde Park. He immediately approached him and asked again if he had any communication to make, but with the same result as at their first meeting. The man answered in the negative, and once more the Duke had to go away without any satisfactory result. A few days afterwards a third letter arrived. This time no appointment was made, but a speedy meeting, "as it were by accident," was promised on the part of the writer. He expected then to be sent for, pledged himself to come, but would converse only in whisper. The letter ended with a few threats and demands of secrecy. No doubt the Duke thought like the man in Shakspeare, "if a merry meeting is to be wished, may God prohibit it." Two months passed, but no sign of the stranger, either by letter or otherwise. At the expiration of that period a fourth epistle arrived, written in a mean hand, and containing the following words:—

“MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

“I have reason to believe that the son of one Barnard, a surveyor in Abingdon Buildings, Westminster, is acquainted with some secrets that nearly concern your safety. His father is now out of town, which will give you an opportunity of questioning him more privately: it would be useless to your Grace, as well as dangerous to me, to appear more publicly in this affair.

“Your sincere friend,

“ANONYMOUS.

“He frequently goes to Storey’s Gate Coffeehouse.”

To Storey’s Gate Coffeehouse then, near St. James’s Park, the Duke sent a trusty friend, who easily met with Mr. Barnard, and prevailed upon him to accompany him to the Duke of Marlborough. Mr. Barnard was immediately recognised by the Duke as the identical person he had previously seen in Hyde Park and Westminster Abbey, but he strenuously denied having had any hand in writing the mysterious letters. The same night, however, Mr. Barnard was arrested; his house and papers were carefully searched, but nothing was found to incriminate him in the least, or to give any clue to this mysterious affair. Notwithstanding this, the case was brought to trial at the Old Bailey; but Barnard proved that he had had occasion to be in Hyde Park on the day in question, and that his meeting the Duke in the Abbey was merely accidental. Neither had he made a secret of the singular questions his Grace had addressed to him at their several meetings. Finally it was found that his handwriting bore not the slightest resemblance to that of the mysterious correspondent. It was also proved that he was a man of unexceptionable character and in affluent circumstances, consequently could have no inducement to write any such letters as those laid before the court. Mr. Barnard therefore was acquitted, and the matter down to the present time remains an impenetrable mystery. No

other explanation presents itself but the supposition that the whole affair was a hoax of Mr. Barnard and his friends, the final letter, in which Mr. Barnard's name was introduced, having not unlikely been written by one of his own accomplices.

An adventure of a very different kind took place this same year in Hyde Park, and as it led to the marriage of one of the great men in the commonwealth, it may well be introduced here. The story is simply and wickedly this: One fine day in the summer of 1757, George Parker, second Earl of Macclesfield, President of the Royal Society, &c. &c., was taking a walk in Hyde Park, when he met a pretty young woman, dressed like a country girl, with a coloured apron, a silk handkerchief, and a saucy white cap. The summer breeze playing in her skirt showed the contours of the handsomest legs his lordship had ever seen, and also convinced him that she had much neater shoes and stockings than girls of that class generally wear. Now though the Earl was a steady, demure *savant*, member of ever so many foreign and learned Academies, he had yet sufficient discernment to discover that her present appearance was a disguise, probably adopted for no very good purpose. Prompted by curiosity he accosted the young woman, and after some conversation prevailed upon her to accompany him to the Cheesecake House, when, by her conversation, he was soon convinced that she was above the common level of *impures*, and having obtained her address, which was in Poland Street, Soho, he proposed waiting upon her the next day to tea.

Miss Nisbett, for that was the young lady's name, at the time of making this appointment with Lord Macclesfield, had forgotten that she had a pre-engagement with Captain Howe (afterwards General Howe, of American celebrity), on whose account she happened to be in disguise in Hyde Park. Being head over ears in love with the gallant Captain, she could not disappoint him on any consideration. Accordingly she requested her sister Dorothy, who was "the closet-lock and key

of all her secrets," to entreat his lordship to excuse her for a little, as some particular business had compelled her to be absent for a short time, and directed Dorothy to make tea for my lord, and entertain him as best she could.

Time glided past so agreeably in the company of Captain Howe, that the fair Miss Nisbett quite forgot her assignation with the elderly peer, who in the meantime had repaired to her house. Sister Dorothy, on the other hand, received and entertained his lordship in a very pleasant manner to compensate him for the absence of the other lady, and though Dorothy was not very young, and far from handsome, her conversation so pleased Lord Macclesfield that he began to feel great partiality for her. He visited her frequently afterwards, and finding that no pecuniary consideration could make her swerve from the path of virtue, he ended by offering her his hand, and in the month of November of that same year, 1757, she became Countess of Macclesfield, to the great astonishment of all London.

The year after these last occurrences, England was again suffering under one of its periodical panics of invasion. The French were said to be making large preparations for taking London, and introducing Popery and wooden shoes, the two things the nation most abhorred. The Militia, which had been raised amidst popular opposition and disfavour, was at last duly organized, and after having been reviewed and paraded all over broad England, they were sent to stations along the seacoast. One of the first regiments formed was the Norfolk Militia, 1100 men strong, which was ordered to Portsmouth. Their march resembled a triumph, for it was nothing but feasting from beginning till the end in all the towns through which they passed. On the 17th of July, 1759, a magnificent but very hot day, they were reviewed by his Majesty in Hyde Park; they filed past in ranks eight deep, their black flag floating in the air, and preceded by drummers and fifers with fur caps on. The Earl of Orford, their Colonel, marched at the head of the first battalion.

The King was greatly pleased with their appearance. Immediately after the review they continued their route to Portsmouth, the Prince of Wales accompanying them as far as Kingston, and on taking his leave he gave fifty guineas to be distributed among the privates.

This review was a nine days' wonder. "I am forced to talk of Strawberry [Hill]," writes Horace Walpole to his friend Mr. George Montague, "lest I should weary you with what everybody wearies me, the French and the Militia. They, I mean the latter not the former, passed just by us yesterday, and though it was my own *clan*, I had not the curiosity to go and see them. The crowds in Hyde Park, when the King reviewed them, were unimaginable. My Lord Orford, their Colonel, I hear, looked ferociously martial and genteel, and I believe it. His person and air have a noble wildness in them; the regimentals too are very becoming, scarlet faced with black, buff waistcoat and gold buttons. How knights of the shire, who have never shot anything but woodcocks, like this warfare, I don't know; but the towns through which they pass adore them; everywhere they are treated and regaled."* Nor was it *clanship* that made Walpole praise the appearance of the Colonel. He appears to have been very splendid indeed. Pitt, who that same day wrote a letter to Lady Hester Stanhope, thus speaks of him: "Nothing could make a better appearance than the two Norfolk battalions. Lord Orford, with the port of Mars himself, and really the genteelest figure under arms I ever saw, was the theme of every tongue."†

On the 23rd of October, 1760, George II. held his last review. From the particulars given by the papers on this occasion, it is evident that these military pageants at that period frequently took place at the west end of the Park; sometimes even his Majesty looked on at the performance from Kensington Gardens. Exactly at a quarter before ten the old King arrived in

* Letter of July 19th, 1759.

† Chatham Correspondence, vol. ii. p. 4.

order to review Colonel Burgoyne's regiment of Light Horse. His Majesty, we are told, entered "the grand pavilion or tent under the Kensington Garden wall," where were also present their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princesses of Wales, the Duke of York, Princess Augusta, and some other of the young Princesses; Lord Viscount Ligonier, Field Marshal and Commander-in-Chief; Lord Anson, the celebrated circumnavigator, and a host of other noblemen. As soon as the King entered the pavilion, the whole regiment, previous to commencing their exercise, passed before him, four abreast, after which they dismounted and drew up before the tent. His Majesty expressed the greatest satisfaction at their manner of exercising, and having been for some days in bad health, retired at half-past ten. As soon as the review was over, some "pieces of a new construction, of a globular form, were set on fire, which occasioned such a smoke as to render all persons within a considerable distance entirely invisible, and thereby the better enabled in time of action to secure a retreat."*

Forty-eight hours after this review the brave old King was dead. Corporal Trim himself might have philosophized at this example of the transitory character of human greatness, and the smoke in which all disappeared at the end of the review would have afforded him fine materials for moralizing.

* Read's Weekly Journal, October 25, 1760.



MALE AND FEMALE MACARONIES.

CHAPTER VI.

WILKES AND MARTIN.

WE are told in Hone's Table Book,* that between the years 1767 and 1827, there were fought in this country 172 duels, in which 69 persons were killed and 96 were wounded. Whence these statistics were derived I know not, but after a careful perusal of the newspapers published between those years, I am convinced that Hone's numbers are far within the truth. They would give an average of little more than three duels a year, whilst there cannot be the slightest doubt that three duels a month *in London alone*, would be much nearer the mark. The number of persons killed was comparatively small, and in London would perhaps not be much more than one or two a year. Unlike Dogberry, I cannot "find it in my heart to bestow all my tediousness" upon the reader, and therefore shall not enumerate all the duels fought in Hyde

* Hone's Table Book, 1864, p. 360.

Park, which still continued to be the favourite arena. I can find room for a few only of those which present some remarkable points of interest.

On the 16th of November, 1763, a meeting took place which has become almost a matter of history. The patriot John Wilkes had rendered himself extremely obnoxious to the Government, and by his attacks upon Bute had incurred the deadly hatred of all Scotchmen. One of them, a Captain Forbes, came to London in September, 1763, for no other purpose than to challenge the great national bugbear; but his design having become known, he was obliged to leave again by order of the Government. Shortly after this, Samuel Martin, M.P. for Camelford, and late Secretary to the Treasury, considered himself grossly affronted by an article in the *North Briton*, the writer of which he called in a speech in Parliament, "a stabber in the dark, a cowardly and malignant scoundrel." Immediately after the House broke up, Wilkes made himself known as the author of the article and demanded satisfaction. Wilkes and Martin went at once to Hyde Park, each having provided himself with a pair of pistols. Four shots were fired, and by the last Wilkes was wounded, the ball entering his abdomen. Martin immediately came to his assistance, but Wilkes insisted that he should make his escape, and accordingly Martin paid a visit to Paris.

Some rather unpleasant circumstances came afterwards to light. It was said that Martin had practised shooting at the target during six months before he spoke the words which led to this hostile meeting. Though the House of Commons ordered his Majesty's Sergeant-Surgeon to attend Wilkes, still Martin was considered to have rendered the State some service, and ministerial favours quickly followed. For this reason, Churchill the satirist assumes that Martin merely sought the duel as a means of advancing his own interest, and handled him rather severely in his poem of "The Duellist," written on the occasion, where he speaks of him as

“Placing in craft his confidence,
 And making honour a pretence,
 To do a deed of deepest shame,
 Whilst filthy lucre is his aim.”

The 16th of November, on which this duel took place, was an eventful day in the patriot's life, for on that same day Lord Sandwich produced before the House of Lords Wilkes's scandalous “Essay on Women,” a work of such an exceptionable character that the Bishop of Gloucester, in speaking of it, begged the Prince of Darkness's pardon for comparing Wilkes to that personage.

The Earl of Ashburnham resigned the rangership in 1762. As soon as this was known, Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland, wrote to Horace Walpole, offering him that office for his nephew George, third Earl of Orford, and grandson of Sir Robert Walpole, the celebrated Prime Minister of George II. The artful and disingenuous letter which conveyed this offer is full of insincere cordiality, and deserves to be inserted here, as it gives the reader an insight into the *arcana imperii* of similar appointments.

November 21, 1762.

“As soon as I heard that the Parks, which Lord Ashburnham has quitted, were worth 2200*l.* a year (as they certainly are),* I thought such an income might, if not prevent, at least procrastinate your nephew's ruin. I find no one knows his lordship's thoughts on politics.

“Perhaps he has none. Now are you willing, and are you the proper person to tell Lord Orford that I will do my best to procure this employment for him, if I can learn that he desires it? If he does choose it, I doubt not of his and his friend Boone's hearty assistance, and believe I shall see you too, much oftener in the House of Commons. This is offering you a bribe,

* It only amounted to this sum when combined with the post of Lord of the Bedchamber, which Ashburnham held.

but 'tis such a one as one honest, good-natured man may without offence offer to another.

“If you undertake this, do it immediately, and have attention to my part in it, which is delicate. If you do not undertake it, let me know your thoughts of the proposal, whether I had better drop it entirely, or put it into other hands, and whose.

“You'll believe me when I tell you that goodness of heart has as much share in this to the full as policy.

“Yours ever,
“H. Fox.”

The Earl of Orford's affairs were in a complete state of collapse, for both his grandfather and his father had left large debts, and his own dissipation had further helped to involve him in many more difficulties. Uncle Horace therefore thought the rangership might have the effect which Fox expected from it, and at once wrote to his nephew, but received no reply. It was only in the month of February following, that Orford, coming to town, called upon his uncle to consult with him on this affair. Horace directed him to Fox. Thereupon, without preface or apology, without recollecting his long enmity, and without a hint of reconciliation, to Fox he went, accepted the place, and never gave that Ministry one vote afterwards, continuing to live in the country as he would have done had nothing been given to him. This nobleman retained the rangership till his death, which happened in 1791, and all that the Peerage books have to tell about him is that he was a great breeder of cattle, and invented a machine for ascertaining their daily weight; and further, that he was the last of the English nobility who followed the ancient sport of hawking. Many anecdotes are told of him, but one of his best known exploits was driving a four-in-hand with red deer in harness instead of horses. Indeed, since the days of Nimrod no man ever sacrificed so much time or so much property to practical or speculative sporting.

George III. was less fond of the pomp and pageantry of war than the two first monarchs of the Brunswick dynasty, yet he held many reviews in the Park, as his progenitors had done before him. One of the first which was described at any length in the papers, took place on Monday, June 27th, 1763. His Majesty, attended by the Duke of York, the Princes William and Henry, and an escort of Lifeguards, mounted his horse at Buckingham Palace, and proceeded up Constitution Hill to Hyde Park. He was received at the entry to St. James's Park by Lord Ligonier, the Commander-in-Chief, the Marquis of Granby, Earl Talbot, and Earl Harcourt, with their attendants and led horses. At the gate of the Green Park the cortége was received by Lord Orford, the Ranger, on horseback, and on his entry into Hyde Park a royal salute was fired by the Artillery. The three regiments of Footguards went through their new exercise in a most masterly manner. An officer was placed on a stand at some distance opposite the centre, with two flags, one blue and the other white, and on his waving the former, the cannon, fourteen in number, were discharged, when the latter, the infantry fired in platoons. Between the firings a march was played by drums and fifes, on which the soldiers marched "with the most surprising celerity, and wheeled about in the most exact manner. Then each battalion fired at once, with such a regularity as to resemble a single piece, and another firing of the cannon concluded the whole. Besides the illustrious personages above mentioned, a great number of persons of the first distinction, of both sexes, and near 100,000 *others*, were present. Elliott's Light Horse, the Matrosses,* who managed the artillery with inimitable skill, and those of the Guards who had served abroad in the wars in Germany, wore

* Matrosses were a sort of soldiers in the train of the artillery, next in rank under the gunners. They assisted at the guns in traversing, sponging, loading, and firing them. They carried firelocks and marched along with the store-waggons as a guard and as assistants in case a waggon happened to break down.

in their caps and hats sprigs of laurel and oak to distinguish them from the others.”*

At the cavalry reviews about this time a great and commendable change was observed in the horses: the short dock had been abandoned, and all troops were mounted on long-tailed horses. The unnatural and cruel fashion of clipping and mutilating the horses' tails had been introduced by William III., but did not come into general use in the army till after 1709, when it became universal. Hence Voltaire's epigram:

“Ah! barbare Angleterre! où le fatal couteau
Tranche la tête aux rois, et la queue aux chevaux.”

The first regiment mounted on long-tailed horses was the Horseguards. This was shortly after the peace of 1763. The reason assigned for this change is said to have been the representations made by the Marquis of Granby—Colonel of the regiment—of the great suffering which the animals underwent from the flies when on foreign service.

Elliott's Light Dragoons, who had greatly distinguished themselves in the late wars, were reviewed about a month afterwards, on the 25th of July. The King, mounted on a fine dark bay, entered the Park a little before 9 o'clock, attended by his three brothers, Lord Ligonier, and a host of gold-laced Generals. The ground was kept by the Horse and Footguards, and the day was as splendid as summer and sunshine could make it. The regiment looked remarkably well in their red coats with green facings, white waistcoats and breeches, boots reaching to the knee, and black helmets

* Gentleman's Magazine, July, 1763.—Before the battle of Emsdorf, while Elliott's Light Horse halted in a valley, Major Erskine requested the men to place oak branches in their helmets, and to evince a firmness in the engagement about to take place corresponding with the inflexible character of the trees from which these branches were taken. So runs the story, but it has all the appearance of being one of those melodramatic sayings frequently attributed to generals, but which they never spoke. The major probably merely ordered his men to cover their black leather helmets, in order to keep the burning sun off (it was on the 10th of June), and save their brains from broiling.

with scarlet horsehair crests. After passing twice before the King, his Majesty was presented with the sixteen stand of colours captured by the regiment in Germany. George was highly pleased with their gallantry, and desired to confer some mark of approbation on General Elliott, but that gallant officer declined the favour with the same disinterested spirit which characterized him through life, saying that the highest and most honourable testimony of his Majesty's satisfaction would be to bestow the title of "Royal" upon the regiment, which was done accordingly. At the same time Lieutenant-Colonel Erskine was made a knight-banneret, and, after thus expressing his royal approbation, King George left the field.

The winter of 1767 was one of uncommon severity; not only was the frost intense, but the snow fell to a depth such as had rarely been remembered. In some parts of Devonshire it had drifted to a depth of 20 fathoms, and in the mountains of Wales valleys and clefts were filled to a height of 40 fathoms. Even in some of the level parts of Kent it lay five feet deep. Of course all traffic was interrupted; postboys were lost in the snow, and for days no mails could reach London. Travellers were obliged to leave the coaches and continue their route on horseback, or else to stay at the roadside inns till the thaw commenced. Everywhere waggons were left standing on the edges of commons, frostbound like ships in Arctic seas. In Hyde Park several ladies and gentlemen amused themselves with sleighing "in a carriage constructed without wheels and drawn with one horse, agreeably to the American fashion, which afforded much entertainment to the spectators." Crowds were seen daily skating on the Serpentine, and a bet of 50*l.* was decided there in January between two gentlemen, one of whom was to skate a mile within a minute: he performed it with ease in 57 seconds. A few days later an Irish chairman skated eight miles on the Serpentine for a wager of five guineas. He was allowed ten minutes, but performed the feat in nine minutes and eight seconds.

Thursday, the first of September, 1768, witnessed one of the most severe thunderstorms ever experienced in London, accompanied by a fearful wind and an extraordinary fall of rain. Owing to the unusual quantity of water carried along by the Westbourne brook, the Serpentine rose so high that it overflowed its banks, and, rushing down the incline, tore away part of the park-wall at Knightsbridge, and inundated the houses there. Several of those which stood near the Chapel had two or three feet of water in them, and three of them were completely washed away, crushing a woman and two children in their fall. A hackney coach, coming in the night through Knightsbridge, lost its way, and wandered into a ditch swollen with the water from the Serpentine. Both the horses were drowned, and the coachman was only saved with the greatest difficulty. We can hardly imagine that the Serpentine ever could have behaved in such an outrageous manner, but the storm on this occasion must have been of tropical violence, for the chapter of accidents was unusually large. About 11 o'clock at night a torrent of water rushed down Highgate Hill with such force that it was dangerous to cross the road, which the following morning presented the appearance of the bed of a mountain stream. The ponds in Hampstead burst their bounds, and about 1 o'clock in the morning the water rushed down in such torrents that the neighbourhood about Bagnigge Wells was completely inundated. There it stood four feet deep in the house and gardens of Dr. Sharpe near the Wells, whilst behind the Doctor's house a man and a woman had a narrow escape from drowning. The damage done in the neighbourhood of Coldbath Fields was very serious. Butts of beer were washed away out of cellars, and floated down the river Fleet; three oxen and several hogs were drowned, and in the lower parts of Hockley-in-the-Hole, near Clerkenwell Green, people had to take refuge in the upper rooms of their houses in order to escape a similar death. On Saffron Hill the flood was so great that a dead child was washed out of a house with all the furniture, and car-

ried down by the waters as far as Field Lane, Holborn Hill. The loss occasioned by the flood in that neighbourhood alone amounted to a very considerable sum.

There were several foreigners of distinction on a visit at the Court of George III. in this same month of September, 1768. The young King of Denmark, Christian VII., came to see his brother-in-law of England, and, under the title of Prince of Travendahl, hurried from one end of England to the other, without seeing anything distinctly, but fatiguing himself, breaking his chaise on the bad roads, going tired to bed at inns, and showing himself to the mob at the windows. So dissolute were his habits that he took pleasure in mixing with the lowest society, and is said often to have joined in the midnight revels of St. Giles's, disguised as a sailor. "I believe," says Walpole, "he is a very silly lad, but the mob adore him." Indeed it was this same "silly lad" who a few years later sacrificed his accomplished wife, Caroline Matilda, to the jealousy of his stepmother, on the false accusation of misconduct with Count Struenzee. Besides "young Hamlet the Dane" there were two Princes of Saxe-Gotha, and the small fry of Dukes, Counts, and Generals which usually accompanies such visitors. The Princes were all young men, and in order to amuse them, the old traditions of Queen Elizabeth's time were revived. Once more there was a deer-hunt in the Park. On Friday the 9th of September the two Serene Highnesses, many other foreigners of distinction, and a great number of our own nobility, says the *Public Advertiser*, "attended the diversion of deer-shooting in Hyde Park, which continued all the evening till dark, when one buck was at last brought down, after having been shot at ten times. What rendered it so difficult to kill him was the trouble of getting him from among the other deer, as no other was allowed to be shot at. Several wagers were won and lost upon this occasion."* This was the last instance of royalty hunting in the Park.

* *Public Advertiser*, September 12, 1768.

In the beginning of October, 1769, James Boswell, Dr. Johnson's save-all, had the gratification to lead a foreign "lion" about Hyde Park. "On Sunday last," says the *Public Advertiser*,* "General Paoli, the Corsican hero, accompanied by James Boswell, Esq., took an airing in Hyde Park in his coach. His Excellency came out and took a walk by the Serpentine River, and through Kensington Gardens, with which he seemed very much pleased." No doubt this paragraph found its way into the papers through Boswell's own instrumentality. Boswell was at that time a great man, certainly in his own, if not in the public opinion. He had already published his "Tour to the Hebrides," that amusing journal of a learned monster, written by his showman, who constantly discovers a pleasant apprehension that his beast will play the savage too furiously, and toss and gore the company instead of entertaining them. Boswell had acquired celebrity through the reflected light of Johnson, and all his endeavours were to imitate that "giant of literature" in manners and appearance. He affected slovenliness; in his gait, as nearly as he could manage it, imitating the rolling movements peculiar to "the Doctor;" and his ludicrous appearance was completed by the careless make of his clothes, which, according to his orders, were always too large, and sat on him as though they had been made for a man of almost gigantic proportions. No doubt these peculiarities were assumed purposely, in order to make him a subject of conversation, for it is one of Boswell's own remarks that "you may ever know a man of merit, from the noise and nonsense vented against him by the dulness and dishonour of his time."

Two other more genuine "lions," of home-growth, were at this period frequently seen in the Park. One of them, in these same autumnal days of 1769, was usually dressed in a long riding great-coat descending to his feet, a slouched hat, and his hands wrapped up in flannel. Thus apparelled he used slowly to pace up and down the Ride on a small Welsh pony, attended

* *Public Advertiser*, October 4, 1769.

only by one servant without livery, mounted like his master, and who resembled him in more points than one. When that homely-looking old gentleman passed, all hats were doffed, men pointed him out to each other, and the proudest made room for him, for this old man was all-powerful. He could at will establish or overwhelm an empire, and strike a blow that would resound throughout the world. That man was William Pitt, Earl of Chatham. The great statesman was much attached to Hyde Park, and was among the first to point out the sanitary benefit our crowded metropolis derives from these great open spaces, which, with that happy power of metaphor characteristic of his speeches, he was the first to describe as "the lungs of London."

The other cynosure of all eyes was a man of a very different complexion, physical and moral—if, at least, he could be said to have anything *moral* about him, for the gentleman was no other than the famous John Wilkes, Esq. The all-mighty patriot was almost daily in the Park, ogling the ladies with that squinting satyr's look of his. He generally rode in a magnificent chariot, on which was painted his coat-of-arms and the motto *arcui meo non confido*. This, a wag remarked, was a very appropriate motto, for, as the patriot squinted, he was not likely to take a very good aim. Wilkes was at that time in the noontide blaze of his popularity. The admiration with which many persons regarded him appears occasionally to have degenerated into monomania. One gentleman preserved as most precious relics Wilkes' coat and waistcoat buttons, which had deadened the ball in his duel with Martin. The valuable buttons were mounted in an ornamental case with the following inscription: "These two simple, yet invaluable buttons, under Providence, preserved the life of my beloved and honest friend John Wilkes, in a duel fought with Mr. Martin on the 16th of November, 1763, where true courage and humanity distinguished him in a manner scarcely known to former ages. His invincible bravery, as well in the field as in the glorious

assertion of the liberty of his fellow subjects, will deliver him down, an unparalleled example of public virtue, to all future generations.”—As in the trials by battle of the olden times, it seemed as if the great patriot’s character depended upon the issue of single combats. Numerous were the champions who entered the lists in order to vindicate the fair fame of John Wilkes. Several such affairs took place in Hyde Park, but it will be enough to give an example or two. In July, 1768, two naval officers fought a duel in Hyde Park, in which both were wounded. This meeting arose out of the circumstance that one had presented the other with one of the little cakes then sold in the streets, inscribed “*Wilkes and Liberty, No. 45.*” The officer to whom this present was made being a Scotchman, considered it a mortal insult, and in consequence a challenge ensued. Among the Scotch, Wilkes was looked upon as a national enemy, and every native of the “land o’ cakes” was always ready to cross the sword with those who upheld the patriot. Thus in June, 1769, a Captain Douglas declared in a coffeehouse that Wilkes was not only an infamous scoundrel, but also a rank coward, and that these epithets applied with equal justice to anybody who supported the demagogue. A certain Reverend Mr. Green being present, declared himself happy to uphold the cause of Wilkes against the Scots, and took the officer by the nose to prove that he was in earnest. Though it was between eight and nine o’clock in the evening, the two champions at once adjourned to Hyde Park, accompanied by two military gentlemen. After some passes with their swords, the Reverend gentleman ran the officer through—the doublet, and, as from this home thrust he appeared to be in earnest, the seconds put an end to the combat.

From what has been told above, it may be inferred that duels continued without diminution in Hyde Park. In October, 1765, a curious affair took place near the Ring, between Lieutenant Redmond McGragh and *four* opponents. This gallant Hibernian informed his

antagonists beforehand that he was a better swordsman than any of them, and allowed them the option of whatever weapon they liked; still they chose swords. The terrible McGragh disarmed them all, one after the other, and broke their swords, the silver hilts of which he gave to a porter who happened to come up towards the close of the battle. He himself was only slightly wounded in the right arm. What gives an additional interest to this gentleman's gallantry is, that the quarrel was not of his own seeking. Having declined a duel, he was reproached with cowardice by his antagonists, and replied that he reserved his courage to serve his King and country, but as they had insulted him publicly, he would take no further notice of the affair if they would publicly apologize. This they refused, and then he challenged them all four. In December, 1767, a duel was fought in the Park between two brothers, on account of a well known frail beauty, and one of them received a thrust through the body, which, "though not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door," was sufficient to put an end to his worldly existence. Another desperate and fatal combat took place at the back of the Ring, on an early morning in the month of May, 1768, between two young gentlemen, in which one of them was killed. Such occurrences are related in the papers of those days unfortunately too often.

Paulo minora canemus. Leaving these scenes of bloodshed, we must now for a while turn to the "elegant" beings who about this period graced the Park with their presence. The beau of the year 1770 was a curious character, totally unlike any species of the genus known before or since. It was customary in the last century for young men of rank to finish their education, as it was called, by making "the grand tour" on the Continent. A small number no doubt profited by these travels, but the majority merely passed their time in indulging in the dissipations of the principal capitals of Europe, and returned to England none the better for their absence. About the year

1770, a number of these travelled gentlemen formed a club in St. James's Street, which they christened the *Savoir Vivre Club*. They had periodical dinners, at which, amongst a host of other foreign dainties, macaroni formed a standard dish, and ere long the name of this Italian food, then a novelty in England, was bestowed upon the "exquisites" who partook of it. Thus arose the *Macaronies*, and under their ascendancy fashion ran wild into bad taste and exaggeration. They took a strange relish in wearing their hair in a very high foretop, with long side curls and an enormous club or *chignon* behind, which rested on the back of the neck like a porter's knot. Upon the top of their head they wore an exceedingly small cocked hat, with gold button and loop, and a gold tassel on each side, to preserve its equilibrium. The coat, waistcoat, and breeches were all equally short and tight fitting, the last named article being frequently of striped silk, with large bunches of ribbons at the knee. The cane, often used to lift the hat from the head, was as fantastic as the rest of the costume: it was generally of portentous length, and decorated with an abundance of silk tassels. Large bunches of seals and chains attached to two watches, a white necktie fastened under the chin with an immense bow, white silk stockings in all weathers, and small shoes with diamond buckles, completed Don Fantastico's dress; the same costume was worn in winter as in summer, for a great-coat they abhorred above all things. The ladies' apparel was on a par with the male attire: the head was decorated with enormous masses of hair, frequently surmounted by plumes of feathers and by bunches of flowers, until the monstrous structure seemed to overbalance the body. Hoops were discarded and the gown trailed upon the ground, so that altogether the ladies' attire bore a certain resemblance to the wild fashions of the present day. And thus it has ever been. Old abominations of fashion will every now and then crop up again, to shame our boast of having grown wiser than our ancestors. There must be some hidden taproot in the heart of man, from which these

rank weeds sprout up under fostering circumstances, just as certain species of plants are occasionally seen to shoot up spontaneously in places where for many years their presence had not been suspected. The fact is, mankind will never be cured of folly unless it can be cured of being foolish.

The Continental travels of the Macaronies having somewhat softened the rough edges which at that period rather characterized our unadulterated countrymen, they were considered effeminate, and certainly they were somewhat *outré* in their notions. An unfinished copy of verses was found among Sheridan's papers, which Thomas Moore considered as the foundation of the specimen Sir Benjamin Backbite gives of his poetical talents in the "School for Scandal." In these lines both the male and female Macaroni are delineated in a few masterly strokes, and as Hyde Park forms the background to the picture, that will be a sufficient excuse for introducing these verses uncurtailed:—

"When behind all my hair is done up in a plait,
And so like a cor'net's tuck'd under my hat,
Then I mount on my palfrey as gay as a lark,
And follow'd by John, take the dust in Hyde Park.
In the way I am met by some smart Macaroni,
Who rides by my side on a little bay pony;
No sturdy Hibernian with shoulders so wide,
But as taper and slim as the ponies they ride,
Their legs are as slim, and their shoulders no wider,
Dear sweet little creatures, both pony and rider!

"But sometimes, when hotter, I order my chaise,
And manage myself my two little greys:
Sure never were seen two such sweet little ponies;
Other horses are clowns, and *these* Macaronies.
And to give them this title I'm sure is not wrong,
Their legs are so slim, and their tails are so long.

"In Kensington Gardens to stroll up and down,
You know was the fashion before you left town;
The thing's well enough when allowance is made
For the size of the trees and the depth of the shade,
But the spread of their leaves such a shelter affords
To those noisy, impertinent creatures called birds,

Whose ridiculous chirruping ruins the scene,
Brings the country before me and gives me the spleen.

“Yet though 'tis too rural—to come near the mark,
We all herd in *one* walk, and that nearest the Park ;
There with ease we may see, as we pass by the wicket,
The chimneys of Knightsbridge, and—footmen at cricket.
I must though, in justice, declare that the grass,
Which, worn out by our feet, is diminish'd apace,
In a little time more will be brown, and as flat
As the sand at Vauxhall or as Ranelagh mat.
Improving thus fast, perhaps by degrees,
We may see rolls and butter spread under the trees,
With a small pretty band in each seat of the walk,
To play little tunes and enliven our talk.”

But to return to the Savoir Vivre Club. Will it be believed that it ended its days as a public-house bearing the name and sign of the *Savoy Weaver!* The chairmen and linkmen never understood the foreign name, and when—years afterwards—a new landlord came to the house, he at once adopted the corruption.

The Macaroni dispensation lasted about five years, from 1770 to 1775, but it does not appear to have exercised a softening influence on contemporary manners or feelings, for it was during that period that the duelling epidemic assumed its most alarming proportions. About the beginning of November, 1773, the newspapers contained a programme of not less than half-a-dozen single combats, expected to take place immediately. There passed fulminating epistles, and bloodshed was looked for between Lord Sandwich and Lord North ; between Garrick and Fielding ; between a Mr. Crawford and a Mr. Lovell ; between Wilkes and Townsend—the ex-Lord Mayor ; between Redditch and Macklin—two actors of Drury Lane, the latter being then in the seventy-sixth year of his age. Nay, it was even reported that a challenge had passed between Benjamin Franklin and Dr. Johnson, in consequence of the Doctor having insinuated in his pamphlet of “Taxation no Tyranny,” that the American patriot was a mischief-maker. Even that cool, self-composed wit, George Selwyn, “born to delight a laughter-

loving age,' was once on the point of risking his worldly existence against that of a certain Lord with whom he had had some words at Almack's. They had already adjourned to Hyde Park in order to settle the matter by wager of battle, when fortunately the seconds succeeded in making up the quarrel. This happened in March, 1773: verily, the fashion of duelling must have been all-powerful, to make so sensible a man as Selwyn give or accept a challenge.

None of the above-mentioned expected duels came to maturity, though at one time it was currently reported that a hostile meeting had taken place between Wilkes and Townsend. The Sunday after this report, the clerk of a Methodist meeting-house in the neighbourhood of Hyde Park, having heard the flying news of Wilkes' death, and being a violent enemy to that demagogue, longed to communicate the glad tidings to his flock. This he contrived to do by bringing in at the end of a hymn of his own composition, the following ingenious couplet:

"The wicked Wilkes by Townsend has been shot,
So may th' ungodly always go to pot."

To continue our chronicle of duelling in Hyde Park. On the 14th of December, 1770, Lord George Germain, son of the Duke of Dorset, and subsequently first Viscount Sackville, made a motion in the House of Commons for a better attendance of the members, and said that what he urged was for the honour of the nation, in which he declared himself greatly interested. A Mr. Johnson, governor of one of the Colonies, said in reply that he was surprised the noble Lord should interest himself in the honour of his country, after he had been so utterly regardless of his own. This cruel taunt was an allusion to his lordship's conduct at the Battle of Minden, in 1759, when he had shown the white feather in such a manner as to incur the censure of a court-martial, held at his own request on his return to England. Though the remark of Mr. Johnson, therefore, was perfectly just, yet

nobody likes to be told of his shortcomings in that open manner, and a challenge was the consequence. On December 17th, the champions met in the Ring, Lord George being attended by Mr. Townshend, Governor Johnson by Sir Isaac Lowther (subsequently Lord Lonsdale). They fired at about twenty small paces; after the exchange of four harmless shots, the seconds interposed, and the affair ended.

In July, 1772, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the celebrated wit and dramatist, and Captain Thomas Mathews, having quarrelled about the beautiful Miss Linley, an accomplished singer to whom Sheridan was secretly married, the two rivals adjourned to Hyde Park for the purpose of fighting a duel. It was six o'clock in the evening when they took their ground near the Ring, but there being too many people present, they retired for some time to the Hercules Pillars, a public house in Piccadilly. In a little time they returned, but still the Park was too crowded; they then adjourned to the Castle Tavern in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, and there fought with swords. According to Captain Gronow, Manton, the keeper of the shooting-gallery, used to assert that after this duel, pistols became the usual arms, on account of the dreadful punishment inflicted upon each other by these two gentlemen. But the character of their wounds seems to have been greatly exaggerated. The number, indeed, was so incredible, that only the solemn asseverations of the parties could have gained belief: and in those days Sheridan had not yet obtained that reputation for romancing which he afterwards enjoyed by universal consent.

On December 11th, 1773, at four o'clock in the afternoon, a rencontre took place between Mr. William Whately, a banker in Lombard-street, and Mr. John Temple, Lieutenant-Governor of New Hampshire. They fought without seconds under the park-wall, near the site now occupied by the Marble Arch. A groom who was exercising a horse approached, and tried to part them, but was ordered to keep off at his peril.

The two champions first fired their pistols, and then attacked each other with their swords. Whately received five wounds, some of them after he had fallen. For weeks afterwards these two heroes continued to fight in the newspapers. Whately complained that Temple had not used him fairly: the whole affair, minutely described, corroborated with affidavits of eye-witnesses, was inserted in the papers,* and bitter taunts were unsparingly bandied about by the two gentlemen. Temple, however, appears to have been generally considered in the wrong, and was dismissed from the office he held in America. The cause of their quarrel was the discovery of certain confidential letters which had been laid before the Assembly at Boston, and some of which had been printed in most of the London papers. It appeared afterwards from a letter written by Benjamin Franklin, that Temple was totally innocent of these transactions, since he never had those letters in his possession, and that, moreover, they were not private letters between friends, but written by public officers to persons in public stations on the subject of public affairs.

In the month of March, 1775, not less than five duels came off in Hyde Park alone. One of them was conducted in a most ridiculous manner: the hero of it, a Captain Cadet, had figured in the papers a few days before in a rather unpleasant affair. It was stated, with name in full (a rare occurrence in those days), that he had been soundly caned by a reverend divine, in James Street, Haymarket, and that, instead of retaliating, he had commenced a prosecution in the Crown Office against the pugnacious parson. This report must have damaged somewhat the gallant Captain's reputation, and thereupon he appears to have made up his mind "to pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon." At all events, a few days after we find him engaged in mortal combat in the Park. No apology will be required for transcribing the whole scene as narrated by an eye-witness: the reader will no doubt

* See Middlesex Journal, January 6 and January 8, 1774.

be amused by it, whilst at the same time it will help him to form a more correct idea of the condition of the Park at that time.

“About 6 o'clock in the evening of the 31st of March, Captain Cadet, accompanied by a Captain McG., made their appearance in the Ring, and soon after J. S. D., Esq., was seen to join them alone; but as there were a great number of people in the Ring, the gentlemen all retired to the Grove, where the following dialogue ensued:—

“*Cadet.* Sir, you say I am the author of certain letters, I am come to answer you.

“*J. S. D.* Sir, you have challenged me, and I am come to answer *you*.

“*Cadet.* No, sir, you challenged me.

“*J. S. D.* Well, sir, no matter who has challenged, that will soon be settled.

“*Cadet.* You are come alone, and I have brought a friend.

“*J. S. D.* Well, sir, never mind that. I see he is a military gentleman. I consider my sword as my friend and my pistols as my second. A dead man is always in the wrong, and I never choose to involve my friend upon these occasions. But you have very long pistols.

“*Cadet.* Yes, sir, and I don't think it fair to make use of them against your very short ones.

“*J. S. D.* Oh! never mind, that one will kill as soon as the other.”

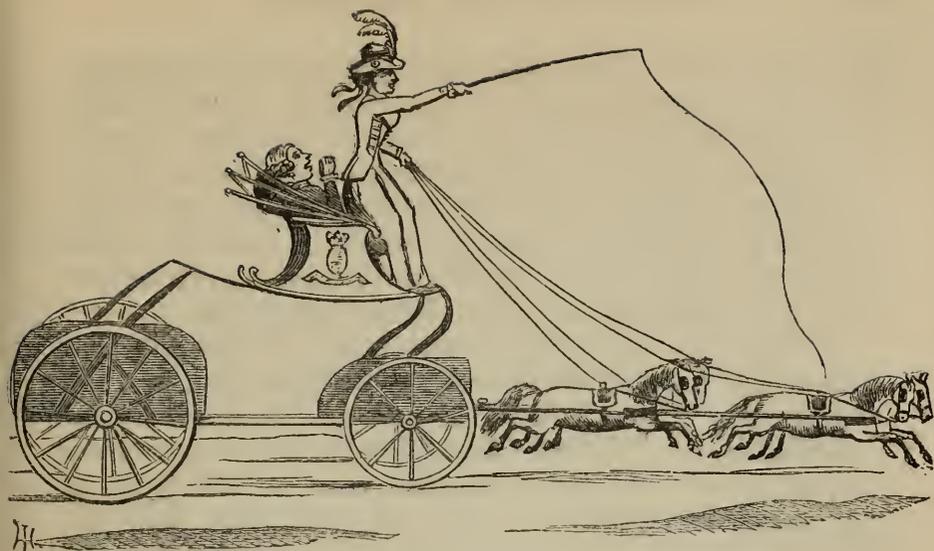
While the duellists were arranging their business Captain McG. had walked himself out of breath in what he called “measuring the ground.” The heroes then took their stand and exchanged fire; but as the distance between them was nearly a quarter of a mile, no mischief ensued. After this the second interposed and made the matter up. “It is much to be wished,” observes my authority, “when gentlemen feel themselves bold enough to enter upon such kind of diversion, that they would stand a little nearer together, or it will be dangerous to take an airing in the Park, as several

carriages were seen to drive between the duellists while they were taking aim at each other.”*

Robberies, the other Ichabod of Hyde Park, were as frequent as ever, notwithstanding the exertions of the Fieldings, the introduction of lamps, sentinels, patrols, and periodical hangings at Tyburn. In February, 1760, an old soldier was executed for robbing a man of eighteenpence in the Park, and in July, 1765, one William Abbot was hanged for robbing Captain Somerset, near the Ring, of his watch and purse. Additional sentinels were posted in the Park in September, 1772, “to prevent robberies, as several attendants of the royal family, returning after nightfall from London to Kensington, had been attacked by footpads.” But it was to little purpose, for a few days after a Mr. Bentham was robbed of a watch, a diamond ring, and four guineas. Both the Houses of Lords and Commons in November, 1772, thought it necessary for his Majesty “to take notice of the increase of those horrid crimes of robbery and murder.” The King called upon them to give serious attention to this subject, and among the measures taken was the placing of eight additional sentinels in the Park. Still, though thus guarded, robberies were not entirely prevented, for in January ensuing we read of one Ward being hanged at Tyburn for robbing a woman of about one shilling. Robberies in the Park, indeed, formed an important item in the Newgate Calendar, for the above instances are only a few out of the numbers which constantly occurred. So unsafe was the Park almost within memory of man, that a bell used to be rung at intervals in Kensington, to muster the people returning to town. As soon as a party sufficiently numerous to insure mutual protection had assembled, they started; and so on till all had passed the dangerous precincts of Hyde Park. In the early part of the reign of George III. hardly a week—perhaps not a day—elapsd but somebody was plundered in the Park. The cases, however, too much resemble each other to be worth relating.

* Middlesex Journal, March 30 to April 5, 1775.

We may introduce one on account of the singular manner in which it was performed. One Sunday evening in July, 1774, two men "of genteel appearance" struck up an acquaintance with two ladies in the Kensington Gardens, as was the mode in those days, and promenaded with them several times up and down the broad walk. At last the ladies talked of retiring, and the gallants at once begged to be allowed the honour of waiting on them home. As evening was approaching the ladies gladly accepted the proffered escort, and the four walked together through Hyde Park. Night in the meantime had completely set in, but the young ladies were confident in the gallantry of their cavaliers. They soon, however, found by woful experience how grievously they had been mistaken, for just as they approached Grosvenor Gate the two gentlemen all at once presented pistols to the ladies, and instead of begging their heart and hand, as perhaps they had expected after their romantic walk, coolly demanded their watches, money, and jewels, and took them without the least compunction.



AGNES T—N.

From an etching by Gilray, June 29, 1781. Underneath are the following verses:—

“Talk not to me, sir, of yr old fashion’d rule,
 E’en laugh’d at by children, the joke of the school;
 They might do for yr meek-minded matrons of old,
 Who knew no use of spirits but their servants to scold;
 But for me, zounds and blood! am not I fit to command?
 I can swear, sir, and what’s more, drive four horses in hand.”

CHAPTER VII.

GEORGE III.—FIRST LIGHT INFANTRY.

GEORGE III., unlike his two predecessors on the throne of England, was proud of being born a Briton, and preferred his English to his Hanoverian dominions. In the many years of his existence, which was protracted beyond the usual span of man’s life, he never once crossed the sea. His usual residences were Windsor, Kew Palace, and Buckingham House, and when he resided at the last-named palace, he used constantly to take exercise in Hyde Park. There his loving subjects could see him almost daily, sometimes on horseback, but more often in a chariot and four. He was a man of frugal habits and

an early riser, and not unfrequently his Majesty, dressed somewhat like an old English farmer, might be seen trotting down the Ride in the Park by seven in the morning, and returning home again between nine and ten. Reviews were not so frequent in Hyde Park in this as in former reigns, for many of them now were held on Blackheath, Ashford Common, Hounslow Heath, Sydenham and Wimbledon Commons.

Until 1770 all infantry was heavy, but about that period the light infantry drill was introduced into a few regiments. One of the first was the 33rd, then commanded by the Earl of Cornwallis, the same who some years afterwards laid down his arms at the head of an army in America. This regiment had been reviewed by the King in June, 1771, on Blackheath, and so highly pleased was his Majesty with the new exercise, that the week after he desired to see them manœuvre once more in Hyde Park before they marched for Portsmouth. They went through the whole of their drill, and "their quickness of motion and marching, and various order of firing," the penny-a-liners thought, "was really astonishing; their whole exercise and discipline was beyond parallel and example in any troops in the world. They passed the pales, ditches, and defiles quite up to Kensington Gardens, and back again through the Grove by the powder magazine, with as much agility and alertness as if they had been unencumbered with arms, upon a regular march in open champaign country. At the end of the Park they formed in an instant in Indian file, and fired in ambuscade. The performance was excellent, and highly merited the just applause of his Majesty, the Duke of Gloucester, General Harvey, Count de Guynes [the French Ambassador], and many other general officers."* An enterprising pickpocket having been discovered during this review exploring the pockets of the spectators, gave some "excellent diversion." The London rabble in those days very frequently dealt in a summary manner with delinquents of that class

* General Evening Post, June 25-27, 1771.

by giving them a bath, which was supposed to wash them clean of their sins. A neighbouring pump, pool, or gutter was generally the instrument of this punishment. But in Hyde Park the occasion was improved by the Serpentine, and as many handkerchiefs, &c., were found on the culprit, it was decreed that the ducking should be a severe one. A soldier stripped himself naked in order to perform this ceremony: the patient was rolled and ducked over and over in the limpid stream, in the sight of all the spectators, and the honest soldier was rewarded with a capful of pennies and halfpennies collected among the multitude.

In May, 1774, there was a great trial of skill in military exercise in Hyde Park between one battalion of the 1st Footguards and the second battalion of the Coldstreams. A wager of 500*l.* between the two Adjutants of the regiments, and several other wagers among the officers, depended on the result. The Lieutenant-colonels of the three regiments were the umpires, and unanimously decided that the second battalion performed the exercise in the most irreproachable manner. But though the officers in this instance showed some interest in military matters, yet among them also the Macaroni mania now raged most virulently, and they gladdened the eyes of the beholders when in *plain* clothes with the most wildly extravagant Macaroni costumes. One of them gratified himself and astonished the world one day by appearing in the Park dressed in a white frock, every seam of which was trimmed with gold cord, a whimsical cuff of blue satin, and waistcoat and breeches of the same. More absurd still was the conduct of a Macaroni captain, who at a review in Hyde Park had to give the word of command for a platoon fire. This went terribly against the superfine gentleman's grain: first of all on account of the coarse manner of shouting "Fire," and secondly, there would be such a nasty smell of gunpowder! The way he acted was this. He posted himself on the flank of the battalion, pulled out a laced cambric handkerchief strongly scented with ambergris, which he

held ready near his nose, and then screamed out in an effeminate voice, "You may shoot now, soldiers!"

Even the uniform of the drummers and fifers bore evidence of the fashionable abominations. For in emulation of the towering feather head-dresses of the ladies, their hats were decorated with a pink ostrich feather flower to set off their pretty persons. "Look down, immortal Granby," exclaims an indignant Cato Censorius in one of the newspapers, "and blush for the degeneracy of British commanders."*

In 1775 the war with America broke out: that ingrate Goneril colony would not drink the tea her fond old mother-country sent her, and she set "her wolfish face" against it. Though the storm had long enough been brewing, the nation at home was utterly unprepared. The reverses suffered at Lexington and Concord, the sanguinary defeat at Bunker's Hill, the loss of Crownpoint and Ticonderago, all these showed that a decisive blow had to be struck. It became evident, even to the most obtuse understanding, that the Americans were beating us,—were beating "the power that had protected and sustained them," and were making attempts against King George, "his crown and dignity,"—so the war proclamation called it. The "rebels" and "provincials" were to be put down, and, according to Lord North, in a few months America would be reduced to pray for mercy. First of all, an extensive army was to be raised. The recruiting sergeant, flaunting with ribbons, was seen in every village of no longer "merry England," haranguing, coaxing, wheedling, boasting, and lying. The drum and fife were heard to play "God save the King" and "the British Grenadier" at every village fair. Nothing but war was the talk in the village tap-room and at the door of the smithy, and wonderful were the tales of British valour percolated into the ears of gaping clowns and ploughboys by the heroes of Dettingen and Minden. And not alone in merry England, but in the German fatherland also, the recruiting sergeant was

* Middlesex Journal, July 20-22, 1775.

busy at work. Brunswickers and Hessians were bought at 18*l.* per head, and sent off to America under command of General Kniphausen to do battle for King George. More than thirty millions sterling were thus paid to Elector Frederick II. of Hesse, and with the money received for the sale of these *landskinder*, the worthy potentate erected his delightful summer retreat of Wilhelmshöhe.

In Hyde Park, drills and reviews became more frequent again, and as the desultory manner in which the Americans made war differed essentially from that in use among the European armies, the exercise of our troops had to be somewhat altered. The new light infantry drill did not, however, meet with the approbation of cockney tacticians. A correspondent of one of the London papers describes it at full length, and as his description shows the condition of the Park, it is so much to my purpose that I transcribe the whole passage without apology :

“A correspondent taking a walk in Hyde Park yesterday morning, was highly entertained in seeing an officer preparing about two hundred of his men for an engagement with the Americans. After crossing the Park from the gate at Hyde Park Corner, he suddenly wheeled round to the left and leapt over the railing that divides the two Parks.* The soldiers instantly followed, and, having got over, marched after their officer, who took a flying leap at the ditch, which he cleared, but not one in ten of his men being able to follow his example, they filed off to the left, and part of them passed through the turnstile, while the others in great confusion clambered over the gate. They were then drawn up in the furthest Park, and

* This railing—“the pales, ditches, and defiles,” alluded to on p. 148—appears to have been the “sensation spot” chosen by officers for trying the nimbleness of their men. It was a railing and ditch which divided the Park in two parts. It ran due north and south, and was situated just behind the gardens of the Old Lodge; these two divisions were respectively called the Upper Park and the Lower Park.

having rested a little, the officer advanced with great expedition to pass over a dry ditch strongly fenced on the other side by a steep hill or mound about six feet high; the soldiers followed and scrambled up pretty well, but many of them through their hurry, added to the slipperiness of the grass occasioned by the dew, were in their descent turned over topsy-turvy. However, having regained their hats and muskets, they pursued their fellow-soldiers, who were now drawn up in a grove of trees, where, having taken a little breath, the officer advanced to a deep muddy ditch behind the powder magazine, about three yards broad, which having passed over by the help of a friendly stump of a tree, he turned triumphantly round to see how dexterously his men would follow. But they, not having each the convenience of a stump-bridge, were obliged to make the best shift they could. The sergeants, by the help of their halberts, passed over tolerably well; but the soldiers having no such aid, and ashamed of their late *faux pas* in taking the turnstile when their officer took a ditch, even ran through up to their knees in mud, a circumstance which they did not seem to relish, albeit it afforded high entertainment to the spectators. Our correspondent thinks the officer perfectly right in endeavouring to increase the vigour and activity of his men by accustoming them to leap palisadoes, and in clearing five-barred gates, but cannot conceive how the manœuvre of running through a pool of water should increase their ardour, or in any respect render them better soldiers.”*

Some years before this period a new rifle corps had been formed by the Duke of Cumberland, of Culloden celebrity, which was named after him the “Cumberland Sharp-shooters,” and these riflemen used to practise with ball in Hyde Park. In June, 1778, a massive earthen rampart was thrown up in the Park for this purpose; it was twenty feet high, three yards wide at the bottom, and extended from Cumberland Gate in a westerly direction. Not very many years ago two

* Middlesex Journal, August 15-17, 1775.

stones were still remaining on the spot generally occupied by the troops when practising at the target in front of this rampart. They were inscribed D. C. S. S : this inscription, which might puzzle future antiquarians if they were to discover these stones, simply meant Duke of Cumberland's Sharp-shooters.*

Thus

“Ruthless Mars rav'd wild o'er all the land.”

A martial spirit, indeed, prevailed throughout the nation. The militia was organized and called out, and before 1778 not less than 30,840 of the latter force were under arms. Reviews took place in every county : the ladies who attended these displays proved themselves worthy descendants of Boadicea and her amazons. Though they did not shoulder the musket, they dressed in a fashion which they called *en militaire*. Most of the ladies of militia-officers adopted the uniform of their husbands' regiment, excepting always that part of dress which it is unlawful to name, and which the worse half generally prefers to wear himself. Thus at a review for the counties of Nottingham and Derby the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire and Lady Sutton appeared in regimentals, whilst the Duchess of Beaufort, whose lord and master commanded the Monmouthshire militia, was frequently to be seen in the uniform of that gallant corps ; and the example of these illustrious ladies found of course many followers.

Amongst the male sex the martial spirit manifested itself by a marked increase in duels. On the afternoon of March 17, 1776, George Garrick, a brother of David, and James Baddeley, an actor of Drury Lane, met in mortal combat near the Ring—a flirtation of

* Behind this rampart at that time was the Park wall, and beyond that the road and open fields ; but when Paddington began to be built, it became dangerous to allow ball practice in the Park. The Morning Chronicle, Oct. 14, 1787, contains a letter complaining that a ball fired by the soldiers at the target in the Park, had entered the window of the King's Arms public-house at Paddington, and lodged itself in the wood of one of the boxes in the tap-room.

Garrick with Mrs. Baddeley being the cause. Baddeley had already fired at his antagonist, when his pretty wife, who somehow had received intimation of the affair, flew upon the wings of love (in a hackney-coach) to the field of battle, and arrived *à point nommé* to throw herself upon her knees, and exclaim in her most dramatic tone, "Oh! spare him! spare him!" Garrick thereupon fired into the air, and the affair ended no doubt to mutual satisfaction. A Mr. Davis, an artist who illustrated the contemporary "Town and Country Magazine," witnessed the whole transaction, and gratified the readers of that periodical with a most faithful and lively representation of the duel. From that work of art, which appeared in the first number published after the battle, there can be no doubt that the two champions were both left-handed upon this memorable occasion. Baddeley, the hero of the combat, is at present chiefly remembered in the theatrical world in connexion with a fund of 100*l.* in the Three per Cents., which he left for cake and wine, to be annually partaken of on Twelfth Night by the sons and daughters of Thespis, in the Green-room of Drury Lane, in remembrance of an old friend and member of the profession. He was the last actor who used to go down to the theatre in his uniform of scarlet and gold, worn by the patented players, as gentlemen of his Majesty's Household.

There was a duel between a German, Baron von Linsing, and M. de Rançonnet, Captain in the Hussars of Conflans, and an intimate friend of the notorious Chevalier d'Eon. They met at nine o'clock in the evening in Hyde Park. Rançonnet was wounded in two places, and would have been killed but for the interposition of his second, Captain Henshaw of the Guards. Linsing was one of those characters whom Shakspeare calls "the very butcher of a silk button:" he had had affairs of honour in almost every capital of Europe, and, though only lately arrived in London, had already been in trouble more than once. As the Frenchman was not expected to survive, Linsing was committed by Sir

John Fielding, but was subsequently released upon Rançonnet's recovery, and at his intercession.

On the morning of November 26, 1777, between six and seven o'clock, there happened in Hyde Park what Horace Walpole describes as "a single combat seasoned with a little spice of premeditated assassination *à la Sam Martin.*" This was a hostile meeting between the Hon. Charles James Fox, M.P. for Malmesbury, Wilts, and Mr. William Adam, M.P. for Gatton, Surrey, and nephew of the celebrated architects. The cause of the duel was this. Adam had made in the House of Commons a most absurd speech in favour of the Court, which Fox tore piecemeal with infinite wit and argument. This galled Adam so much that next day he demanded an explanation. Fox assured him he had meant nothing personal, but had a right to analyse and confute his arguments, which answer apparently satisfied Adam. But the Sunday following he sent a Major Mackenzie Humberstone to Fox, to complain of the debate as it appeared in the newspapers, and he required that Mr. Fox should contradict the papers, and declare his good opinion of Mr. Adam. This Fox declined to do, on the plea that he was not responsible for the newspaper reports, and that it was not his place to give a good character to any man they were pleased to misrepresent or abuse. He again declared he meant nothing personal, and that Mr. Adam was welcome to show that declaration to anybody. Adam, however, still insisted that the letter should be printed in the papers, saying that his friends would not be satisfied with less. Consequently, they met in Hyde Park, on November 26, 1779, between six and seven o'clock in the morning, Fox being attended by the Hon. Richard FitzPatrick, Adam by his Scotch major. At the first firing Fox was slightly wounded in the side, which caused an effusion of blood, on which FitzPatrick interfered, and asked, "Now, Mr. Adam, are you satisfied?" "No," replied Adam, "you must still print the letter." This Fox peremptorily refused, and desired Adam to fire again: he did so, but missed; then

Fox discharged his pistol into the air, and so the combat ended.

In January, 1777, the Rev. Henry Bate (afterwards Sir Henry Bate Dudley, founder of the *Morning Post* and *Morning Herald* newspapers) and Captain Stoney fought a duel with swords and pistols at the Adelphi Tavern in the Strand, in which both were severely wounded. In August, 1778, the same Rev. Mr. Bate fought a Mr. Morande, in consequence of a challenge sent by the former. The gentlemen, attended by their seconds, appeared at the Ring a little before five o'clock, and discharged a brace of pistols without any effect. The report having drawn together a number of people, the champions adjourned in two post-chaises to a field between Kilburn and Paddington, where several shots were fired, but nobody was killed.* Two years after this occurrence we find this fighting divine once more in Hyde Park on a similar errand, his antagonist this time being a Mr. Richardson, one of the proprietors of the *Morning Post*. They met in Hyde Park on the 14th of September, at half-past four in the morning. Bate fired the first shot, and wounded his antagonist in the arm; the fire was returned unsuccessfully, and then, at the intercession of the seconds, the affair concluded. In the beginning of December in that same year, this pugnacious parson once more took up the arms of the flesh, with the intention of settling an affair of honour in Hyde Park. The champions had just taken up their ground near Lord Bathurst's (now Apsley) House, when they were interrupted by some Bow Street officers, who, having been informed of their intention, put a stop to the proceedings.†

* Bate's second on this occasion was Captain Donellan, who was hanged at Warwick in April, 1780, for poisoning his brother-in-law, Sir Theodosius Boughton, Bart., by whose death the Captain was to succeed to an estate of 2000*l.* a year.

† Churchill has severely handled this fighting parson in his satire on Bagnigge Wells, where he insinuated that the *Morning Post* was the organ of Lord North. Bate had been curate of Hendon. When David Hume had offended Lord North it was Bate who received his pension, as "a reward for his venality, infamy, and treachery," says Churchill.

Another duel for political causes—a kind of sequel to that between Fox and Adam—took place on March 22nd, 1780, between William, second Earl of Shelburne, subsequently first Marquis of Lansdowne, and Colonel Fullarton, M.P. for Plympton, who afterwards acquired some fame as a general in India. Lord Shelburne at that time was very popular, as he had laboured hard to overthrow Lord North: to us of the present generation he is more notable for having been the first to propose that the nation should be armed against foreign invasion by a volunteer force organized almost in the same manner as the present.* The Earl, in a parliamentary debate, had said that Colonel Fullarton and his regiment were as ready to act against the liberties of England as against her enemies. Fullarton, smarting under this attack, took advantage when the Army estimate was discussed to launch out into a violent invective against the Earl, whom he mentioned by name, and whose conduct he qualified as ungentlemanlike. The attack being unparliamentary, was stopped by Fox and Colonel Barré. Not content with this, he sent an account to Lord Shelburne of what he not only had said, but intended to have said had he not been interrupted; the sum total of which was that my lord's conduct had been a compound of insolence, cowardice, and falsehood, and finally reproaching him with having kept up a correspondence with the enemy of his country. Shelburne replied that the best answer he could give was to desire Mr. Fullarton would meet him the next morning in Hyde Park. They met accordingly, on March 22nd, at five o'clock. Lord Frederick Cavendish was second to the Earl, Lord Balcarres to Mr. Fullarton. The ground having been measured, they took their stand at twelve paces'

* "The people who have armed in consequence of Lord Shelburne's letter, have made such rapid advance in military discipline, that in case any privateering party of the enemy should in any place attempt an invasion, they will be received and probably interred with all military honours."—Public Advertiser, July 26, 1782.

distance, and both fired without effect. At Fullarton's second fire, Lord Shelburne received a ball in the groin, but its force was much abated by having passed through some papers which he had in his waistcoat-pocket. Fullarton seeing him wounded, advanced and demanded a concession, but Shelburne answered he had not come there to make concessions, and desired Fullarton to take his place again. He fired, however, his second pistol in the air, saying that Mr. Fullarton could not suppose that he should mean to fire at him. The seconds then interposed, and the affair ended.

A more fatal duel was fought by another reverend gentleman, Mr. Bennett Allan, chaplain to a Mr. Bamber Gascoyne, and connected with the *Morning Post*, and a Mr. Lloyd Delaney, who was incensed at some remarks concerning his brother which had appeared in that paper three years before. They fought on the evening of June 18th, 1782, between nine and ten o'clock, in the deer inclosure in Hyde Park, when Delaney was shot through the lungs and died. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of wilful murder against Allan, but he was subsequently found guilty of manslaughter only. Being a divine he enjoyed the benefit of the clergy, and escaped burning in the hand; his sentence was converted into six months' imprisonment, but was remitted by George III. in the month of September following. Two more duels were fought in Hyde Park in the month of October of that same year: the first between a stay-maker and a carpenter, who had quarrelled at a public-house. As probably neither of them had handled a pistol before, they fired without doing any mischief, and honour being satisfied with the explosion, a reconciliation was effected. The other duel took place on October 19th, between the late Governor of one of the African Colonies, and a gentleman who had made reflections on his conduct in that government. The latter was run through the body, and died on the spot. The names of these gentlemen I have not been able to discover,

Lord Orford, in February, 1778, was succeeded in the office of Ranger of the Parks by General Charles Fitzroy, brother to the third Duke of Grafton, and created Lord Southampton in October, 1780. His lordship remained only two years in office, during which time the most memorable fact connected with the history of Hyde Park is, that the military once more encamped under the shade of its trees. This was on the occasion of the well-known Gordon Riots. To describe these tumults would be to trench upon the province of general history. Suffice it to remark that, like most popular outbreaks, they went from bad to worse. The first day it was simply a concourse of mad Presbyterians; the second day presented a mob of idle, disorderly people and pickpockets; the third, the gaols were broken open, and felons and ruffians of every description came out to plunder and commit every act of violence. On the 2nd of June, 1780, the outrages commenced. The troops of the garrison were immediately put into requisition, and cavalry was summoned from the surrounding towns, some of which arrived with remarkable expedition. Thus at nine o'clock on the evening of June 5th, an express was sent to Canterbury to summon Carpenter's regiment of Dragoons (now "the Fourth," or "Queen's Own"), to proceed to London with all possible haste consistent with the preservation of men and horses. At nine o'clock on the following evening, after a forced march of sixty miles performed in one day, the regiment was on duty in Southwark in a perfectly efficient state. Ere long London bore a great resemblance to a city recently stormed. The Royal Exchange, the public buildings, the squares, and the principal streets were all occupied by troops; the shops were closed, and business was entirely at a stand, whilst immense volumes of dense smoke were still rising from the ruins of consumed buildings. Upwards of 20,000 soldiers were at that time supposed to have their quarters in London, and camps were formed in the Parks and in the gardens of the British Museum. That in Hyde Park consisted of

marching regiments and militia, in all 10,000 men, under the command of the Duke of Gloucester. The Hampshire Militia was the first to pitch their tents, the Berkshire Militia came next, and seven regiments more arrived on the following day.*

The riots were quelled in a few days, but it was found necessary to keep the troops still concentrated about London. King George was almost daily at the camp in Hyde Park, sometimes on horseback, but more frequently on foot. He visited most of the marquees of the superior officers, and on such occasions conversed familiarly with both officers and soldiers. On June 16th he reviewed the 3rd Dragoons, and on the same day the Queen took a drive in the Park, for the first time since the riots began, and visited the camps. In July, when the news arrived that Charleston had surrendered to Lord Cornwallis, the guns were fired in the Park, and the troops encamped there fired a grand feu-de-joie. On the 8th of August there was again a grand review by the King in person, accompanied by the Prince of Wales and the Bishop of Osnaburgh (subsequently Duke of York). The troops were drawn up in open order, and his Majesty remained uncovered all the time he rode through the ranks.

These camps were of sufficient note to engage the attention of an artist. Indeed, a camp in a woody district is always eminently picturesque. The conical red-topped white tents, the showy uniforms, the stands of arms, the groups of soldiers, the waving standards, the park of artillery, the rows of picketed horses, and all the other paraphernalia of military life, tell well in the sunshine on the greensward and under the broad shade

* When complete, the camp contained a battalion of each of the following regiments,—the Queen's, Royal Irish, and the Twenty-second, besides the Berkshire, Cambridge, North Hampshire, South Hampshire, Oxford, Northumberland, York Militia, and a park of artillery. Total, 3533 men and 290 officers and non-commissioned officers. The camp extended from the foot of Rotten Row in a parallel line with the walnut trees.

of the trees. All the camps formed in London were painted by Paul Sandby, and exhibited at the Royal Academy in the year ensuing. Engravings of them were made by the said Sandby and sold by Carrington Bowles, from which we gather that time must have passed merrily enough with the brave soldiers. The print displays a number of tents and suttlers' booths, where "*Pools intire Butt Beer*" and "*Fine Ale and Amber*" were sold. Soldiers are seen "letting the cannakin clink, clink," and dancing to the music of a drummer and a one-legged piper, whilst the principal group in the foreground represents a gallant grenadier with an extinguisher-like cap on, offering his heart and a rose to a smirking maid behind the back of her corpulent papa. For a time the redcoats offered the usual attraction, and the camp became the favourite promenade; even the gardens of the British Museum, where the Yorkshire Militia was encamped, became a fashionable resort. What gave still more relish to the display in the Park, was the difficulty of gaining admittance. Sentries were posted at the entrances, with instructions to keep out the humble classes—the "musty superfluity." Already in the beginning of June some badly dressed grumbler, who had been excluded from this fool's paradise on the strength of a threadbare coat, thus vented his ill-humour in the columns of the *St. James's Chronicle*. "London begins to wear the appearance of a French garrison. At St. James's Park and at Hyde Park a line is drawn between the gentleman and the plebeian, by the mere judgment of the soldier on appearance and dress. This is very flattering to weak minds who hear the phrase 'let the gentleman pass,' but it makes every considerate man sigh for the departing liberties of his country."*

The fact is, the presence of so many soldiers excited much discontent among the citizens: gradually all London rose up against it, and became exceeding irate. This was so evident that the King, in a speech from

* *St. James's Chronicle*, June 4-13, 1780.

the throne to the Parliament, on June 20th, judged it expedient to advert to the necessity of the measure, and to give his "solemn assurance" that he had no evil designs upon the liberty of the nation. For a while the jealousy was quieted, but the impression did not last long, and already, in the following month, Walpole wrote in a letter to his friend Mann, "Dissatisfaction grows again on the continuance of the camps." At last, seeing that all remained quiet, and that the necessary (or rather unnecessary) number of victims* had been sacrificed to justice without a fresh outbreak, it was thought that the soldiers could be taken from London without danger.

Early in August the troops quartered in the different parts of London were removed, with the exception of 200 men who remained at Grocers' Hall in order to guard the Bank, and four troops of Horseguards which continued quartered at the Mews (Charing Cross) till September. On the 10th of August the camp in Hyde Park broke up. At three o'clock in the morning "the general" was beat, the "assembly" at five, and at seven o'clock the tents were struck. Four marquees were left standing in which the officers entertained their friends, the band playing all the time. The bat horses were loaded, a detachment of Footguards took possession of the magazine with the stores until they could be sent after the men, and by eight o'clock all the troops, the whole park of artillery, and the baggage were off the ground. Upwards of a hundred carts had been im-

* Thirty-five persons were capitally convicted and executed in London, twenty-four in Southwark. Among this number were seventeen males and females under eighteen years of age, and three not quite fifteen. (St. James's Chronicle, August 10-12.) One of the boys was so small that some weight had to be put in his pockets in order to render his execution possible. Walpole speaks of "the schoolboys, black girl, and servant maids" executed, and hence his remark in the above letter: "Dissatisfaction grows again on the continuance of the camps, and on the number of boys that have been executed for the riots; for the bulk of the criminals are so young that half a dozen schoolmasters might have quashed the insurrection." (Walpole to Mann, June 24, 1780.)

pressed by the constables for the occasion. The army marched off in three divisions, commanded by Generals Craig, Fawcitt, and Lord Amherst, the latter being Commander-in-Chief. The first division marched out by Grosvenor Gate towards Finchley, and formed a camp on the common there. The other regiments proceeded by Constitution Hill and St. James's Park; one division over Westminster Bridge, the other over Blackfriars, joining again on Blackheath, where they remained under canvas for the rest of the summer. "The order of the march and departure," said the papers, "was the grandest of the kind ever seen so near London. Each regiment, preceded by the commanding officer and the artillery, marched the farewell rounds by divisions, and received universal applause for their good and steady behaviour during their encampment, whilst his Majesty expressed his special thanks in the general orders."

Rotten Row I find for the first time mentioned in March, 1781, but the manner in which the name occurs indicates that the locality must have been at the time well known by that designation: "Major St. Leger and Mr. Colleton, son of Sir John Colleton, galloping full speed through *Rotten Row* contrary ways, they rode against each other with so much violence as to throw themselves from their horses, when they lay speechless on the ground for some time. Mr. Colleton was taken home in a carriage with very dangerous symptoms, but the Major soon recovered."

About this time a singular rider was to be seen in the Park, the Lord Deerhurst (afterwards seventh Earl of Coventry), son of the beautiful Maria Gunning, who had lost his sight by the bursting of a fowling-piece. Though stone blind he used, like the ex-King of Hanover, always to ride at full gallop in the Park, attended by a gentleman who rode by his side and guided his horse by a running rein. In this manner he rode through the equestrian crowd in Rotten Row without any inconvenience. One day in 1783, however, he came in collision with another horseman with so much

violence that both the horse and its blind rider were knocked to the ground. His lordship sustained some injury, but returned to his usual rides in a few weeks.

A spirit of freedom was abroad at this period, and an ever-memorable revolution commenced, which ended in freeing mankind from the trammels of ponderous wigs and queues, silk stockings and tight breeches, and gave rise to the first phase of the pantaloon dynasty. Hard was the fight our brave grandfathers and great-grandfathers had to sustain in this noble cause. They were hissed and hooted and mercilessly attacked by the press and on the stage, but they fought the good fight and conquered. As, however, many great effects spring from mean causes, so it was in this case, for this wonderful change in the outward man originated merely from the turf and sporting mania prevalent at that period. The principal patrons of the movement were the Cumberland Butcher-duke (then long since called to his account), the Earl Grosvenor, grandfather of the present Marquis of Westminster, the Earl of Derby, who instituted the Oaks and Derby Plates, and above all, the Duke of Queensberry, according to the verdict of Nimrod, the best gentleman-jockey and one of the most distinguished characters of the English turf. From the sporting mania arose a new vocabulary and a new style of dress, both of which were in a great measure borrowed from the jockey, the ostler, and the stableman.

The prevalent hippomania further manifested itself in a general fancy for driving, amongst both ladies and gentlemen. During the season, four-in-hands were daily to be seen in the Park, and amongst those gentlemen who took greatest pride, *curriculo collegisse pulverem*, Sir John Lade, *alias* Sir Jacky Jehu, a nephew of Johnson's Mrs. Thrale, stood foremost. In the approved vernacular of the period, we are told that "he sported an elegant suit of buff to his phaeton, which, drawn by six spanking greys, cut a very fine figure." The newspaper correspondent then bids the public enjoy the

knowledge of the fact, that "this sort of furniture is one of the most extravagant of any, as it cannot long retain its original colour, and, in the language of the *ton*, must look very *seedy* when cleaned."* Alas! it retained its original lustre longer than Sir John himself: for before another year was past Sir Jacky Jehu was ruined. Notwithstanding his almost proverbial meanness and avarice in most matters, he had found means to fritter away a fortune of 12,000*l.* a year, and was at that time computed to be worth about 100,000*l.* less than nothing. To one of his tailors alone he owed 7000*l.*, to his coachmaker 14,000*l.*, and even to his breeches-maker, for the sole article of leather breeches, upwards of 500*l.* It was rumoured that after this collapse, the Baronet was going to drive a stage-coach on the road. A once famous Squire P. was at that time keeping an hotel in Italy; a Sir Harry England was serving as a waiter in a hotel in France: these two, and the Jehu, driver of a mail, formed a fine triumvirate to illustrate the everlasting topic of the *fuga sæculi* and the *vanitas mundi*.

Amongst the most famous whips in that generation, may also be mentioned George, second Lord Rodney, son of the naval hero, who at this period was at the head of the leaders of fashion, particularly in equine matters, and who, by-the-bye, was the first gentleman who ran nag-tailed horses in his carriage. Then there was the Hon. Charles Finch, brother to the Earl of Aylesford, one of the first to drive a four-in-hand, which, when he began it, was such an unusual thing to do for a gentleman, that he disguised himself in a livery coat. There were further Mr. Annesley, "the Nestor of coachmen," and above all, Lord Onslow, or Tommy Onslow, as he was vulgarly called, who used to drive a funereal black carriage with jet-black horses. The Erichthonian talents of this nobleman had the honour of being celebrated in the following well-known lines, written under a caricature of his ghostly equipage:—

* St. James's Chronicle, April 22-24, 1781.

“What can Tommy Onslow do?
 He can drive a coach and two.
 Can Tommy Onslow do no more?
 He can drive a coach and four.”

Most of the carriages appear to have been splendid to an unusual degree. The Prince of Wales at that period appeared almost daily in the Park, generally accompanied by Colonel St. Leger and the Hon. Captain Windham, brother to the Earl of Egremont. His Highness's "turn out" was very brilliant, but it had only one pair of horses; their harness was blue leather edged with red, stitched, with white buckles concealed by a rich ornament. The horses' manes were decorated with scarlet ribbons, and on their heads they wore a large plume of feathers. The carriage was lined with rose-coloured velvet, and hung round with curtains of rose-coloured satin with narrow gold fringe drawn in rich festoons. The beautiful and somewhat vain Duchess of Devonshire had a carriage which cost 500 guineas without the upholstery. That of the Countess of Sutherland was grey, with her cipher in one of Godsall's newly invented crystals. A Mr. Edwards had a *vis-à-vis* which cost 300 guineas, and was thought "admirable;" and another nameless gentleman gladdened the eyes of all beholders with "a splendid gig lined with looking-glass." Yet we should do wrong to measure the splendour of those old-world equipages by our modern standard. The carriages were certainly as splendid as gilding, carvings, bright colours, and the like could make them, but tasteless, unsightly objects withal. The phaeton (a representation of which occurs at the head of this chapter) was an open high single-bodied contrivance, resting entirely on the forewheels, so that the hinder ones looked as if they had nothing at all to do with it but to follow. Such as could afford it drove this vehicle with four horses in hand, and it may perhaps be said that this gave birth to our gentleman-coachmanship. The phaeton was succeeded by the no less classically named curricule, which really was an elegant carriage when properly appointed, and

followed, as was the fashion, by two well-dressed and well-mounted grooms. It had a long run in the fashionable world, but being, like the phaeton, only calculated to carry two persons, and requiring never less than three horses, taxation and economy put an end to it. Then came the reign of the gig, originally a farmer's or country parson's conveyance, but civilized by some leader of *ton* into an elegant park-carriage, with a hundred-guinea horse in the shafts. These gigs begot the tilburies, whiskies, and all those endless varieties of which the descendants are still living. But the worst feature of the equipages in the last century were the horses. For whereas now-a-days a pair of well-broken and well-matched coach-horses cannot be had under something like 400 guineas (a price often asked by London jobmasters), our grandfathers never put thoroughbred horses in harness. Long-tailed blacks or Cleveland bays, only one remove from the cart-horse, was the prevailing kind, and six miles an hour the greatest extent of their pace. Of course the cost of such horses could not be very great, and from 30% to 50% would have bought the best of them.*

Not men alone, but "the porcelain clay of human nature" also, was seriously smitten with the equine mania, and no lady was considered of the *ton* unless she could drive her "team," and "keep the cattle up to their work" with consummate skill. At the head of the female charioteers stood Lady Archer, for many years the wonder of the fashionable world, and envied by all the ladies, but who terribly abused the fashion of painting: her face was a perfect enamel, something like china, from the quantity she used. She drove her four milk-white horses as well as any coachman in England, and used to frighten the town from its propriety at the terrible rate she bowled along on her way to and from the Park. To see the thong of her whip fly about the milk-white leaders, to behold her gather up the reins and square her elbows, was the delight of

* See Nimrod, "The Road and the Field."

the ostlers and hackney-coachmen about town. Lady Stormont dazzled all eyes in a phaeton with four greys, which were every way equal to Sir Jacky Jehu's "hexagon." But one of the most accomplished whips was the elegant Mrs. Garden, of Portland Street, who, one day in September, 1783, for a considerable bet, drove her phaeton and bays from Grosvenor Gate through the Park to Kensington in five minutes and a half, winning her bet by two minutes. All this was merely a revival of the amazonian taste which had been prevalent in the reign of the first George. Dr. Young, of the "Night Thoughts," who wrote his "Satire on Women" in 1728, alludes to the "horsey" ladies of his time. After cauterizing Betty for leaping a five-barred gate, he next turns to the female charioteers, whom he lashes as follows:—

"More than one steed must Delia's empire feel,
 Who sits triumphant o'er the flying wheel.
 And as she guides it through th' admiring throng,
 With what an air she smacks the silken throng,
 Graceful as John she moderates the reins,
 And whistles sweet her diuretic strains."



THE CURRICLE.



AN AIRING IN THE PARK, 1793.

[After an engraving by E. Dages.]

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DUKE OF CHARTRES—DUELLING—REVIEWS.

THE bustle and din of the unfortunate and inglorious war with America was now at an end, and the country once more returned into the bosom of blessed peace; not exactly covered with laurels, but *en revanche* we had a hundred millions sterling of national debt. We had besides lost thirteen colonies, five sugar islands, Minorca, and sundry factories in Africa; that was at least something for our trouble. Dryden's lines were applicable to us:—

“Impoverish'd and depriv'd of all command,
Our taxes doubled as we lost our land.”

Early in the season of the happy year 1783, we are told by the papers that “yesterday almost innumerable were the persons who took the *dust* in Hyde Park. There were the Duke of Bedford, Sir William Boothby,

the Duke of Richmond, Mr. Pitt, Mr. Steele, Sir Charles Bunbury, Sir Richard Simmonds, &c., Mrs. Wilson, "the Mrs. Wells," "the Perdita," "the Laurence," &c.* Now also, Frenchmen and Americans once more commenced flocking to London. Some cavalry officers of the last-named nation appeared in the Park in regimentals, and attracted considerable attention. Their uniform was blue with slashed pockets, broad button-holes guarded with gold, and black and white cockades. They were very different kind of men from what the deluded people of this country had been taught to believe. Not only did these officers display the manners of gentlemen, but they actually looked as if they had been all their life accustomed to wear shoes and shirts, two articles which were generally disallowed them by the reports in England. The great lion of the season, however, was the Duke of Chartres, father of the late Louis Philippe, King of France, and disgracefully known in French history as Philippe Egalité. His Royal Highness was a great *Anglomane*, and the main pillar of the French turf. He imported English race-horses and coals, and fostered English grooms, buckskin breeches, and bootmakers under his royal roof. For the article of coals alone he paid an English contractor an annual sum of 800*l.* This Duke, who lived in Portland Place, was almost daily in the Park, where his bacchanalian features, cropped poll, and negligent dress soon became familiar to the habitués. He was very partial to the "flowing bowl:" "his face," said the papers, "is so completely overspread with a rosy tinge that the lilies of his ancestry may be said not to receive the least countenance from him." The Prince was accompanied by the Duke Fitz-James, grandson of the famous Marshal Berwick, and great-grandson of James II.; his English companions were Lord Grosvenor and Lord Surrey, *par nobile fratrum*. In order to imitate the prevalent English fashion, both the

* Public Advertiser, April 6, 1783. The last-named ladies were of course, of the upper order of Cyprians.

Prince and Fitz-James always appeared in a morning dress with boots and buckskin breeches, their hair in rough undress and covered with a slouched round hat. To support his character still further, his Royal Highness went to Newmarket in order to lose his money, and was so successful in this regard, that he got rid of 8000*l.* by backing one of his own horses. This interesting specimen of a French Prince returned to Paris in the month of May, 1783, and was guillotined in that city in 1793, during the revolution which he had himself been instrumental in bringing about.

In the month of May of this same year, 1783, the Rangership was conferred upon John, fourth Earl of Sandwich, a gentleman more distinguished for his convivial talents and his taste for music than for the more sterling qualities of a statesman, and generally designated in the opposition papers by the unpleasant nickname of *Jemmy Twitcher*.* His lordship was not more popular in the office of Ranger than he had been as First Lord of the Admiralty.

The Mall in St. James's Park not being properly "swept and garnished," gave rise to unpleasant comparisons between its state and his administration at the Board of Admiralty, and the fair promenaders came to the conclusion that new brooms do not always sweep clean. The state of Hyde Park also still continued highly unsatisfactory, owing to the inefficiency of the police; even in the middle of summer robberies were of daily occurrence. "Hyde Park," says one of the papers, "is the scene of such transactions as are a reproach to the police of this country." The writer of that paragraph then goes on to describe the gross indecencies committed in the daytime by the bathers, and concludes with the remark: "In the evening all is

* He received this singular name in consequence of his not very honourable transactions with regard to Wilkes's "Essay on Women." Churchill, Wilkes's poetical bravo, has branded him with terrible, but greatly exaggerated rhymes, ending with the lines:

"Search earth, search hell, the Devil cannot find
An agent like Lothario to his mind."

depredation, robbery, and the filthiest debauchery. People are robbed and stripped as they pass, and the robbers and their trulls hardly ever quit the ground.”* Lord Sandwich only retained the office of Ranger for one year, and in the month of January, 1783, was succeeded by Lord Orford, who already once before, during the administration of Fox, had been Ranger, and who now continued in office till his death, which happened in 1791.

The war with America, France, and Spain, had again given a new impulse to the rage for duelling. The officers, who had contracted rough and overbearing manners in the camp, and contempt of death on the battle field, were sudden and quick in quarrel, and always ready to give or accept a challenge on the least provocation. Sunday was not an uncommon day, and on a Sabbath in June, 1783, a duel came off in Hyde Park between Lieutenant Biggs, R.N. and Lieutenant Wilson, 67th Foot, in which the first-named gentleman was shot through the neck. A still more serious affair took place a few months later. On the 4th of September, the Hon. Colonel Cosmo Gordon, of the 3rd Footguards, and Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas, of the 1st Footguards, met in the Ring at six o'clock in the morning. It was agreed upon by the seconds that after receiving their pistols, they should advance upon each other and fire when they pleased. On arriving about eight yards from each other, they presented and drew their triggers nearly at the same time, but only Gordon's pistol went off. Colonel Thomas having cocked again, fired at Gordon and wounded him in the thigh. Their second pistols were then fired without effect, and their seconds called to reload them. For the third time they advanced till nearly the same distance as before, and fired, when Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas fell, having been shot in the body. The ball was extracted on the field by a surgeon, but the Colonel died the same day, and three days after was buried in Westminster Abbey,

* Public Advertiser, August 23, 1783.

whilst Gordon took flight to the Continent. This unhappy affair originated in America, where Colonel Thomas, conceiving Colonel Gordon had not done his duty in the action at Springfield, charged him with cowardice. Gordon was tried for his conduct by a court-martial, and acquitted. Upon their return to England he sent a challenge to Colonel Thomas, which that gentleman for some time refused to accept, protesting he would not fight Gordon, as he did not consider him a man of honour. He was, however, at length prevailed upon to meet him, with the result just stated.

Not only officers, but staid and steady men of law occasionally had recourse to a trial by arms. In April, 1784, a duel was fought between Sir James Lowther and Sergeant Bolton, when the harmless discharge of three pistols on each side restored the incensed parties to honour without the effusion of a drop of blood. One Sunday evening in June, at 6 o'clock, when all London was in the Park, an equally bloodless rencontre took place between Randal William, sixth Earl of Antrim, K.B., and a Mr. M—n—n, an Irish gentleman. The Earl, who lived in apartments in St. Albans Street, sat drinking his Burgundy after dinner with his brother-in-law, Colonel James Calender, when Mr. M—n—n and his brother arrived, they having dined at Richmond. As those two gentlemen had a lawsuit with the Colonel, Lord Antrim did not receive them, in order to avoid an unpleasant meeting. Offended at this, they returned a short time after to demand an explanation. The Earl told them his apartments were not only a castle, but a sanctuary for his guests; but however, if they were dissatisfied, the Park was near and pistols ready. With these words his lordship at once rose up, took his pistols, muffled himself up in his great-coat, and went instantly to the Park, without any seconds, followed by the two brothers. He desired Mr. M—n—n to fire first, but his pistol hung fire. The Earl then fired in the air, and the affair ended with a friendly

bottle at the St. Albans tavern. An enormous number of people witnessed this duel, but nobody interfered.

With such a general mania for duelling, it required no small amount of strength of character in a man to decline a challenge. It has been said that most, if not all men, would be cowards *if they durst*. This is, perhaps, stretching the point a little too far, but there is great truth in the remark of that gentleman who, speaking about declining a duel, said, that as for the men, he would safely trust to their judgment, but how should he appear at night before the ladies? What La Rochefoucauld observes is but too true: *Nous n'avons pas assez de force pour suivre toute notre raison*. A proof of such strength was given in an equally novel and spirited manner by a Mr. Withams, which gave rise to a strange fracas in the Park one Sunday in December, 1785. A Mr. Withams and a Mr. Stevens quarrelled at a fashionable rout in the neighbourhood of Grosvenor Square, in the course of which Mr. Withams gave Mr. Stevens the "lie by implication." The following morning Stevens sent a military friend, requesting either an apology or an appointment in the Park. The first Withams refused peremptorily; the second request he desired time to consider till 3 o'clock in the afternoon. At the stated time he sent the following letter:

"SIR,

"You say I have insulted you, and the matter may or may not be so. But I possess too much good sense to risk my life against yours for so foolish a circumstance, as I am at present situated. It is, however, in your power, if you chuse to fight, to enable me to meet you.

"You are an unmarried man with a good fortune, and if you were shot through the head to-morrow, there would be a fashionable tear for your exit, and the heirs-at-law would rejoice at the circumstance. I am a married man and have a wife and nine children,

an aged mother and two sisters, who all depend upon me for their daily existence. They have no other father, husband, brother, or protector. Besides, I am but tenant for life to an estate which at my decease, if I die before my aged mother, goes to a family with whom I have long been at law, and who in that case would not give sixpence to mine.

“I regard the punctilio of a gentleman as much as any other person, provided the punctilio is within the bounds of common sense; and therefore, to prove to you that I am not afraid to meet you in the bullet-field of honour, I hereby propose to fight you either with pistols or with swords, whenever you shall have secured, in case of my being killed, 200*l.* per annum to my wife, and 50*l.* per annum to each of my children during their lives. This will enable them to live when I am gone. If you do not comply with this request, I shall suppose that your challenge was a mere piece of bravado, knowing what a family I have, and that you are afraid to meet me now that I have put it in your power to show whether I have courage or not. You cannot plead want of money on this occasion, because I know that you have 40,000*l.* in stock, exclusive of a clear estate of 6000*l.* per annum.

“I am, &c.”

To this letter Stevens sent the following laconic reply :

“I see you are a coward, and shall take care to make it public.

“I am, &c.”

Withams replied in these terms :

“If ever you utter any word to my disadvantage, by G— I will horsewhip you until I make you recall it. I find now that *you* are an arrant coward.

“I am, &c.”

On the Sunday following, the two gentlemen met accidentally in Hyde Park, both being on horseback. As

soon as they came near each other, Stevens exclaimed, "There goes that coward Withams!" Withams turned round and knocked Stevens off his horse, and jumping to the ground, convinced him that he was in the wrong by the application of the *argumentum baculinum*, and horsewhipping him in thorough style. A crowd immediately formed round them, and ten butcher-boys kept the ring and took care to see fair play. Stevens got such a sound thrashing that he fell seriously ill: he took out an indictment for assault, whilst Withams took out an indictment for sending a challenge.

Though the proposal to insure an antagonist's life was a novelty, yet examples might be quoted of duels refused under somewhat similar circumstances. Voiture, the French poet, having been challenged, replied—"We are not equally matched. You are tall and I am short—you are brave and I am not. You wish to kill me, I consent to be considered dead—what more do you want?" Better still was the answer of the Duke de Vivonne in the time of Louis XIV. The Chevalier de Vendôme having quarrelled with the Duke about some pretty maid of honour, was not to be appeased but with the blood of his rival. His Grace, who a few weeks before had been badly shot in the shoulder at the fording of the Rhine, was informed of the Chevalier's bloodthirsty threats. Said he, "What! I fight! he may fight me if he likes, but I'm blessed if he can make *me* fight. Let him first get his shoulder broken, let him get cupped sixteen times, as I have been, and then—I wont fight him."

The mania for duelling had now gone as far as it could well go. Petty tradesmen, apprentices, footmen, *et hoc genus omne*, no longer settled their disputes with the arms given to them by nature, but ran to the sword-cutler and sallied forth to the field of honour. In February, 1780, two negro servants fought a duel in Hyde Park, with two footmen for their seconds. One of the sable combatants was shot in the cheek, and the effusion of a few thimblefuls of blood was found sufficient, it seems, to bring about a reconciliation.

In November, 1783, two footmen sent each other an invitation to mortal combat in Hyde Park, without either the fear of the Lord or of the loss of their places before their eyes. They discharged a brace of pistols, and, as luck would have it, did more execution than their betters frequently did. One had his thighbone so shattered that amputation was necessary, and the other was shot in the hand. A milliner in Tavistock Street was the *teterrima causa belli*.

Single combats with the arms afforded by nature, otherwise trials at skill in the noble art of self-defence, in the form of boxing-matches, also occasionally took place in Hyde Park. One Sunday morning in February, 1785, about half-past eight, a prodigious number of people assisted at a battle fought between Ben Green of Carnaby Market, nicknamed Tantrabolus, and Stephen Myers of the Adelphi, commonly called Chitty. After a smart conflict of nine minutes and a half, victory declared itself for Myers, who was a little fellow of only five feet one, whilst Green was a remarkably well-made man, five feet nine or ten inches high, and surnamed the "King of Carnaby Market." In June of the same year another match was appointed to be fought in the Park, but the bruisers did not put in an appearance. The crowd which had assembled was again enormous, as on the former occasion. Twenty or thirty people having taken seats on the branch of a large tree, it gave way by the weight, and precipitated them all to the ground. Several of them were severely bruised, whilst three were found to have broken their legs, and had to be removed to St. George's Hospital. Nor was it an innovation to make Hyde Park the scene of pugilistic encounters. In the palmy days of fisticuffs, in May, 1772, a match was fought there between two chairmen, and one of the champions was killed. Three years after, in June, 1775, Allan the butcher, and a porter from Covent Garden Market, were to have fought a pitched battle in the Park, but could not on account of the immense crowd that had assembled. Upwards of 8000 persons were there to

see the contest, but it was found impossible to form a ring.

The winter of 1784 was again sufficiently severe to freeze the Serpentine. If we may believe the papers, there never was a more brilliant exhibition than that miniature river afforded on Sunday the 1st of February, 1784. Ministers, Lords, and Members of Parliament, all on skates, crossing, jostling, and overthrowing one another, with as much dexterity and as little ceremony as they were wont to do at St. Stephen's. Among the aristocratic skaters Frederick Howard, fifth Earl of Carlisle ("Lord, rhymster, petit-maître, and pamphleteer," as his nephew Lord Byron describes him), bore off the honours. Among the commoners Benjamin West, the historical painter, and one Dr. Hewitt were considered the best: they even danced a minuet on their skates to the admiration of all the spectators.

No incident worthy of record occurred during the following summer: there was as much riding and driving as usual, and Lady (afterwards the Marchioness of) Salisbury, with Lady Melbourne, were constantly named as the most elegant equestrians. Minor celebrities were Mrs. Crewe (a very particular friend of the Prince of Wales), Lady Beauchamp (afterwards Marchioness of Hertford), the Countess of Clermont and Lady Payne. But an ugly and cruel fashion now made its appearance: equestrians were thought nothing of unless mounted on a "cropped ear;" carriages were drawn by "crops," and such was the rage, that according to the satirical newspaper scribblers, even the men who drove potato donkey-carts sent their asses to the farriers to reduce the proportions of their ears, in order to make a decent appearance when they came to the West end.

The year 1784 departed as it had set in, with a severe frost. On December 10th the thermometer stood at 14°. Once more the skaters on the Serpentine attracted the height of company to its banks. Among the spectators was George, Prince of Wales, in a fur pelisse, the lining of which cost 800*l.*; his delicate

hands ensconced in a large black muff which the Earl of March had sent him from Paris. His example was immediately followed, and ere long all the ladies of fashion wore muffs larger than that of *Ich Dien* himself, which made them appear as if they were nursing young bears. At the same time a masculine tendency in female apparel became more and more distinct, and those ladies who, in these old December days, congregated on the banks of the Serpentine, presented a most uncouth appearance. They were bedight in slouched hats, a Bath cloth triple-collared man's great-coat with a broad belt, a riding switch in their hands, and Morocco half-boots on their feet. This year then, was a period in the history of fashion: it witnessed the first appearance of the now universally worn ladies' boot, with this difference, that the material consisted in dog-skin instead of kid. Such was the rage for this new fashion, that the whole canine species was threatened with extermination. Scores of flayed carcasses of dogs, killed for the sake of their skin, were found lying every morning in the streets and alleys inhabited by the "dangerous classes," particularly in Sharp's Alley, Black Boy Alley, and in the neighbourhood of Chick Lane and Saffron Hill. Fortunately for the dogs the fashion abated with the approach of summer, when once more the tripping French shoe was seen to wanton on the foot of beauty. With it appeared gold embroidered clocks on the ankles, and as the dresses were worn considerably above the ground, the whole foot and ankle and a considerable portion of the leg were seen, without the fair owners being at any trouble to display them.

Sunday still continued the fashionable day for Hyde Park, but with the usual mixture: there were dukes and duchesses, countesses, generals, maids-of-honour, worsted-stockinged country parsons, half-pay lieutenants, Lady Charlotte and Lord Francis, Robin and Susan, the "top of the ton," and tag-rag and bobtail. Among the carriages also there was the same diversity: there were chariots and six, phaetons and four,

curricles and two, chaises and one, besides City vehicles of every denomination. The year 1786 was marshalled in with a good spring meeting as early as the first Sunday in February: equestrians rather numerous; one "female cabriolean gave a very pretty lecture on the art of driving," quoth the *Times*. The next Sunday, "a train of carriages visited Hyde Park, and though the day was rather heavy, the troop of pretty women who appeared, tended to remove the gloom," thought the gallant *Morning Herald*. That year also the Serpentine was frozen, and ladies appeared on its banks in scarlet kerseymere coats with high standing-up collars, wonderful to behold. There was the Prince of Wales in an elegant phaeton driving himself a beautiful pair of bays, and venerable Old Q., with four nags to his *vis-à-vis*, flew rapidly past, gracefully smiling out of the windows to every pretty woman, while his great heart was nobly expanded—simultaneously with the display of his coat of arms on the panels of his carriage.

Thus the heir-apparent, although over head and ears in debt, still continued to gladden the eyes of all beholders with his elegant toilets and equipages. Though on his coming of age the King had granted him an income of 50,000*l.* a year, and the Parliament voted him 60,000*l.* to pay his debts and provide an outfit, yet this interesting young Sardanapalus, before he was twenty-three, had managed to incur debts to the amount of 161,660*l.* He resolved thereupon to retrench, a resolution which a paper describes as "one of the most memorable events that ever dignified the page of history or distinguished the annals of any country in the world."* So far flattery can go! Consequently some of his 800 horses were sold, one of which, the racehorse "Escape," Tattersall bought for 2500 guineas; the building of Carlton House was suspended, after the moderate sum of 53,308*l.* had been lavished on its erection, and 5000*l.* for only part of its

* Morning Chronicle, January 4, 1787.

furniture. While this show of reform was going on, the Prince affected frugality, and the papers, with great relish, acquainted the public that his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales had been seen in the Park on horseback, “*dressed quite like a private gentleman*, and attended by only one servant.”*

Sir John Lade, after having laboured for some time under the frowns of fortune, got finally above water again by some *tour de passe-passe* not accounted for by history. It lies within the range of possibilities that it was due to his marriage with a lady who rejoiced in the name of Mrs. Smith. Any further information on this subject the “Baronetages” obstinately refuse. Be this as it may, once more Sir John took the lead in matters equine and equestrian. Now also he became one of the intimates of the Prince of Wales, in whose curriole he was frequently seen in the Park, to the great disgust of the censorious *Morning Chronicle*, which bitterly observes that since the Prince drove himself, there was no professional excuse for the presence of Sir John. He and his *cara sposa*, and subsequently her pretty sister also, were constant guests at the Court of Cogaigue held at the Marine Pavilion, Brighton, where Lady Lade for a time ruled the roast with Lady Jersey. This Lady Lade and her beautiful friend Mrs. Hodges, were accounted the best horsewomen in England, and the greatest ornaments of Rotten Row so far as horsemanship was concerned. “They rode on Tuesday,” says the *Times*,† “during a severe stag-hunt. But Mrs. Hodges not only out-leaped Lady Lade, but every gentleman in the field. Nothing stopped her: she flew over a five-barr’d gate with as much facility as she ever leapt into a lover’s arms. It was remarked she had all the properties of a Dian—except her chastity.” O “*Times!*” O Morals! What dreadful Schools for Scandal they were, these newspapers of the last century. Fancy the *Thunderer* now-a-days talking in that manner about any lady, however fly blown her reputation!

* *Times*, March 23, 1795.

† January 1, 1794.

More frequently still, the Prince of Wales was in company with Mrs. Fitzherbert, to expatiate on whose beauty and perfection would be painting refined gold—a work of supererogation. It is sufficient to say that her contemporaries considered her the prettiest creature upon earth, and that the Prince, notwithstanding her thirty-one summers, consented to become her third husband. Yet there were others who considered her sister, Lady Carnaby Haggerstone, still more lovely. Mrs. Fitzherbert having been secretly married to the Prince in 1790, lived for five years with his Royal Highness as his wife, in the full enjoyment of the respect of the royal family and of all ranks of society. During the season the Prince used to drive almost daily with her in the Park. One day, as he was with her in his phaeton, just as he was turning out of Hyde Park into the Kensington road, he came into collision with the Brentford stage. His horses took fright, ran off, and finally upset the carriage in Hogmore Lane. The Prince was not hurt, but Mrs. Fitzherbert was so much injured that the attendance had to be called in of both surgeon and apothecary.

Meanwhile in France the long protracted struggle between the King and the people had ended in that gigantic revolution, which, with a sea of blood, cleared the Augean stables of feudal injustice and mismanagement, and King Mob revelled in anarchy. In England also there were those who longed to fish in troubled waters, and who preferred to be governed by St. Giles's rather than by St. James's. The leaven of democracy was gradually spreading among the discontented in this nation, and it became obvious that a storm was brooding. Government began to entertain serious apprehensions, and a fresh impulse was given to military movements. Frederick, Duke of York, second son of George III., was then twenty-four years of age, and had just returned from Germany, where he had finished his education. Up to that period he had held no other office than that of Bishop of Osnaburgh, which was merely the title of the governors of that town—a sort of ecclesiastical

Prince which did not necessitate being a churchman.* On his return to England in 1787, he was appointed Commander-in-Chief, and being of an active mind, he at once gave all his time and attention to the army, and commenced reviewing the household troops with a right hearty goodwill. Scarcely a week passed but some regiment of horse or foot had to muster before his Royal Highness in the Park, or in the open spaces about London. Sometimes the King assisted, as we find recorded that he did at a review of the Coldstream Guards in Hyde Park, May, 1787, when his Majesty, attended by General Fawcett, Lord Amherst, and others, rode bareheaded along the lines, whilst an almost diluvial rain was pelting on his bobwig all the time. The word of command on this occasion was given by Colonel Norton, "who," say the papers, "has a voice like a demi-culverin."

A few days after there was another military spectacle in the Park of a very different import. A Lifeguardsman was trumpeted out of his regiment upon a conviction of having insulted a superior officer. A crowd of at least ten thousand people witnessed this ceremony, but their sympathies were with the trooper: when the degrading formality had been gone through, they lifted the fellow on the shoulders of two men, and carried him away in triumph. This was a sign of the times, yet such an ebullition of popular feeling would probably not have taken place without some reason. There were faults no doubt on the side of the officer as well as of the man. Scandalous abuses were committed at that time in the officering of the King's regiments. Boys were often taken from school to be placed in command of companies, nay, even of regiments, to the great disgust of veteran officers whose fortunes were not adequate to the purchase of ranks. It was in con-

* By the treaty of Westphalia, which put an end to the Thirty Years' War, it had been stipulated that the Bishopric of Osnaburgh in Hanover, then secularized, should be alternately possessed by a Prince of the Catholic house of Bavaria and the Protestant house of Brunswick.

sequence of these abuses that the Duke of York in 1795 issued a circular to Colonels of regiments, desiring a return to be made immediately of the number of Captains in each regiment under *twelve* years of age, and of Lieutenant-colonels under *eighteen*.

To return to duelling in connexion with Hyde Park—a subject the reader will doubtless now be heartily tired of—the fashion of deciding ticklish points of honour by single combat was by no means on the decline. Few duels, however, which about this time happened in Hyde Park, are worth noticing, either the combatants being obscure or the combats bloodless. In May, 1786, there was a rencontre between the Hon. John Townshend and William Faulkner, clerk to the Privy Council, in consequence of some dispute at Ranelagh a day or two before. Faulkner shot Townshend through the hat, which was thought sufficient atonement for their wounded honour, and the affair terminated “to mutual satisfaction of both parties.” In September of the year following a somewhat more infuriate duel took place between Sir John Macpherson, Bart., and Major James Brown. The difference arose from a paragraph inserted by Sir John in the *Calcutta Gazette* two years before, which Major Brown considered to convey an imputation on his character. The combatants met near Grosvenor Gate about eleven o’clock, and walked to the place where they fought. The seconds, Major Roberts and Colonel Murray, loaded the pistols, and it was agreed that the two parties, being placed at a distance of about twenty yards from each other, should fire at the same time. At the second discharge Sir John’s pistol hung fire, when his second asked if Major Brown was satisfied. The Major replied he was satisfied that Sir John had behaved with great gallantry and like a man of honour, but he would request him to admit before the seconds that the paragraph in the *Calcutta Gazette* was not meant to convey any reflection on his (Major Brown’s) character. Sir John said he had not come there to make apologies, and if Major Brown was not satisfied he might con-

tinue shooting till he was. A third shot was then exchanged, and Major Brown, declaring himself satisfied, the parties retired with salutations of civility. It was found that three of the balls fired by the Major had passed through the skirts of Sir John's coat; one of them was found in his pocket, where it had lodged in a pocket-book.

In March, 1790, there was a single combat between the Chaplain and an officer of a marching regiment, in which the latter was wounded in the thigh; and in June, 1792, two Irish law-students, Mr. Frizell and Mr. Clarke, fought a duel in consequence of a drunken quarrel, which ended fatally. Frizell was shot through the lungs, and died almost instantaneously.

Lord Orford, as said before, departed this world in 1791 and was succeeded in his keepership on the 15th of May following by Lord William Wyndham Grenville, second brother to the Marquis of Buckingham, Secretary of State, &c. &c. This Lord Grenville remained only two years in office. He resigned in 1793, and was succeeded by George Henry, Earl of Euston (afterwards Duke of Grafton), son of that Duke whom "Junius" attacked so bitterly in his Letters. One of the first very necessary improvements made by his lordship was the opening of an additional door for foot-passengers at Hyde Park Corner, a great convenience when the Park dismissed its thousands, *totis vomit ædibus undam*, and a consummation long wished for. He also opened another gate between the Park and the Kensington Gardens, where the crush used to be very great, particularly on Sundays. The papers had exclaimed about these nuisances for more than ten years, but it was as "the voice of one crying in the wilderness" during the administration of the supine Lord Orford.

It was about this period that once more the subject was broached of building a palace in Hyde Park. This time it was Soane, who, in the gay morning of youthful fancy, full of the wonders he had seen in Italy, and inspired by the wild imagination of an enthusiastic mind, proposed, without regard to expense or limit, to

erect a royal habitation in the Park. It was to consist of a palace with a series of magnificent mansions, the sale of which was calculated to defray all the expenses of the erection: the whole of the buildings was to extend from Knightsbridge to Bayswater, and to be relieved by occasional breaks. This design was much approved by the notorious Lord Camelford, who was then at Rome, where he saw Soane's drawings, and who became a warm friend and patron of the young architect when subsequently he settled in London.* The erection of a royal palace in Hyde Park was an old and favourite scheme among architects. As early as 1731 the author of the *Critical Review* chalking out a plan of London improvements, pointed to Hyde Park as "a place possessed of every beauty and convenience which might be required in the situation of the royal palace of the British King."† In 1766 John Gwynne proposed to build in the Park a palace with a circuit round it of one mile in circumference. In 1779 a correspondent to one of the papers, writing under the *nom de plume* of "Possible," enumerates several large buildings which he considered ought to be erected in London; amongst them "a palace in Hyde Park is also much wanted."‡ The last proposal of this kind was in 1825, when a design was published for a magnificent royal palace to be erected near Stanhope Gate. Fortunately for the public, none of these plans ever came to maturity.

* A bird's-eye view of this palace occurs in Soane's *Designs for Public and Private Buildings*, 1828.

† *Critical Review of the Public Buildings, &c.*, in and about London (attributed to James Ralph), 1731, p. 188.

‡ *St. James's Chronicle*, October 21, 1779.



LONDON AND WESTMINSTER LIGHT HORSE VOLUNTEERS.
MOUNTED AND DISMOUNTED TROOPER.

CHAPTER IX.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

THE summer of 1793 broke as merrily over Europe as if no king and queen had been guillotined, and as if the sun did not daily behold scenes of agony and bloodshed on that Place de la Révolution in Paris, and all over *la belle France*. Whilst there Pandemonium was let loose, all went on pretty much as usual in this country. Indeed, as our nation had always been antagonistic to France, so our grandfathers proved themselves again in this instance. Whilst on the other side of the Channel they were cutting off *heads*, we contented ourselves with cutting off *tails*—from gentlemen's coats, for it was about this period that spencers or skirtless coats came first into fashion. The road, the ride, and the promenade in Hyde Park

were daily full of the best company, and the *Morning Post* declared that "there never was a fuller season." "It only wants the Ranger's friendly aid," thought the *Public Advertiser*, "to make the promenade in Hyde Park the most beautiful and complete. Would he spare our railing, let his railing begin. But while his lordship suffers the riders to incommode the promenade, the company will complain, and complaint becomes serious when the lives of his Majesty's lieges are every Sunday in the greatest danger—horses crossing the walks, kicking up clouds of dust on both sides. Last Sunday it was intolerable; the company were covered and almost blinded with it. The once admired lawn next the Serpentine may now very properly be called *Rotten Row*, and from a beauteous scene is now a dusty road. Had the noble Ranger been here he would have heard himself talked of, if he had not felt the rage of some of the ladies. Mr. George Mottram, with his usual good humour, endeavoured to persuade the ladies that the noble Ranger would soon prevent their railing by beginning to rail. His lordship is newly married,* says George, and to begin railing before the honeymoon is over would be shocking."† In sober earnest, it was a crying evil that the roads in the Park were not watered: those dry, dusty roads did incalculable damage, and played sad havoc with the purses of city beaux and belles. It was utter destruction to the delicate white dress, the smart hat, the white silk stocking, the pink slipper, and all the rest of the immaculate Sunday attire.

All this quiet, however, was only the short gleam of sunshine before the storm. Once more England "let slip the dogs of war," for thanks to the exertions of Messrs. Pitt, Dundas, and Co., we had been dragged into a collision with breechless Republican France. The speeches in the *Assemblée Nationale* were threatening us with utter destruction, and when Citizen

* Lord Grenville, a few months before, had married the Hon. Anne Pitt, sister and heir of the fighting Lord Camelford.

† *Public Advertiser*, June 1, 1793.

Thelorier invented a balloon for conveying the whole "*Armée d'Angleterre*" into the heart of this country, horses, baggage, park of artillery and all, it was no longer time for hesitating. Soon all England rang with

"The all-sounding note of dreadful preparation."

Reviews again became the order of the day, and household troops, marching regiments, militia and volunteers, followed each other in rapid succession in the Park. Among the novelties was a new corps of Light Infantry Guards. It was formed of picked men, partly from the battalions of the Guards, partly from marching regiments. The uniform differed but little from those of the other Footguards, except that the men wore trousers instead of breeches; that the skirts of their coats were turned back, and that they had a green feather in their hats; green having in most countries been the colour allotted to light infantry, sharpshooters, and riflemen, it being the colour of woodmen, to whom their service bears a remote resemblance. This new corps was reviewed in Hyde Park by the Duke of Gloucester, Brigadier-General of Footguards, and shortly afterwards was sent forward to the army before Valenciennes, which was then besieged by the Duke of York.

The following summer all England was bristling with arms, and camps were established entirely along the coast.

"Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies."

The Park was deserted, and the ladies, like the flower mentioned by Gray, were "wasting their sweetness on the desert air." But while the Duke of York was fighting the battles of his country near the Rhine and the Meuse, his brother, the Duke of Clarence, was in perfect safety by the side of Mrs. Jordan, a handsome actress of Drury Lane—and rendering himself generally useful at reviews and such like pageants, teaching the troops to form "oblong squares," and to break up into columns—the military novelty of the day. In these arduous duties he was manfully assisted by his brother,

the Prince of Wales, who, though by that time he had attained considerable amplitude of form, gratified the public by exhibiting himself in the uniform of a Light Horseman. It must have been a pleasant spectacle to behold a man of his rotundity crammed into the skirtless coat of a *Light Horseman*. Burly Captain Grose, when it was proposed that he should be parèd away to a Light Infantry figure, showed more sense in the good-natured remonstrance he wrote to his commander, Lord Onslow, which the Prince would have done well to read.

The winter of 1795 was again one of those severe seasons which occasionally favour us with a visit. There were ten weeks of frost, with only the intermission of one day's thaw. The Thames was frozen at Shadwell; Margate Roads formed one continuous sheet of ice; and the Serpentine of course was frozen several inches thick. The receiving house of the Royal Humane Society had been opened that year on its banks,* on a piece of ground presented to the institution by the King, and during the course of the winter attested its usefulness to many an over-venturesome skater. Round the frozen stream was the usual conflux of *beau monde*: ladies dressed in velvet, from the bonnet down to the shoe, and gentlemen with spencers. There was the everlasting Duke of Queensberry in a cunningly devised *vis-à-vis*, than which nothing could be more comfortable. It contained a Dutch stove, and a fur footbag, whilst his Grace's venerable body was wrapt up in the spoil of three Russian bears, and his hands in two otterskin gloves. Then there was occasionally to be seen the sleepy Dutch Stadtholder, poor William V., who had just received notice to quit from the French *sans-culottes*, and who had taken refuge with

* Not the present house, however. The first was taken down in 1834, and the first stone of the present building was laid by the Duke of Wellington. It was designed by J. B. Bunning, Esq., who relinquished all claims on the Society for his services, notwithstanding which the erection of this small edifice cost 2010*l*.

his kinsman George. There was another Serene Highness of English extraction, the Margravine of Brandenburgh, Anspach, and Bayreuth, in a carriage displaying on its panels the Craven arms, quartered with those of Anspach. This Serene Highness was the once beautiful and erratic Lady Berkeley, divorced from her first husband, Lord Craven, after thirteen years of marriage, and who then had become the spouse of the Margrave of Brandenburgh, a nephew of Frederick the Great, and closely allied to the Royal family of England. Above all there was the Prince of Wales, but without Mrs. Fitzherbert, who by this time had been pensioned off with 3000*l.* a year, a marriage having been contracted between his Royal Highness and Princess Caroline of Brunswick. That lady was then daily expected, but was frost-bound somewhere in Germany, and his Royal Highness expressed as much anxiety for her as John Gilpin did about his head-gear.

“My hat and wig will soon be here,
For they are on the road.”

At last, when spring came, the Princess appeared, and became his Royal Highness's wife, with what result we know. On April 15th, 1795, she appeared in Hyde Park for the first time, and continued there for upwards of two hours. She was in a post-chaise and four, attended by the Lady Cholmondeley, but though the honeymoon had not yet set, the new-made husband was not by her side. The papers used most hyperbolic language in describing the “lovely stranger.” “The Princess had as many spectators as Cleopatra when sailing down the Cydnus,” said the enraptured *Times*.* “She is very fair, and nature has painted her cheeks with a delicate red. She comes in the season when nature all is blooming and benevolent like her, to add variety to the lilies and roses of the spring.” But scarcely a year had passed away when the papers hinted that there were rumours of a “separation in high

* *Times*, April 16, 1795.

life." Still the Princess had many staunch adherents and admirers, and when in the summer of 1796 she took the air in Hyde Park, she had to let down the glasses of her carriage in order that the people might view her, and show her such tributes of respectful affection and polite attention as have seldom been equalled and perhaps never surpassed. At the same time Lady Jersey, who was considered the cause of these matrimonial difficulties, was *mise à l'index* by the aristocracy, and burned in effigy by the mob at Brighton.*

In that same year 1796 a kilted Highland regiment was for the first time reviewed in the Park. It was the North Fencible Highland or 78th (now 72nd) Regiment, raised and commanded by the Duke of Gordon. It had a band of bagpipes, and numbered about 600 men, all fine stalwart fellows, dressed in the Highland costume. The King, surrounded by his sons and a brilliant staff of general officers, met the regiment at the Parade in St. James's Park, and rode at the head of the troops to the place of evolution in Hyde Park. The novelty of the uniform had attracted an enormous concourse of spectators in carriages, and the Park was crowded with all the beauty and fashion of the West end. The Queen was there also, but received hardly so liberal a share of popular attention and admiration as the beautiful Duchess of Gordon and her lovely daughter, the Lady Louisa (*matre pulchra filia pulchrior*). These two ladies, said the papers, were both dressed in the "uniform of the regiment," a statement which must be received with a certain reservation, considering the peculiar nature of that uniform. Probably the two ladies wore dresses or habits of the same tartan as the men's kilts, and after this the "Gordon stripe" for a time became the raging fashion in London.

Reviews continued the order of the day during

* The Times, July 20, 1796, contains correspondence of Dr. Randolph and Lady Jersey, concerning the packet of letters written by the Princess to her father, said to have been opened and delivered to the Prince of Wales by Lady Jersey.

these times of war and invasion-panics, and few regiments were looked after with more interest than the "Loyal London and Middlesex Light Horse Volunteers." This corps, notwithstanding its long name, numbered only three troops of fifty gentlemen each, but among them were the most eminent people of the city, and even the Duke of Montrose served in it as a common trooper. It was the oldest Volunteer corps, and took precedence of all others, having been formed in 1779, when the French fleet was on the coast. The following year it rendered eminent service during the Gordon Riots, for which it was rewarded by the King with a royal standard and by the City with a civic standard. In 1783, at the peace of Versailles, the corps was disbanded, and the standards were deposited in the Tower, but it was again reorganized in 1794, under command of Charles Herries, Esq., during the strong manifestations made in France for an invasion of this country. Their uniform was plain and soldierlike; a scarlet hussar jacket with silver loopings and chain epaulets, white leather breeches, military boots, and black bearskin helmets with a white plume of feathers. Certainly much more tasteful than the vulgar and ridiculous circus uniforms worn by some of the Volunteer cavalry of the present day. The first appearance of this regiment in Hyde Park occurred in July, 1794, on the day when their old standards had been returned to them. Some mirth was excited by the surgeon's Rosinante, and by Mr. Garrow, a special pleader, who was one of the troopers; but the corps soon became a general favourite, thanks to the good services they rendered during various commotions in the city. Subsequently the Islington Volunteer cavalry amalgamated with this regiment, which increased its number to nine troops, the 7th, 8th, and 9th of which were dismounted and acted as riflemen, being armed with rifles on which their broadswords could be fixed in the manner of a bayonet. Attached to this corps was also a detachment of horse artillery, consisting of twenty-four mounted artillerymen and two six-poun-

ders besides a so-called "expedition waggon," for carrying the dismounted troops.

The very opposite of this regiment was reviewed the year following. Perhaps there never was paraded in this country a more comical corps than the "Supplementary Cavalry," or as it was more properly called the "Irregular Cavalry," which mustered in Hyde Park in May, 1798. After there had been formed twenty-nine regiments of Fencible Light Horse Volunteers, the residuum, *le ban et l'arrière ban*, were embodied in the several counties under the above denomination. They were the most motley corps that ever took the field; compared with them Falstaff would have thought his famous levy a *corps d'élite*. There were men of all ages, horses of all sizes, colours, and trimmings, long-tails, nag-tails, crop-tails, and no tails at all. No human eye had ever seen such scarecrows. Here was a giant astride on a pony, there a dwarf perched on a brewer's drayhorse; indeed some of the Rosinantes were so decrepit that they did not pass muster. The spectators were intensely amused with the appearance of this corps and the freaks of the animals, and Justices Jones and Hyde had their hands full to preserve order amongst the crowd, and to refrain them from practical jokes on the luckless "Supplements." The best mounted man in the corps was a servant of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who, being a likely fellow, was dubbed by the officers "Prime Minister of the Troop." After the roll had been called some evolutions were made, during which there were not a few "spills," though no broken bones. After that, the gallant corps rode off in troops, in a manner which partook unmistakeably of the Tailor's ride to Brentford, and left the Park in grand style.

"Like snails over cabbage they all crept along,
Admir'd by their wives and huzzaed by the throng."

Once more there followed a severe winter (1798), and once more the Thames, below London Bridge, became a firm highway, passable for nearly two months.

Of course the Serpentine was frozen, and the usual host of fashionable skaters whirled along its surface. Many there were who made stars on the ice in a manner more or less pleasant to their feelings, but the Marquis of Lorn (subsequently Duke of Argyll) was the cynosure of all eyes, and nobody could equal the ease and grace with which he engraved the cipher and traced the most complicated figures on the ice. More than twenty years afterwards his exploits on the Serpentine were still remembered, and furnished a theme for the rhymster, who thus alluded to him in a satire published in 1819 :

“ Wither'd and pale, next view a Northern Grace,
 With marble forehead but with alter'd face.
 Mild, bland, and gentle, full of well-bred ease,
 Loth to look back, but still intent to please.
 Wrapt in a great-coat he glides along the Park,
 Wrinkles where dimples dwelt his features mark.
 Where once his graceful form attired he strays,
 Where cutting figures oft in varied ways,
 This matchless skater skimmed the frozen tide
 Of river Serpentine, the Cyprian's pride.
 There glided he his slippery path along,
 Agile and sportive, youthful, comely, strong.”*

This Grace, *puellis nuper idoneus*, turned the head of many a fair lady, but his own did not preserve its equilibrium either, for he threw his fortune to the winds. Woods, castles, and domains groaned under the axe, or under the hammer of the auctioneer, or fell to decay for want of attention.

Now also there arose on the horizon of fashion, or rather there blazed in its full meridian, that wonderful phenomenon of elegance, George Bryan Brummel. Up to this period the Prince of Wales, though certainly not remarkable for taste, but only thanks to his rank, had been the *arbiter elegantiarum*, but he was at once dethroned by the superior genius of Brummel, who now was considered

“ The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
 The observed of all observers.”

* Life, High and Low : a Satire. 1819.

Indeed Brummel became the model of all men who wished to dress well, and all who could afford it ordered their clothes of Schweitzer and Dandron, of Cork Street, or Meyer, of Conduit Street, the artists who dressed that sublime dandy. Brummel had just then left the 10th Hussars (in which he held a troop), for the very cogent reason that the regiment had been ordered to Manchester. At this early period of his life, his clothes were a perfect study. But before entering into particulars it may be well to describe the cut of the walking clothes then worn by the "bucks." The coat was generally of blue cloth, and its collar raised against the back of the head like the hood of a monk; the buckskin or nankeen breeches were so incredibly tight, that they could only be got on with immense labour, and when on, could only be taken off in the same manner as an eel is divested of its skin. To this was added a waistcoat about four inches long, open on the chest, and a stiff white muslin cravat which rendered all motion of the head impossible, particularly in a downward direction. Hessian boots completed the costume, and to these Brummel paid particular attention. They were blackened *au vin de champagne*, and two shoemakers were employed to insure the perfection of their fit; one made the right, the other the left foot. No wonder then that when a caricature of the beau appeared in the print-shops, his boots were "warranted real portraits." As he employed two bootmakers for his boots, so he had three glovers for his gloves, one of whom was exclusively charged with the cutting out of the thumbs. Three hairdressers were engaged to dress his hair: one for the front, one for the temples, the third for the occiput. As for his personal appearance, his face was rather long, his features neither plain nor ugly, his forehead unusually high, his hair light brown, whiskers inclined to be sandy, eyes grey and full of oddity. Such was Beau Brummel in 1798, when he assumed the lead of fashion, which position he kept till 1817.

Amongst the lesser stars, which then and long after-

wards turned about this great luminary, were Lord Alvanley, a wit as well as a beau, and Colonel Hanger (subsequently the last Lord Coleraine), familiarly known as Blue Hanger, from the colour of his clothes. This gentleman, who in one season spent 900*l.* in dress clothes alone, was perhaps one of the best dressed men of that age, and was the first to bring satin waistcoats into fashion. Then there was Sir Lumley Skeffington, a man of some literary attainments, who produced a few plays which had their day, and who is consequently noticed in Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," as being

"For skirtless coats* and skeletons of plays
Renowned alike."

Most of these and the other beaux of that period, will be familiar to all lovers of caricatures of Rowlandson, Wood, and other artists,—for those exquisites took as great a pleasure in seeing themselves caricatured as our generation in seeing their cartes-de-visite in stationers' windows. By a love of publicity as perverse as it was unnatural, these bygone dandies and fashionables preferred being ill spoken of to not being spoken of at all. One lady courted notoriety by the indecency of her dress, another by that of her conversation. One man strove after publicity by his intemperance or his extravagance, another did all he could to be libelled in the newspapers or caricatured in the print-shops. But of all the strange and despicable efforts to gain the contempt and reprobation of the public, none equalled that of the above-named Colonel Hanger, who represented himself hanging upon a gallows in the frontispiece of his Memoirs.

Everything in this world is relative, and the times I have now been speaking of so much abounded in horrors of all kinds, robberies, murders, massacres of citizens, plundering of towns, and slaughters of armies, that a gentleman or so killed or wounded in a duel was

* The fashionable "spencers."

not worth recording. To this it must be attributed that hardly any duels are mentioned in the papers between 1793 and 1796. But the registers of honour for the last lustre of the eighteenth century prove that the glorious age of chivalry had not entirely passed away. Amongst others, there appear to have signalized themselves in single combat numbers of military gentlemen, two corporals, two tailors, an attorney, and scores of simple esquires. In most of these encounters, however, honour was fortunately satisfied without any great loss of blood. As usual, not a few of these battles were fought in Hyde Park. In March, 1794, there was a meeting between Captain Parkhurst and Lieutenant Kelly, R.N., in which Kelly had his collar-bone shattered by a pistol-shot. But the duel was not so curious as the cause whence it arose—viz., a difference of opinion concerning the new opera of Don Giovanni, not Mozart's (which appeared in 1787), but the joint production of Gazaniga, Federici, Sarti, and Guglielmi. The opposition to this piece, it is said, had been preconcerted, and it was known beforehand that a riot would take place at the first representation. The performance was throughout interrupted: so determined an opposition to this kind of entertainment had never perhaps been witnessed before or since on an English stage. Several blows passed in the pit, and Captain Parkhurst, who was remarkably forward at having a slap at Don Juan, received a slap in the face from Lieutenant Kelly. In short, till the fall of the curtain, all was noise and uproar, and the scene of Pandemonium had the characteristic accompaniment of groans: not of the damned, but of those troubled spirits who wished to torment the manager.

One Sunday in August, 1796, two American gentlemen, Price and Carpenter by name, fought a duel in the Park in consequence of a difference of opinion about American affairs which had led to hard words the night before at the Virginian Coffee-house. They met at half-past five in the morning, in the Grove behind the Magazine, and fought in the presence of

several people who had been bathing in the Serpentine, and who—some dressed, others naked—stood by as spectators. Carpenter fired first, but missed; Price then replied and shot his antagonist through the body, who died the following day at Richardson's Hotel, Covent Garden. On the afternoon of Sunday, January 14th, 1798, there was a hostile meeting between William, second Earl of Lonsdale, and Sir Frederick Fletcher Vane, Bart., in consequence of some expression in a letter concerning a lawsuit pending between them. Their first meeting in the Park was interrupted by the Guards, who were called to the field of honour by Sir Frederick's pistol *accidentally* going off just after the ground had been measured, and before the word to fire had been given by the seconds. They immediately adjourned to Bayswater, but as Sir Frederick this time came without a second, the affair was once more stopped. The third time they met in Hyde Park at two o'clock, and after firing one harmless shot each, Sir Frederick apologized. All this happened on the same day.

It was a much more serious and obstinate quarrel on which Colonel King (subsequently Lord Lorton) met Colonel Fitzgerald in October, 1798. The cause of this duel was the abduction of Colonel King's sister, the Hon. Mary King, a young lady of sixteen, by Colonel Fitzgerald, who was a married man. They met on Sunday morning the 1st of October, near the Magazine in Hyde Park. Major Wood was Colonel King's second, and as Fitzgerald, in so disgraceful an affair, had not been able to find any gentleman who would espouse his cause, but was willing to fight without a second, it was agreed that the surgeon should remain within sight. Four shots were exchanged at a distance of ten paces, and then, as neither of the parties was killed, wounded, or reconciled, Fitzgerald said something to Major Wood in which he used the words "as a friend." Wood replied that he was not his friend, but that from a principle of humanity he thought the affair ought to go no further if Fitz-

gerald would acknowledge his worthless conduct and submit to whatever Colonel King might say to him. This Fitzgerald refused, and when upon his speaking some words to Colonel King he was cut short with "You are a d—d villain, I wont hear a word you have to offer," it was agreed that the duel should be continued. Three shots more were exchanged, equally unproductive of incident, and as Fitzgerald's ammunition was exhausted the affair terminated for that day with an appointment for the next morning. But they were put under temporary arrest by the Commander-in-Chief in order to prevent a second meeting. Six weeks afterwards Fitzgerald was shot dead by Colonel King, at the Kilworth Hotel in Mitchel Town, in a quarrel upon his attempt to recover possession of Miss King. The Colonel was tried by the Irish House of Parliament, but as no prosscutor appeared he was unanimously acquitted.

Owing to the number of violent deaths which happened in the Park by means of duels, murders, suicides, and Tyburn closely adjoining, it is no wonder that weak-minded people could be made to believe that awful and supernatural events were witnessed there in the dead hour of night. This was the case in 1798, when two soldiers belonging to the 1st regiment of Footguards, for some time greatly imposed upon the credulity of their comrades and acquaintances in the following manner. One of them, who had long pretended to be inspired with an "inward spirit," used to declare that he had frequently seen and conversed with the spirit of the Lord, and if any of his comrades would accompany him any night to Hyde Park, he would convince them of the truth of what he asserted. Accordingly, one of the regiment and a journeyman baker went with him. The wizard, when they arrived in the Park, walked up to a certain tree, drew a magic circle round it, muttered various incantations and spells, when lo! at last a white figure issued from the tree. At this sight the two ghost-seers were so alarmed that they ran away, being fully

convinced that they had seen a supernatural being. This of course increased the reputation of the conjuror. Unfortunately the whole affair was at last detected by a sceptical corporal, who one fine night in August, requested the favour of an introduction to the spirit. After the usual incantations the dread form appeared, but the corporal, instead of running away, made straight towards it. Then the spirit endeavoured to make good its retreat; it was, however, followed, overtaken, and secured by the corporal, who at once recognised him as one of his own comrades. Being caught, he confessed that he used to strip himself naked in order to act the part of a spirit, leaving his clothes in a hollow tree, where he would lie concealed till the moment for his supernatural appearance arrived. The conjuror, after this mishap, disappeared; the ghost was examined by the Bow Street authorities, and was finally restored to the regiment with a sound admonition.

The last year but one of the eighteenth century witnessed the first of a series of grand Volunteer reviews, which took place in Hyde Park during the fear of invasion and the excitement of the war with France. In 1798 the nation put on its most warlike appearance: the hearts, hands, and purses of the people were united, and there was a general concurrence in flying to arms against the "Cannibals of France." In an incredibly short time Volunteer corps were formed all over the country: every town, every village, almost every parish had its "Association," and squares, gardens, churchyards, and other open places were transformed into drill-grounds. It was on Tuesday the 4th of July, 1799, on his 62nd birthday, that King George for the first time reviewed his loyal volunteers *en masse*, in Hyde Park. The weather was just as unfavourable as we have all known it in our own time on similar occasions. From four till six in the morning there was an incessant and heavy fall of rain, and as many of the Associations, in consequence of the distance from the metropolis, had been on the march at an early hour,

they had enjoyed all the benefit of the wet, and arrived in Hyde Park in rather a woful plight. At seven o'clock the London and Middlesex Light Horse Volunteers marched in, and soon after about forty men of the Surrey Yeomanry, for on those two corps had devolved the duty of keeping the ground. Soon after the Hanse Towns Volunteers arrived, next the Temple Association, headed by Colonel-Attorney-General Erskine, on a pony. But

“ Non io se cento bocche e lingue cento
 Avessi, e ferrea lena, e ferrea voce
 Narrar potrei quel numero.”

Be it sufficient to say, that when all the Associations had arrived, there were 65 different corps, numbering 841 cavalry and 7351 infantry. The appearance of this ancient Volunteer army was far more pleasant and showy than that of our day. All the corps wore red and blue uniforms, with variously coloured epaulets and facings, white pantaloons, half-gaiters, and bear-skin helmet-caps plumed with feathers, which, as may be imagined, looked much more lively than the dirty grays and faded greens of their grandsons. Although these Associations were mostly composed of respectable tradesmen and honest workmen, yet many men of rank and scions of the first families carried the musket. In the Bloomsbury Association for instance, the Duke of Bedford was a simple private, Dennett the banker, a sergeant, and Lord Chancellor Loughborough a corporal, all in the same company. The learned corps of the Temple was commanded by the Attorney-General, and among the commanders of other corps appear the names of many peers, as Kensington, Chesterfield, Amherst, Duncannon, Reay, Chetwynd, Hobart, &c., besides several baronets and honourables.

Soon after 8 o'clock the line, under command of General Harrington, was completely formed in three columns. The left column extended from the Serpentine to the north-east gate of Kensington Gardens. The centre ran parallel with the north side of the Park,

and the right column from Hyde Park Corner to Cumberland Gate (the Marble Arch). The cavalry assembled behind the walnut trees, but were afterwards formed in the lower parts of the Park, from the Serpentine to Lord Bathurst's (now Apsley) House. At nine a royal salute fired by the Hon. Artillery Company announced the arrival of his Majesty, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, the Dukes of Kent and of Cumberland, besides a brilliant staff of Generals and A.D.C.'s and a most formidable detachment of Lifeguards. The Duke of York, who was to command the review, had arrived soon after 8 o'clock, accompanied by the Duke of Gloucester. The King passed up the Park, to the right of the line, and, notwithstanding a torrent of rain, rode slowly along, inspecting each corps, and this, owing to the length of the line, necessarily took considerable time. As his Majesty rode past, each corps presented arms, whilst the drums beat and the bands played martial airs. After he had passed along the entire line, the King took up his position somewhere near the centre of the Park, and upon a gun being fired, the whole line primed and loaded. Another gun gave the signal to fire, commencing from the right and extending along the whole column, each Association in turn. In this manner three rounds were fired with anything but regularity, but with the best intention. Next a gun was fired in order to give the signal for waving the caps in the air and shouting three huzzas, which was done with the perfection our countrymen always display in that vocal accomplishment. At the same time all the bands struck up "God save the King," the spectators chimed in with their huzzas, the women waved their handkerchiefs, and the whole presented a scene of enthusiasm which human imagination unaided by reality would find it difficult to conceive. The old King himself was so moved that tears were seen rolling down his cheeks.

After this the corps, headed by General Dundas, filed past his Majesty in grand divisions, as well as they could through a high wind, against a lashing rain and

over a soaked ground. Another royal salute was then fired, and after the King had expressed his highest satisfaction at the appearance and conduct of his loyal and patriotic army, the Associations departed from the ground at about a quarter to one.

Undaunted by the torrents of rain, about 150,000 people, including all the beauty and fashion of London and its environs, were supposed to have witnessed this novel and heart-stirring display. They formed a compact circle round the volunteers, in some parts many hundreds deep. The Queen and the Princesses were not in the Park, but viewed the whole scene from Holderness House, in Park Lane. Not only were the surrounding walls, windows and roofs of houses crowded with spectators, but all the trees were laden with them. To prevent tumult and confusion, no carriages had been admitted into the Park, but the multitude of people on horseback was immense. A curious circumstance is noticed by some of the papers as having occurred on this occasion. Several thousands of small birds flew alternately from the noise of the troops towards the verge of the circle of spectators, from whence they returned terrified to the troops, and *vice versâ*, till they became so exhausted that some of them fell motionless to the ground.

Thursday the 15th of May, 1800, was an eventful day for his Majesty King George III. In the morning the grenadier battalion of the Guards had a grand field day in the Park, in the presence of the King and several general officers. Soon after the commencement of their evolutions, as the battalion was firing from centre to flank, one of the spectators, a gentleman of the name of Ongley, a clerk in the Navy Office, received a musket-ball through the upper part of his left thigh, and fell. The King, who was only a few feet distance from him, immediately rode up and ordered every assistance to be given, and on returning from the field sent his commands to the Surgeon-General and to the Inspector of Hospitals, to wait on the wounded gentleman, and to offer their assistance during the progress

of his cure. That same night a pistol was fired at the King in Drury Lane Theatre, by a mad ex-dragon. The coincidence of this attempt with the event in the Park, tended to strengthen an opinion previously entertained by some, that the shot fired in the morning was not the effect of accident, but arose from a design against the King's life. There does not, however, appear to have been the least reason for such a supposition.

On the King's birthday in 1800 there was another grand Volunteer review, and as usual it again rained heavily. Notwithstanding this, 12,000 volunteers made their appearance in the Parks. The King, surrounded by his sons and a host of gallant generals and officers, reviewed the corps, and the whole ceremony of the year before was acted over again. It commenced at nine, and ended at eleven; all this time his Majesty, without even a great-coat for protection, remained exposed to the pouring rain, and continued in the Park till almost every corps had left. Thousands upon thousands of spectators also were willing "to bide the pelting of the pitiless storm." No umbrella could withstand four or five hours' unceasing rain, and the light and airy summer toilets were in a pitiful state, to the eventual advantage of the draper, the mercer, and the milliner. When the review was over the crush at the Park gates resembled that at the doors of a theatre when some Roscian phenomenon is to appear; and when, to the entire demolition of the careful labours of the toilet, the gate at last was passed, not a coach was to be found, not a porch, passage, or pent-house but was crowded to excess, and there was nothing for it but like King Lear

"To outscorn
The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain,
And bid what will take all."

It would have grieved a heart of stone to have witnessed so many highly respectable tradesmen, citizens, and fathers of families, bespattered and bedraggled from head to foot, without a single dry thread on their

bodies, the water running absolutely out of their breeches' knees. Then the dear wives of their bosom and their lovely daughters followed the fate of the husband and parent, their wet muslins adhering to their fair forms like the draperies of classic statues,—not a few of them having lost their shoes in this terrible rout. What with the volunteers hurrying home, women fainting, drums beating, bugles sounding, dogs barking, vehicles splashing, and children half drowned in the mud, the confusion was worse confounded than that of the Christian army before Jerusalem during the merciless storm of thunder and rain, which, according to Tasso, Beelzebub sent against the Crusaders. The female misery was aggravated by the heartless jokes and coarse mirth of the mob through which the dripping fair had to pass. One of the ammunition waggons of the Hon. Artillery Company left the ground completely filled with fair disabled objects of this description. But even this lamentable sight did not move the heartless crowd, and jokes and gibes were showered upon them, thicker and more unsparing than the torrent itself.

That last winter of the eighteenth century the Serpentine was frozen again, and “dashing skaters of fashion were uncommonly numerous,” amongst whom Lord Villiers “took the lead in agility and grace.” The ladies who flocked to the banks were dressed in most gaudy colours: coquilocot, pink, and scarlet being the prevailing hues. But these colours were even less remarkable than the cut of their garments had been for the last two or three years. Truly, what the fashionable fair used to call “all the fashion,” was then reduced to very little indeed. There was so little to be concealed that there was scarce room for any fashion at all, and to a certain extent our pretty grandmothers were not unlike Eve, of whom the Scriptures say that “she was naked and not ashamed.” These would-be Lady Godivas became a never-ending subject for the unruly pens of satirical newspaper scribblers, and with much reason did the fair nudit

complain of their ill-natured and persevering attacks. For surely it would have been more gallant to have praised the lovely forms these fashions betrayed to the eye, than to have abused them. But of course the efforts of journalists could not conquer the fickle goddess. It was in vain even that Protestant Bishops took the ladies severely to task, and exclaimed against the fashion as indecent and scandalous. It was in vain that his Holiness the Pope fulminated his anathema, and sent out a bull in which he quoted a good old Patriarch of Alexandria, in order to prove that women ought to be clothed. All was to no avail, and nudities continued fashionable for full twenty years.

These fashions originally came from republican France, and were intended to imitate Greek and Roman models. But the Greek zone was worn so posterously above its true situation, that there was no waist left. This remarkable phenomenon was celebrated in a parody on a popular song of the day, "The Banks of Banna :"

"Shepherds, I have lost my love,
Have you seen my Anna?"

which was changed into :

"Shepherds, I have lost my waist,
Have you seen my body?"

At the same time the arms were bared up to the shoulder, the body of the dress travelled downwards, and ere long a corset about six inches high was the only defensive apparatus between the necklace and the apron-strings of a fashionable belle. Petticoats also diminished in size, and allowed a liberal display of silk stockings with gaudy-coloured clocks, and the daintiest of high-heeled shoes.

During this time the summer dresses were as slight in texture as they were scanty in material, clinging close to the person, and "displaying what they seemed to hide." It was then that muslins and tulle were first introduced, and other fairy-like fabrics, similar to those worn by the Roman belles, which Petronius calls

"*ventum textile*," woven wind, whilst our fashionables called theirs "the aërial." This paucity of dress was not unaptly ridiculed in one of the periodicals by the following imaginary dialogue between a lady and a fashionable milliner. "I am just come to town, Mrs. Fur'below, pray have the goodness to inform me how I must appear to be in fashion." "That can be done in a moment, my lady; in two minutes I shall equip you in the first of the style: have the goodness to take off that bonnet." "Very well." "Please to take off that gown." "There it is." "Away with those petticoats." "There they go." "Throw off that handkerchief from your shoulders." "'Tis done." "Away with those stays and sleeves." "Will that do?" "Yes, my lady, now you are quite in the fashion. You see it is an easy matter. To be dressed in the fashion, you have only to undress."

This concluded the follies of the eighteenth century,



HYDE PARK CORNER in 1822. — By George Cruikshank.



BOAT-HOUSE OF THE ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY.

CHAPTER X.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE cold northerly wind and the wintry weather on the 4th of April, 1801, did not prevent Hyde Park from being crowded with beauties and fashionables: "we had almost said ultra-beauties," quoth the *Times*, then a promising stripling of about sixteen year-old. "So extremely lovely," continues he, "are the women of this day, and so little occasion have they to show more than their faces, to prove the full effect of their charms upon beholders. The Marquis of Townshend in his phaeton enjoyed and ornamented the Park. We believe he literally passed amongst the blessings of the spectators. This venerable nobleman has not lost a particle of his amiableness, which endeared him in his younger years both in the public service and in private life. He has had the rare

fortune to be beloved in power and out of it.”* The veteran nobleman here so warmly praised by the *Times*, was George, the first Marquis of Townshend, then eighty years of age; and well did he deserve these encomiums, for he was a universal favourite, frank, convivial, and abounding in wit and humour. His career had been brilliant. He had been aide-de-camp to the Duke of Cumberland, at Culloden; had fought at the side of George II. at Dettingen; had been present at Lafeldt and Fontenoy; had taken Quebec after the death of Wolfe, and had served in Portugal under the Count la Lippe. Among the many anecdotes told of this Marquis, the following is characteristic of the man. The first time he faced the enemy was at the battle of Dettingen, when his regiment sustained a heavy fire. A round shot struck a drummer who stood close beside him on the head, and scattered the man's brains over Lord Townshend's coat, at which his lordship, then a novice to the horrors of war, was considerably shocked and discomposed. He soon recovered himself, however, for when a veteran officer clapped him on the shoulder and said—“What, my lord, are you afraid?” Townshend coolly replied, “Afraid? No, I am not afraid; but,” said he, shaking the poor drummer's brains off his coat, “I was just wondering how a fellow with so much brain had ever come to be a soldier.”

But to return to the Park. In the first year of this century ladies of the “equestrian order” were still numerous, and driving was more fashionable than ever, so that the fair sex were much oftener seen on the box than in the carriage. Their driving dress was usually a box-coat and cape, a round white beaver hat lined with green muslin, a cravat, and Hessian boots. Beneath the coat the costume consisted of a cambric dress, fitting close to the body, sometimes even without any plait, and gored in such a manner as to disclose the shape of the limbs. It was even said that some ladies of the type superfine, used to damp their dress in order to make it fit more closely. Among these

* *Times*, April 5, 1801.

female Jehus the Marchioness of Donegal was considered one of the most dexterous, and the way in which she drove her phaeton with four greys excited general admiration. Next to her the Countess of Mansfield was commended for the accomplished manner in which she "tooled her team," and "fingered the ribbons," and it was admitted among the whips, that she could not have done better had her father been a mailcoach driver instead of an archbishop.

Meanwhile the war still continued, without leading to any very material result, except a most monstrous national debt of about 200,000,000/. The French occasionally made a descent and singed a few yards of our coast, just sufficient to keep alive the fear of invasion. Much attention continued to be paid to the army, and the wondering spectators in the Park witnessed all manner of improvements. In the summer of 1801, the Footguards, previous to being sent to the Continent, were exercised in the Park every morning and evening with eight field-pieces. Each gun was drawn by two horses, and had fifteen men attached to it, besides the regular artillerymen. All the regiments of Light Horse also had ordnance attached to them, and this was called "the flying artillery." At last, after much fighting and certain signal victories by sea, though not many by land, a peace was concluded at Amiens, to the immense satisfaction of a great part of the nation. Illuminations and fireworks kept London in a blaze for nearly a whole week. In fact, if the nation's joy might be calculated by the quantity of tallow, oil, and gunpowder expended throughout the kingdom, there certainly was no more joyful country under the sun, than this isle of ours at the end of April, 1802. Scarcely, however, were the lamps and transparencies put away, which had served to celebrate the long wished for peace, when war broke out again, and once more the Park resounded daily with "the heart-stirring drum and the ear-piercing fife." George III. considered it his mission in this world to check the inordinate ambition of the Titan

Bonaparte, and replace the Bourbons on the throne. Hence it may be justly said that one-half of our national debt was contracted to pull down these same Bourbons—the other half to restore them.

Ere long a descent on poor old England was again agitated in the cabinet of the powers that were in France, and there never was so great a fear of invasion in this country. The *Armée d'Angleterre* lay encamped near Boulogne, and the smoke of their camp fires might almost have been seen from our shores. Volunteering commenced with renewed ardour through the length and breadth of this land: large sums were subscribed for this purpose, and soon each parish had again its loyal association. Even boys were formed into volunteer corps in different parts of the country, and soon handled the musket with sufficient skill to make the drill-sergeant taste the sweets of his

“delightful task—
To teach the young idea how to *shoot*.”

Nor was London backward in the martial movement. All manner of open spaces, now long since built over, were covered from morning till night with our loyal defenders. Thus the Chelsea Volunteers were drilled in a field near Sloane Square; the Light Horse in a field near Gray's Inn Lane; the Bloomsbury in the Toxophilite Grounds, behind Gower Street; the Pimlico in a green near Ranelagh Street; the Marybone in a field at the end of Harley Street; the Clerkenwell in Bowling-green Lane, Clerkenwell; and Moorfields gathered more regiments than any other spot excepting Hyde Park, on which reviews and sham-fights concentrated the corporate forces on field days. Not one of the spaces now remains where these loyal troops were drilled, and where they fired at figures painted so as to represent “Monsieur Bonaparté,” as they facetiously persisted in calling him, even long after he had made himself heir to the Republic. There they fired with such hearty good-will that the consumption of powder in the metropolis alone was estimated at seven tons per

week, which, added to some other items, made a sum total of 1,500,000*l.* which the Volunteers annually cost the country.

Merrily sounded the bugles and gaily beat the drum on the morning of Wednesday, the 26th of October, 1803, as regiment after regiment of the London District Volunteers marched into Hyde Park, to be once more reviewed by his Majesty. The morning, however, was unpropitious, a thick veil of fog and mist shrouding the fair face of heaven, with an inveterate north-east wind sweeping all the smoke of this most smoky metropolis over the scene, and making the whole atmosphere little better than "a foul and pestilential congregation of vapours," so that the Volunteers, like Homer's Cimmerians, marched "with fog and cloud enveloped." As soon as the corps approached Buckdine Hill there was a general stampede among the deer, which rushed like mad animals towards the Serpentine, took the water in one confused herd, and swam across to the other side. By eight o'clock all the corps were assembled, to the number of 14,500 men, and at nine deployed into line, extending from the extremity of Buckdine Hill entirely round the Park. Just before ten o'clock the King arrived, mounted on his favourite grey charger, and was received with a royal salute of twenty-one guns from the Hon. Artillery Company. His Majesty was escorted by two troops of Light Dragoons, and accompanied by the Duke of York, in field-marshal's uniform, and the Duke of Clarence in the uniform of the Teddington Volunteers, of which corps he was Colonel. The Queen and the four Princesses were in an open calèche. Besides these royal personages, there was a brilliant staff of general officers, and an interesting sprinkling of foreigners of rank. Amongst these were the Prince of Condé, in a white uniform faced with blue; the Duke of Bourbon, in white faced with red; and the Duke of Berry in green. There were also Generals Pichegru and Dumouriez, in green uniforms with red facings, and a Mameluke chief, Elfi Bey, arrayed in the gaudy trappings of his country.

As soon as King George had taken up his position by the royal standard, planted in the middle of the Park, a gun was fired and the whole line presented arms, the officers saluted, the colours dropped, and all the bands struck up the national anthem. After that the King rode along the line, commencing with the Loyal Light Horse Volunteers, who formed the extreme right and were drawn up on Buckdine Hill. Just then the fog for a moment dispersed, which up to this period had been rather dense, and a momentary gleam of sunshine lit up the scarlet uniforms and white crossbelts, flashing on the polished muskets, and sparkling on the gold of the glittering uniforms and trappings in the royal *cortége*. When the whole line had been inspected the firing commenced. "It was in general bad; but," said the conciliatory papers, "this may be easily accounted for, because the troops were *not accustomed to fire into the air*"—a prudent measure adopted on account of stray ramrods. After the firing, as on former occasions, the Volunteers let off their loyalty in three tremendous cheers, filed past the King, and departed, all exactly in the same way as at former reviews. It was calculated that 250,000 spectators had been present. The whole of the ground in the rear of the royal train was covered to the summit of the hill with ladies elegantly dressed, chiefly in white, while the men were mostly in red, with the exception of naval officers and sharpshooters. Every available space about the Park was occupied, even the trees and walls were packed with human beings, women as well as men. Thousands of spectators also were seen at the windows of the houses in Piccadilly and Park Lane, as well as in those of St. George's Row, leading to Bayswater, while the small houses and taverns near Hyde Park Corner were filled to the very tops of their roofs.

The *éclat* with which the review of the London District of Volunteers had come off, excited a burning ambition in the breasts of the Westminster, Lambeth, and Southwark corps to show what they could do also, at the review which was to take place in Hyde Park

the Friday following, October 28th. So great was the anxiety of some corps that they took no sleep during the previous night, but spent the greater part of it in brushing, polishing, and pipeclaying. The fog, however, was determined that the southern districts should have no atmospherical advantage over the northern. Not content with equalling the darkness of the Wednesday, it increased to such a degree that at half-past seven not a single object could be seen in the Park, and several corps would have passed by the gate, had they not been stopped by a party of Lifeguards stationed there to guard the entrance. Fortunately, about ten o'clock the fog began to disperse, and the sun broke forth in all its splendour, the suddenness of which produced a most magnificent as well as delightful spectacle. Just then the King entered, surrounded by the usual glittering host, and followed by the Queen and Princesses in three open carriages. But it was observed that though all the other Royal Highnesses were there, neither on this day nor on the previous Wednesday did the Prince of Wales make his appearance. The proceedings were a repetition of former occasions, and the number of troops amounted to thirty-three regiments, or 17,000 men. There was an immense number of spectators, particularly ladies, both on horseback and on foot; it was remarked that many of the first wore riding habits with military stomachers, in compliment no doubt to their gallant defenders. The light-fingered gentry were also very well represented in the field: great numbers of them were captured, and a score were sent on board the tender to serve his Majesty in the fleet.

The newspapers of those days contain scarcely any intelligence except that of the movements of the French and English armies. But these were not chronicled with half the accuracy bestowed upon the reviews and field-days of Volunteers. And as for sham-fights, they were described as minutely as if each of these bloodless battles had been the means of saving the country. Cobbett alone poured out the vials of his wrath on the

head of these luckless defenders of their country, whom in his *Weekly Register* he facetiously described as Messrs. Tape and Buckram, insolent, bloated, fat, unwieldy shopkeepers, and frail emaciated manufacturers. He heartily cursed and damned them with a volubility, variety, and vehemence which even Bishop Ernulphus's document in "Tristram Shandy" could not have exceeded. Next to the villanous Volunteers the great object of Cobbett's detestation was a bank-note; and from these two causes, Volunteers and bank-notes, he confidently predicted the downfall of the monarchy and the ruin of this country.

The Park by no means gained by the war-fever. The avenue of walnut trees at the east end, which had stood for above a century, was sold for 500*l.*, and the wood used for gunstocks. The grass was completely destroyed by the constant drilling of troops and brigading of Volunteers. Above all, the ladies who still cheered the Park with their presence, experienced a most mortifying scarcity of scarlet cicisbeos. But, on the other hand, the female fashions were tinged with a dash of the military. The coalscuttle bonnet went out, and was succeeded by a kind of head-dress with plumes, somewhat resembling that of the Volunteers. A real improvement, certainly, for however useful the coalscuttle bonnet may have been in concealing ill-favoured faces, it was not calculated to add much fuel to the fire of love. In the ensuing winter the costume was still more militarized, and every beauty wore a military pelisse, just as in our generation we have seen the ladies enthusiastic over Zouave jackets and Garibaldi's, whilst some strong-minded females have even descended to the hideous Volunteer leggings.

In this scarcity of incidents it is a godsend to the chronicler when anything happens out of the usual course of events. But the Park was becoming very regular, having abandoned all its evil courses. Scarcely any robberies were now committed in it, the last one worth mentioning having been that of the Rev. Robert Nares, author of the "Glossary," and other works,

who in 1791 was robbed of his money, besides his hat, spectacles, and gloves. Duels also diminished every year. In June, 1802, a Mr. R—d—n of Mark Lane, and Captain S[tewar]d of P[o]l[war]th, fired a couple of shots at each other, and the latter received an ugly wound in the neck. In January, 1803, an officer and a surgeon in the navy fought at six paces distance, when the last was shot through the breast, but no vital part was wounded. The most romantic details at first were circulated about this duel, but as they were subsequently contradicted, they cannot be honoured with a place in these veracious chronicles. The last affair of honour which I find to have taken place in the Park happened in April, 1817, when the Hon. H. C. and a Mr. John T. fired twice at each other and were both wounded.*

Another duel was fought in 1803 which created a great sensation, and, since it arose from a fracas in Hyde Park, it may be briefly told here, although the fatal fight took place on Primrose Hill. About four o'clock one day in April, 1803, Colonel Montgomery of the Footguards was riding in his curriole in Hyde Park, followed by a favourite Newfoundland dog. He had not proceeded far along the ride when he perceived his dog engaged in a fight with another of the same breed. This dog belonged to Captain Macnamara, R.N., and was also a favourite with his master. The Colonel immediately jumped out of his curriole, and while in the act of parting the two animals, struck Macnamara's dog with his whip, which being observed by that gentleman he alighted from his horse, and went to the protection of his dog. Some irritating language was used, and an appointment was made for a meeting the same evening at the foot of Primrose Hill. The consequence was that Colonel Montgomery was shot through the heart, and Captain Macnamara right through

* It has been stated that the Dukes of Buckingham and of Bedford fought a duel in Hyde Park in 1822, but this is a mistake: the meeting of these two noble champions took place in Kensington Gardens on the 2nd of May of that year.

the body just above the hip, but this wound did not prove mortal. Both these gentlemen, but in particular Colonel Montgomery, were well known about town. The last was a remarkably handsome man, and long conspicuous for dressing like the Duke of Hamilton, from which circumstance he was called the Duke of Hamilton's double or shadow, and much small wit was expended by the morning papers on account of this peculiarity. Both the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York were very intimate with him, and the former is said to have shed tears at hearing of his melancholy end. Macnamara had fought two or three duels before, and was well known at Cork for keeping the turbulent in awe. On the trial which he underwent in consequence of this duel, Lords Nelson, Hood, Minto, and Hotham all spoke highly in his favour, and he was found not guilty.

But though duels for a time still continued to be fought among military gentlemen, Hyde Park having lost its secluded character, was no longer the cockpit. Besides, duelling had had its day: opinion set in strongly against it, and the law helped to stamp the evil fashion out. Somehow or other, Bow Street runners generally happened to be most conveniently on the spot just as distances were measured and pistols cocked, and heavy recognizances to keep the peace were the consequences. As early as 1783, Mr. Flood and Mr. Grattan were bound over by Lord Chief Justice Annaly to keep the peace, in recognizances of 20,000*l.* each, having been apprehended when they had just reached the ground for a hostile meeting. In a similar manner Earl Pomfret and Viscount Falkland were interrupted in the Park, and shortly afterwards the Marquis of Donegal and Sir Henry Vane. Lord Camelford, the noted duellist, having kidnapped a Mr. Abbott from his own dinner-table, and taken him in his carriage late at night to Acton Green, in order to risk his worldly existence in a moonlight encounter, had to find bail for 4000*l.*, and two securities of 2000*l.* each. Two tailors even, and two of Broadwood's journeymen piano-makers,

bent on single combats, were mulcted in a similar manner. And as a wound in the purse is frequently more unpleasant than a pistol-shot, the practice of duelling fell gradually into disuse.

Boxing and other sports were just then revived, thanks to the fostering patronage of the Prince of Wales, the Dukes of Hamilton and of Queensberry, Lord Camelford, and numerous other nobles and gentlemen. Those were the glorious days of Dutch Sam, Tom Cribb, the Russian, Richmond, the Game Chicken, Mendoza, the Belchers, and a host of minor celebrities. Some of these occasionally selected Hyde Park as the theatre of their mauling exploits. More frequently, however, foot-races were run in the Park. In November, 1803, two respectable tradesmen met to run one hundred yards for a small bet. Their ages together amounted to 135 years, and the eldest, aged 73, won the race. In March, 1807, an apprentice from Poland Street, named Keith, ran a race with an acquaintance for a trifling wager. They were to perform 400 yards, but in the last fifty yards Keith fell down and expired, having ruptured a bloodvessel by over-exertion. At that time foot-races were extremely fashionable among military and other gentlemen, owing perhaps to the reputation acquired by Captain Barclay, of the 23rd Welsh Fusiliers. March, 1807, there was a race for fifty guineas in Hyde Park, distance 300 yards, by Lieutenant Jameson and Captain O'Hara. They walked together nearly half the distance, when the lieutenant "made play," kept the lead, and beat his opponent by about a length. The following year, in July, one Mr. Torrens, for a stake of twenty guineas, undertook to run one mile in five minutes, at two starts, and to rest half a minute. He performed it with ease in four minutes forty-five seconds. In November of the same year Lieutenant Hawkey and a Mr. Snowden, of Nottingham Street, ran 200 yards for fifty guineas. The latter won by one yard, having run the distance in twelve seconds. Finally, in December there was a sack-race between a coachman, aged seventy-seven, and a countryman, for a wager of twenty guineas.

The ground was measured, 110 yards from Grosvenor Gate, which was performed by the winner, the countryman, in forty-six seconds and a half.

On one of the first Sundays in the spring of 1804, we are told in the fashionable slang style of the period, that Rotten Row was uncommonly crowded with equestrians, and though there was generally a good display of "blood, bone, figure, and movement," yet the quadrupeds from the livery stables were sufficiently prevalent. Owing to this circumstance, the public were on the brink of sustaining a most grievous and irreparable loss. A restive livery Bucephalus, having flung his rider prostrate in the dust, set off at a furious gallop in the direction of the stables whence he came. In his mad career he was within a hair's breadth of running over and destroying the celebrated philosopher Martin van Butchell, who with sober gait ambled his white palfrey along, in deep contemplation of the vanity of the age, or was perhaps studying some new elastic brace or other important invention for the benefit of mankind. The loss of this great man would have been a cause of sorrow inexpressible to all the frequenters of the Park, of which he was one of the *habitués*, and if no ornament, at least one of the curiosities. The learned doctor, who lived in Mount Street, Berkeley Square, was a decided enemy to the razor, which was never allowed to touch his chin. Frequent and amusing allusions to his "comely beard" occur in almost every one of his eccentric advertisements. The most extraordinary of Mr. van Butchell's effusions on this subject is perhaps the following :

"Am not I the first healer (at this day) of bad fistulæ? With an handsome beard like Hippocrates! The combing I sell one guinea each hair. (Of use to the fair that want fine children:—I can tell them how; it is a secret.) Some are quite auburn; others silver-white:—full half a quarter long, growing—(day and night)—only fifteen months." In another advertisement he describes himself as "a British Christian man, with a comely beard full eight inches long."

On Sunday mornings, Van Butchell used regularly to attend at the spring above the Serpentine, near the Guardhouse, where he distributed the water to the people, after having added some nostrum to it. Riding in the Park was the favourite recreation of this eccentric character, and his appearance there was not a little curious. The principle on which he retained his beard he extended also to animals, which, he contended, should never be docked, nicked, or trimmed. His steed was a white pony, which, it is said, he sometimes took into his head to paint with spots or streaks of purple, black, or other colours, and on this pony he once ran a race in the Park and won. The *tout ensemble* of the rider, with a shallow narrow-brimmed hat, much the worse for wear, the venerable quantum of flowing beard, a rusty brown coat, boots of the same complexion, and the pony decorated in the above-mentioned whimsical fashion, had a most ludicrous effect, and often attracted a considerable number of spectators. A headstall which he occasionally used was a most curious contrivance. A blind was affixed to it, and this he could let down over the animal's eyes, and draw up again at pleasure, in case the horse did take fright, or to prevent him from seeing any particular object. With all these whimsicalities, Van Butchell was really a man of science and ability, and the inventor of some useful objects. Few readers are perhaps aware that it is to this eccentric doctor they are indebted for the invention of braces for unmentionables, which he first introduced to the world under the denomination of "elastic bands."

There was again skating on the Serpentine in December, 1805, and Deshayes, a famous male dancer of the Opera House, shared the admiration with Tom Sheridan for agility and grace. The Parisot, a beautiful female dancer of the same house, was also present, and expectation was on tiptoe to see her display some of those graceful movements for which she was so celebrated. But on this occasion she preferred to continue a spectator rather than a performer. As usual the

banks were crowded. There was a plentiful quota of dash, lounge, and fashion of the sterner sex, and of the softer much of the buxom and the bonny, enveloped in sable palls and hussar pelisses. It may interest our female readers to know that among the ladies, Indian shawls for the first time made their appearance. They were put on in the ugly, stiff, three-cornered fashion we all know, and (I hope) detest. That winter also our grandmothers wore *sealskin* shawls, ornamented with gold cord and Indian or Grecian borders and tassels.

Hyde Park in the beginning of this century began to be rather deficient in wood, but the Earl of Euston, during the time he was Ranger, ordered some judicious plantations to be made, which soon tended to enliven its general appearance. His lordship in 1806 caused a new bridge to be built over the east end of the Serpentine. But in this undertaking he appears to have been less successful. A few years afterwards (in 1811) the whole gave way, and the water had to be drawn into the ponds below by wooden aqueducts, preparatory to the restoration of this extensive work. Lord Euston in 1807 was succeeded by John Thomas, second Viscount Sydney, who remained in office till his death, which happened in 1831.

On June 29, 1808, some interesting debates took place in the House of Commons concerning a scheme then under contemplation for building houses in Hyde Park. A plan, it appears, had been laid before the Treasury, to empower Lord Ponsonby and other noblemen to erect eight residences, on the site till then occupied by the Duke of Gloucester's unsightly riding house. Mr. Windham brought this subject before the House, and manfully spoke out. The Lord Chancellor denied any such intention; but Mr. Biddulph, member for Denbigh, assured the House that he had heard, in a casual conversation concerning improvements, of a plan for surrounding the Park with a belt of houses, the profits of which would defray the expense of building such a palace as would be suitable for a

King of this country to inhabit. Sir Francis Burdett also inveighed against any such encroachment.

The following day Mr. Creevy, the well-known Whig member for Thetford, again held forth upon this subject. And though he did not deny his Majesty's right of disposing of the Parks, yet he thought the public had a pretty good claim to the use of them, considering that within a few years they had paid no less than 71,000*l.* for improvements. Mr. Windham went further and said he was not quite sure that his Majesty possessed the right of disposing of the Park in the way proposed, and he should like to know how the Crown and the public stood in that respect, and whether the Crown had not given up the right in consequence of the payment from the Consolidated Fund. He further remarked that as it was, it could scarcely be called a Park any longer, for it was almost invested with houses. On one side there was Knightsbridge, grown into a considerable town, on another Kensington: there was also a great town starting on the north side. Now if in addition to these a number of houses should be erected, the power of vegetation would be completely destroyed. Sheridan also, with his usual wit, protested against any such encroachments, asserting that in all the London improvements he was anxious to promote, it "was a principle with him not to *crib* one inch from any of the Parks." Hamilton Place he called an encroachment, a nuisance, and a gibbet-like erection. Bathurst House he could compare to nothing but a tub of bricks, and whilst discussing the proposal of erecting a number of houses parallel with Park Lane, he remarked that it would be a less objectionable plan to build on both sides of Rotten Row, that gentlemen might take their morning rides there, and have the advantage of being gazed at by ladies in the balcony. Thanks to these well-timed attacks, the Park was spared.

Eccentric and original characters, male and female, were far less uncommon formerly than now. In proportion as society acquires a more enlightened and elegant tone, it loses its peculiarities: civilization

takes off the sharp touches and spirited reliefs, and wears them down into a uniform polished and monotonous surface. Oddities and singularities of individual character are eradicated, refined away, and softened down by the levelling influence of good-breeding. Those whose days have numbered half a century may easily call to memory various originals they have met with in the course of their lives, though they might only with difficulty be able to point out one or two eccentric characters in the present generation. Civilization is a mighty leveller of all kinds of dissimilarities, nationalities, character, dress, and indeed, what not? Now-a-days all ladies and gentlemen dress uniformly; their study is *not* to be *voyant*, and the only variety arises from taste, and manifests itself in the manner of following the prevailing fashion. We can scarcely now form an idea of the gaiety and variety presented by Hyde Park on fine Sundays, when this present century was in its teens. One Sunday in April, 1809, for instance, the company in the Park were regaled with the sight of a lady in a splendid Polish costume. People took her for a Polish countess at the least, but she turned out to be simply a ballet-girl from Drury Lane. Another day a belle appeared ornamented like a tragedy queen; her head-dress was a coronet of crimson velvet, encircled by broad gold lace, and her robe imperial purple trimmed with ermine. This fair original had the honour to be a ladies'-maid. Another beauty attracted particular notice by wearing a plaid bonnet of Scottish fashion, and a mantle made of tartan cloth. Now, though these were mere oddities, yet the generality of ladies dressed *à outrance*. They appeared in the Park with pelisses of all colours, trimmed with gold lace, and later in the season of that same year, 1809, we hear that pea-green, lilac, pink, purple, straw, and apple-blossom, were the prevailing colours for the promenades, and that many ladies of distinction appeared on fine days "in white satin with a coronet of the same, and cloaks of silver grey or pea-green silk."

Among the eccentrics who about this period attracted

general attention in the Park, Lord Petersham may take precedence of all others. Had his lordship done nothing more than invent the famous Petersham overcoat, it would have been sufficient to establish his reputation as a man of eccentric taste, but he went further. His equipages were amongst the best appointed in the Park, but everything about them was brown; the horses, the coach, the harness, the livery, and even the glazed hat of the groom, all was brown. Like the knights of old, the gallant Viscount had adopted this colour in honour of his lady-love, a handsome widow, Mrs. Mary Browne, *née* Campbell. But notwithstanding this compliment paid to her name, Mrs. Browne bestowed her hand on the Lord Mountjoy, subsequently Earl of Blessington; and it was a daughter of this couple who eventually became the wife of Count d'Orsay.

A still more singular fantastic was a certain wealthy half-witted gentleman from Antigua, Mr. Robert Coates, sometimes called Diamond Coates, who used daily during the season to make his appearance in the Park, in a singular shell-shaped curricie, drawn by two beautiful white horses, and in its own way the very neatest thing ever seen in London before or since. The harness and every available part of the carriage was emblazoned with his heraldic device, a cock crowing, and his appearance in the streets of London generally set all the blackguard boys crowing. This original was nicknamed *Romeo* Coates, from the incredibly ludicrous manner in which, as an amateur, he performed the part of *Romeo* in the public theatre at Bath. Undismayed by the derisive reception he had met with from the public, he in 1813 reappeared on the boards of the Haymarket Theatre, under the pseudonym of "The Amateur of Fashion," and in the character of "the gallant, gay Lothario," in Rowe's tragedy of the "Fair Penitent." Never had Garrick or Kemble in their best times so largely excited the public attention and curiosity. The very remotest nooks of the gallery were filled with fashion, while in a stage box sat the performer's

notorious friend, the Baron Ferdinand Geramb. Coates's performance was again absurd beyond conception, and his slender little voice was almost drowned in catcalls and crowing of cocks. In the second act, in the altercation between Lothario and Horatio, the actor who played the latter introduced the following lines, which do not occur in the original part :—

“Why drive you thus in state about the Park,
With curricule and pair, the crest a cock?”

The audience relished the joke exceedingly, but Mr. Coates, swelling with rage, made a speech to the public, expostulating about the propriety of his dress and equipage, which set the whole house in a roar of laughter. He survived it, however, and appeared once more before the London public, in the character of Belcour in “The West Indiaman,” when the usual scene of riot and confusion ensued. In the provinces they were even less indulgent, for in Birmingham, where he once attempted to act, they actually drove him off the stage. Notwithstanding these vagaries, Coates, thanks to the almighty pound sterling, was flatteringly received by the world of fashion; not only was he courted by the minor stars, but he even enjoyed the attention of the eccentric Petersham, the intimacy of the witty Barrymore, and the polite endurance of the accomplished Skeffington.

Another original, but of a very different stamp, was a *habitué* of the Park about the same time, a famous moustached, tight-laced German General and Baron, who rejoiced in the euphonious name of Ferdinand Geramb. Even that patronymic was disputed him by his enemies—and their name was legion. They asserted that he was merely a German Jew who, having married the widow of a Hungarian Baron, assumed her defunct husband's title. Geramb was known to all frequenters of the Park for his ringlets, his superb moustaches, and his immense spurs. On the strength of these he did a thousand grotesque acts, and amongst others, it is said, made proposals of marriage to one of the English Princesses. This Don Whiskerandos

created a world of admiration, and his fiery moustaches were closely imitated by several illustrious personages, by whom he was held up as a model to imitate. Ere long, moustaches *à la Geramb*, gold spurs several inches long, and tight-laced coats, took the town by storm: for these peculiarities the swells of that time are noticed by Byron in "The Waltz," with a satirical *coup-de-griffe*, when he remarks that stays are

"Transferr'd to those ambiguous things that ape
Goats in their visage, women in their shape."

At head-quarters, however, Geramb was all in all: there he was consulted on the invention of military patterns and fantastic fopperies in dress; and it is to him, be it known, that the British army is indebted for the introduction of hussar uniforms. After "astonishing the natives" for some years in London by a variety of warlike and other adventures, he was at last sent out of the country in April, 1812, under the Alien Act, and landed at Hamburg. This not being a fighting city, the Baron betook himself to writing against the Emperor Napoleon, who soon showed his appreciation of this attention by providing lodgings for him in the dungeon of Vincennes. There, in a terrible fear of being shot, Geramb made a vow that should he live to be released, he would renounce the devil and his works, and become a Trappist. As age was coming on apace, and his lamp well nigh burnt out, he was as good as his word. Being liberated at the Restoration, he at once entered a Trappist convent under the name of Brother Joseph, and in course of time became abbot and procurator-general of the Order. And thus it may be said of him, that *il se sauva sur la même planche de l'ennui et de l'enfer*.



THE CAKE HOUSE.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PEACE FESTIVITIES.

A WHIMSICAL scene took place in Hyde Park in the October of 1809. At that time, and for many years afterwards, there were only a few detached houses north of the Uxbridge Road : an alehouse or two by the roadside, and further on two little hamlets in the midst of the fields, respectively named Craven Hill and Westbourne Green, for as yet Paddington was limited to a row of houses along the Edgware Road. All the rest was meadow, pasture land, and open country. Thus it happened that one day an adventurous hare, like the pigeon in Lafontaine,

“ S’ennuyant au logis,
Fut assez fou pour entreprendre
Un voyage en lointain pays.”

Unfortunately she happened to come into Hyde Park just at the hour when the *beau monde* were taking their daily allowance of fresh air and exercise, and was suddenly discovered frisking about on the open space between the Barracks and the Serpentine. As soon as the animal appeared there was a general shout in the promenade, and all ranks immediately joined in the chase. Poor puss, finding a retreat impossible, took to the Serpentine, and swam across with great rapidity. But even that was in vain: the alarm had already spread to the other side, and before she came on shore numbers were ready to receive her. At length, being afraid to attempt a landing, and almost exhausted by terror and fatigue, she seemed to be drowning, when a boy jumped into the water and seized her. A gentleman immediately released her from her pain by killing her, and giving the boy a crown, carried away his prize. This chase must have been worthy the pencil of Rowlandson or Gilray, for old and young, beaux and belles, as if by irresistible impulse, started forward as soon as the unfortunate animal appeared. And as vast crowds collected from all quarters, and eagerly joined in the sport, there was an infinity of jostling, tumbling, and sprawling among those who wished to be foremost in the pursuit.

In the first decade of the present century the Four-in-Hand Club was at the pinnacle of its glory, and the highest aim of many gentlemen of rank and fashion was to resemble grooms and coachmen—in dress, language, and manners. It is told of a Mr. Akers that he had his front teeth filed, and paid 50*l.* to Dick Vaughan, alias “Hell Fire Dick,” the famous old “coachee” of the Cambridge “Telegraph,” for teaching him to spit *secundum artem* and in true coachmanlike fashion. Altogether there was a perfect understanding between drivers and men of fashion, and many gentlemen actually drove coaches “professionally” on the Brighton, Holyhead, Oxford, Bath, and Bristol roads. It is to this absurdity that Byron alluded in the following stanzas:

“The devil first saw, as he thought, the mail,
 Its coachman and his coat;
 So instead of a pistol he cock’d his tail,
 And seized him by the throat.
 ‘Aha!’ quoth he, ‘what have we here?
 ’Tis a new barouche and an ancient peer!’

“So he sat him on his box again,
 And bade him have no fear,
 But be true to his club, and stanch to his rein,
 His brothel and his beer;
 ‘Next to seeing a lord at the council board,—
 I would rather see him here.’”*

The Four-in-Hand Club generally commenced their “field-days” in the beginning of May, and ended them in the middle of June. Usually they turned out three times a week, and their cavalcades formed one of the cockney sights. A “leading whip” was appointed, and he generally gave a *déjeuner* to his brother Erichthonii, at which, in the language of the club, the ladies also did “bang up.” At the time in question Mr. Buxton was the leading whip. He resided in Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square, and from his house the cavalcade usually started. On such days the windows in that neighbourhood displayed a brilliant assemblage of fine ladies, and carriages of every description crowded the avenues adjoining. After the mortal man had been sufficiently fortified with creature comforts, a horn was sounded for the whips to prepare, when sometimes as many as twenty or thirty coaches, “all got up regardless of expense,” arranged themselves in a cavalcade. Uniformity prevailed as much as possible in their appearance, yellow being the favourite colour. The gentlemen were all dressed alike in dark green, long-waisted, single-breast frocks, with yellow buttons, on which were engraved the words “Four-in-Hand;” waistcoat of kerseymere, ornamented alternately with stripes of blue and yellow; smallclothes of white corduroy, made moderately high, and very long over the knee, buttoning in front over the shin-bone; boots very short with long tops, only one outside strap to

* Byron, “The Devil’s Drive,” an unfinished rhapsody.

each and one to the back, the latter being employed to keep the breeches in a longitudinal shape. Conical hats with wide brim; box or driving coat of drab cloth with fifteen capes and two tiers of pockets; cravat of white muslin spotted with black, and a bouquet of myrtle, pink, and geranium in the buttonhole. Each barouche had two gentlemen on the box, and two servants behind, one of whom had to blow a mail-horn. When all was ready the leader cracked his whip and gave the password, "Bang up for Salt-hill!" and the whole cavalcade set off at a brisk trot, to the great terror of the King's pedestrian subjects. They paraded once round Cavendish Square, then dashed off through Hyde Park, and "bang up" to the Windmill at Salt-hill, where they dined.

In the palmy days of the Four-in-Hand Club, as many as thirty or forty of these equipages sometimes mustered during the season in Hyde Park on the same day. Among the most famous members were Lord Sefton, one of the leaders, who drove splendid bay horses, Lord Portarlington, the Earl of Barrymore, the Earl of Portsmouth, Lord Hawke, Colonel Berkeley (afterwards Earl Fitzhardinge), the Hon. Colonel Fitzroy Stanhope, Captain Sir Felix Agar, Sir Wedderburn Webster, Sir Henry Peyton, Sir Thomas Mostyn, Sir Charles Bamfylde, Sir John Rogers, Sir Bellingham Graham, Sir Lawrence Palk, Sir Henry Mainwaring, Mr. Aldborough, Mr. Annesley, "the Nestor of coachmen," Mr. Osbaldiston, Captain Mellish, Colonel Humphrey Sibthorp, Captain Morgan, Mr. Spicer, Mr. Harrison of Shellswell—all famous whips in their generation. About 1809 a new body of whips arose, calling themselves "Long Stagers." Their carriages were perfect stage-coaches, loftily hung. It being "the kick" with those drivers to have the blinds up, they admitted no inside passengers, but only six friends on spring seats, placed between the box and the roof. They were also accompanied by two footmen dressed as guards, and provided with mail-horns. About the same time also a "Tandem Club" arose.

Many of the equestrians in those days rode Arabian horses. Among these Sir Arthur Wellesley (afterwards the Duke of Wellington) was conspicuous on a handsome grey Arabian, which had carried him through all his campaigns in India. Sir Arthur had just then (1809) been put in command of our army in Portugal, and before his departure sold a considerable part of his valuable stock of horses, amongst them his famous Arabians. Ladies frequently used to canter along on ponies, and altogether we are told that the Ride presented "cattle" sufficient to mount two regiments of cavalry. Dock-tails, which had been fashionable up to this period, were now all at once out of date, and it was an offence without benefit of clergy to ride anything but a nagtail. But as horses' tails cannot be changed as easily as the length of a lady's skirt, economical people, who did not wish to be out of the pale of fashion, strapped on false tails; and an ingenious apothecary, Mr. Prince, of John Street, Oxford Street, advertised a wonderful oil which in an incredibly short time would raise a pair of Geramb-moustaches or a luxuriant horse's tail.

The frost in January, 1810, was only of short duration. There was some clever skating on the Serpentine, and the graceful performance of a young Dutch lady attracted general admiration. Notwithstanding the cold there was no lack of fashionable nudes, who

"With presented nakedness did outface
The wind and persecutions of the sky."

Ladies had accustomed themselves to such scanty clothing then, that milliners and tradesmen dreaded the approach of summer, fearing that there would be no clothes worn at all, and that their occupation would be gone. But with the commencement of summer new and elegant articles appeared, and dresses *à la Belcher*, spotted to imitate the colours of that renowned bruiser, adorned the British fair. At the same time low-crowned, broad-brimmed hats were all the rage; they were imitated from those of the peasants at Walcheren, and

served to commemorate the lamentable display of British generalship in that quarter. But the great gooseberry of the season was the Persian Ambassador, who used to ride in the Park on a fine mule, sleek and well fed, like that of a Cardinal. Usually he wore silk trousers of immense width, which when inflated by the wind produced a most ridiculous effect. His Excellency was followed by two servants in scarlet and gold, and sometimes accompanied by two ladies on horseback in the Persian costume.

There is in the Vernon Gallery a view in Hyde Park painted by Nasmyth in 1810. At that time there stood near the Royal Humane Society's receiving house a cottage called "the Boat-house," presented by George III. to a Mrs. Sims, in consideration of her having lost six sons in the wars of their country. The last fell with his commander, Sir Ralph Abercromby, in the glorious and sanguinary battle of Alexandria in 1801. The view represented in that picture is so unlike anything now in the Park, that it is hard to realize that little more than half a century has elapsed since these things were. It looks like a view in some rural district far away from the busy haunts of men, the turmoil and thronging of our great metropolis, the *fumus et opes, strepitumque Romæ*. One can hardly imagine that within a stone's throw of that quiet nook was daily acted one of the most bustling scenes of Vanity Fair.

It was the winter of 1812, when

"Crushed was Napoleon by the northern Thor,
Who knocked his army down with icy hammer:"

that same frost and snow which killed the gaudy French Hussars and Guides, and conquered the invincible *Vieille Garde* in the bleak wastes of Russia, was a source of amusement in Hyde Park. The Serpentine was crowded with happy people, who, either as spectators or performers, participated in the amusement of skating, whilst on the snowy roads Lord Ranelagh exhibited his dexterity in driving a Lapland sledge. And

"Thus we may see how the world wags!"

That summer at the reviews in the Park great changes were observable in the uniform of the officers. The hideous long frock-coat, and the cocked hat of monstrous size, were abandoned, and caps and jackets introduced. They were allowed to wear white pantaloons and short boots on parade and when off duty; but at reviews, inspections, and on guard, the white breeches and black gaiters continued *de rigueur*. At the same time the Lifeguards received brass cuirasses and helmets, and were allowed to wear moustaches; the year after the same favours were conferred upon the Horseguards.

The greatly exaggerated services said to have been rendered by the Cossacks during the disastrous retreat of Napoleon's army in Russia, had acquired an extraordinary celebrity for these barbarian troops. Harassing in vastly superior numbers the half starved, half frozen stragglers of the French army, like a flock of carrion crows hovering over a dying lion, was magnified into wonderful gallantry and prowess. Cowardly savages were transformed into paragons of every military virtue, and were almost considered as the guardian angels who had saved Europe from the clutches of "the Corsican usurper." The hatred which our grandfathers entertained for Napoleon endeared to them those who had butchered his unfortunate soldiers, and the blood-stained robber became a popular hero. The honours of the signboard were voted to the "Don Cossack," and in that exalted station he soon became as great a favourite as the immortal Nelson and Lord Wellington themselves. And even at the present day, though a more close acquaintance with these contemptible marauders during the Crimean campaign has considerably damaged their ancient reputation, still "the Don Cossack" continues to swing at the door of many an old alehouse.*

It was a great and happy day then for our enthusiastic grandfathers when at last they could feast their

* As, for instance, in Howard Street, Sheffield; Redcliffe Street, Bristol; Cornwall Buildings, Bath; Kingsland, Southampton, and in many other places.

eyes with the sight of a real, genuine, live Don Cossack, and Mr. Walpole, though he had failed in the object of his embassy to St. Petersburg, was considered *bene meritus de patria* when he returned accompanied by a specimen of that famous tribe. The town ran horn mad after this strange animal, who was said to have butchered thirty-five Frenchmen with his lance, and I am not sure if it was not reported that he had eaten them also. He was introduced to the Prince Regent by the Russian ambassador, was invited to the Royal Exchange, to the Mansion House, and to Freemasons' Tavern at the inauguration dinner of the Duke of Sussex as grand-master. Places of amusement advertised that "the Northern Hero, the Cossack," had promised them a visit; his portrait was taken by Messrs. Heapy and Pyne, and published by Ackermann, who presented him with a damascene sword in return for his condescension in sitting for the artists. Everybody did his best to prove the truth of Trinculo's assertion, that in England a strange beast makes a man, and to show that John Bull had not degenerated in gullibility, whatever other qualities he may have lost since the days of Shakspeare.

At last the newspapers gave notice that on Sunday, April 18, 1813, the phenomenon would exhibit itself in Hyde Park. Not less than a hundred thousand people were calculated to have assembled in order to witness this glorious sight, and the next day some of the papers had filled a whole column with the description of the popular *fête*. The substance of it amounted to the simple fact that the Cossack had arrived at two o'clock, mounted on a beautiful charger, lent him by Colonel Herries of the London Light Horse Volunteers. He was about six feet high, dressed in a blue jacket and baggy trousers of coarse cloth, and was "bearded as a pard." His arms consisted of a musket slung at his back, a sabre by his side, pistols in his girdle, and a lance fixed to his right foot. All he did in the Park was to ride backward and forward several times, which feat he performed to the intense admiration of the crowd, many of whom

pressed forward to shake hands with him till his arm was almost shaken from his shoulder. Previous to the arrival of the Cossack in the Park, the famous Doctor Martin van Butchell, appearing in his usual costume, and with his "comely beard," was by many taken for the Russian hero, and a vast number of people crowded round him in order to feast their eyes on the supposed northern warrior.

A terrific winter once more visited Europe in 1814. It was preceded by a great fog, a darkness that might be felt, and it lasted for several days. After this there were falls of snow beyond all precedent. It fell incessantly for forty-eight hours, and lay like a winding-sheet over all England. The roads were effaced, and scarcely any landmarks were left but distant village steeples. On one day not less than thirty-three mails, containing four hundred letter-bags, failed to arrive at the General Post Office, and those that did arrive had been carried on horseback. Carriages were everywhere abandoned on the road, deserted by their drivers, till the thaw came. This reign of terror of the grisly winter king lasted for sixty days.

In Hyde Park, as usual, ladies in robes of the richest fur and smartest hussar-pelisses bid defiance to the wintry winds, and crowded on the banks of the Serpentine, which presented a most animated scene. A number of booths had been erected on the ice for the refreshment of the populace. Skaters of notoriety executed some of the most difficult movements of the art, to the universal admiration. Three gentlemen skated a Minuet and the Hays; groups of eight or more young men skated country dances; a lady and two officers performed a Scotch reel with a precision scarcely conceivable, and were rewarded with the most enthusiastic applause of the spectators. Crowds assembled everywhere round those performers who distinguished themselves in "figure cutting," or who in any other sense possessed acknowledged excellence. So great was the concourse of people that the ice by dint of weight sank several inches, but no serious accident happened.

At the end of January the ice on the Serpentine bore a singular appearance. Mountains of snow had been collected by the sweepers in different parts of its surface, between which round, square, and oblong spaces had been cleared for the skaters. Next to the carriage road on the north side many astonishing evolutions were performed by the expert, among which skipping on skates and "the Turk-cap backwards" were most admired. One gentleman performed wonders: he exhibited "the corkscrew," and cut in the ice a long continuation of circles one within another. The surface of the Serpentine, injured by a partial thaw, was much cut up, yet elegantly dressed females dashed between the hillocks of snow with utter unconcern. A great number of pickpockets, taking for granted that those who are born to be hanged could never be drowned, ventured also on the ice, where they played off a number of slippery tricks, and made a very good harvest.

The banks of the frozen lake were crowded, the spectators embracing every rank in society from Princes down to the venders of "lily white sand." The carriages on the northern bank contained all the rank and beauty of London, whilst Lord Ranelagh once more gladdened the eyes of the public in a Russian sledge drawn by two sure-footed Arabian horses.

At last spring arrived, and with it cheering prospects. On the 31st of March the allied armies entered Paris; on the 28th of April Napoleon embarked for the isle of Elba, and on the last day of June peace was proclaimed in London. But before entering upon the festivities which ensued, a general sketch of the Park and the company of that time falls in with ready fitness here. Captain Gronow,* long a spectator of political changes and the variations in the fashionable world, gives some curious and highly interesting details concerning the Park just after the wars of Napoleon. It was then far more rural in appearance than at the present day.

* Reminiscences of Captain R. H. Gronow, 1865.

Cows and deer were grazing under the aged trees, the paths were fewer, and none told of that perpetual tread of human feet which now destroys all idea of country charms and associations. The company, which congregated about five o'clock, was on week days composed of ladies and gentlemen of the best society; sober "*cits*" (for there were then such things) modestly contented themselves with putting in appearance on Sundays only. The ladies used to drive into the Park in a *vis-à-vis*—a carriage which held only two persons. The hammercloth, rich in heraldic designs, the powdered footmen in smart liveries, and a coachman who assumed all the gravity and appearance of a wigged archbishop, were indispensable. These equipages were much more gorgeous than at a later period, when democracy invaded the Parks, and introduced what may be termed a "Brummagem society," with shabby-genteel carriages and liveries. Amongst the most famous beauties were the Duchesses of Rutland, of Argyle, of Gordon, and of Bedford; the witty Marchioness of Conyngham; the Ladies Cowper, Anglesey, Foley, Heathcote, Lambton, Hertford, and Mountjoy.

The men rode most magnificent horses, such as then were seen nowhere out of England. Among the most conspicuous equestrians were the Prince Regent, accompanied by Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, A.D.C. (who had made a name by playing on the violoncello); the Duke of York and his old friend Warwick Lake; the Duke of Dorset on his white horse; the Marquis of Anglesey with his lovely daughters; Lord Harrowby and the Ladies Ryder; the Earl of Sefton and the Ladies Molyneux; also the eccentric Earl of Morton with chain spurs on a long-tailed grey, at a time when all other horses' tails were docked. Pretty horse-breakers and ladies of the *demi-monde* would then as soon have thought of going to a Drawing Room as showing themselves in Hyde Park on week days. Nor did any of the lower or middle classes think of intruding themselves in regions which with a sort of tacit understanding were given up exclusively to

persons of rank. Enormous fortunes, however, would sometimes embolden lesser stars to mingle with these lustrous suns of fashion. Such, for instance, was Jew King, a notorious usurer of the times. This last personage was daily to be seen in the Park, from four till seven o'clock, in a yellow carriage, with panels emblazoned with armorial bearings, and drawn by two richly caparisoned steeds, the coachman wearing, according to the fashion of the day, a coat of many capes, a powdered wig, and gloves *à la Henri IV.*; behind the carriage stood two footmen in handsome livery, with long canes in their hand. King's wife was a fine-looking woman, and being dressed in the height of fashion, she attracted innumerable gazers, who pronounced the whole "turn out" to be a work of refined taste, and worthy a man "of so much principal and interest." This man, having advanced enormous sums to the Duke of York, which were never repaid, at last died the inmate of an almshouse.

The first sign of the times which manifested itself in the Park after the fall of Napoleon, was on Wednesday, April 20th, 1814, when Louis XVIII. passed through it with an imposing cavalcade, on his way from Hartwell, in Buckinghamshire, to Paris, whither he was going to ascend the throne of his ancestors. This was the first time a French King was seen in London since the year 1357, when King John, having been made a prisoner at the battle of Poitiers, rode into the City by the side of the Black Prince. The Prince Regent went to meet King Louis at Stanmore, in a carriage drawn by eight cream-coloured horses, the postillions dressed in white jackets, white hats and cockades—white being the colour of the Bourbon family. At 5.30 the procession entered Hyde Park by Cumberland Gate, in the following order: a hundred gentlemen on horseback with white cockades, cavalry trumpeters, a strong detachment of Horseguards, six royal carriages, another party of Horseguards; lastly, Louis XVIII. in the state carriage, which was surmounted by the royal standards of France

and of England; a third detachment of Horseguards, Light Dragoons, and Light Horse Volunteers brought up the rear. The day was as gay as sunshine, a cloudless sky, and pageantry could make it: from noon the gates of the Park had been closed to carriages, so that the thousands upon thousands who had assembled had room to wander about without danger. On sallying from the Park into Piccadilly, the view was eminently striking, and the combination of military splendour, stately motion, and the countless multitude, formed a *coup d'œil* of pleasing interest and variety. Louis put up at Grillion's Hotel, Albemarle Street, and three days afterwards departed for France.

The restoration of peace, after the tremendous struggle with Napoleon, was hailed in London with the most intense satisfaction, and the metropolis exhibited a scene of gaiety unparalleled on any other occasion. There never had been known such merry days since this country first obtained the name of merry England: such piping, drumming, fiddling, fuddling, as there was in that summer of 1814. On the 6th of June, Alexander, Emperor of all the Russias, and the King of Prussia, arrived in London. The latter was accompanied by his two eldest sons, his brother, his nephew, and his cousin, besides a host of Generals and Princes, amongst whom Marshal Blucher and Baron von Humboldt interest us most; the Emperor was accompanied by Platoff, Hetman of the Don Cossacks, General Barclay de Tolly, Kutusoff, and Baron Tolstoy; his sister the Grand Duchess of Oldenburgh having arrived some time before. Their visit was hailed with transport, and considered a national festival. Large placards claimed the public attention, enumerating the host of Princes and nobles who honoured our metropolis with a visit. Old Blucher, General Bulow, Hetman Platoff, and a number of other chiefs of high renown, were duly set forth as about to appear "in magnificent array." The monarchs met with the most cordial reception, and the acclamation in their honour, strangely mixed with the groans and hisses sent forth

for the English ruler, whose debts and indifference for his consort rendered him very unpopular at that period.

The Emperor Alexander, who was lodged at the Pulteney Hotel, Piccadilly, being an early riser, rode on horseback in Hyde Park, at seven o'clock in the morning, the day after his arrival, accompanied by his sister, the Earl of Yarmouth, and Colonel Bloomfield. But on Sunday, June 12th, the monarchs made their grand entrance into the Park. The cortège on that occasion was headed by Lord Sydney, Ranger of the Parks, on horseback, in the light blue and gold Windsor uniform, and the cavalcade consisted of the King and Princes of Prussia, Blucher, and a most brilliant group of foreign officers of rank and distinction. The number of people assembled in Rotten Row surpassed all calculation. It was as if every horse in the metropolis had been pressed into service, and furnished with a rider. Such a crowd never was seen before or since: the horses were so jammed together that many gentlemen had their knees crushed and their boots torn, and many persons were more seriously injured. Blucher was so cruelly persecuted with kindness that he alighted and took refuge in Kensington Gardens, declaring this to be more formidable to him than all the enemies he ever encountered. Everybody wanted to shake hands with the gallant General, who for many days afterwards complained that his hands and arms were almost dislocated. In the confusion and pressure all sense of courtesy was abandoned, and each individual had to fight his own battle. Here a lady was seen in hysterics, there a beautiful fair one, separated from her protector, was entreating mercy from the overwhelming throng; further on were parents who had lost their children, and elsewhere children crying for lost parents. It was during this hubbub that the Emperor of Russia and his suite were announced. Confusion became now worse confounded: that crowd which before had almost reached the acme of alarm and apprehension, had now fresh evils to endure. The Horseguards being con-

strained to obtain a passage for the approaching cavalcade, many were the severe contusions which the shins and feet of the multitude received from their horses' hoofs. In order to avoid this many were obliged to take refuge under the carriages, and there, in trembling anxiety, had to await the moment of their liberation, which did not arrive till long after five o'clock, when the royal party retired.

Sunday, the 20th of June, was set apart for a grand review of all the troops in and near London, in honour of the kings and potentates who were then visiting the metropolis. At an early hour all the regular troops, together with most of the Volunteer corps, were assembled in Hyde Park. Immense crowds of people of all ranks were at the same time flocking together, and as no carriages but those of the royal family, nor horsemen except military officers, were admitted, there was ample room for the multitude of spectators. By half-past nine all the different troops had taken up their position. The line extended from Buckden Hill to Piccadilly gate; the extreme right was formed by a brigade of Horse Artillery, next to them were drawn up the several regiments of Dragoons, Horseguards, Queen's, Bays, and Scotch Greys; then followed a couple of regiments of Hussars, Yeomanry, and finally Volunteer Cavalry. The only regular Foot were some battalions of the Guards, the greater part of the three regiments being employed on foreign service. The rest of the troops entirely consisted of volunteers, and as these volunteers were not thought likely to meet again under arms for some time to come—thanks to the fall of the hated "*Boney*"—they were looked at with much interest.* In all, the number of troops assembled amounted to 12,000 men.

About ten the Duke of York, surrounded by a numerous staff, rode along the lines. At eleven a salute of twenty-four guns announced that the royal party were on their way, and soon after another salute gave intimation of their arrival at the Park gate. They

* Three days after this, they were all disbanded.

were preceded by a detachment of the 10th Hussars, and followed by a small body of Platoff's Cossacks on shaggy little white horses. The Prince Regent rode between the two sovereigns, having the Emperor on his right. Their staff was very numerous and exceedingly brilliant, and ever and anon, as certain distinguished heroes were recognised, such as Blucher, Platoff, Lords Hill and Beresford, they were loudly cheered by the spectators. The royal party rode along the whole line, commencing from the right, the troops all the while presenting arms, and the different bands playing martial airs. They then took their station near the centre of the Park, when a feu-de-joie was fired of three successive rounds from right to left. After that the different corps filed past, and this being the end of the performance, they marched off in the same order in which they had stood. The Sovereigns ultimately left London on the 21st of June.

But a still grander fête was approaching, and never in the annals of this metropolis had the curiosity of its millions been more eagerly excited than by the expectation of this festival. It was at first understood that it would form part of an entertainment to be given by the Prince Regent to the allied Sovereigns, but their departure frustrated this plan. A new occasion had then to be imagined, which gave considerable trouble to the Cabinet from which issued so many sagacious combinations for public delight. At one time it was said that it would come off in honour of the Prince Regent's birthday; then again it was proposed that it should be to celebrate the peace. At last some lucky genius hit upon the idea of connecting it with the centenary of the glorious accession of the Brunswickers, and thus in the end it became a kind of general celebration of peace, of war, and of the Brunswick jubilee. Day after day had been named, and expectation was kept on the full stretch, till at last it was fixed to take place on Monday, August 1st, "wind and weather permitting." The amusements were divided

over the three Parks, and in order to prevent crowding, were all to come off at nearly the same time, but in point of variety and extent Hyde Park was to excel the others. It would be little less than impossible to keep pace with the festivities of these merry days. Official programmes were published long beforehand, and nothing could be more happy than the gradation by which the mind was elevated, till it defied being overpowered by even the final absurdity—the never-to-be-forgotten battle of Trafalgar, to be fought over again on the “spacious deep” of the Serpentine.

One of the attractions of Hyde Park consisted in a Fair, and with that the fête in a manner commenced on Sunday, July 31st. From Piccadilly gate to the end of the Serpentine a semicircular uninterrupted line of booths extended itself. Again, from thence in a sort of hollow square similar erections were scattered over the wide expanse on which the troops are now usually reviewed, and on the side next to Kensington there was another encampment of a kindred description. The eve of the festal day was uncommonly fine, and innumerable was the multitude of wicked sinners who visited the Fair and thus broke the Sabbath. Swings tossed up the light, roundabouts whirled the giddy; gingerbread in all its forms solaced women and children, and gin and ale were consumed by the men with equal alacrity. After dark, Chinese lamps lit up the merry scene, and thousands outwatched the moon among the raptures of

“Midnight shout and revelry,
Topsy dance and jollity.”

As long as daylight lasted the fleet in the Serpentine attracted considerable attention. There it lay at anchor, a few yards from the shore: not less than fourteen sail of the line—a proof of the admirable activity which, considering no sacrifice too great, had worked day and night for a whole week before. But the most active industry, guided by the talents of even a Lord Chamberlain, cannot be sufficient for all things.

Hence there were in these vessels unmistakeable signs of the haste with which they had been prepared for service. The usual course had been reversed in them : for instead of being cut down from line-of-battle ships into the lower rates, it was their peculiar good fortune to be transformed from small boats and lighters into line-of-battle ships. But there had been considerable difficulty in providing for the change. Not having had time to expand into any consistency of timber, the whole of the upper tiers of this armada were necessarily formed of canvas, carefully painted it is true, and framed into the most accurate resemblance of guns and portholes. Still this detracted in some degree from the grandeur of the spectacle, by which the Court had originally intended to give to its illustrious visitors a complete idea of British magnificence, and in which it persevered for the declared purpose of giving the nation a display of royal liberality.

As on the day “big with the fate of Cato and of Rome,” so on this first of August,

“The dawn was overcast, the morning lower’d,
And heavily in clouds brought on the day—
The great, the important day.”

But about ten o’clock the sun appeared in all its glory, and the people of London and of ever so many miles around it were seen flocking towards the Park, the gates of which remained shut till two o’clock. At that hour the multitude were admitted, and an opportunity was afforded them of making the best of the time among the manifold attractions of the Fair. The fleet, favoured by the spring tide, in the shape of the morning shower, had by noon floated into deep water, and formed the line ready for action. The disproportion, however, between the British fleet and that of its mimic antagonists was formidable, and certainly not necessary to insure victory to a British fleet, fighting within sight of its own shores.

As the sun sank towards the horizon, and evening

approached, there was a lively bustle aboard the fleet: sails were bent, flags hoisted, cannons* embarked, and towropes launched through the hawseholes. Just at the moment when the surrounding bells tolled eight, the foremost ship of the British line majestically got under weigh, bearing down upon the starboard tack, and in ten minutes opened her fire, which was immediately answered by the whole French line. The rest of the fleet followed in succession, each ship as it opened fire dropping beside its antagonist. The battle raged fiercely, and for some time victory was undecided; but at ten minutes to nine the last gun was fired, and the national success was complete. At the close of the combat a large crowd of the spectators deserted the two fleets for the lamps, and the fireworks then blazing in the Green and St. James's Parks, little foreseeing the fate which awaited the vanquished squadron. This was no other than a general conflagration. First there was a gallant fight between two British and two American frigates, which lay at anchor detached from the French fleet. It ended of course by the Americans lowering their colours, and the Union Jack being hoisted over them. Then there was again a tremendous set-to between the British and the French fleets, and about ten o'clock the spectators were suddenly surprised by the sight of an English ship on fire. This was at first considered a calamity, but it was soon observed that she was bearing down on the French fleet previously driven ashore. In a short time the whole squadron of the enemy was in a blaze—a mimic scene which gave a very forcible idea of reality, and was hailed with the most enthusiastic acclamations from both the shores of the Serpentine. Soon after this the fireworks commenced, but the superior splendour of the expiring fleet for a long time eclipsed everything that could be produced by pyrotechnic ingenuity. The principal feature was the water-rockets, one of the prettiest fireworks imaginable. They first whirl about the surface of the water with wild rapidity; in a few

* They consisted of 150 two and three-pounders.

moments there arises a beautiful fountain, which, after spouting for some time, all at once bursts with a terrific report into a variety of what are called water-snakes. These shoot up into the air and descend again to the water, into which they immerge for a second or two, and then rise at a distance of a few feet, continually bounding in all directions, till at last they expire in a loud explosion. With this exhibition terminated the unmatched contrivance for celebrating the naval and military glories of the British empire.

But the festivities were to last the whole week. The booths in the Park had since the Sunday been growing in number and dimensions with surprising rapidity, but with utter disregard to anything like regularity. Booths round, square, triangular, and polygonal were scattered all over the Park, and decorated with the flags of all nations. Ensigns had been fabricated of habiliments which once enjoyed other honours on the forms of female loveliness and male vigour; dilapidated petticoats, well-worn trousers, old sheets adorned with the insignia of the Prince Regent, and portraits of Blucher and the illustrious Wellington, fluttered in the breeze over many an acre of booths. To those who preferred mental to bodily enjoyment, ample indulgence was offered in the hereditary wit of Mr. Punch, and the higher and more solemn attraction of the Bartholomew Fair tragic muse, who revelled on the boards of Messrs. Richardson, Scowton, Gyngell, and other famous *impresarij*. As at the Frost fairs on the Thames, so there was a printing press at work in the Park, in order to provide the public with a lasting memorial of this great and wonderful festival, consisting of a woodcut portrait of Blucher, surrounded with the names of all the foreign celebrities who a few days before had made London joyful with their presence.

On the stalls everything was to be had which usually pertained to Bartholomew and other fairs: jewellery, toys, millinery, hardware, and sweetmeats. Eating-houses of every description, with a thousand different signs, and kept by the hosts of some of the most noted

houses-of-call in the metropolis, everywhere enticed the gourmands by their culinary aromas. Music was heard in front of the playhouses, and even some of the eating-houses had obtained the services of brass bands, to assist the digestion with their heartrending strains. Everywhere John Bull and his family were seen participating in the voluptuous enjoyment of these piping times of peace. For his amusement there were from all parts of the world wild beasts roaring, puppets squeaking, sausages frying, kings and queens strutting and raving before booths, pickpockets diving into pockets, roundabouts twirling, coaches driving, and the entire Park one scene of activity. The learned pig paid its obedience to the company ; so did also a score of monkeys, several "fattest young ladies" of forty, Punches, Pantaloons, Harlequins, Columbines, and sundry giants, giantesses, and dwarfs. There were also sleight-of-hand men and fire-eaters, but these last were not so numerous as the caters of the deliciously flavoured sausages which were hissing everywhere in the fair. The consumption of porter and bottle ale exceeded all powers of calculation : brewers' drays were seen crossing the Park in every direction, laden with hogsheads of draught porter, and carts groaned everywhere under the weight of solid provisions, brought to satisfy the appetite of the hungry multitude. Occasionally the pink of fashion ventured on a hasty survey of the motley scene, and from a respectful distance on the weather side witnessed the wild pleasures of the "musty superfluity." Thus we learn from the papers did Lady Eldon, Lady Castlereagh, Mrs. Fitzherbert, Lord Nugent, Lord Onslow, and many others.

On Saturday, August 6th, the fair people received notice to quit and vacate the Park ; but as many of them had a large stock on hand they disregarded the order, in the hope that Lord Sidmouth, Secretary of State for the Home Department, would allow them to remain till after the Prince Regent's birthday, August 12th. But alas ! as Dr. Johnson said half a century before, and even then the observation was far from new, "What

are the hopes of man?" His lordship remained unrelenting, and on Monday morning, August 8th, the magistrates sent a *posse comitatus* to remove the whole army of jugglers, tipplers, publicans, showmen, stall-keepers, *et hoc genus omne*. They had to decamp, bag and baggage, and towards night the Park was evacuated, and nearly cleared of lumber.

The scenes of riot and debauchery to which this fair gave rise appear to have been unparalleled. Drunkenness of course was the order of the day. Cups and balls, E. O., and other low gambling tables, at first were innumerable, but these were soon stopped by the police. All the scum of London, *bos, fur, sus, atque sacerdos*, congregated in the Park: swindlers and pick-pockets abounded. One of the latter being caught in the act was put into a sack by the mob and dragged through the Serpentine till he was almost drowned. Pugilistic encounters and desperate fights between milling amateurs were of frequent occurrence. One young woman stripped herself naked, and was going to bathe in the Serpentine in the presence of thousands upon thousands of men, but was for the honour of the sex carried off by main force by a number of women. In short, it was a domdaniel of iniquity and profligacy, and in the House of Commons the fact was mentioned that these festivals in the Parks (which by-the-bye had cost the country something like 40,000*l.*) had "given rise to incredible scenes of vice and depravation, to the infinite annoyance of all the middle classes of society."



A BUCK IN THE PARK.

CHAPTER XII.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

THANKS to the *naumachia* and the fair which had given the *coup de grace*, the Park was now really such as Byron described it :

“A vegetable puncheon
 Call'd Park, where there is neither fruit nor flower
 Enough to gratify a bee's slight munching :
 But, after all, it was the only 'bower'
 (In Moore's phrase) where the fashionable fair
 Could form a slight acquaintance with fresh air.”*

The general aspect was barren and comfortless in the extreme ; not a single blade of grass was to be seen : the ground was all scared and scorched by fires, barren circles of hardened earth marked where the booths had

* Don Juan, Canto XI. stanza lxi.

stood, and everywhere a filthy débris of broken glass and crockery, bones, tobacco-pipes, rags, and bits of paper told of the busy crowd which had revelled on this spot. Even in the following spring the ground had scarcely recovered the effects of these protracted saturnalia.

The year 1815, though fraught with events of everlasting interest to the world, did not furnish one single event worth entering in the Chronicles of the Parks, except an alarming influx of French fashions. It was then that appeared those stupendous bonnets which were the delight of Miss Bidly Fudge :

“So beautiful high-up and poking,
Like things that are put to keep chimneys from smoking;”

whilst the rougher sex more than ever gloried in waists like an hour-glass, large spurs, and big moustaches. The Princess Charlotte of Wales was frequently seen in the Park in a phaeton with four beautiful grey ponies, in the management of which she proved herself a consummate mistress of the whip. These ponies were a present from Lady Barbara Shelley, and the fair giver being a Papist, the gift made considerable rumpus (*timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*), as may be seen by one of Tom Moore’s “Intercepted Letters.”* Among the foreign notables who were seen at times was the Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia (subsequently of Crimean notoriety), who frequently appeared, accompanied by the Duke of Devonshire. His Imperial Highness made a protracted stay, and it was on this occasion that he instituted the Czarewitch stake. There was also Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld (afterwards King of the Belgians), who had come to this country in 1814 in the suite of Emperor Alexander, and was introduced to the Princess Charlotte of Wales by the Grand Duchess of Oldenburg. Eventually, in May, 1816, he married the young Princess; but their union was as short-lived as it was happy: eighteen months after she died in childbed, thus clearing the way for

* Intercepted Letters; or, the Twopenny Post-bag, by Tom Brown the Younger, 1818, Letter I.

the accession of her cousin Queen Victoria. But the death of the poor Princess, though the idol of the nation, did not leave nearly so wide a gap in the fashionable microcosm of London as the setting of that radiant star Beau Brummel, who about the same time made a hasty retreat to France. There he ended his remarkable life in that well-known manner which bears out the truth of Tasso's words :

“A voli troppo alti e repentini
Sogliono i precipizj esser vicini.”

The summer of 1818 was one of those glorious old-fashioned hot, dry summers, such as are but seldom witnessed in these degenerate times of ours. The thermometer one day stood at 110 degrees ; and the heat was so great that the theatres remained closed for a whole month. Of course Hyde Park, united to the open country (being to the north, the south, and the west, for the most part surrounded by pasture land and nursery gardens), was a most delightful spot to fly to from the sweltering heat of the streets and squares of London. Hence it was this summer frequented more than ever. But the drive, or as it was fashionably denominated “the Squeeze,” was totally abandoned, and the road extending from Hyde Park Corner to Cumberland Gate (now the Marble Arch) became the centre of attraction. In honour of the hero of the day this was christened “the Wellington Drive.” “That part of the Park which is now denominated by fashionables the Wellington Drive,” says one of the papers, “with its parallel promenades, seems to have become the ‘high change’ of fashion, to the almost total exclusion of either Rotten Row or the Ring : there are but few, even of the equestrians, who venture to strike out the whole length of the King’s private road. The mode appears to be to try it half-way, and then to return as quickly as possible to the centre of attraction.”* On fine days in “the leafy month of June,” the scene surveyed from the brow of the eminence near

* Morning Herald, April 27, 1818.

the reservoir must have been very animated and striking. From that spot the whole valley, down to the gate at Apsley House, appeared one vast and splendid crowd, flanked on one side by clumps of trees, on the other by an endless double line of carriages. The gaily coloured dresses of the ladies, relieved by the bright green parasols, and the sombre hue of the gentlemen's clothes, gave the whole scene the appearance of a vast parterre of flowers. This part of the Park continued the fashionable rendezvous for many years after.

It was no uncommon sight in those days to see some of the members of the royal family mingling with the ordinary crowd. On week days, when the Park was almost exclusively frequented by the *beau monde*, they could venture to do this with impunity. But on Sundays, owing to the alloy of the company, it was not quite so safe, as her Royal Highness the Princess of Cambridge experienced to her sorrow. This royal lady, on June 1st, 1818, shortly after her marriage, ventured on foot among the loyal subjects of her father-in-law, accompanied by her husband and her venerable father, the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel. Her Royal Highness's toilet was certainly remarkable according to *our* notions, but nothing unusual at *that* time. She appeared in white sprigged muslin with deep flounces of point lace, a scarlet cashmere shawl, and (*horresco referens*) a huge bonnet of lilac satin with a profusion of flowers. Scarcely had they entered the Wellington promenade when they were recognised, and with that intense curiosity characteristic of the English public, they were in a moment hemmed in and surrounded. The multitude poured in upon them from all quarters, and the two Princes had hard work to protect the Duchess against the extreme pressure of the staring crowd. In this manner, in the closest contact with the surrounding mob, and suffocated by a cloud of dust, the royal party struggled towards Cumberland Gate. But even there the unrelenting vulgar did not relinquish them. After the Princes

had, with infinite trouble, succeeded in effecting their escape from the Park, and whilst they were walking towards their residence in South Audley Street, an immense crowd of pedestrians, flanked by innumerable horsemen and vast numbers of carriages, still kept them closely invested. This persecution continued to the very door of their residence, and even there upwards of two hundred women were collected on the steps and railings. The poor young Princess, accustomed to the quiet order prevailing in the Augarten at Cassel, was sadly affrighted, and never again evinced the least desire for another Sunday promenade in Hyde Park.

Thus it was always when any distinguished or remarkable person ventured into Hyde Park on a Sunday. On that day all the world, from St. Giles's and St. James's, from the gilded saloons of Grosvenor Square, and from the humble "three-pair back" in Bishopsgate or Fetter Lane, thought it incumbent upon them to put in appearance. Hence there arose an immense heterogeneous conglomeration of every possible rank in society, from the Prince to the pisan. All these "holiday fools" were still as eager as in Shakspeare's time for novelties and "strange fishes." On the Sunday after the persecution of the Duchess of Cambridge, they had another and more legitimate opportunity to satisfy their curiosity, even with the sight of half a dozen live Indians. That day a band of Canadian Indians entered the Park at Cumberland Gate in a hackney coach. The park-keeper refused to let the cab pass into the drive, whereupon the dusky warriors quitted the vehicle, and walked round the Park, habited in the war-dress of their country, and each man armed with a tomahawk. Of course the crowd that followed them was immense, from the moment of their entry until their departure; but the Indians did not heed them in the least, particularly as, thanks to the fear of the tomahawks, the multitude kept at a respectful distance. Very little indeed was sufficient to excite the curiosity of the cockneys. In

that same season there was a Mr. McNaughten, a Scotch gentleman, who had obtained *his* celebrity by having been locked up in almost every roundhouse in London, on account of his nocturnal frolics. Yet this gentleman was followed by a disorderly crowd every time he appeared in the promenade, in "the belted plaid and tartan trews" of the Scotch Highland dress.

Dennets or Stanhope gigs, with "a spanking bit of blood in the shafts," were all the rage about this time. The dandy used to be seated at the extreme edge of the vehicle, hands pendent at right angles to the wrist, the reins held delicately loose, and the whip elbow elevated. Sir Lumley Skeffington, notwithstanding his mature age, used thus to exhibit himself, in all the glory of dandy exquisitism, dressed in the height of fashion, his face painted like a doll's, and smelling "like Bucklersbury in simpling time." By a *tour-de-force* which I shall not attempt to explain, another old buck of our acquaintance, even Sir John Lade, *alias* Jacky Jehu, was to be seen in one of those new-fashioned carriages. Yet in 1814 the worthy Baronet had paid a visit to the King's Bench, but was white-washed and discharged under the Insolvent Act. The Prince Regent on that occasion did not forsake his old friend, but settled an annuity of 300*l.* per annum on him and Lady Lade for their joint lives, with benefit of survivorship. How they managed to keep a dennet out of that would be a secret worth knowing.

Though the Four-in-hand Club and the glories of Cavendish Square were dying out, yet there were many gentlemen who still strove to keep up the good old traditions. Among the ladies also the driving mania had considerably abated: one of the few who still prided themselves on their coachmanship, was the Lady Orford, who generally appeared in a low open four-wheeled carriage, drawn by four beautiful bay ponies and preceded by an outrider.

In the season of 1819 there was a gentleman, Mr. Ball Hughes, who used to "tool along" in the Park in

a landaulet with four bays and one roan. That brilliant star of fashion was then in the meridian of popularity, and created a world of admiration. Originally his name was Hughes, but when his uncle, Admiral Sir Alexander Ball, left him his enormous fortune of 40,000*l.* a year, he took the surname of Ball, and was christened by society "Golden Ball." Mr. Ball was a man of exceedingly good taste, and in whatever he did never lost sight of the appearance and character of a gentleman. Those who saw his well-appointed chocolate-coloured coach with the four white horses, and two neat grooms in brown liveries behind, perceived that it was possible for a gentleman to drive four-in-hand without adopting the dress or manners of a stage-coachman. Mr. Ball was equally tasteful in his dress; his colours were quiet—chiefly black and white, and he was the introducer of the large black cravats, which helped to set off this otherwise difficult attire. But though Ball Hughes was a remarkably handsome man, universally popular, and rich as Cræsus, he proposed to and was rejected by half the young ladies of rank in London. In the flight of ages past, according to the best authorities, Atalanta threw herself away for a golden ball; and three goddesses set the world on fire for the sake of another golden ball. Our English goddesses were more fastidious, and declined the Golden Ball without the least compunction. Lady Jane Paget set the example, Miss Floyd followed suit, Lady Caroline Churchill played the same game, and though Ball was courted and admired by every mamma who had daughters to marry, the young ladies seemed determined not to have him. At last, in 1823, he married a beautiful Spanish dancing girl, Señorita Mercandotte, who was said to be Lord Fife's daughter, or something "nearer and dearer still." With this lady Ball Hughes lived at Oatlands, till after losing a mint of money in gambling, and having frittered away three-quarters of his fortune, he retired to Paris, and there ended his days in comparative eclipse.

Contemporary with Ball Hughes, but immeasurably

below him in point of taste, were various other dandies. One of these was Mr. Haines, who entered life with all the advantages that fortune could bestow, and for a time shared with Ball the polite attention of the newspapers. But few minor stars of fashion survive the trial of three summers, and Mr. Haines is now as completely forgotten as his magnificent pea-green coat, or that dressing-case for which he paid 1500*l.*

Another dandy of the butterfly order was Mr. Bailey: he was a patron of bright colours, sky-blue coats, gaudy cravats, fancy waistcoats—and was a staunch supporter of nankeen trousers. To have seen him cantering up and down Rotten Row on a summer's evening on his well-groomed black, perfuming the air as he fanned the flies from the noble creature with the well-scented cambric handkerchief, and to observe his gauze silk stockings, thin pumps, and silver buckles, or to have seen him lounging with folded arms against the door of the crush-room at the opera, his hair descending in ringlets over his ears, with a waistcoat of pink or sky-blue satin, embroidered with silver or gold, and all his apparel of the finest, gaudiest, and most expensive texture, a stranger would have set him down as the impersonation of a puppy. Yet he would have been wrong, for Bailey could “floor the Charleys,” *i. e.*, knock down the poor old watchmen, in as proper a manner as the most accomplished of his contemporaries. He was by far the showiest dandy seen about London at that period, and when he reached the end of his tether, and the day of reckoning arrived, the tailors' bills for cashmere trousers, and the mercers' for French-cambric shirts, excited the astonishment of the thrifty jurymen who sat in judgment on the charges.

But the undisputed lion of the season of 1819 was Mirza Abul Hassan Khan, the Persian Ambassador, the same who had visited this country in that capacity in 1810. He was a constant *habitué* of the Park, and generally rode a splendid grey or milk-white Arabian steed, caparisoned in the Persian fashion, and himself gorgeously arrayed in his national costume of crimson

satin, with a large sash of the same colour, in which was stuck a highly ornamented dagger, with a large diamond in the centre of the hilt. Generally he was accompanied by Sir Gore Ouseley, who had been our Minister in Persia in 1809, and Mr. Willock, his secretary, both mounted on Persian horses. His Excellency brought in his train a beautiful Circassian female slave. Weeks before his arrival, when the Ambassador was still in Paris, the newspapers published all manner of rumours and *canards* concerning this fair captive, invented by the Parisian quidnuncs. Nor did her arrival in town clear up the mystery connected with her, or lessen the interest she excited. As she was never allowed to appear in public, the ladies worried the Ambassador to death for a glance of this paragon of beauty. His Excellency refused, the ladies persisted, and at last permission of "a private view" was granted to a chosen few. Among these were the Countess of Westmeath, the Ladies Murray, Lady Radstock, Lady Arden, the Miss Waldegraves, &c. Shortly afterwards the Ambassador sent her back to Persia, though he himself remained in London till the month of April, 1820.

This Ambassador was said to be a great admirer of our English ladies, which showed his good taste: but what he thought of their toilet would be worth knowing. To him, accustomed to the picturesque Eastern costume, the fashions of the years 1819 and 1820 must have appeared singularly grotesque. The ladies vied with each other in amplitude of bonnet, shortness of skirt, and tier upon tier of furbelow and frippery. Waists there were none. The female sex had long since discarded these entirely, and now the rougher sex also took to "girding up their loins" without mercy, in order to make them as small as possible—"fine by degrees and beautifully less." Altogether the male costume was a most happy combination of the ugly and the uncomfortable. They wore blue or black coats with very small apologies for skirts, trousers for all the world like a pair of inverted extinguishers, and a hat, the narrow brim of which was smartly cocked and

arched over the ears, bent down to the olfactory organ in front, and to the fifth vertebra of the neck behind. A well-oiled love-lock on the left temple, and black, white, or yellow spurs made the thing complete. Such was the costume of the exquisites who on fine days graced the Park with their presence.

In the beginning of 1820 the Serpentine was frozen for four weeks, but the amusement of skating was only practised by the same kind of public as we are accustomed to see on that stream in winter times now-a-days. There was only the smallest sprinkling of fashion on the ice and on the banks. The skaters consisted of shoals of clerks, costermongers, shopmen, artisans, and the *plebs* in general,—all dashing ahead, bobbing and wheeling against each other in the most artless manner. Neither was there any attempt at “figure cutting” and artistic skating.

On the 30th of January, 1820, the old King George III. was gathered to his fathers, after a reign of fifty-nine years, thirteen weeks, and five days, the longest reign in British history. Though many thought of him what Addison’s Cato says of Cæsar,

“Curse on his virtues, they’ve undone the nation;”

and what Corneille’s Cornelia says of Cæsar,

“O ciel! que de vertus vous me faites haïr!”

yet everybody had a heartfelt sympathy for the aged monarch who had “tumbled headlong from the height of life,” and had passed the last years of his existence in mental and physical blindness. A general mourning was assumed, and the Park in consequence presented but a melancholy spectacle during the early spring days. Almost every person bore a *memento mori* in his habiliments, and so black, becraped, and bebombazeened was the public, that the promenade resembled more a funeral procession than the sprightly assembly of the *beau monde*. But, after all, the nation,

“When the sovereign died could scarce be vexed,
Considering what a gracious king came next;”

and when the time of mourning was past, spring and the Lord Chamberlain soon brought merry and gaudy colours into request again.

The year 1820 was chiefly remarkable for the first introduction of chairs into Hyde Park. Late in the season some twenty or thirty of them were placed under a clump of trees opposite Stanhope Gate. The novelty met with general approbation, and was thenceforth continued. His Excellency the Persian Ambassador, in the early part of the season, still attracted all eyes, and was only rivalled by Mr. Coates, "the amateur of fashion," who contributed his usual share to the gauds and grotesques of the scene, by appearing on a horse caparisoned in the Mameluke fashion. Another original was Mr. Sheriff Parkins, "a fool of most excellent quality," as Rosalind has it, who used to astonish the peaceful by his warlike appointments. "Aloft in awful state" he drove about the Park in a two-storied curricule, armed at all points, and looking as if he were going on a journey where he expected to meet highwaymen at every step: a most imposing spectacle. But when the Sheriff appeared on horseback, he went to quite the other extreme, and calmly and peacefully ambled his nag, dressed in nankeen tights, black silk hose, and dancing pumps. On these occasions he was followed by his sister's husband, attired as a groom. The worthy Sheriff for two or three seasons continued to gladden the eyes of the public in the Park; he proposed to the *soi-disant* Princess Olivia of Cumberland; committed a world of follies; and in the end returned to the East Indies, where he had amassed his fortune, and passed the early part of his life.

Though there were well appointed equipages in the Park about this time, such for instance as those of Lady Vane Stewart, Prince Esterhazy, the Earl of Fife, the Earl of Portsmouth, and many others, yet even the most brilliant of these was immeasurably eclipsed by the splendid "turn out" of the Countess of Blessington, who was just then on the *haut pas* of *ton* and fashion. Her carriages were distinguished even in that

distinguished mass: the body was usually green, the carriage white picked out with green and crimson. The high stepping action of its dark bay thoroughbreds, the perfect style of the coachman, the slim, spider-limbed powdered footman, perked up at least three feet above the roof of the carriage, and occupying his eminence with that peculiar air of accidental superiority, half *petit-maitre*, half ploughboy—the beau ideal of a footman—in short, the exceedingly light, airy and artistic character of the whole, rendered it perfectly inimitable. The Countess herself, frequently accompanied by her lovely sister the Countess de St. Marceault, was a feast for vulgar eyes. Dressed in the wildest Grecian fashion of the day, a costume in every way calculated to display her luxuriant form, she was then—notwithstanding full thirty springs had passed on her charms—just as radiant with the bloom of youth as when she first put to shame Sir Thomas Laurence's chief d'œuvre in the form of her own portrait.*

On Thursday, July 19, 1821, George IV. was crowned King of Great Britain, *Dei Gratia*. This happy event was commemorated by a due amount of display, and by a variety of entertainments provided for John Bull in the Parks and elsewhere. In Hyde Park the area within the Ring was covered with tents, marquees, and other temporary erections, most of them occupied by groups of men, women, and children regaling themselves, if not as sumptuously, yet as abundantly as the guests at the Coronation Dinner. A great number of people on horseback, on foot, and in carriages assembled to witness this popular fête. At two o'clock a boat race took place on the Serpentine. Four boats started, which had to double a standard erected at either extremity of the river; the race was won by two lengths. All this time the Serpentine was covered with

* Mr. Patmore, in "My Friends and Acquaintances," vol. i. p. 195, says that Lady Blessington was the first to introduce "picking out" in carriages, and that she persevered in it ten or a dozen years before it became the general fashion.

pleasure boats filled with well dressed people. What excited the greatest share of cockney admiration was a splendid triumphal car drawn by two elephants, one before the other, and gaudily caparisoned in the Eastern manner. A young woman dressed in an Oriental costume was seated on the back of each, and affected to guide the animal with a rod. The carriage stood on a large raft, and was towed about on the Serpentine by four boats, manned with watermen in blue uniform. Barring the absurdity of this spectacle, the river with its animated banks, the lively scene on its surface, combined with the woodland scenery surrounding it, and a cloudless blue sky above, presented a *coup d'œil* of no ordinary attraction.

In the evening an enormous concourse of spectators again flocked towards the Park in order to see the fireworks. The crowd which poured in was so numerous that it was found expedient to close the gates at an early hour. But the ingenious multitude thus locked out, were not to be balked of their anticipated pleasure. Ladders were placed against the railings, and a halfpenny toll well repaid the industrious ingenuity of their owners. On the north side the mob first scaled the railings, but finding this a slow and dangerous process, they resorted to the more simple plan of tearing them down and ere long the Park became crowded to excess. The scene was picturesque: coloured lamps and Chinese lanterns were suspended from the trees in the plantation and along the Serpentine, and the line of tents was lit up in different modes. Swings and roundabouts were in full motion, and an illuminated stage peeped over a clump of trees near the cascade. The Serpentine was again covered with boats full of people. Shortly after nine o'clock the fireworks commenced with a royal salute from a battery of marrons; catherine-wheels and similar fireworks were let off at a short distance to the right of the river, and incessant showers of rockets, under the management of Sir William Congreve, made night hideous with their hissings and explosions. At

the western extremity of the Serpentine there was an illuminated transparency, representing among other things, the Christian King George IV. in a triumphal car drawn by four milk white horses—a most edifying sight. Nearly opposite to this, on the right bank, was an illuminated temple surmounted by a crown. The two elephants also reappeared, brilliantly illuminated with lamps, which, together with the blue lamps of the towing boats, had a not unpleasant effect as they moved along the glassy surface of the water, occasionally surrounded by a host of water-rockets whose wild, eccentric motions resembled the gambols of some fiery water dragons. The populace considered the spectacle a splendid one, and if splendour consisted in a profusion of variegated lamps, Chinese lanterns, festoons, stars, constellations, galaxies of glass and oil, rattling suns of gilded whirligig, and similar gorgeous wonders, splendid most undoubtedly it was. At any rate it was highly enjoyed by those for whom it was intended, and was, doubtless, very well calculated for the meridian of the intellect of the brilliant King himself in whose honour it had been instituted.

The week after the coronation, the French Ambassador, the Duke de Grammont, gave an entertainment to the King and the Royal family. It was on this occasion that the Count d'Orsay, a kinsman of the Duke, made his first appearance in London. He came in the company of his sister and her husband, the Duke de Guiche, brother-in-law of Viscount Ossulston, subsequently Earl Tankerville. Byron describes the elegant Frenchman at that time as a *Cupidon déchaîné*, and it is certain that even during that short visit to London, he was immediately constituted the king of fashion. In the Park he attracted all eyes, witching the world with his handsome appearance and his "noble horsemanship." Captain Gronow describing D'Orsay remarks, that whisking along in his tilbury, "he looked like some gorgeous dragon-fly skimming through the air, and though all was dazzling and showy, yet there was a kind of harmony which precluded any idea or accu-

sation of bad taste. All his intimates fell between the Scylla and Charybdis of tigerism and charlatanism, but he escaped those quicksands, though perhaps somewhat narrowly, and in spite of a gaudy and almost eccentric style of dress." But the reminiscences of his promenade achievements in the Park chiefly belong to a later period, his visit to London after 1831.

On the 7th of August, 1821, whilst George IV. was making his ovation tour through Ireland, his injured Queen, Caroline of Brunswick, expired at Brandenburg House, Hammersmith. According to her own directions, her body was to be deposited in the vault of her ancestors in the cathedral of Brunswick. The removal of her remains from Hammersmith to Harwich took place on the 14th of August, and was the cause of a wild commotion in the Park. It had been resolved, in order to avoid popular demonstration, that the body should not pass through the City. This proceeding gave great offence to the community at large, and vigorous steps were taken to baffle the intentions of the authorities. Notwithstanding a deluge of rain, an immense concourse of people had assembled in Hammersmith, the road being completely blocked up with carriages, horses, and foot passengers. At a quarter to eight the procession began to move: it occupied upwards of a mile of road, and was flanked by above sixty private carriages. The utmost order was preserved until its arrival at Kensington Church, where the populace seeing the cortège about to move into Church Street, in order to reach Uxbridge Road, offered the most determined resistance. In a moment the mob seized upon a number of waggons, carts, and other vehicles, and barricaded the street in such a manner that there remained no possibility to pass in that direction. After a stand of more than an hour, the rain all the time falling in torrents, the procession at last moved on through Kensington Gate and Knightsbridge, and towards Piccadilly, with the intention of turning up Park Lane. But once more obstructions of all kinds stopped the way. The barricade was stormed by the

Lifeguards, and defended by the mob in a gallant fashion, wounds being numerous on both sides. At last the procession had to turn back, and assisted by the soldiers forced its way into Hyde Park.

Then an indescribable scene of confusion and outrage ensued. Vast numbers of people on foot and on horseback rushed with great speed up Park Lane, so as to reach Cumberland Gate in time to force the procession back again. To prevent this, the Lifeguards galloped at full speed through the Park, in order to take possession of the gate, whilst the procession followed at a brisk trot. But the people had been beforehand, and the gates were closed. A furious conflict ensued: the Guards, under a shower of stones and a general chorus of groans and hisses, attempted to open the gate. Many of the soldiers were hurt, which so exasperated them that they commenced firing single shots from their pistols and carabines. This lasted for several minutes, during which time as many as from forty to fifty shots were fired, and four people were killed and several wounded. The mob responded with the bricks from the Park wall, which had been broken down in the contest: screams of terror were heard in every direction, and people were flying frantic with fright, in order to avoid the attacks of the soldiery, who brandished their swords and pushed in among the crowd in the most determined manner. The confusion was heightened by one of the most formidable gangs of thieves and pickpockets that ever disgraced any London commotion. With the watchword of "Queen," these ruffians knocked down with their bludgeons the most respectably dressed people, and plundered them under the very eyes of the police, who had not the power of stopping them.

At last the obstructions were cleared away, and the procession passed down the Edgware Road and the New Road till it reached Tottenham Court Road. There all the streets leading to the City Road were totally blocked up, so that there was nothing for it but to move on in a straight line towards St. Giles. Thus the procession passed down Drury Lane and through the

City, headed by the Lord Mayor, thence it took its route by Romford, Chelmsford, and Colchester to Harwich, where the coffin was put on board the *Glasgow*, and on the evening of the 16th of August it sailed for Stade in Hanover.

In June, 1822, a brazen statue was set up in Hyde Park for John Bull's worship. The public were told that it was erected by the ladies of Great Britain in honour of the Duke of Wellington. But there were few who could see anything in common between the Duke and a nude figure, the name and author of which are to this day unknown. The subject was a cast of a statue made of Grecian marble, found among the ruins of a Roman villa, and standing on the Monte Cavallo at Rome. The secret history of the manoeuvres to which this monument owes its erection, is not a little curious and edifying. It appears that the Countess of Spencer, in conjunction with several other amateurs and artists of fashion, had long been desirous of seeing in this country a bronze cast of this matchless and world-renowned Phidian statue. Though a committee had been formed to effect this purpose, there seemed little chance that the wish would be realized, as the funds necessary for the object were too considerable to be expected from a subscription among amateurs. But when the illustrious achievements of the Duke of Wellington had given a fillip to public spirit and liberality, the committee thought it an excellent occasion to carry their point by tacking the Duke's name to the project. This idea, more ingenious than candid, was adopted, and an advertisement was published soliciting subscriptions from the ladies of England towards erecting a monument to the Duke of Wellington, which monument, it was added, would be "a facsimile of a statue of Phidias, representing Alexander the Great taming Bucephalus." Omitting even the trifling fact that Phidias died nearly a century before Alexander the Great was born, there were various other reasons, too numerous to detail, which rendered the statue utterly unfit for the purpose for

which the committee intended it, but they triumphantly remedied all these drawbacks by placing the Duke's head on the shoulders of the Grecian statue, and introducing him to the public as Achilles!

Twelve 24-pounders, taken from the French at Salamanca, Vittoria, Toulouse, and Waterloo, were melted down in the composition of this statue, but as gun metal is rather brittle for statuary purposes, it was found requisite to add one-third of another alloy, so that the whole mass, as it stands at present, is equal to sixteen twenty-four pounders. Yet, though the Pope had furnished the ladies with casts; though the Ordnance office had given cannon, and the King fifty square feet in Hyde Park, still the statue was only erected at a cost of 10,000*l.* Having been patched up by Westmacott with a sword and shield, it was brought to its site in the Park on the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo (June 18) 1822. As the victors at the Olympian Games, on returning crowned to their native cities did not enter the gates, but were carried home in triumph through a breach made in the town wall, so it happened with this brazen nondescript. The statue was too colossal to pass through the gate, and it became necessary to take down part of the wall for its admission into the Park. But as its weight was some thirty-three or thirty-four tons, about a month elapsed before it was properly placed. On the 14th of July its naked majesty was for the first time uncovered, which had the effect of frightening the people away, and from that day the Wellington Drive was abandoned, and the public flocked back to their old haunts in Rotten Row and the Ladies' Mile. The statue was eminently unpopular: the want of drapery was shocking to English notions, and *patres familias* wrote their pens to the stump, in order to prove the impropriety of placing such an object before the public. The attacks were bitter enough to make brass weep: even ex-Sheriff Parkins informed the public through the columns of the *Morning Herald*, that if his mother, "who was a Newcastle woman" (said the Sheriff), "had caught any

of her children looking at such an object, she would have soundly whipped them." It was certainly somewhat curious that the first attempt to obtrude a nude statue on the people of England in their public walks should have been made by the ladies. But the fact is, not one in a thousand of the ladies who subscribed for this statue had the most remote idea what kind of production it was for which they were giving their money.

In 1825 the brick wall in Park Lane, and between Hyde Park Corner and Kensington, was taken down, an iron railing erected instead, and a new lodge and entrance built facing Grosvenor Place, and corresponding with the ride and drive on Constitution Hill. To effect this the "Curd and Whey House" and its sheds (the last remaining vestige of the old lodge) had to be taken down. All these improvements were thankfully accepted, but the public bristled up threateningly when a strip of ground at Hyde Park Corner was cut off from the Park and added to the gardens of Apsley House. The Duke of Wellington was by no means popular at that time, and this encroachment caused still more ill feeling against him. Parallels were drawn between the Duke and Marlborough, not as regards generalship, but the erection of their palaces and other points of that kind. There were even those who warmed up an old saying of Lord Townsend, concerning the celebrated and unsatisfied Hely Hutchinson: "that if his sovereign gave him all Ireland for his estate, he would beg the Isle of Man for a cabbage-garden." Yet after all, the public lost but little by this enclosure, for the spot had always been frequented by shoals of idlers and vagabonds playing at chuck-farthing and similar games: simply it was an infraction of the rights of the public, and therefore had to be grumbled at.

The last thing worth recording which happened in the Park during the first quarter of this century, was that in the winter of 1825, Mr. Hunt, the son of Henry Hunt of political notoriety, for a wager of 100 guineas, drove a four-in-hand over the frozen



CRUIKSHANK'S EXHIBITION OF BLOOMERS IN HYDE PARK, 1852.

surface of the Serpentine. Thousands upon thousands came to witness this feat, and among collections of caricatures of that period, a lithograph may sometimes be seen commemorating this memorable performance.

What happened in Hyde Park subsequently to 1825 approaches too near to contemporary history to be told in these pages. Many are now alive who formed part of the brilliant throng which congregated there in the days "when George the Fourth was King." One thing it is grateful to observe, and that is, that after two centuries and a half of uninterrupted popularity, Hyde Park exhibits no symptoms of declining into that obscurity which now surrounds the other parks.



A BOWLING-GREEN.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SPRING GARDENS.

AT Charing Cross there is a narrow lane, leading into St. James's Park ; it was formed in the reign of King William III., and bears the pleasant and suggestive name of "Spring Gardens." This appellation is derived from a garden which once covered the spot, forming part of the grounds attached to the Palace of Whitehall, and so called from a "spring" or fountain, which is spoken of there as early as the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Hentzner, a German doctor, who visited England towards the end of the sixteenth century, notices this fountain in the Latin journal of his travels. It was placed near a sun-dial, and was so contrived that

when strangers stood looking at the dial, the gardener at some distance turned a wheel, and then the water would spring forth and plentifully sprinkle them. Such fountains or springs were common in gardens of the olden time, and may still be occasionally met with ; but the contrivance is now brought to greater perfection, and is usually set in movement by the unwary visitor treading on concealed machinery. The water for this and other fountains in the Spring Gardens was derived from St. James's Fields, whence it was conveyed in pipes of lead. Perhaps the spring which feeds the pump opposite St. James's Church, Piccadilly, may be the same which, above three centuries ago, supplied the spring-fountain for the amusement of Queen Elizabeth and those old bygone generations of cockneys. Further I can find nothing concerning these gardens in that reign, except that one George Johnson was keeper of them. To this man, on November 29th, 1601, a payment was made for a scaffold which he had erected against the Park wall, in the Tilt Yard, for the "Countie Egmond" to see the tilters.

An old account has been preserved* of sums paid to labourers in the year 1614, for sundry repairs and work done in the Spring Gardens. From this paper it appears that there was then a bathing pond in these gardens, besides numerous fountains. The walks were spread with gravel, and fruit trees, apricots and others, were planted *en espalier* along the walls. There was also a butt for archery practice, which had been formed of eighteen loads of turf cut in Tothill Fields. This butt, no doubt, had been made in order to enable Henry Prince of Wales, eldest son of James I., to practise shooting, that young Prince being very fond of military exercises.

King James I. kept a menagerie in St. James's Park but some of the animals appear to have been located in the Spring Gardens ; at all events, they were there in the second year of the reign of Charles I. This appears from a document preserved among the State papers,

* Egerton MSS., No. 806.

being an order dated January 31, 1626, for 72*l.* 5*s.* 10*d.* a year, to be paid for life to Philip Earl of Montgomery, "for keeping the Spring Gardens and the *beasts and fowls* there." The same King had a bowling-green made in these gardens, bowling at that time being a favourite diversion* with the nobility, and one in which even his Majesty himself frequently indulged. At this bowling-green a curious incident took place one day. It happened on that eventful 13th of June, 1628, when Dr. Lamb was pelted to death by the mob, for dealing with the devil and with Buckingham, that his Majesty and the Duke were standing near the bowling-green, looking on at the game. All the gentlemen had their hats off in the presence of royalty; Buckingham alone proudly remained covered. A loyal Scotchman, named Wilson, perceiving this, approached, and, after kissing the King's hand, snatched off the Duke's hat, exclaiming, "Off with your hat before the King!" Buckingham, not able to restrain his passion, gave the Scotchman a kick, and was going to make a further summary execution, when Charles restrained him, saying, "Let him alone, George; he is either mad or a fool." "No, sir," replied the Scotchman, "I am a sober man; and if your Majesty would give me leave, I will tell you *that* of this man which many know and none dare speak."

The company which resorted to the Spring Garden, though mostly men of the first rank, were a wild ruffling set, and King Charles, who notwithstanding his political faults, was a very decent, respectable man, was so shocked at their behaviour that he ordered the place to be closed. Garrard, in a letter to his friend

* King James I. granted to Clement Cotterell, Esq., Groom Porter of his household, permission to license a number of places for the use of bowling-greens, tennis-courts, cards, dice, and such like diversions—viz., without London and Westminster, and the suburbs of the same, twenty-four bowling-greens; in Southwark, four; in St. Catherine's of the Tower, one; in the towns of Lambeth and South Lambeth, two; in Shoreditch, one; and in every other borough, town, village, or hamlet, within two miles of the cities of London and Westminster, one bowling-green.

Lord Strafford, thus describes some of the amenities of this resort: "There was kept in it an ordinary of six shillings a meal (when the King's proclamation allows but two elsewhere), continual bibbing and drinking were all day under the trees, two or three quarrels every week. It was grown scandalous and insufferable, besides my Lord Digby being reprehended for striking in the King's garden, he said he took it for a common bowling place where all paid money for their coming in."* The quarrel of Digby here alluded to arose as follows. One night, when the Templars practised their mask in the Privy Gallery, just as Digby was going to take a lady by the hand, one of the court gallants, named Croft, interposed, but made apologies when Digby reproved him. The following day he not only boasted of his rudeness, but told his friends that he had kicked Digby. It was shortly after this that Digby met him in the Spring Gardens and spoke to him about his conduct; when Croft, far from apologizing, only said, "Well, then?" or, "What then?" with a gesture of indifference. This impertinent conduct so "warmed" Digby that "he could not choose but strike him, with what casually he had in his hand, which was a walking-staff, that a little before he had taken up on the green when he was looking on at the bowlers." Croft thereupon drew his sword, and a *frucas* ensued, but the two gentlemen were parted before any blood had been spilt. The King, however, was so annoyed at this unbecoming scene, that he ordered the bowling-green to be closed, in consequence of which all those gentlemen who were accustomed to "bowl time away" were thrown out. Fortunately, a barber came to the rescue, and built a new gaming place with two bowling-greens in Piccadilly, nearly midway between the Haymarket and St. James's Street. Speaking of this new resort Mr. Garrard says: "Since the Spring Garden was put down, we have, by a servant of the Lord Chamberlain's, a new Spring Garden erected in the fields behind the Mews, where is built a fair house and two bowling-

* Strafford Papers, vol. i. p. 435.

greens, made to entertain gamesters and bowlers, at an excessive rate, for I believe it has cost him above 4000*l.*; a dear undertaking for a gentleman barber."*

Once more we find the Spring Gardens used as a resort of joyous spirits during the Civil Wars. But Cromwell, being a virtuous man, resolved that no more "cakes and ale" should be allowed; and for that purpose commenced, by issuing an edict, in 1647, "that no person be admitted to come into or walk in the Spring Gardens on the Lord's Day or on any of the public fast days; or that any wine, beer, ale, cakes, or other things be sold, either upon the Lord's Day or upon public fast days." Notwithstanding this, there was still, apparently, too much jollity on lawful days, and in 1654 my Lord Protector thought proper to shut up the wicked place altogether. This order, however, appears to have been recalled again subsequently, for in 1658 the gardens were open once more, and on the 20th of May in that year, our friend Evelyn partook of a collation there, before going to Hyde Park to see a coach race. The fashion in those days was, when the company returned from Hyde Park, to alight at the Spring Gardens. The author of "A Character of England" (1659), probably Evelyn himself, describes those gardens in the following terms: "The inclosure is not disagreeable, for the solemnness of the grove, the warbling of the birds, and as it opens into the spacious walks of St. James's. But the company walk in it at such a rate as you would think all the ladies were so many Atalantas contending with their woovers; and there was no appearance that I should prove the Hippomenes who would with very much ado keep pace with them. But, as fast as they run, they stay there so long as if they wanted not time to finish the race; for it is usual here to find some of the young company till midnight; and the thickets of the garden seem to be contrived to all advantages of gallantry, after they have been refreshed with the collation, which is here seldom omitted, at a certain *cabaret* in the

* Strafford Letters, vol. i. p. 435.

middle of this paradise, where the forbidden fruits are certain trifling tarts, neats-tongues, salacious meats, and bad Rhenish [wine]; for which the gallants pay sauce, as indeed they do at all such houses throughout England; for they think it a piece of frugality beneath them to bargain or account for what they eat in any place, however unreasonably imposed upon. But thus those mean fellows are enriched—beggar and insult over the gentlemen. I am assured that this particular host has purchased within few years 5000 livres of annual rent, and well he may, at the rate these prodigals pay.”*

After the Restoration, buildings began gradually to be erected in the neighbourhood. As early as 1661 the inhabitants of Charing Cross petitioned the King that no further houses might be erected there, beyond that of Sir Charles Cotterell, Master of the Ceremonies to his Majesty, who, they said, had taken so extensive a plot of ground “that no more could be spared without inconvenience.” No regard was paid to this request of the citizens, for the year after Thomas Elliott, Esq., a Groom of the Bedchamber, obtained a piece of ground to build a house on. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood, naturally enough, were alarmed at the number of mansions which had been erected there. They had a wholesome fear before their eyes of seeing ere long the whole Spring Garden, perhaps the whole of Charing Cross, built over. Down to that time they had enjoyed an almost uninterrupted view of the waving trees in the Park and the Garden; they could hear the rooks cawing in the old elms, and the birds warbling in that “solemn grove;” in fact, they enjoyed a pleasant *rus in urbe*. But of late the bricklayer and mason had been busy in that neighbourhood. The old Pall Mall was changing into a street; St. James’s Fields were gradually being covered with houses and squares; the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields was extending daily, and the London legions of brick and mortar were advancing westward with an alarming rapidity. Hence the affright of those people at every piece of ground the

* A Character of England, 1659, p. 57.

King gave away; for after all, the property obtained by Sir Charles Cotterell was only the third part of an acre in extent.

Notwithstanding these encroachments, the Spring Gardens themselves still preserved a pleasant amount of rural character. A French traveller, who visited them in May, 1663, admired the walks through the grass, and the gravelled footpaths. He describes the garden as divided into a number of square beds, each twenty or thirty paces in extent, and surrounded with hedges of red currants, roses, and other shrubs. On the beds grew peas, beans, asparagus, and various vegetables, and there were strawberries. All the walks were bordered with jonquilles, pinks, carnations, and lilies, and the whole was enclosed within a wall, against which grew fruit trees. It really requires a stretch of the imagination to people this quiet rural snuggerly with the jolly wicked male and female rakes who haunted it in the days of the Merry Monarch. But decent, God-fearing people also went. On the King's birthday (May 29th), 1662, Pepys, according to the good homely custom of his time, took out his wife with the two servants and the boy, for a holiday. They went to the Spring Garden, and there walked a long time, the "wenches" amusing themselves with gathering pinks. Pepys wanted some more substantial amusement, and would fain have had something to eat, but there were so many visitors on that day that, after waiting a long time, he, who was a modest, shy sort of man, found it impossible to obtain anything. So they left the place "without any notice taken of us, and [here a shadow of a dishonest thought crosses his mind] *so we might have done if we had had anything.*" A proof, also, that gentlemen at that time did not pay for their refreshments "on delivery," but on leaving the place, as is still the fashion in one of the oldest pleasure resorts in London. Good, kind-hearted Pepys, however, wished his "ministering spirits" to enjoy their holiday, and, as the Spring Gardens were uncomfortably crowded, he took them across the water to the

“New Spring Gardens,” better known to us by the name of Vauxhall. This place, then newly opened, he had never seen before, and thought much finer than the other. And then, again, they rambled through the neat, trim garden, and the boy crept through the hedge and gathered abundance of roses, and Mr. and Mrs. P. looked at the fashions, and good Samuel, no doubt, wondered and admired, as was his wont. But there was as little possibility of obtaining any “creature comforts” there on that crowded holiday as in the former place. So, in the end, Pepys had to take his company to an ordinary, and there regaled them on cakes, powdered beef, and ale, and finally returned home by water to Scething Lane, near the Tower, admiring in their way the bonfires, which everywhere were blazing in the streets in honour of his Majesty’s anniversary and the “blessed Restoration.”

A few months after we meet very different company in the Spring Garden. In the beginning of August, 1662, the profligate Countess of Shrewsbury went there with Captain Thomas Howard of the Guards, to have a quiet dinner, which led to one of the most sanguinary duels that disgraced the reign of the second Charles. Howard, for the time being, was the *amant en titre* of the Countess, and the “invincible little Jermyn” (the nephew of the Earl of St. Alban’s), a fop for whom half the female part of the court were dying, was vexed that she alone should not have made him any advances. Breaking off his intrigue with the beautiful Mrs. Hyde (wife of Clarendon’s son), he began to lay siege to the refractory Countess, who was not exactly of a composition to keep him a long time sighing. Howard soon perceived that she encouraged Jermyn’s advances, and began to feel uneasy. In order to ascertain the exact state of his affairs with her versatile ladyship, he invited her to an entertainment at the Spring Garden, and she, wishing to keep on good terms with him, accepted the invitation, but gave Jermyn private notice of it. The little Don Juan managed to be in the garden as by accident, and,

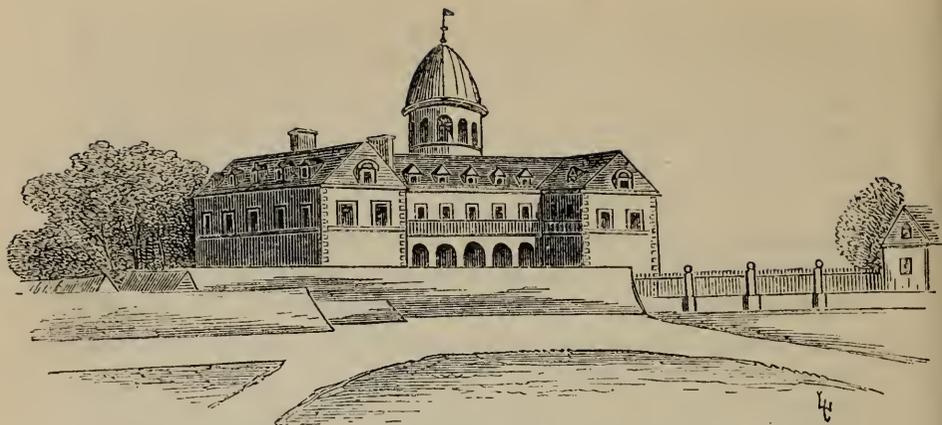
puffed up with his former successes, was more bold than ever. No sooner did he appear in the walks than the Countess showed herself on the balcony, and made him a sign to come up. Howard, being one of the proudest and most impatient men in England, did not relish this intrusion, and quite lost his temper, when the little tyrant, not content with forcing his company where he was not wanted, began to attempt all manner of small jokes upon the entertainment, and took particular pleasure in ridiculing an unfortunate bagpipe, which Howard had provided a soldier in his company to play for the pleasure of his fickle mistress. Poor Howard was not gifted with a witty tongue or the talent of bestowing ridicule: three times was the banquet on the point of being stained with blood, but he controlled his impetuosity, in order to satisfy his resentment elsewhere on a better opportunity. The "invincible," without paying the least regard to Howard's ill-humour, remained till the end of the repast, and, whilst the Captain sulked, made the best of his time in flirting with the Countess. But the following morning the tables were turned: Jermyn was wakened by the bearer of a challenge from Howard, and that same day, on the 18th of August, 1662, at eleven o'clock, the duel took place in St. James's Fields. As usual in those days, the seconds engaged as well as the principals; but fortune did not side with the votary of love, for not only did Jermyn receive three wounds, so serious that he was carried home for dead, but his second, Giles Rawlings, Privy Purse to the Duke of York, was killed by Colonel Dillon, Howard's second. Dillon and Rawlings were bosom friends, but that did not matter on such occasions in the good old time; what was still worse, the world said that Dillon's life had only been saved by his wearing a mail shirt. The survivors fled from England, but three months afterwards returned and were acquitted.

Soon after this the pleasure gardens were closed, and their allurements are no more named by contempo-

rary authors. The old maps alone furnish us with some data towards the history of this spot. In Ogilby and Morgan's large Plan of London, published in 1683, there is still some part of the gardens left, at the back of Wallingford House, now the Admiralty. It must have been on this spot that the Pensioners were mustered in August, 1696, after they had received their new uniforms, and previous to their marching to Windsor, whither they had been ordered.* It was no doubt there also, that two gentlemen, in November, 1699, after a quarrel in a coffee-house, fought a duel (described as having taken place in Spring Gardens), in which one of them was mortally wounded.† But even as late as the reign of George I. the Spring Gardens are laid down in the maps as an enclosure limited by rows of houses in Warwick Lane and Charing Cross, and containing a house, with a large flower-garden in front, situated in the midst of an orchard or a grove of trees. It is this plantation, perhaps, which was denominated the "Wilderness" so late as 1772, in which year Frederick August, Earl of Berkeley, obtained leave to build messuages and gardens in a place called "the Wilderness, on the north-west side of the passage from Spring Gardens to St. James's Park." This grant, no doubt, occasioned the disappearance of the last vestige of the once famous place of amusement.

* Postman, August 11-13, 1696.

† London Post, November 6-8, 1699.



ARLINGTON HOUSE, ERECTED ON THE SITE OF THE
MULBERRY GARDENS.

(From a very rare old etching.)

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MULBERRY GARDENS.

IN 1599, Oliver de Serres, a French agriculturist, published a work on the art of rearing silk-worms, in which he urged his countrymen to the cultivation of the mulberry tree. This book caused a considerable sensation, and thousands of these trees were planted in the vicinity of Paris, whilst the King, Henri IV., embraced the scheme with such enthusiasm, that he ordered his orangeries to be destroyed, and mulberry trees to be planted in all the royal gardens. It is not improbable that it was this example which prompted our King James I. to follow the same course in England. His Majesty, in 1609, "desiring to wean his people from idleness and the enormities thereof,"* came to the conclusion "by discourse of his own reason, and by information gathered from others," that there was no better way to encompass this laudable object, than

* Circular to the Sheriffs, Deputy Lieutenants, &c. Harl. MS. 703, p. 140.

by planting mulberry trees in various parts of the kingdom, so as to encourage the home manufacture of silk. With this object ten thousand young mulberry trees were to be sent into each county, and to be delivered at the capital of each shire, at the rate of two farthings per plant, or sixpence per hundred. At the same time the sheriffs and lord-lieutenants of the several shires, were requested to persuade the most influential people at quarter session or other public meetings, to give their help to his Majesty in this undertaking.

James also preached by example, and planted largely himself. Four acres of St. James's Park, on the site now occupied by Buckingham Palace, were walled in, levelled, and planted with mulberry trees, under the superintendence of Master William Stallenge, who, by the testimony of the Exchequer books, received 95*l.* for the trouble and expense incurred in this undertaking, besides 120*l.* a year in order to provide mulberry leaves, sweet-wood, etc., for the worms. This Master Stallenge, who was Comptroller of the Custom House, had, like many other gentlemen in the kingdom, been a breeder of silkworms on his own account. He appears to have been successful to a certain extent, for according to Stow's continuator, he had succeeded in producing "fine silk for all uses,"* for which he obtained a patent of seven years from the King.

A fair trial appears to have been given to this silkworm speculation, for as late as 1629 there was a keeper over the establishment. In that year Walter, Lord Ashton, was appointed "Keeper of the Mulberry Gardens in St. James's Park, and of the *mulberries and silkworms there*, and of all the houses and buildings to the same garden belonging." But the office could not have been a very lucrative one, for his Lordship not long after sold it for the sum of 40*l.* to Lord George Goring, to whom also part of the garden ground was granted, on which this future turncoat built a residence known as Goring House. The build-

* Stow, by Howe, p. 895.

ing during the Civil War was occupied by William Lenthall, the speaker.

At what precise period the gardens were opened as a place of public entertainment I have not been able to ascertain. It seems not unlikely that this happened when they ceased to be royal property, for, like most of the royal parks they were sold during the Civil Wars by the trustees for the sale of Crown lands. The purchaser was Mr. Anthony Dean, of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, a master shipwright of Harwich and Woolwich, the same who had bought the greater portion of Hyde Park. Mr. Dean, however, sold the gardens again to a Mr. Chipp, and in his possession they remained down to the Restoration.

The first notice of the Mulberry Gardens as a pleasure resort occurs during the Protectorate, when Cromwell having shut up the Spring Gardens, the Mulberry Gardens became the most favourite resort "about town for persons of the best quality to be exceedingly cheated at." Thus Evelyn qualifies these gardens in the month of May, 1654, when he and his friends were treated there by Lady Gerard, on which occasion this somewhat tight-laced gentleman was greatly shocked at the *rouge* which just then commenced to be fashionable amongst his fair countrywomen.

After the Restoration the Mulberry Gardens returned again into the hands of their rightful owners, when George Goring, Earl of Norwich, petitioned his Majesty to grant the keepership to George Lee, in trust for himself. At the death of the old Earl in 1662, the property was claimed by his son; but, as the grant given by Charles I. to the late Earl had never been properly executed, owing to the disturbances of the times, Charles II. wished to retain the gardens, and to indemnify the Earl and Mr. Chipp. Meantime these grounds continued in great vogue amongst the pleasure-seekers, with his sacred Majesty at their head, who there at a merry party (Ludlow calls it "a debauch") found it difficult to remember that he was a king, and was one of the first to break his own edict against

the drinking of healths. Thus, being the most noted pleasure resort, and to which his merry Majesty himself had given the stamp of fashion, the Mulberry Gardens, sometimes called Colby's Mulberry Gardens, were constantly introduced in the plays of that period. During the daytime they were frequented by quiet orderly people, who walked under the shady trees, and in cosy arbours made an innocent onslaught on cheesecakes, syllabubs, wine, and mulberry tarts, the luxury of ice-creams not yet having been invented. But at night it was only visited by roisterers and wild sparks, accompanied by frail and dubious ladies, and the iniquities committed there were manifold. Thus Pepys, who went in the daytime, on May 20, 1668, though he admitted that "the wilderness" attached to the gardens was "somewhat pretty," yet, on the whole, considered it "a very silly place, worse than Spring Garden, and but little company." But *Mesdames* Friske and Striker, in Shadwell's comedy of "The Humourist," give a different account of it. "Why does not your ladyship," says Friske, "frequent the Mulberry Gardens oftener? I vow we had the pleasantest *divertissement* there last night."—"Aye, I was there," replies Striker, "and the garden was very full of gentlemen and ladies that made love together, till twelve o'clock at night, the prettyliest: I vow it would do one's heart good to see them."

In 1668 Sir Charles Sedley wrote a play, which he entitled "The Mulberry Garden," dedicated to the beautiful Duchess of Richmond and Lennox, one of Grammont's delightful heroines, who, when she was Mrs. Stewart and maid of honour to the Queen, had no doubt assisted at many a merry party there with Hamilton, the Duke of Buckingham, and the rest of her adorers. From this comedy some particulars concerning the garden are to be gathered, which, though only scanty and indefinite, are sufficient to leave a pleasant impression of the place, and invest it with some of the life of those old bygone days. It was then the fashionable promenade, whence it followed

that ladies from the country for the first month of their sojourn, used "to take up their stay at the Mulberry Gardens as early as citizens' wives at a new play." But the pink of fashion arrived only late in the afternoon, after play hours and a turn in Hyde Park. In the fourth act two young ladies, fresh from the country, are introduced, taking a walk at a most Gothic early hour, and philosophize as follows:—

Victoria. Sister, whatever the matter is, methinks
We don't see half the company that us'd
To meet here aights, when we were last
In town.

Olivia. 'Tis true; but, methinks, 'tis much better than the long
Walk at home: for, in my opinion,
Half a score young men and fine ladies,
Well drest, are a greater ornament to
A garden than a wilderness of sycamores,
Orange and lemon trees; and the rustling
Of silk vests and silk petticoats better
Music than the purling of streams,
Chirping of birds, or any of our country
Entertainments; and that I hope the place
Will afford us yet, as soon as the plays
Are done."

Nor was the young lady disappointed. Her gallant was just going "to pay his devotion to the Park," when he saw the livery of the beloved one at the gate of the Mulberry Gardens. They then retire to an arbour to discuss a bottle of Rhenish, and there we shall leave them.

The year after this play was produced, dear old Pepys again visited the gardens, and apparently with more satisfaction than on the former occasion. As old stories are best told in old words, Pepys' doings on that 5th of April, 1669, must not be recounted in other terms than his own. They bring a flavour with them of those merry days of yore, when the world was more home-bred, social, and joyous than at present—when people did enjoy themselves with heart and soul, and not *du bout des lèvres*, as we do. After premising that his party consisted of Mrs. P., Betty

Turner, and Mr. and Mrs. Sheres, Pepys says: "We to the Mulberry Garden, where Sheres is to treat us with a Spanish olio,* by a cook of his acquaintance that is there, that was with my Lord [Sandwich] in Spain, and without any other company he did do it, and mighty nobly. And the olio was indeed a very noble dish, such as I never saw better or any more of it. This and the discourse he did give us of Spain, and description of the Escorial, was a fine treat. So we left other good things that would keep till night for a collation, and with much content took coach again and went five or six miles towards Brentford, where the Prince of Tuscany, who comes into England only to spend money and see our country, comes into the town to-day, and is much expected. And we met him; but the coach going by apace we could not see much of him, but he seems a very jolly and good comely man. By the way we overtook Captain Ferrers upon his fine Spanish horse, and he is a fine horse indeed, but not so good, I think, as I have seen some. He rid by us most of the way, and with us to Hyde Park, and there left us, where we passed the evening, and meeting T. Turner, Talbot, Will Batelier and his sister in a coach, we anon took them with us to the Mulberry Gardens, and then, after a walk, to supper upon what was left at noon, and very good. Only Mrs. Shere being taken suddenly ill, for a while did spoil our mirth, and by-and-by was well again, and was mighty merry; and so broke up."

These, and a few passing allusions in plays of the period, are all that I have been able to collect concerning this once merry spot, which now expiates its past sins by having one of the ugliest and dullest palaces of Christianity on its site. But the most pleasing association connected with the Mulberry Gardens, is that Dryden used occasionally to take there his *chère amie*,

* *Olla podrida*, no doubt, a mess still highly relished in Spain, and consisting in a stew of a kind of peas, called garbanzas, meat, bacon, &c., strongly flavoured with garlic and cayenne; withal not unpalatable.

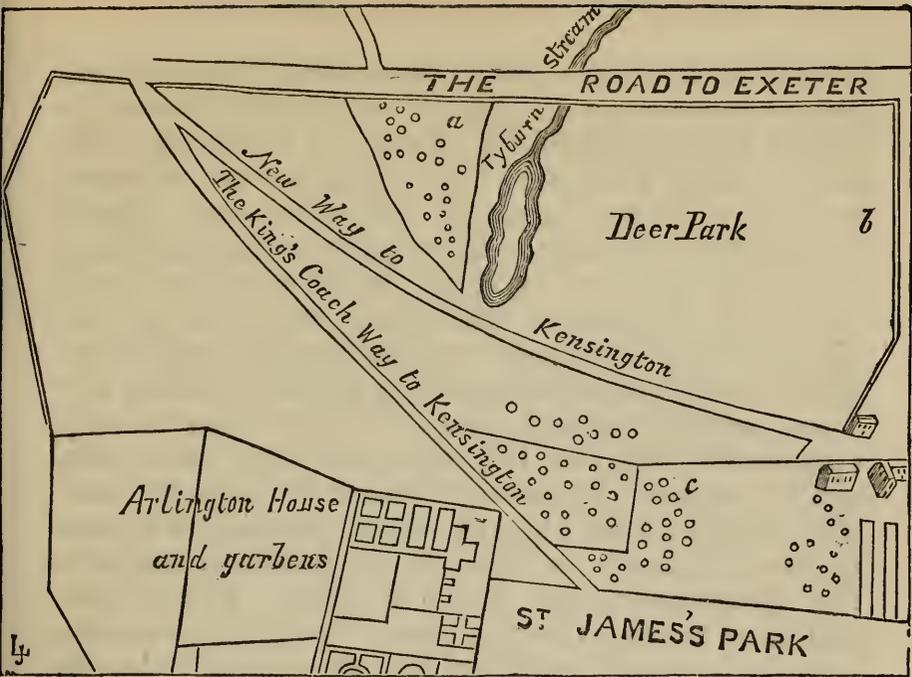
Mrs. Reeve, a pretty actress of Killigrew's troop, and solace her with mulberry tarts; "no inelegant pleasure," remarks Sir Walter Scott. In allusion to these same junkets, the author of "Pursuits of Literature" says:—

"Nor he whose essence wit and taste approved,
Forgot the mulberry tarts which Dryden loved."

In 1672 the last Lord Goring died without issue, and the grounds were demised, at a yearly rent of one pound, to one of the members of the Cabal Ministry, Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlington, who had inhabited Goring House since 1666. The Mulberry Gardens appear to have been open to the public for some time after the Lord Goring's death, for in a play, produced in the year 1673, entitled "The Morning Ramble; or the Humours of the Town," the scene of the fifth act is laid in these gardens; and another allusion to them occurs in Wycherley's play of "Love in a Wood," which was first produced in 1674. But they probably were closed soon after as a place of public entertainment, though they remained in existence, and are named in a document connected with the sale of the Buckingham House estate, as late as 1762. It was to these changes, and the erection of New Arlington or Buckingham House on the site of the Mulberry Gardens, that Dr. King alluded in his well-known lines:—

"The fate of things lies always in the dark;
What cavalier would know St. James's Park?
For Locket stands where gardens once did spring,
And wild ducks quack where grasshoppers did sing;
*A princely palace on that space does rise,
Where Sedley's noble muse found mulberries.*"*

* Dr. King's "Art of Cookery," 1709.



THE GREEN PARK IN 1696.

- a. Enclosure of Ranger's lodge. b. Here the "Queen's Library" was erected subsequently.
 c. Wilderness.

CHAPTER XV.

THE GREEN PARK.

OLD maps of London show us that the spot of ground situated between the wall of St. James's Park, and "the way to Reading" (Piccadilly), now called the Green Park, was before the Restoration merely a piece of waste ground, or a meadow. It is represented in those maps as planted with a few willow trees, and intersected with ditches, among which must have been "the drie ditch bankes about Pikadilla," in which old Gerarde the Botanist,* in the reign of Good Queen Bess, used to find the small buglosse or ox-tongue. It was a quiet, lonely spot in those days. Except when sometimes cattle grazed there, or when the children

* Gerarde's Herbal, 1596.

from the neighbouring royal farm in St. James's Fields came a-birdnesting, its solitude was probably never disturbed from the beginning of the year to its end. But on the 5th of February, 1554, there was all at once a temporary life and bustle on this quiet spot. Armed men marched among the ferns and brambles, and heavy lumbering guns were dragged up to an advantageous position on the brow of that hill known to us as Constitution Hill. Troops of horsemen lined the road (Piccadilly) "above the new bridge over against St. James's."* These military formed part of Queen Mary's army, commanded by Lord Pembroke, and had been called out in hot haste, in order to oppose the men of Kent, who, headed by Sir Thomas Wyatt, had come to London to force the Queen to marry an Englishman, instead of that sanguinary papist, Philip of Spain. Lower down, and more towards Charing Cross, "at the lane turning down by the brick wall from Islington-ward," the royal infantry were drawn up in battle order. Stow, the London chronicler, who lived when those things happened, says: "Wyatt and his company planted his ordnance upon a hill beyond St. James's, almost over against the Park corner,† and himself, after a few words spoken to his soldiers, came down the old lane on foot, hard by the court gate at St. James's, with four or five ancients [ensigns or officers], his men marching in good array." The Earl of Pembroke allowed the main body of Wyatt's army to pass, but cut off their rear. The guns placed on Hay Hill made an attempt to drive away Pembroke's cavalry, whilst the main body of the rebel army marched on to London, and left the rear to shift for itself. "The great ordnance," says Stow, "shot off freshly on both sides. Wyatt's ordnance overshot the troop of horsemen. Of the Queen's ordnance one piece struck three of Wyatt's company in a rank upon the head, and slaying them, struck through the wall into the Park." The rest is matter of history.

* The bridge over the Tyburn rivulet, which crossed Piccadilly.

† This must have been Hay Hill, on which Wyatt's head was afterwards set up on a pole.

Wyatt's attempt proved a failure, and, losing all self-possession on finding Lud-gate shut against him, he allowed himself to be taken a prisoner. On the 11th of April following Wyatt expiated his rashness on the scaffold on Tower Hill.

For nearly a century after this event the quiet of those fields remained undisturbed, till once more it became the scene of warlike preparation. Again rebellious subjects were in arms against their king: this time, however, it was not a mere handful of patriots but the greater part of the nation standing up for its rights. In 1643, when London was surrounded by the Parliamentarians with a cordon of forts, a small redoubt and battery were erected on Constitution Hill. Men, women, and children, all worked with the same alacrity at those entrenchments. "It was wonderful to see," says an eyewitness, "how the women and children, and vast numbers of people, would come and work about digging of earth, and making their new fortifications."* But the royalists only laughed at the enthusiastic volunteers, and perpetrated a satirical song against them, beginning with this opprobrious line,

"Round-headed cuckolds come dig."

The redoubt on Constitution Hill and the other fortifications round London remained in existence for four years only, for on September 2nd, 1647, a vote was passed in Parliament "That the works about London be demolished, according to a paper from the army, to ease the charge of maintaining and keeping them."

It is generally asserted that Charles II. added thirty-six acres to St. James's Park. Now, by comparing Norden's plan of Westminster, drawn in 1596, with the plan of St. James's Park as it was in the reign of Charles II., it will be perceived at a glance that the boundaries of the Park had not been changed. The southern wall forms the same line in both plans, Rosamond's Pond is at the

* Whitelockes Me'morials, 1732, p. 60.

same distance from the south-western corner, whilst to the north and to the east the buildings and private gardens of St. James's Palace and Whitehall prevented any considerable addition of ground in those directions. It is evident, then, that the thirty-six acres added by Charles II. formed the Green Park, and were not added to what *we* call St. James's Park. Besides, Strype expressly says: "St. James's Park hath been much improved and enlarged, by King Charles II. having purchased several fields, *which ran up to the road* [Piccadilly], *and as far as Hyde Park*, now enclosed with a brick wall."* The building of this brick wall, we find in the State Papers of 1667, cost 2400*l.*, which sum was paid for that purpose to Hugh May, paymaster of the works, and was defrayed from prize-money. This newly enclosed plot of ground received the name of Upper St. James's Park, and hence arose the inaccurate statement about the thirty-six acres added. It was in the Upper Park also that the ice-houses were built, mentioned in Rugge's "Diurnal," 22nd October, 1660: "A snow-house and an ice-house, made in St. James's Park, as the mode is in some parts of France and Italy, and other hot countries, for to cool wines and other drinks for the summer season." The same fact is also noticed in Waller's poem of "St. James's Park:"

"Yonder the harvest of cold months laid up
Gives a fresh coolness to the royal cup;
There ice, like crystal firm and never lost,
Tempers hot July with December's frost."

Old plans show that these ice-houses were situated in the middle of the Green Park, where they remained till the beginning of this century. At the western extremity, close to the road leading into Hyde Park, Charles II. formed a deer-harbour, but little or nothing else appears to have been done towards the improvement of its general appearance. It continued a mere grass field, with a few trees near the south-eastern

* Strype's Continuation of Stow, b. vi. p. 77.

corner, and as early as 1681, a large piece of ground at the eastern extremity was granted to the Earl of Arlington, of Cabal celebrity, in compensation for some land in the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields.* Upon this ground Arlington Street was built in 1689.

Like other lonely places a little distance out of London, the Upper Park soon became a favourite spot for the gentlemanly diversion of duelling. We read that on Saturday night, 11th January, 1696, Sir Henry Colt having been challenged by Beau Fielding, these two gentlemen fought a duel in the Green Park. Like the knights of old, the Beau wished to fight under the beautiful eyes of his mistress and future wife, the notorious Duchess of Cleveland, behind whose house (now Bridgewater House) the duel took place. It was said at the time that Fielding, whose courage was none of the brightest, ran Sir Henry through the body before he had time to draw his sword; but the Baronet disarmed him, notwithstanding this wound, and so the fight ended.

Early in the eighteenth century Constitution Hill had become such a favourite haunt of fighting Bobadils, that in 1729 it was described as "a hillock which has been of late years, the same as the back side of Montague House, a rendezvous for duels."† The year after this was written there occurred another duel in this Park which made a great noise. The combatants were the immensely popular William Pulteney (afterwards Earl of Bath), and John Lord Hervey, the Sporus of Pope—

"that thing of silk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of asses' milk."

This last Billingsgate epithet was bestowed on him by Pope—who, as all the world knows, was no Hercules

* The office copy of this grant is still preserved in the British Museum, among the Add. MSS., No. 15,553, f. 152. Lord Arlington sold the property the same year for 10,000*l.* to a Mr. Pym, in whose family the ground still remains.

† The Foreigner's Guide to London; or, a Necessary and Instructive Companion both for Foreigner and Native, 1729, p. 25.

himself—on account of the strict régime his Lordship had to follow in order to repel epileptical attacks with which he was threatened. Lord Hervey is further notorious as the husband of the beautiful Molly Lepel,

“Youth’s youngest daughter, sweet Lepel,”

and as the favourite of “the virtuous Princess Caroline,” one of the daughters of George II.

The origin of the duel was as follows:—In 1730, there appeared a pamphlet, entitled “Sedition and Defamation Displayed,” which contained a most violent attack on Pulteney. Believing it to be the production of Lord Hervey, Pulteney wrote a reply to it, in which his lordship’s effeminate manners and personal appearance were bitterly ridiculed and exposed. Upon this Hervey sent a message to Mr. Pulteney, desiring to know whether he wrote the Reply to the pamphlet entitled “Sedition and Defamation Displayed.” Pulteney answered that he would not satisfy Lord Hervey till he knew whether his lordship was the author of the Dedication to the latter. Lord Hervey accordingly sent him word that he was not; and Mr. Fox, who carried this message, asked Mr. Pulteney what answer he would give about the Reply? to which Pulteney said, that since Lord Hervey did not write the Dedication he was satisfied. But Fox insisting on some other answer with regard to the Reply, Pulteney then said that he might tell Lord Hervey, that whether he (Pulteney) was the author of the Reply or not, “he was ready to justify and stand by the truth of any part of it, at that time and whenever Lord Hervey pleased.” “This last message,” writes Thomas Pelham to Lord Waldegrave, “your lordship will easily imagine was the occasion of the duel.” And accordingly, on Monday, January 25, 1730, between three and four o’clock in the afternoon, they met in Upper St. James’s Park, behind Arlington Street, with their seconds, who were Mr. Fox and Sir John Rushout. The two combatants were each of them slightly wounded, but Mr. Pulteney had once so much the advantage of Lord Hervey, that he would infallibly

have run my lord through the body if his foot had not slipped, and then the seconds took occasion to part them; upon which Mr. Pulteney embraced Lord Hervey, and expressed a great deal of concern at the accident of their quarrel, promising at the same time that he would never personally attack him again either with his mouth or pen. Lord Hervey made him a bow without giving any sort of answer, and, to use the common expression, thus they parted. Shortly after this duel a satire appeared, entitled, "The Countess' Speech to her Son Rodrigo, upon her first seeing him after he was wounded in his late duel; to which is prefixed some curious observations on boys challenging their betters." The Countess, of course, was the Countess of Bristol. It is asserted in this satire that Hervey in that duel was the champion of Walpole's party, just as Lord Mohun had been for the Whigs in that fatal affair with the Duke of Hamilton in Hyde Park.

Queen Caroline, who made so many useful improvements in Hyde Park, also extended her patronage to the Green Park. In February, 1730, the Board of Works received orders to prepare a private walk in Upper St. James's Park for the Queen and the royal family, "to divert themselves in the spring."* This walk extended along the row of mansions at the eastern extremity of the Park, and preserved its name of "Queen's Walk" up to the early part of the present century. Queen Caroline also contemplated building a residence in the Park, but that plan never came to anything further than the erection of a sort of pavilion, called the "Queen's Library." Indeed, her Majesty's death was caused by her partiality for this spot. On the 9th of November, 1737, she walked to the library and breakfasted there; on that occasion she caught such a severe cold that she had to retire to her bed immediately on her return to the palace: ten days after she was a corpse.

A later edition of the above mentioned "Foreigner's Guide," published in the middle of the last century,

* London Journal, February 21, 1730.

describes the Green Park in the following terms: "It is situated upon a rising ground, and has a much frequented walk called Constitution Hill. The late Queen [Caroline] caused other walks to be made, and a little before her death a handsome building to be erected for a library, to which she would retire when she had taken the diversion of walking, an exercise she much used. At the upper end is a large basin or reservoir of water, belonging to the Chelsea Waterworks." A somewhat more comprehensive description of its general appearance about this time is the following: "Constitution Hill is a pleasing ascent to one of the finest eminences in nature [!] From hence the eye may command a vast extent of variegated country bounded with distant hills. Immediately beneath appears the beautiful lawn of the Green Park, skirted on one side with buildings which, though irregular, are cheerful and neat; and on another by the trees of St. James's Park, and enriched with a view of the Abbey of Westminster. The lawn consists of the beautiful convexity of two gently rising hills. In the valley is a little grove that looks as offensive as a scab on the face of beauty; but the new plantations on the side of the green stagnant pool portend that it will not soon be removed. . . . The Ranger's house has been lately altered and enlarged, but has acquired no beauty by that means. The enormity of balcony which environs it looks like the outrigger of an Indian canoe, to prevent it from oversetting. The spectator who walks along Piccadilly, and is occasionally delighted with the landscape seen through the breaks of the Park wall, where iron railing is substituted, will at the same time be inclined to regret that the whole wall is not demolished, and the railing made uniform throughout."*

George II., like his Queen, was frequently to be seen in the Green Park. Being a warlike king, and so fond of soldiers that he even had a troop of his heavy horseguards kicking up the dust before him when hunting in Windsor Forest, it may be imagined

* A Critical Review of the Public Buildings, &c., in and about London and Westminster. (Attributed to James Ralph.) 1731.

that reviews were the greatest pleasure of his life. Small bodies of troops he frequently reviewed in the Green Park. "Last Saturday, at noon," says the *London Evening Post* for January 24, 1747, "the King, attended by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, the Duke of Richmond, Lord Harcourt, Lord Cadogan, and several other noblemen, reviewed Sir Robert Rich's Dragoons in the Green Park, near the late Queen's Library. The regiment was complete, excepting about twenty-four men who are either dead or sick, and their horses were led with boots hanging to their saddles—with this difference, that the toes of the boots of the sick men were pointed to the horses' heads, and those of the dead men to their tails. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was on horseback in regimentals, and rode through the ranks, attended by the Duke of Queensborough [Queensberry], and several persons of distinction. The regiment made a very fine appearance, and his Majesty was greatly pleased with them."

The Saturday after, the Duke of Cumberland's Dragoons were reviewed. These were the first corps of light cavalry ever organized in the English Army. The Duke of Kingston, during the Scotch rebellion of 1745, had raised at his own expense a regiment of Light Horse, which had proved itself eminently useful during the campaign in that hilly country. After the Rebellion was suppressed, the majority of the men enlisted in a corps which was styled the Duke of Cumberland's Own Regiment of Light Dragoons. From this period light cavalry began to be properly appreciated in England, and a few years after became a regular branch of the service. The accoutrements of these corps were as light as possible: the men carried short carabines, slung to their side by a moveable swivel, pistols, and light swords inclined to a curve. Owing to the novelty of these troops, a great concourse of people was expected to be present at their first appearance before the public. To prevent crowding, however, all the gates and avenues to the Green Park were ordered to be shut up and guarded. It is not reported that the

people on this occasion considered the Park as their own property, and tore up the rails. Some of them, however, climbed over the wall in Piccadilly, by which means one of them broke his arm, and another his leg. Another casualty was that Sir Robert Worsley's porter fell down among the troops, and was trampled upon by the horses in such a manner that one of his legs was broken.

About this time there appears to have been a permanent park of artillery in the Green Park, surrounded by *chevaux-de-frise*. On the 19th of April, 1749, four companies of artillery were reviewed there by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cumberland, whilst a hundred and fifty footguards were placed round the *chevaux-de-frise* to keep off the spectators. As usual in those days, an accident happened: a bombardier had his arm torn off by the gun being fired before the rammer was removed. This review of artillery took place previous to the great festivities and rejoicings appointed for the 27th of April, 1749, on account of the general peace, signed at Aix-la-Chapelle, in October, the year before. From that day until the month of April, expectation had been kept on tiptoe about the great national rejoicings, by which that happy event was to be commemorated.

Grand preparations were made to celebrate the end of the War of Succession. A spacious pavilion was erected in the Green Park; but it took weeks to complete this structure, which was considered almost one of the wonders of the world by the admiring cockneys. The building was intended for a Doric temple, 114 feet high and 410 feet long, covered with frets, gilding, lustres, artificial flowers, inscriptions, and allegorical pictures, besides twenty-three statues, all of a colossal size. The great picture on the pediment in the centre was not less than 28 feet by 10, and represented his Majesty giving peace to Britannia. On the top was a gigantic sun which was to burn for four hours. From this rococo construction an infinity of fireworks was to be let off, whilst illuminations and transparencies

were to add to the splendour of its appearance. It was the design of Servandoni, the famous Italian architect, who built the church of St. Geneviève and other buildings in Paris, but he fell ill before the work was finished, and the Chevalier de Casali had to complete it for him. He too came in for a share of the misfortunes which fate lavished upon this ill-starred festival, for he was wounded by a large piece of wood which fell upon him whilst he was superintending the works. Indeed the whole affair seems to have taken place under an untoward constellation, for there were nothing but mishaps and accidents from the beginning to the end.

The Sunday before the fireworks, half London went to see the gorgeous temple. The crowd passing through Spring Gardens was so dense that ladies lost the tails of their gowns, others their capuchines, hoods, and various parts of their apparel. Many gentlemen lost their swords, particularly silver-hilted ones, and many unfortunate beaux came out of the crush *minus* the two skirts of their gold-embroidered coats. The day following, experimental fireworks were let off, on which occasion Lieutenant Desaguliers, R.E., was seriously wounded. The fact is, the fireworks appear to have been rather clumsy, for it is reported that the stick of one of the large rockets on coming down penetrated full *five feet* (!) into the mould of the garden attached to the lodge on Constitution Hill.

Thursday, the 27th of April, was the grand day appointed for the fireworks. All the entrances into the Green Park were opened, and a breach of fifty feet was made into the Park wall on the Piccadilly side, in order to give admittance to the vast crowds of spectators. In the Park a gallery had been erected for the Privy Council, the Peers, the House of Commons, and the rest of the places were given to the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and the directors of the various City companies. Part of the guns were removed from the *chevaux-de-frise*, and placed on Constitution Hill, and the Blues were to parade the streets all night to keep order. His Majesty King George in the morning

reviewed the three regiments of Footguards from the garden wall of St. James's; they were headed by the Duke of Cumberland, and gave great satisfaction. In the forepart of the evening he was in the Queen's library, accompanied by the Dukes of Cumberland, Montague, Richmond, Bedford, &c. At seven o'clock he went into a pavilion in the Park which had been erected for his reception, and expressed his satisfaction with the whole affair by presenting the principal workmen with a purse of guineas. The Prince and Princess of Wales, who were on bad terms with their royal father, kept aloof, and saw the fireworks from the house of the Earl of Middlesex, in Arlington Street.

The performance commenced with a grand military overture, written by Handel, and executed by a barbarous band of 40 trumpets, 20 French horns, 16 haut-boys, 16 bassoons, 8 kettledrums, 12 sidedrums, and a proper number of fifes, "besides a hundred cannon to go off singly with the music." At half-past eight two rockets whizzed up into the air, the signal that the fireworks were about to commence. Then the cannon within the *chevaux-de-frise* were fired, when they were answered by those on Constitution Hill with a royal salute of 101 guns of 6, 12, and 24-pounders. At half-past eight, in the midst of the roar and clatter of the pyrotechnic display, the building all at once took fire, burning with great fury. Nearly 100 pounds of powder were at that moment stored away in it; but they were fortunately removed in time, or the consequences might have been terrible; as it was, two arches were burnt to the ground in a moment; but at last the fire-engines succeeded in mastering the flames. Messengers were going to and from his Majesty during this disaster, reporting progress, and when the fire was extinguished, the King sent a present to the men who had most distinguished themselves in conquering the flames. Unfortunately, however, the principal fireworks went off during this bustle, and thus missed their effect. At eleven o'clock the whole building was illuminated, which was done by contract by Mr. Tyers,

the master of Vauxhall, and in that state it continued till three o'clock in the morning. The King, however, went home at midnight.

The chapter of accidents on this occasion was unusually lengthy. A large rocket dashed right into one of the stands; it struck a Miss Harriott Sear, of Grove, Herts, niece of Sir John Peachy, Bart., broke her left arm in two places, and severely burnt her head, the upper part of her body, and her arm. The bystanders tore off the burning clothes to her stays and petticoats, and in that state the young lady was taken home. A boy fell from a tree and broke his neck; a girl fell from a boat near Westminster Bridge, but her sweetheart jumped after her, caught her whilst she was sinking, and swam with her to Stangate Stairs. A drunken cobbler fell in the pond in the Green Park and was drowned; a painter employed about the fireworks fell from the top of the building and dashed his brains out. The Chevalier de Servandoni, the architect, was taken into custody for drawing his sword and threatening Mr. Charles Frederick. As it was a heinous offence to draw the sword "within the verge of the palace" the chevalier was securely locked up, and the following morning was brought before the Board of Green Cloth, who took cognizance of such matters, and was only liberated on finding sureties for his keeping the peace, one in 1000*l.* and two in 500*l.* each. But the general ill luck appears to have prevailed to the last, for the next day a carpenter assisting in demolishing the erection fell down on the spikes of the gate of St. James's Park, and was killed on the spot. Thus ended this performance, which was said to have cost almost as much as the sum about which the war with Spain commenced,* and for which nothing was obtained but a crowd, a shout, and a blaze. Certainly, after a long and protracted war a great part of that money might have been more usefully applied to relieve

* The non-payment of 90,000*l.*, due to the South-Sea Company, was one of the principal causes of the war.

the numbers of widows and orphans, and the thousands of maimed and wounded soldiers.*

Situated between the equally fashionable St. James's and Hyde Parks, the Green Park at that time did not obtain any very great vogue as a promenade, so that an occasional duel or a robbery form almost the only subjects worth recording in its history. In November, 1699, two men were robbed in it during a fog, and left bound in the hollow. In January, 1737, the clerk of the Chelsea Waterworks was robbed on Constitution Hill by soldiers. It must be remembered that the Guards till the end of the last century did not live in barracks, but were quartered on the inhabitants of London and Westminster. Owing to this, they were at liberty to be about night and day, spending their money, and when short of that useful article they but too often "laboured in their vocation of purse-taking." Besides all manner of bad characters, pressed men, and even respited criminals, were to be found in the ranks, and altogether the army was much like the troops of Richmond as described by Richard III. :—

"A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,
A scum of Bretons, and base lackey peasants,
Whom this o'eremployed country vomits forth
To desperate ventures and assured destruction."

In April, 1735, Charles Powell, of Shrewsbury, Esq., and Capt. Henry Newton, of the 2nd Footguards,

* A pamphlet was published by order of the Board of Ordnance, entitled "A Description of the Machine for the Fireworks, and a detail of the manner in which they are to be exhibited in St. James's Park, on Thursday, April 27, 1749." To those who are interested in matters pyrotechnic, the following list of the fireworks let off on that occasion, may be acceptable: 10,650 skyrockets, from 4 oz. to 6 pounds weight; 87 air-balloons; 88 tourbillons; 21 regulated pieces; 30 figured pieces; 180 pots d'aigrettes; 12,200 pots de brins; 21 cascades; 131 vertical suns and wheels; 71 fixed suns; 160 fountains; 260 gerbes; 3700 lances; and 5000 marrons. They were made by Signori Gaetano Ruggieri and Giuseppe Sarti of Bologna, and were let off under the direction of Ch. Frederick, Esq., Comptroller, and Capt. Thomas Desaguliers, Chief Fire-master of his Majesty's Laboratory.

fought a duel with swords behind the ice-houses, between four and five in the morning; no seconds were present, and both gentlemen were dangerously wounded. One Sunday evening in November, 1739, a M. Lacour, a Frenchman, was coming down Constitution Hill, when a fellow clapped him on the shoulder, asking him how he did, and told him he had had no supper. "Why," says Lacour, "I can't help that; surely you would not have me to buy you one?" "No," answered the footpad, "but I expect your money, and then I can buy what I like." And with these words, he pulled out a pistol, which he held to Lacour's breast, and rifled his pockets of ten shillings and a gold-chased watch. In March, 1749, a woman was robbed and beaten to death on Constitution Hill; and shortly after another daring robbery was committed in the Park. One evening a gentleman and three ladies were coming out of the private door near the reservoir, which led into Piccadilly. As they approached they saw two men endeavouring to open it, and as their key did not seem to fit, the gentleman offered them to use his. The moment they had the key, they produced each a pistol, rifled the polite gentleman and the ladies of their watches, purses, and other valuables, and as soon as the booty was secured, pushed them into Piccadilly, locked the gate, ran off into the Park, and disappeared in the darkness. In September, 1756, another rather bold robbery was committed near the same place. Two young ladies were sitting upon one of the seats by the pond, when a gentlemanly-looking person dressed in a tarnished gold-laced coat approached, and begged leave to sit beside them. For a while he entertained them in a most agreeable manner, giving them a lively account of his travels and adventures. Thus he continued until darkness set in, and the place had become gradually deserted, when all at once he made an abrupt transition to his present distress, "which," he said, "he hoped they would have the kindness to relieve." Finding, however, that the young ladies paid no regard to his demand, he laid his hand on his sword, and de-

clared, "upon his honour," he would run one of them through, and throw the other into the pond, if they did not instantly deliver their purses. This threat compelled the ladies to comply, and as soon as the fellow had secured their money, he made off through the Park, and was seen no more.

A mysterious discovery was made in August, 1760. Some workmen employed to cut a drain from Lord Cholmondeley's house in Piccadilly into the Green Park, found within the said Park, about six feet below the surface, a coffin with a human skeleton in it, supposed to have been buried upwards of twenty years. The bones were quite sound, but there was a contusion on the skull, which was conjectured to have occasioned death, and to have been the reason of the lonely burial there given to that body. No further particulars were ever disclosed about this mysterious affair, for both justice and the public were in those days equally apathetic in matters of this kind.

In 1761, King George III. bought old Buckingham House, which he settled on Queen Charlotte in lieu of Somerset House. Down to that period the gardens of Buckingham House formed an almost equilateral hexagon, which George III. transformed into an irregular pentagon, by producing the two sides near the top till they met, by which process of course a good piece of ground (it is said, several acres) was taken from the Park and annexed to the royal gardens. The following year the wall was taken down, which till then had separated the Green, from St. James's Park, and a railing was placed in its stead. At that time there were two lodges in the Green Park: one stood at the north-east corner, near the reservoir or Queen's Basin, the other at the opposite end, on the top of Constitution Hill, near the King's New Road which led through Hyde Park to Kensington Palace. Behind this lodge there was a small grove of trees, which the homely grandiloquence of those days had christened "The Wilderness." There was further a dismal stagnant pool in the hollow, the last trace of the Tyburn rivulet which

ran through this part in olden times. The pool was sometimes called Rosamond's Pond, and it remained in existence within the memory of the present generation.

In the reign of George III. the Green Park was much used as a promenade, particularly in the evening, but it also continued to be a favourite spot for duels and for robberies. In July, 1776, a rencontre took place in it between "a noble earl and a marquess distinguished for bravery," who may have been the Marquess of Granby. Some persons, however, came up just in time to prevent bloodshed. In 1769 the papers said: "A gang of desperate villains infest the Green Park to that degree, that no person can pass through there of an evening. These fellows have keys to all the doors, which facilitates their escape."* Not only did they rob in the Park, but they also had outlying pickets in Piccadilly. Thus, in the beginning of October, a gentleman was robbed at the end of Half Moon Street, by "a person genteelly dressed." Some people just happening to come up, the robber was pursued, but he ran across the road to one of the gates of the Park; there an accomplice stood waiting for him, who at once opened the gate, and the moment the footpad had entered the Park, shut it in the face of the pursuers. If the members of that gang had not been hanged three years after, it is probable that the actors in the following farce were some of their number. One afternoon, in July, 1772, a young woman with dirty ruffles and a striped silk gown, torn in several places, without hat or cap, her hair dishevelled and her arms bearing marks of violence ran screaming from "The Wilderness," and soon attracted a large number of people round her. She told a wild rambling story of having been robbed of a guinea, which she said a man had snatched from her, after asking her to give him change. A young fellow of a rustic appearance then came up, and pretended to have chased the thief and seized him near the gate opposite Hyde Park, where he was rescued by two soldiers.

* St. James's Chronicle, November 2, 1769.

But as the appearance of the woman seemed to declare her one of the lowest class of unfortunates, and as many of the bystanders soon began to miss purses, watches, and other "unconsidered trifles," it was then discovered, but when of course it was too late, that she had merely made this outcry in order to draw a crowd together, to enable her associates the more easily to pick pockets.

One evening in the beginning of May, 1771, a duel was fought in the Green Park, between Edward, Viscount Ligonier, nephew of the celebrated general, and Count Vittorio Alfieri, subsequently the first tragic poet of Italy, in which the latter was slightly wounded. A case of *crim. con.* of the most scandalous character between this future poet (who was then only twenty-two) and the Viscountess (Penelope, eldest daughter of George Pitt, first Lord Rivers), was the occasion of this affair. The secret of their illicit intercourse having been betrayed by a chambermaid, the incensed husband went to the Opera in search of the Count, whom he found in the box of Prince Masserano, the Spanish Ambassador. He at once requested him to step out for a moment, and insisted on immediate satisfaction. Alfieri, though he had broken his clavicle two days before, and wore his arm in a sling, still was willing to accept the wager of battle. The two champions then, without seconds, walked through Pall Mall to the Green Park, and there, by the last glimmer of the twilight, made a few passes at each other, when Alfieri was wounded in the arm. This hurt, "though neither so deep as a well, nor so large as a church-door," Lord Ligonier considered sufficient atonement for his wounded honour; his Lordship left the field, and Don Juan Alfieri returned to the Opera.

A divorce, by Act of Parliament, soon followed, and Alfieri had to pay a good round sum for the Viscount's peace of mind, for as Tennyson has told us:

"The jingle of the guinea heals the smart that honour feels."

As the Italian Count had been the rival of one of Lord

Ligonier's grooms in the favours of the Viscountess, the details of this case were, of course, very racy but very shameful, and such was the interest taken in the matter by ladies, that, according to the papers, a new bonnet was invented by a famous milliner to be worn at trials of this kind, the great advantage of which was that it rendered the use of a fan unnecessary. This bonnet was called *la coquine*. It is certain that just about that time there was a luxuriant crop of divorce cases, and so lively was business at Doctors' Commons that Chesterfield replied to one of his friends, who had inquired of him what profession he should give his son, "Make a Doctors' Commons proctor of him: you have many relations in high life, and there is no doubt of his amassing a ministerial fortune, by the work cut out for him among his own family." Indeed, it was a singular fact and a lamentable sign of the times, that in 1777 there were no less than seven divorced English peeresses living in Paris.

In 1773 the lodge at the upper end of the Park was rebuilt, and it was asserted that the design of the building was by no less a hand than that of King George III. himself. His Majesty took much interest in architecture, and had designed the lodge at Richmond and made various improvements in the royal parks and residences, but the lodge in the Green Park was his *chef d'œuvre*, and this was much admired for its elegance and lightness. When the building was completed there was a regular scramble for it, and Lord Orford, the Ranger, who had the gift of the Deputy-Rangership, had no end of applications for that office, merely on account of the lodge being the residence of that functionary. Even the Duke of Gloucester became a petitioner, but was told by his Lordship that he intended to give it to Captain Thomas Shirley. George Selwyn also had a violent desire to possess the pretty box; and, as Lord Orford was always in want of money, the wit bought of him the promise of the house on condition of giving 100*l.* to Captain Shirley and 200*l.* a year to Lord Orford. "You cannot think," writes the Earl of March (subse-

quently Duke of Queensberry) to his friend George, "how happy I am that you are to have the house, and so pretty a one, and so near mine."—"I go to-morrow morning to examine the house. I am sure I shall look at it with more pleasure than I have ever done before. I want to see how long it will be before you can get into it. It is a charming house: how everybody will hate you for having got it."*

But, after all, Selwyn appears to have been disappointed in obtaining the house, for it is evident, from the direction of his letters, that he never had any other residence in London but in Chesterfield Street and in Cleveland Row. Thus, the history of the lodge remains a blank up to 1778, when General Fitzroy was appointed Ranger of the Parks, and Lord William Gordon, brother of the Duke and of him of the Riots, became the fortunate tenant of the coveted lodge. But it was not till 1786, at the death of Captain Shirley, that his Lordship was appointed Deputy-Ranger. Lord William beautified the house with an unsparing hand: as early as 1782 he is described in the papers as "giving directions about his very beautiful little house as usual." Hence odious comparisons were made between this elegant little villa and Lord North's mansion, Downing-street House. Lord William had made all the improvements at his own expense. The income of his office of Deputy-Ranger, after deducting land-tax and sixpenny duty, amounted to little more than 400*l.* a year. At the other end of the Park stood the house Lord North lived in when Chancellor of the Exchequer: there were no improvements at all carried on there; it cost the public for seven or eight years 500*l.* annually, and at last, by way of *coup-de-grace*, a builder's bill of 11,000*l.* was presented, whilst his Lordship's emolument at that time was said to exceed 25,000*l.* a year! This was certainly a contrast with a vengeance.

In March, 1780, a gentleman was robbed in the

* J. H. Jesse's "Selwyn and his Contemporaries," vol. iii. p. 43. Letter of the Earl of March to George Selwyn. This Earl lived at 138, Piccadilly, where he died in 1810.

Green Park, by a soldier, of his watch and some guineas. The robber turned out to be a sergeant in the First Regiment of Footguards, named Sparrow, and was taken and locked up in Newgate; "but," says Walpole, "like somebody in *Tempest*, he was not born to be hanged, for he was one of the three hundred criminals set free by the burning of Newgate at the Gordon Riots, and was to have been hanged on the 7th of June, but was shot as he was spiriting up the rioters."* In this Walpole was mistaken. On the evening of the 7th of June, the very day on which Sparrow was to have been hanged, a patrol of the Hertfordshire militia stopped two men at Barnet, on suspicion of being deserters: they proved by their own confession to be Sparrow and his companion, who had escaped when the mob was burning Newgate the night before. Both were safely lodged in Hertford jail, and eventually paid their penalty at Tyburn, thus proving the truth of Hamlet's assertion, that "There is a special providence even in the fall of a *Sparrow*."

St. James's Park by this time having lost its prestige of fashion, the promenade in the Green Park in summer evenings became *par excellence* the resort of the *ton*. Hence it was that the most fabulous sums were paid for the royal grant of bow windows, balconies, and gardens looking out on the Park, at the back of the houses in Arlington Street. Thus, in 1785, Mr. Hastings paid 400*l.*, and Mr. Rigby 4000*l.*, for a small bow window; and so with the rest of the houses, all of which sums were applied to the improvement of the Park. As it was at that time the custom among the *beau monde* to promenade in the Park after dinner and in evening costume, the view from these windows must really have been very pleasant, and with such a fertile source of criticism and scandal near at hand, the conversation over the tea-table in those houses no doubt was very lively. There, on the *romantic* shore of the basin or reservoir, which was adorned with a stout, low, babbling

* Walpole to the Countess of Ossory, June 7, 1780.

fountain, all the beauty and fashion of London took their allowance of fresh air during the summer months ; and, be it remembered, that the view in the Park was then very different from what it is now. Pimlico did not exist, and the atmosphere, therefore, must then have been much purer in that direction, and permitted on fine days a distant as well as lovely view. Beyond Westminster there was a wide tract of Dutch-looking country, meadows and pastures, intersected with rivulets, brooks, and pools, shadowed by lines of elms and willows, and altogether the view was pleasant and rural enough. The eye, gazing from the high walk over these intervening marshes, caught occasional glimpses of the surface of the Thames, and was enabled to trace the flow of its currents until it disappeared behind the buildings of Westminster, the view being closed in one dreamy distance by the wooded hills of Surrey.

It was in this favourite promenade then, that, during the summer of 1790, the ladies for the first time appeared with veils to their bonnets, to the great annoyance of the gentlemen, as may be imagined. But whether this innovation was attributable to the broad stare and eye-glass then in fashion among the bolder spirits, or to the quantity of paint on the cheek of beauty, is hard to say. The lords of the creation, in their rage, called them "lace curtains," and emptied the vials of their wrath in the newspapers, boldly stating that the fair ones had "made more false steps since the commencement of this face-concealing fashion than appeared on the records of gallantry for many years before."* But, it must be admitted, that the sex are often very hardly dealt with. The writers of the periodical press, good, bad, and indifferent, are always writing their pens to the stump on the inexhaustible subject of the follies of fashion. But when has there been a female fashion which has had the honour to meet with their approbation? Take our own time for instance: when the ladies wore hoops we laughed, now

* St. James's Chronicle, October 9-12, 1790.

that they wear none we grin. When dresses were worn short there was an outcry; now that they wear long trains they do wrong again. When they wore large bonnets we had our little jokes about that; now that they wear none we are dissatisfied again. *Ne Jovem quidem placuisse omnibus*: evidently the goddesses, as little as the gods, possess the talent of pleasing everybody.

Various improvements had gradually been effected in the Green Park: the wall along Piccadilly had been replaced by an iron railing, and flower-beds had been laid out. "The parterres in the Green Park," the papers in 1796 thought "charmingly inviting. Such another public walk Europe cannot boast, and yet the lower Park is preferred, for there you see the great vulgar and the small together." But this preference for St. James's Park could only have been temporary, for that old promenade had then long since been abandoned to the "small vulgar," and the Green Park was nightly crowded with the pink of fashion.

During the great Volunteer movement in 1803, the Prince of Wales's Association was several times reviewed by the Earl of Harrington in the Green Park, where they marched, halted, fired, and *feu-de-joyed* to the general satisfaction. This was the only regiment reviewed in this Park, and the reason of the exception appears to have been that the warlike Prince might witness the review from the windows of Colonel Andrews' residence on Constitution Hill.

When the present century was in its teens the Park used to be crowded with gay company on summer evenings. During the week it was entirely abandoned to the patrician splendour of the western hemisphere of London. But on Sundays, though there were certainly many dashing elegantes of unquestionable *haut ton*, yet there were also many other elegantes, equally dashing, but not altogether unquestionable. Mixed among the *Dii Majores* were the inhabitants of the City, luxuriating in a seventh-day glimpse of high life, and jostling the members of those antediluvian families "whom the flood could not wash away." There was

the blue blood from Grosvenor Square breathing the same air with Mademoiselle Papillotte from Cranbourn Alley, and Beau Brummel studied and copied by Mr. Higgins from the unexplored regions east of Temple Bar or the Terra Incognita of Bishopsgate and Hatton Garden.

In October, 1807, a comet made its appearance, which attracted great attention. I believe it was Biela's comet, which again returned to its perihelion in 1832 and 1857. As it was said that this luminary might possibly come in collision with the earth, great popular alarm was excited, and the comet was watched with intense interest. Groups of ladies were nightly in the Green Park with telescope in hand, surveying the fiery wanderer, and paying the homage of fashion to this mysterious work of nature. Female love of science was becoming prevalent when the play of "The Universal Passion" was written, but certainly at the time of the comet these two lines were more than ever applicable—

"Some nymphs prefer astronomy to love,
Elope from mortal men and range above."

Some, but not all. There still remained a few whose thoughts were bent on "mortal men," and the Green Park witnessed many a wicked flirtation, as may be gathered from a satire of the time entitled "High Life and Low."

In the season of 1809 a splendid display of flowers in the gardens of Stafford and Spencer Houses, contributed to render the Green Park more than ever attractive. The footpath along those residences—the old "Queen's walk"—once more became the fashionable promenade, and the summer being very warm, people remained in the Park till every clock that told truth had struck twelve. On such evenings, when the rooks were sailing overhead towards the rookery behind Carlton House, when the slanting rays of the setting sun lengthened the shadows on the grass, and touched into vividness the light airy costumes, the gay muslins

and the gaudily-coloured spencers then in fashion, with the gay uniforms intermingling, it was a scene quite un-English, calling to mind the Alamedas and Corsi of more happy climes. And when the moon shone on the banks of fog hovering over the marshy tract of land westward of Westminster, a little willingness only was required to imagine that the blue Mediterranean was behind those vapours, and that the distant din of London and Westminster was the noise of its breakers rolling over the sand. It was after a promenade of this kind, early in the season of 1809, that Lady Charlotte Wellesley, spouse of Sir Henry Wellesley (afterwards Lord Cowley), and sister-in-law of the Duke of Wellington, eloped with Lord Paget, whilst her carriage and servants were waiting at the gate of the Park. The elopement made a terrible uproar in chaste Vanity Fair. Colonel Cadogan, the lady's brother, challenged the gay Lothario to single combat, but his lordship declined; and when both Sir Henry and Lady Paget had obtained a divorce, the two divorcees married each other. This Lord Paget, afterwards Marquis of Anglesea, was the owner of the leg which was buried with military honours on the field of Waterloo, where it still rests under a monument and a weeping willow, and where the boot, which encased the limb, is still preserved as an invaluable relic.

During the Jubilee fêtes of 1814, the Green Park was chosen for the scene of a grand pyrotechnical display. In July the committee commenced building near Constitution Hill an unnamed and unnamable absurdity (the design of Sir William Congreve, of rocket celebrity), which, with all its palings and the cordon of sentries round it, covered one-third of the Green Park. What it was intended for none of the uninitiated could guess, notwithstanding the allegorical pictures which covered it on all sides. At last, about a week before the fête, there appeared a lengthy official programme, in which it was christened the Temple of Concord. This programme fully described the non-

descript temple and its allegories, and it appeared that besides almost the whole of the heathen Olympus, it also contained portraits of the Prince Regent and the Bourbons, besides impersonifications of Britannia, France, Spain, Portugal, Holland, Russland, Austria, Peace, the Golden Age and the Regency (the last two being synonymous). It further conveyed the information that the Temple of Concord was contained within an ancient Gothic castle, with towers and battlements, which, after a simulated siege, at a given moment, like a transformation scene in a pantomime, was to be metamorphosed into the Temple of Concord. A wooden bridge sprang from the lawn to a scaffolding erected on the roof of Buckingham Gate Guardhouse, which was covered in for the reception of the royal family. This bridge appeared dedicated to the naval glories of Great Britain, and was inscribed with the names of "Nelson of the Nile," Smith, Saumarez, Strachan, Broke, Duncan, Collingwood, St. Vincent, and Howe, whilst on the royal booth were the words—

FIRST OF AUGUST,

PEACE

CENTENARY OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS HOUSE OF BRUNSWICK.

The weather on the 1st of August was lowering in the morning, but towards ten o'clock the sun broke forth in all its glory. No amusements were provided during the daytime, and the holiday folks had to struggle through the weary, long summer day as best they could, with eating and drinking, looking at the preparations, and conjecturing what they all meant. At six o'clock the festivities commenced by the ascent of Mr. Sadler in a balloon, which rose almost perpendicularly to a great height, and then gently floated away in the direction of Kent. At 9 o'clock the bridge and royal booth were illuminated with a scanty display of Chinese lanterns. The illumination did not pretend to magnificence, and merely served to exhibit the names of the

most illustrious companions of Wellington in the Peninsula, and of the principal naval heroes, who for the last twenty years had upheld the maritime glories of the country. At ten a quick and terrific discharge of the guns, which lasted for twenty minutes, announced the commencement of the fireworks. From the battlements of the castle all at once ascended a vast quantity of the most brilliant rockets, and presently the walls disclosed various combinations of illuminated ornaments. Thus it blazed and thundered away for about two hours, but it told no intelligible tale, though the public had been informed it was to represent a siege. Gradually the castle was metamorphosed into a "Temple of Peace," which, when fully developed, was rather a tasteful arrangement. The lamps were yellow fringed with blue, and intermixed round the base with red, and the whole fabric was so completely illuminated as to appear a building of fire, whilst the two rows of allegorical transparencies added variety to the scene. The effect of the whole, however, was somewhat marred by the burning down of the Pagoda in St. James's Park, which soon drew off vast numbers of the multitude. Another grievance was, that notwithstanding the listlessness and riot of the scene, many inquiring eyes had been directed towards the decorated gallery, which the public had been told was prepared for the reception of the royal family, but no person of rank or distinction made his appearance there. Indeed, between a "splendid dinner" and a "sumptuous supper" it may well be imagined that the royal party, and particularly the Prince Regent, had more serious occupation to attend to than witnessing fireworks.

The following day the whole Park, which so lately bore the appearance of a verdant lawn, could no longer boast a single blade of grass. In allusion to this devastation the following advertisement appeared in one of the newspapers: "Lost, on Monday night, the beautiful Green Park, which used to extend from St. James's Park to Piccadilly. It is supposed to have been removed by Mr. John Bull, who was seen there

last night with a pretty numerous party, and who has left a brown Park in exchange, of no value, to the Ranger. Information upon this subject will be thankfully received by the two stags over the lodge in Piccadilly.* But a worse fate still awaited the Park: a kind of anarchy prevailed during the Jubilee week; there was a fair in Hyde Park and another in St. James's Park, and vehicles of all sorts were at liberty to enter those otherwise exclusive precincts. The dwarf wall and railing having been taken down in order to admit the people on the day of the fireworks, the Green Park soon became a short cut from Piccadilly to Westminster and Pimlico, and heavy carts, drays, waggons, and coaches, ran all day through the Park, to the destruction of the turf, and the imminent danger of his Majesty's lieges. The fair was finally closed on Saturday, the 6th of August, when Lord Sydney, the Ranger, received orders to see all the booths and stalls removed, and in future to exclude from the Park all carriages or people on horseback, except those who had a royal licence for this privilege.

The Temple of Concord meanwhile remained standing. On the 12th of August, the Prince Regent's birthday, people from all parts, far and near, flocked to the Green Park in expectation of another illumination. Though there was not the least symptom of any such exhibition, yet they clung to the spot, staring at the black framework as if they expected the fireworks to blaze forthwith miraculously. Disappointed in their hope, a mob, composed of all the disorderly characters in London, commenced pulling down the fence which enclosed the Temple of Concord. The sentries found it impossible to make any resistance, owing to the great number of the mob, who, seeing that their misconduct met with no opposition, piled the fence up, threw the

* "The Sun," August 3rd, 1814. The stags here alluded to are the same which now stand over the Albert Gate, Hyde Park, where they were placed in 1842. It is to the exertions of Lady Sydney Morgan, that the inhabitants of the West End are indebted for the erection of this gate.

sentry-boxes and branches of trees all in one large heap, and then made a bonfire of them. A volume of smoke and flames arose, which coloured the sky and alarmed the whole metropolis, and fire-engines arrived from all parts at the top of their speed, thinking that St. James's Palace was on fire. Considerable apprehensions were entertained for the fate of the Temple itself, but it escaped unhurt, and the mischief did not extend beyond the destruction of so much timber. At last a military force arrived and put an end to the reckless outrage; still the Park all night continued a scene of riot and drunkenness, and it was not till daylight that the mob departed. Such was the rather commonplace conclusion of the joys of the Jubilee.

The skeleton of the Temple, blackened by smoke and disfigured by exposure to the elements, remained standing for above two months longer, a most unsightly object. After having been ineffectually offered for sale by private contract, it fell at length under the hammer of the auctioneer, on the 10th of October, divided in a hundred lots, and was sold for the sum of 198*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.* to various brokers from Moorfields, the Mint, and Seven Dials, and Heaven only knows to what "base uses" the *dissecta membra* of the Temple of Concord were eventually applied.

"Imperious Cæsar dead, and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

Sir Richard Phillips, in 1817, lamenting the extinct glories of St. James's Park, at the same time sings the dirge of the Green Park: "The dinner-hour of four and five among the great, or would-be great" (says he) "having shifted to the unhealthy hours of eight or nine, the promenade after dinner in the dinner full-dress, is consequently lost. The present walk in the Green Park does not possess, therefore, the attraction of high rank, while the morning assemblages in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, though gay and imposing, have little splendour of dress, and lose the effect produced by the presence of rank and distinguished character owing to

the greater part of the company being shut up in carriages.* Still the promenade was not yet altogether degenerated, for even in that very year of 1817, the Princesses, sisters of the Regent, frequently walked in the Park "like goddesses disguised, mingling in the crowd of mortal beauties." But Sir Richard's remark in the end proved true. As the dinner-hour became later among the fashionables, the unfashionable, who still dined at the patriarchal hours of four and five, desisted from the after-dinner promenade, for fear of being thought what they were—unfashionable. Thus, notwithstanding the graceful improvements subsequently effected by Lord Duncannon, the Park was finally abandoned to the nursemaids and children of the neighbouring tradesmen, who have kept undisputed possession of it ever since.

During the Coronation *fête* in 1821, the Green Park had no other attractions than a balloon, which on Thursday, July 19th, was let up at one o'clock from an enclosed piece of ground between the basin and Piccadilly. The balloon was emblazoned with heraldic emblems of the royal arms and other appropriate ornaments. On the lower part was inscribed "George IV., Royal Coronation Balloon." Appended to it was a boat which carried Mr. Green, the aeronaut. It rose with a slight inclination to the north, and owing to the clearness of the atmosphere remained visible for nearly half an hour; at twenty minutes to two o'clock it descended in a field near Potter's Bar, North Mims, having travelled in various directions upwards of fifty miles in forty minutes. About half an hour after the ascent, six guns in the Park fired a royal salute, which was the signal that the regatta in Hyde Park was about to commence. The multitude at once hurried thither, and as the small gate at the top of Constitution Hill was the only outlet in that direction, many serious accidents happened in consequence of the immense crush there was at that spot.

* Sir Richard Phillips's "Morning Walk to Kew," 1817.

The rest of the history of this Park may soon be told. In the spring of 1842 Lord Duncannon (afterwards Earl of Besborough), Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests, removed the old Ranger's lodge, threw the whole of the gardens attached to that building into the Park, filled up the basin and the melancholy-looking stagnant pool at the north-eastern extremity,* and laid out the grounds in the manner we see them now. Some tasteful suggestions were made by Sir Robert Peel, then Premier, for more striking improvements. They were to consist of a noble terrace and public walk from the gate at Hyde Park Corner to the junction of the houses at the eastern extremity. The form of the ground on this line is particularly favourable to picturesque effects in laying out and planting, and to architectural beauty of design in the esplanade. Fountains, statues, vases of flowers, and balustrades, might have been introduced, as in the Giardino Reale, at Naples, or the Villa Borghese, near Rome, and a very pleasing effect could have been obtained at a comparatively trifling cost. But *Diis aliter visum*. Instead of this we have the useless arch on which the Iron Duke sits hideous on his wooden Copenhagen, and opposite a nondescript arcade supporting nothing. Meantime the abandoned state of the Green Park is sincerely to be regretted. Owing to its happy site on a sloping ground, the view from the upper walk is very extensive. Whenever the wind is from the west or south, so that the clouds of fog and smoke are cleared away, a most lovely panorama unrolls itself. The eye may range on the distant Surrey Hills, dotted with white villas, ensconced in darkening woods, among which the Crystal Palace sparkles in the sun like a fairy structure. In the far west even the Wimbledon Hills are distinctly visible, and to the eastward,

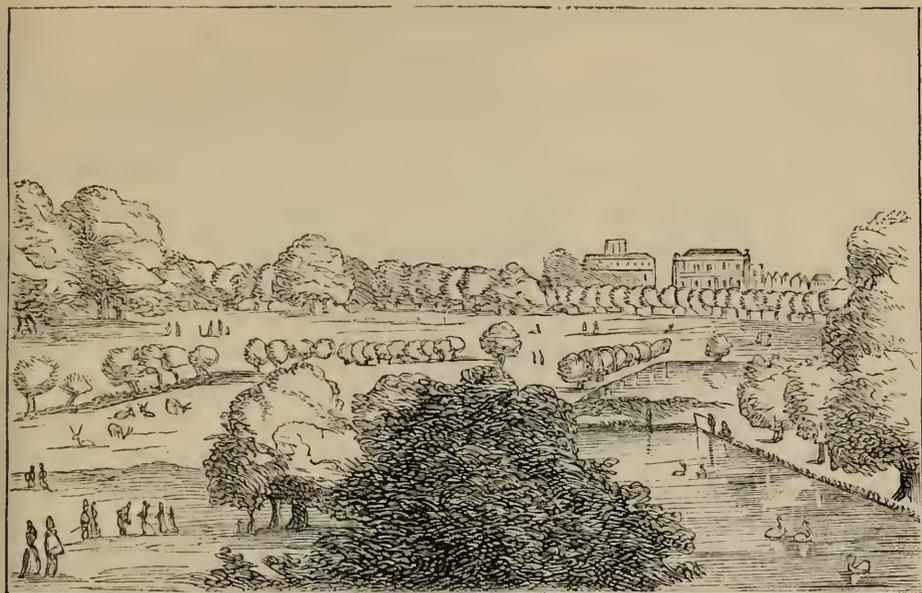
* This pool was a curious instance of the tenacity of popular memory of names. Till the day of its being filled up, it generally went by the name of Rosamond's pond, though *the* Rosamond's Pond—"the real Simon Pure" in St. James's Park—had ceased to exist fifty-seven years before.

Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament group themselves into such an architectural display as can only be matched in very few instances. Being sheltered from the biting north wind, the Park in early sunny spring days has its *petite Provence* as well as the garden of the Tuileries; indeed, as said above, a comparatively small expense might make it in every way equal, if not superior, to those far-famed gardens, but *contre la mole il n'y a pas de résistance*.



ENTRANCE TO THE RANGER'S LODGE IN 1841.

(The two stags on the pillars now adorn Albert Gate, Hyde Park.)



ST. JAMES'S PARK IN 1644.

(Forming the background to Hollar's print of "Summer.")

CHAPTER XVI.

ST. JAMES'S PARK.

THE site now occupied by St. James's Park was in early times a swampy, marshy tract of ground, on the outskirts of an extensive forest. At spring-tides it used to be partly overflowed by the Thames, a branch of which till the twelfth century came round Westminster Abbey, thus forming an island, which, from its being overgrown with thorns, was called Thorney island. The Saxon king Offa, in a charter of the year 785, mentions "the dense woods and forests" in the north-western parts of Westminster, and from the limits which he ascribes to the parish, those dense forests must have been situated between the modern Mayfair, Oxford Street, and the river Fleet, and formed part of the large woods which then, and for centuries afterwards, clothed the country to the north of London. At the time when Domesday Book was

compiled the forests belonging to Westminster were still of sufficient extent to furnish food for an hundred hogs.

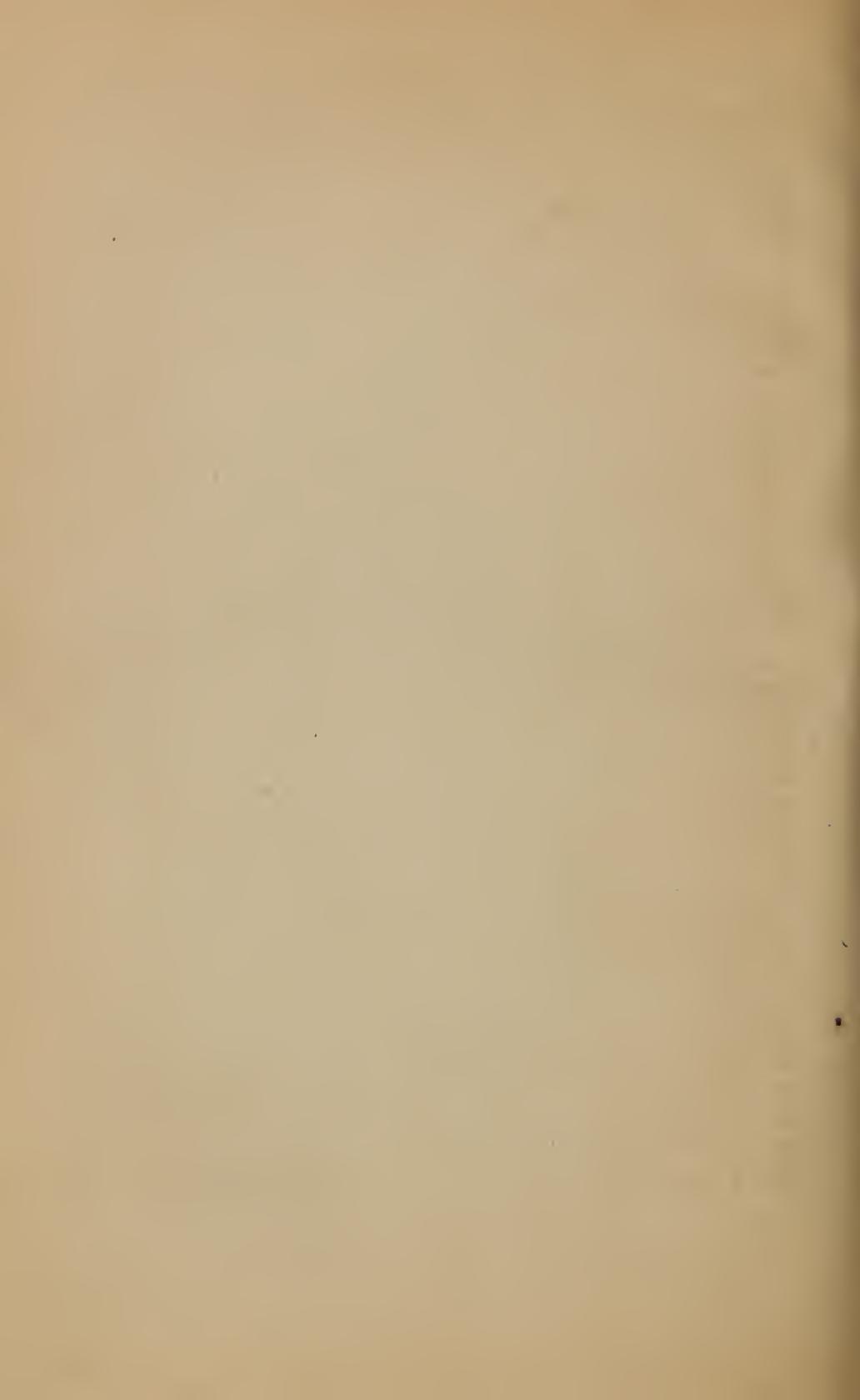
Towards the end of the eighth century, when the Saxon king drew up his charter, there was a permanent pool in the middle of the site now occupied by St. James's Park, which bore the name of Cowford. It was connected with a little stream called the Eya-burn (by contraction Th' Eieburn, whence Tyburn), which derived its name from its running near the eastern boundary of the manor of Eija.* The name of this rivulet is still preserved in Hay Hill, a corrupt cockney pronunciation of Eye Hill, the steep ascent by the side of Eye brook. Like many other pleasant rivulets that once meandered on the outskirts of the modern Babylon, it has long since been transformed into a sewer—the King's Scholars' Pond sewer—following, with little variation, the exact course which ages ago the little rivulet had dug out for itself among reeds and water-plants. It arose in the meadows adjoining the ancient village of Tyburn, situate about the end of Marybone Lane—to use modern nomenclature. After crossing Oxford Street, the watercourse proceeded along South Molton Lane and Bruton Mews, Bolton Row, and White Horse Street, ran across Piccadilly, through the hollow of the Green Park, passing by Buckingham House and the west side of the ancient Tothill Fields to its outlet into the Thames, with which it mingled its waters about a furlong west of Vauxhall Bridge. In the tenth century this streamlet was still connected with the Cowford Pool, but before the thirteenth century, weeds and grasses had choked up their communication, and from that period the stagnant waters gradually diminished in extent, and ended in becoming a mere swamp.

Attracted no doubt by the isolation and loneliness of this dreary spot, some good citizens of London, “long before the time of any man's memory,” founded in this

* See *ante*, p. 5.



THE ROYAL PALACE OF ST JAMES'S NEXT THE PARK.



watery meadow an Hospital for fourteen poor sisters, "maidens that were leprous, there to live chastely and honestly in divine service."* This Hospital they placed under the patronage of St. James, and endowed it with two hides of land, an extent approaching to some 160 of our present acres. Subsequently divers kind-hearted citizens of London granted other lands to the yearly value of fifty-five pounds, and annexed a brotherhood of six chaplains and two laymen to the institution for the administration of divine service to the unhappy leprous maidens. Charity continued to remember the poor sisters in "the slough of Despond," and sundry pious men of London gave four hides of land (about 320 acres) in the fields about Westminster, besides eighty acres of land and wood in Hendon, Calcott, and Hampstead. King Edward I., rivalling in beneficence with his subjects, confirmed all those gifts in 1290, and granted a fair to be kept in St. James's Fields, which was to begin on St. James's Eve (July 24th), and to last for five days. The benefits of letting out the standing ground for booths, the tolls, and other advantages were to accrue to the hospital of the leprous sisters. Besides, in order to increase the business of the fair, all shops in the City of London were to keep closed as long as the fair lasted, which, however beneficial for the sisterhood, must have been rather inconvenient for the Londoners, since in that good old time it was almost a journey from the City to Westminster.

The first associations then connected with the Park are anything but cheerful; a swampy meadow on the outskirts of dense forest, with a lonely Hospital sheltering the unfortunate sufferers of one of the most loathsome diseases which ever visited humanity. But when Henry VIII. obtained Whitehall and took up his abode there, he objected no doubt to the sight of that Spital, which presented itself to his view whenever he looked from his back windows. Wishing besides to connect the grounds immediately behind the palace with his

* Stow, by Strype, b. vi. p. 4.

gardens, he compounded in 1532 with the authorities of Eton College, to which the perpetual custody of the Leper Hospital had been granted by Henry VI., and exchanged it for Chattisham and other lands in Suffolk. The Hospital and sisterhood were then suppressed, and the poor leprous maidens cast abroad. Still St. James's Park was honestly acquired by King Henry, and when he turned the unfortunate sisterhood out of the Hospital, he had the grace to settle a pension upon at least one of them. To this person, who was named Jane Harwood, the King "by his especial grace, and his own pleasure," granted a sum of 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* per annum for her lifetime.* The property of the institution at that time was valued at one hundred pounds per annum. The year before this transfer, Henry had made an exchange of some lands with the Abbot and Convent of Westminster. The King had from the Abbey about 100 acres of land, part of which was made into St. James's Park. In return for this he gave the priory of Poughley, in Berkshire, the dissolution of which had been procured by Cardinal Wolsey, in order to endow the two Colleges he intended to found at Oxford and Ipswich. The newly-acquired ground was in the same year made into a manor or park, and enclosed with what the Lord Treasurer Cromwell described as "a sumptuous wall of brick." Ere long the hospital was demolished, a goodly manor-house was built on its site, and thus arose St. James's Palace and Park. Dry legal documents are unfortunately our only sources of information for the history of the locality at this early period, and, long-winded as they may be in bewildering repetitions, they are most niggardly sparing of detail that can interest the reader. Still from an allusion in one of those dreary monuments of verbosity, we catch a shadowy outline of many and remarkable changes effected by the King in the once "dismal swamp." In 1536, six years after Henry had become possessed of the Hospital and the

* Rymer's "Fœdera," xiv. f. 563.

adjoining grounds, an Act was passed whereby the limits of the King's Palaces at Westminster were fixed, and that Act relates that his Majesty "thereunto adjoining has made a park, walled and environed with brick and stone, and therein has devised and ordained many and singular commodious things, pleasures, and other necessaries, most apt and convenient to appertain only to so noble a prince, for his singular comfort, pastime, and solace."* What is to be understood by the "pleasures and *other* necessaries" mentioned in this overwhelming mass of official and sycophantic language, it is hard to say. Perhaps we shall not be very far from the truth if we suppose that they consisted in planting and draining the grounds, making ponds and water-courses, stocking the park with deer, forming a bowling-alley, a tilting-yard, and other similar attractions at that time usually to be found near the country residences of the great.†

In Queen Elizabeth's time, the Park still continued reserved to the royal family and household, and was under the supervision of a keeper, who received a salary of 6*l.* 1*s.* 8*d.* a year.‡ Hentzner, a German traveller, who visited London in this reign (1598), relates that a metrical Latin inscription was to be seen on the entrance to the Park from Whitehall, of which the following is a literal translation:—

* Statutes of the Realm, 28 Hen. VIII. c. 12, vol. iii. p. 668.

† By the side of the Eya-stream, and on the western outskirts of the leper-house meadow, there stood in 1531 a stone cross called Eye Cross. It is not impossible that this was the same stone cross near which in ancient times the Anglo-Norman kings held their *Placita*, or public courts and assemblies, a remnant of the French *jours de Mai*. These courts in ancient records are often said to have been held "apud stone cross in County Middlesex." See, for instance, 22 *Edw. I. Placita quo warranto*, and many others. Eye Cross is also mentioned as a landmark in the charter of feoffment from Abbot Islip to Henry VIII., by which the lands forming St. James's Park were surrendered, 2 Hen. VIII. c. 21, Stat. of the Realm, iii. 388-9.

‡ Peck's "Desiderata Curiosa," p. 68, from a MS. in his possession.

"The fisherman who has been wounded learns, though
 late, to beware;
 But the unfortunate Actæon always presses on.
 The chaste virgin naturally pitied,
 But the powerful goddess revenged the wrong.
 Let Actæon fall a prey to his dogs,
 An example to youth,
 A disgrace to those that belong to him!
 May Dian live, the care of Heaven,
 The delight of mortals,
 The security of those that belong to her."

Horace Walpole, who at his private Strawberry Hill press, printed the first translation of this German's travels, is no doubt right in his supposition that these high-flown and obscure lines apply to Philip II. of Spain, who unsuccessfully wooed Elizabeth, after the death of her sister Queen Mary, and that the "disgrace" and "revenge" alluded to are the defeat of the Armada. We know that Queen Elizabeth took a bland pleasure in being compared to Dian, and the story of Actæon is found painted or carved in various places which have been honoured by the presence of the "Virgin Queen." Yet none of those who saw her Majesty *en profond négligé* had the unhappy fate of Actæon, for "the chaste virgin naturally pitied." It is true she once gave Essex a box on the ears for coming upon her unexpectedly when she was "in her nightstuff;" but then her virgin charms had attained the mature perfection of full sixty summers.*

From Norden's plan of Westminster, drawn in 1593, it appears that there was at that time a large circular pond at the west end of the Park, from which issued a water-course that branched off in different directions. This pond bore the name of Rosamond's Pond. The origin of this romantic-sounding appellation can now no longer be ascertained: all we know of it is that "Rosamond's Land" is mentioned as situated in this locality in 1531.† The rest of the Park at that time

* See Nichols's "Progresses of Queen Elizabeth," vol. i. p. 23, note.

† The name occurs in the charter of feoffment from Abbot Islip

seems to have been simply an open grass field, with the exception of an avenue and an orchard near the Privy Gardens. These last Norden describes as "princely," and "full of pleasant walks and other delights." Deer were kept in the the Park, and fish or water-fowl appear to have been in the pond, for the office of "keeper of the Ponds in the Park of Westminster" is named in the State Papers in the year 1572. Near Rosamond's Pond was one of those little mounds invariably to be found in gardens of that time, from which people in the grounds might overlook the neighbourhood and see what was going on outside. On the top of it stood a tree, and, probably, a seat for a pleasant view was to be obtained thence. Eastward lay London with its numerous church-steeple, spires, and noblemen's castles, the little village of Charing forming the foreground. To the south were the stately buildings of Westminster Abbey and Palace; westward Chelsea with its mansions and palaces, and to the North green fields as far as the eye could reach, terminated by the pleasant slopes of Hampstead, Highgate, and merry Islington. From this mound her Highness on the 8th of May, 1593, might have seen a goodly spectacle. On that day the citizens of London, 15,000 in number, "all in bright harness, with coates of white silk or cloth, and chaines of gold," after having marched in military order through London to Westminster, came round by the Park wall "in three great batailles." Thence they shaped their course to Holborn, and so home to the City—and foaming tankards.

An interesting ceremony took place in St. James's Park in 1560, on Maundy Thursday, or the Thursday before Easter. The Queen kept her Maundy in the hall of her palace, and in the afternoon gave away twenty of her own gowns to twenty poor women, her best gown among the rest. This gift was, however, to Henry VIII. of certain lands and messuages adjoining the Hospital of St. James, in 1531. *Statutes of the Realm*, vol. iii. f. 388, 23 Hen. VIII. c. 21.

not so extravagant then, as it would have been at a later period of her reign.* After the distribution of the gowns she washed the feet of these women, which had previously undergone careful ablutions in warm water mixed with sweet herbs, by the hands of the Yeomen of the Laundry, next by the Sub-Almoner, and then by the Almoner, so that there must have remained very little to wash when her Majesty's turn came.

This done the Queen drank to every one of the twenty women in a new white cup, and made her a present of the cup, and the same afternoon gave to two thousand poor men, women, and children, for that purpose assembled in the Park, a sum of twopence each, which was then not much less than five shillings of our present currency, and so the work of charity concluded.

In the reign of James I. the Park continued still in an uncultivated state, apparently not much differing from an ordinary meadow or common, with a tree here and there. But his Majesty made some improvements. In July, 1612, 400*l.* were ordered to be paid "for bringing a current of water from Hyde Park, in a vault arched over to fall into Rosamond's Pond, with other charges for making the head of the said pond, and cleansing the passages and sluices."† In this reign also the salary of the keeper of St. James's Park was doubled, for whilst that officer in the former reign received 6*l.* 1*s.* 8*d.*, we find him entered in the accounts of James I. for an annual sum of 12*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.* Old receipts are still extant‡ for payments made in 1614 "for cleansing and scouring the pond," but the mud was simply cast upon the banks. A man was engaged for nine days in mowing nettles about the pondheads and the duck-ponds, and two days more in rooting-up

* "The King, her father, left her rich clothes and jewels, and I know it to be true that in seven years after his death, she never in all that time looked upon that rich attire and precious jewels but once, and that against her will."—Dr. Aylmer's "Harbour for Faithful Subjects."

† MSS. of Warrants and Grants, *temp.* James I.

‡ Egerton MSS. No. 806.

straggling nettles in the Park. But what must have spoiled its appearance most of all is that they dug for gravel there. Hay-stacks even stood in it—winter provision, no doubt, for the deer and graminivorous animals in the menagerie. James, though passionately fond of destroying animals in the chase, took equally great pleasure in having them alive about him, and had a most strange collection of heterogeneous pets in the Park. When Buckingham was in Spain with Prince Charles on his *Jean-de-Paris* expedition, he sent the King a present of animals for that menagerie, which he announces to his Majesty in the following extraordinary letter :—

“ SIR,—Foure asses you I have sent. Tow hees and tow shees. Five cameles, tow hees, tow shees with a young one ; and one ellefant which is worth your seeing. These I have impudently begged for you. There is a Barbarie hors comes with them, I think for Wat Aston. My Lord Bristow [the English ambassador at Madrid] sayeth he will send you more camells. When we come ourselves we will bringe you horses and asses anoufe. If I know whether you desire mules or not I will bringe them, or deere of this countrie eyther. And I will lay waite for all the rare coler burds that can be hard of. But if you do not send your babie [Prince Charles] jewels enough, I’le stop all other presents. Therefore louke to it.”

James’s partiality for dumb favourites being known to other sovereigns, they presented him with a variety of curious animals. Besides the camels and the elephant which he received from the King of Spain, the Czar of Muscovy sent him hawks and live sables, the Great Mogul two antelopes, the King of Savoy a tame ounce-leopard, which, on the day of its arrival, committed the unpardonable offence of attacking a pet fawn, nursed up by a woman entertained for the purpose. Besides these the menagerie contained two young crocodiles, and a wild boar from Hispaniola,

presented by Captain Newport; some flying squirrels, the gift of the Virginia Company, and a cormorant used for fishing, who had fish-ponds and houses within the Vine Garden in the Park. The expense must have been considerable, if, at least, everything was in proportion with the board of the elephant, which in one year amounted to 273*l.*, exclusive of a gallon of wine a day, which *the keepers said*, he had to drink from the months of September till April.* This menagerie was reckoned amongst the curiosities of England, and is noticed in Peacham's list of remarkable sights, prefixed to Coryatt's *Crudities* (1611), where the following animals are enumerated:—

“ St. James his Guinea hens, the Cassowary, † moreover
The beaver in the Park (strange beast as ever any man saw,
Down-shearing willows, ‡ with teeth as sharp as a handsaw).”

Besides the foreign animals in the menagerie, the King also kept deer, ducks, and pheasants in the Park.

Henry, the young Prince of Wales, like his father, delighted in open-air exercise and field sports, and used to practise horsemanship and the other gentlemanly accomplishments of the same description in an enclosed piece of ground in the rear of Whitehall Palace. There he showed his prowess to such foreign Princes and German serenissimes as occasionally honoured his father's Court with a visit. Such, for instance, was Louis Frederick, Prince of Wurtemberg, who has noted in the diary of his journey in England, that on Thursday, the 3rd of May, 1610, he went to St. James's Park at eight o'clock in the morning, to run at the ring with the Prince of Wales, with whom he afterwards breakfasted. §

* Mr. John Williams, the keeper of the elephant, had a salary of 250*l.* a year.

† “ An East India bird at St. James's, in the keeping of Mr. Walton, that will carry no coales, but eat them as whot as you will.”—*Note in the Original.* A cassowary is described among the animals seen in the menagerie by Evelyn, and also by Mr. Moncony, who calls it a *quessa-ouarroc*.

‡ A transposition for shearing willows down.

§ A Relation of the Journey of his Serene Highness Duke Lewis

This running at the ring was a favourite sport with the young gallants of the seventeenth century. It consisted in riding at full speed, and thrusting the point of a lance through a ring supported in a sheath or case by means of two springs, which might be readily drawn out by the force of the stroke. The length of the course was measured according to the qualities of the horse, a hundred paces being the usual distance for the swiftest steed. They had thirty paces beyond the post allowed them to stop the horse; but eighty paces to the ring, and twenty beyond it for pulling up, was enough for a well-trained animal. The ring was placed about the height of a man's eye.

It was in the reign of the British Solomon that coal began to be first used in London, wood having been up to that period the principal fuel. The consequence was that ere long the London atmosphere became what we now all too well know it—

“*Quel aria senza tempo tinta.*”

Most people set their faces against the novelty, and of course the smoke-hating king thought sea-coal scarcely less an abomination than tobacco—that “*furies' frankincense.*” The Prince of Wales chimed in with the outcry; he grumbled that the sea-coal smoke of the breweries in Westminster defiled the air in the Park, and seriously considered the removal of the said breweries.* He and his younger brother Charles, with the love of gardening common to most children, whether born in purple or in rags, planted some trees in the Park, near the entrance of Spring Gardens, on the spot where the cows now stand. These trees, many years after, the unfortunate King Charles is said to have pointed out to his followers on the morning when he was led a condemned prisoner from St. James's Palace to Whitehall, there to be executed. It is an unpleasant

Frederick of Wurtemberg, &c., in Mr. Rye's “*England as seen by Foreigners.*”

* Letter from Sir Francis Nethersole to Carleton, 1624.

duty to have to disturb so touching a legend, but unfortunately there is no truth in it, as will appear from the testimony of two very competent witnesses. "On Tuesday, the thirtieth of January," says the Earl of Leicester, "the King was brought from St. James's Palace through the Park, with a regiment of foot part before and part behind him, with colours flying, drums beating, his private guard of partisans with some of his gentlemen before and some behind, bareheaded. Dr. Juxon went behind him, and Colonel Tomlinson (who had the charge of him), talking with the King bareheaded, from the Park up the stairs into the gallery, where he used to lie ;"* and so finally on to the scaffold. Now this Colonel Tomlinson, "who had the charge" of the King, was one of the witnesses on the trial of Colonel Blasket, and in that capacity related the discourse the King had held to him whilst he was led through St. James's Park. "As we were going through the Park," says the Colonel, "the King was pleased to discourse somewhat of which we had been discoursing before, touching his burial; he wished that the Duke of Richmond, and some others that he should bringe, should take care of it," &c.† He further said he thought his son might be allowed to bury him, and desired not to be buried "suddenly;" but of the trees not a word. The fact is the unfortunate King's thoughts were more intent upon life to come than upon life past.

Little or nothing worth mentioning has been handed down to us concerning the history of the Park in the reign of Charles I. An inflammable Frenchman, M. de la Serre, attached to the Court of Queen Henrietta in the quality of historiographer, and "a choice flower in the nosegay of politeness," after describing the garden and the orchard of St. James's Palace, thus alludes to the Park. "These two gardens are limited by a large Park, planted with divers avenues of trees, and covered with the shade of an innumerable number of oaks, whose old age renders them very agreeable, as

* W. R. Blencowe, *Journal of the Earl of Leicester*, 1825, p. 59.

† *State Trials*, vol. v. p. 1179.

it makes them impervious to the beams of the sun. This Park is full of wild animals, but as it is the place where the ladies of the Court usually take their walk, their kindness has made the animals so tame, that they all submit to the power of their charms rather than to the pursuit of the dogs.* Not much can be made of this description: owing to the quaint old style of the gallant Frenchman, it is difficult even to guess whether the "wild animals" were the remainder of King James's menagerie, or whether these words are merely intended as a metonymy for deer. From the statement that the ladies of the Court usually took their walk in the Park, it may be inferred by implication that it was not open to the more vulgar class of mankind.

The story of battles innumerable testifies to the superiority of the British infantry in the use of the bayonet, a weapon the proper handling of which depends much on the staunch and dogged courage, the size, the weight, and the muscle of the man who wields it. In the 14th century, the long bow drawn by the vigorous arm of the English archers, spread terror and devastation whenever they appeared in the field. Subsequently the bayonet became an equally terrible weapon in the muscular hands of the descendants of these bowmen, the sturdy material from which the English army is composed. Though the bayonet is a French invention, having been first used by the troops of Louis XIV. about 1671, yet it is on record that a crude prototype of the musket and bayonet—that is, a weapon fit for shooting at a distance and thrusting at close quarters—was invented in England half a century before the bayonet was known. In 1637, three hundred men of the Honourable Artillery Company performed their new exercise in St. James's Park before Charles I. A new weapon, the invention of William Nead, an archer, was on that occasion used for the first time. It consisted in a bow attached to a pike, so that the man thus

* Puget de la Serre, "Histoire de l'Entrée de la Reine Mère dans la Grande Bretagne, 1638," p. 42.

armed should be able to fight at a distance as well as in hand-to-hand engagements. The King, who in his youth had frequently honoured the Artillery Company with joining in its exercises, expressed his approbation of the new weapon, and went through the manual exercise himself, to the intense admiration of the loyal artillerymen. But though he ordered the use of it to be enjoined by the Lord Lieutenants and their deputies in the different counties of the kingdom, still it never became general, for the simple reason that the reign of the bow as an instrument of war was at an end.

London at that time, as now, was the *refugium peccatorum* from all parts of the Continent, and Frenchmen in particular flocked over in large numbers in the wake of Queen Henrietta Maria, a daughter of Henry IV. of France. Among these was a certain M. Souscarrière, the son of a pastrycook, but who prided himself upon being the illegitimate son of the Marshal de Bellegarde. This Souscarrière, though a notorious cheat and gambler, yet thanks to his impudence and certain amusing qualities, had insinuated himself into good society, and came to London in order to recruit the health of his purse, which just then was in an advanced stage of consumption. He brought tennis-players, lute-players, and singers with him, and everything he could imagine in order to amuse the natives. Ere long he gained large sums by gambling, but on one occasion he was cleverly overreached. For a long time he secretly practised to throw a tennis-ball into the nest of a magpie in one of the trees in St. James's Park, and when he saw that he could manage it, he took a heavy bet with some unsuspecting gentleman that he would lodge a ball in the nest in a certain number of throws. Unfortunately for Souscarrière he had been observed practising this trick by another gentleman, who the day before the bet came off, filled the nest with moss, so that the ball could not roll into it, and then the Frenchman lost his wager, to the great amusement of all who were in the secret. It was this same clever adventurer who introduced sedans from England into France.

In 1639, an iniquitous and arbitrary suit was commenced in the Star Chamber, against the Lord Mayor and citizens of London, for alleged omissions and infringements in the colonization of Ulster, in Ireland; and, after a hearing of seventeen days, the defendants were adjudged to lose all their lands and possessions in that country. They were also sentenced to pay 50,000*l.*, but this fine was remitted by the King, and the whole proceedings were afterwards abrogated by Parliament. The citizens whilst this oppressive prosecution was carried on were in a terrible fright, and to prevent sentence being pronounced against them, offered, by way of compensation, to build a stately palace for the King in St. James's Park; to pull down Whitehall, and to open a grand way from Charing Cross to Westminster Hall along the banks of the Thames. It was a tempting proposal, particularly for Charles I., who contemplated an entire reconstruction of Whitehall, yet he declined the offer.

In 1652, when Hyde Park and various other royal parks and mansions were sold for the benefit of the Commonwealth, the House of Commons ordered that "James Park" (the Republicans had abolished the *Saint*) should be spared. The deer, which before the Civil War had been kept in it, seem to have disappeared through some cause in the times of trouble, for it was now ordered to be stocked anew with deer from Hampton Court and Bushey Park; the expenses of their removal, &c., being paid out of the sums produced by the sale of the deer in Hyde Park.

St. James's Park does not appear to have been opened to the public at that time, but the ladies and gentlemen connected with the Court of Oliver Cromwell had free access to it. Thus it was that a promenade of two haughty ladies in this Park, one day in 1652, led to consequences which had the most serious effect on the affairs of the time. This incident is thus narrated by the amiable and clear-sighted Lady Hutchinson: "There went a story, as my Lady Ireton was walking in St. James's Park, the Lady Lambert, as proud as

her husband, came by where she was; and as the present princess always hath precedency over the relict of the dead prince, so she put my Lady Ireton below, who, notwithstanding her piety and humility, was a little grieved at the affront. Colonel Fleetwood being then present, in mourning for his wife, who died at the same time her [Lady Ireton's] lord did, took occasion to introduce himself, and was immediately accepted by the lady and her father [Cromwell], who designed to restore his daughter to the honour she was fallen from. His plot took as himself could wish, for Lambert, who saw himself thus cut off from half his exaltation, sent the House [of Commons] an insolent message: 'That if they found him so unworthy of the honour they had given him, as so soon to repent it, he would not retard their remedies for six months, but was ready to surrender their commission before he entered into his office.' They took him at his word and made Fleetwood Deputy, and Ludlow Commander of the Horse. Whereupon Lambert, with a heart full of spite, malice, and revenge, retreated to his palace at Wimbledon, and sat there watching an opportunity to destroy the Parliament."*

But though St. James's Park was not open to the public in general, an exception was made in favour of certain houses on the Westminster side, some of which had back-doors which led into the Park, and the inmates of such houses had the liberty of walking there. In one of those houses, "a pretty garden-house," in that same year of 1652, Milton took up his abode. It was situated in what was then called Petty France (now No. 9, York Street). There the poet lived for eight years, and he, who

"In trim gardens took his pleasure,"

no doubt often sauntered under the shady avenue of elms, leaning on the arms of his daughters.† Besides

* "Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson," by Mrs. Hutchinson, 1803, p. 331.

† The same house was subsequently the abode of two other men celebrated in the republic of letters: Hazlitt, the critic and essayist; and Jeremy Bentham, the eminent writer on legislation.

Milton, “sober, steadfast, and demure,” we meet about that time a much less amiable character in the Park, Sir Roger L’Estrange, the bitter Royalist. “Being one day,” says Sir Roger, “in St. James’s Park, I heard an organ touched in a little low room of one of Mr. Hinckson’s; I went in, and found a private company of some five or six persons. They desired me to take a viole and bear a part too, not much to advance the reputation of my cunning. By and by, without the least colour of a design or expectation, in comes Cromwell: He found us playing, and, as I remember, so he left us.”* This little incident procured Sir Roger the nickname of “*Oliver’s Fiddler,*” bestowed upon him by the Royalists.

After the Protector had taken up his abode in Whitehall, he was often seen pacing up and down the Park, “chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies.” There he sounded Fleetwood’s, Desborough’s, and Whitelock’s opinions concerning a King Oliver. Fleetwood and Desborough, though near relations of the Protector, the first being married to his daughter (Ireton’s widow), and the latter to his niece, sternly rejected those overtures, saying they “were resolved never to serve a king, and would resign their services if ever Cromwell attempted anything of the sort.” With Whitelock he had as little success: him too he accosted as he “was walking to refresh himself in St. James’s Park after business of toil, and for a little exercise.” To Cromwell’s question, “What if a man should take upon him to be king?” Whitelock drily answered, “I think that remedy would be worse than the disease.”

Elizabeth Cromwell, the Lord Protector’s wife, is also connected with the Park. She appears to have been a quiet, unassuming woman, and a thrifty housewife. A scurrilous little pamphlet, published after the Restoration, and purporting to be the “*Biography of Elizabeth, commonly called Joan Cromwell, the Wife of the*

* Sir Roger L’Estrange, “*Truth and Loyalty Vindicated,*” 1662, p. 71.

late Usurper," states that "the Lady Protectress, very providentially, kept cows in St. James's Park, erected a dairy in Whitehall, and fell to the old trade of churning butter, and making buttermilk." But what then? Did not Queen Elizabeth have a dairy at Barn Elms, and the accomplished Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, milk the cows at her farm of Trianon? and has not the same example since been followed by another high and illustrious lady? A better-founded accusation is brought against Cromwell's ministers by Evelyn, in the preface to his "Sylva." It was certainly an act of Vandalism, if, as he asserts, "those prodigious spoilers, the Commonwealth men," after destroying a beautiful grove near Greenwich Castle, once proposed to the Council of State to cut down and sell that "royal walk of elms" which was then in St. James's Park. This was no doubt proposed during that scarcity of fuel which prevailed in 1643. But Evelyn, who was a Royalist to the back-bone, and an ardent lover of trees to boot, says it was in order "that with the rest of his Majesty's houses already demolished, and marked out for destruction, his trees might likewise undergo the same destiny, and no footsteps of monarchy remain unviolated." This "living gallery of ancient trees," as Waller calls it, was spared, however, and formed subsequently one of the ornaments of the Park laid out by Charles II. No doubt it was the same avenue observable on Norden's plan of Westminster in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

Sad was the picture which Oliver Cromwell presented in the evening of his life, when many of his most cherished hopes had been dashed, when he saw discord and disunion among his own party, and knew that he was hated by almost every faction in the Commonwealth. Then he saw that all was but vanity. His body and mind disordered by thought and anxiety, he used to wander through the empty rooms of Whitehall, the garden, and the Park, a terror to all who beheld him. The Marquis of Ormond pictures him in one of these moods: "Friday last, a friend met him in St.

James's Park, with only one man with him, in a dis-tempered carriage. If any people offered to deliver him petitions or the like, he refused, and told him he had other things to think of. Fleetwood was in the Park at the same time, but walked at a distance, not daring to approach him in his passion, which, they say, was occasioned by some carriage of Lambert's; this you may give credit to.*

Cromwell expired on the 3rd of September, 1658, and it was long related with terror, that a fearful storm had raged at the hour of his death, which blew down many houses, and rooted up several trees in the Park. "This great storm of the night of the 2nd of September, 1658," says Foster in his noble work ("Statesmen of the Commonwealth"), "reached to the coast of the Mediterranean. It was such a night in London as had rarely been passed by dwellers in crowded streets. Trees were torn from their roots in the Park, chimneys blown down, houses unroofed in the city. It was indeed a night which prophesied woful times to England; but to Cromwell it proved a night of happiness. It ushered in for him, far more surely than at Worcester or Dunbar, his Fortunate Day." Even Waller, the time-serving poet, became almost inspired on this occasion, and wrote some verses in which occur the following lines, by no means devoid of grandeur:—

"Heaven his great soul doth claim,
In storms as loud as his immortal fame.
His dying groans, his last breath shakes, our isle,
And trees uncut fall for his funeral pile:
About his palace their broad roots are tost
Into the air. So Romulus was lost!
And Rome in such a tempest lost her king,
And from obeying fell to worshipping."†

But the Royalists took another view of the case. A sharp and bitter reply to Waller's poem appeared, entitled "The Storm raised by Mr. Waller in his verses

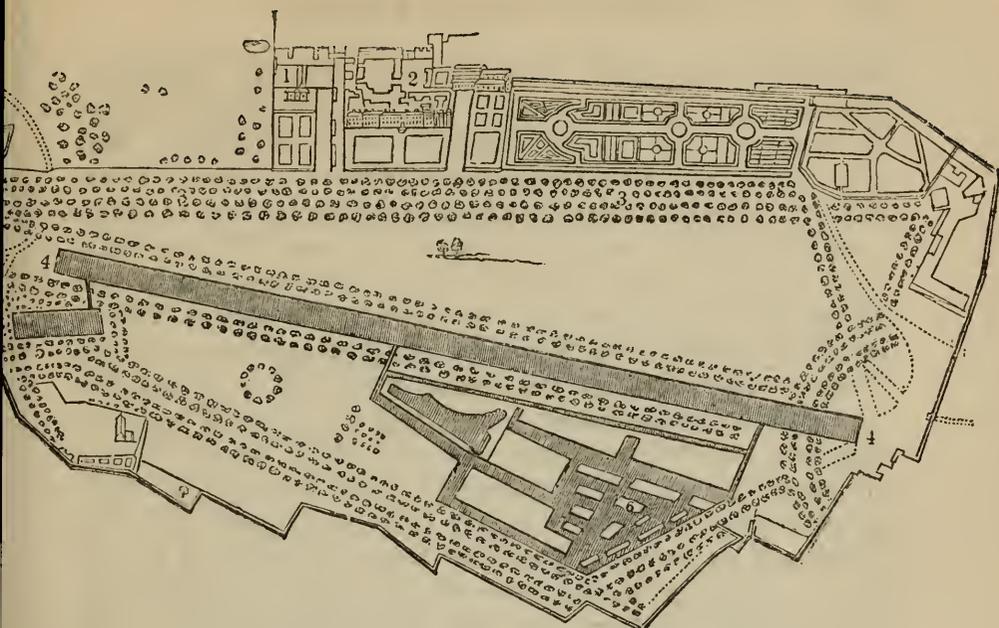
* Carte's "Collection of Original Letters," 13 March, 1656.

† Upon the late Storm and his Highness' Death ensuing the same.

upon that which happened about their Protector's death allayed in double answer." It was printed abroad. What mission the Royalists attributed to the storm appears from the following powerful lines :—

“The winds were all let loose to blow the fire ;
For quick descent of the blood-guilty ghost,
Earth threw her entrails up, their roots trees tost ;
The nightbird waiting tili the dying tone,
Despair breath'd in a dismal mandrake's groan :
Though some, to elevate his guilt, maintain
That sunk not Charon but the hurricane.”

A similar storm again swept over the Park at the death of Queen Catherine of Braganza ; and again in 1699, when there was not the least occasion for such a convulsion of nature. But the best proof, if any were wanted, that “ old Nick ” did not carry off “ old Noll's ” ghost in this windy manner, as the Royalists affected to believe, is that the storm took place two or three days before Cromwell's death, and had almost, if not entirely abated, when the hero breathed his last.



ST. JAMES'S PARK AFTER THE RESTORATION.

1. Cleveland-House. 2. St. James's Palace, &c. 3. The Mall. 4. The Canal.
5. Rosamond's Pond. 6. Duck Island.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MERRY MONARCH.

WITH the Restoration commenced the brightest era of St. James's Park. However procrastinating and supine his sacred Majesty King Charles II. was in State affairs, and all that required serious thought, he had a superabundance of animal spirits, which he vented in bodily exercises, tennis, pall mall, and particularly in walking. "Walk with me," he said to Prince George of Denmark, who was complaining of incipient corpulency, "and hunt with my brother James, and you will not long be distressed with growing fat." The Merry Monarch made great changes in this Park, which up to that period still continued a meadow intersected with watercourses and ponds, and dotted with trees, besides that fine avenue of elms noticed by Evelyn as "intermingling their reverend tresses."

Charles instructed the famous French architect, Lenotre, to lay out the grounds in the same manner as the gardens of the Tuileries and Versailles. But that artist appears to have done little or nothing to our Park. A foreigner who resided for many years in England, during the reigns of James II. and William III., thus writes on the subject:—"I have been told that King Charles II. wished to render St. James's Park more beautiful, and for that purpose summoned from Paris a clever man, the same who had laid out the gardens of the Tuileries. But this man was of opinion that the natural simplicity of this Park, its rural, and in some places wild character, had something more grand than he could impart to it, and persuaded the King not to touch it. Thus the Park remained as we see it now—that is to say, a rural and very beautiful spot, and of which I think one will not easily get tired, just because there is neither art nor regularity about it."*

The improvements and alterations effected by Charles II. must have been commenced almost immediately after the Restoration. Pepys, on the 16th of September, 1660, notes in his Diary that he went to see how far they had proceeded in the Pall Mall, and in making "a river," *i.e.*, canal, through the Park. For this last purpose 300 men were daily engaged in uniting the different pools and springs into one sheet of water,

* "Lettres sur les Anglais." Cologne, 1727, p. 87. In the preface, the editor of those letters states that they were written by a Swiss gentleman, above thirty years before they were published. Mr. Cunningham, in his "London Past and Present," 1850, p. 258, supposes that Dr. Morison was the King's chief adviser in laying out St. James's Park, and refers to Dr. Worthington's "Correspondence," published by the Chetham Society. But the only reference to the subject there to be found is p. 344, where the Doctor writes: "He [Mr. Wray] tells me of one Dr. Morison, that hath the care of the great garden now preparing in St. James's Park." This, however, was simply the Physic Garden. Morison was appointed in May, 1660, to the office of botanical physician and chief herbalist to the King, with the physical garden in St. James's Fields for medicinal plants; also overseer, director, and gardener of Hampton Court and the Privy Gardens at St. James's.—*Calendar of State Papers*, 1660-61, pp. 6, 281.

28 feet broad and 100 feet long. Several engines also were at work to draw up the water, a sight which pleased Master Pepys "mightily; above all others, the engine of Mr. Greatorex, which do carry the water with a great deal of ease." The springs in the Park, however, proved insufficient to feed so large a body of water, and hence a subterranean channel was constructed communicating with the Thames, through which, at high tide, the water was occasionally allowed to flow. The sluice which regulated this supply remained on the Parade till about the year 1825.

Nor were these the only improvements. A thicket of trees was planted round the largest and deepest pool, Rosamond's Pond, which was connected with the canal by a sluice. It may be imagined that this was a pleasant spot. The ground about it was slightly raised, and covered with shady trees: the stately buildings of Whitehall and Westminster Abbey (then guiltless of its ugly towers), were just visible on one side, meadows, and the distant village of Chelsea, on the other; westwards Hyde Park, and to the north the high grounds of Hampstead and Highgate. This romantic and retired spot soon became a favourite place for assignations between lovers, and appears not even to have lost the qualities requisite for such an object, by the notoriety it obtained in that regard. The old plays are full of allusions to it: Southerne, Sedley, Wycherley, Congreve, Farquhar, Otway, and several generations of dramatists after them, constantly mention it in their plays. Of course its reputation was none of the best, and it was not always Daphnes and Corydons—the innocent lovers of the Golden Age—who came to sigh under those shades.

"But stay, my Muse, let's view that noted pond,
That bears the name of beauteous Rosamond:
Where herds of happy shes sometimes repair,
To take the breezes of the evening air,
And hide themselves there from the num'rous train
Of noisy, senseless, self-conceited men.
There music gently soothes the lover's ear,
And lulls to rest the courtier's thoughts of care.

The busy young impertinent comes here,
 Buzzing about his nonsense everywhere,
 Till all the shady, dark retirement round
 Is like a public fair or market found—
 Where women do exchange themselves for gold,
 As beasts at Smithfield are both bought and sold.”*

Waller's muse, who had turned coat with the times, and from republican had become 'courtly,' celebrated the improvements in the Park in a high strain. He declares that though no remains are to be found of the earthly Paradise, yet St. James's Park would give a very good idea of what it was like. Concerning the canal he says that

“ 'tis of more renown
 To make a river than to build a town.”

Further on, as a true *vates*, he foretells the future of the Park, so far as love-making was concerned :—

“ Methinks I see the love that shall be made,
 The lovers walking in that am'rous shade,
 The gallants dancing by the river's side.”

So far all was right. But they did not bathe in the canal as he also foresaw, though we are told by an old Dutchman, who visited London in 1660, that the King frequently swam in it.† Nor were there on it boats with music in them, unless Waller's "prophetic soul" fore-*heard* the "heavenly strains" of the concertina played there by small shopmen and clerks of the nineteenth century, as they pull about in a wherry. And where the courtly poet is entirely out, is when his inspiration shows him the ladies in "gilded barges" fishing and "feasting on the prey they take." Whether this "prey" was eaten raw or fried in the said "gilded barges" does not appear. Here are the poet's own words :—

* Almonds for Parrots, 1708.

† Sextus Arnoldinus, "Memorial of a Journey from Friesland to England," 1662.

“Beneath a shoal of silver fishes glide,
 And play around the gilded barge's side;
 The ladies, angling in the crystal lake,
Feast on the waters on the prey they take,
 At once victorious with their lines and eyes,
 They make the fishes and the men their prize.”

A new mall was also commenced immediately after Charles's accession to the throne, for his Majesty was very fond of the exercise of pall-mall. This game was played with a ball (*pallo* in Italian) struck with a *mallet* (Italian *maglia*), an implement like a croquet-hammer, through a ring, or rather arch of iron, standing at either end of the alley. He that could do this at the fewest blows, or at the number agreed, won.* It appears to have been introduced into England in the reign of James I. Before the Civil War it used to be played on the site of that street which still bears the name of it, and which was then planted with a row of seventy elms on each side, “in a very decent and regular manner.”† But as the dust from the coaches was troublesome to the players, it was, after

* Those gentlemen who take an interest in the manly exercises of our forefathers, will find full particulars about this game, and the manner how to play it, in “*Divertissemens Innocens*,” &c. La Hage, 1696, p. 360; “*La plus nouvelle Académie des jeux*,” Leyde, 1721, vol. ii. p. 364, *voce* MAIL; and the clearest explanations of all in “*Dictionnaire des Jeux* (p. 152, *voce* MAIL), faisant suite au tome iii. des *Mathématiques*, de l'Encyclopédie Méthodique,” Paris, 1789. In J. T. Smith's “*Antiquities of Westminster*,” there is an engraving, after an old drawing, representing the Park shortly after it had been laid out by Charles II., for the trees are still very young. In this view a group of gentlemen are represented playing at a game in which is used a ring suspended from a tall pole. What game this is I shall not attempt to decide. It is certainly not pall-mall, for in that game the ring, or rather arch, was placed on the ground as in croquet. Besides, we know pall-mall was played in a long boarded alley running east and west, in our Park, whilst in the engraving the gentlemen play in an open space from north to south. None of the works I have consulted on the game of pall-mall make mention of a pole, which, in the engraving, to all appearance, is not less than about 20 feet high. To drive a ball with a hammer through a ring placed at that elevation would be next to impossible.

† Commissioners' Survey of Crown Lands.

the Restoration, transferred to St. James's Park. The new mall was 880 paces, or 1424 feet long, and was marked with figures, from one pass to the other; including the spaces at the extremities it measured 1200 paces. As soon as it was finished, Henry du Puy, servant to the Duke of York, was appointed master of it, with a fee of 100*l.* a year, and reversion to his son, besides an allowance for keeping the alley in good order, and power to restrain persons from playing there without his permission. Pepys describes this Du Puy as "a knave, and by quality *but* a tailor." This *but* is highly amusing in Pepys, whose father was of the same profession. Du Puy and Pepys were subsequently fellow-sufferers in the same cause. Both were accused, without reason, of having been concerned in the murder of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, and Shaftesbury by threats tried to force the principal witness in this case to declare that Sir John Banks, Pepys, and Du Puy, had obliged her to depose to the fact of Godfrey having destroyed himself.

How the mall was kept in repair Pepys again can tell us:—"May 15, 1663. I walked in the Park," says he, "discoursing with the keeper of the pall-mall, who was sweeping it, and told me that the earth is mixed that do floor the mall, and that over all there is cockle-shells powdered and spread to keep it fast, which, however, in dry weather turns to dust and deads the ball." The man who fulfilled the important functions of keeping the mall in good condition was called by the euphonious name of "the King's cockle-strewer."

The Duke of York appears, for a time, to have been passionately fond of this game. Pepys saw him thus engaged on April 2, 1661, the first time the diarist witnessed the sport. Sometimes the Merry Monarch himself would join in the game after dinner: occasionally the Duke, but more frequently Prince Rupert, being his partner. Being tall, active, and muscular, his Majesty showed himself no mean adept. Waller, the Court poet, bears witness to his proficiency:—

“Here a well-polished Mall gives us the joy,
 To see our Prince his matchless force employ :
 His manly posture and his graceful mien,
 Vigour and youth in all his motions seen.
 No sooner has he touched the flying ball,
 But 'tis already more than half the Mall,
 And such a fury from his arm has got,
 As from a culverin 'twere shot.
 May that ill fate my enemies befall,
 To stand before his anger or his ball.”

On each side of the Mall a beautiful avenue of trees extended the whole length of the Park ; one was composed of “goodly elms,” which subsequently, in the reign of George III., was used for coaches ; the other of “gay flowering limes,” which was reserved for walking. Finally, on the site now occupied by Marlborough House, there was a pheasant walk, in which pheasants, peacocks, partridges, guinea-hens, and other fowl were kept.

Monk, upon whom, for his important share in the Restoration, favours of every description were showered thick as hail, was made keeper of St. James's Park, with a fee of 60*l.* a year, to commence from Michaelmas, 1660. Of course this was a mere sinecure, for at the same time one Adrian May was appointed chief under-keeper. This May, in 1663, sold his office to one Gervase Price, and it is after this man that “Price's Lodge,” in Hyde Park, was named.

After all, the King's improvements in the Park appear to have been conducted in a rather superficial manner. A certain Moses Pitt, at that time an opulent printer of Bibles, Testaments, and Common Prayers, and who ruined himself by unfortunate building speculations in Westminster, finished partly what the King left incomplete. According to Pitt's own testimony, he took care to fill up “all low grounds in that part of St. James's Park between the Birdcages and the range of buildings in Duke Street, whose back-front is towards the said Park.” He further informs us that he “filled the low ground near Storey's Gate with garden-mould, and sowed it with hay-seed where the water in moist weather

stagnated, and was the cause of fog and mist, so that thereby that part of the Park was clear from fogs, and healthy. I also," continues this humble public benefactor of mankind, "at my own cost cleaned a great part of the common sewer, not only about the said Park, but Westminster also."*

As soon, however, as the Park was in a tolerable condition, it was opened in order to let Mr. Bull and family have the benefit of fresh air and pasture. This appears to have been in the autumn of 1660. On July 22nd of that year, Pepys records that he went to walk in the *inward* Park (so he called it in contradistinction to the newly-enclosed outward—or upper—now the Green Park), but our friend Pepys was not admitted, and he notes how he saw "one man *basted* by the keeper, for carrying some people on his back through the water." No doubt this man carried people into the Park, across the water, whilst keepers were placed at the entrance to keep them out, hence the *basting*. Even before the Restoration the public appear to have been admitted into the Park, for Pepys, who lived at that time in Axe Yard, Westminster, went there on February 3rd, 1660, after dark, when Mrs. P. and her niece Theophila amused themselves with running races; "but Theophila outran my wife," says Samuel, "and another poor woman that laid a pot of ale with me that she would outrun her."

Many of the happiest, and certainly the most innocent hours of Charles II., were spent in this Park. Waller says that in this he imitated the ancient kings, who used to live in such "green palaces,"

"And by frequenting sacred groves grew wise."

But although Charles, like those kings of old, frequently "entertained angels" (without wings) in his "sacred groves," yet the wisdom never came. A more rational explanation of the merry king's peripatetic habits, is given by the Marquis of Halifax in his "Character of

* Moses Pitt, "Cries of the Oppressed," 1691.

Charles the Second." "There was," says that statesman, "as much of laziness as of love in all those hours which he passed amongst his mistresses, who served only to fill up his seraglio, while a bewitching kind of pleasure called SAUNTERING, was the Sultana-Queen he delighted in. The thing called sauntering, is a stronger temptation to princes than it is to others. The being galled with importunities, pursued from one room to another by asking faces, the dismal sound of unreasonable complaints and ill-grounded pretences, the deformity of fraud ill-disguised—all these would make any man run away from them, and I used to think it was the motion for making him walk so fast, so it was more properly taking sanctuary."

When the canal was finished, the King planted a colony of ducks and foreign waterfowl in it, concerning which Evelyn, who visited them in February, 1664, furnishes us with the following curious and amusing details: "I went to St. James's Park, where I saw various animals, and examined the throat of the *Onocrotylus*, or pelican, a fowl between a stork and a swan, a melancholy waterfowl, brought from Astracan by the Russian Ambassador. It was diverting to see how he would toss up and turn a flat fish, plaice or flounder, to get it right into his gullet at its lower beak, which, being filmy, stretches to a prodigious wideness when it devours a great fish. Here was also a small waterfowl, not bigger than a moorhen, that went almost quite erect, like the penguin of America; it would eat as much fish as its whole body weighed; I never saw so unsatiable a devourer, yet the body did not appear to swell the bigger. The Solan Geese here are also great devourers, and are said soon to exhaust all the fish in the pond. Here was a curious sort of poultry, not much exceeding the size of a tame pigeon, with legs so short as their crops seemed to touch the earth; a milk-white raven; a stork, which was a rarity at the season, seeing he was loose, and to fly loftily; two Balearian cranes, one of which having had one of his legs broken and cut off above the knee, had a wooden

or boxen leg and thigh, with a joint so accurately made, that the creature could walk and use it as well as if it had been natural; it was made by a soldier. The Park was at this time stored with numerous flocks of several sorts of ordinary and extraordinary wild fowl, breeding about the decoy, which for being near so great a city, and among such a concourse of soldiers and people, is a singular and diverting thing. There were also deer of several countries, white, spotted like leopards, antelopes, an elk, red deer, roebucks, stags, Guinea goats, Arabian sheep, etc. There were withy-pots or nests, for the wild fowl to lay their eggs in, a little above the surface of the water." It is probable that the houses of the larger foreign birds were placed along Birdcage Walk, and thus gave its name to that avenue, for that cages with parrots and other exotic birds, hung from the trees in that walk, as is generally asserted, does not appear from any contemporary evidence, though such a fact, had it existed, would scarcely have been overlooked in prints or descriptions of the Park.

Feeding these birds, and playing with his dogs, were among indolent Charles's most favourite pastimes, and these homely amusements were the reason that the common people adored him, and were willing to overlook many things which in a prince of a different temper might have led to serious disturbances. The bills are still extant of money laid out on grain for his ducks, building a decoy, and furnishing a hundred baskets for nests. Not less than 246*l.* 18*s.* was paid for "oatmeal, tares, hemp-seed, and other corn for the birds and fowls," from September 1660 to June 24, 1670. A curious anecdote connected with this hemp-seed, is preserved in Nichols' annotated edition of the Tatler: "I have heard," says he, "that when Berenger was writing his History of Horsemanship he made the proper inquiries everywhere, and particularly at the King's Mews. There he found a regular charge made every year for *hemp-seed*. It was allowed that none was used, but the charge had been regularly

made since the reign of Charles II., and it was recollected that this good-natured monarch was as fond of his ducks as of his dogs, and took pleasure in feeding these fowls in the canal. It was therefore concluded that this new article of expense began in his time, and continued to be charged regularly, long after any such seed was used or provided.”*

Charles's love for his dogs was another characteristic of the man, and obtained for him the not very flattering nickname of the “King of the Curs.” He was constantly losing them in the Park, and advertisements about these animals appear frequently in the newspapers during his reign. One of his pets must have been an extraordinary creature if it answered to the following description of it, given in the *London Gazette*:† “Lost four or five days since in St. James's Park, a Dog of his Majesty, full of blue spots, with a white cross on his forehead, and about the bigness of a tumbler. The persons who shall have found or taken up the said dog, are to give notice thereof to the porters of Whitehall.” Another canine pet of the King's, lost in St. James's Park, was advertised in the *Mercurius Politicus*, June 28, 1660. It was evidently a great favourite, for, the week after, further inquiries are made after him, printed in large Italic type, and written in a humorous vein of raillery, which makes it look as though the advertisement had come from the Merry Monarch himself, and as such deserves reprinting in its royal orthography.

 *We must call upon you again for a Black Dog, between a Greyhound and a Spaniel, no white about him, onely a streak on his Brest and Tayl a little bobbed. It is His Majesty's own Dog, and doubtless was stoln, for the Dog was not born nor bred in England and would never forsake his Master. Whosoever findes him may acquaint any at Whitihal, for the Dog was better known at Court than those who stole him. Will they never*

* Nichols' "Tatler," 1785, vol. iii. p. 361.

† London Gazette, November 16-20, 1671.

leave robbing His Majesty? Must he not keep a Dog? This Dog's place (though better than some imagine) is the only place which nobody offers to beg."

By the side of the south-eastern extremity of the canal there was a small island, intersected by a number of narrow channels and inlets of fanciful form. The various islets thus formed, covered with reeds, rushes, willows, and underwood, were tenanted by a colony of ducks, and contained also a decoy* for catching wild fowl. This island was called Duck Island, and was under the supervision of a pond-keeper, with a salary of 30*l.* a year. A governor was also appointed over this watery domain: Sir John Flock,† who had been a constant follower of his Majesty in his peregrinations, was the first who held this important office. After his death it remained vacant for some time, until the Chevalier de St. Evremond obtained it by the following *ruse*. This fine gentleman being somewhat straitened in his finances, had in vain solicited several of the Ministers for some assistance from the royal coffers. Suspecting that they had not used their interest sufficiently, he waited for an opportunity to speak in his own behalf, and meeting his Majesty one day in the Park, threw himself on his knees and most humbly returned thanks for the place his royal goodness had appointed him to. The King, altogether unconscious of any favour bestowed upon St. Evremond, declared he knew of no such appointment, nor had any application to him been made on the subject. "Your Majesty," said St. Evremond, "is all the more great in not remembering the instances of your benevolence: but his Grace of —, and my Lord —, who both are present, assured me they had solicited your Majesty for me; I know your royal

* A Dutch word, *de kooi*, the cage, being the name given in Holland to a contrivance for catching wild ducks.

† No such title is to be found in the Baronetage, present or extinct, but a plain John Flock was appointed Groom of the Wine Cellar at the Restoration.

kindness of heart, and cannot doubt that they have succeeded." "You shall succeed yourself," replied Charles, "if you will tell me what you desire, that is now in my power to grant." "I love," replied the cunning Chevalier, "to feed the ducks here in your Majesty's Park; make me Governor of Duck Island, and I shall be the happiest man in the three kingdoms." Contrary to his custom Charles for once used his royal prerogative, and St. Evremond was appointed on the spot. The merry King evidently took a pleasure in bestowing such imaginary titles. In 1662 one Dame Martha Jackson, a widow, was by him created "Gentlewoman of the Horse and Lady of the Crupper to the Queen, Countess of Pall Mall, Viscountess of Piccadilly, and Baroness of the Mews," in reward for what her ladyship had suffered for the service of horse and foot-officers, and a shot in the thigh which she had received from the ungallant Puritanical soldiers. Salaries no doubt were attached to both the Governorship and the office of Lady of the Crupper. At all events "Old Rowley" showed his goodwill on these occasions, and in that regard the recipients of these favours were luckier than another supplicant for an office during the administration of the Cabal, to whom the airy monarch replied that he "should certainly have his interest, but, odd's fish! man, I can assure you that is at present but very small."

The edifying example of Louis XIV. had not been lost upon Charles, and, like the Grand Monarque, he was usually surrounded by a bevy of ladies, most of them as naughty as they were beautiful—which is not saying a little. In the Park, during his reign, were mustered all those beauties who still live in the delightful *Memoirs of Grammont* and the graceful paintings of Lely. The diaries of Pepys and Evelyn abound with allusions to them. From their pages we obtain a sight of that vast, busy, brilliant society, which fluttered round the merry King, partakers of all sorts of godless delights; we obtain a peep into that bygone world, and look at past manners, fashions, and pleasures of

those old days. The things recorded in these two diaries are eminently characteristic of the men who wrote them—the gossiping, merry, pleasure-loving Pepys, and the gentlemanly, serious Evelyn. On July 13, 1663, Pepys visiting the Park met the Queen-mother, the once beautiful Henrietta Maria, walking “in the old Pall Mall” with the Earl of St. Albans, who was supposed to be her husband. At the gate of the Park he saw a great many coaches, and heard that the Duchess of York had just been confined of a son. The King, Queen, and the maids of honour, had all gone on horseback to Hyde Park, and this being a sight Pepys never missed, if he could help it, he took place amongst “the great crowd of gallants” who were waiting for their return. Presently the royal cortége came. Queen Catherine, who rode hand-and-hand with the King, for once looked “mighty pretty” in her white laced waistcoat and crimson *short* petticoat, with her luxuriant black tresses dressed *à la négligence*. Lady Castlemaine rode along with the rest of the ladies, but the King took no notice of her, consequently nobody else did, and her ladyship had to alight alone as best she could, with the help of her own servant. But let Pepys himself tell the rest: “She looked mighty out of humour, and had a yellow plume in her hat, which all took notice of, and yet is very handsome; nor did anybody speak to her, or she so much as speak or smile to anybody. I followed them to Whitehall, and into the Queen’s presence, where all the ladies walked, talking and fiddling with their hats and feathers, and changing and trying them on on one another’s head, and laughing. But it was the finest sight to see, considering their great beauties and dress, that ever I did see in all my life. But, above all, Mrs. Stewart in this dress, with her hat cocked and a red plume, with her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent *taille*, is now the greatest beauty I ever saw in my life; and, if ever woman do, exceed my Lady Castlemaine, at least in this dress; nor do I wonder if the King changes, which I really believe is the reason of his

coldness to my Lady Castlemaine." This then accounts for her ladyship wearing the yellow feather, so much the more as it was herself who had almost forced "la Belle Stewart" on the King's notice. As soon as she saw that her *protégée* had attracted the eyes of the master, her fondness turned to measureless hatred. Serious quarrels followed, and their enmity extended itself even to the waiting-women of the rival beauties, so that frequently his sacred Majesty himself had to restore peace between those squabbling abigails.

Now listen to Evelyn: "I walked with the King thro' St. James Park to the gardens, where I both saw and heard a very familiar discourse between the King and Mrs. Nelly, as they call an impudent comedian, she looking out of her garden, on a terrace at the top of the wall, and the King being standing on the green walk under it. I was heartily sorry at this scene. Thence the King walked to the Duchess of Cleveland, another lady of pleasure, and curse of our nation." Thus instances might be multiplied; but most of them are too well known to every reader of the gossip of that reign, to require any further repetition here. One other notice I may add by way of moral to these, to show that Evelyn was not the only one who disliked these "curses of the nation," and was heartily sorry at the merry propensities of the master. The Count de Comminges, at that time French Ambassador in London, always kept M. de Lionne, then Secretary of State to Louis XIV., *au courant* of all that passed at Whitehall. In one of his letters, dated October 20, 1664, he tells the following story: "Two days ago Lady Castlemaine, coming at night through the Park from St. James's Palace, where the Duchess of York is living, accompanied only by a waiting-woman and a little page, met three masked gentlemen (so at least they appeared by their dress), who upbraided her in a most severe and rude manner, and went so far as to tell her that the mistress of Edward the Fourth had died on a dunghill, abandoned by everybody. You may

imagine that they had time to say a good deal, for the Park is as long as from Renard to the Pavilion. As soon as she came home she fainted; the King, who had been informed of this occurrence, came to her assistance, and gave order that all the gates should be closed, and that everybody who was found in the Park should be arrested. Seven or eight people who were there have been examined, but not been recognised as the culprits. The adventure has obtained publicity, although it was wished to keep it a secret; but that was found difficult."

At other times King Charles himself had rather unpleasant adventures in the Park. There was one Arise Evans, a noted Welch enthusiast, who was favoured with visions, apparitions of angels, and other extraordinary distinctions. He once wrote a book called "A Voice from Heaven," in which he forewarned King Charles I., and the Commons, of the utter ruin of the nation, and that the King should be put to death. As an offset upon so many special favours, this man Evans was afflicted with what Aubrey describes as "a fungous nose." One day when Charles the Second was walking in the Park, this enthusiast came up to him and said, that "it was revealed unto him that the King's hand would cure him," and without any more ceremony he lifted his Majesty's hand to his mouth, kissed it, and then rubbed the fungous nose with it. This familiarity, as might be expected, rather disturbed the King; but what is much more wonderful, it cured Evans' nose. Again, at the time of the Oates' plots, as his Majesty was taking his usual walk in the Park, he was accosted by one Kirby, an apothecary, who said, "Sir, keep within the company; your enemies have a design upon your life, and you may even be shot within this very walk!" And there appears to have been others who entertained the same fears as worthy Kirby, for the members of the House of Lords became also alarmed, and voted an address, beseeching his Majesty "to give orders that all persons forbidden as aforesaid [viz., mean and unwarranted people] should be made

to abstain from following his Majesty in St. James's Park, and that all private doors there should be walled up."

Generally Charles took his walk unaccompanied by any escort. One day, after taking two or three turns in St. James's Park, attended by the Duke of Leeds and my Lord Cromarty, he walked up Constitution Hill, and from thence into Hyde Park. But just as he was crossing the road, the Duke of York's coach arrived. The Duke had been hunting that morning on Hounslow Heath, and was returning in his carriage, escorted by a troop of Horse Guards, who, as soon as they saw the King, suddenly halted, and consequently stopped the coach. The Duke being made acquainted with the occasion of the halt, immediately got out, and after saluting the King, said he was greatly surprised to find his Majesty in that place with such a small attendance, and that he thought his Majesty exposed himself to some danger. "No kind of danger, James; for I am sure no man in England will take away my life to make you king." Such was the King's ready answer. Charles, however, was not always so confident, for in 1671 he issued an order that an officer of the Horse Guards should always attend and follow his royal person, when he walked abroad or passed up and down from one place to another, as well within doors as without, except always the royal bedchamber. But this order was published shortly after Blood had made his attempt to seize the Crown jewels in the Tower, and it is possible that the confessions of that man and his daring attempts upon the jewels, and upon the Duke of Ormond, may have troubled Charles with a momentary fear. Occasionally also the Park was closed to the public. In 1664, for instance, the King for some time forbade anybody to enter it; but for what reason does not appear. The following year, in July, it was again suddenly closed, possibly for fear of the plague which just then was raging in London. Finally, after the Rye House Plot, all the avenues and private doors about Whitehall and the Park were closed, and but very few

persons were allowed to walk in it. But these were exceptions, for generally it was open to everybody.

As Hyde Park had its races, so St. James's Park appears occasionally also to have been the scene of some amusing sports. Hamilton, in the *Memoirs of Grammont*, describes the Earl of Arran, younger son of the Duke of Ormond, as having a singular aptitude for all kinds of bodily exercises, besides being a famous pall-mall and lute player, and a universal favourite with the ladies. This nobleman, for a wager, one day in August, 1664, with the sole help of Lord Castlehaven, an Irish peer, on foot, ran down and killed a stout buck in the Park, in the presence of the King. Then, on the afternoon of February 17, 1667, Evelyn witnessed there a wrestling match for 1000*l.*, in the presence of his Majesty, "a world of Lords," and other spectators, between the western and northern men, probably Devonshire and Cornwall against Cumberland and Westmoreland wrestlers. Mr. Secretary Morris, and Lord Gerrard, commander of the Horse Guards, were the judges, and great sums were bet upon the issue. The western men were the winners. Again, on Tuesday, November 22, 1681, another grand wrestling match took place in the same Park before his Majesty. This time it was between a gentleman of her Majesty's Guards (second troop of Life Guards) and one of the Right Honourable the Lord Craven's Footguards. They were both very dexterous and active, so that it was long before there was a throw; but at last the Life Guardsman had the victory.

The fashion of playing at pall-mall appears to have rapidly passed away, or it may be that the game was only played during certain hours, and that the rest of the day the Mall was used as a promenade. In a play entitled "The Mall, or the Modish Lovers," which has been attributed to Dryden, and was acted as early as 1674, the fashionable Mr. Lovechange asks Mrs. Easy to meet him "this night in St. James's Pel Mall," and that the Park, not the street is intended, is evident from the lady's answer. On the other hand, we still see the

Mall occupied by gentlemen at play, in the large bird's-eye view of the Park, drawn and engraved by Kips, in 1712. Be this as it may, it is certain, nevertheless, that the Mall at an early period became the fashionable promenade, and from the paramount celebrity of this spot dates the denomination of so many Malls about London, all which in times gone by were the resort of fashion in those localities. Thus we have still a Mall at Hammer-smith, at Chiswick, at Notting Hill, at Kensington, at Highgate, and at Hampstead. Even the City at that time rejoiced in a Mall: the lower part of Moorfields was planted with elm trees and divided by gravel walks, which being the most fashionable promenade for the aborigines of the City, obtained the name of "The Mall," and there the Whitechapel zephyr blew through plumes and feathers, and the gravel creaked under the slippers of mercantile beauties, in imitation of the courtly purlieus of St. James's.

Regis ad exemplum totus componitur orbis. If this be true it may be expected that in the reign of King Charles II. the conduct of the company in St. James's Park did not reach our standard of propriety. Indeed, in the memoirs of the times and in the contemporary drama, we hear of strange doings. For instance, it was customary for gentlemen to accost ladies, and walk and talk with them without any previous introduction. Thus, in the correspondence of the second Earl of Chesterfield, one of Grammont's heroes, there is a letter addressed "To one who walked 4 whole nights with me in St. Jeames's Park, and yet I never knew who she was." In this letter the gallant Earl requests to see the face of his *incognita*: "Why," urges he, "if your face be suitable to all the rest (which I can hardly doubt of), do you refuse to have it seen, and deny the King, the Duke, and all the Court, who it is they so much admire?" In reply he received a letter, couched in most villanous French, which, as the lady justly thought, was only fit "*d'avoir faire le cendre.*" But Chesterfield was delighted with it; his enthusiasm was too expansive to be confined to humble prose, and he inflated it in

lyric verse, the vile French of which kept the lady's cacography in countenance. How this promising adventure ended does not appear. More highly-coloured graphic sketches of the times are to be found in the plays, for no locality in London was in greater favour with the dramatists than the Mall. Sir George Etherege's "Man of Mode," presents us with the truest picture of people of fashion, wit, and good breeding, as understood in the reign of merry King Charles. All the characters were either drawn from life, or so accurately depicted according to the manners of the time, that each was instantly assigned to some individual. Sir Fopling Flutter in particular was supposed to represent Sir George Hewitt, better known as Beau Hewitt, one of the most choice coxcombs of the age, ancestor of the Viscounts Lifford. He it was, say the chroniclers of small things, who by an elision softened the rough d——n me into the more mellifluous *dammé* and *demmé*. The play represents this "glass of fashion and mould of form," as just "arrived piping hot from Paris," and flaunting in the Mall "with an equipage of six French footmen and a page behind him." He is the true pattern of foppery, and revels in a pair of fringed gloves up to his elbows, and a long periwig more elaborately curled than a lady's head dressed for the ball. Sir Fopling, who is almost too fine to be looked at, as Brummel said of his Dresden china, deplores in moving accents that the Mall be not kept more select, and that all manner of low-born, ill-dressed descendants of Adam should be allowed to come betwixt the wind and his exquisiteness. "There ought to be an order made," he thinks, "that none but the beau monde should walk here:" it ruffles his equanimity to see some ill-fashioned fellows who pass singing, and whose wigs smell of tobacco so strong as to overcome Sir Fopling's pulvillio. But the character of the fine gentleman in 1676 curiously reveals itself in the following proposal to the ladies:—

Sir Fopling. We'll make a critic on the whole Mall, madam.

Mrs. Loveit. Bellinda, you shall engage—

Bellinda. To the reserve of our friends, my dear.

Mrs. Loveit. No : no exception.

Sir Fopling. We'll sacrifice all to our derision.

Soirées and routs were comparatively unknown at that period, and fashionable people having their after-dinner hours unengaged, used on mild summer evenings to remain in the Park till the small hours of night, for the benefit of fresh air and flirtation. The several advantages derived from this delightful practice are neatly enumerated in the following after-supper dialogue between some gentlemen of the town in one of Wycherley's plays :—

Ranger. Hang me if I am not pleased extremely with this new caterwauling, this midnight coursing in the Parks.

Vincent. A man may come after supper with his three bottles in his head, and reel himself sober without reproof of his mother, aunt, or grave relations.

Ranger. May bring his bashful girl, and not have her put out of countenance by the impudent honest women of the town.

Dapperwit. And a man of wit may have the better of the dumbshow of well trimmed vest or fair peruke : no man's now is whitest.

Ranger. And no woman's modish or proud : for her blushes are hid, and the rubies on her lips are dyed, and all sleepy and glimmering eyes have lost their attraction.

Vincent. And now a man may carry a bottle under his arm instead of his hat, and no observing spruce fop will miss the cravat that lies on one's shoulder, or count the wrinkles on one's face.

Dapperwit. And now the brisk repartee ruins the complaisant cringe or wise grimace. Something 'twas we men of virtue always loved the night.*

Indeed these were merry times in the Park, for not

* Love in a Wood ; or, St. James's Park, 1672, act ii. scene i.

only was there walking, talking, and flirting without end, but, as foreseen by Waller's "prophetic soul," there was even music and dancing. In the play of "Love in a Wood," Sir Simon Addleplate, a coxcomb by profession, has sent for the fiddlers "to oblige the ladies," as he says, "not to offend them," for Sir Simon intends "to serenade the whole Park" that night. In good time the fiddlers arrive, accompanied by torchbearers to throw light on the subject: they soon strike up, and such of the company in the Park as are not better engaged at once commence dancing. Various other comedies of that period might be mentioned, from which it is evident that such impromptu balls and concerts were by no means unusual in the Park, but I have already quoted enough. It may, however, be worth mentioning that it was Lord Halifax who first introduced this custom, in order to ingratiate himself with the beautiful Lady Wharton.

That same play of "Love in a Wood; or, St. James's Park," to which I have already had occasion to refer more than once, made Wycherley acquainted with the Duchess of Cleveland, the notorious mistress of Charles II., who took her publicity so easily that she would lie asleep in her coach with her mouth wide open, whilst driving round the Ring in Hyde Park. One day, soon after this play had been acted, that beautiful vixen was passing in her carriage through St. James's Park when she espied Wycherley, who, by-the-bye, was a very handsome man. Her Grace, who never allowed herself to be bound by the trammels of decency and good breeding, thrust her head out of the coach window and saluted Wycherley by that plain title of affiliation with which the illegitimate of the mercenary are wont to be greeted by the lower orders. The witty dramatist, though astonished at this singular apostrophe, was not a little flattered, for it was only a quaint and personal application of a coarse compliment which he had paid in his play of "Love in a Wood," to the wit and spirit of children born without the holy bonds of wedlock. The words the Duchess alluded to were—

“Where parents are slaves,
Their brats cannot be any other;
Great wits and great braves
Have always a punk for their mother.”

Wycherley thereupon approached the lady, when, as we are informed by the once formidable critic Dennis, the dialogue proceeded in the following free-and-easy manner:—

“Madam,” said Wycherley, “you have bestowed upon me a title which belongs only to the fortunate. Will your ladyship be at the play to-night?”

“Well,” inquired the Duchess, “what if I am there?”

“Why, then,” replied Wycherley, “I will be there to wait on your ladyship, though I disappoint a fine woman who has made me an assignation.” [Oh, delicate Mr. Wycherley!!]

“So,” exclaimed the Duchess, “you are sure to disappoint a woman who has favoured you for one who has not.”

“Yes,” returned he, “if the one who has favoured me is the finer woman of the two! But he who can be constant to your ladyship till he can find better, is sure to die your captive.”

And so with this climax of commonplace, and a mutual conviction that there was no love in the matter, Wycherley became a successor to Charles II., but somewhat in the same manner as our gracious Queen is a successor to King Alfred. The Duchess, who did nothing by halves, compromised herself openly for Wycherley, and used to visit him at his chambers in the Temple dressed like a country girl, in a straw hat, with pattens on, and with a box or basket in her hand.

Such is Dennis’ version of this amatory affair, but it has a smack of literary cookery and low life about it, not very consistent with the character of either Wycherley or the Duchess. The reading given by Spence, on the authority of Pope, who was Wycherley’s friend; is probably truer. “Wycherley,” said

Pope, "was a very handsome man. His acquaintance with the Duchess of Cleveland commenced oddly enough. One day, as he passed that lady's coach in the Ring, she leaned out of the window and cried out, loudly enough to be heard by him: 'Sir, you're a rascal—you're a villain!' [Spence had evidently forgotten the real epithet used, without which the joke has no point.] Wycherley from that instant entertained hopes. He did not fail waiting on her the next morning, and with a very melancholy tone begged to know how it was possible for him to have so much disoblged her Grace?" [Here of course the allusion was explained.] "They were very good friends from that time. Yet, after all," concludes Pope, reasoning in the spirit of his time, "what did he get by her? He was to have travelled with the young Duke of Richmond: King Charles gave him now and then a hundred pounds; not often." What is rather curious, is that by an allusion to another of his plays Wycherley obtained a wife. One day as he was walking upon the Wells Walk at Tunbridge, with a friend who rejoiced in the auspicious name of Fairbairn, of Gray's Inn, he entered a bookseller's shop. Whilst he was there the Countess of Drogheda, a young widow, rich, noble, and beautiful, a daughter of Grammont's Madame Robarts, came there to purchase "The Plain Dealer," one of Wycherley's plays. "Madam," said Fairbairn, "since you are for the Plain Dealer, here he is for you," pushing Wycherley towards her. "Yes," says Wycherley, "the lady can bear plain dealing, for she appears to be so accomplished that what would be a compliment to others would be plain dealing to her." "No truly, sir," said the Countess, "I am not without my faults any more than the rest of my sex, and yet notwithstanding that, I love plain dealing, and am never more fond of it than when it tells me of them." "Then, Madam," interposed Fairbairn, who played his part in this little farce with wonderful tact and good humour, "you and the Plain Dealer seem designed by Heaven for each other." In short, Wycherley walked a turn or two with

the Countess, waited upon her home, visited her daily at Tunbridge and at her residence in Hatton Garden after she went to London, and the result of this dramatic meeting was the usual termination of comedy—matrimony, and after that something not quite so pleasant as the fall of the curtain. Another windfall, which Wycherley owed to “The Plain Dealer,” was that he was not only let out of prison for debt by James II., upon the King’s seeing that piece, but also obtained from him a pension of 200*l*.

But to return to the Park. Kynaston, the handsome actor, whose name is connected with Hyde Park for the peculiar favour shown him in his younger days by the ladies, who used to drive him in their carriages round the Ring, is associated with St. James’s Park in a manner much less pleasant for him. From the handsome youth he was at the time of those drives in the Ring, he grew up to be a fine-looking man, greatly resembling Sir Charles Sedley. Not content with a personal resemblance, he also imitated that gentleman in his dress, both in the street and on the stage, particularly in a certain play entitled the “Heiress.” A century before, this might have been construed into *scandalum magnatum*, and made “a Star Chamber matter.” But as things then stood, all the irascible Baronet could do was to hire a bravo, who, meeting Kynaston in the Park, dressed like Sir Charles, pretended to take him for the Baronet, and under pretext that the Baronet had insulted him, to cane the unfortunate duplicate soundly. In vain did Kynaston plead a mistake; the more he protested the more the other belaboured him, as a punishment, he said, for such a cowardly falsehood. But the severest cut of all was that when somebody remonstrated with Sedley on his cruel treatment of the innocent actor, he replied that it was he himself, not Kynaston, who ought to be pitied, “for Kynaston,” he said, “could not have suffered half so much in his bones as he, Sedley, had suffered in his reputation: since all the town believed that it was he who had been so publicly disgraced.” This event

took place on January 31, 1669. What was somewhat curious, is that Sedley had introduced the incident of a man receiving a beating for another, owing to similarity of dress and appearance, into his comedy of "The Mulberry Garden," which he had written a few months before.

Everybody is acquainted with the most poetical and imaginative of Sir Edwin Landseer's pictures, "Peace" and "War," in which the calm tranquillity of the one serves to enhance the ruthless destruction expressed in the other. In a similar manner may this tragic affair of Kynaston be contrasted by a picture of profound peace and Arcadian rusticity, and Pepys shall once more furnish us with the subject. This time it is the worthy secretary himself we have to introduce, who tells us that, instead of going to church on Sunday morning, July 15, 1666, he "walked to the Park, and there, it being mighty hot and I weary, lay down upon the grass by the *canalle*, and slept awhile." Just think of Pepys, who often was seen in the Park, talking and walking with the King and the Duke of York, being seen in such an undignified position! The youngest clerk in the Admiralty of the present day would not do it for a pension. But in Pepys's unsophisticated times nobody thought it *infra dignitatem* to be seen in a horizontal position, like Virgil's herdsman, *patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi*. An anecdote is told of the manner in which Killigrew for a time lost the favour of Charles II., the *mise-en-scène* of which represents to us that clever wit reclining in the same pastoral attitude as Pepys and Melibœus. One summer evening when Charles II. was walking in St. James's Park, less to study the stars of the firmament than to observe erratic stars in silk petticoats, he found Killigrew extended at his full length on the grass. "Are you looking for the philosopher's stone, Killigrew?" asked the King. "No, sire," replied the wit; "it would be as easy to find that stone in the Park as to receive prompt payment at your Court. What I am looking for is the head of Oliver Cromwell, late Protector of these realms." "And what do you

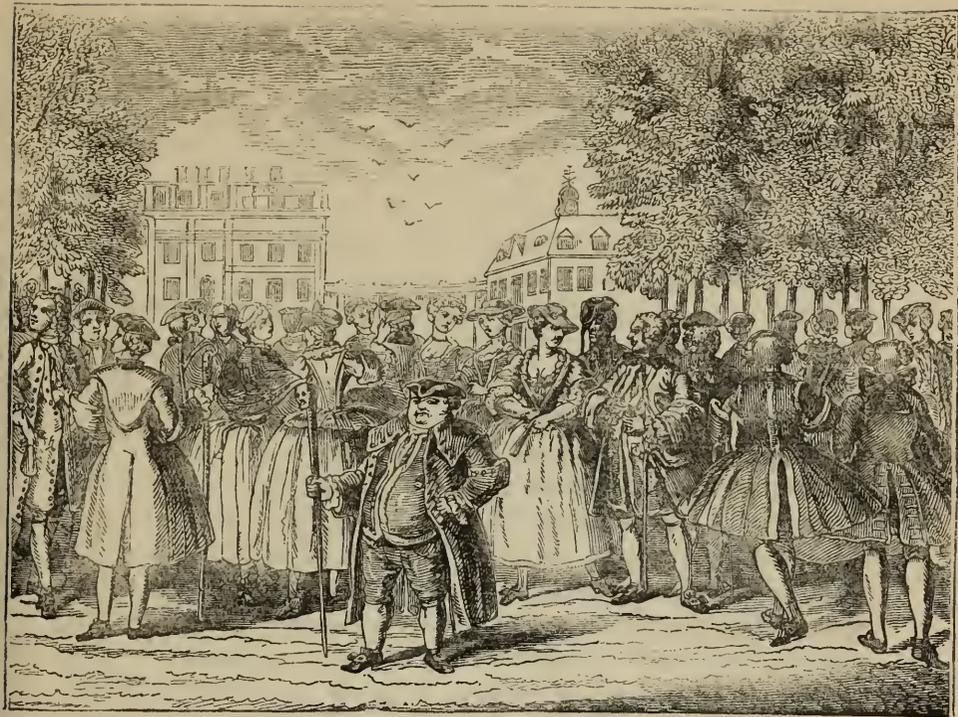
want with the head of that arch-traitor?" inquired Charles. "I should like to place it on the shoulders of your Majesty," replied Killigrew, an answer which it took the King some time to digest. But about this lying on the grass, the most curious circumstance remains to be told, and that is, that though now it would be considered a breach of good manners without benefit of clergy, it was not thought so in the time of our fathers, "when George the Fourth was King." The *Morning Herald*, June 10, 1822, describing the appearance of the *beau monde* in Hyde Park the day before, says: "Seated on the low wall, which separates Kensington Gardens from Hyde Park, were Prince and Princess Esterhazy, the Earl of Jersey, Lord Palmerston, Lord W. Lennox, and many others of equal renown in the fashionable world; and reposing on the greensward at their feet, the Marquis of Worcester, the Earl of Glasgow, Lord Alvanley," &c. &c.

Skating appears to have been quite a novelty in the reign of the second Charles, although the London boys practised it in a crude and primitive manner as early as the twelfth century, by sliding upon the leg bones of animals tied under their feet.* Yet from that time until the reign of Charles II. it does not appear to have been much practised. Doubtlessly the King and his followers learned it in Holland† during their wanderings, and introduced the fashion into London. Hence the frequent expressions of astonishment at the new acquirement. Thus we find Samuel Pepys, for one, wondering as usual: "December 1st, 1662. In the Park, where I first in my life, it being a great frost, did see people sliding with their skatees, which is a very pretty art." Evelyn was there on the same day, and made an entry in his diary to the same effect: "Having seen the strange and wonderful dexterity of the sliders on the new canal in St. James's Park, performed before

* A pair of such skates, exhumed in Moorfields, the very place where, Fitzstephen says, the boys used to amuse themselves in that manner seven centuries ago, is preserved in the British Museum.

† The word skate is derived from the Dutch *schaats*.

their Majesties, by divers gentlemen and others, with sचेets after the manner of the Hollanders: with what swiftness they pass; how suddenly they stop in full career upon the ice. I went home." The Duke of York himself was occasionally among the skaters, and appears to have been fond of the sport. Pepys says, "December 15, 1662. To the Duke, and followed him in the Park, when, though the ice was broken, he would go slide upon his skates, which I did not like; but he slides very well." Still it would appear that for a long time after the introduction of this new amusement it remained confined to London, and was scarcely heard of in the country. As late as the winter of 1711, Swift writes to Stella: "Delicate walking weather; and the Canal and Rosamond's Pond full of the rabble and with skates, *if you know what that is.*" But after the Serpentine in Hyde Park was formed (1736), the Canal of St. James's Park became only a secondary skating resort.



THE MALL.

From the Frontispiece to Pope's MAN OF TASTE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

VANITAS VANITATUM.

“Such were our pleasures in the days of yore,
When am’rous Charles Britannia’s sceptre bore;
One mighty scene of joy the Park was made,
And love in couples peopled every shade.”

WITH such trifling amusements the time was passed, and the nation almost undone. Charles was hunting a moth in the apartments of Whitehall at the very time the Dutch were burning our ships in the Medway; and when the news of this disastrous affair arrived he was sauntering in the Park. Coke, the author of the well-known Memoirs, gives a very graphic description of the scene on the first arrival of the tidings:—“The Dutch having completed their fleet,

upon the 9th of June [1666] entered the river. I was on the 10th in the morning walking in St. James's Park, when a gentleman whispered to me that the Dutch were entered the river. Then the King had fed his ducks, and was walking on the west side of the Park, and as we walked Prince Rupert overtook us, and met the King at the further end of the Pall-mall. The King told the Prince how he had shot a duck, and such a dog fetched it, and so they walked on till they came to St. James's House, and there the King said to the Prince, 'Let's go and see Cambridge and Kendal'—the Duke of York's two sons, who then lay a-dying. But upon his return to Whitehall he found all in an uproar, the Countess of Castlemaine, as it was said, bewailing above all others, that she should be first torn to pieces."* The end, however, of all this trifling was that awful Sunday evening, so graphically described by Evelyn, when Charles was struck down in the midst of his gaiety, and "six days after all was in the dust."

The memory of no other king is so essentially connected with the Park as that of Charles the Second. There he might almost daily be seen with his tall, manly figure, swarthy countenance, and merry sleepy eyes, engaged in his usual occupation of duck feeding, dog petting, or playing at pall mall. That Mall itself began to be abandoned by the players at the end of his reign; probably the exercise was too violent, and ruffled too much the ponderous wigs which had then come in fashion. In most of the prints of that period the Mall is represented without players, and only occupied by a number of fine ladies and gentlemen, courting and bowing, flirting and philandering. After having thus lost its original destination it became the most fashionable promenade in the Park; still, as has been observed before, the game appears occasionally to have been played in it as late as the time of Queen Anne.

In the reign of Dutch William old Whitehall was burned down by two successive fires, in 1691 and again

* A Detection of the Court and State of England during the last Four Reigns. By Roger Coke, Esq. 1696. vol. ii. p. 161.

in 1698. The first happened on the night of April 13th. Queen Mary at that time occupied the apartments built by Charles II. for the Duchess of Portsmouth. Being a heavy sleeper she nearly lost her life in the flames, which had communicated to her apartment before she could be awakened. Half asleep, and in her night-dress, she was dragged into St. James's Park. There her misfortunes continued; for two Jacobite officers—Sir John Fenwick and Colonel Oglethorpe—seeing her in this predicament, followed her by the lurid light of the flames to St. James's Palace, reviling her all the time, and telling her that “her filial sins would come home to her.” But these insults were not forgotten. A few years afterwards Sir John Fenwick, having been implicated in some plot for the restoration of James II., was taken prisoner, and notwithstanding he proved having been instrumental in saving King William's life in 1693, he was beheaded on Tower Hill, January 28th, 1697.

William, after the burning of Whitehall, removed the seat of royalty to Kensington; but this did not interfere with the glories of the Park. Even though the little Dutch King does not appear to have fed the ducks himself, still he took an interest in their welfare. Witness the following Proclamation, which appeared in the *London Gazette* in October, 1690. “Whereas his Majesty has empowered John and Thomas Webbe, gentlemen, keepers of the game within ten miles of the Court of Whitehall and the precincts thereof; and information being given that, notwithstanding his Majesty's commands, several persons do kill and molest his Majesty's ducks and game within the said limits: it is therefore his Majesty's especial command that none presume to keep a fowling-piece, gun, setting dog, net, trammel, or other unlawful engine, wherewith to destroy, or kill, or in any ways disturb the game contrary to the law and statute in that case made and provided, other than such as shall be by law qualified. And whosoever shall give information to John Webbe, living in St. James's Park, shall have gratuity for every gun, net,

dog, or any engine that shall be seized or taken from any offender." Indeed, William loved to live in the midst of his ducks; for with a truly Dutch taste, he built unto himself a little summer-house on Duck Island, where, surrounded on all sides by water, he did

"Sometimes council take—and sometimes tea,"

and could fancy himself in Holland. There he could smoke his Gouda pipe, and sip his cup with Bentinck and Keppel, just as snugly and cosily as any retired grocer or cheesemonger in his ditch-bestriving summer-house on the outskirts of Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Leyden, or Alkmaer.

An anonymous traveller who visited England in this reign thus mentions St. James's Park:—"Here when it is a fine day you may find thousands of people of all sorts and *sexes* (!). It is there that the belles parade their curled locks and the patches which cover their faces. Here luxury shames the sun, and the unfortunate orphean (?) strangers are trapped and bewitched by the English muses and syrens. It is also the meeting-place of learned people, as well as of beautiful women. One may take a walk there at his ease and without any fear, provided he has a little management and sense. There is a beautiful Mall, a pleasant Canal, and delightful walks with trees at both sides, under the shade of which you can walk without being annoyed by the sun. At the end, towards Westminster, there is a gate, where you may see a white raven, very old and famous."* This raven probably was one of the last of the birds which Charles II. had located in the Park, and which is mentioned as one of the curiosities by Pepys in 1664; for another tourist, a German Baron—Zacharias von Uffenbach—who visited London in the reign of Queen Anne, says, "formerly there were many birds in this Park, but now there are none left." Cows and red deer, however, still con-

* Very Interesting and Accurate Description of a Journey through France, Spain, Italy, Germany, England, &c., between the years 1693-6. By a famous Traveller. Amsterdam, 1700.

tinued to graze on the grassplats at the side of the canal.

The year 1703 was remarkable for a storm of most extraordinary violence, which swept over England, and gave Addison occasion to write that magnificent simile, which has been pronounced one of the finest in the whole range of English poetry:—

“So when an angel by divine command
 With rising tempests shakes a guilty land
 (Such as of late o'er pale Britannia passed),
 Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
 And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
 Rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm.”

The storm arose about ten o'clock on the evening of the 26th of November, and continued to rage with extreme violence till seven the next morning, when it gradually abated. Upwards of two thousand stacks of chimneys were blown down, and the lead on the roof of Westminster Abbey, and of several churches, was rolled up like skins of parchment and carried away by the wind. Several steeples were blown down, and houses innumerable levelled with the ground. Indeed, the damage sustained by the City of London alone was estimated at two millions sterling, and vast losses were also sustained in other parts of the metropolis. Twenty-one persons were killed by the fall of the ruins, and two hundred others seriously maimed. In St. James's Park the ravages were considerable; a large part of the wall was blown down, and above a hundred elms were rooted up, “some whereof were of such a growth as, they tell us, they were planted by Cardinal Wolsey; whether that part of it be true or not is little to the matter, but only to imply that they were very great trees.”* Most probably these elms had been planted when Henry VIII. formed the Park, but whether by Wolsey is another question. Among the trees which

* The Storm; or, a Collection of the most remarkable Casualties and Disasters which happened in the late dreadful Tempest. 1704. p. 35. Attributed to Defoe.

weathered this hurricane were two of historical fame,—two oak trees raised from acorns of the famous Boscobel oak, and planted by Charles II. himself. These oaks continued in existence till uprooted by a storm in 1833. In Hyde Park also, his Majesty planted acorns of the Royal Oak, and two old trees surrounded by railings, on the north side of the Serpentine, where the road turns off to the Kensington Gardens, are pointed out at the present day as the identical sons of the Boscobel oak, reared by the royal hand.

The dissoluteness of one reign has generally a powerful influence in corrupting the morals of the next. The bad principles fostered and encouraged under a dissipated king cannot at once be eradicated from the bosoms of his subjects, even though his successor be a man of virtue. *Les hommes font les lois et les femmes font les mœurs*, says the Count de Ségur with great truth. William III. made many laws for the diminution of vice; societies for the propagation of virtue arose in his reign, but to little purpose. The loose tone of society which had prevailed in the time of the Stuarts was still rampant, and all William's good efforts produced but a meagre effect. The small hours of night continued in favour in the Park, and "the very witching time of night" was still considered—

" Just the hour
When pleasure, like the midnight flow'r
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for sons of night
And maids that love the moon."

In Tom Durfey's play of "The Marriage Hater Matched," (1693), Lady Hockley says of her dog: "I carried him to the Park *every night* with me," and another scene of music, dancing, and singing in the Park, late at night, by the light of links and lanterns, occurs in Lord Lansdowne's play of "Once a Lover, always a Lover," written in the beginning of the eighteenth century.

These "midnight meetings" in the Park continued

among the gayer part of fashionable society for many years afterwards; but, in justice to the times, it must be admitted that the more sober portion of the community considered them disgraceful. Speaking of St. James's Park, a young lady in one of Wilkinson's plays remarks, "This place has grown so scandalous, 'tis forfeiting reputation to be seen here in an evening." — "Thou sayest true, girl," replies her friend; "for what between the rusty furbelow'd commoners and the threadbare blue disbands [*i.e.*, disbanded officers], there is such a scene of poverty and lewdness, that you'd think famine had been the reward of their iniquities."* Yet notwithstanding this, the custom continued for a quarter of a century longer. Even the more lax female members of the aristocracy appear occasionally to have indulged in these freaks, under the favour of the convenient mask, no doubt. Dr. Young, of the "Night Thoughts," in his "Satires on Women" (1725), pictures the fickle Lemira, who, feeling unwell, sends for Sir Hans Sloane; but when the worthy doctor arrives, he is told that she is gone to the ball. Her maid then explains to Sir Hans her ladyship's regimen, and how she cures herself of her ailments in a manner which seems to have anticipated Hahnemann:

"True, she can't stand, but she can dance all night;
I've known my lady (for she loves a tune),
For fevers take an opera in June,
And though perhaps you'll think the practice bold,
A midnight Park is sovereign for a cold."†

What did not tend to heighten the standard of morality among the ladies of that period was the custom of appearing in public with a little black satin mask on. This fashion must have been very convenient in the Park. The beaux *before* supper were sufficiently "luscious," as Addison calls it, in their conversation, and their flow of eloquence generally increased remarkably *after* supper: then the mask was useful to hide

* Wilkinson, *The Quaker's Wedding*, 1703.

† Young's *Satires*, Satire V., 1725.

the absence of a blush. Besides, it was a great help in intriguing :—“ I’ll step into the Park,” says the jealous Sir Solomon in Cibber’s “ Double Gallant” (1707), “ and see if I can meet with my hopeful spouse there ! I warrant, engaged in some innocent freedom (as she calls it), as walking in a mask, to laugh at the impertinence of fops that don’t know her ; but ’tis more likely, I’m afraid, a plot to intrigue with those that do.” Another, what an Irishman might call still more *barefaced* use of the mask is shadowed forth in the following words of the sprightly Lady Ophelia in Dilke’s comedy of “ The Pretender ” (1698), who rather startles Sir Bellamore Blunt with the following confidence :—

Ophelia. May you be trusted, sir ?

Sir Bell. Indeed I may, madam.

Ophelia. Then know I am going to my chamber to fetch my mask, hood, and scarf, and so jaunt it a little.

Sir Bell. Jaunt it ! What’s the meaning of that ?

Ophelia. Why, that’s to take a hackney-coach, scour from playhouse to playhouse till I meet with some young fellow that has power enough to attack me, stock enough to treat me and present me, and folly enough to be laughed at for his pains.”

Finally, the mask was certainly invaluable for those ladies who, like Lady Flippant in the play, “ betwixt pomatum and Spanish rouge had a complexion like a Holland cheese.”

But to return to the Park. Ned Ward, a man whose morals were wretchedly out of order, but who notwithstanding had some wit and a quaint power of description, has left us many curious particulars concerning the London of Queen Anne. In one of his works he devotes several pages to a picture of what he called “ the humours of St. James’s Park,” which, ‘after a due application of the pruning-knife, may be inserted here. Having described the Mall as “ full of Court ladies,” he says, “ we stept over its boarded

bounds into Duke Humphrey's Walk,* as my friend informed me. Here he showed me abundance of our neighbouring Bull Factors [*i.e.*, Irishmen], distinguished by their flat noses and broad faces, who were walking away their leisure hours beneath the umbrage of the lime trees. The worthy gentlemen who chiefly frequent this sanctuary are non-commission officers, I mean not such who have lost their commissions, but such as never had any, and yet would be very angry should you refuse them the title of captain, tho' they never so much as trailed a pike towards the deserving it.

“From thence we took a walk upon the parade, which my friend told me used in a morning to be covered with the bones of red-herrings, and smelt as strong about breakfast time as a wet-salter's shop at midsummer. [This is a hit at the Dutch Guards who had then but newly been sent back to Holland.] But now, says he, it's perfumed again with English breath, and the scent of Oronoko tobacco no more offends the nostrils of our squeamish ladies, who may now pass backwards and forwards free from all such nuisances, and without the danger of being frightened at a terrible pair of Dutch whiskers [*i.e.*, moustaches].

“From thence we walked up the canal, where the ducks were fishing about the water and standing upon their heads, showing as many tricks in their liquor as a Bartholomew Fair tumbler. Said I to my friend, ‘Her Majesty's ducks are wondrous merry.’ He replying, ‘Well may they, for they are always tipping.’ We then took a view of the famed figure of the [Fighting] Gladiator,† which indeed is well worthy of the place it

* The avenues described by Ned were each of them known to the visitors of the Park by some name. The one nearest the Park wall was called the *Green Walk*, or *Duke Humphrey's*, in imitation of the middle aisle of the nave of old St. Paul's, anciently a place of the most public resort. There, as well as in the Park, those who had no means of procuring a dinner frequently loitered about during dinner hours. The *Close Walk*, or *Jacobite Walk*, was at the head of Rosamond's Pond, and the third was the *Long Lime Walk*, which led to a grove of elms.

† This statue, moulded for Charles I. from the original in the

stands in, &c. Behind this figure, upon the foot of the pedestal, my friend and I sat down to please our eyes with the prospect of the most delightful aqueduct, and to see its feathered inhabitants, the ducks, divert us with their sundry pastimes. We arose from thence and walked by the decoy, where meanders glide so smoothly beneath their osier canopies that the calm surface seemed to express nothing inhabited this watery place but peace and silence. I could have wished myself capable of living obscure from mankind in this element, like a fish, purely to have enjoyed the pleasure of so delightful and fluminous a labyrinth, whose intricate turnings so confound the sight that the eye is still in search of some new discovery, and never satisfied with the tempting variety ordered within so little a compass.

“ We turned up from thence into a long lime-walk, where both Art and Nature had carefully preserved the trees in such exact proportion to each other that a man would guess by their appearance they all aspire in height and spread in breadth to just the same dimensions, and confine their leaves and branches to an equal number. Beneath this regular and pleasant shade were pensive lovers whispering their affections to their mistresses, and breathing out despairing sighs of their tender happiness. Here also were the tender offsprings of the nobility, guarded by their fresh-looking nurses, to strengthen and refresh their feeble joints with air

Villa Borghese, at Rome, by Hubert le Sueur, had been placed by Charles II. on a mound of stones at the eastern extremity of the canal. In the reign of Queen Anne it was removed to Hampton Court, and from thence, by George I., to Windsor, where it still remains.

Charles II. also placed an ancient gun on the Parade. It bore the following inscription :—“ CAROLUS. EDGARI. SCEPTRUM. STABILITAVIT. AQUARUM,” in allusion to Selden’s *Mare Clausum*, which was one of the first Charles’s hobbies, in whose reign this gun had been cast in 1638. But it was a sad contradiction to the boast that either this very gun, or at all events one with a similar inscription, lay for many years for sale in the Admiralty Court at Rotterdam, having been captured by the Dutch during their successful descent upon Chatham in 1667.

and exercise suitable to their childish weakness, and some having started more forward in their infancy were accompanied by their tutors, showing such manliness in their presence and such promise of virtue in their propitious looks at ten or a dozen years of age, that they seemed already fortified with grace, learning, and wisdom against the world's corruptions. The termination of this delectable walk was a knot of lofty elms by a pond-side [Rosamond's Pond], round some of which were commodious seats for the tired ambulators to refresh their weary pedestals. Here a parcel of old worn-out Cavaliers were conning over the Civil Wars, and looking back into the history of their past lives, to moderate their anxiety and the infirmities of old age with pleasing reflections on their youthful actions."*

With this lengthy description and the help of the plan, the reader can now picture to himself the St. James's Park of those days just as if he had been an *habitué* of it. To people those walks is an easy matter: all history came to the Park; there is scarce a character one can think of but was seen there at one time or another. The Mall was the most fashionable part, and there the *Silvias*, *Clarindas*, *Belindas*, and *Elviras* of the *Tattlers* and *Spectators* swept along patched and painted, hooped and farthingaled *à outrance*, adorned with fly-caps, top-knots, and commodes, tightlaced bodies, laced aprons, and flounced petticoats, for the display of which the gown was gathered in folds behind. There the *Philanders* and *Strephons*, and the rest of the "pretty fellows," flirted with those belles whom they rivalled in extravagant absurdity of dress and modish affectation. Decked out in square-tailed silk or velvet coats of all the colours of the rainbow, they tripped mincingly along upon their toes humming a tune, with a small hat on the top of a wheelbarrowful of periwig, covered with a bushel of powder. Both hands were carried elegantly in the waistbands of their breeches, their "steinkerke"

* Ned Ward's *London Spy*, vol. ii. p. 42. 1706.

was covered with snuff, their sword-knots trailed almost on the ground, and their canes dangled from the fifth button. This splendid *ensemble* was terminated with pearl-coloured silk stockings, shoes with red heels, and no doubt noses to match the heels, for those were the glorious times of "potations pottle deep,"—the days and nights of four-bottle men.

Among the ladies who might daily be seen in the Mall, during the very year when Ward published his description of the Park in the "London Spy," there were forty-one who were considered the leading belles. Of these thirty-three were "Court belles;" the rest were inhabitants of the *terra incognita* east of Temple Bar, but who, scorning to bury their charms in Moorfields or Lincoln's Inn Gardens, flocked westwards to show in the Mall. There are several in this galaxy whose pretty faces smile out to us from the dusty pages of history, contemporary memoirs, and letters. There were the Duchesses of Marlborough, of Ormond, of Bridgewater, the Countess of Sunderland, Mrs. Dunch (Belle Dunch), Mary Wortley Montagu, and many others. But to enumerate them all would only tire the reader. He who wishes to know more about the subject will find ample information in two poems, the one entitled "The London Belles; or, A Description of the Most Celebrated Beauties in the Metropolis of Great Britain" (1707); the other, "The British Court: a Poem describing the Most Celebrated Beauties of St. James's, the Park, and the Mall" (1707).

Such, then, were the beaux and belles of that period; but strange types and characters were also occasionally seen among the crowd. There were the country gentlemen in red coats and buckskin breeches, who more than once incurred the censure of Mr. Bickerstaff for frightening the town in such an unreasonable manner. "About two days ago I was walking in the Park," says Master Isaac, "and accidentally met a rural esquire cloathed in all the types above-mentioned, with a carriage and behaviour made entirely out of his own head. He was of a bulk and stature larger than

ordinary, had a red coat flung open to show a calamanco waistcoat; his periwig fell in a very considerable bush upon each shoulder; his arms naturally swang at an unreasonable distance from his sides, which, with the advantage of a cane that he brandished in a great variety of irregular motions, made it unsafe for any one to walk within several yards of him. In this manner he took up the whole Mall, his spectators moving on each side of it, whilst he cocked up his hat and marched directly for Westminster. I cannot tell who this gentleman is, but for my comfort may say with the lover in Terence, who lost sight of a fine young lady, Whoever thou art, thou canst not be long concealed.* At another time the censor, in a mild, gentle vein of humour, takes a young extravagant to task for wearing "a very pretty ribbon with a cross of jewels at his breast." This piece of coxcombry called forth the good-humoured satire of Mr. Bickerstaff, and the day after the dangerous ribbon had made its appearance in the Mall the following lines figured in the *Tatler*: "Dear Countryman,— Was that ensign of honour which you wear given you by a prince or a lady whom you served? If you wear it as an absent lover, please to hang it on a black ribbon; if as a rewarded soldier, you may have my licence to continue the red." The offender in this case was the celebrated Beau Edgeworth, a contemporary of Beaux Wilson and Fielding, and a member of the same family from which descended Miss Maria Edgeworth, the novelist. More whimsical appearances than these were sometimes witnessed; for instance, one day, in the year 1709, a person in the habit of a clergyman appeared in the Mall with a long broadsword girt by his side, which of course drew the attention of a great many people. At last one gentleman, more curious or more impertinent than the rest, stepped up to him and asked him the reason of his wearing a sword, remarking that

* *Tatler*, No. 96.

it was not proper for a man of his coat. To this he of the broadsword replied that he belonged to the Church Militant, the Church of England, which, he said, was now in greater danger of being swallowed up by Popery and fanaticism than at any former time.

In order to keep out the questionable element as much as possible, one Nicholas Wilson, an exclusive would-be political economist, about this period hit upon a scheme from which he expected the double result of filling her Majesty's coffers and winnowing the company in the Park. This Chancellor of the Exchequer in grain proposed to levy a tax upon the frequenters of the Park. "Her Majesty," he said, "being at a great expense every year for ornamenting and keeping St. James's Park in repair, should give orders that none should enter in ye Park except foreign ministers, nobility, members of Parliament during the session, her household, the soldiers, &c., without paying a halfpenny apiece." This, he considered, would soon furnish a considerable item in the revenue; "besides," he thought, "there is no better means to be found to render her Majesty's printed orders more effectual for excluding the meanest people from the Park." What was more: "by this means the public will ornament the Park, and in time be made to build Whitehall. It will probably pay the extent of half a million per annum, which is a sum not to be slighted in this conjuncture." Certainly not, Mr. Wilson, nor in any other conjuncture; but it would set all the calculations of Cocker at defiance to obtain that magnificent sum total.

To sit on the benches, then as now, was considered the height of vulgarity. They were entirely abandoned to the lower orders. Those at the end of the Mall were generally pretty full between the hours of twelve and three o'clock with knots of sage politicians engaged in conference. There Mr. Bickerstaff met his famous upholsterer, whom he represents as bedizened, notwithstanding it was a very sultry day, in a loose

greatcoat, a muff, and a long campaign wig out of curl, to which he added the ornament of a pair of garters buckled under the knee. There, whilst the unthinking part of mankind were discussing their eating and drinking for the support of their own private persons, without any regard for the public, this worthy upholsterer and his friends discussed the affairs of Europe, and grieved over the numerous mistakes committed by the powers that were. So profound was this politician, so great attention did he pay to the interests of Europe, that he entirely neglected his own, and soon found himself a bankrupt. Then he became a *habitué* of the Park, for not only was he always sure to find there gentlemen who, like himself, knew what was "going on i' the capitol," but there also he was out of the reach of tipstiffs, catchpoles, and bailiffs. The Park, it may be stated, was within the "verge of the Royal Court," and no bailiff had a right to arrest anybody under the sacred shade of its trees. So strictly was this ancient privilege maintained, that in 1632 one John Perkins, a constable, was imprisoned for serving the Lord Chief Justice's warrant upon one John Beard, in St. James's Park. Hence also in Fielding's "Amelia" we find Mr. Booth walking in security in the Mall, when he did not venture to parade his person elsewhere. In cases of high treason, however, this privilege of sanctuary was waived, as appeared in the case of the Marquis de Guiscard, who was arrested in St. James's Park, on March 8th, 1711, on a charge of treasonable correspondence with France.

It was for the same reason reckoned a great offence to draw the sword in St. James's Park. Thus Bluff, in Congreve's "Old Bachelor," says: "My blood rises at that fellow; I can't stay where he is, and I must not draw in the Park." And in Fielding's "Amelia," Captain Booth, being called a scoundrel by Colonel Bath, replies, "If I were not in the Park I would thank you very properly for that compliment." Treasonable words were also considered doubly heinous

when uttered in these hallowed precincts. We read of one Francis Heat being whipped, in 1717, from Charing Cross to the top of the Haymarket, imprisoned for a month, and fined ten pounds, for saying in the Park, "God save King James III., and give him a long and prosperous reign!" And the year after, a soldier was whipped on the parade for saying in the Park "he hoped soon to wear his right master's cloth," and drinking the health of the Duke of Ormond and Dr. Sacheverell.

Steele and Addison, it is evident from the *Spectators* and *Tatlers*, were daily among the *flâneurs* in the Mall, "shooting folly as it flies," and gathering materials for their delightful papers. It may be imagined how all the Belindas and Elviras minded their *p*'s and *q*'s when the censor of Great Britain made his appearance; how the "smarts," the "dapper-wits," the "pretty fellows," and the "dead men," took care not to provoke the wrath of the great Mr. Bickerstaff; how the fast beauties courted, and the shy novices feared to be noticed in his lucubrations. But in after years, the wits could have their revenge, when Addison passed with his overbearing wife, the Countess of Warwick, and poor Dick Steele was hunted by bailiffs. Then there was Mr. Dean Swift, who used to read Stella's letters in the Park, and who was pointed out and looked after by the crowd as he walked about there, enjoying to his heart's content the pleasure of *digito monstrari, et dicier: Hic est*. Yet, epitome of vanity as the Dean was, he pretended to dislike this public attention, and sneeringly observed to a friend, "A p— take these fools! how much joy might all this staring give my Lord Mayor!" Swift's letters abound with allusions to the Park; every day he used to take his constitutional walk there, in winter before, in spring and summer after, dinner. On March 21, 1711, he writes: "This walking is a strange remedy; Mr. Prior walks to make himself fat, and I to bring myself down. He has generally a cough, which he only calls a cold; we often walk round the Park together." May 15. "When I pass the Mall in the evening, it is prodigious to see

the number of ladies walking there, and I always cry shame at the ladies of Ireland, who never walk at all, as if their legs were of no use but to be laid aside."—March 9, 1712. "I walked in the Park this evening, and came home early to avoid the Mohocks."*—December 27, 1712. "I met Mr. Addison and Pastoral Philips on the Mall to-day, and took a turn with them, but they both looked terribly dry and cold." Pastoral Philips came to the Park with perhaps the same object as Warburton afterwards advised his friend Mason to do—namely, for the purpose of studying pastorals: "I would recommend to our good friend Mason," says Warburton, "a voyage now and then with me round the Park. What can afford nobler hints for pastoral than the cows and the milkwomen at your entrance from Spring Gardens? As you advance, you have noble subjects for comedy and farce from one end of the Mall to the other; not to say satire, for which our worthy friend has a kind of propensity. As you turn to the left, you soon arrive at Rosamond's Pond, long consecrated to disastrous love and elegiac poetry. The Birdcage Walk, which you enter next, speaks its own influence, and inspires you with the gentle spirit of madrigal and sonnet. When we come to Duck Island, we have a double

* Under the name of Mohocks or Mohawks (borrowed from that of a savage tribe of North American Indians), young men of rank and fashion used to scour the streets at nights, and wantonly inflict the most cruel wounds on any peaceful persons they met. They used to slit people's noses, cut them with penknives, stab them with their swords, upset their coaches and sedans, and even in some instances murder them. For above two years the town was held in terror by these savages. The periodicals and plays of the time are full of allusions to them. Gay introduced them in his *Trivia*, and Swift wrote a somewhat profane "Argument, proving from History, Reason, and Scripture that the present Mohawks and Hawkubites are the Gog and Magog mentioned in the Revelations." At last Government having offered a reward of 100*l.* for the apprehension of any of the Mohawks, four of them were caught by the watch, and tried at the Old Bailey. The gentlemen pleaded that they were not Mohawks, but "scourers" after Mohawks, and the total amount of punishment inflicted upon them was a fine of three shillings and fourpence.

chance for success in the Georgic and didactic poetry, as the Governor of it, Stephen Duck, can both instruct our friend in the breed of wildfowl, and lend him of his genius to sing their generations."

Another time Swift is walking with Henry St. John, afterwards Lord Bolingbroke, Pope's "guide, philosopher, and friend;" but what Swift notes down on that occasion is not much to the credit of "my St. John." 24 August, 1711. "Lord Radnor and I were walking in the Mall this evening, and Mr. Secretary [St. John] met us and took a turn or two, and then stole away, and we both believe it was to pick up some girl, and to-morrow he will be at the Cabinet with the Queen. So goes the world." Another still worse freak of Bolingbroke's is related by Goldsmith, who says: "I have spoken to an old man, who assured me that he saw him and one of his companions run naked through the Park in a fit of intoxication; but then it was a time when public decency might be transgressed with less danger than at present." Still, if those two statements be true, the philosophy of Pope's friend must have been of the ultra-cynic school.

As a further illustration of trespasses against public decency, the singular scenes which occasionally took place in the Park may be mentioned. The papers about this time frequently contained notices of soldiers having been *stripped quite naked*, and publicly whipped in St. James's Park, for the crime of petty larceny, insubordination, or some such offence.* For that purpose they were tied up to the halberts, with their arms extended—a position known among the jokers of the guard-room by the heraldic term of "the spread eagle." Edifying exhibitions of this kind no doubt took place on the parade, for ever since the formation of the Park that spot had been set apart for military purposes. There under the shade of the royal standard, which floated from a short pillar, reviews, sometimes even of cavalry, were frequently held, and the place,

* See, for instance, Powell's Weekly Journal, February 27, 1719, and The Weekly Journal, March 5, 1720.

always swarming with swaggering Horseguards and gallant Footguards, clattering swords and nodding plumes, bore altogether a military aspect. In King William's time a "train of artillery," or, as we now would say, a park of artillery, was formed on this spot, and on festive occasions, as birthdays and such like, artillerymen in large hats and jackboots, mounted on heavy Flanders horses, came and dragged some of those ponderous guns away through the Park, up Constitution Hill, and there fired a royal salute. When His Majesty went to Parliament they were also fired. It was for this reason that a wit remarked that the King's going to Parliament put him in mind of the laws delivered to the children of Israel from Mount Sinai amidst thunder and lightning. He considered it therefore an impious custom, and said that those who first adopted it deserved the fate of Salmoneus.

"Dum flammas Jovis et tonitrus imitatur Olympi."

A glorious procession passed through St. James's Park in the beginning of January, 1705, when the harvest of French standards reaped on the bloody field of Blenheim were carried in state to Westminster Hall, there to be hung up in company with other trophies of the same kind. It was on this occasion that Dick Estcourt made that merry song of which Horace Walpole quotes a couple of lines—

"How with bloody French rags he has littered poor Westminster Hall,
O slovenly John Duke of Marlborough!"

The flags were brought from the Tower in the following order. First came a troop of Horse Grenadiers, next a detachment of Horseguards, then the standards, thirty-eight in number, carried four abreast by private gentlemen of the Lifeguards. Then followed the Grenadier Footguards, their band of hautboys playing the favourite tune, "Let Soldiers rejoice." The men marched four abreast, and, instead of pikes, carried

the regimental colours taken from the enemy, 132 in number. In this order they proceeded through the City and through St. James's Park, whilst her Majesty Queen Anne was looking out of the window of Lord Fitzhardinge's lodging, in St. James's Palace, to see the gallant fellows pass.

Of course on this occasion Marlborough was all in all with our glory and pageant-loving London population. But there are other incidents connected with the chronicles of the Park, in which he and his family figure in a different light. At the time when Marlborough was in the black books, it happened that his Grace, on the birthday of Queen Anne, passed through the Park in his sedan with the curtains drawn. The mob, believing it to be the Prince Eugene, who was just then in town, huzzaed the chair, but the Duke modestly drew back the curtains, put his head out, and with a sign showed his dislike to these ovations. The mob, finding their mistake, and that it was their old enemy, cried out, "Stop thief!" which, as Marlborough was suspected of having amassed his gigantic fortune by several dark transactions, was certainly rather mortifying to him. That same day two of his daughters, to show their contempt of the Court, were in wrapping-gowns in a window of St. James's to see the company pass. The two others drove four times through Pall Mall in the worst mob-dress they could dress themselves in;—a grievous insult, as it was customary for the nobility to wear new and most gorgeous dresses on the royal birthdays. Marlborough himself was on this occasion in a black suit, and his son-in-law, the Duke of Montague, went to Court in a plain coarse red coat, with a long shoulder-knot.

Though in this instance, out of pique to the Queen, Marlborough's daughters had dressed themselves as meanly as they could, yet in ordinary times they were reckoned amongst the handsomest and best dressed ladies in London. They are particularly noticed for this accomplishment in a contemporary poem, entitled the "Art of Dress" (1717).

“Four charming sisters here in vogue of late,
 Long rul'd unrivall'd the *cosmetic state*.
 They nothing wore but what was *à propos*,
 Nor could the world completer models show.
 But cruel death (ah ! monster too unkind !)
 Has left but half the conqu'ring race behind.”

Through the Park also passed the funeral procession which carried to their last resting-place in Westminster Abbey the remains of the great Marlborough—

“That chief whose name
 Has struck more terror in the soul of France
 Than could the substance of ten thousand soldiers
 All arm'd in proof.”

This took place on the 2nd of August, 1722. The body was received in St. James's Park in an open hearse, with a violet canopy, part of the garden wall of Marlborough House having been pulled down for this purpose. The mournful procession passed through the Park, up Constitution Hill to Hyde Park Corner, along part of Piccadilly, down St. James's Street, through Pall Mall, by Charing Cross, and so to Westminster Abbey. At Hyde Park Gate the Footguards (at that time encamped in that Park) were drawn up. The officers, on the approach of the body, struck their pikes and colours, and the sentinels or privates, with the muzzles of their muskets resting on the ground, leaned their heads on the butt end in a melancholy posture, whilst the guns in the camp were booming all the time. As soon as the hearse was past, they recovered, reversed their arms, and joined the procession, as a last tribute of respect to their late commander, their “Corporal John,” who so often had led them to victory, and who had paid them a last visit in their camp scarcely a month before his death.

Thus at his burial that honour was paid to the great chief which had been denied him during the latter part of his life. Well might the Duke write to his imperious spouse:—“If anybody had told me eight years ago, that after such great successes, and after you had been a faithful servant twenty-seven years, we should be

obliged to seek happiness in a private life, I would not have believed that possible!" Queen Sarah never could realize that it *was* possible, and deeply felt all the mortifications and vexations put upon her by her enemies. One of the greatest appears to have been the withdrawal of the permission she once enjoyed of driving through St. James's Park. Open as the Park is now to all carriages it was not thus in the reign of the first two Georges. A letter is extant in the "Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough," in which her fiery Grace bitterly inveighs against the hardship of her coach-and-six being prohibited from entering the Park. What rendered this refusal still more grievous, was that "the Duke of Buckingham's *widow*" was allowed free permission to drive in and out of the Park. This lady, whom the Duchess of Marlborough, *née* Sarah Jennings, was pleased to style "the Duke of Buckingham's *widow*," was the natural daughter of James II.—a lady who thought quite as much of herself as Queen Sarah did of the Duchess of Marlborough. More even, for she almost fancied herself a queen, and kept royal state in her house. This "*widow*" then, the Duchess says in her letter, "is allowed to pass through the Park as much as the royal family does; and what I aimed at was only to go sometimes, when my health requires it, to take the air." But the favour was refused, for which her Grace had probably to thank Walpole, the Prime Minister, who never lost an opportunity of crossing her. Besides the Duchess of Buckingham, there was also at that time a Mrs. Dunch, who, living at Whitehall, had the privilege of driving through the Park, as well as a very select number of other people whose names were posted at the entrances.





THE MALL IN 1732.

From the title-page to Walthoe's Edition of Lord Lansdowne's works. The numbers on the boarding were used in the game of pall mall.

CHAPTER XIX.

GEORGE OF HANOVER.

ONE of the first remarks George I. made on his arrival in St. James's Palace is highly characteristic of the man. "This is a strange country," said his Majesty: "the first morning after my arrival at St. James's I looked out of the window and saw a Park with walls, canal, &c., which they told me were mine. The next day, Lord Chetwynd, the ranger of *my* Park, sent me a fine brace of carp out of *my* canal; and I was told I must give five guineas to Lord Chetwynd's servant, for bringing me *my own* carp, out of *my own* canal, in *my own* Park." These thoughts, expressed in pure Hanoverian German by the first of the Georges, show

us the notions that King had of *his* title to the Park. It is clear that had not Charles thrown it open to his lieges, George was not the man to have done it. Was it in allusion to this anecdote that a Grub Street bard, in the reign of his successor, wrote these lines:—

“Suppose some nice eaters, to fill up a dish,
Shou’d rob the canal in the Park of your fish,
Cou’d your Majesty bear it with patience to lose
The best of your pike or your perch in the stews?”*

Georgius Primus did not do much for the Park; indeed, it is said that when he first came to England, he talked of turning it into a turnip-field, and hence the nickname of the “Turnip-boor” bestowed upon him by the Jacobites and Tories. The fact is, in private life the man would have been called a blockhead. Fortune, that made him a king, added nothing to his happiness, and only shortened his days. No man ever had so little ambition; even though he loved his money, he was too indolent to be grasping and rapacious of other men’s. He was, however, more properly dull than lazy; his heart was in his little town of Hanover, its gingerbread castles and palaces; Herrenhausen and Montbrilliant, with their straight walks, clipped hedges, and sylvan theatre, were infinitely more attractive to him than either St. James’s or Hyde Park. Had not the ambition of those about him been greater than his own, this nation would never have had the unspeakable happiness of having seen him in England. He understood neither the English character, manners, nor language, nor did he attempt to learn it. Our laws and customs were all mysteries to him, which he neither understood nor was desirous or even capable of understanding. When in England he was surrounded by Hanoverians and ugly elderly German sultanas, amongst whom a certain very fat one, and another very lean one, were the most prominent. The Londoners called these ladies the “Elephant” and the “May-pole;” but the

* Craftsman’s Apology, 1732.

‘Defender of the Faith’ had grafted British peerages on their cacophonous outlandish names, and made them respectively Countess of Darlington (the corpulent one), and Duchess of Kendal. These, however, are matters of history. It is sufficient for our purpose that the King was little seen in London, and that his followers did not add to the beauties of the Mall. We meet him once, on the 30th of May, 1722, reviewing in St. James’s Park a regiment of Hanoverian Grenadiers, with the rest of the Honourable Artillery Company, of which they formed part, commanded by Major Noah Fountaine, a Hanoverian. On that occasion his Majesty was wonderfully pleased, and ordered 500*l.* to be given to the men as a gratuity; even the officers of the Guards declared “they never saw anything more uniform and regular in their lives.” But whenever George could he was away to Hanover, with the glee of a schoolboy home for the holidays; and the Park, as well as the rest of England, got on perfectly well without him.

It was in the last year of the reign of this King that a little pamphlet appeared under the title of “A Trip through London,” as flimsy a composition as was ever manufactured by Grub Street pen and ink. But as rubbish of another kind may even be made useful, so we can find a few lines in it which will answer our purpose, so far as to assist us in peopling the old world with its then everyday visitors and inhabitants. The Park is noticed in the following terms:—

“St. James’s Park is a place which often takes up a great deal of my time and consideration. Upon the Parade *is* [*sic*] seen airs, cockades, oaths, great blustering and little money, and a perpetual discourse of war in times of the greatest calm and serenity, as confined prisoners are pleasing themselves with the hopes of grace, though the prospect of an act is ever so remote and distant. Here regiments of horse, foot, and dragoons, and the most formidable armies are raised without beat of drum: towns taken, sieges raised, and legions vanquished, and the nation not put to the ex-

pense of a shilling. Notwithstanding I have all the regard imaginable for the officers and gentlemen of the several regiments of his Majesty's Footguards, who are men of approved loyalty, honour, and probity, having upon all occasions exerted themselves as well at home as abroad in the service of this country; yet I cannot omit doing justice to the gentlemen of the Horseguards, who are universally allowed to be a very useful corps, and, in my opinion, men of less sanguine and more pacific tempers, and heartier in the true interest of their country than the former: an instance of which was lately pretty manifest to the world, and that was the signal rejoicing they made at Whitehall upon the arrival of the news of the King of Spain having ratified the preliminary articles for a general pacification, when it was said they set their greatest horsepond and cistern a running with punch and claret.

“The beauty of the Mall in the summer is almost past description. What can be more glorious than to view the body of the nobility of our three kingdoms in so short a compass, especially when freed from mixed crowds of saucy fops and city gentry, pedant in dress and manners, who, to an ingenious eye, are as distinguishable as a judge from his clerk, or a madam from her maid, how closely soever they may ride together in a coach: people of quality's mien being sufficient to discover them, without any great dependence upon tailors and manteau-makers, those of real rank carrying an air of dignity and grandeur in their aspects. The Ludgate Hill hobble, the Cheapside swing, the City jolt and wriggle in the gait, being easily perceived through all the arts these smarts and perts put upon them; the finest cloth of linen and woollen, and the richest lace, being too thin disguises not to be seen through by persons of small judgments in these flaming comets. A man may waddle into a church or a coffee-house, make a leg to an alderman; levee a merchant in his counting-house; damn, dress, drink, and hum over an opera tune, do all these things tolerably well, and be thought a well-bred person, and make a grace-

ful figure about Gracechurch Street. But at St. James's he shall not be able to pass muster, but must be placed among the 'awkward men,' or else be returned like a counterfeit guinea that wont go. . . . 'After these observations and reflections I sat me down on one of the benches, where I perceived an impudent *valet-de-chambre* selling his master's clothes, while he was walking with them on his back in the Mall. Six Monmouth Street salesmen being bidding upon one another, as the gentleman (who according to my information was a Major-General), passed innocently to and fro in their view." And here we leave this snob of the first magnitude.

George II. in many points resembled his father,—but with this difference, he affected spirit and gallantry, and had a tincture of those notions which the French regency had spread over Europe. He too spent much of his time in Hanover, flirting with painted frailty: he too had a great liking for elderly females, just as his father before him. In 1729 he went for two whole years to Hanover whilst Queen Caroline remained behind and reigned in his stead. This queen was a good woman enough: liberal, lively, kind-hearted, and indeed far too good for the heartless little tyrant of a husband she had,—who however loved her, but in his own way. The "*Non! non! j'aurai des maîtresses!*" blubbered out by the King at her deathbed, when she advised his Majesty to marry again after her death, speak volumes for his relations with her. Queen Caroline, however, was well liked by her subjects, and deservedly so. On her birthday, 1st of March, 1731, there were great rejoicings in London. The guns were fired in the Park and at Lambeth; there was bell-ringing, parading, complimenting, and the usual programme of loyal festivities. But there was one unusual pageant. A procession of about one hundred and sixty woolcombers marched in great state from Bishopsgate Street to St. James's, attired in their shirts, with long woollen caps of various colours. They were headed by the Steward of the Company, and another person re-

presenting Bishop Blaise or Blasius, their patron saint, with a wool-comb in one hand and a Common Prayer-book in the other. These two were mounted on fine horses, and wore long wigs made of wool "artfully curled." This singular company drew up in the Park, behind St. James's Palace, where the Steward made a speech to his Majesty (who, with the Queen, appeared at a window), thanking him for the support already given to the woollen manufacture, and entreating his favour for its continuance. The King, we are told, was highly pleased, and not finding words to express his gratification, resorted to the more substantial form of presenting the woolcombers with 150 guineas.

The Mall, in that same year of grace 1731, presented a singular appearance. Thanks to the pastoral poetry then in vogue, there was a rage for mock-pastoral in everything. Never was "the pride that apes humility" more conspicuous. There were no more Lady Bettys and Lord Harrys; nothing but Corydons, Strephons, Damons, Dorises, and Delias walked the Mall, decked out in all the requisites of theatrical shepherds and shepherdesses, such as were painted by Boucher and Watteau. These absurd costumes are thus described in a satire of the day, in which an old country squire is introduced sitting in the Mall, who thus addresses a gentleman at his side:—

"Look, yonder comes a pleasant crew,
 With high-crown'd hats, long aprons too,
 Good pretty girls, I vow and swear;
 But wherefore do they hide their ware?
 —'Ware? what d'ye mean? What is't you tell?
 —'Why! don't they eggs and butter sell?
 —'Alas! no, you're mistaken quite;
 She on the left hand, dressed in white,
 Is Lady C——, her spouse a knight.
 But for the other lovely three,
 They all right honourables be.'"

Then another group appears, which puzzles the honest countryman still more:—

“ ‘ Look, they accost some round-ear’d caps,
 Straw, lin’d with green, their May-day hats.
 Now, sir, I’m sure, you cannot fail
 To own these carry milking pails.
 Their hats are flatted on the crown,
 To shew the weight that press’d them down.’ ”*

But again he is mistaken ; for his friend informs him that these ladies “ belong to the Court.”

The manners and morals of these shepherds and shepherdesses, however, flavoured by no means of Arcadian purity and simplicity. The tone of society on the whole was loose, and even something worse. Notwithstanding a modish varnish, the manners of both sexes were exceedingly coarse and unpolished. A scurrilous play, or rather satire, published in 1733, entitled “ St. James’s Park : a Comedy, as it is acted every day during the Hours of Twelve and Two during this Season,” gives a picture of the manners of a certain part of the *beau monde*. One of the customs most shocking, according to our notions, still continued—viz., that the ladies allowed any well-dressed man to talk to them without the previous formality of introduction. “ These hours of Park-walking,” says a beau in that play, “ are times of perfect carnival to the women. She that would not admit the visits of a man without his being introduced by some relation or intimate friend, makes no scruple here to commence acquaintance at first sight ; readily answers to any question shall be asked of her, values herself on being brisk at repartee ; and to have *put him to it* (as they call it), leaves a pleasure upon her face for a whole day. In short, no freedoms that can be taken here are reckoned indecent, all passes for raillery and harmless gallantry.” The consequences of this liberty, or licentiousness, whatever you choose to call it, may be judged from the following remarks of one of the ladies in the third act:—“ We have been in the Park this half hour, and you know very well how impossible it is for women that have any tolerable share of beauty to walk here without being

* The Metamorphosis of the Town, 1731.

persecuted by a thousand impertinent addresses. We have been strangely embarrassed to get rid of some gentlemen that haunted us up and down through every walk."

Here is a further specimen of the manners. Five young "members of the aristocracy," as the newspapers would call them now-a-days, meet; they converse in a style so improper that it is impossible to give an example, but they thus wind up:

Duke Belair. Your ladyship shall command; which way shall we walk?

Lady Betty. Here's five of us. Let us all set out arms akimbo and spread the Mall, and, as Congreve says, "Laugh at the great vulgar and the small."

Lady Rattle. With all my heart: sneer all the men we meet that are strangers to us out of countenance.

Mrs. Straddle. And jostle all the women.

In the next act the scene is laid in the Mall (the last act was "in the walks"), and the persons above introduced to our notice execute their delightful plan and insult everybody. Such scenes, however, must have been exceptions: only the extra-fast could ever have thought of acting in that manner. Like most satires the picture must be taken with an allowance. We need only remember "Lady Hervey's Letters," the "Suffolk Correspondence," and that of "Lady Mary Wortley Montagu," to call up a very different set of ladies. Had even Charles II. a set of maids of honour that could match Queen Caroline's beautiful Marys? There was Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, the charming letter-writer; Mary Bellenden, who became Duchess of Argyle, "the most perfect creature ever known," her contemporaries say; and Mary Lepell, afterwards Lady Hervey, of whom Churchill (otherwise not lavish in his praises) sings:—

"That face, that form, that dignity, that ease,
Those powers of pleasing, and that will to please,
By which Lepell, when in her youthful days,
Even from the currish Pope extorted praise."

Lastly, there was another maid of honour, Mrs. Howard, afterwards Countess of Suffolk, who has also been celebrated by Swift and Pope. The last says:—

“I know the thing that’s most uncommon
 (Envy, be silent and attend!)
 I know a reasonable woman,
 Handsome and witty, yet a friend.”

Ladies like these throw a halo over the age in which they live, and make us indulgent of the shortcomings of the more ordinary women in their generation.

The world of vain daughters of Eve and of female frailty congregating in the Parks naturally enough attracted hawkers of finery and of the thousand and one mysterious paraphernalia for the female toilet. Such an industrial is introduced in Lord Lansdowne’s play of “Once a Lover always a Lover.” She is there called *Good Again*, and a footnote explains her to be “An old woman so-called, a carrier-on of intrigues in the Park.” As these women had constant access to the ladies of fashion, the beaux found them very handy for carrying *billets-doux*. The satire on the Ring also adverts to them. Speaking of the beaux, the poet says:—

“With bouncing Bell a luscious chat they hold,
 Squabble with Moll, or Orange Betty scold,
 Then laugh immoderately vain and loud,
 To raise the wonder of th’ attentive crowd.
 At last to finish here their puppy-show,
 The bawd’s dispatch’d to serve a *billet-doux*.”*

One of these female hawkers thus enumerates her stock-in-trade:—“Pomatum, my lady, of all sorts; lip-salves, forehead cloths, night-masks, and handker-

* “The Circus, or the British Olympicks, a Satire on the Ring.” 1709. The *bonhomie* of this period permitted many other little practices which we now condemn, such as the buying and eating fruit from the hawkers at the play as well as in the Park. This custom was sanctioned by the example of royalty itself, for we find in the Privy Purse expenses of Charles II., kept by Baptist May, an entry of 7*l.* 10*s.* “paid to Nan Capell, for fruit at the play.” This was the “Orange Nan” mentioned by Pepys. Fruit is at present strictly forbidden to be sold in the Park.

chiefs for the face and neck; right chemical liquor to change the colour of the hair, and trotter-oil and bear's-grease to thicken it; fine mouse-skin eyebrows, that will stick on so as never to come off. . . . Besides these, I have many other things for the ladies; and, to blind the men, who will sometimes be examining, I carry artificial flowers, ribbons, and gloves."*

The fashionable hours for the Mall at that time were from twelve till two in the forenoon, and again at seven o'clock in the evening; and to these hours our great-great-grandfathers and grandmothers rigorously adhered even when they travelled on the Continent. Hence it is that at the present day, the two beautiful walks in Spa (near Liege, which was then the most fashionable watering-place in Europe) are respectively called the *Promenade de Midi* and the *Promenade de Sept Heures*. But the country ladies were not so particular about their hours of Park-walking. They used to come up to town for a few weeks; show off their finery in the Mall and elsewhere at all manner of unfashionable hours; flaunt themselves in the balconies and stare out of the windows in the Strand, opposite the New Exchange (their favourite haunt, and which was never without a nest of them), and, after thus gratifying the world and themselves for a few weeks, they returned to their country home to make jams and preserves, and finally sleep with their forefathers. The modish playwrights took great pleasure in ridiculing their unsophisticated tastes. "These country ladies," says Sedley, in "The Mulberry Garden," "for the first month take up their places in the Gardens as early as a citizen's wife at a new play." And the satire of "St. James's Park" is still more severe upon them.

Lady Betty. But have you been in the Mall?

Mrs. Straddle. Not yet, Lady Betty.

Lady Betty. Then you have mis-spent all the time you have been here. You'll laugh yourself into fits

* St. James's Park, a Satire, &c., 1733.

when you see what a pack of odd drest-up things of both sexes are come abroad to air their best array this morning in the sun.

Mrs. Straddle. The women, I suppose, in their lappets down, black hoods, short aprons, and great hoops; and the men in tye-wigs, long swords, high-heeled shoes, and Lilliputian buckles.

Lady Betty. And so formal, so precise; I'll engage some of them have been up since daybreak equipping themselves for this walk.

The London theatres now no longer gave their representations in daytime, but at six at night. Returning, then, from the Mall at two, the ladies, what with making calls, dining, and dressing, had as much to do as they well could manage, if they wanted to be in their boxes at the beginning of the play; and, as no places could be procured beforehand, they had to be early if they wished to obtain a good seat. But to be there at the opening was quite out of the question, and therefore a *mezzo termine* was invented which again shows the rudeness of the times. A footman used to be sent early, to take places, and keep them by the simple but effectual plan of sitting on them till his masters and mistresses arrived.* Thus at one and the same time a duty was performed and the family livery displayed. Such a practice would now be considered an intolerable nuisance, but people in those days were much less particular, and appear to have thought nothing of sitting for an act or two cheek by jowl with a flunkey, or worse, with a vagabond picked up in the street. At last, however, one gentleman more particular than the rest felt the inconvenience of this custom, complained about it in the papers, and the consequence was that in January, 1766, the system with which we are now familiar was for the first time introduced.

* See, for instance, Fielding's "Miss Lucy in Town," act i. sc. 1; "St. James's Park," act iii. scene 1; and various notices in Pepys, who occasionally used to pick up a boy in the street to do this office for him.

Occasionally his Majesty King George and other members of the Royal Family might be seen in the Mall mingling with the crowd of ordinary mortals. The papers tell us that on January 19, 1730, Queen Caroline, accompanied by the Earl of Strafford, walked there for two hours. Again, in March, 1732, the King walked for some time in the Mall with the Envoys of Holland, Sardinia, and Sweden. Notwithstanding this occasional presence of royalty, the Park at that time appears to have been in a very dilapidated state. The Mall alone was kept in repair; it had been entirely dug up in 1731, levelled, strewed over with cockle-shells, rolled down, and thus rendered fit to be trodden upon by the high-heeled white satin shoes of the period; but the rest of the Park was sadly neglected. In 1733 a memorial was presented by Mr. Bowen, Deputy Ranger, setting forth its "damages and ruinous condition." This memorial was referred to the Board of Works, and upon their report various improvements were commenced. The Mall was boarded afresh, new seats were set up, new gates were erected at Buckingham House and Constitution Hill, and all the back-doors of dwelling-houses which led into the Park were closed. Probably at this period also the old wooden sunk railing was made which in the first quarter of this century still enclosed the green in the centre of the Park. Another great improvement was the railing-in of Rosamond's Pond—a very necessary precaution, as accidents had frequently happened. Thus, on the 6th of January, 1730, in a great fog, a couple of chairmen lost their way as they were carrying a lady through the Park in a sedan. The first man fell into the pond, dragged the chair in with him, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that the lady could be got out alive.

The Parade also now came in for a share of the improvements. It was paved with stone, so as to render it more fit for exercising the troops in wet weather. But this was of no avail against the periodical inundations to which the Parade, with the rest of Whitehall, was subject at spring-tides. In 1682 we find "the greatest

flood ever remembered" to have taken place. "It came round about the fences and up the gravel walks: people could not walk from Webb's to Storie's."* Fifty years later another inundation occurred. One day in February, 1736, the tide suddenly rose to two feet and a half in Westminster Hall, and the people had to be fetched in boats from the Court of Common Pleas. That day of course the Parade and the rest of the Park were again completely overflowed.

But the most important improvement at this time was the emptying and cleansing of Rosamond's Pond by a new process, invented by Hugh Roberts, a native of Flintshire. This was an engine raised upon piles in the pond, and was said to discharge thirty tons of water in a minute; the cost of it was about 400*l*. Rosamond's Pond, besides its love-appointments, had an ugly reputation for being the favourite place where slighted lovers used to put an end to their sorrows by drowning. In that light it is constantly referred to by the essayists and dramatists. One of the *Tatlers*, for instance, has the following;—

"ADVERTISEMENT.

"Whereas Philander signified to Clarinda by letter, bearing date Thursday, twelve o'clock, that he had lost his heart by a shot from her eyes, and desired she would condescend to meet him the same day at eight in the evening, at Rosamond's Pond; faithfully protesting, that in case she would not do him that honour, she might see the body of the said Philander the next day floating on the said lake of love, and that he desired only three sighs upon view of the said body; it is desired, if he has not made away with himself accordingly, that he would forthwith show himself to the Coroner of the City of Westminster; or Clarinda, being an old offender, will be found guilty of wilful murder."

* MS. Diary of Philip Madox, quoted in Notes and Queries, No. 8.

It was, therefore, highly inconvenient for desperate lovers that this pond should be drained, but a philanthropist came to their aid and charitably affixed the following notice to one of the trees on its banks:—

“This is to give notice to all broken hearts, such as are unable to survive the loss of their loves, and are come to a resolution to die, that an engineer from Flintshire having cruelly undertaken to disturb the water of Rosamond’s Pond in this Park, gentlemen and ladies cannot be accommodated as formerly. And whereas certain daughters of Eve have since been tempted to make use of the Serpentine and other rivers, some of which have met with disappointment, this is therefore to certify all persons whatsoever labouring under the circumstances aforesaid, that the basin in the Upper Green Park is a most commodious piece of water, in admirable order, and of depth sufficient to answer the ends of all sizes and conditions. Wherefore, all persons applying themselves thereunto will be sure to meet with satisfaction.”

It was about this time that a distinguished foreigner, Charles Louis, Baron de Pöllnitz, a German, honoured old London with a visit. He was a man of taste, sense, and perspicacity, consequently his opinion about the Park and the people, or rather the higher classes of that day, is worth having. “The man of the world,” says the Baron, speaking of English society, “rises late, dresses himself in a frock (a close-fitting garment, without pockets, and with narrow sleeves), leaves his sword at home, takes his cane, and goes where he likes. Generally he takes his promenade in the Park, for that is the Exchange for the men of quality. ’Tis such another place as the Garden of the Tuileries at Paris, only the Park has a certain beauty of simplicity which cannot be described. The grand walk is called the Mall. It is full of people at all hours of the day, but especially in the morning and evening, when their Majesties often walk there with the royal family, who are attended only by half a dozen Yeomen of the

Guard, and permit all persons to walk at the same time with them. The ladies and gentlemen always appear in rich dresses, for the English who twenty years ago did not wear gold lace but in the army, are now embroidered and bedaubed with it as much as the French. I speak of persons of quality, for the citizen still contents himself with a suit of fine cloth, a good hat and wig, and fine linen."

This same Baron de Pöllnitz was an ardent admirer of our English ladies; he gallantly protests that if ever he were sufficiently forsaken of God and men to hang himself for love, it should be for an English lady. But though he extols their beauty and grace, he finds fault with their style of dressing. "They are generally richly dressed," says he, "but not with so much taste as the French ladies. That is the only thing I have against them. It is as if they did their best to dress to disadvantage. Their gown, tight in front, with narrow sleeves, which do not descend over the elbow, gives them an appearance as if they had neither shoulders nor bosom. They wear their hoops very narrow round the hips and exceedingly wide round the bottom, which takes away still more of their graceful appearance. Besides, they are always tightly laced. It were desirable that the English ladies imitated the French a little more in their dress. I consider ribbons and fringes, and the thousand-and-one bits of finery which these last wear, very fit for ladies. On the other hand, I should like to see the young gentlemen imitate the French a little less, and wish that they would keep the manners of their own country, which are more fit for men."

With the lower classes the Baron was much less taken up; he thought them rude and coarse; and well he might, after witnessing such a disgraceful scene as he describes:—"The other day I saw a striking example of it in St. James's Park. A man had made a bet that he would run round the Park in a certain number of minutes. In order to be very light for this race he had taken off all his clothes. In this state of

nature he ran through the Mall, where there was an enormous large company. The ladies, astounded at such a sight, did not know how to look; some turned away their heads, others hid their face behind their fan, but all made room, as well as the men, to let him pass. After the race the man quietly put on his clothes again, near Whitehall, where he had deposited them; and, as he had won his bet, many people, far from blaming his insolence, made him presents of money. Hence you may judge how gentle the English are, and what a happy state they live in." Neither is this disgusting anecdote an invention, for the same thing happened again several years later, in April, 1738, when a "lustly chairman" ran for a bet, at eleven o'clock in the morning, from St. James's Park to Hanover Square and back, entirely naked with the exception of his shoes. But this time the bystanders did not take such an offence against decency with the same good humour. They provided themselves with small twigs upon his return, and through these he had to run the gauntlet before he was allowed to put on his clothes again.

St. James's Park was very often the place where such bets were decided. As early as the reign of Queen Anne we find the famous Dr. Garth, author of "The Dispensary," running two hundred yards in the Mall against the Duke of Grafton, and beating his Grace. In 1720 one Squire Cunningham matched a boy belonging to Williams's Coffeeshouse in St. James's Street, against Captain Lister's negro boy, to run three times round the Park for 100*l*. They ran on Wednesday morning, February 24, and the coffee boy won. Squire Cunningham appears to have been one of those old-fashioned country gentlemen whose heart and soul was in betting and sport. That same day these two gentlemen had another bet, by which the Squire's chaise and six horses were to run against the Captain's chaise and pair on the Long Course at Epsom, for 140 guineas, and the Squire won there again. This led to a third bet, by which the Earl of Burlington's chariot and six was

matched against the Squire's chariot and six for 500*l.*, but this time Cunningham lost.

In April, 1731, a butcher's boy, for a bet of 40*l.*, ran five times round St. James's Park, without either stopping, walking, or falling down; he performed it in two hours. The same year there was a bet of a still more curious nature. On the first of May, the porter of the Earl of Stair, a man over seventy years of age, and one of the tallest men in London, walked in one hour twice round the Park and the whole length of the Mall. The counterpart of this bet took place a few years later, on May 11th, 1749, when a little girl, eighteen *months* old, was to walk the whole length of the Mall (half a mile) in thirty minutes. Considerable sums were staked upon this novel race against time, which the backers of the little one carried off, for the infantine Atalanta "walked over the course in twenty-three minutes, to the great admiration of thousands," say the papers. One can imagine the raptures and endearing exclamations of the softer sex at such a sight. In August, 1731, another curious wager between two gentlemen was decided in the Park. The one had to run twice round the whole Park, a distance of somewhat above two miles, whilst the other gathered a hundred stones one by one, laid at a yard's distance from each other, and put them in a hat placed at the end. The distance he thus had to traverse was computed to be nearly three miles, so that of course the former had no difficulty in winning. The same year one Mr. Powell, "a gentleman of great bulk," ran the length of the Mall against one Mr. Reynolds, who was nearly sixty years of age, for twenty guineas, and the fat man won. Then again, in November, a man undertook to hop the length of a hundred yards in the Mall in fifty hops, for a large sum of money, and did it in forty-six, consequently clearing more than two yards at each hop. Hopping matches were just then in fashion: the greatest celebrity in this accomplishment was "the hopping calico-printer of Wandsworth." This man, for a bet of one hundred guineas, was to hop sixty

yards in twenty hops on Mitcham Common, but he did it in nineteen, and two yards over. The same day he was matched for twenty guineas to hop five yards at one hop forwards and five yards backwards. Not only did he do it, but he even exceeded the distance by one foot each way. In October, 1737, a journeyman tailor ran sixty times round the rails of the basin (a distance of above eight miles), for a wager of ten guineas. He had an hour to perform it in, but did it in fifty-five minutes and a half; the last time he ran round it in half a minute. Another odd race again was run in February, 1747, between one Williams, a cook in Pall Mall, remarkable for the bulk of his body, and a footman, who was to carry weight in order to make him as heavy as the cook. They had to run a hundred yards, the footman having a hundred and ten pounds fixed about his body. Unfortunately he fell down, and some of the weights came off, whilst the fat cook in the meantime sped on to the goal and won without difficulty. In fact, from the annals of pedestrianism which lie scattered through the old London newspapers, it is evident that St. James's Park was the favourite place where such bets were decided. And as there were no regular grounds for this kind of sport in those days, the smooth Mall and the well-kept walks rendered it certainly the most convenient, though not the most appropriate place for such amusements near London.

On January 8th, 1735, there raged a terrific storm which committed great ravages all over England. Three hundred and sixty timber trees, besides numerous fruit trees, were thrown down in the parish of Stockton in Wilts alone, and upwards of 3000*l.* damage was done to the estate of Thomas Scawen, Esq., at Carshalton in Surrey. In St. James's Park, thirty-six trees were broken down or torn up by the roots. Amongst them was one of the oldest and largest trees in the Park, which stood near the entrance into the Mall from St. James's Palace. A sentry-box placed under it was blown down at the same time, with the sentry in it,

who narrowly escaped with his life. What damage was done in Hyde Park the papers do not say, but they tell a wonderful story about a farmer there who was blown off his horse into Tyburn pond, notwithstanding the efforts of a friend who was riding beside him, and who tried to hold him by the collar of his coat. The attempt was as unsuccessful as holding an umbrella during a heavy storm. The friend was left with the collar of the coat in his hands, whilst the owner was blown into the pond and drowned.

Whether the Chevalier de St. Evremont had any successors in the governorship of his Baratavia, otherwise Duck Island, history does not record. Queen Caroline, however, again appointed a governor over that flourishing colony, in the person of Stephen Duck, nicknamed the Thresher-poet, who had also been keeper of Merlin's Cave, in Richmond Park. This poor man, originally a thresher at Charlton Park, Wilts, had by his own exertions raised himself sufficiently to write decent poetry. Envious, coldhearted Dean Swift could not let even this harmless, unassuming man alone, but must needs knock him down with one of his wicked epigrams :—

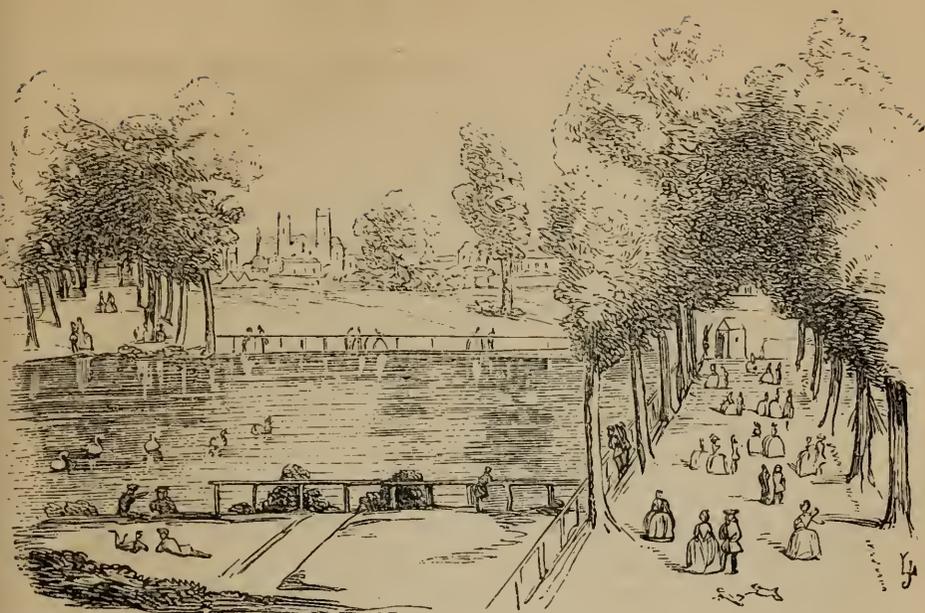
“The thresher Duck could o'er the Queen prevail ;
 The proverb says ‘No fence against a flail.’
 From threshing corn he turns to thresh his brains,
 For which her Majesty allows him grains.
 Though 'tis confess'd that those who saw
 His poems think them all not worth a straw.
 Thrice happy Duck, employed in threshing stubble !
 Thy toil is lessened and thy profits double.”

In 1733 Duck was made Yeoman of the Guard, from which office, by an absurd transition, he was admitted into holy orders, and preferred to the living of Byfleet, in Surrey. But this advancement proved his bane ; for thinking himself slighted by being made the clergyman of an obscure village, he became melancholy, and finally drowned himself in the Thames, near Reading, in the year 1756. A sad end for a man who

had been the friend and companion of the reputed father of all jokes, the famous Joe Miller.*

The most interesting part of Duck's life was before his arrival in London, when, after a hard day's labour on the farm, out of pure love of knowledge, he would steal from sleep in order to study arithmetic, surveying, and literature. Duck and a humble friend, a servant in London, had clubbed together to buy some books, three dozen in all, no doubt mostly picked up on old book stalls. "Perhaps," says his biographer, Mr. Spence, "you would like to know what books this little library consisted of? I need not mention those of arithmetic again, or the Bible. Milton, the Spectators, and Seneca were his favourites. 'Telemachus,' with another piece by the same hand, and Addison's 'Defence of Christianity' his next. They had an English Dictionary and a sort of English Grammar, an Ovid of long standing with them, and a Bysshe's 'Art of Poetry' of later acquisition. Seneca's Morals made the name of L'Estrange dear to them, and, I imagine, might occasion their getting his Josephus in folio, which was the largest purchase in their whole collection. They had one volume of Shakspeare with a set of his plays in it. Besides these, Stephen had read three or four other plays, some of Waller's works, Dryden's Virgil, Prior, 'Hudibras,' Tom Brown, and the 'London Spy.'" Think of the enjoyment, the rapture of a poetic mind, totally unacquainted with literature, beholding all at once the splendour of Milton, and reading for the first time the brilliant imagery and thrilling life of Shakspeare's plays, or first opening the delightful lucubrations of Addison!

* The first Lord Palmerston appears to have been a great admirer of poor Duck. "On the 30th of June [1736], Lord Viscount Palmerston, at Charlton in Wiltshire, gave a handsome entertainment to the threshers of that village. He also gave a sum of money to purchase a piece of land, the produce of which was to be laid out in an annual entertainment on June 30th for ever, in commemoration of Stephen Duck, who was a thresher of that place."—*London Magazine*, vol. v. p. 397.



ROSAMOND'S POND IN 1740.

From a picture by Hogarth, formerly in the collection of Henry Ralph Willctt, Esq., of Merly House, Dorset.

CHAPTER XX.

THE DUKE OF MONTAGUE'S HUMANITY.

A TOUCHING trait of humanity is related of the last Duke of the noble house of Montague, and as no precise date is assigned, and the Duke died in 1749, we may suppose it to have happened some time in the early part of the reign of George II. The Duke was distinguished by his benevolence and kindness, which, however, were sometimes exercised in a very eccentric manner. In his walks in St. James's Park he had often observed a middle-aged man, in something like a military dress, of which the lace was tarnished and the cloth threadbare, and generally lounging with mournful solemnity in Duke Humphrey's Walk about dinner time. He made inquiry respecting him, and found that he was an unfortunate gentleman who, having laid out his whole fortune in the purchase of a

commission, had behaved gallantly during the wars, but at their conclusion was disbanded, and reduced to starve on half-pay. He learned further that the poor officer had a wife and three children in Yorkshire, to whom he regularly sent down one moiety of his scanty pay, reserving the other for his own support in town, where he was in hopes of obtaining a situation. The Duke determined to serve this generous veteran, and one day entered into conversation and invited him to dinner. The officer returned thanks, and promised to wait on his Grace. When he came the Duke received him with marks of peculiar civility, and taking him aside with an air of secrecy and importance, told him that he had desired the favour of his company to dinner, chiefly on account of a lady who had long entertained a particular regard for him, and who had expressed a great desire to be introduced to him, which her situation rendered impossible without the assistance of a friend; and that having learnt this circumstance by accident, he had taken the liberty to bring them together. The officer was confused, replied that he must be imposed upon, and doubted whether he ought not to resent the proposal as an insult. The Duke, however, soon relieved his conscientious scruples by introducing him to the dining-room, where, to the officer's amazement, his wife and children were seated at table, the Duke having sent for them from Yorkshire. After dinner the Duke presented his astonished guest with the deed of an ample annuity, saying, "I assure you it is the last thing I would have done, if I had thought I could have employed my money better."

It was in the autumn of 1736 that there was, probably for the first time, a camp or rather bivouac of troops in St. James's Park. The excessive abuse of gin had led Parliament in that year to frame an Act, by which its sale was greatly restricted. In consequence of this, "Mother Gin," as the populace affectionately called their favourite beverage, died in the beginning of September. The signs of all the gin-shops were put in mourning, the old lady herself was de-

cently laid out at a distiller's in Swallow Street, Piccadilly, and it was intended to give her a respectable funeral. But to prevent the consequences of an outbreak of popular grief, one of the Justices of Westminster took the undertaker, his men, the mutes, and all the mourners into custody. This however did not quell the riots which were raging in all parts of the metropolis. People met in bands, perambulated the streets with loud vociferations of "No Gin, No King," breaking windows, and committing the usual excesses which accompany popular tumults. It was then that the Horse Grenadier Guards were ordered to bivouac in St. James's Park, Hyde Park, and Covent Garden. Patrols also marched through the streets, the guards at the Palace, Somerset House, and the Rolls Office were doubled, and 500 Horse Militia were posted in the suburbs of Westminster. But all this hubbub ended, the people soon forgot their darling gin, and effectually sought and found consolation in other liquors. Brandy punch was advertised at twopence a quart, and various new drams were invented and sold at the ginshops. Such were sangree, towrow, cyder boiled with Jamaica pepper, and various beverages known by the names of Cuckold's Comfort, Parliament Gin, Last Shift, Ladies' Delight, Baulk, King Theodore of Corsica, Colic or Gripe Water, &c. The chemists also continued to sell gin as a remedy. One of them in St. James's Market was fined for selling it in large bottles, with labels inscribed "Take two or three spoonfuls of this four or five times a day, or as often as the fit takes you." Even Ambrose Godfrey, the respectable founder of the famous firm of Godfrey and Cooke, was fined for a similar offence. In the streets also it continued to be hawked about surreptitiously, and the elegant phrase by which the passers by were invited to indulge in a dram was, "Bung your eye, sir, bung your eye!"

There was a certain place in St. James's Park called the Vineyard, or occasionally the Royal Vineyard. It was situated by the side of Rosamond's Pond, and

existed as early as the time of James I., for that King kept his cormorants in the "Vine Garden." The Vineyard is again mentioned in 1732, in that scandalous satire of "St. James's Park" to which I have had occasion to allude before, and from this passage it is evident that refreshments were served in it, and that there were arbours for the accommodation of visitors. It still existed in 1749, for in the beginning of April in that year, the death is noticed in the papers of "Mr. Evan Jones, several years Master of the Vineyard in St. James's Park," and who died at this establishment. In 1739 there lived a gentleman near this Vineyard who kept a wolf. One night in January of that year the animal broke loose and found his way into the Park. The first human being he saw, early in the morning, was a milkman, at whom he flew furiously. The man set down his pails and took to his heels, and, as the milk was apparently more tempting to the wolf than the milkman, he began at once drinking it, during which time the man escaped. Having thus refreshed himself, he espied a calf not far from there grazing on one of the grass-plots. This he immediately seized, tore to pieces, and partly devoured. But before the wolf had finished his breakfast, the keeper of the animal, having missed his charge, went in search of him into the Park, and caught him whilst he was still feeding on the remains of the calf.

That same year another sight was witnessed in the Park, also very different from those usually seen in the place. The country to the westward was at this time still entirely open, and little changed in character since the Duke of Buckingham alluded to his residence in the following ducal couplet:—

"It is my delight to bee
Both in town and in countree."

Pimlico merely consisted of one or two houses of entertainment famous for their ale, and Chelsea was a fashionable little village, at a distance from London almost equivalent to that of Richmond now-a-days.

Game abounded in the fields, fish in the Thames, then guiltless of sewage. Thus it happened in the summer of 1739 that a large dog otter, tired of country quarters, took up his abode in St. James's Park, and there made free with his Majesty's fish in the ponds and canal. For a long time it escaped all the gins and snares laid for its destruction, and continued to live on the fat of the water. But at last its death was resolved upon, and a regular otter-hunt organized, at the desire of the Earl of Essex,—the same Ranger whom in a former chapter we have seen making a summary execution of the geese in Kensington Gardens. As this was a novel diversion for the Cockneys, the news of it had drawn together an immense number of spectators. At nine o'clock the hunt commenced, Sir Robert Walpole's pack of otter-hounds having been borrowed for the occasion. The otter had taken shelter in Duck Island, but was soon driven into the moat, and was closely pressed by the hounds at his frequent venting, though sometimes he dived half the length of the canal which surrounded Duck Island. After about two hours' chase he left the water and attempted to run to the great canal, but before he reached it he was speared by Mr. Smith, who hunted the hounds. This unprecedented otter-hunt took place in the presence of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, the Earl of Essex, and several other noblemen, who, armed with spears, all took an active part in the sport. So well had the otter fared during his stay in the Park, that he had grown to a prodigious size; if we may believe the papers, he measured above *five feet* long!

George II., like his father before him, passed much of his time in Hanover, devoting his chief attention to German ladies—elderly female frailty in particular finding especial favour in his eyes. "It was not," says Walpole, "till the last year or two of his reign that this foreign sovereign paid the nation *the compliment* of taking openly an English mistress." The Queen, however, appreciated our English beauties better, for she had around her that famous bevy of Lepels, Bellen-

dens, Howards, alluded to before. By this time, however, they were safely married, for better or for worse as the case turned out with them. But there was a certain Honourable Miss Chudleigh, Lady of Honour to the Princess of Wales, who still continued (at least to all appearance) in a state of single blessedness, and was one of the reigning toasts and greatest beauties of the Mall. *Quanto si mostra men, tanto è più bella*, says Tasso of a rosebud. The ladies of those days thought differently about their own charms: like the ballet girls of our own time, their costume was generally "very thin, and very little of it." Miss Chudleigh, however, beat them all; thinking no doubt that "beauty unadorned is adorned the most," she used to sail along the Mall dressed as near to a state of nature as the laws of the land would allow her. But, as Pope says of Belinda—

"If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face and you'll forget them all."

Notwithstanding her airy dress and certain peccadilloes, Miss Chudleigh managed to get two husbands, ay, and even two at a time; but that is matter of family history, for which the reader is referred to the proper chronicles. Fain would I give some of the piquant anecdotes concerning the beauties of those days (for what beauty has not had her "tithe of talk?") which the wits told each other in the coffee and chocolate houses. It would be delightful to ransack contemporary letters and memoirs, in order to animate the figures which now pass like silent ghosts through these chronicles. But alas! I must not. What these bygone generations did within the Park is my province; the rest lies without the pale of the subject. Thus, for instance, I might relate that on Saturday evening, June 7th, 1751, Evelyn Pierrepont, Duke of Kingston, brother of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, entertained several of the nobility with an elegant collation and a concert on Duck Island. Who the guests were the newspapers of the day do not inform us, but we may be sure that the beautiful Chudleigh, his Grace's future wife, made one

of their number. Considering the humidity of the spot and the dews of the evening, it is to be hoped that this lively beauty was a little more dressed on the occasion than she was generally wont. For her boasted "robe of innocence"—which at a later period was to defend her from Sam Foote's attacks—would have been of but little protection against catarrhs and rheumatisms.

I may also relate how "Handsome Tracy" found a wife in the Park. Who this Adonis was, "to whom related, or by whom begot," history does not record, but the origin and progress of his love is told in the following manner by Horace Walpole, in one of his letters dated September 20, 1748. "Handsome Tracy was walking in the Park with some of his acquaintances, and overtook three girls: one was very pretty; they followed them; but the girls ran away, and the company grew tired of pursuing them, all but Tracy. He followed to Whitehall gate, where he gave a porter a crown to dog them: the porter hunted them—he the porter. The girls ran all round Westminster, and back to the Haymarket, where the porter came up with them. He told the pretty one she must go with him, and kept her talking till Tracy arrived, quite out of breath and exceedingly in love. He insisted on knowing where she lived, which she refused to tell him, and after much disputing went to the house of one of them, and Tracy with them. He there made her discover her family, a butterwoman in Craven Street, and engaged her to meet him the next morning in the Park. But before night he wrote her four love-letters, and in the last offered 200*l.* a year to her, and 100*l.* to *la Signora Madre*. Griselda made a confidence to a stay-maker's wife, who told her that the swain was certainly in love enough to marry her, if she could determine to be virtuous and refuse his offers. 'Ay,' says she, 'but if I should, and should lose him by it?' However, the measures of the cabinet council were decided for virtue, and she met Tracy the following morning in the Park. She was convoyed by her sister and brother-

in-law, and stuck close to the letter of her reputation. She would do nothing, she would go nowhere. At last, as an instance of prodigious compliance, she told him that if he would accept such a dinner as a butter-woman's daughter could give him, he should be welcome. Away they walked to Craven Street: the mother borrowed some silver to buy a leg of mutton, and they kept the eager lord drinking till twelve o'clock at night, when a chosen committee waited on the beautiful pair to the minister of Mayfair [Curzon Chapel]. The Doctor was in bed, and swore he would not get up to marry the King, but he had a brother over the way who perhaps would, and who did.* Two or three days after the marriage, the husband coming home one night swore he could bear it no longer. 'Bear! bear what?' 'Why, to be teased by all my acquaintance for marrying a butterwoman's daughter. I am determined to go to France, and leave you a handsome allowance.' 'Leave me! Why, you don't fancy you shall leave me? I shall go with you.' 'What! you love me then?' 'No matter whether I love you or not, but you shan't go without me.' And they are gone.†

A year or two afterwards the king of fashion, the brilliant Sir Francis Blake Delaval, of Seaton-Delaval, Northumberland, also obtained a wife in the Mall. There was at that time a wealthy widow in the market, Lady Isabella, daughter of the Earl of Thanet, and relict of Lord Nassau Paulett. Her age indeed seemed to insure a walk of single blessedness for the remainder of her life through this vale of tears, for she had accomplished full sixty summers; but then she possessed such sterling qualities as 90,000*l.* in the Funds, with other property to the tune of 150,000*l.*

* Keith's Chapel in Curzon Street, about ten yards from Curzon Chapel, where the Rev. Alexander Keith performed marriages *à la mode* of Fleet Street, at all hours of day and night, and at a moment's notice. Four years after Tracy's marriage, the youngest of the beautiful Miss Gunnings was married there in a similar manner, at half-past twelve at night, with a ring of a bed curtain, to the Duke of Hamilton.

† Walpole to George Montague, Sept. 20th, 1748.

Delaval, who was then only twenty-four years of age, having heard of this lady's desire to enter once more into the holy state of matrimony, arranged a little scheme by which he secured the prize. A friend of his told Lady Paulett that there lived in the Old Bailey a famous fortune-teller and conjuror, and stimulated her curiosity to such an extent that she agreed with him to pay the prophet a visit. The day having been appointed beforehand, Jemmy Worsdale, a wit of those days and friend of Delaval, played the conjuror, and being well acquainted with the lady's affairs, told her sufficient truths to inspire her confidence in his prophetic powers. At last he informed her that she was shortly to be married. "Indeed!" said she; "and pray, Mr. Conjuror, to whom?" This question the cunning man refused to answer directly, but merely told her that she would soon see her future husband. "Bless me!" exclaimed she, "tell me when, I beg of you!" "On Thursday next," replied the fortune-teller, in an oracular tone, "you will be walking in the Mall; you will there observe a tall fine gentleman, remarkably handsome, dressed in blue and silver. He will bow to a person in your company the first time he meets you. Upon his return he will join your party. It is irrevocably fixed by fate *that* man will be your husband." Her ladyship asked no more questions, but fired with Alnascar anticipations, went to the Park on the day the conjuror had fixed. Scarcely had she made one turn of the Mall when the sky-blue beau burst upon her enraptured sight. It was Delaval, more handsome than the beautiful Adonis; he passed, bowed, and took the lady's heart by storm.

"O meraviglia! amor ch' appena è nato
Già grande vola e già trionfa."

Three days afterwards, on the 10th of February, 1750, the "twain became one flesh."*

* The ungrateful sinner (who was a friend of Foote, and unsparing as most wits are), made some good *bon mots* on this occasion. Having been asked by one of his friends how long the honeymoon

Another amusing picture of life in these old days may be found in one of Walpole's most sprightly and graphic letters. The scene of the first act lies in St. James's Park, in the summer of 1750. "I had a card," he writes, "from Lady Caroline Petersham to go with her to Vauxhall. I went accordingly to her house, and found her and the little Ashe, or the 'Pollard Ashe,' as they call her. They had just finished their last layer of red, and looked as handsome as crimson could make them. We issued into the Mall to assemble our company—which was all the town if we could get it, for just so many had been summoned, except Harry Vane, whom we met by chance. We mustered the Duke of Kingston [him of the concert on Duck Island], with whom Lady Caroline says she has been toying for these last seven years, but alas! his beauty is at the full of the leaf; Lord March [subsequently the everlasting Duke of Queensberry], Mr. Whithead, a pretty Miss Beauclerk, and a very foolish Miss Sparre. These two damsels were trusted by their mothers for the first time of their lives to the matronly care of Lady Caroline. As we sailed up the Mall with all our colours flying, Lord Petersham, with his hose and legs twisted to every point of crossness, strode by us on the outside, and repassed again on the return. At the end of the Mall she called to him; he would not answer; she gave a familiar spring, and between a laugh and confusion, ran up to him, 'My Lord, my Lord; why, you don't see us!' We advanced at a little distance, not a little awkward, in expectation how all this would end; for my Lord never stirred his hat, or took the least notice of anybody. She said, 'Do you go with us, or are you going anywhere else?'—'I don't go with you; I am going somewhere else.' And away he stalked, as sulky as a ghost that nobody will speak to first."*

was going to last, he replied, "Don't talk of a honeymoon; it is a *harvest* moon with me." To another, who expressed wonder that he had married so plain a woman, his answer was, "Look you, I bought Lady Delaval by weight, and paid nothing for fashion."

* Walpole's letter to George Montague, June 23, 1750.

The sequel of this letter unfortunately transfers the scene to another spot, and therefore cannot be introduced here except in the form of a bare epitome. They go in a barge to Vauxhall, music following in another boat, and little Ashe singing. There, to the great delight of the young misses, a duel is on the point of arising through some impertinent remark of a Mrs. Lloyd. The Marquis of Granby arrives very drunk, having got in that state at Jenny Whim's, where, instead of making honourable love to Lady Strafford, his betrothed, he had dined with nine women and four men, whom he left playing at Brag. Flirtations of Granby with the pretty girls entrusted to Lady Caroline's care. Supper in an arbour, where Lady Caroline, who “looked gloriously jolly and handsome with the vizor of her hat erect,” minced seven chickens, which, with three pats of butter, were stewed over the lamp in a china dish. The whole under no end of rattling, laughing, and joking, and expecting the dish every moment to fly about their ears. Then strawberry and cream, and fun so uproarious, that the whole company in the garden gathered round their booth, and thus till three o'clock in the morning. Alas and alas! that

“Those times are gone with all their giddy rapture!”*

About this time two lovely Irish girls, nieces of the first Earl of Mayo, appeared in London—“those goddesses, the Gunnings!” as Mary Montagu styles them in one of her letters. These two beautiful sisters,

* Though such proceedings seem almost monstrous to us staid people of this virtuous age, yet they were of common occurrence even in the time when George III. was King. See, for instance, the *Middlesex Journal*, July 23-25, 1775. There it is related how Lord Sandwich, the First Lord of the Admiralty and Ranger of the Parks, with a select party of friends, sang a variety of glees and catches after supper at Vauxhall. In the box next to this merry company sat General Haile with some friends, and the General, “desirous of creating festivity,” requested one of the ladies of his party to sing a song accompanied by the orchestra, which was done, to the great delight of the company present in the gardens.

who yielded to the Graces only in number, excited such a sensation as no woman has done since the days of Troy. "You who knew England in other times," wrote Walpole to his friend Mann, "will find it difficult to conceive what indifference reigns with regard to Ministers and their squabbles. The two Miss Gunnings are twenty times more the subject of conversation." They could not walk in the Park but such mobs followed them that they were generally driven away. One Sunday evening in August, 1750, a gentleman, "in order to create a little diversion," raised a report that the Miss Gunnings were in the Park. A great crowd immediately assembled round two young ladies whom they imagined to be those universally admired toasts. The ladies, though at first highly flattered with being mistaken for such renowned beauties, in the end became so frightened at the enormous crowd which gathered round them, that they had to take refuge in St. James's Palace. Soon after, the real Miss Gunnings appeared, and underwent the same pleasing persecution of admiration; but the heat of the assembled multitude was so great that one of the lovely sisters fainted, and had to be carried home in a sedan.*

There was a complete scramble for these two paragons, so that they were "countessed and double-duchessed" before they well knew where they were. Elizabeth, the youngest and prettiest, married the Duke of Hamilton; three weeks afterwards, Lord Coventry married her sister Maria. But, *Lugete, O Veneres, Cupidinesque*, they appeared like meteors, dazzled all eyes, and then disappeared. Elizabeth died before she was twenty-five, and a mob to the number of 10,000 went to see her coffin, just as, some years before, a shoemaker at Worcester had made two guineas and a half by showing a shoe he was making for her, at a penny a head. Maria, after the demise of her first husband, married the Duke of Argyle, and thus became the wife of two and the mother of four dukes. But, notwithstanding all this greatness, her life was not a happy one.

* Ladies' Magazine, July 27 to August 10, 1750.

The "Foreigner's Guide"* for the year 1752 gives a short description of St. James's Park, and says that the stags and fallow deer on the grass fields were "so tame as to take quietly anything from your hand." The Mall the year before had just again been drained and strewn with cockle-shells. Notwithstanding the constant repairs, there appears always to have been room for improvement—particularly in connexion with the water. There still remained much of the swampy meadow of old times about the Park, and every now and then the water tried to regain the supremacy. In November, 1752, for instance, the common sewer, which ran through the Park from the new buildings in Arlington Street, burst with the enormous surfeit of water occasioned by the heavy rains of the day before. By this means the Park near Buckingham House was completely inundated, so that foot passengers could not go up Constitution Hill for the whole of that day, and for many hours not even from the end of the Mall to Buckingham Gate.

"The company in the Mall," says the "Foreigner's Guide," "is always genteel and numerous, particularly on a summer's evening, to enjoy the cool air and the conversation. In the public walks it is not usual to salute more than once." *Genteel* as the company always was, exceptionable characters of various description were never wanting. Among them the "light-fingered gentry" were not the least dangerous, and the curious schemes to which they occasionally resorted are not a little amusing. Thus, one Sunday afternoon in May, 1752, between five and six o'clock, when the Mall was crowded, a well-dressed person was seen to look up in the air with great attention. This occasioned a number of people to congregate and join in the speculation, when he declared that he saw a very bright star. Whilst he was pointing out the imaginary celestial body to the spectators, his associates were busy rifling the pockets of the unwary crowd, making a good harvest

* The Foreigner's Guide, or a Necessary and Instructive Companion both for the Foreigner and the Native. 1752.

of watches, purses, handkerchiefs, snuffboxes, and other "unconsidered trifles." What is most surprising is that the stale trick so well succeeded that the stranger had time to disappear before the losses were discovered. Another day, in the same summer, a pickpocket who had somewhat the appearance of a gentleman, fell in love with a gold watch that discovered itself under the apron of a lady, who was walking in the Mall, attended only by her servant. Despairing of success in any attempt he could make alone, the rogue made up to a gentleman whom he had never seen before, and offered him half the booty if he would keep the lady in conversation while he stole the watch. The person to whom he applied himself refused the offer with indignation, but the pickpocket, as he went away, bid him take care not to tell tales, for "if he did, he would advertise him for betraying private conversation."

Among the visitors who promenaded in the Mall in 1753, there was one whom certainly few people in England would have expected to see there, and who withal was only known to a very few. Yet he was a person of some consequence, being no less than Charles Edward Stuart, the young Pretender, or, as he called himself, Charles III., King of England, Scotland, Ireland, and France, Defender of the Faith, &c. It is Hume who asserts that the Prince "walked in the Mall in his own dress, only laying aside his blue ribbon and star."* What renders this visit still more piquant is that it was no secret to George II. When the Secretary of State, Lord Holderness, after many ambages, acquainted the King with this terrible fact, asking what was his Majesty's pleasure with regard to this unexpected visitor, George II. quietly answered, "My Lord, I shall just do nothing at all; when he is tired of England he will go abroad again."

The *habitués* of the Mall about this time might have observed once or twice a week, a remarkably thought-

* Letter of David Hume to Sir John Pringle, Feb. 10, 1773. Hume had this fact from the Lord Mareschal, who said "it consisted with his certain knowledge."

ful-looking elderly gentleman passing through, and had they followed him, they would have seen that he went his way and up "the King's private road" (now King's Road) to North End, Fulham. That man was Samuel Richardson, the author of "Pamela," "Grandison," "Clarissa Harlowe," and other novels with ultra-perfect heroes and heroines, which formed the delight of our great-grandmothers, but which nobody reads now-a-days. On the appearance of the fourth volume of "Clarissa Harlowe," Richardson one day received a letter, in which he was bid, under most dire imprecations in case of disobedience, to give the story a happy conclusion. The writer of this letter called herself Mrs. Belfour, a Devonshire lady, but was in reality Lady Dorothy Bradshaigh, daughter of William Bellingham, of Levens, Westmoreland, and wife of Sir Roger Bradshaigh, of Haigh, in Lancashire, to whom she had been married since 1730. A correspondence thus commenced soon assumed a certain degree of intimacy, and Richardson ere long entered upon the topic most interesting to himself,—the virtuous and good Mr. Samuel Richardson, concerning whose own private affairs he favoured Lady Bradshaigh with a variety of details. Observing this weakness in the worthy man's character, Lady Bradshaigh, who appears to have been a lady of infinite wit and archness, commenced her mystification by informing him that it was her intention to visit London, and that she longed to see Mr. Richardson, and perhaps "would contrive *that*, though unknown to him." Some further letters passed containing mutual invitations, and in the end Richardson, in order to give his "dear correspondent" a chance of seeing him, complacently acquaints her that he passes once or twice a week through St. James's Park, and then proceeds to describe himself unmistakeably *con amore*. From this highly finished pen-and-ink sketch Lady Bradshaigh is informed that her admirer is "short, rather plump than emaciated, above five feet five inches, wears a fair wig, lightish cloth coat, all black besides. One hand generally in his bosom, the other a cane in

it, which he leans upon under the skirts of his coat usually, that it may imperceptibly serve him as a support;—looking directly foreright as passers-by would imagine, but observing all that stirs on either side of him without moving his short neck; hardly ever turning back; of a light brown complexion, teeth not yet failing him, smoothish face, and ruddy cheeked—a grey eye, too often overclouded by mistiness from the head, by chance lively—very lively will it be if he have hope of seeing a lady whom he loves or honours. If he approaches a lady his eye is never fixed first on her face, but on her feet, and he rears it up by degrees, seeming to set her down as so and so.* “This last,” observes Mrs. Barbauld, “is very descriptive of the struggles in his character between innate bashfulness and a turn for observation.” No doubt it was. But Richardson’s bashfulness fared well by looking at the feet. Dresses were then worn short, and many a well-turned ankle the bashful novelist must have seen in the upward progress of his survey of the ladies. The high-heeled shoe worn at that period was arch-coquet; it comported with small feet, and led the instep smoothing up to the nervous ankle and the thin heel, above which “the hoop’s bewitching round” just permitted to be seen the finely tendoned firm development of the gastrocnemius. Such ankles were abroad in those days as well as in ours, and must occasionally have struck Mr. Richardson in his passage through the Mall.

But this by the way. The unknown lady on the 16th of December, 1749, half promised a meeting by telling the vain old man “that she will attend the Park every fine, warm day, between the hours of one and two,” and further proceeds to describe herself in ridicule of Richardson’s minute portrait of himself:—“I give you the advantage of knowing she is middle-aged, middle-sized, a degree above plump, brown as an oak wainseot, a good deal of country red in her cheeks; altogether a plain woman, but nothing remarkably for-

* Correspondence of Samuel Richardson. By Anna Letitia Barbauld. Vol. i. p. 97.

bidding." Thus this literary flirtation continued for two months, in accordance with Richardson's own approved art of lovemaking protracted over half a dozen octavo volumes. In the beginning of January, 1750, Richardson tells her:—"I went into the Park on Sunday (it being a very fine day) in hopes of seeing such a lady as you describe, contenting myself with dining as I walked on a sea-biscuit which I had put in my pocket, my family at home all the time knowing not what had become of me." Even these touching particulars brought no alteration in the state of affairs. Nineteen days after, his impalpable admirer informs him—"I have frequented the Park most warm days. Once I fancied I met you, and surprised my company; but presently recollected you would not deceive me by appearing in a grey, instead of a whitish coat; besides the cane was wanting, otherwise I might have supposed you in mourning." Richardson appears to have taken all this banter in sober earnest; day after day, week after week, and month after month, he continued walking up and down the Mall, with-a patience that would have done credit to the most perfect lover in his novels, but his perseverance remained unrewarded. After all this fretting he never saw his wainscot-coloured beauty, and finally abandoned the chase, muttering to himself, "Lud! Lud! what a giddy appearance!"

There was at the same period another literary celebrity frequently to be seen in the Mall, not overtidy in his dress, "with inked ruffles and claret stains on his tarnished-lace coat, but with the marks of good fellowship in his face." No admirer of the squeamish Richardson was he, this Henry Fielding, "our immortal Fielding," as Gibbon calls him: *he* had no sentimental appointments in the Mall, but he studied there the originals which he depicted in his novels. There he observed Lady Booby, Blifil, Lady Bellaston, Charles and Joseph Surface, and the rest of them. There he saw the sentinel ill-using the child for trespassing on his Majesty's grass,* or he may have seen

* *Amelia*, Book iv. ch. 7.

what the papers report in May 1752, when a sentinel seeing an old man walking on the grass, struck him with the butt end of his musket and broke his arm. There he saw Captain Booth quarrel with Colonel Bath, and there he also observed those threadbare individuals whom the Captain met in the King's Bench. Nor was Fielding's jolly face unknown to the dangerous classes that generally loitered about the Park. One may imagine how they vanished when the active Justice of the Peace made his appearance. Charles Lamb says of Fielding's laugh that it "cleared the air;" his presence must have produced the same salutary effect on the company in the Park. No sooner was his burly form seen sauntering down the Mall, than rogues, pickpockets, and vagrants disappeared as if by enchantment. More effective means of weeding and purifying the Park were applied by Mr. Fielding at the same time. At a period when it was particularly infested by bad characters of both sexes, he ordered the constables to attend daily in order to remove all gamblers, beggars, vagrants, loose women, nose-gay women, hawkers, &c., and further that all soldiers found there at night, when they should have been at their quarters, were to be delivered to the guard-room and reported to the proper officers.*

How the fashionable fair dressed, who used to walk in the Mall in the times of Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett, is characteristically described in a contemporary satire entitled

THE MALL, OR *À-LA-MODE*.

"Let your cap be a butterfly slightly hung on,
 Like the shell of a lapwing just hatch'd on your crown;
 Behind with a coachhorse short-dock cut your hair,
 Stick a flower before, then whiff with an air.
 A vandyke in freeze your neck must surround,
 Turn your lawns into gauze, let your Brussels be blonde;

* It must be remembered that the Guards at that period did not live in barracks, but were quartered on the inhabitants of London and Westminster, and were frequently known to commit robberies in the Parks and other lonely spots.

Let your stomacher reach from shoulder to shoulder,
 And your breast will appear much fairer and bolder.
 Wear a gown or a sack as fancies prevail,
 But with flounces or furbelows ruffle your tail.
 Set your hoops, shew your stockings and legs to your knees,
 And leave men as little as may be to guess.
 For other small ornaments do as before,
 Wear ribbons a hundred, and ruffles a score.
 Let your talk, like your dress, be fantastic and odd.
 And you'll shine in the MALL, 'tis the taste *à-la-mode*."

Thus, though Baron de Pöllnitz's wish had been in so far conformed with, that the English ladies wore plenty of ribbons and ruffles, the old complaint still continued. It was admitted on all hands that our great-grandmothers' dress was whimsical and in bad taste. A great change was observable since the time the Baron wrote. Notwithstanding the efforts of the Anti-Gallican Association, everything French was quite the rage. No young gentleman's education was considered complete, unless he had made "the grand tour," accompanied by his tutor or "bear-leader." In that manner they dissipated for a few seasons in Paris and the principal capitals of Europe, after which they returned to England brimful of foreign ideas, fashions, manners and customs:

"From Latian syrens, French Circean feasts,
 Return'd well travell'd and transform'd to beasts."

It was these Frenchified male and female rakes whom Hogarth painted in his *Marriage à la Mode*, *Rake's Progress*, and other pictures of fast life. The Mall was one of the places where he could see them in full feather, and there he constantly studied them. That great artist's partiality for the Park is further instanced by the fact that he painted two views of Rosamond's Pond,* whilst one of his scarcest prints is supposed to

* Both these pictures were in the possession of Henry Ralph Willet, Esq., of Merly House, Dorsetshire, who was also in possession of a receipt for 1*l.* 7*s.*, signed by Mrs. Hogarth, the price paid for the smaller view. An engraving of the larger of these two paintings figures at the head of this chapter. The original is 5 feet 1 inch, by 3 feet 3½ inches.

be a caricature upon the very strict orders enforced at that time, that no parcels should be carried through the Park. This rule was exceeded, and complaints in the papers were frequent about the absurdity of ladies' reticules being considered parcels. Hogarth's print, of which John Ireland knew of only two copies, represents a ticket porter carrying a load of a certain article of bedroom furniture into St. James's Park, at the entrance of which are posted three Grenadiers on sentry. Underneath is the following inscription :

“ Jack in Office, or Peter Necessary,
with choice of chamber ———,
A ticket for the ———, price 6*d*.”

This caricature undoubtedly alludes to some now forgotten anecdote. The figure markings on the board, used at the play of Mall, are still seen in the print, and says Ireland, writing in 1794, “ have not been removed many years.” A sedan chair is seen containing a lady, and the utensils carried before her may have reference to a piece of Court-scandal of the time, the porter, Peter Necessary, being intended for some Groom of the Stole; “ or,” says Ireland, “ may not the carrying such a load of utensils publicly through the Park on a court day, be considered as a burlesque on the order that no parcels whatever should be carried through the Park. The Grenadiers in keeping back the crowd to let the porter pass, strengthens this idea. A wag, I am informed, some years ago, when tails were generally coming in fashion, tied a sucking pig by the tail to the queue of his peruke, which he carried through the Park in triumph, in spite of the order.”*

Goldsmith, who was a lover of show and gaiety, must also have been a frequent visitor of the Mall, and, no doubt, gratified the world there with a sight of that famous bloom-coloured coat, made by “ John Filby at the Harrow, in Water Lane.” Like Steele and Addison he often places his imaginary characters in the

* Works of Hogarth, by John Nicholl and Geo. Steevens, 1810, vol. ii. p. 306.

Park. The shabby-genteel idlers on the seats, the threadbare beaux who did not walk in order to gain an appetite, but rather to forget that they had one, the disbanded soldier, the worn-out actor, and poor little Beau Tibbs, "who blasts himself with an air of vivacity at seeing nobody in town," all these he met in the Park, and gave a niche in his Essays. Another of his imaginary characters, the peevish old maid Hannah, is most amusing. Her criticism of the company in the Mall is in accordance with what has been said about the ladies' want of taste, and neither sweeping trains, trollopees, or Russian bonnets find grace in her eyes. But her remarks being too lengthy for insertion here, the reader is referred to Goldsmith's Essay "On the ladies' passion for levelling all distinction of dress."

All the foreigners who visited England were of the same opinion: the English ladies were the most lovely beings on the face of the earth, but did not know how to dress. A certain Batista Angeloni, an Italian jesuit who resided for many years in this country, accounts for their bad taste in a manner which savours strongly of the casuistry of his order. "In London," says he, "the women of quality have much of the shepherdess mien, or rather inclining to something less modest, the nymphs of the town. This air, I presume, these ladies affect for a moral purpose, that by this artifice all kinds of characters in women looking alike, the men shall be afraid to accost any of them, lest peradventure they should meet a virtuous woman, and be rejected with contempt. Thus the dames of avowed pleasure are prevented from exercising all their mischief by being mixed with, and undistinguishable from those of professed virtue, as the same amount of poison diffused through a large quantity of matter is less likely to kill, than in its unmixed state, or wine less apt to intoxicate when it is diffused in water than when taken alone. This policy you must allow to be admirable in favour of virtue and chastity amongst the ladies of England."*

* Batista Angeloni, "Letters on England," vol. ii. p. 223. 1756.

After these remarks of the worthy brother of the Company of Jesus, nobody will wonder that the forward young men from the City sometimes made awkward mistakes. Thus, on June 23rd, 1759, Walpole writes, "My Lady Coventry [one of the beautiful Miss Gunnings] and my niece Waldegrave have been mobbed in the Park. I am sorry the people of England take all their liberty out in insulting pretty women." Further details of this affair may be gathered from contemporary newspapers. "On Sunday evening a person was taken into custody by some gentlemen in St. James's Park," says the *London Chronicle*,* "and delivered to the guard, for joining with and encouraging a mob to follow and grossly insult some ladies of fashion that were walking, supposing them to be K[itly] F[isher]† and her companions, by which means they were put in great danger of their lives. It is but very lately that a lady actually lost her life from a fright of this sort. He was yesterday carried before a magistrate, and this day appeared the following submission in the *Daily Advertiser* :—

"I, Joseph Vivian, having last Sunday night in St. James's Park very inconsiderately, indiscreetly, and unlawfully joined a tumultuous body of people, who by their riotous behaviour put several ladies into imminent danger of their lives, and insulting several gentlemen who endeavoured to secure them from the insults of the mob, do most sincerely ask pardon of those ladies, those gentlemen, and the public, for this my extreme misbehaviour; and return these gentlemen my hearty thanks for their candid treatment of me, and hope that what I have suffered will be an example to others, and prevent the scandalous practice for the future of mobbing on the slightest pretence every lady that shall be pleased to walk in the Park.

"JOSEPH VIVIAN."

"Insults of this kind have, notwithstanding this

* *London Chronicle*, June 16-19, 1759.

† A famous "fair woman without discretion" of that day.

advertisement, been since repeated, and several other persons have been apprehended for the like offence, who, it is hoped, will be punished with the utmost severity, in order to put a stop to such outrageous behaviour in the verge of the royal palace."

When George II. heard of it, he ordered, that to prevent similar occurrences for the future, the lady should be protected by a guard. On the strength of this, Lady Coventry ventured boldly into the Park again, the next Sunday evening, but she was attended by two sergeants of the guard who walked in front, and followed by no less than twelve rank and file. The whole guard was ready to turn out if there had been any occasion, and even the Colonel in waiting was at hand at a proper distance. Covered by this picket of infantry her ladyship continued her promenade from eight till ten at night, with as much gravity as Grammont at the siege of Turin played his game at quinze under cover of a detachment of Gardes Françaises. Yet, notwithstanding the lady's imposing escort, some impertinent things were said, but a posse of Fielding's police, which were also in attendance, took off the most noisy critics.

Another more comical adventure happened in June, 1793:—"A very impudent young fellow, a journeyman cabinet-maker," says the *St. James's Chronicle*, "upon the presumption of a ruffled shirt, and a gold button and loop to his hat, took the liberty of accosting two ladies of fashion in the Park last Tuesday evening, and was not a little vehement in his declaration of a prodigious passion to one of them, whom he earnestly begged to favour him with an assignation. The lady, after in vain requesting him to go about his business, seemed at last overcome by his importunities, and after desiring leave to speak for a moment to her companion aside, he was permitted to see them home. Overjoyed at this concession our subaltern Don Juan attended them to a private door in the Park, which led to a house near Queen Square. This one of the ladies

opened, and desiring the spark to follow her, conducted him into a very elegant drawing-room, whilst the other stayed below giving some orders to the servants. The whole Elysium of the lover's happiness was now opening on our hero's imagination, when, O dire mischance, four lusty servant-men appeared with a blanket, in which the gay Lothario was instantly put, and carried downstairs into the yard. Here, after his passion had been pretty hard tumbled about, in the same manner as poor Sancho Panza in the inn which his master took for a castle, he was permitted to depart very quietly, and desired to reflect on the consequence of his impudence and presumption."*

Nor are these the only instances, for, as Hamlet says, "the age was grown so picked that the toe of the peasant came so near the heel of the courtier he galled his kibes." One Sunday in June, 1761, some young men, who were a little disgusted at the too frequent use of the bag-wig made on Sundays by clerks from the City, apprentices, and other pitiful snobs, took the following method to burlesque that elegant piece of "French furniture."† They got hold of a porter fresh from the country, dressed him in a bag-wig, lace ruffles, and Frenchified him according to the latest fashion, telling him that if he intended to make his fortune in town, he ought to dress like a gentleman on Sundays, frequent the Mall, and mix with people of the first rank. They went with him to the scene of action, and drove him in among the well-dressed people in the Mall, where he behaved, as he was directed, in a manner the most likely to render him the "observed of all observers." Everybody could see by the turn of his toes that the dancing-master had not done his duty, and by the swing of his arms, and the complacent looks of admiration at his lace ruffles and silk stockings,

* St. James's Chronicle, June 28, 1763.

† As we throw the blame of this ridiculous article of dress on the French, so they repudiate having had anything to do with its introduction. They call it a *cadogan*, and say it was invented and put in fashion by the General of that name.

they had reason to conclude that it was the first time he appeared in such a dress. The company gathered round him, which he at first took for applause, and made him hold up his head a little higher. But at last some wags entering in conversation with him, detected him by his broad country dialect, and chaffed him out of the Mall. "Several persons, however," says the *Annual Register*, which tells the story, "seemed dissatisfied at the scoffs he received from a parcel of prentice boys, monkified in the same manner, who appeared like so many little curs round a mastiff, and yelped at him as he went along, without being sensible at the same time of their own weakness."*

The "big gooseberry" of the season in 1762 was a Cherokee King and his chiefs, who at that time honoured London with a visit. They were lionized through the metropolis, visited all the remarkable places, and, as in duty bound, graced the Mall with their presence. On that occasion his Majesty was dressed in a blue silk mantle trimmed with gold lace, whilst the noble chiefs had arrayed their persons in scarlet cloaks. No doubt they were thought "queer fish," and they in their heart of hearts must have returned our grandparents the compliment. Indeed, the variety of our fashions in all probability struck his Cherokee Majesty as much as it did Goldsmith's Chinese philosopher, Mr. Lien Chi Altangi, who, speaking of the ever-changing attire of the ladies, says:—"To-day they are lifted upon stilts, to-morrow they lower their heels and raise their heads. Their clothes at one time are bloated out with whalebone, at present they have laid their hoops aside and are become as slim as mermaids. What chiefly distinguishes the sex at present is the train. As a lady of quality or fashion was once determined here by the circumference of her hoop, both are now measured by the length of her tail." [One would think he was reading about the year of grace 1870.] "Women of moderate fortunes are contented with tails moderately

* *Annual Register*, June 24, 1761.

long, but ladies of true taste and distinction set no bounds to their ambition in this particular. I am told the Lady Mayoress on days of ceremony carries one longer than a bell-wether of Bantam, whose tail, you know, is trundled along in a wheelbarrow." Another contemporary satire speaks much in the same vein:—

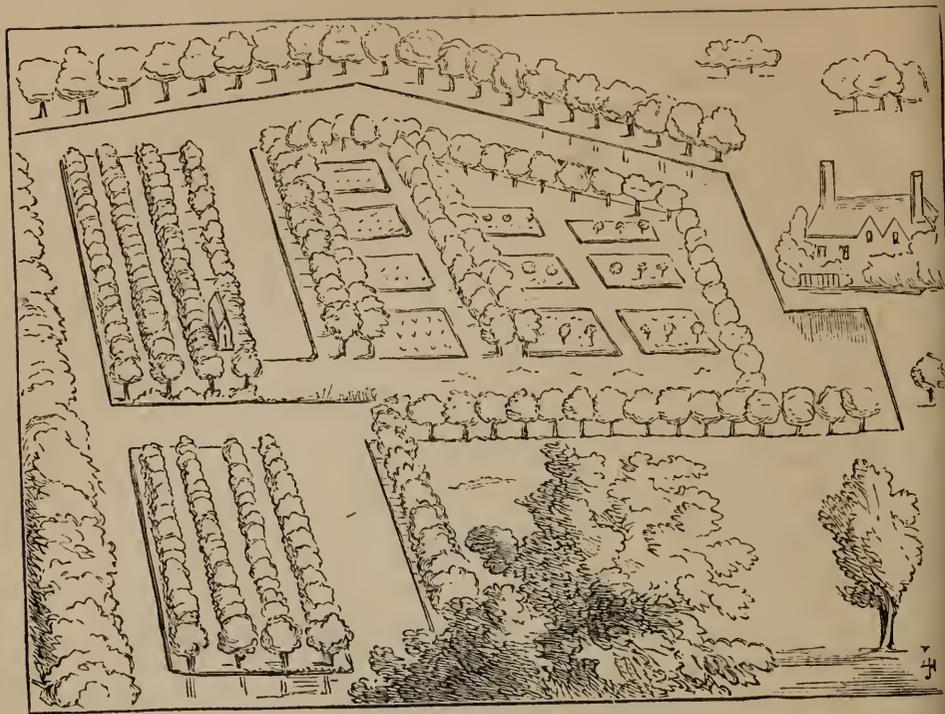
“Now drest in a cap, now naked in none,
 Now loose in a mob, now close in a Joan,
 Without handkerchief now, and now buried in a ruff,
 Now plain as a Quaker, now all of a puff.
 Now a shape in neat stays, now a slattern in jumps,
 Now high on French heels, now low in your pumps.
 Now monstrous in hoop, now trapish, and walking
 With your petticoats clung to your heels, like a maukin.
 Like the cock on the tower that shews you the weather,
 You are hardly the same for two days together.”

Yet, strange to say, in the midst of these abominably dressed generations, there lived one of the greatest queens of fashion that ever shone. This was Mrs. Frances Abington, the original “Lady Teazle,” an actress of considerable renown, but of far greater celebrity for her exquisite taste in matters of dress. Her first *début* in life was as a flower-girl in the Mall, at which period, under the nickname of “Nosegay Nan,” her pretty face and tasteful dress captivated the hearts of all the beaux who were not absolutely fireproof. In course of time she became one of the actresses at Drury Lane, and soon obtained such fame for her admirable dressing, that the manager was glad to obtain her services even at a contract of 500*l.* a year for her wardrobe, besides 18*l.* a week as an actress, and a benefit night. All her spare time was occupied in running about London to give advice to aristocratic ladies on the important subject of new dresses and new fashions. She was consulted like a doctor, and feed in the most liberal manner. No drawing-room, marriage, or entertainment was given but Mrs. Abington’s assistance was requested in order to regulate the decorations. In this manner alone she made from fifteen hundred to two thousand a year. Her dress on and off the stage

was always perfect, and much studied and copied. In this she displayed all her art, and, as the disciples of Pythagoras imposed silence on all objections by the words, "The master has said it," so it was sufficient in London to say, "It is like Mrs. Abington's," to stop the mouths of grumbling fathers and husbands.



BEAUX IN THE MALL.



DUCK ISLAND.

(From J. Kip's bird's-eye view of London, Westminster, and St. James's Park.)

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CHEVALIER D'EON.

ON the evening of Sunday, August 26th, 1764, the papers tell us, the Chevalier d'Eon was walking in the Mall with an English lady of rank and two gentlemen, and was just going to hand the lady to her coach, which stood at the stable-yard near Lord Harrington's, when Colonel Glover and two other gentlemen came up and cautioned him that a number of suspicious-looking characters were lying in wait for him at Spring Gardens. The lady hastened into her coach and had the curiosity to see the upshot of this affair: she ordered her coachman to drive directly to Spring Gardens, whilst the Chevalier and his companions were walking thither at their ease. Happening

to arrive at the gate before the gentlemen, she saw six men standing together, and a seventh, who seemingly was their leader, a little way off. The fellows seemed to know her, for as soon as she approached, one of them said, "That is the lady with whom he was walking, and his coach is waiting for him." He who seemed the leader said, "True; our scheme will not answer to-night; but it may to-morrow or some other day," and with that they all disappeared.

The person here alluded to is the notorious epicene Chevalier Charles Geneviève Louise Auguste André Timothée d'Eon de Beaumont, Knight of the Order of St. Louis, Captain of Dragoons, Aide-de-Camp to the Duke de Broglie, Censor Royal of History and Literature, and at one time Ambassador at the Court of St. James's. Being possessed of some State secrets, it was thought that he intended to make a bad use of them, and the French Government was said more than once to have laid plots for his life. The above-narrated incident, whether real or invented, was one of these. But what rendered the Chevalier a person of particular note was the mystery of his or her sex; for, notwithstanding his manly career and numerous duels, it was generally supposed that the Chevalier was a woman, and heavy bets were pendent upon this subject. In July, 1777, a case came before Lord Mansfield for the recovery of 700*l.* from a Mr. Jacques, a broker in Leicester Fields, who in 1770 had received premiums of fifteen guineas, for every one of which he engaged himself to return a hundred guineas whenever it should be proved that the Chevalier actually was a woman. Lieutenant de Morande, an intimate friend of d'Eon, swore on this trial that he was positive the Chevalier was a woman, and gave evidence which, if truthful, admitted of no doubt on this subject. A doctor who had attended d'Eon in various female complaints gave similar testimony, and the Chevalier's sex was judicially set down as of the feminine gender. On the other hand, the underwriter pleaded an Act of Parliament which provided "that no insurance shall be valid where the

person insuring cannot prove an antecedent interest in the person or thing insured." Lord Mansfield admitted the statute to be binding; and thus all insurers in this affair were deprived of the golden harvest they expected, while 75,000*l.* remained in this country which otherwise would have been transmitted to M. Panchaud, at Paris. By whomsoever these doubts about the Chevalier's sex had been originally raised, it is certain that a gigantic system of fraud had been built upon them. The witnesses most wilfully perjured themselves, and though the feminine sex of the Chevalier had been legally substantiated, it appeared after his death that "take him for all in all, he was a man."

In those early days of the reign of George III., there was a rage for petitioning among the various handicrafts of London. Whenever work was "slack" in any trade, a number of the members would form a procession and pay a visit to King George, who was expected to give them redress. In the beginning of the year 1764, several thousands of journeymen silkweavers went in procession from Spitalfields and waited on the King at Buckingham House. They offered a petition representing the miserable condition to which they had been reduced by the clandestine importation of French ribbons. The King received two of them, whilst the rest waited in the Park, and, as usual on such occasions, his Majesty promised them to look into their grievances. The year after, the hatters came with a petition; but the oddest of all was that of the peruke-makers. People about this time began to give over the expensive habit of wearing wigs, and commenced to appear in their own hair, if they had any. In consequence of this, the peruke-makers' occupation was gone, and, as they were numerous in London, the town rang with their lamentations. At last it struck them that the King could procure help; in order to implore his assistance, therefore, they drew up a petition in which they prayed his Majesty that he would graciously be pleased to shave his head for the good of his subjects, and wear a wig as his father had done before

him. The master peruke-makers, to the number of several hundreds, assembled at the Gun Tavern, opposite St. James's Palace Gate, on February the 10th, 1765, and from thence marched in procession through the Park to Buckingham House, where they handed their petition to the King. But as they marched through the Park, it was observed that most of these peruke-makers, who wanted other people to wear wigs, wore none themselves. This struck the London mob as monstrously unfair and inconsistent, and consequently they seized several of the petitioners and cut off their hair perforce. Nor did the unfortunate peruke-makers meet with more favour from the King; for, notwithstanding a conciliatory answer, he continued to wear the natural glories of his pate. It was only on rare and grand occasions that the King appears to have sacrificed everything like vanity to his reverence for a wig. Once in the House of Lords, and another time at the Installation of the Knights of the Garter, he wore a powdered dress-wig of George the Second's—amazingly out of harmony with the rest of his costume. It resembled a huge spherical mass of snow descending between the shoulders in the form of an inverted cone; and the appearance was not improved by the superincumbent weight of a heavy cap and plume. The Court ladies feelingly regretted the absence of the black rosette and flowing curls, which are always to be seen in portraits of modern robed Sovereigns and Knights of the Garter. The peruquiers' petition proved a failure, and all they obtained was to be laughed at and chaffed by the whole town. In ridicule of their request, the wooden-leg makers, *alias* body-carpenters, were said to have remonstrated with his Majesty that since the Peace their trade was declining, and that there had been no demand for wooden legs; consequently they implored his Majesty to wear a wooden leg himself, and to enjoin all his servants to appear in the royal presence with the same useful article.

These stand-stills in trades generally filled the Park with a number of idlers whose presence was neither

agreeable nor ornamental. Thus, for instance, when in November, 1760, the journeymen tailors were on strike, and refused to work at five shillings a day, a gentleman communicated to the papers the fact that he had counted not less than five hundred of them sauntering about the Park on the day the King went to open Parliament. Indeed, owing to the want of a well-regulated police, St. James's Park was often frequented by rogues and blackguards. Gamblers assembled there to play at dice, 'totum, and chuck-farthing with such fervency that they played away their hats, coats, and shoes, and apprentices the money belonging to their masters. Occasionally the peace officers would make a *razzia* and lodge a number of them in Tothill Fields Bridewell, but more frequently they were not interfered with. A rather notorious "picker-up of unconsidered trifles," however, one Francis Parsons, was apprehended in the Park in February, 1766. This rogue was reputed to be worth upwards of 7000*l.*, and kept a house on Hampstead Hill called the Chicken House, where he sold wines and had seventeen beds made up. It was a common resort for thieves and highwaymen; the rooms were so contrived that when any of the inmates were hunted, the pursuers had to pass through five or six different doors, thus giving the rogues time to make their way out by the windows and escape over the heath.

Beggars also congregated in the Park. The old newspapers frequently caution their readers against the tricks of these impostors. In 1768, for instance, they warned the public against an old vagabond who, in the garb of a Greenwich pensioner, told those who would listen to his stories, "of moving accidents by flood and field, of hairbreadth 'scapes i' th' imminent deadly breach," and by that means did earn, not "a world of sighs," like his prototype, Othello, but for years regularly made his two or three guineas a week by these "round unvarnished tales," chiefly delivered on the seats of St. James's Park. In times of war press-gangs were always sure of making a haul in the

Park, and this was truly rendering the State a double service, for it saved the gallows many future burdens. Thus, one day in January, 1771, five press-gangs entered the Park, and picked up not less than a hundred and fifty idle fellows: they were sent on board a tender and made into sailors, to fight King George's battles against the rebellious "provincials" in America. And by that means the town was cleared of some dangerous characters, who received an opportunity in the New World of serving the Old, to which they had till then been a burden.

As early as February, 1764, a scheme was on foot for various improvements in the Park, the most important of which was the draining and filling up of Rosamond's Pond. "We had no fireworks at the peace last year," observes a correspondent in one of the newspapers; "that surely will obviate every argument preferred against the expense of the undertaking."* But everybody was not content with that argument, and another correspondent, who signs himself "Medicus," fell foul of the proposer of the above improvements, and asserts that he was very much mistaken if he thought this "a time to add to the luxuries of the present age." Thereupon "Medicus" proposes, according to his opinion, much more necessary improvements at a very trifling expense. His complaints call up a very unsavoury picture, and describe a deplorable state of things: he alludes to the uncleanly habits of chairmen and soldiers in the Park, the smell from the stables at the Horse Guards pervading every avenue leading to it, the puddles of stagnant water on Duck Island, which was very offensive in summer as the air could not circulate owing to the willows and brambles with which it was overgrown, and various other nuisances of a similar kind.† Nothing, however, appears to have been done at that time, except that the wall was pulled down which surrounded the Park, and that an iron railing was placed in its stead.

* St. James's Chronicle, February 18, 1764.

† Ibid., March 13, 1764.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good. Even the terrible storm of the first of September, 1768, did not give the lie to this old proverb, for that storm was the immediate cause, after more than ten years' grumbling and remonstrating in the newspapers, of some steps being taken towards the necessary improvements in St. James's Park. The havoc committed in the locality by the diluvial rain of that night was considerable. The water in the canal rose to such a height that only four inches of the rails which surrounded it appeared above the surface. The Parade was overflowed, and the sentries were driven away from their posts; all the lower part of the Park, as far as Story's Gate Coffehouse, was inundated and rendered quite impassable, and the cellars of the adjoining houses in Westminster were changed into cisterns. Owing to the enormous accession of water, and to its being choked with weeds, sand, and dirt, the large drain from the canal to the Thames, which ran above ten feet under the surface of the ground, burst with great violence, forming a gap of about twenty yards long and ten yards broad. By the sudden velocity of the stream a sandbank was formed almost across the canal, so that, when the waters abated, numbers of people crossed it dryshod. The gap was at once repaired, but exactly three months later the drain burst and fell in again, uprooting a large old tree, and causing numerous accidents.* It was these everlasting mishaps which caused George Selwyn to remark that the Park and Civil List were in the same condition; for that there were a number of useless and expensive drains on both of them. In consequence of these last accidents, however, it was resolved to draw the canal early in the next spring, to clear its bottom of mud, to make the banks of solid brickwork, to fill up "that shameful nuisance, Rosamond's Pond," and to put the low ground in this part of the Park in proper order,—a consummation long and devoutly wished for by the public. The moat surrounding Duck Island was condemned at the same time; "for," said the papers, "the

* Public Advertiser, April 2, 1770.

stagnated waters at the said places occasion such a stench that it is feared, unless the above scheme be put into execution, an epidemical distemper will break out amongst the inhabitants of that neighbourhood.”*

The work must have been commenced soon afterwards, for in the beginning of May of the following year (1770) we are told that Rosamond's Pond was entirely filled up, and that the rising ground near it was levelled. Then also disappeared the house in which George Colman the younger was born in 1762, which stood somewhere in St. James's Park, but *where* it is impossible to determine, for George, in stating his birth, makes a most curious jumble of Rosamond's Pond and Duck Island. It is a wise child that knows his own father, and our dramatist fills ten pages in order to prove that he possessed that wisdom: but his statements are of little value indeed, if they are not more accurate than the following particulars relating to his birthplace: “My grandmother, on her return to England, in her widowhood, resided in a small house since pulled down, (which she was allowed, I believe, by the Crown to inhabit) close to Rosamond's Pond in St. James's Park. This pond is now filled up; it had some little islands upon it, forming part of the decoy, upon one of which there was a summerhouse where the old Princess Amelia used to drink tea.”†

The house on Duck Island was spared for a time, for the King having heard that Mr. Drury, who was keeper of the island, was sadly distressed at losing his house, kindly gave instructions that it should remain

* General Evening Post, May 7-9, 1771.

† George Colman, “Random Records,” 1830, vol. i. p. 31. Francis Colman, grandfather of George the younger, was English Ambassador at the Court of Tuscany. He died in 1733, during his embassy; his wife was sister of the Countess of William Pulteney, Earl of Bath. There was a house *on* Duck Island, and another one *near* the island, in which the pondkeeper lived. In the first quarter of the eighteenth century that office was held by a man of the name of Webb, and hence the house, by the writers of that day, is occasionally alluded to as “Webb's.” In those days it was sometimes used as a pleasure resort.

standing as long as Mr. Drury lived. The wood, however, growing on the island and on the undulating ground around Rosamond's Pond, was to be felled and cleared away before Michaelmas, 1772. It must have been a luxuriant plantation, since the timber alone was sold for the sum of 500*l.*, which was one of the perquisites of the Ranger. "Surely," grumbled the newspapers, "this might help to pay for a little decent gravel, as well as for a few additional seats for the public, especially as the Ranger has a salary of 3000*l.* a year."* But Lord Orford, the Ranger, who was never very famous for economy in his own establishment, did not seem to think that there was any money to spare. He even put the screw on, and issued an ukase that the milk-women henceforth should pay three shillings a week, instead of half-a-crown as heretofore, for the grazing of their cows on the grassplots between the avenues.

When Rosamond's Pond and the Duck Island moat and pools had been finally filled up, a curious natural phenomenon was observed. Every tree growing near their margins died the year following. This the Hon. Daines Barrington accounted for from the following causes. When a tree is planted near the water's edge, the roots nearest the water become much larger than those on the other side. Consequently, when the water is drained or deviated, the tree is deprived of its principal supply, and of course must die. This was strikingly evident in St. James's Park, for even the trees in the Mall suffered considerably when a large quantity of gravel was laid on the central walk, by which means the rain could not penetrate to their roots so well as before.

Various other considerable alterations were in contemplation which must have deeply interested the good people of that time, but as they were never executed, they may be passed by in silence. Altogether it was calculated they would extend over four years, and entail an expense of 20,000*l.* That this calculation, so

* Middlesex Journal, August 8-10, 1771.

far as the time is concerned, was tolerably accurate, will appear from an allusion in the following humorous advertisement which appeared in 1774:—

Lost from the neighbourhood of Burlington Gardens, some time within this month, an illiterate Macaroni of the dwarf breed, answers to the name of Pug, remarkably like ancient Pistol for his swaggering; and, as he has lately attempted the profession of a tooth-doctor, it is much feared that some person has swallowed him when he was about to extract a decayed stump. But if he is yet living, and should be fortunate enough to have this read to him, and will immediately repair to the whipping-post (by inquiring of the keeper of Clerkenwell Bridewell) he will receive something much to his satisfaction, though not sufficiently adequate to his deserts. Or, if he will call on the writer of this, whom he was with the 10th of May last, and promised to see her again (at a certain place) the next day, she will endeavour to get him cleansed from some of his past sins, by having him drawn through the fattest part of the canal *now emptying* in St. James's Park.*

At the time when the draining operations were carried on in the Park, the metropolis was agitated by the Wilkes ferment, a characteristic of which party was a hatred of the Scotch. Now it so happened that a great number of the workmen engaged in the Park were Scotchmen, and as they hated Wilkes' adherents as cordially as the Wilkites hated them, the advisers of his Majesty considered these natives of the "Land o' Cakes" as the most trustworthy and best qualified men for a body-guard. Consequently, when the King, on the 8th of May, 1771, went to prorogue that Parliament which had imprisoned the printers of two newspapers for misrepresentation of parliamentary speeches, his Majesty, apprehensive of some insult or danger, ordered fifty of the most stalwart Scottish labourers in the Park to attend the royal chariot. This new-fashioned body-

* Middlesex Journal, June 21-23, 1774.

guard was armed with short cudgels, and the men bore a token in their hats by which they might recognise each other if they came to blows with the mob. On the same occasion, the services of fifty stentorian Spital-fields weavers were hired to cheer his Majesty as he passed through the Park and on his way to the House. Such paltry contrivances are at present fortunately unknown in England, though they are still frequently practised in Paris.

The Park during this summer—owing to the extensive works—must have been in a wretched state, which afforded the natives an opportunity of indulging in the national privilege of grumbling, and the papers stated that they were “well assured that a great personage had expressed strong disapprobation at the shameful appearance of the Park.”* Hence also the remarks of M. Grosley, a French gentleman who visited London in this year. His observations on the Park are sufficiently minute and interesting to be given in his own words. “St. James’s Park and its appurtenances are not kept in such good order as those gardens which belong to particular buildings [such as Gray’s Inn,—Lincoln’s Inn,—and the Temple Gardens]. In that part nearest Westminster, nature appears in all its rustic simplicity: it is a meadow regularly intersected and watered by canals, and with willows and poplars without any regard to order. On this side, as well as on that towards St. James’s Palace, the grassplots are covered with cows and deer, where they graze or chew the cud, some standing, some lying down upon the grass. This gives the walks a lively air which banishes solitude from them when there is but little company; when they are full, they unite in one prospect the crowd, the grandeur, and the magnificence of a city as wealthy as populous, in the most striking contrast with rural simplicity. Agreeably to this rural simplicity, most of these cows are driven about noon and evening to the gate which leads from the Park to the quarter of Whitehall. Tied to posts at the extremity of the

* General Evening Post, August 15-17, 1771.

grassplots, they swill passengers with their milk, which, being drawn from their udders upon the spot, is served, with all the cleanliness peculiar to the English, in little mugs at the rate of a penny a mug.* From these last remarks it is evident that the so-called "milk fair" in the Park still occupies the same site as it did a hundred years ago. Indeed, it was held there still earlier, for Tom Brown, in the last year of the seventeenth century, describes members of Parliament strolling up and down the "Green Walk" being disturbed in their political discussions by "the noisy milkfolks crying, 'A can of milk, ladies! A can of red cows' milk, sir.'"

Notwithstanding the state of disorder, the Park about this time appears to have been frequented as much as ever. An anonymous German traveller and savant, who was in London in 1773, describes it as "swarming in the evening and night with people of all ranks, who promenaded up and down the Mall, not only by daylight but even after dark, by the light of an innumerable quantity of lamps. . . . When the sun shines, the ground sparkles with the pins which have dropped from the ladies' dresses."†

The people whom these foreign travellers saw in the Mall, must have amused and astonished them: those were the days of Macaronia, and the Parks swarmed with Macaronis and Macaronesses. Strange creatures they were: the male in general wore a sky-blue, pink, or peagreen coat, with sleeves too small for the arm, and buttons too big for the sleeves; a pair of fine Manchester stuff breeches, clouded silk stockings, but no legs. A club of hair behind (like the chignon of our belles) larger than the head that carried it, a hat the size of a sixpence on a head not worth a farthing, and a walking-stick almost as large as the club of the Hercules Farnese, adorned with satin ribbons and silk-tassels. Nor was the costume of the female a whit

* Grosley, "A Tour to London." 1772.

† Bemerkungen eines Reisenden durch England, etc., in Briefe. Altenberg, 1775, vol. ii. p. 416.

less extraordinary. Their headdresses rose to a most prodigious height, so that a woman was only second to her coiffure, and the face of a middle-sized lady was about the centre of her apparent altitude. This *échaffaudage* was all extraneous matter, palpable sophistication; a monstrous compact of wool, sheepstails, false hair, flowers, gauze, feathers, ribbons, corn, fruit, vegetables, lace, and what not, piled up to a height of at least two feet, surmounting a mass of hair, pasted into rigidity with pomatum and powder, and propped up by a cushion: it was such a load, indeed, that the frail form tottered under "the spreading honours" of her head. Many fine ladies, in order to save trouble and expense, used to sleep with this tower of Babel upon their heads, covering the whole structure with a pillow-case instead of a nightcap. They had to lie all night on their backs, with their heads in the centre of their beds, and with their knees up to their chins or half their legs out at the end of the couch. The fearful details of the "opening" of such a head, that is to say, the combing and cleaning of it, after it had been left undisturbed for three weeks, I leave to the readers' imagination, or rather I would advise them not to think of it. Take it all in all, it was certainly one of the most ugly fashions ever known to the children of men. It was imported from France by Lady Anna Maria Stanhope: scarce had that famous beauty shown herself with a nodding plume on her head, but all the Lady Babs and Lady Bridgets imitated her example. Ere long the ladies became a feathered race, and as a mincing beau observed, they had only to transfer their plumes from their heads to their shoulders, to be at once changed into angels. It was then that, in 1775, the Duchess of Devonshire was the most envied woman of the *ton*: it was not for her personal charms, though they were innumerable, nor for her fortune, title, or equipage, though they were splendid to a degree, but . . . for a delicious ostrich feather, presented to her by Lord Stormont on his return from Paris. That magnificent feather measured exactly one yard and

three inches, and made all the other topple-crowned pullets of inferior plumage look quite insignificant in her lovely Grace's presence. The mob, however, did not always seem to approve of these new fashions. One Sunday, for instance, when the beautiful Duchess of Rutland appeared in the Mall, adorned with a feather of most enormous magnitude, and of a colour altogether extraordinary and "*exotic*," her Grace had not completed one turn before she was beset with such a crowd of critics, gazers, and admirers, that it became actually impracticable for her to proceed. Finally, the admiration and criticism began to grow rather too vociferous, and her Grace, being unfortunately alone, had to solicit the interposition of two gentlemen, who at last with considerable difficulty, succeeded in seeing her safe into her carriage.

With such wildly extravagant head-dresses, it is a marvel how any lady could look pretty. Yet these were the days of those brilliant and fascinating beauties, immortalized by the graceful pencil of Reynolds and of Gainsborough. Never perhaps was there such a galaxy of beauties in the Mall as at that period. There were the Lady Townsend and her two beautiful sisters, the Montgomeries, whose lovely semblances, though the substance is long since gone to dust, still bewitch the visitor of the Vernon Gallery. There were the Countesses of Derby and of Barrymore, Viscountess Hinchinbrook, Lady Stanley, the Hon. Miss Pitt; above all there was that celebrated trio of Duchesses of Devonshire, Gordon, and Rutland, of whom a contemporary poet sang:—

“Come, Paris, leave your hills and dells,
 You'll scorn your dowdy goddesses,
 If you once see our English belles,
 For all their gowns and bodices.
 Here's Juno Devon all sublime;
 Minerva Gordon's wit and eyes;
 Sweet Rutland, Venus in her prime;
 You'll die before you give the prize.”

An admirer of the beauties of those days, a man of an arithmetical turn of mind, amused himself and his contemporaries in 1776, by drawing up a scale in the

Morning Post of the accomplishments of the most famous toasts. He analysed them as follows:—

SCALE OF BON TON.

	Beauty.	Figure.	Elegance.	Wit.	Sense.	Grace.	Expression.	Sensibility.	Principles.
Duchess of Devonshire . . .	15	17	13	11	10	5	3	9	16
Duchess of Gordon . . .	12	5	0	14	13	5	15	13	3
Countess of Derby . . .	4	11	5	2	3	7	4	9	11
Countess of Jersey . . .	11	6	1	2	0	11	12	5	0
Countess of Barrymore . . .	19	18	18	19	18	19	17	19	18
Countess of Sefton . . .	14	16	13	3	4	6	9	12	13
Lady Harriot Foley . . .	9	17	14	13	7	12	11	13	16
Lady Anna Mar. Stanhope	7	17	13	15	12	11	2	18	17
Lady Melbourne . . .	9	0	11	3	5	14	6	8	15
Mrs. Damer	7	16	15	13	14	12	14	5	2
Mrs. Crewe	15	7	4	6	8	0	15	14	12
Mrs. Bouverie	12	16	14	7	9	10	8	19	12

It must be admitted the papers of those days took strange liberties. Her Grace of Gordon's pleasure must have been mixed with bitterness on discovering that, though her beauty was computed at 12, her principles were only = 3, and her elegance = 0. Fancy the satisfaction of Lady Jersey on seeing set forth in print that both her principles and her sense together amounted to 0!

The Parade still continued to exhibit by turns the bright and the dark sides of military life. There the Guards constantly paraded in all the glittering pomp of gaudy uniforms, whilst the heart-stirring strains of the band awakened no end of martial ardour in the breast of truant City apprentices. Owing to that music the bands of friendship had been broken between many

a journeyman and his master. Many a letter which required the utmost dispatch kept pace with the stately tramp of the battalion; and it was, thanks to this glorious pomp and circumstance, that such numbers of apprentices got their heads broken, and that the newspapers were crowded with advertisements of runaways. At one of these parades in 1773 it happened, as Lord North was passing in his chariot, that his horses took fright when the drums began to beat. They ran away, and a poor washerwoman was run over and killed. Had my lord come to his end instead of the poor laundress, what thousands, nay millions, of lives might have been saved. America might still be an English colony; there would have been no internecine war between North and South; the history of the world would have been very different. But it was otherwise ordained.

On the Parade also military flogging-executions continued to take place. An ugly contrast with the merry music was that whistling of the cat-o'-nine-tails, the "thud" with which it fell on the naked back mingling with the cries of the tortured soldier. In June, 1763, an officer was taken off the Parade by two constables for having ordered a soldier to be so severely whipped that his life was despaired of. The mob was so enraged against this gentleman that they would have torn him to pieces, and the Justice to whose house he was taken, and who would not deliver him up to the infuriated multitude, had all his windows broken, and would probably have sustained more serious damage had not the soldiers been called out to disperse the rioters. The floggings in those good old times appear to have been cruelly severe. In 1771 a serjeant received on the Parade 500 lashes, in two instalments of 250 each, for enlisting men into the French service; and, in the same year, a sentinel in the Guards was actually flogged to death for saying "there is no more encouragement for a good soldier than for a bad one." The poor fellow fainted twice under his punishment, but no surgeon being present, the execution was con-

tinued. A few hours after he died raving mad in the hospital of the Savoy. Another soldier, in 1773, received 400 lashes for selling his regimentals; he, too, fainted several times during the operation. "It is a pity," says the *Middlesex Journal*, relating this horrible affair, "that some other punishment cannot be found out than that disgraceful one of whipping a man like a dog." What would that correspondent have said could he have foreseen that it would be another century before the degrading lash would be abolished.

A great rumpus took place on the Parade one day in 1769, when a certain General Gansell was arrested for debt by bailiffs. Seeing a superior officer in trouble, the lieutenant ordered out a sergeant's guard against the sheriff's officers. They rescued the General with bayonets fixed, and thus for once the toga had to give way to the sword. The said General Gansell was a nephew of Joshua Ward, a notorious quack to whom Pope alludes in two lines—

"He serves apprenticeship who sets up shop,
Ward tries on puppies and the poor his drop."

This man having cured some complaint in the hand of George II., refused all payment, but requested that his nephew might be presented with a pair of colours instead. For himself he asked permission to ride through St. James's Park, a favour at that time reserved for a chosen few; the King granted both requests, and nobody in his Majesty's dominions was happier than the quack when he rode triumphantly through the Park in his gilded coach with six long-tailed horses.

During the American war, it was on the Parade that men were constantly draughted from the regiments of Footguards to be sent to America. Ten, twelve, or even twenty men out of each company, were told off every now and then, and marched off the ground to the slaughter-house, cheerfully shouting "God bless King George," and vowing death and de-

struction to the stubborn rebels, who would neither drink our tea nor pay our taxes. Ere long men began to be scarce in England. So well had the recruiting sergeants done their work that about 1777 the country was completely drained of "smart young men," and the military standard consequently had to be reduced from five feet six to five feet one. Ireland, which, then as now, was a nursery of soldiers, was so utterly cleared out that not an Irish haymaker was to be seen in all England. Even the footpads and highwaymen diminished in number, thanks to the press-gangs which used to sweep away thousands of idle and disorderly fellows, and transform them into sailors.

Though the mania for betting had by this time considerably abated, yet occasionally the papers related some curious feat performed in St. James's Park. In August, 1767, for instance, a noble Lord laid a wager of thirty guineas with a gentleman of fortune, that he would not swim across the canal with all his clothes on, his hat on his head, and his cane in his hand. The gentleman satisfactorily performed the feat in the presence of a great number of spectators. In September, 1768, a man ran for a bet the whole length of the Mall in two minutes; and another, in July, 1775, ran six times round the whole Park in fifty-eight minutes. But a more curious bet was decided in the month of May in that same year. For a wager of twenty guineas, a ham, and a fowl, a man drew a fourteen-pound weight the whole length of the Mall, whilst he was standing at one end of it, by means of a line to which the weight was fastened. The strength required to draw this weight with a cord of such length, it is calculated, must equal a force sufficient to move 500lbs. But that is an effort of arithmetical ingenuity I cannot take upon myself to investigate, and so, having stated the fact according to the old journalists, the reader will please make the calculation himself.



TEMPEST'S VIEW OF THE PARK IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.

CHAPTER XXX.

A CELEBRATED AQUATIC CHARACTER.

THE improvements in the condition of the canal were finished some time in 1775. Among the swans which at that period were placed on its water, there was one who, for many generations, was a well-known character with the London public under the name of "Old Jack." This gigantic and venerable bird was hatched in the gardens of old Buckingham House, and for many years basked in the sunshine of royal favour; Queen Charlotte was extremely partial to him, and frequently condescended to feed him herself. His immense size, sociable disposition, and undaunted courage constantly excited the admiration of the public. Jack's strength and intrepidity were astonishing: frequently is he said to have seized by the neck and drowned an unlucky dog who chanced to approach the edge of his watery domain. Once he even took hold of a boy about twelve years of age, who had been teasing him, by the leg of his trousers, and dragged him up to his knees in

the water. But Jack never acted on the offensive, and, if not annoyed, was exceedingly tractable. The march of modern improvement, however, affected poor Jack as much as it has done thousands of more pretending bipeds. In his old days the Park was laid out in a different manner; the Ornithological Society was formed, and a host of feathered foreigners found their way on the canal, with whom Jack had many fierce and furious encounters, in which he invariably came off successful. But a legion of Polish geese at length arrived, who immediately opened hostilities against poor old Jack. Despising anything like "fair play," they attacked him in a body, and pecked him so severely that he drooped for a few days and then died. This sad event took place in 1840, when Jack consequently must have numbered well-nigh threescore and ten.

Another anecdote connected with the feathered tenants of the canal may be inserted here, although, if the incident ever happened, it must have been somewhat earlier than the period under consideration. The celebrated Charles Townshend, when Chancellor of the Exchequer during the Chatham administration, used every morning, as he went from his mother's residence to the Treasury, to pass by the canal. Though sufficiently notorious for the versatility of his politics to deserve the nickname of the "Weathercock," he was very constant in his friendship for the ducks, whom he used to feed with bread and corn brought in his pocket for that purpose. One morning, having called his affectionate friends, the ducks, together, he discovered that he had unfortunately forgotten the usual provisions: "Poor duckkeys!" he said, "I am sorry I am in a hurry and cannot get you some bread, but here is a sixpence for you to buy some;" and he threw the ducks a sixpence, which one of them gobbled up. At the Office he told the story to some gentlemen with whom he was to dine that day at the Star and Garter Tavern, in Pall Mall. There being ducks for dinner, one of the gentlemen ordered a sixpence to be put into the body of a duck, which he gave Townshend to cut up.

Our hero, surprised at finding a sixpence among the stuffing, bade the waiter send up his master, whom he loaded with epithets of rascal and scoundrel, and swore bitterly he would have him prosecuted for robbing the King of his ducks; "for," said he, "gentlemen, this very morning did I give this sixpence to one of the ducks in the canal in St. James's Park!"

Notwithstanding the extensive repairs and improvements which the Park had undergone between 1771 and 1775, the grumbling still continued. In October, 1775, a letter addressed to Lord Orford, the keeper, appeared in one of the papers,* bitterly complaining of "the rough and intolerable manner" in which the walks were kept. After some personalities about not paying his workmen, the writer goes on to say that the public intend petitioning his Majesty "on the subject of this unbearable grievance," and "sign their real names, which, my Lord, if all the complainants should do, I presume their number would far exceed that of any address ever presented." Then, growing suddenly inspired, the writer gives vent to his feelings in the following delectable couplets, which are enough to set a ballad-singer's teeth on edge:—

"TO THE KING.

" 'Tis yours, great George, to bless our safe retreats,
 And call the Muses to their native seats;
 To deck anew the flow'ry sylvan places,
 And crown the forest with immortal graces.
 Though barb'rous monarchs act a servile strain,
 Be thine the blessings of a peaceful reign;
 Make James's Park in lofty numbers rise,
 And lift her palaces nearer to the skies."

But the poet's voice was as of one in the wilderness: Lord Orford continued to hunt and rear cattle, and left the Park to its fate.

With the exception of a violent storm on the last day of the year 1778, which tore up a score of trees by the roots, and a duel near the Cockpit, one evening in

* Middlesex Journal, October 14-17, 1775.

December, 1779, in which a gentleman was killed on the spot, there happened nothing particularly interesting in the Park between 1775 and 1780. Robberies were numerous, but as they only varied from each other in the manner of their performance, it would be a waste of time to enumerate them all. One only may be mentioned on account of the daring circumstances which accompanied it. One evening a servant to Mr. Duncombe, of Grosvenor Square, passing through the Park, was seized by a man in the garb of a soldier, who first robbed him and then swore, that if he did not procure him two guineas by next day, he would watch him and before long knock his brains out. The man promised to find him the money. On the following night the robber came himself to Mr. Duncombe's house, and showing a "visiting ticket," which he had taken out of the man's pocket, asked for the servant, who, on seeing the robber, was seized with such a fright that he had scarcely power to speak. Fortunately the hall porter was a man of mettle, and as he had heard of his comrade's misadventure of the night before, he understood matters much better, and at once seized the unwelcome visitor. The footpad, however, broke loose and took to his heels, followed by the porter. Seeing a chandler's shop open in North Audley Street the robber darted into it, and up the stairs till he reached the garret, where he no doubt hoped to get out by the roof. But, being too closely pursued he hid himself under a bed, was dragged from his hiding-place by the porter, and delivered to the watch. In due time he rode down Holborn Hill, and departed this life at Tyburn.

During the Gordon Riots, in June, 1780, a complete camp was formed on the lawn by the side of the canal, to be prepared for all emergencies, and to protect the surrounding palaces and Government buildings, whilst Buckingham House was defended by a Colonel's guard of a whole regiment. Altogether between three and four thousand troops were collected in this neighbourhood; but during the first night, the alarm was so

great that no tents could be obtained, nor even straw for the soldiers to rest upon. Among the anecdotes related of George III. on this occasion, it is said that no sooner was this made known to him, than he went through the ranks, accompanied by one or two officers, telling the men that his Crown could not purchase straw that night, but they might depend on it that a sufficient quantity should be provided in the morning. In the meantime his servants should try to make them amends with an allowance of wine, spirits, and beer, to render them as comfortable as possible, and he himself would keep them company. The King kept his word, passing the night either in walking amongst the troops, or sitting in the Riding House (which was considered the head quarters), with the exception of short visits to the Queen in order to keep up her spirits. As long as the camp remained, the King was frequently seen walking between the tents, and on June 16th, when he went to open Parliament, all the troops were under arms, and gave the royal salute as the gilded coach with the eight cream-coloured horses passed, whilst the bands played the national anthem.

As in Hyde Park, so in St. James's, the public in general were excluded whilst the camp was in the Park, and their admittance was left to the discretion of the sentinels who mounted guard at all the entrances. The ill-dressed grumblers who had been excluded, vented their temper in letters to the newspapers, and complained that only men with a good coat on were admitted, whilst several persons who had "stepped out of their coaches at the Horse Guards" had been refused admittance. One correspondent related how a Colonel's lady had complained to him that it was only with the greatest difficulty she had gained admission, and that whilst waiting outside she had suffered, as Dr. Johnson would have said, "the utmost exacerbation of human misery," in seeing her cook-maid inside, and soon after one of her own footmen with the two maids of "next door" on his arms. Another correspondent thought that the Camps in the

Parks ought to put up boards at the entrances, with the inscription "Licensed pursuant to Act of Parliament," for it had become as much a matter of course to pay a shilling to the sentries for admission into either of the Parks, as into Ranelagh or Vauxhall Gardens. Finally, one of the numerous letters written to the papers on this occasion is rather curious, as showing the wide difference existing between officers in the Footguards then and now. The said letter strongly complains that the Camps are so "distressing" to the subaltern officers, who before could dine with their relations, but now had to live at mess, at a cost to them not less than eight shillings and sixpence a day, whilst their pay was only four and sixpence.

The camp broke up as soon as London was restored to quietness. George Colman the younger, at that time a student at Oxford, happened to be at home for the holidays not long after the insurrection, and gives a vivid description of the appearance the Park presented:—"Although," says he, "all scenery except the scenery of a playhouse was at that time lost upon me, I have thought since of the picturesque view St. James's Park then presented. The encampment, which had been formed there in consequence of the recent riots, was breaking up; but many tents remained, seeming to be scattered, from the removal of others out of the formal line which they originally exhibited. The effect they produced under the trees and near the canal was uncommonly gay and pleasing."*

The camp of course had not tended to improve the general appearance of the Park. Lord Orford had been for a time succeeded by the Earl of Sandwich, *alias* Jemmy Twitcher, and as that nobleman was by no means popular, the papers fell very hard upon him. Notwithstanding this, the Mall continued the daily resort of all that was gay and great in London. People walking there on the morning of July 27, 1782, were struck by the rather curious and unusual

* George Colman, "Random Records." 1830. Vol. i. p. 314.

sight of a man carrying upon his shoulders a handsome mahogany coffin for a child. There was a silver plate upon it with an inscription, and those who had the curiosity to approach sufficiently near to read it, found that it contained the following words:—

MASTER FREDERICK FRIGLETON,
Died 27 July, 1782.
Aged 4 years.

That Master Frederick Frigleton, if ever there was a child rejoicing in such a name, should have died on the 27th of July was nothing extraordinary. But that he should have had *à point nommé* a mahogany coffin ready prepared to lay him in, on the same morning on which he died, was a circumstance that gave some reason for speculation. Quidnuncs and coffeehouse wits put their heads together, and came to the conclusion that it was a political squib, intended as a satire on the wretched conduct of Admiral Keppel that day four years previously, in the presence of the French fleet. For, although the Admiral had been acquitted on the charge of cowardice and ineptitude by the Government, he was by no means cleared of it in the popular opinion, and for a long time shared the public opprobrium with “Jemmy Twitcher,” the First Lord of the Admiralty.

It was some satisfaction, however, about this time to see the Count de Grasse take his evening airings in the Mall, in company with Sir Peter Parker, he having been made a prisoner when Admiral Rodney defeated the French fleet at the Leeward Isles, and captured the *Ville de Paris* (the French Admiral’s ship), besides four other line-of-battle ships. The Count, the papers tell us, “was taken notice of by all ranks of people, which he returned in a very polite manner.” In one of these promenades he was met by a sailor, who had been on board Lord Rodney’s ship the *Formidable*. Jack eyed the Count from head to foot, and invoking a blessing on his own organs of sight, exclaimed—

“——, he is a fine fellow! Aye, and a —— brave one too, and fights like an Englishman. What say you, my hearties,” addressing the crowd which gathered round them, “shall we give him three cheers?” The multitude shouted assent to Jack’s proposal, and all joined in three hearty cheers, to which the Count replied by taking off his hat, seemingly well pleased with this public testimony of his gallantry. It was well for the Count he was a prisoner, for in France they thought very differently about his conduct. There his misfortune, which was the effect of mere foolhardiness and precipitation, made them forget all his former merit, and the masterly manœuvres by which he had frustrated all the attacks of our troops in America, and occasioned the capture of Lord Cornwallis’s army. As usual under adversities, the French consoled themselves with witty epigrams and ballads; one of these was very good; it was sung to the tune of *Jardinier, ne vois-tu pas?* and contained the following couplets:—

“Notre amiral s’est rendu
De la meilleure grâce;
C’est gagné plus que perdu,
Français, de quoi te plains tu?
De Grâce,
De Grâce.

“Prenez nos vaisseaux de rang,
Anglais, on vous le passe.
Mais pour notre équivalent
Gardez notre commandant
De Grasse,
De Grasse.”

None of the metamorphoses of Ovid was anything like so wonderful as one which about this period took place in the presence of the public. The year 1781 saw the Mall covered with ladies whose fair forms tottered under their Babylonian headdresses, when lo! all at once “a change came over the spirit of the dream,” and the cloud-capped headdresses dissolved, leaving scarcely a rack behind. Then the ladies were

at a loss for a new coiffure ; they tried all the shapes of caps imagination could devise. First the cap resembled the porch of a church door, then the cupola of St. Paul's, next it was flat as a pancake, and then round as a balloon. Finally, after all those transformations, something was produced which neither resembled anything in the heavens above, nor on the earth beneath, nor anywhere else ; something very ugly indeed, which I shall not attempt to describe, but which must be familiar to the reader from Sir Joshua Reynolds's portraits. Powder also was discarded by all those who wished to remain within the pale of fashion, those who still continued to wear it being called "iron-greys." This was parting with a very essential item of female ammunition, so that it might have been expected the massacre of beaux and lovers would have lessened. No such thing. "The present," exclaims the enraptured *Public Advertiser* (August 21, 1783), "is an age of beauties. Of every ten women we meet nine have a claim to the appellation of handsome. A man cannot now walk the Park and say he is secure. Every eye darts love," &c.

At the same time the male sex adopted a costume which up to that period had been solely worn by grooms and stable-boys. All former amplitude was discarded, and in order to look as slim and lanky as possible, they curtailed their hats, their side locks, and the skirts of their coats. Thus trimmed, above and below, compared with their former "spreading honours," the men looked like so many game-cocks cut out of feather for a cocking match. The stiff and formal coat was laid aside, the leg was cased in a boot, and with the groom's garb, the fine gentleman assumed some of the groom's manner. Insolent broad staring at the ladies became fashionable : the naked eye was not enough, and then for the first time that general attack of ophthalmia came over the nation, which, like other abominations of fashion, has repeatedly broken out since. Every gentleman wore an eyeglass, used for no other purpose

but to "quiz" the ladies. But these changes in the fashions were nothing compared to one which remains to be mentioned. *Moustaches* appeared. As the late Russian war gave a start to, and succeeded in introducing, these beautiful appendages of the male upper lip among the present generation, so the American war rendered moustaches fashionable among our great-grandfathers, after they had been disused ever since the days of Charles II. The *petits-mâîtres* of the day devised ways and means to make themselves look as formidable as possible. They cocked their round hats *à la Militaire*, on one side of the head, over a caronade curl as large as a six-pounder, and charged with powder *à la Maréchale*. To this they added high-collared black coats, boots with jingling spurs, whilst over their right shoulder, by way of a musket, they carried half a whangee, a piece of cane about two feet long. Above all they now commenced growing what they called "whiskers." That moustaches are meant may be seen from the following description:—"They order a black rim to be left from the nostril to the corner of the mouth; but how far the ladies may like Turkish fashions, it is not for us to say."*

In consequence of peace having been concluded in the beginning of the year 1783, between Great Britain and America, France, Spain, and Holland, a great number of men-of-war were paid off, or rather the crews were dismissed, but *paid* they had not been. Meeting with no redress in their applications to the Admiralty, they at last resolved to solicit the King in an imposing body. For this purpose some seven hundred sailors, on April 19, 1783, gained admission into St. James's Park, by scaling the walls on the Westminster side, the gates and avenues having been previously closed and guarded, when this threatening body was seen approaching. As soon as they were discovered in Birdcage Walk, a detachment of the Guards was

* Public Advertiser, August 20, 1783.

ordered to meet them, and a conversation followed between two or three of the sailors, Justice Addington, and the officer of the Guards. The sailors informed them that they demanded only their wages and prize money, which they meant to do peaceably; they also requested that some means might be devised for their future employment, as a number of foreign sailors had been engaged on board several outward-bound vessels, in consequence of their accepting inferior wages. Justice Addington then informed them that the meeting in such a large body was illegal and dangerous, and assured them that if they would draw up a clear account of their wants and grievances, and depute a committee to present it, he would endeavour to obtain redress for them. This answer produced the desired effect, the tars expressed their approbation by three cheers, and retired with regularity and order. A number of outward-bound vessels had been completely unrigged by these men; and the merchants, in order to prevent further interruption, discharged the foreign crews and engaged English sailors, though at an advance of 12*s.* a month.

In May and June, 1784, the earliest Handel Commemoration took place in Westminster Abbey. The first performance was to take place on 26th of May, when the number of performers would amount to 522. Though this seems a mere handful to us, accustomed to the Handel Commemorations of the Crystal Palace with their thousands, yet it was at that time the grandest musical performance ever attempted in any country. As the Abbey was computed to hold an audience of about five thousand, an order was published which strictly forbade the ladies to wear any feathers or other "extraneous ornaments" tending to increase their natural size and dimensions. It was in ridicule of this monster festival and the compulsory simplicity of the ladies' dresses that the following project of an Arcadian merry-making was proposed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, April, 1784:—

“ A short hasty Plan for a Country Dance in the Mall in St. James’s Park, on the First of May next ensuing, whimsically offered to the consideration and farther improvement and superstructure of the gay, the cheerful, the sprightly, the enamoured, and the romantic.

“ The company is to consist of 500 couple.

“ The ladies to be apparelled like shepherdesses, their flowing tresses carelessly tied back with a white ribbon. The men are likewise to be habited like shepherds; both are to be clad in green, and both to be crowned with chaplets of flowers. The swains with heart’s-ease, the nymphs with flower-gentle.

“ No one of either sex is to be of the party who is completely miserable; or, to state the cause of exclusion more clearly, whose joys are perceptibly overbalanced with woe. It was at first proposed to make the same exception to any one who should be completely happy, but that clause, on a very short reflection, was judged quite superfluous and unnecessary, and is therefore omitted.

“ Every swain is to have for his partner the nymph he loves best: the necessity of her consent is not here mentioned, because it is supposed to have been obtained at least a week beforehand. Whoever shall have had the hard fate to meet with a refusal, will feel himself in the number of the excluded, and stay away.

“ Every tree-top on each side the Mall is to harbour a fiddler, and every tree-foot a piper.

“ Every tree and its opposite is to support a spacious arch matted with the honeysuckle, the virgin’s bower, and the amaranth, from the crown of which is to depend a magnificent lustre, illuminated with a hundred tapers of myrtle wax.

“ In the centre is to be erected a colonnade, the pilasters to be placed on the outside of the Mall; after the height of 20 feet, to incline semi-circularly in the form of a cupola and unite in a pedestal, on which is to be placed Clay’s musical clock with a chamber of country dances.

“The space between all the trees on the outside of the Mall, is to be filled with a large table plentifully stored with neguses and sweetmeats.”

London, in consequence of the peace, was now again honoured by the visits of many foreigners of distinction. At the head of these may be mentioned the Duke of Chartres, eldest son of the Duke of Orleans, and the Duke de Guines, who, before the war, had been Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. The Duke of Chartres was accompanied by his son-in-law, the Count de Charolais, and by his two daughters, who soon took rank amongst the greatest beauties of the Mall. Shortly afterwards, the Countess de Genlis, who had been governess to the children of the Duke of Orleans, and was a lady of considerable literary celebrity, came also to London. It was in consequence of this visit that the moss rose was introduced into France. Lord Mansfield having found out, by the help of a French peerage-book, that the Countess's birthday fell on the 10th of July, with the charming gallantry of those old times, surprised her on that day with a basket full of moss-roses. That flower was unknown in France, and as the Countess was enraptured with it, the amiable old Lord on her departure presented her with a large moss-rose tree. Mme. de Genlis gave some slips of it to Perroy, the great nurseryman in Paris, and thus the bunches of moss-roses which we now see in the windows of Mme. Prévost in the Palais Royal, and at the florists on the Boulevards, are most probably descendants of a tree reared in Caen Wood, Hampstead.

Mme. de Genlis, though much caressed by our aristocracy, scarcely attracted so much attention in the Mall as the resplendent beauty of her adopted daughter, Pamela, a young lady of English extraction. At the time when the Countess was charged with the education of the young Princes of Orleans, she had procured a little English playfellow for the royal children, in order to make them thoroughly conversant with our language. This child was the daughter of a Mr. Seymour, by a woman of a low class named Mary Sims,

who, having been left destitute at the death of that gentleman, was but too glad to make over to the French lady her little daughter, Nancy, for a consideration of twenty-five guineas. The name of Richardson's then fashionable heroine, Pamela, was substituted for the vulgar English appellation, and the child participating in the lessons of the young Princes, grew up a most amiable and accomplished young lady. She was adopted by Mme. de Genlis, and eventually became the wife of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the Irish patriot. With regard to this marriage it is curious to observe the fatal influence this nobleman exercised over the matrimonial felicity of Sheridan. Mrs. Sheridan (the beautiful Miss Linley) was deeply in love with Lord Edward, and died in consequence of this unfortunate attachment. It was a year or two after her death that Sheridan saw Pamela, and was so struck with her singular resemblance to his lost and still dearly beloved spouse, that he desired to marry her. But once more Fitzgerald's shadow darkened his path. Him too that likeness had struck, and he loved Pamela as ardently as he had adored Mrs. Sheridan. The consequence of it was that he followed Mme. de Genlis to France, and obtained the young lady in marriage. Thus Nancy Sims became daughter-in-law of his Grace the Duke of Leinster.*

In the presence of these exotic beauties "all lesser stars hid their diminished heads." Every butterfly of fashion fluttered around those French belles, who actually breathed in an atmosphere of sighs. Among the most conspicuous ladies who endeavoured to uphold our countrywomen's reputation for beauty against those lovely French invaders, particular notice is due to two

* I am aware that the peerage-books proclaim Pamela to have been an illegitimate daughter of the Duke of Orleans. My version of her history is that given by Mme. de Genlis; and as that lady in her Memoirs does not screen numerous other vagrant amours of the Duke, there is no reason why she should have done it in this instance, and have attributed such a mean parentage to her adopted daughter, if she could have boasted a left-handed descent from the blood-royal of France.

notorious leaders of *ton*—Lady Archer and Lady Craven. Nature had given Lady Archer, formerly Miss West, a fine aquiline nose, somewhat like that of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette of France, and her ladyship did not fail to give herself a splendid complexion. She had a magnificent house in Portland Place, with *et cætera*, equal in beauty and brilliancy to, or rather surpassing, any of her contemporaries. She gloried in milk-white steeds to her carriage, the coachman and footman in grand showy liveries, and the carriage lined with a silk calculated to set off her complexion, so that the whole presented a most gorgeous appearance. Her friend and rival—Lady Craven—subsequently more notorious as the Margravine of Brandenburgh,* was gifted with still more multifarious accomplishments. Not only was she, like her friend, a first-rate equestrian, a dashing whip, and an excellent musician, but in her spare moments her ladyship used to tread the light, flowery paths of literature and play-writing. She was also very expert in painting—her face; the two above-named ladies having been among the first to introduce this Parisian accomplishment among our British virgins and matrons. Rougeing, fashionable in the seventeenth century, had been revived in our country in the spring of 1778, when a Miss Buncombe (“something in a name”) was one of the earliest votaries of this delightful accomplishment. The following paragraph is from a contemporary newspaper:—“The late Miss Buncombe’s very singular method of *enamelling* herself is said not to have been buried with her, but to be now surviving in the practice of those two rivals for occasional charms, Lady A[reher] and Lady C[raven].”† How far this process deserved the name of enamelling, I leave to the disciples of Madame Rachel to decide; thus much is certain, that in 1783 painting was generally

* Her ladyship was daughter of Augustus, fourth Earl of Berkeley, and after the death of her first husband, William, sixth Lord Craven, remarried in 1791 the Margrave of Brandenburgh Anspach.

† Public Advertiser, January 11, 1782.

requ: rouge was “*the thing*” for the promenade, but pearl-powder for the midnight assembly.

The year 1785 witnessed a useful innovation, namely, the introduction of chairs in the Mall, which a *cicerone* informed the public were placed there by a distressed gentleman for whom contributions were collected. The papers tell us that the belles were “quite delighted with the plan of being *chaired* and surrounded by the men, *à la mode des Tuileries*. As for the hard wooden bottoms of these chairs, they are enabled to bid defiance to them by means of the elastic cushions with which they are paniced.”* Nor were the chairs and the “elastic cushions,” alias *queues de Paris*, the only importations from France: there was a complete interchange of fashions between the two nations. Everything English passed current in Paris; and the Parisian gentlemen, the Duke of Chartres at their head, imitated the stalk and swagger of the English jockey, with the “dammé,” the stare, and the cockade of our beaux. Our ladies followed the Parisians through all the vagaries of their hats and caps. In this year, '85, the *parachute* was the fashionable head-dress—a hat which a wicked wag thought would be highly conducive to virtue, since, some ladies being liable to trip, he hoped it would keep them from falling. This *parachute* was a hat of very large dimensions; its origin is too amusing to be passed by in silence. Cardinal Fleury having been asked for a present by the Countess Dubarry, his Eminence, who was a wit as well as a Prime Minister, sent her a very large hat, inside of which was written, in Greek characters, the well-known text, “Charity covers a multitude of sins.” The Countess got an Abbé of her friends to translate the line, and, entering into the spirit of the joke, returned the hat to the Cardinal after having replaced the text by another scrap of paper, on which were the words, “Charity begins at home.” The lady took care to tell the story wherever she went, and the large hat became fashionable: it was at first called

* St. James's Chronicle, April 12, 1785.

“the cardinal’s hat,” but the Church being offended at this profanation of holy things, it was re-baptized and became the *parachute*.

It was not a little singular that Lady Waldegrave should have been mobbed in the Mall, the very day exactly twenty-four years after the same misfortune had befallen on the same place to one of her aunts, as told in a former chapter.* On Sunday evening, the 23rd of June, 1783, as Lady Anna Horatia Waldegrave was walking in the Mall with Miss Keppel and Mr. Windham, the mob collected about them in such a manner as to render it almost impossible for them to proceed. This impertinence, though originating perhaps in admiration of the ladies’ beauty, at last became so annoying that Mr. Windham found it necessary to conduct his fair charges to their carriage. Upon this the mob, irritated at their retreat, began to use some unpleasant freedoms with Mr. Windham and a few of his friends who had come to his assistance. The gentlemen finding all pacific remonstrance in vain, were at last compelled to draw their swords and defend the ladies *vi et armis*, until finally the affray became so violent that it was necessary to send some of the Guards in order to rescue them from the hands of the mob, or they might have paid dearly for their gallantry. The Sunday after this there happened a more serious affair. A Mr. Millar, a retired army-surgeon, shot a Captain Bailey, R.N., through the breast. As ever since the war of Troy—and even before that period—“lovely woman” was again the *teterrima causa* of the strife. Millar met the Captain walking with his (Millar’s) spouse in the Park; an altercation ensued, during which the offended husband requested him to leave his wife, and on the Captain’s refusal, drew a pistol from his pocket and shot him. The murderer, who, by-the-bye, had a wooden leg, was at once secured, and removed to Tothill Fields Bridewell.

Mme. la Princesse de Lamballe, a pretty little Sa-

* See p. 430.

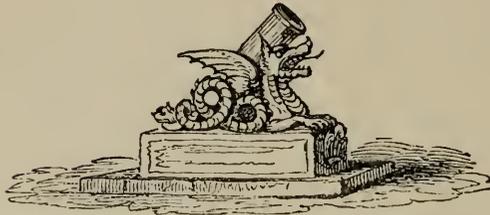
voyard, with luxuriant and charming hair, visited London in 1786, and once or twice took a turn in the Mall, accompanied by Mrs. Fitzherbert and Sir Peter Burrell (afterwards Lord Gwydir). She was a dear friend of the unfortunate Queen Marie Antoinette, and on that account one of the first victims of the Revolution, as we all know. That same year another future victim of the revolutionary guillotine, the beautiful and celebrated Mme. Roland, paid London a visit. In a short account of this trip which she wrote for her daughter, she describes St. James's Park as "very brilliant on a Sunday evening, and full of well-to-do people and well-dressed women: in general," she says, "they are all tradespeople and citizens. The men are all dressed with great simplicity in dark cloth, white waistcoats, and always with their hats on their heads [not under their arm, as the Parisian *incroyables*]. Many of the women wear beautiful white muslin dresses, made exactly like those we have copied from them, but generally tucked up with *cordons* passing under the skirt, which lift the dress to just about the height of the petticoat. They all wear caps under their hats, some large, some small. The hat is also very varied in form, and loaded with ribbons; very few of them are so light and elegant as ours. But it is often enough that we wear a certain thing for them to reject it; for, though the vanity of some women makes them run after our fashions, the general spirit of the nation is to disdain and to affect to avoid them."*

Thus the truth must out: the glories of St. James's Park were on the wane. The Mall, "time out of mind the favourite haunt of love," now began to be deserted by the phalanx of fashion; in general, the frequenters were "all tradespeople and citizens." On Sunday evenings it used still to be crowded with well-dressed people, but it was *beau monde* of the second and third rank, with a decided preponderance of the plebeian element. The upper classes now preferred

* Œuvres de Mme. Roland. Paris. An VIII. Vol. iii. p. 234.

the Kensington Gardens and the Green Park, and the Mall was only resorted to by the outpourings of the shop, the counting-house, and "genteel second-floors," on both sides Temple Bar. Though the daughters of George III. used occasionally to take a walk under the shade of the old limes and elms, even as late as 1817, it was but too evident that the Mall was—

"Dying insensibly away
From human thoughts and purposes."



THE CADIZ MORTAR ON THE PARADE.



THE ORNAMENTAL WATER IN ST. JAMES'S PARK, 1840.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PEG NICHOLSON'S ATTEMPT.

ON the 2nd of August, 1786, as King George III. arrived from Windsor at St. James's Palace, in order to hold a levée, a woman, dressed in a flowered linen gown and a black bonnet, approached the King just as he stepped out of his carriage at the garden gate. His Majesty, seeing that she held a paper in her hand, was going to take it, when the woman attempted to stab him with a dessert-knife. At the flash of the blade the King quickly made a step backwards, so that the point merely glanced between his coat and waistcoat without inflicting any wound, and the would-be assassin was instantly secured. She proved to be an insane Yorkshrewoman, named Margaret Nicholson, who frequently before had pre-

sented petitions. Good King George had a terrible fright, notwithstanding his apparent coolness. When he returned to his coach after the levée, six grenadiers and a sergeant, besides four Yeomen of the Guard, were ordered to stand at his side, and the King himself carried his drawn sword in his hand. "But this," said the conciliatory papers, "we must attribute to accident; the Sovereign is of too exalted a mind to have recourse to naked arms in the midst of his subjects."* In the gratitude of his heart at this narrow escape, George conferred several knight-hoods, the happy recipients of which were popularly dubbed with the nickname of Peg Nicholson's Knights. Poor Peg was lodged in Bedlam, chained to the ground by her leg, and an Act was passed in the next session to render her perpetual confinement legal. Up to that time persons guilty of high treason, though they were mad, had invariably been executed, since there existed no law substituting confinement instead of capital punishment in such cases. Peg Nicholson escaped once, in 1790, but was recaptured the same day, and died in the hospital in 1828, after a confinement of forty-two years.

Another mad attempt on the King's life was made on the 20th of January, 1790, as he was going in state to the House of Parliament. When the coach was passing the corner opposite Carlton House, in the Park, a large stone was thrown at the King with great violence by a tall man dressed in a scarlet coat, black breeches, a striped waistcoat, and a cocked hat with a cockade, from the centre of which dangled an immense bunch of orange-coloured ribbons. The man was immediately apprehended, and taken to the Secretary of State's office at Whitehall, where he was examined during four hours. He proved to be the same person who had, about a fortnight before, written a libel against the King and stuck it on a whalebone which hung in the courtyard of St. James's Palace. His name was John Frith, and he proved to have been a

* Middlesex Journal, August 4, 1786.

Lieutenant in the 37th Foot, in which regiment he had served with distinction, but had quitted the army on account of his deranged intellect. He was tried in April following on the charge of high treason, but the jury brought in a verdict of lunacy. It was on this attempt that Peter Pindar made the following epigram :—

“Talk no more of the lucky escape of the head
 From a flint so unluckily thrown :
 I really think very different, indeed,
 ’Twas a lucky escape for the stone.”

Nor was his Majesty the only person in his dominions who was attacked in St. James’s Park. In that same year of 1790, the ladies of London were for a while put in a terrible flutter by the dangerous freaks of a lunatic named Renwick Williams, and by the frightened fair surnamed “the Monster.” This fellow took a fiendish pleasure in following ladies at night about the streets and stabbing or cutting them. After having remained for a long time undiscovered he was at last recognised in St. James’s Park by a Miss Porter whom he had assaulted, and having been given into custody was committed to the new prison in Coldbath Fields, Clerkenwell. He was identified by several of his victims, and tried under a statute (6 Geo. I. cap. xxiii. sec. 11), which renders it transportable felony to assault any person with intent to cut, spoil, or deface their garments, though certainly his attempts were much more flagitious and diabolical. The ladies took great umbrage at this indictment ; they considered it an unpardonable affront that a few yards of silk or satin should have been preferred to their precious limbs, which were entirely overlooked in the charge. A meeting of judges, held at Serjeants’ Hall, also considered that the indictment was bad in point of form, and declared the offence to be only a misdemeanour ; the upshot of it was that the fellow got off with two years’ imprisonment for each assault, and had to find security for his future good behaviour.

Owing no doubt to the state of things at that time

prevailing in France, a fermentation of the most alarming kind pervaded the whole mass of our people in the year 1795. The various associations united for the purpose of Parliamentary reform were particularly bold, and distinguished themselves by the inflammatory speeches of their principal members. One of these associations, the Corresponding Society, held a meeting in Copenhagen Fields (where the New Cattle Market now stands), attended by about 50,000 people. At this meeting the conduct of the Ministers was arraigned in the most unqualified language, and a remonstrance to the King on the necessity of peace was universally agreed upon. A scarcity at that time prevailed through the kingdom, which the discontented attributed to the war, and gradually the dislike to the war degenerated into hostility to the Government. This dissatisfaction showed itself in a violent manner on the 29th of October, 1795, when the King was going to the House of Lords. The Park was crowded with the largest mob ever witnessed there, and the royal state-carriage was surrounded on every side by a mass of people of the lowest order, who hooted, groaned, and shouted "Peace, peace;" "No war;" "Down with Pitt;" "Down with George;" "No King;" whilst a shower of stones was flung at his Majesty, nine of which were subsequently picked up in the carriage. The glasses and the panels were broken, and a ball fired from an air-gun passed through one window and went out by the other. These outrages were repeated on the King's return from the House, when his Majesty was only attended by two servants behind the coach. A party of the mob barred the road just under St. James's Palace garden wall, stopping the carriage with the intention of dragging the King out of it. Fortunately, some Lifeguards returning from duty were informed of his Majesty's danger; they immediately rode to his assistance and delivered him out of the hands of the mob, and escorted him to Buckingham Palace. When the empty coach re-

turned, it was covered with mud and dirt, and almost demolished by the infuriated rabble.

Three or four men who had been foremost in these tumults were taken prisoners, and a reward of 1000*l.* was proffered by royal proclamation for the detection of any person who had taken part in these personal insults to the King. One Kyd Wake, a journeyman printer, having been arrested among the gang which followed the royal coach, was tried at the King's Bench. He was charged in the indictment with "having indecently and disloyally hissed and hooted his Majesty on his way to and from his Parliament;" and the jury, without hesitation, returned a verdict of guilty. Upon this the man was sentenced to be imprisoned and kept to hard labour in Gloucester Gaol for five years, to stand once in the pillory on a market day in one of the public places of that city, and to find security on his liberation in 1000*l.* for his good behaviour for ten years.* A more important consequence of these riots in the Park was the introduction into Parliament of the obnoxious Pitt and Grenville Acts, popularly known by the name of "Gagging Bills," which were considered at the time to strike at the foundation of the venerable fabric of our old English liberty.

In that same year, 1795, some workmen in digging a drain on the Parade discovered a skeleton more than six feet below the surface, which seemed to have laid there more than a hundred years. But under what circumstances that skeleton had been deposited there no man could tell. A mere waif and stray on the ocean of time, it told no tale but that a human being had been and had perished—

"Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd;
No reckoning made, but sent to his account
With all his imperfections on his head."

On the 23rd of March, 1802, the anniversary of the

* Kyd Wake, some years after his liberation, was killed by accident. He was crushed between a post and the wheel of a waggon, in the neighbourhood of Doctors' Commons.

battle of Alexandria, the Egyptian gun was placed on the Parade, in the presence of the Earl of Chatham and a large number of military officers and spectators. The battalion of the Guards parading at the time, was formed into a hollow square, whilst the band was playing "God save the King," and as the gun was placed in its proper position, the men gave three cheers. This gun had been captured from the Turks in Egypt by the army under General Bonaparte, and was taken from the French at the battle of Alexandria. It was originally twenty feet long, but it now only measures sixteen. Eight months after it had been placed on the Parade it was singled out for a prominent part in one of the maddest conspiracies ever recorded. An Irish gentleman of good family, Colonel Edward Marcus Despard, was at the head of this plot, the rest of the conspirators were some thirty or forty labourers, journeymen, and private soldiers. Their intention was to overthrow the existing government, and to obtain constitutional independence, with equality and extension of rights. For that purpose the gun in the Park was to be loaded with four balls or chain-shot, one of the conspirators, a private in the Footguards, would contrive to be posted as sentry over it, and fire it right into the King's coach as he passed through the Park on his way to the House of Parliament. As soon as the King should be dead, they were to plunder the Bank, sack the Tower and the Houses of Parliament, and so forth, all apparently without the aid of any other firearms but their tobacco-pipes, for not a single pistol or musket was found in the possession of the conspirators. The ringleaders were arrested at the Oakley Arms Tavern, in Lambeth, on November 16, 1802, three days before the Parliament was opened. Colonel Despard to the end denied the existence of any conspiracy; but though Lord Nelson, Sir Evan Nepean, and Sir Edward Clarke, spoke highly to his character, and of the eminent services he had rendered in the West Indies, he was hanged as a traitor with six of his accomplices on the top of the Horsemonger Lane Gaol, on February 21, 1803. With

the exception of decapitation after death, the bodies of the sufferers were not exposed to the usual infamies inflicted on traitors, to which they had been sentenced. And a week after the execution, the body of Despard was conducted to its grave in St. Faith's, under St. Paul's, in a hearse drawn by four horses, and followed by three mourning coaches.

At the end of the year 1803, the nervous people about Hammersmith were kept in a state of trepidation at the constant reports of a ghost having been seen wandering late in the evening about that neighbourhood. The perturbed spirit disappeared, however, when an unfortunate bricklayer with a white smock on was shot dead one night, he being mistaken for the ghost. Subsequent inquiries brought to light that it was a shoemaker who had assumed the appearance of an unearthly visitor, in order to frighten a couple of freethinking apprentices. But, though the supernatural had been thus reduced to a very sober fact in Hammersmith, there were other ghosts abroad not so easily laid. In that same winter, in the month of January, 1804, the figure of a headless woman was said to appear in St. James's Park, in the witching time of night when churchyards yawn and shrouded ghosts do burst their cerements. It was seen to glide through the dark and silent Park from the Cockpit to the canal, where it vanished into air or sank into the water. Old women about Westminster laid their heads together, and were soon able to account for the apparition: they well remembered that some twenty years before a serjeant in the Guards had murdered his wife by cutting off her head, and had thrown her body into the canal. Thus, the headless ghost being a well-established fact, became the constant theme of conversation among the soldiers round the fire in the guard-room, and shivering and shaking the sentries went to their post in the Park on stormy nights, when the wind was howling in the trees and lashed the waters of the canal against its banks.

The officers of the Guards, however, did not think

it worth while to investigate the tale of horror, until at last the rumour became so general that they desired to trace it to its source. Several men declared on oath that they had seen the apparition, and the following two different versions touching this dreadful sight were signed before the adjutant of the regiment in the orderly room of the Horse Guards, and were subsequently declared upon oath before Sir Richard Ford, one of the magistrates of Westminster.

“I do solemnly declare that whilst on guard at the Recruit House [now the Wellington Barracks], on or about the 3rd instant, about half-past one in the morning, I perceived the figure of a woman without a head, rise from the earth at the distance of about two feet before me. I was so alarmed at the circumstance that I had not power to speak to it, which was my wish to have done. But I distinctly observed that the figure was dressed in a red striped gown, with red spots between each stripe, and that part of the dress and figure appeared to me to be enveloped in a cloud. In about the space of two minutes, whilst my eyes were fixed on the object, it vanished from my sight. I was perfectly sober and collected at the time, and being in great trepidation called to the next sentinel, who met me half way, and to whom I communicated the strange sight I had seen.

(Signed)

“GEORGE JONES,
“Of Lieut.-Colonel Taylor’s Company
of Coldstream Guards.

“Westminster, *January 15, 1804.*”

Thus much for the ghost of the headless woman; another soldier had a different vision, more in the Ann Radcliffe style, and stated as follows:—

“I do hereby declare, that whilst on guard behind the Armoury House (to the best of my recollection about three weeks ago), I heard at 12 o’clock a

tremendous noise, which proceeded from the windows of an uninhabited house, near to the spot where I was on duty. At the same time I heard a voice cry out 'Bring me a light! bring me a light!' The last word was uttered in so feeble and so changeable a tone of voice, that I concluded some person was ill, and consequently offered them my assistance. I could, however, obtain no answer to my proposal, altho' I repeated it several times, and as often heard the voice use the same terms. I endeavoured to see the person who called out, but in vain. On a sudden the violent noise was renewed, which appeared to me to resemble sashes of windows lifted hastily up and down, but then they were moved in quick succession, and in different parts of the house nearly at the same time, so that it seems impossible to me that one person could accomplish the whole business. I heard several of the regiment say they have heard similar noises and proceedings, but I have never heard the cause accounted for.

(Signed) "RICHARD DONKIN,

"12th Company of Coldstream Guards

"Whitehall, *January 17, 1804.*"

So generally was this story believed that one night a clergyman bivouacked in Birdcage Walk, patrolling it for several hours, in the hope of meeting the ghost and exposing the fraud. But no ghost did appear, and it was thought that the trial of the man who shot the white-smocked bricklayer in Hammersmith had reached the ears of the *headless* woman, and that she had consequently bid adieu to the scene of her nightly visits. Others adopted the still simpler theory that the sentries who had seen the ghost had been drunk, and that the only spirits concerned in the matter were of an ardent kind.

During the great Jubilee-festival of 1814 St. James's Park had also its share of attractions, particularly for those who were afraid to encounter the troubles and dangers of a mob, and who could afford half a guinea for comparative security and comfort. The Birdcage

Walk, the Parade, and the space in front of Buckingham House, were appropriated for the paying part of the spectators of the splendid firework, which was to celebrate our great doings by land and by sea, and the glorious accession of the House of Brunswick. Round and oblong tents were pitched along the sides of the canal, and a number of Thames watermen had permission to ply on the stream. A wooden attempt at a Venetian Rialto Bridge had been thrown over the stagnant waters, and by the side of it a bright yellow and blue wooden pagoda reared its many-storied height, from which magnificent fireworks were to be let off at night.

Between two and three in the afternoon the Park began to fill, and at dusk it was so crowded that it bore the appearance of Vauxhall on a full night. The time till dark was chiefly employed in pleasure trips on the canal, promenading, eating and drinking, and a paltry balloon which at six o'clock was let up from before Buckingham House, in the presence of the illustrious Duke of Wellington. About nine o'clock the lawn was lighted up by two rows of stars and crescents, placed alternately on flag-staffs at each side of the canal, whilst the Mall and Birdcage Walk were illuminated with spirals of lamps, winding round the trunks of the trees. Soon after, the bridge and the pagoda were also illuminated; every part of them was covered with lamps, gaslights (then a novelty in illumination) being introduced in proper proportion to relieve the glaring splendour with its pale silver lustre. The whole formed most decidedly a very pretty *coup d'œil*, and appeared like a blazing edifice of golden fire.

All at once a rocket hissing up into the dark air, and the booming of several guns, announced the commencement of the fireworks. The pagoda threw up wheels and stars innumerable, and every rising star poured forth a fiery shower, whilst rockets sprang up from its top. The effects of this vivid light on the water, the foliage of the surrounding trees, the scattered tents, and the numerous assemblage of spectators on the lawn,

was really magical and beggars description. Unfortunately, towards the conclusion, the pagoda took fire: engines were procured, and at once commenced playing upon it, but to no effect. It continued burning, till at last the five upper stories fell, all blazing, with a tremendous crash into the water. Some serious accidents happened during this fire: a couple of workmen lost their lives, and half a dozen more were seriously injured. This was the only misfortune which happened in the Park. Fears had been entertained that the mob might have been tempted to invade the enclosure and make free with the accommodation the booths afforded. But, to the honour of the people be it said, nothing of the kind occurred.

On the following day the Park presented a most pleasant and animated scene. Thousands of well-dressed people were promenading the greensward, and the canal was covered with gaily decorated boats, in which many worthy citizens and their families, for the first and last time of their lives, enjoyed a row upon this regal river. The lawn, that sacred precinct into which money alone could procure admittance on the day of the fireworks, was now thrown open to the public at large. There the grass which had been newly cut, and was still remaining piled up on the ground, produced an agreeable rural effect, and its fragrant smell must have been highly gratifying to the olfactory nerves of the close house-keeping cockneys. As early as five o'clock all the booths were filled; "music arose with its voluptuous swell" from the cracked instruments of numerous brass bands, and all went on as merry as a marriage bell. Dancing-booths and marquees also had been erected in which the votaries of Terpsichore could trip it on the light fantastic toe at the rate of 2*s.* and 1*s.* per couple, while those less liberally apportioned by Fortune were content to foot it on the greensward. Favoured by glorious summer weather these festivities continued for a whole week; new booths arose every day, and those that existed extended daily in size. It was as if the people for one

week were relieved from the calamities of the time and the cares of life. The "Corsican Ogre," war, and taxes were utterly forgotten; their long-depressed minds expanded with elastic force and heated them into a fever of enjoyment, and night after night when the moon peeped over the lofty trees she witnessed such scenes in the Park as whilom she was wont to see on the banks of the Eurotas, when swarms of pretty nymphs and jolly satyrs skipped merrily about to the sound of Pan's pipes and the cymbals of the fauns.

When the festivities had come to an end the ruins of the pagoda were taken down, but the bridge was opened for public use and continued so until the great changes which took place in the Park in 1827. It was *apropos* of this paltry wooden construction that Canova, when asked what had struck him most during his stay in England, is said to have answered:—"That the trumpery Chinese bridge in St. James's Park should be the production of the Government, whilst that of Waterloo was the work of a private company." The comparison, however, was hardly fair. It would have been as absurd to construct a massive colossal bridge over the meagre canal as to build a garden bridge over the vast expanse of the Thames. The fact is, it is scarcely probable that the great artist ever made such a silly remark.

In December 1815 the First Regiment of Grenadier Guards was inspected on the Parade by the Duke of York, accompanied by the Austrian Archdukes John and Louis, who were then on a visit to this country. Two French eagles, taken at Waterloo, were on that occasion solemnly deposited in Whitehall Chapel; the names of Waterloo, Corunna, and Lincelles, were for the first time seen inscribed on the standard, and the men appeared in new grenadier bearskin caps, similar to those they now wear. Another trophy of our wars with France was set up on the parade in August following, namely, the dumpy Cadiz mortar. During the war in the Peninsula the city of Cadiz was shelled by Marshal Victor from fort Matagorda two miles from

the town. This mortar, however, stood at Puente de Suazo, the water-key of Cadiz, at a distance of full three miles, and one day plumped one of its shells, 108 pounds in weight, right in the middle of the Alameda just as the *beau monde* were taking their afternoon lounge. Mantillas and resillos were in a terrible fright; fortunately it was a blind shell and nobody was hurt. The defeat of Marmont at Salamanca recoiled on Victor, who at once followed Catilina's example, and *abiit, excessit, evasit, erupit*, leaving his artillery behind. The fact of this monster mortar having thrown shells at a distance formerly supposed beyond the range of projectiles, induced the Spanish Regency, at the retreat of the French army, to send this interesting piece of ordnance as a present to the Prince of Wales. It was entrusted by the Duke del Infantado to Admiral Legge, who brought it safely to England, and, as said above, it was located in its present position on the Parade on the 17th of August, 1816, in the same position as it had been found in the French camp, nearly at an inclination of 45 degrees.

This monster mortar was cast in France expressly for the siege of Cadiz; the fellows to it stand behind the Guardhouse in the Unter den Linden at Berlin, having been brought away from Paris as a trophy by the Prussian army under Blucher, during the occupation of that capital in 1815. The carriage of our mortar was made at Woolwich under the direction of the Earl of Mulgrave: its ornamentation is said to bear reference to King Geryon, a monster with three bodies and three heads, whom Hercules slew at Cadiz, after "lifting" his anthropophagous cattle. Jekyll, the famous punster, however, explained it differently, and said that the dogsheads were merely placed on it in order to justify the latin inscription, which is certainly of a somewhat canine species.

But this trophy, and a couple of eagles taken at Waterloo, scarcely made up for 800,000,000*l.* of national debt incurred by our wars with France. Well might Talleyrand say, "*Le bel échange de 800,000,000 livres*

d'Angleterre pour un Louis !" We certainly had not the best of *that* bargain. The people were exasperated by heavy taxation, the high price of provisions, and many other grievances. Meetings were held, mostly in Spa-fields, ostensibly for the purpose of considering the means of alleviating the misery of the people; but Hunt, Gale Jones, Cobbett, Major Cartwright, the stock-jobbing Lord Cochrane, and other popular leaders, merely came forward to inflame the minds against the Government. In January, 1817, the riotous spirit displayed itself very violently against the Prince Regent on his return from Parliament. As soon as the state-carriage had entered the Mall, numbers of malcontents surrounded it, and commenced hooting, hissing, and throwing mud, gravel, and stones at the Prince, shouting "Pull him out;" "Seize him;" "Down with him," and other insulting language. Two balls from an air-gun passed through the carriage windows, and from their direction appeared to have been aimed at the Regent. Some of the stones were thrown with such violence that the copper panels, which had been put up instead of plate-glass after the attack of George III. in 1795, were completely bent, and pieces of the ornament broken off. The Lifeguards also were insulted, and altogether the Prince was in a most unpleasant predicament. Captain Gronow, who happened to be on duty in the Park, and was just marching across with what is called the Tilt-guard, positively asserts that a bullet was fired at the Regent by a man who was concealed in one of the trees, but who escaped. It was anything but pleasant, says the Captain, to get through the mob, who were ripe for mischief; but it is his opinion that the Lifeguards who escorted the Prince exhibited a great want of energy on the occasion in not charging the rabble to clear the way.

In the first quarter of this century there was an old man who used to sweep a crossing in the Park near the Spring Garden entrance, of whom a very singular story is told. The peculiarity of this old crossing-sweeper

was, that whatever was the amount of the alms bestowed upon him, he invariably used only to retain a halfpenny and to return the rest to the donor. This singularity having got known procured him many halfpennies. It happened one day that the late Mr. Simcox, of Harbourn, near Birmingham, a gentleman largely engaged in the nail trade, and who was in the habit of going several times a year on business to London, was surprised by a heavy shower in one of the streets of the metropolis. Mr. Simcox took refuge under an archway, and had stood there a long time weathering the merciless pelting of the storm, when all at once the door of a handsome house immediately opposite was opened, and a footman in livery, with an umbrella in his hand, crossed the street, and, presenting his master's compliments, requested Mr. S. to come and take shelter in the house. That gentleman gladly accepted the hospitable invitation, and following the man, was ushered into a handsomely furnished drawing-room, where he was received by the master of the house.

Mr. Simcox at once was struck with a vague recollection of having seen that same person before, but where, or under what circumstances, he was unable to recall to mind. They soon entered upon an interesting conversation, which increased their mutual respect and confidence, while all the time the indistinct recollection kept recurring to Mr. Simcox, whose inquiring glances did not escape his host. "You seem, sir," said he at last, "to look at me as if you had seen me before." Mr. Simcox acknowledged he thought such was the case, but that he could not recall the occasion. "You are right, sir," replied the old gentleman, "and if you will pledge your word of honour to keep my secret until you have seen the notice of my death in the papers, I have no objection to remind you where and when you have seen me."

He then confessed that he was that crossing-sweeper in St. James's Park, who never accepted more than one halfpenny. "Many years ago," he said, "I first hit upon this expedient for the relief of my then

pressing necessities. I was at that time utterly destitute, but finding the scheme to answer beyond my expectation, I was induced to carry it on, until I had at last, with the aid of profitable investments, realized a handsome fortune, enabling me to live in the comfort in which you find me this day. And now, sir, such is the force of habit, that though I am no longer under any necessity for continuing this plan, I find myself quite unable to give it up. Accordingly every morning I leave home, apparently for business purposes, go to a room where I put on my beggar's clothes, and continue sweeping my crossing in the Park till a certain hour in the afternoon, when I go back to my room, resume my usual dress, and return home in time for dinner, as you see me this day."*

The Park about this time presented a wofully neglected appearance: the seats were old and without paint, the wooden railings round the grassplots were decayed, the grassplots themselves offended the eye with the rank weediness of their desolation, and everything about it plainly evidenced that its glories were a thing of the past. During the suffocating heat of the splendid summer of 1818 the well-shaded road between Carlton Gate and the Stable Yard was the favourite ride of those equestrian belles who had a wholesome

* The above curious story is thus related, upon excellent authority, in *Notes and Queries*, second series, vol. ix. p. 286. A parallel to it appeared lately in the newspapers, to which a correspondent sent the following:—"At a time when London did not contain much more than half of its present population, the late Mr. Alderman Waithman [the well-known patriot in the time of Wilkes] kept a very large drapery establishment at the south-east end of Fleet Street, fronting also to New Bridge Street. I was personally acquainted with the Alderman, and frequently saw him in his shop. There was a man apparently in a state of absolute destitution, who swept, and had for many years swept the crossing to Ludgate Hill. Miss Waithman, out of pure compassion to this man, was in the frequent if not daily habit of supplying him with soup and other means of support; at length the poor man died, leaving her 7000*l.* These facts were well known at the time, and I have no doubt are still within the recollection of some few at least of those still living, of whom I am one."

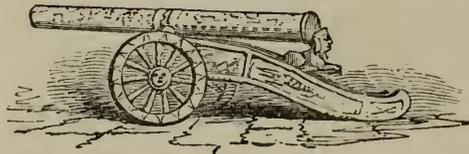
regard for their complexion, natural or artificial. But this was only a temporary resort, and the following season it was again as much forsaken as ever. It was about this time that Sir Richard Phillips reflected on its faded glories with the passing tribute of a sigh, and, indeed, *quis talia fando temperet a lacrymis!* "My spirits," says he, "sunk, and a tear started into my eyes as I brought to mind those crowds of beauty, rank, and fashion, which till within these few years used to be displayed in the Mall of this Park on Sunday evenings during the spring and summer. How often in my youth had I been a delighted spectator of the enchanted and enchanting assemblage! Here used to promenade for one or two hours after dinner the whole British world of gaiety, beauty, and splendour! Here could be seen in one moving mass extending the whole length of the Mall five thousand of the most lovely women in this country, all splendidly attired and accompanied by as many well-dressed men. What a change, I exclaimed, had a few years wrought in these once happy and cheerful personages! How many of those who, on this very spot then delighted my eyes, are now mouldering in the silent grave! Alas! that gay and fascinating scene no longer continues, and its very existence is already forgotten by the new generation. A change of manners has put an end to this unparalleled assemblage, to this first of metropolitan pleasures, though of itself it was worth any sacrifice. The dinner hour of four and five among the great, or would-be great, having shifted to the unhealthy hour of eight or nine, the promenade after dinner in the dinner full-dress is consequently lost."*

Indeed the sun had for ever set on the glories of St. James's Park. As a resort of fashion, it is now as antiquated and as utterly forgotten as Gray's Inn Walks or the lounge in Tavistock Street. Even the great changes of 1827-29, by which the Park was laid

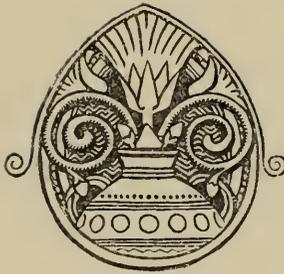
* Sir Richard Phillips, "Morning Walk from London to Kew."
1817.

out in that really tasteful manner in which we see it now, produced no effect in bringing back the tide of fashion. Thus its fate proves, what is instanced in so many localities of London, that when a place has once lost its prestige of fashion, it can never be permanently regenerated.

Thus have I storied the facts and anecdotes connected with the Parks. I have attempted to describe the life and manners of bygone generations, which have succeeded each other like wave after wave, just flashing into light for one moment to sink and disappear. I have noticed the shifting about of fashion, and, at the same time, the steady and uninterrupted march of progress. Trifling and unimportant as a work like this must be, yet there is always some benefit to be derived from these glances into the slumbering past. Those "good old times" were, no doubt, good in their way, but we have reason to be thankful that our lot has fallen in still better times. And now I have reached my goal, and shall not have employed my time uselessly, if the reader derives only half as much pleasure from these pages as I have received in collecting them from their multifarious sources.



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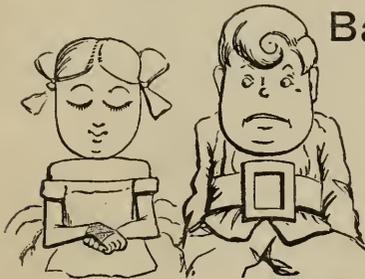
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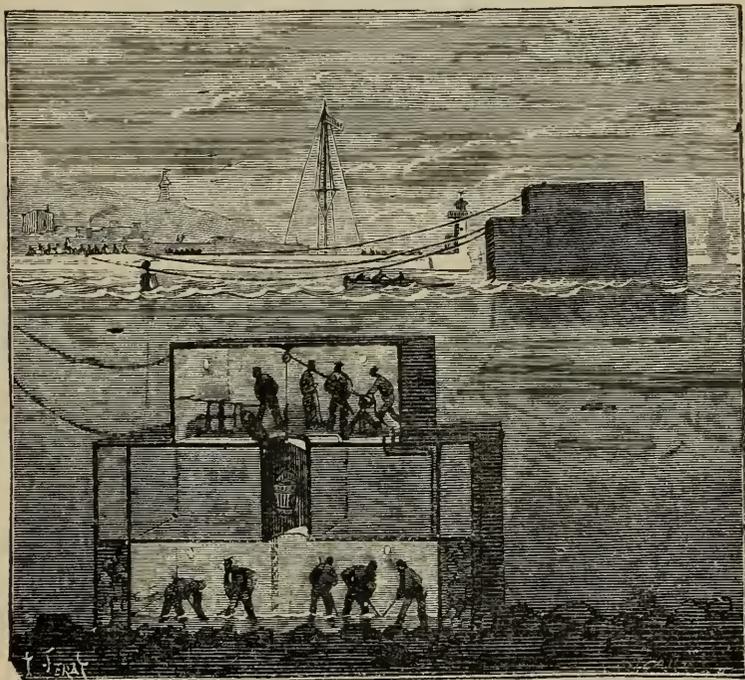
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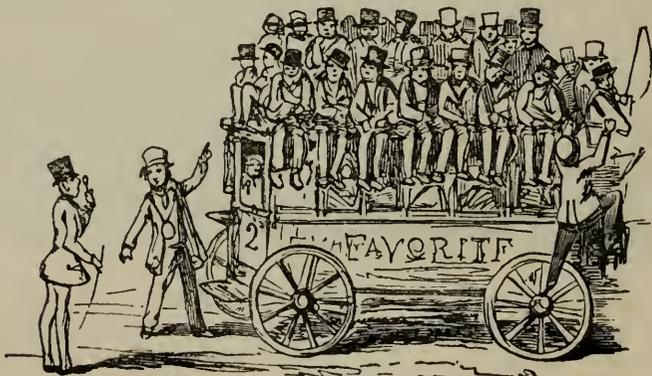
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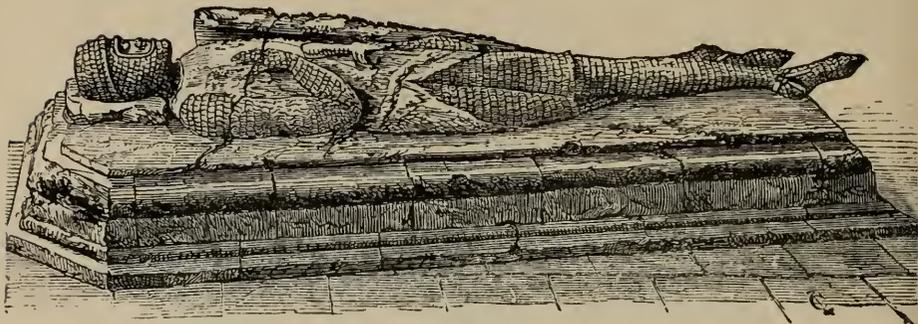
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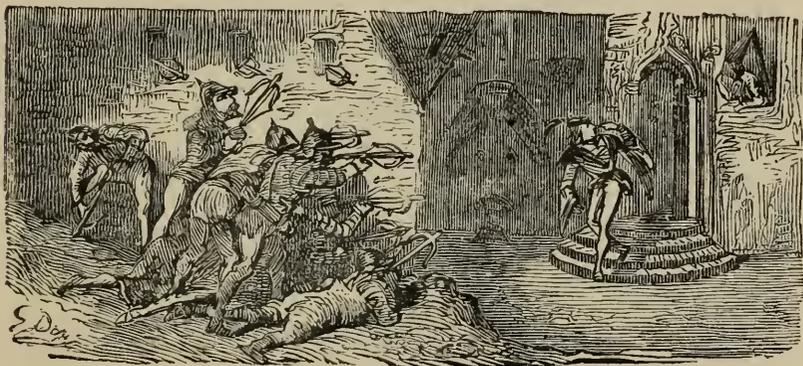
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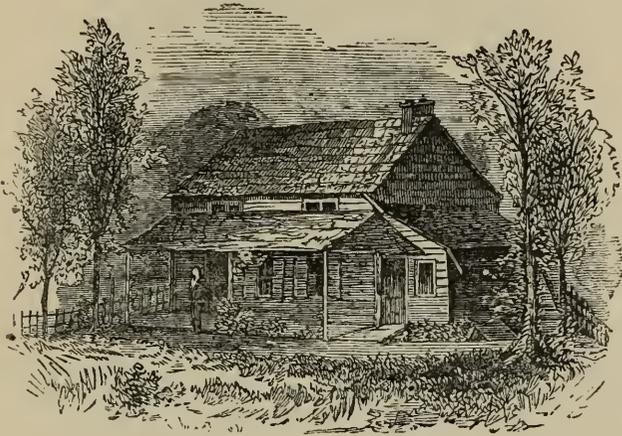
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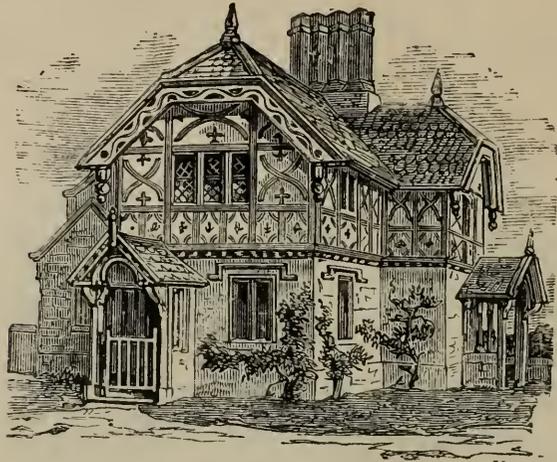
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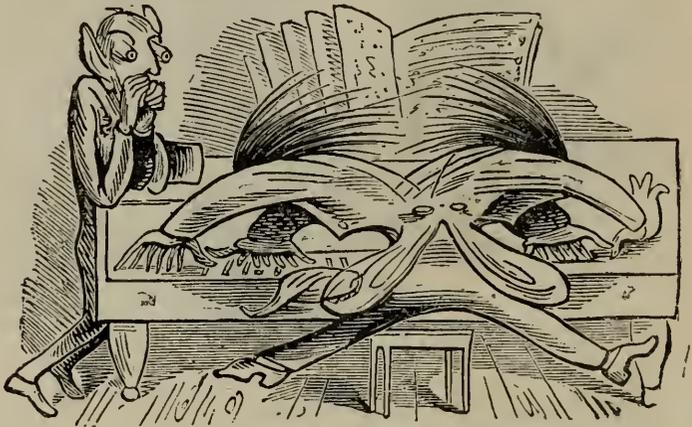
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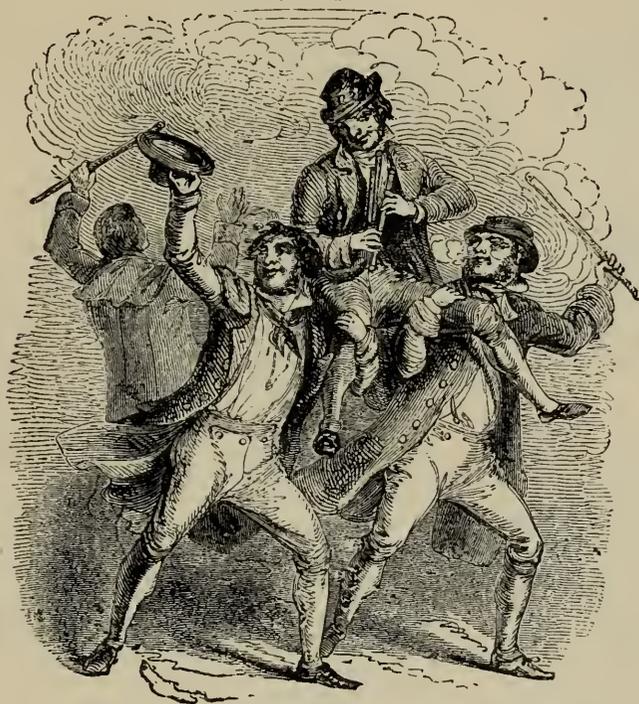
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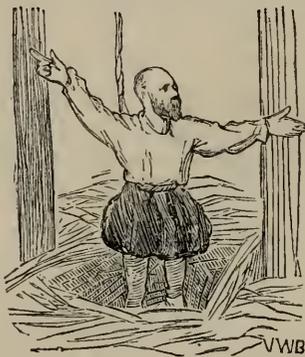
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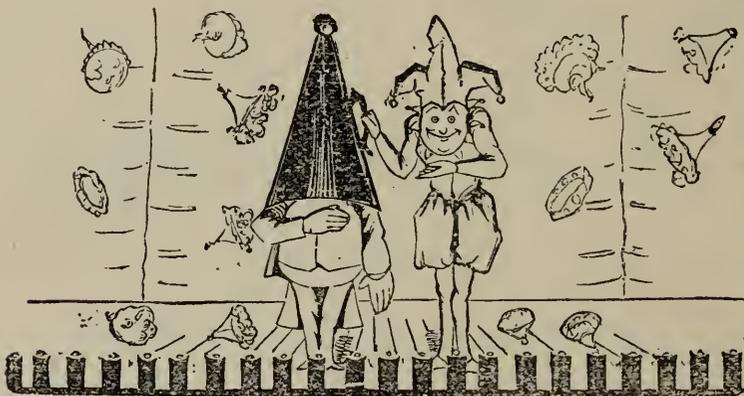
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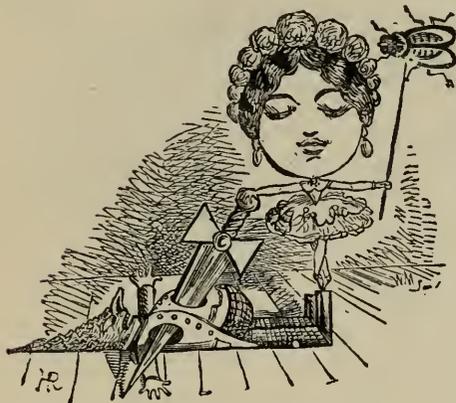
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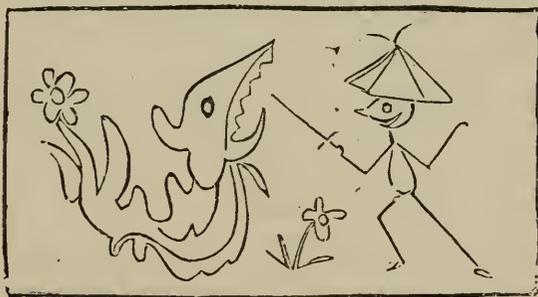
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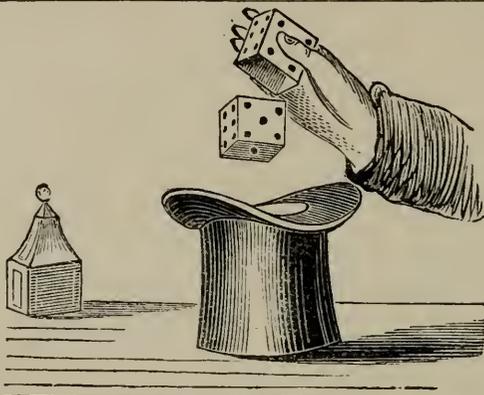
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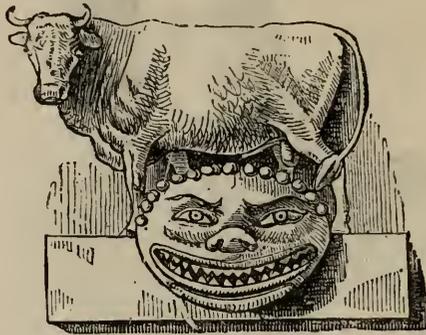
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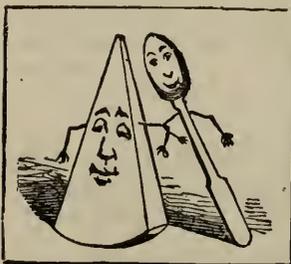
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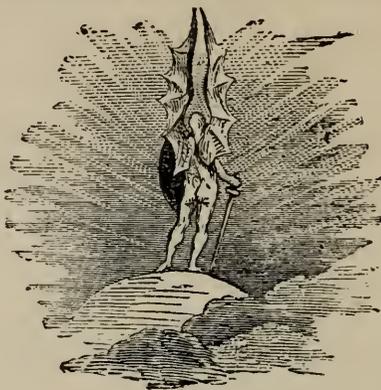
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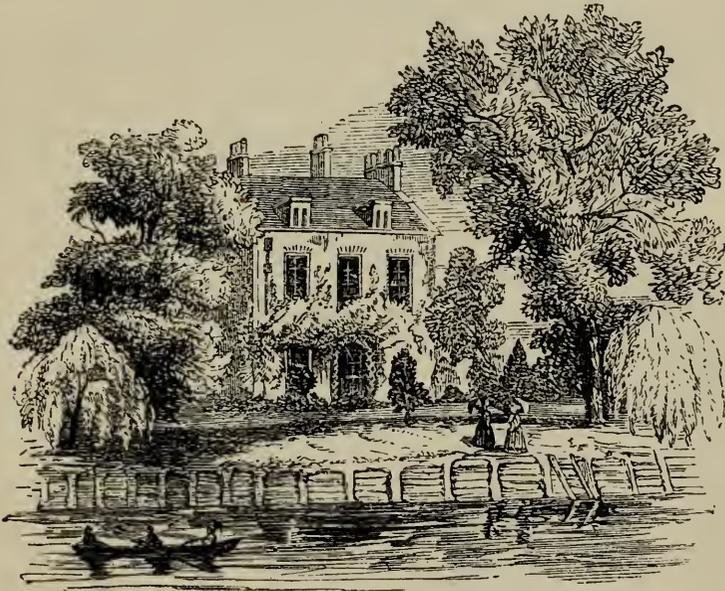
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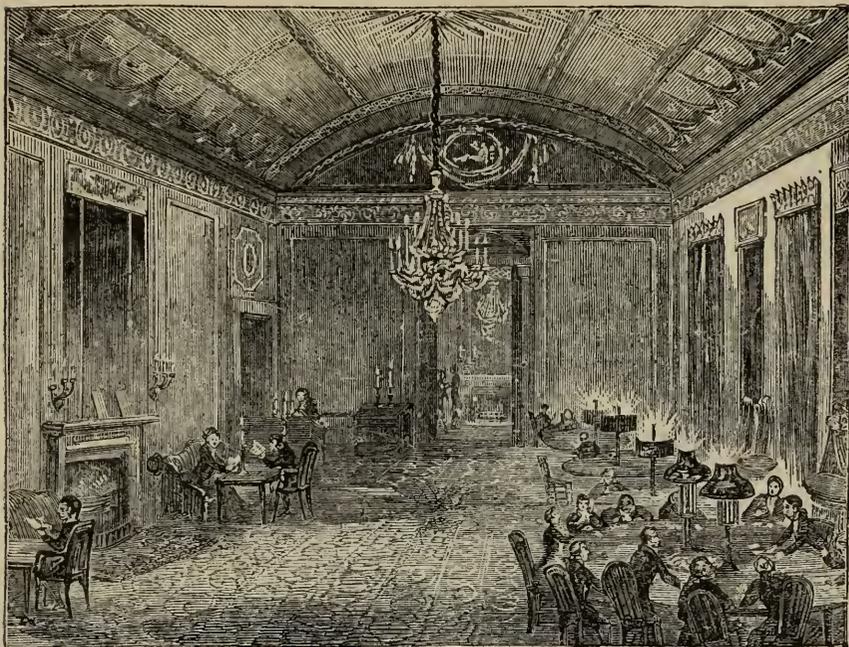
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