on each May-day; or when London shall again present some such refreshing glimpses of a happy population as that here shown. The modes in which a spirit of enjoyment develops itself are, of course, transitory; but the spirit itself, when once awakened, is permanent, and creates for itself modes adapted to the character of an age. What the working population have been accustomed to waste in gross excitements would buy them many holidays of innocent, and manly, and tasteful pleasures.

[Playing at Bucklers—Maids dancing for Garlands.]

[The Ornamental Water in St. James's Park.]

XI.—THE PARKS.

1. General View of the Parks.

An account of the Parks of London is an amusing and not unimportant chapter of the history of national manners since the Restoration; and it even affords glimpses of popular and fashionable amusement during the stormy period of the Commonwealth.

Stewart Rose, in his delightful 'Letters from the North of Italy,' playfully alluding to the disregard of salads and pot-herbs shown by the people among whom he was residing, mentions a purpose of migrating for a few weeks to a town somewhat further to the north with the object of procuring "*brouse*." All healthy stomachs feel a craving for "*brouse*" occasionally, in addition to bread and meat: one can almost fancy an intellectual scurvy being the consequence of too long an abstinence from spinach, greens, and lettuce. This mysterious sympathy between the soul and the principle of vegetation appears also in the universal inclination to take pleasure in looking at green fields. A pleasing example of this universal taste is mentioned in Mountstuart Elphinstone's 'Account of the City of Kabul:'—"The people have a great many amusements, the most considerable of which arise from their passion for what they call *sail* (enjoyment of prospects); every Friday all shops are shut, and every man comes from the bath, dressed in his best clothes, and joins one of the parties which are always made for this day, to some hill or garden near the town; a little subscription procures

an ample supply of provisions, sweetmeats, and *fulodeh* (a jelly strained from boiled wheat, and eaten with the expressed juice of fruit, and ice); and for a small sum paid at the garden, each man has the liberty to eat as much fruit as he pleases. They go out in the morning, and eat their luncheon at the garden, and spend the day in walking about, eating fruit off the trees, smoking, playing at backgammon, and other games, and listening to the singing and playing of musicians, hired by a trifling subscription." So, after all, these far-away people, so different in features, complexion, and faith, seek their enjoyments from the same sources with ourselves, as their necessities impress upon them a somewhat similar routine of toil. The citizens of Kabul have pretty nearly the same tastes as the *badauds* of Paris, or our own Cockneys, to say nothing of graver or more genteel personages.

The universality of this taste accounts for European governments (the prudent or the benevolent ones) having so often sought to keep their subjects in good humour by throwing open to them, that they might indulge in the "enjoyment of prospects," the parks and gardens of the sovereign. That eminent antiquary, Mr. William Shakspere, mentions a very early case—Mark Anthony's successful use of this device, when, to win over the Roman citizens from the party of Brutus and Cassius to that of the friends of Cæsar, he told them that the Dictator had bequeathed to them

> "All his walks,
> His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
> On that side Tiber; he hath left them you,
> And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
> To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves."

The popularity attending such a measure accounts for the fact that in almost all the capitals of Europe the very names of the open spaces of ornamented ground most frequented by their inhabitants demonstrate them to have been, at an earlier period, places reserved for the private pleasures of the monarch. The *jardins* of the Luxemburg, the *Thier-Garten* of Berlin, and the *Grosser-Garten* of Dresden, and our own royal parks, are examples.

If these remarks are well founded, it necessarily follows that places devoted to a kind of recreation passionately desired by all mankind, and linked at the same time with the peculiar circumstances of a nation's history, must afford a favourable field for the observation of national manners. The public haunts of which we have been speaking are equally fascinating in the reality of present existence, and in the fragmentary notices of them scattered through every national literature worthy of the name.

It has been intimated that, as public haunts, the Parks of London scarcely date from an earlier period than the time of the Commonwealth. It may be added that, in their character of royal demesnes, St. James's, Hyde Park, and Kensington Gardens are no older than the time of Henry VIII., while even that spruce upstart, the Regent's Park, can claim a connection with royalty, more equivocal and less blazoned, it is true, but equally certain. Their common story will form an appropriate introduction to what may be called the biography of each, and is briefly as follows:—

The fields which now constitute St. James's Park were acquired by Henry VIII.

for some lands in Suffolk. The Hospital of St. James which had previously stood there was pulled down, the sisterhood pensioned off, a "goodly palace" erected on its site, and a park enclosed by a brick wall. Hyde Park came into the possession of the same bluff monarch by a less formal process at the dissolution of the monasteries. It formed part of the Manor of Hyde, the property of the Abbot and Monastery of St. Peter at Westminster. As mention is made of the keeper of the park very soon after its acquisition by the Crown, and no notice taken of its enclosure by Henry, it has been generally assumed that it was enclosed while yet the patrimony of the convent. A number of manors, previously belonging to monasteries, fell into the King's hands at the same time with the Manor of Hyde. Some of these were granted to bishops, and others to secular courtiers; some remained for a time annexed to the Crown. Among the latter seems to have been the Manor of Marylebone; attached to which, in the time of Elizabeth, was a park in which it is recorded that a deer was killed on one occasion for the amusement of the Muscovite ambassador. Some undivided twenty-fourth parts of the Manor of Mary-bourne and of Mary-bourne Park have been retained by the Crown to the present day; and these, with some additional lands, now constitute the Regent's Park.

To the passionate fondness of the early English sovereigns for the chase, we owe, in all probability, the Parks of London. What was a passion with our Williams and Edwards, became in their successors a fashion also. Even the awkward and timid James deemed it a part of king-craft to affect a love of the chase. Hence the formation of St. James's Park by Henry VIII., and the retention of Hyde Park and Mary-bourne Park by that king and his successors, when other lands appropriated by the Crown at the dissolution of the monasteries were squandered away as lavishly as they were covetously grasped in the first instance. There are circumstances which would lead us to attribute to Henry VIII. a more extensive project than that of merely studding the country in the vicinity of the royal residence with deer parks. "A *chase*," says Blackstone, "is the liberty of keeping beasts of chase or royal game in another man's ground as well as in a man's own, with a power of hunting them thereon. A *park* is an enclosed chase, extending only over a man's own grounds. The word *park*, indeed, properly signifies an enclosure;* but yet it is not every field or common which a gentleman pleases to surround with a wall or paling and to stock with a herd of deer that is thereby constituted a legal park; for the King's grant or immemorial prescription is necessary to make it so." A proclamation issued by Henry in July 1546 would have had the effect of converting a considerable extent of country round Westminster into a royal *chase*, within which the parks would have been mere nurseries for the deer. The proclamation announces that—"Forasmuch as the King's Most Royal Majesty is much desirous to have the games of hare, partridge, pheasant, and heron, preserved in and about his Honour of the Palace of Westminster for his own disport and pastime; that is to say, from his said Palace of Westminster to St. Gyles in the Fields, and from thence to Islington, to Our Lady of the Oak, to Highgate, to Hornsey Park, to Hampstead Heath, and from thence to his said Palace of Westminster, to be preserved and kept for his own

* With a pretty wide latitude as to the kind of enclosure, the writ *de parco fracto* being directed against those guilty of *pound breach*. Only one name for a royal park and a village pound!

bisport and pleasure and recreation; his Highness, therefore, straightly chargeth and commandeth all and singular his subjects, of what estate, degree, or condition soever they be, that they nor any of them do presume or attempt to hunt or to hawk, or in any means to take or kill any of the said game within the precincts aforesaid, as they tender his favour, and will eschew the imprisonment of their podies, and further punishment at his Majesty's will and pleasure."

Had this attempt been strenuously insisted upon and carried through by the Crown, it might have proved more effectual than the frequent proclamations issued in subsequent reigns to prevent the extension of the buildings of the metropolis. New houses might have been pulled down, on the plea that they were encroachments upon the royal chase and interfered with the preservation of the game. This belt of royal hunting ground might have kept London cabined in within the liberties, or driven it across the Thames or down into the marshes of Essex. But Henry did not long survive, and in Edward's brief boy reign there were more serious matters to attend to than hunting, and Queen Mary hunted heretics, not hares, and Queen Elizabeth had too many reasons for keeping on good terms with the merchant-princes of London to insist upon a measure always so unpopular in England as an extension of the royal hunting reserves. So the plan, if ever seriously entertained, broke down, and the City Corporation hunted the hare at the head of the Conduit, where Conduit Street now stands, and killed the fox at the end of St. Giles's; and a flood of stone and mortar, leaving the royal parks isolated and far apart, like mountain peaks in the Deluge, rushed from London, covering the meres and brooks along which bluff Harry had sprung the heron and flown his hawk at her, and over the dry uplands where the quick-eared hare had trembled to hear the coming route of "Mayor, Aldermen, and many worshipful persons, the Masters and Wardens of the Twelve Companies, and the Chamberlain."

This forgotten proclamation of Henry VIII. marks the turning of a tide. William the Conqueror made new forests. One of the most bitter causes of quarrel between Charles I. and his subjects was the attempt of that monarch to enclose some new lands within a large park he attempted to erect between Richmond and Hampton Court. William carried his point. Charles's attempt helped to cost him his life. Henry only failed. Henry's attempt was made under the culmination of the star of feudal times. Looking back, we can see that it was impossible that the public should long be kept from sharing with the monarch in the good things he took from the church. The parks are essentially part of our Protestant institutions, and a very pleasant part too.

With these prefatory remarks we proceed to trace the separate adventures of each of the three parks, from the time they came into the possession of the Crown down to the present day. It will appear that each of them has its own peculiar character. St. James's, lying among palaces, and hedged round on all sides from a comparatively early period by the fashionable residences of the "West End," is the courtier. Hyde Park, not yet quite surrounded by the town, long, decidedly extending into a rural neighbourhood, is the "fine old country gentleman," essentially stately and noble, and a courtier too on occasions, yet with a dash of rusticity. The Regent's Park is a more equivocal character, more difficult to describe: not a *parvenu* exactly, for its connection with royalty is as ancient as either of the others;

not so unequivocally *bon ton*, for it has at times associated with curious society, and been kept in the back-ground; a sort of Falconbridge, perhaps, whose connection with royalty is rather irregular, but when once admitted within the circle can ruffle it with the best. But this is anticipating.

2. St. James's Park.

In this we include the Green Park, a good quiet soul with a separate name, but without separate adventures or history. There are also some neighbouring patches of ground now detached which must be included in an account of St. James's Park, ancient and modern.

It is impossible to saunter about St. James's Park without being struck by its beauties. If, however, any person wishes to enjoy them like a true epicure—to take as much of the beautiful and exclude as much of the commonplace as possible—to heighten the pleasure of each succeeding morsel by a judicious regard to harmony in the order in which they succeed each other,—it will be advisable to enter through the Green Park by the gate recently opened opposite Hamilton Place, at the west end of Piccadilly. Lounging (quick, business-like walking is only for those unamiable localities one wishes to get out of) onwards by the walk that descends close behind the Ranger's lodge, the eye passes along a vista between trees, at this moment covered with the first delicate verdure of spring, to rest upon a beautiful line of wood in the middle distance, out of which rise the towers of Westminster Abbey. Looking to the right as we advance, the royal standard of England—the most chastely gorgeous banner in the world—is floating at the foot of Constitution Hill. Immediately afterwards a massive corner of the Palace is seen between the trees nearer at hand. The walk here parts into two—that on the left hand descending into what has all the appearance from this point of a woody dell; the other carrying us into an open space, where we have a view of the white marble arch in front of the Palace, surmounted by the standard on one side, the unobtrusively wealthy mansions of Piccadilly on the other, and the more decorated line of buildings which form the eastern boundary of the Green Park in front. The pictures on every hand are at this point perfect in regard to composition: the arrangement of trees, lawn, and architecture is simply elegant. Turning to the right hand, at the mansion of the Duke of Sutherland we come into St. James's Park, and crossing the mall enter the ornamented enclosure in front of the Palace. Once here, it is a matter of perfect indifference what way the loiterer turns—only, if it be possible, he ought to get upon the grass as soon as he can. From the side at which we have supposed him to enter, he catches through the trees as he moves along such partial glances of the Palace, or of the Government offices at the opposite end of the Park, as make pretty pictures out of very questionable architecture. Opposite him he has the majestic receptacle of the dead royalty of old England. If he prefer the opposite side of the central sheet of water, the most eligible point of view is on the rising near the angle at Buckingham Gate, affording a fine view, closed by the dome of St. Paul's. To return to our *gourmand* metaphor: after he has discussed these *pièces de résistance* he may fill up the interstices of his appetite by discussing, as *hors d'œuvres*, the pretty vignettes of wood and water which present themselves to a saunterer round the canal.

This is the still life, but in the "enjoyment of prospects" the shifting of the human and other figures is the most material source of pleasure to the spectator. Along the track which we have been pursuing in imagination, there is rich variety: from the glance and dash of equipages along Piccadilly to the pedestrians of the Green Park; thence to the stately, noiseless, sweep of the privileged vehicles of the nobility along the mall, enlivened by the occasional passage of a horseman, who rides as if the fate of empires depended on his keeping the appointment to which he is bound; and thence again into the ornamented enclosure, where, in the absence of other company, we are sure of the birds. There are worse companions than birds. We remember once hearing the most sparkling writer in the 'Northern Review' complain that he had not been able to sleep the whole of the preceding night. "What did you do, then?" asked a gentleman at his elbow, in a tone of intense sympathy. "I got up," said the invalid, with an air of languid pleasure, "went into the dressing-room, and talked with the parrot." And many an hour of pleasant intercourse may be spent with the water-fowl in St. James's Park, whether they be showing the ease with which habit has taught them to mingle in crowded society; or with their heads under their wings sleeping on the smooth water at eight o'clock in the morning—for like other inhabitants of the pleasure-seeking world of London, they have acquired bad habits of late rising; or in the intoxication of returning spring, wheeling in pursuit of each other in long circles over-head, then rushing down into their native elements, and ploughing long furrows in it on St. Valentine's Day.

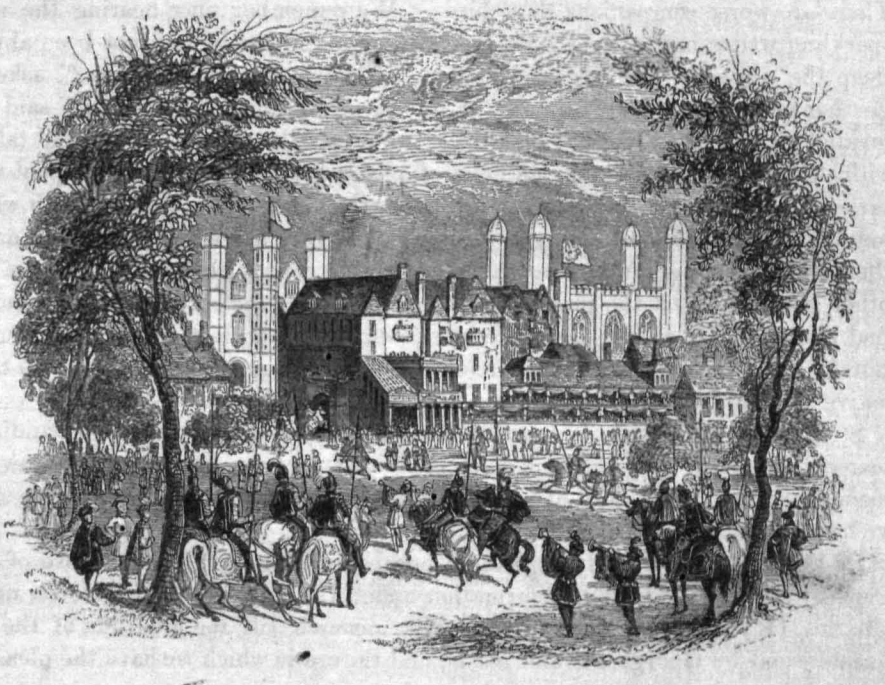
St. James's Park, with its exquisite finish, surrounded on all sides by buildings, scarcely disturbed by vehicles or horsemen, always wears in our eyes a drawing-room character: it is a sort of in-doors rurality, and such it has been ever since we have records of it as a public haunt.

Its history falls naturally into three epochs:—from the first enclosure of the Park by Henry VIII. to its reformation under the auspices of Le Notre, under Charles II.; from the time of the merry monarch till the abolition of the old formal canal by George IV. and Nash; and the era in which we have the pleasure to exist.

The history of the first of these periods ought to be written by an author like Niebuhr, who feels himself put out by facts and contemporary narratives, and builds up a story more true than truth out of hints in old fragments of laws, treaties, and charters. At least the materials are too scanty to admit of treating it in any other fashion.

During the reigns of Elizabeth and the first two Stuarts, St. James's Park can only be considered as a nursery for deer and an appendage to the tilt-yard. The frequent allusions to it as a place of rendezvous by the dramatists of the age of Charles II. are sought for in vain in Shakspere and his contemporaries, with whom St. Paul's occupies its place. It could not well be otherwise. A visit to the Palace at Westminster was then going out of London, and to have gone out of the Palace into the Park would have been in the way of pleasure-hunting a work of supererogation—gilding refined gold. A passage occurs in Pepys's 'Diary' which enables us to form an idea of the comparative seclusion of the Park in these days. The date of the entry is not much earlier than that of the notice of the alterations made by Charles II., which ushered in the second period of the Park's

history: "1660, July 22nd. Went to walk in the *inward park*, but could not get in; one man was basted by the keeper for carrying some people over on his back through the water." If the reader will consult one of the earlier maps of London, he will find a long, narrow, four-cornered piece of water introduced behind the tilt-yard, extending nearly from side to side of the Park, at right angles to the direction of the canal constructed in the time of Charles II. This apparently is the piece of water across which the crowd attempted to get themselves smuggled on the occasion referred to by Pepys into "the inward park."



The Tilt-yard.]

So long as the tilt-yard maintained its interest, the space beyond it would have few attractions for the gazing public. On either side of the park there was a place of resort preferred by the loungers of the times anterior to the Restoration—Spring Garden and the Mulberry Garden.

The period at which Spring Garden was enclosed and laid out is uncertain. The clump of houses which still bears the name, indicates its limits with tolerable exactness. A servant of the Court was allowed in the time of Charles I. to keep an ordinary and bowling-green in it. An idea of the aspect of the garden at that time may be gathered from a letter of Mr. Garrard to the Earl of Stafford in 1634:—"The bowling-green in the Spring Gardens was put down one day by the King's command; but by the intercession of the Queen it was reprieved for this year; but hereafter it shall be no common bowling place. There was kept an ordinary of six shillings a meal (where the King's proclamation allows but two elsewhere), continual bibbing and drinking wine under all 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." The King carried his point, for in a subsequent letter 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 Meuse, where is built a fair house and two bowling-greens, made to entertain gamesters and bowlers to an excessive rate; for I believe it has cost him 400*l.*; a dear undertaking for a gentleman barber." The gardens must, however, have been re-opened at a later period, for Evelyn has this entry in his diary, 13th June, 1649:—"Dined with Sir John Owen: and afterwards I treated divers ladies of my relations in Spring Gardens." They were again shut up under Oliver Cromwell, as we learn from the same source:—"13th June, 1649. Lady Gerrard treated us at Mulberry Garden, now the only place of refreshment about the town for persons of the best quality to be exceedingly cheated at; Cromwell and his partisans having shut up and seized on Spring Gardens, which till now had been the usual rendezvous for ladies and gallants at this season." The Restoration again gave them to the public, in evidence of which a passage from a writer of the 17th century* may be cited, which bears more properly upon a later period of Park history, but being introduced here will prevent the necessity of recurring to this branch of the subject:—"The inclosure (Spring Gardens) is not disagreeable, for the solemness of the grove, the warbling of the birds, and as it opens into the spacious walk at St. James's; but, the company walk in at such a rate, you would think all the ladies were so many Atalantas contending with their wooers; but as they run, they stay so long as if they wanted time to finish the race: for it is usual to find some of the young company here till midnight."

The Mulberry Garden was planted by order of James I., who attempted in 1608 to produce silk in England, and to that end imported many hundred thousand mulberry-trees from France, some of which were planted under his own inspection, and the rest dispersed through all the counties with circular letters directing the planting of the trees, and giving instructions for the breeding and feeding of silk-worms. In 1629 a grant was made to Walter, Lord Aston, &c., of "the custody of the garden, mulberry-trees, and silk-worms, near St. James's, in the county of Middlesex." How soon after this the silk-worms disappeared, and the gardens were opened to the gay world in the manner indicated by the above quotation from Evelyn, does not appear. He does not speak of the opening of the Mulberry Gardens as any thing new. A passage in Pepys's 'Diary,' not long after the Restoration, mentions a visit to these gardens, but speaks rather disparagingly of their attractions. Buckingham House, which stood where the central part of the palace now stands, was erected by John Duke of Buckingham in 1703, and the Mulberry Garden attached to the house as private property. Previously Arlington House, and a building to which the name of Tart-hall is given in some old plans, occupied the same site. These buildings seem to indicate the period at which the Mulberry Gardens ceased to be a place of public resort.

Some indications exist of St. James's having become to a certain extent a favourite lounge during or immediately previous to the civil war. Dr. King observes,—

> "The fate of things lies always in the dark:
> What cavalier would know St. James's Park?

* Quoted, but not named, in Brayley's 'Middlesex.'

For Locket's stands where gardens once did spring,
And wild ducks quack where grasshoppers did sing;
A princely palace on that space does rise
Where Sudley's noble muse found mulberries."

After Charing Cross had become more and more connected by lines of buildings with the City, and private dwelling-houses had multiplied along three sides of the Park by Pall-Mall and King Street, and the streets behind Queen Square, and when tournaments fell into disuse, the temptation to penetrate into the recesses of the Park would increase; and the lines just quoted seem to point at a tradition that it was a favourite haunt of the Cavaliers. The privilege, if it at all existed, would seem, however, from the scene described by Pepys at the piece of water behind the tilt-yard, to have been enjoyed on a rather precarious tenure. The mention which occasionally occurs in the records of Cromwell's time, of "the Lord Protector taking the air in St. James's Park in a sedan," makes neither for nor against its accessibility to the public; but is worthy of being noticed in passing on account of the ludicrous association between the rough conqueror at Worcester and a conveyance identified, in our notions, with the less robust wits of a later generation. The admission of the public in all probability scarcely extended beyond what Pepys, by implication, calls the outward Park. In the time of Charles I. a sort of royal menagerie had begun to take the place of the deer with which the "inward Park" was stocked in the days of Henry and Elizabeth.

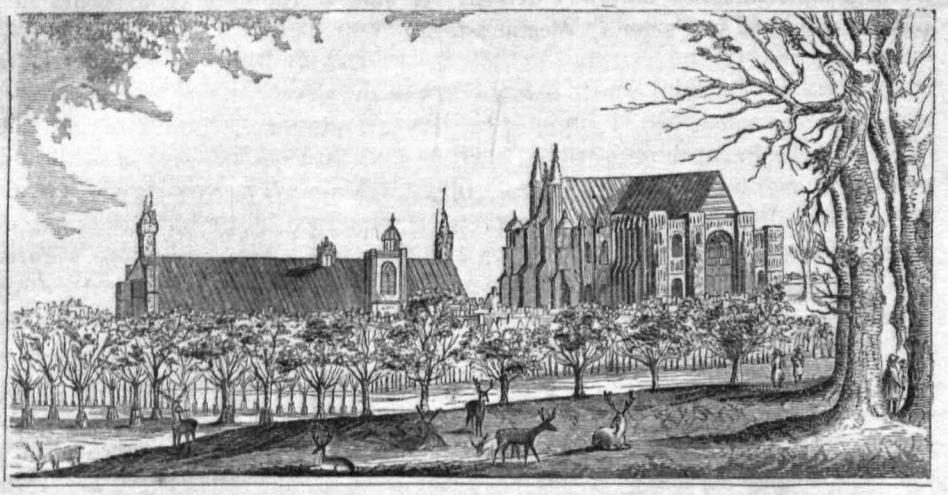
So far our history has been based upon a very slender foundation. With the restoration of Charles II. begins the era of the Park's existence as a public haunt, and materials for its history become accessible.

The design according to which the Park was laid out has been generally attributed to Le Notre. Charles seems to have set to work with its adornment immediately on his return. The original disposition of the grounds under Henry VIII., it may easily be conceived, presented little that was striking, and neglect during the civil wars must have dilapidated that little. A taste for ornamental gardening seems to have grown upon the King during his residence on the Continent, which along with his fondness for walking would naturally make him desirous to have the grounds in the immediate vicinity of his residence made more sightly than he found them. At all events, he commenced his improvements very soon after his return. We can trace the progress of the operations in Pepys's 'Diary:'—

"1660. Sept. 16. * * * To the Park, where I saw how far they had proceeded in the Pall-Mall, and in making a river through the Park which I had never seen before since it was begun. * * * October 11. To walk in St. James's Park, where we observed the several engines at work to draw up water, with which sight I was very much pleased. Above all the rest I liked that which Mr. Greatorex brought, which do carry up the water with a great deal of ease. * * * 1661. August 4. * * * Walked into St. James's Park (where I had not been a great while), and there found great and very noble alterations. * * * 1662. July 27. I went to walk in the Park, which is now every day more and more pleasant by the new works upon it."

All the future representations of the Park during the reign of Charles II. exhibit to us his long rows of young elm and lime-trees, fenced round with

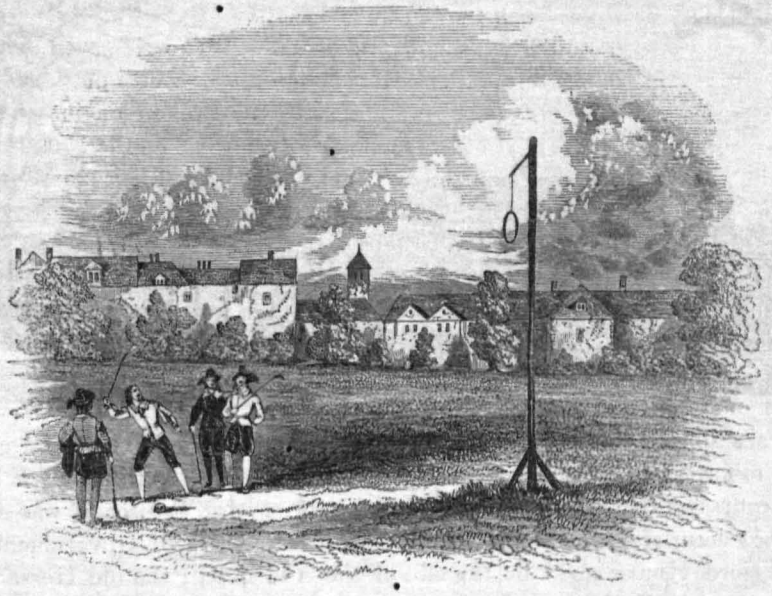
palings to protect them from injury. We have such a row in front of the old Horse Guards, and another such following the line of the canals. These are occasionally relieved by some fine old trees, as in Tempest's view below.



We are able from various sources, plans, engravings, and incidental notices in books, to form a tolerably accurate notion of the aspect which the Park assumed in the course of these operations. At the end nearest Whitehall was a line of buildings occupying nearly the site of the present range of Government offices. Wallingford House stood on the site of the Admiralty; the old Horse Guards, the Tennis-yard, Cock-pit, and other appendages of Whitehall, on the sites of the present Horse Guards, Treasury, and offices of the Secretaries of State. The buildings then occupied by the Admiralty stood where the gate entering from Great George Street now is. From Wallingford House towards Pall-Mall were the Spring Gardens, opening as we have seen into the Park.

The south wall of the King's Garden extended in a line with the part of it which still remains behind the Palace of St. James's, at least as far as the west end of Carlton Terrace. Marlborough House was built on a part of the garden at a subsequent period. This wall, and its continuation at the back of Carlton Gardens, formed the north boundary of the Park between Spring Gardens and the west end of St. James's Palace. The Duke of Buckingham in a letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury, in which he describes this part of the Park as serving the purpose of an avenue to his newly erected mansion, gives us a notion of its appearance in the beginning of the 18th century:—"The avenues to this house are along St. James's Park, through rows of goodly elms on one hand and gay flourishing limes on the other; that for coaches, this for walking, with the Mall lying betwixt them." The Mall itself, a vista half a mile in length, received its name from a game at ball, for which was formed a hollow smooth walk, enclosed on each side by a border of wood, and having an iron hoop at one extremity. The curiously inquiring Mr. Pepys records:—"1663. May 15. I walked in the Park, discoursing with the keeper of the Pall-Mall, who was sweeping of it; who 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 game was, however, played somewhat differently, even in the Park. In a drawing of the time of Charles II., engraved in Smith's 'Antiquities of Westminster,' we observe a high pole, with a hoop suspended from an arm at its top, and through this the ball was driven. A similar representation occurs in a picture engraved in Carter's 'Westminster.'



[The Game of Pall-Mall.]

Immediately to the south of the east end of the Mall and in front of the Horse Guards was the great parade. The rest of the Park was an enclosure of grass-plots intersected by walks, planted, and having a broad canal running from the parade to the end next Buckingham House. On the south of this canal, near its east end, was the decoy, a triangular nexus of smaller canals, where water-fowl were kept. The ground contained within the channels of the decoy was called Duck Island; of which Sir John Flock and St. Evremond were in succession appointed governors (with a salary) by Charles II. Westward from the decoy, on the same side of the canal and connected with it by a sluice, was Rosamond's Pond. What fancy first suggested this name it might be difficult to conjecture, but this serio-comic description, at the bottom of an engraving of it in Pennant's Collection, tempts to the remark that it was prophetic of the use which was afterwards to be made of it:—"The south-west corner of St. James's Park was enriched with this romantic scene. The irregularity of the trees, the rise of the ground, and the venerable Abbey, afforded great entertainment to the contemplative eye. This spot was often the receptacle of many unhappy persons, who in the stillness of an evening plunged themselves into eternity."

The Bird-cage Walk, leading along the south side of the decoy and Rosamond's Pond, nearly in the same line as the road which still retains the name, was so named from the cages of an aviary disposed among the trees which bordered it.

A road entered the Park at the west end, near where Buckingham Gate now stands, crossing it between the Mulberry Garden and the termination of Bird-cage

Walk, the Canal and the Mall. On reaching the last-mentioned it turned off to the west, and wound up Constitution Hill towards Hyde Park Corner. Out of some fields which Charles is said to have added to the Park, arose in all probability the Green Park, enclosed between this road, the Mall, the houses west of St. James's Street, and Piccadilly, or as it was then called to the west of Devonshire House, Portugal Street. The Green Park consisted and consists of the declivity of two eminences between which the Ty-burn once flowed into the Mulberry Gardens, and thence to Tothill Fields and the Thames. The Ranger's House was erected on the slope of the western eminence, immediately south of Piccadilly.

Both Charles and the Duke of York appear to have taken an interest in the animals with which the Park was stocked. Pepys remarks, on the 16th of March, 1662, that while spending an hour or two in the Park, "which is now very pleasant," he "saw the King and Duke come to see their fowle play." Evelyn has left a short account of the collection in his Diary, 1664-5, Feb. 9.

The elegance of the Park transformed into a garden, with the attractions of the rare animals for the curious and the Mall for the gamesters, rendered it immediately the favourite haunt of the court. Charles, whose walking propensities seem to have rendered him a sort of perpetual motion, spent much of his leisure—that is of his whole time—there. Cibber tells us that "his indolent amusement of playing with his dogs and feeding his ducks in St. James's Park (which I have seen him do) made the common people adore him." It deserves to be mentioned that this taste for feeding the ducks once stood the peculators of the Mews in good stead. An inquiry having been instituted into the causes of the enormous waste of corn in the royal stables, the whole pilfering was laid on the shoulders of the King—he took it for his water-fowl. He was an early riser, which was sorely complained of by his attendants, who did not sleep off their debauches so lightly. Burnet complained that the King walked so fast, it was a trouble to keep up with him. When Prince George of Denmark complained on one occasion that he was growing fat, "Walk with me," said Charles, "and hunt with my brother, and you will not long be distressed with growing fat." Dr. King, on the authority of Lord Cromarty, has enabled us to accompany the merry monarch in one of his walks. The King, accompanied by the Duke of Leeds and Lord Cromarty, had taken two or three turns in St. James's Park, and after proceeding up Constitution Hill, which was then quite in the country, he encountered the Duke of York returning from hunting as he was about to cross into Hyde Park. The Duke alighted to pay his respects, and expressed his uneasiness at seeing his brother with so small an attendance: "No kind of danger, James," said Charles, "for I am sure no man in England would kill me to make you King." Another of the merry monarch's strolls in the Park is characteristic, and rendered more piquant by the decorous character of the narrator, Evelyn, in whose company he was at the time:—"1671. March 1. * * * I thence walked with him (King Charles) through St. James's Park to the garden, where I both saw and heard a very familiar discourse between Mrs. Nellie, as they called an impudent comedian, she looking out of her garden on a terrace at the top of the wall, and *** **** (*sic in orig.*) 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." During this interview with "Mrs. Nellie" the King was standing in the royal garden already mentioned

as constituting the northern boundary of the Park—the same garden in which we find Master Pepys in his 'Diary' stealing apples like a school-boy. "Mrs. Nellie" looked down upon him from the wall of a small garden behind her house (near 79, Pall Mall)—the scene presents a curious *pendant* to the garden-scene in Romeo and Juliet. Nearly on the same spot was subsequently erected the stately mansion in which old Sarah of Marlborough indulged her spleen. All the associations which gather round this simple adventure are most grotesquely contrasted. Perhaps, however, a little incident related by Coke is even more characteristic of Charles, from its contrasting his loitering, gossiping habits with public and private suffering. Coke was one day in attendance on the King, who, having finished feeding his favourites, was proceeding towards St. James's, and was overtaken at the further end of the Mall by Prince Rupert. "The King told the Prince how he had shot a duck, and such a dog fetched it; and so they walked on till the King 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 Castlemaine, as it was said, bewailing above all others that she should be the first torn in pieces." The news of the arrival of the Dutch fleet in the river had just been received. Pepys gives in his 'Diary' a fine picture of a court cavalcade in the Park, all flaunting with feathers, in which the same Castlemaine takes a prominent part, while the King appears between her and his lawful wife and Mrs. Stuart (with reverence be it spoken) not unlike Macheath "with his doxies around:"—"1663. July 13. * * * I met the Queen-mother walking in the Pall Mall led by my Lord St. Albans; and finding many coaches at the gate, I found upon inquiry that the Duchess is brought to bed of a boy; and hearing that the King and Queen are rode abroad with the ladies of honour to the Park, and seeing a great crowd of gallants staying here to see their return, I also staid, walking up and down. By and by the King and Queen, who looked in this dress (a white laced waistcoat and a crimson short petticoat, and her hair dressed *à la negligence*) mighty pretty; and the King rode hand in hand with her. Here was also my Lady Castlemaine rode among the rest of the ladies; but the King took no notice of her, nor when she light did anybody press (as she seemed to expect and staid for it) to take her down, but was taken down by her own gentlemen. She looked mighty out of humour, and had a yellow plume in her hat (which all took notice of), and yet is very handsome but very melancholy; nor did anybody speak to her, or she so much as smile or speak to anybody. I followed them up into Whitehall, and into the Queen's presence, where all the ladies walked, talking and fiddling with their hats and feathers, and changing and trying one another's heads 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. Stuart 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. I think, 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."

It would have been in vain to rebuke Charles while alive, and would be still more vain now. We must take him as he was, a fine healthy animal, restless to the last degree, but without any purpose in his activity. His brother James

seems to have indulged more in the human propensity to load care on his shoulders—to attempt to do something, instead of letting things take their own way, like his wise brother. We know from Pepys that the Duke had a taste, and even a talent for business, and we know from history that he lost his crown because he would be meddling and altering the institutions of his kingdom. We never meet him idling in the park like Charles; he is always doing something. We have already seen him returning from hunting (contrasting with his lounging brother, like Industry and Idleness in Hogarth's prints), and heard Charles's allusion to his indefatigable pursuit of the chase. Pepys often encounters him in the park, but always actively engaged:—"1661. April 2. To St. James's Park, where I saw the Duke of York playing at pall-mall, the first time that ever I saw the sport." And—"1662. Dec. 15. To the Duke, and followed him into the park, where, though the ice was broken, he would go slide upon his skaits, which I did not like, but he slides very well." This, by the way, is as good a place as any to mention that at the time of the entry just quoted skaiting was a novelty in England. A little earlier we read in Pepys:—"1662. Dec. 1. * * Over the park, where I first in my life, it being a great frost, did see people sliding with their skaits, which is a very pretty art." Evelyn was also present, for we find in his 'Diary:'—"1662. Dec. 1. Having seen the strange and wonderful dexterity of the sliders on the new canal in St. James's Park performed before their Majesties by divers gentlemen and others with scheets, after the manner of the Hollanders, with what a swiftness they pause, how suddenly they stop in full career upon the ice, went home." It is probable that some of the exiled Cavaliers had acquired the art, seeking to while away the tedium of a Dutch winter, and that but for the temporary overthrow of the monarchy we never should have had skaiting in England. At least Pepys speaks of it as something new, and Evelyn as Dutch; and we know of no other notices to form a link between this full-blown art of skaiting (the word "scheets" used by Evelyn is Dutch), and the rude beginnings of it recorded by Fitzstephen.* What a source of additional interest to the winter landscape of our parks would have been lost but for the temporary ascendancy of the Long Parliament and Cromwell! Even so late as the days of Swift, skaiting seems to have been little known or practised out of London. In the Journal to Stella, he says (January 1711):—"Delicate walking weather, and the canal and Rosamond's Pond full of the rabble, sliding, and with skaits, if you know what that is."

Where such gay doings were going on on the canal in winter, and in the Mall all the year round, crowds were attracted by curiosity. The game itself attracted to the latter many who were fond of exercise, and many who liked to display their figures. "To St. James's Park," wrote Pepys on the 1st of January, 1664,

* "Others there are who are still more expert in their amusements on the ice: they place certain bones, the leg-bones of some animal, under the soles of their feet, by tying them round their ankles, and then, taking a pole shod with iron into their hands, they push themselves forward by striking it against the ice, and are carried along with a velocity equal to that of a bird, or a ball discharged from a cross-bow. Sometimes two of them thus furnished agree to stand opposite to one another, at a great distance; they meet—elevate their poles—attack and strike each other, when one or both of them fall, and not without some bodily hurt; and even after their fall they shall be carried a good distance from each other by the rapidity of the motion." A tournament on the ice, not unlike the water-quintain. In Holland the immense extent of frozen canals in winter led to the employment of skaits in that season, and consequently to the perfection of the implement: in England, where skaiting never can be anything but an amusement, the art seems to have remained in its primitive rudeness till the Dutch taught it to the Cavaliers.

" seeing many people play at pall-mall, where it pleased me mightily to hear a gallant, lately come from France, swear at one of his companions for suffering his man (a spruce blade) to be so saucy as strike a ball while his master was playing on the Mall." But more contemplative personages enjoyed a walk in the park. The Diaries of Pepys and Evelyn bear witness how often they visited it. And in a letter addressed to Sir Christopher Wren (one of the earliest members of the Royal Society along with Pepys and Evelyn) in 1663, Bishop Sprat says:— " You may recollect we went lately from Axe-yard to walk in St. James's Park, &c." But for the gay flutterers of the park in " Charles's easy reign," we must draw upon the poets who painted from life. Keeping in remembrance a passage formerly quoted, which tells us that Spring Gardens opened upon the Mall, the Duke of Buckingham's description of the Mall, with its lindens and elms, and the way for foot passengers on one side and that for carriages on the other, and that there was then as now an entry to the park from Pall-Mall at the west end of St. James's Palace, the reader will find no difficulty in filling up the outlines of this sketch by Etherege :—

" Enter *Sir Fopling Flutter and his equipage.*

" *Sir Fop.* Hey! bid the coachman send home four of his horses, and bring the coach to Whitehall; I'll walk over the park. Madam, the honour of kissing your fair hands is a happiness I missed this afternoon at my Lady Townly's.

" *Lev.* You were very obliging, Sir Fopling, the last time I saw you there.

" *Sir Fop.* The preference was due to your wit and beauty. Madam, your servant. There never was so sweet an evening.

" *Bellinda.* 'T has drawn all the rabble of the town hither.

" *Sir Fop.* 'Tis pity there's not an order made that none but the *beau monde* should walk here.

" *Lev.* 'Twould add much to the beauty of the place. See what a set of nasty fellows are coming.

" Enter *four ill-fashioned fellows, singing—' 'Tis not for kisses alone,' &c.*

" *Lev.* Fo! Their perriwigs are scented with tobacco so strong—

" *Sir Fop.* It overcomes my pulvilio.—Methinks I smell the coffee-house they come from.

" 1. *Man.* Dorimant's convenient, Madam Loveit.

" 2. *Man.* I like the Oylie-buttock that's with her.

" 3. *Man.* What spruce prig is that?

" 1. *Man.* A Caravan lately come from Paris.

" 2. *Man.* Peace, they smoak—(*sings*)

" *There's something else to be done,*" &c.

" (*All of them coughing—exeunt singing.*)

After the death of Charles II., St. James's Park ceased to be the favourite haunt of the sovereign. The burning of Whitehall, by occasioning the removal of the Court, may in part account for this—in part, the less gossiping turn of succeeding sovereigns. But the love of their subjects for this pleasing lounge was more lasting. Swift was a great frequenter of the Park. On the 8th of February, 1711, he wrote to Stella—" I walked in the Park to-day, in spite of the weather, as I do every day when it does not actually rain;" and on the 21st

of the same month—"The days are now long enough to walk in the Park after dinner; and so I do whenever it is fair. 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." It was a family taste with Prior. Swift, expressing astonishment at so young a man standing so high in office, dilates upon the youthfulness of his father:—"His father is a man of pleasure, that walks the Mall, and frequents St. James's Coffee-house and the chocolate-houses, and the young son is Secretary of State." The Dean, giving an account of his evening walks to his lodgings in Chelsea, incidentally lets us know that the ladies too continued their patronage of the Park:—"1711. May 15. My way is this: I leave my best gown and periwig at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, then walk up the Pall Mall, out at Buckingham House, and so to Chelsea, a little beyond the church. I set out about sunset and get there in something less than an hour: it is two good miles, and just 5748 steps. * * 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." His taste for evening walks experienced an interruption during the brief reign of the Mohocks: he had been frightened by some of his friends, who told him that these worthies had an especial malice against his person.—"March 9, 1712. * * I walked in the Park this evening, and came home early, to avoid the Mohocks." Again, on the 16th, "Lord Winchelsea told me to-day at court that two of the Mohocks caught a maid of old Lady Winchelsea's, at the door of their house in the Park, with a candle, who had just lighted out somebody. They cut all her face and beat her, without any provocation."

Making allowance, however, for this brief ague fit, the years during which Swift was writing his 'Journal to Stella' were probably the happiest of his life. The tone of the Journal is triumphant, sanguine of the future, dictatorial. In his imagination he is the arm that alone upholds the ministry, and he is wreaking old grudges against Whigs whom he disliked, and against Whigs (Steele and Addison) with whom he had no quarrel, except that they would not turn with him. He is petulant as a schoolboy, and quite as happy. The best of his playful hits of malice belong to this period. And yet, with the page of his after life now lying open before us, there is something painful in the intoxication of his gratified vanity. We are aware of its momentary duration, and of the long years of repining in a narrower sphere, wasting his strength upon trifles through sheer horror of repose, paying a heavy penalty for his arrogance during his short exaltation, that are to ensue. Even the paralysis of his intellect which closed the fretful scene seems almost to be at work already in the giddiness of which he so often complains. Swift would not have felt much flattered by the remark, and yet it is true, that there is a strong analogy between him at this period of his life and the political upholsterer immortalised in the lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.—also a great haunter of the Park. The reader must consult the 'Tatler' for the "high argument" of this sage politician; and also for the profound dissertations of the "three or four very odd fellows sitting together upon the bench at the upper end of the Mall"—all of them "curiosities in their kind"—"politicians who used to sun themselves in that place every day about dinner-time."

Horace Walpole enjoyed and appreciated St. James's Park. It requires an indolent or a good-natured man to do the latter. Walpole, who was indolent, and Goldsmith (see the old philosopher leading his equally antiquated cousin along the Mall in his miscellaneous essays), who was good-natured, both appreciated it. Swift, who certainly was not good-natured, walked in it for his health; and Samuel Johnson, who was troubled with thick coming fancies in an incessantly working brain, sought to drown them in the roar of Fleet Street. To Horace Walpole's power of appreciating the Park we are indebted for a picture of a party of pleasure in the Mall, quite equal to Etherege's half a century before:—

"1750. June 23. I had a card from Lady Caroline Petersham to go with her to Vauxhall. I went accordingly to her house, and found her with 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 as many had been summoned, except Harry Vane, whom we met by chance. We mustered the Duke of Kingston, whom Lady Caroline says she has been trying for these seven years; but alas! his beauty is at the fall of the leaf; Lord March, Mr. Whithead, a pretty Miss Beauclerc, and a very foolish Miss Sparre. These two damsels were trusted by their mothers for the first time 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 at the outside, and re-passed again on the return. At the end of the Mall she called him: he would not answer; she gave a familiar spring, and between 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. We got into the best order we could, and marched to our barge with a boat of French horns attending and little Ashe singing. We paraded some time up the river, and at last debarked at Whitehall."

A remarkable feature in the Park, and the feelings of its habitual visitants, from the time of Pepys to that of Horace Walpole, is the nonchalance with which the gay world considered the other classes of society as something the presence of which ought in no way to interfere with their amusements. The beaux and belles looked upon the wearers of fustian jackets as a kind of dogs and parrots, who might be there without breaking in on the strict privacy of the place. The tobacco-scented periwigs which disturbed the equanimity of Loveit and Sir Fopling, were worn by the rude fellows of their own rank: the upholsterer and his fellows were silent and submissive. But this equanimity was not to last. Only nine years after the free and easy scene described by Horace Walpole, we find him writing—and by a curious coincidence on the same day of the same month—"My Lady Coventry 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." Additional light is thrown upon this passage by an anecdote inserted in the chronicle department of the 'Annual Register' for 1759:—

"20th June. A person was taken into custody on Sunday evening by some gentlemen in St. James's Park, and delivered to the guard, for joining with and encouraging a mob to follow and grossly insult some ladies of fashion that were walking there, by which means they were put in great danger of their lives. He was yesterday brought before John Fielding and Theodore Sydenham, Esqrs., and this day the following submission appeared in the 'Daily Advertiser.' (The apology, which is humble enough, is then given.) Insults of this kind have, notwithstanding this advertisement, been since repeated, and several persons have been apprehended for the like offence, who, it is to be hoped, will be punished with the utmost severity, in order to put a stop to such outrageous behaviour on the verge of the Royal Palace."

A paragraph in the volume of the same publication for 1761 shows how the toe of the peasant continued to gall the kibe of the courtier:—"June 24th. Last Sunday some young gentlemen belonging to a merchant's counting-house, who were a little disgusted at the too frequent use of the bag-wig made by apprentices to the meanest mechanics, took the following method to burlesque that elegant piece of French furniture. Having a porter just come out of the country, they dressed him in a bag wig, laced ruffles, and Frenchified him up in the new mode, telling him that if he intended to make his fortune in town, he must dress himself like a gentleman on Sunday, go into the Mall in St. James's Park, and mix with people of the first rank. They went with him to the scene of action, and drove him in among his betters, where he behaved as he was directed, in a manner the most likely to render him conspicuous. All the company saw by the turning of his toes that the dancing-master had not done his duty; and by the swing of his arms, and his continually looking at his laced ruffles and silk stockings, they had reason to conclude it was the first time he had appeared in such a dress. The company gathered round him, which he at first took for applause, and held up his head a little higher than ordinary; but at last some gentlemen joining in conversation with him, by his dialect detected him and laughed him out of company. Several, however, 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 snapped as he went along, without being sensible at the same time of their own weakness."

The disappearance of those distinctive marks in dress, which formerly told at once to what class an individual belonged, the gradual rise in refinement among all orders of society, and the restriction on the part of the aristocracy of what may be termed their undress amusements within the seclusion of their domestic privacy, at last put an end to these unseemly and unpleasant scenes. St. James's Park is more crowded now than ever with those who really have a taste for its beauties, or who enjoy finding themselves private in a crowd. All classes now mingle there, but in the progress of civil refinement they have all been toned down to an uniformity of appearance. This may be less picturesque, and less calculated to afford materials for scenic display than the old system, but it is on the whole much more comfortable—to use the exclusively English phrase. As the transition from the antediluvian state of Parkhood before the Restoration to the state of a stage for the gay world to flutter on, subsequent to that event, was marked by a change in the disposition of the grounds, so has the compara-

tively recent euthanasia of the age of beaux and belles. Nash, under the auspices of George IV., effected another transformation in the appearance of St. James's Park. It was high time that something should be done. Rosamond's Pond had long passed away from this sublunary scene, having been filled up about 1770; the decoy had vanished; the tenants of the Bird-cage Walk were nowhere to be seen. The line of the Mall, and the formal length of the central canal, alone remained—formal and neglected in their formality. Enclosure of the central space, a judicious deviation from the straight line on the banks of the canal, and the planting of some new trees and shrubs, were all that was required to produce the present pleasing scene.

The "silent sister" (to borrow an epithet applied by Oxford and Cambridge to the Irish University) of the Green Park has only had the hand of judicious ornament extended to it within the present year. Its history is in a great measure like Viola's imaginary sister—"a blank." It was not fenced in by royal residences like St. James's Park, on the verge of which the monarchy of England has built its bower—first at Whitehall, then at St. James's, and now at Buckingham Palace—for three hundred years, unable to tear itself away. St. James's Park is, in some sort, an out-of-door vestibule or ante-chamber to the Palace—frequented at times, it must be confessed, by courtiers of sufficiently uncouth appearance. But the Green Park was, until a recent period, away from the abodes of royalty and out of town. Looking from Constitution Hill to the west, south, and east, the eye rested upon fields and meadows interspersed with villages. Piccadilly was not the street of palaces it has since become—many mean buildings being to be found in it. The Green Park too (compared with its neighbours) was left bare of adornment, more resembling a village green than an appendage of royalty. During the last century it was occasionally a haunt for duellists, and at times the scene of outrages, such as Swift mentions being perpetrated at the door of Lord Winchelsea's house by the Mohocks. About the middle of the century some labourers employed in cutting a drain across it from Piccadilly, east of the Ranger's lodge, found a human skeleton, which did not appear to have been in the ground above thirty or forty years, and which bore traces of violence on the skull. Under the auspices of the new police, the Green Park, retaining its homeliness, has hitherto been a place for hand-ball and such amusements. The adornments of its neighbour are now extending to this neglected corner: it too has been set apart for the "enjoying of prospects."

It only remains to be mentioned, before we turn our attention to Hyde Park, that St. James's, although the seat where amusement seems to have taken up its favourite abode, has witnessed incidents of a more exciting character, in the same manner as the quiet of a domestic residence is sometimes invaded by the tragic occurrences of the restless world without. We read in the annals of the reign of Charles II., that the Duchess of Cleveland, walking one dark night across the Park from St. James's to Whitehall, was accosted and followed by three men in masks, who offered her no violence, but continued to denounce her as one of the causes of the national misery, and to prophesy that she would yet die the death of Jane Shore. It was at the entry to St. James's Palace from the Park that Margaret Nicholson attempted the life of George III. In the Park the same monarch received at one time the almost idolatrous homage of his subjects, and

at another was with difficulty rescued from the violence of the assembled multitude. Charles I. walked across the Park, guarded by a regiment of foot armed with partizans, to his execution at Whitehall. His son, James II., walked across the Park from St. James's, where he had slept, to Whitehall, on the morning of his coronation. When the Dutch guards of the Prince of Orange were by his orders marching through the Park to relieve the English guards of James posted at Whitehall, the stout old Lord Craven made show of resistance, but received his master's orders to withdraw, and marched off with sullen dignity. This was the nearest approach to the actual intrusion of war into the Park, except when Wyatt, in the reign of Mary, marched his troops along the outside of its northern wall, and the royal artillery playing upon them from the heights sent its balls into the Park. But the mimic show of war has often appeared there. George Colman the younger (who by the bye was a native of the Park—born in a house the property of the Crown, which stood near the south-east corner of Rosamond's Pond), referring to 1780, wrote :—" Although all scenery, except the scenery of a playhouse, was at that time lost upon me, I have thought since of the picturesque view which St. James's Park then presented: the encampment which had been formed in consequence of the recent riots (Lord George Gordon's) was breaking up, but many tents remained; and 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." Such of the present generation as witnessed the tents of the artillery pitched in the Park the evening before the coronation of her present Majesty, can form a pretty accurate conception of the scene witnessed by Colman. To these reminiscences belong the childish splendour of the Temple of Concord, and fire-works in the Green Park, in 1749; and the Chinese Bridge and Pagoda, and fire-works in St. James's Park, in 1814.

[Rosamond's Pond.—1752.]

[The Lodge in Kensington Gardens.]

XII.—THE PARKS.

3. Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens.

Kensington Gardens are properly part of Hyde Park. William III., not long after his accession to the throne, purchased from Daniel, second Earl of Nottingham, his house and gardens at Kensington. The extent of the gardens was about twenty-six acres, and with this William seems to have been perfectly satisfied. Even in this small space a part of the original Hyde Park was already included; for not long after 1661, Sir Heneage Finch, then Solicitor-General, obtained a grant of "All that ditch and fence which divide Hyde Park from the lands, grounds, and possessions of the said Sir Heneage Finch, adjacent to the said park, and all wood, underwood, and timber trees, growing and being within, upon, or about the said ditch and fence, containing in breadth ten feet, and in length one hundred and fifty roods, beginning from the south highway leading to the top of Kensington, and from thence crossing to the north highway leading to the town of Acton, which said piece of ground is by this grant disparked for ever." Queen Anne enclosed nearly thirty acres of the park (lying north of her conservatory) about 1705, and added them to the gardens. Caroline, Queen of George II., appropriated no less than three hundred acres of it, about 1730; and it is only since her time that the great enclosure of Kensington Gardens, and the curtailed Hyde Park, have a separate history.

In the survey of church lands made in pursuance of an Act of Parliament of the 26th of Henry VIII., and returned into the Court of First Fruits, the "Manerium de Hyde," belonging to the "Monasterium Sanct. Petr. Westm.," is valued at "xiiij*l.*" No notice having been preserved of the original enclosure of this park, and the first keeper on record (George Roper, who had a grant of 6*d.* per diem for his service) having been appointed early in the reign of Edward VI., it has been conjectured that the park was enclosed while the manor was still in the possession of the Abbot and Convent. The list of keepers who succeeded Roper is unbroken down to the time of the Commonwealth. In a patent of 16th of Elizabeth, granting the office to Henry Cary, Lord Hunsdon, mention is made of "the herbage, pannage, and browse-wood for the deer." In 1596 the custody of Hyde Park was granted to Sir Edmund Cary, Knight, "with all the lodges, houses, and edifices in the same," reserving to Anne Baroness Hunsdon, during her life, "the lodge and mansion in the park, with the herbage and pannage of the same." The resolutions adopted by the House of Commons in 1652 relative to the sale of the Crown lands contain some curious details regarding Hyde Park.

The House resolved on the 21st of December, 1652, that Hyde Park should be sold for ready money; and in consequence of this resolution it was exposed for sale in parts, and sold to Richard Wilcox, of Kensington, Esq.; John Tracy, of London, merchant; and Anthony Deane, of St. Martin in the Fields, Esq. The first parcel, called the Gravel-pit division, containing 112 acres, 3 roods, 3 poles, was sold to Wilcox for 4141*l.* 11*s.*, of which sum 2428*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* was the price of the wood. The Kensington division, consisting of 147 acres, 3 roods, 16 poles, was purchased by Tracy, who paid 3906*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*, of which only 261*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* was for the wood. The other three divisions—the Middle, Banqueting-house, and Old Lodge divisions—were sold to Deane, and cost him 9020*l.* 8*s.* 2*d.*, of which 2210*l.* was for the wood. At the south-west corner of the Banqueting-house division stood "that building intended at its first erection for a Banqueting-house:" its materials were valued at 125*l.* 12*s.* On the Old Lodge division stood the Old Lodge, with its barn and stable, and several tenements near Knightsbridge: the materials of the Lodge were valued at 120*l.* "The deer of several sorts within the said park" were valued at 765*l.* 6*s.* 2*d.* The ground and wood of Hyde Park were sold for 17,069*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; the wood on it being (exclusive of the deer and building materials) valued at 5099*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.* The yearly rental of the park was assumed to be 894*l.* 13*s.* 8*d.*

The specifications in the indentures of sale enable us to trace with accuracy the boundaries of the park at that time, and also to form some idea of its state and appearance. It was bounded by "the great road to Acton" on the north; by "the way leading from Brentford great road to Acton great road" on the east; by the road designated, in one part of its course, the "Knightsbridge highway," and in another, "the highway leading from Knightsbridge to Kensington," evidently the "Brentford great road" mentioned above, on the south; and by "part of the house and ground usually taken to belong to Mr. Finch of Kensington," and "the ground lying near the Gravel-pits," on the west. About three of these boundaries there is little difficulty: they are clearly the two great lines of road which pass along the north and south edges of the park at the present day, and what is now called Park Lane. The whole of the ground within these three

boundaries was within Hyde Park; for, in the description of Old Lodge division, especial mention is made of "that small parcel of ground formerly taken out of the park, and used as a fortification, being at the corner of this division called Park Corner." The fortification here alluded to was the large fort with four bastions thrown up by the citizens in 1642, on the ground now occupied by Hamilton Place. On this several houses were subsequently erected during the Protectorate, which were after the Restoration granted on lease to James Hamilton, Esq., the Ranger. Upon his death, the lease was renewed for ninety-nine years to Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton in 1692. Apsley House stands on the site of the Old Lodge, and is held under the Crown: the original Apsley House was built by Lord Bathurst, when chancellor. By these grants the triangular piece of ground between the present gate and Park Lane came to be cut off from the park, the south-east corner of which, in 1652, extended along the north side of the highway, quite up to the end of Park Lane. The gradual encroachments made upon the park at its west end render it more difficult to ascertain its extent in that direction. The following indications may assist:—When King William purchased his mansion of the Earl of Nottingham at Kensington, there were only twenty-six acres of garden-ground attached to it. The Palace Green, on the west of the palace, was part of these twenty-six acres. We know that the old conduit of Henry VIII., on the west side of Palace Green, was built by that monarch on a piece of waste ground, called "the Moor," outside of the park. The mansion of the Earl of Nottingham must therefore have stood pretty close upon the eastern limits of his twenty-six acres. This view is corroborated by two circumstances. The first is, that the grounds acquired by Sir Heneage Finch, Recorder of London, ancestor of the Earl of Nottingham, between 1630 and 1640, are described in old charters as lying within the parishes of Kensington, St. Margaret's, Westminster, and Paddington. These three parishes meet at a point to the west of Kensington Palace, nearly equidistant from its outer gate in the town of Kensington, the circular pond in Kensington Gardens, and the junction of Bayswater and Kensington Gravel-pits on the western descent of Bayswater Hill. The second circumstance alluded to is, that the grounds purchased by King William from the Earl of Nottingham contained a small part of the original Hyde Park; Sir Heneage Finch, son of the Recorder, having obtained from Charles II. a grant of a "ditch and fence which divide Hyde Park from the lands, grounds, and possessions of the said Sir Heneage Finch;" "the said ditch containing in breadth ten feet, and in length one hundred and fifty roods, beginning from the south highway leading to the town of Kensington, and from thence crossing to the north highway leading to the town of Acton, which said piece of ground is by this grant disparked for ever." All these considerations seem to warrant the assumption that Hyde Park originally extended at its western extremity almost up to the east front of Kensington Palace.

But the indentures of sale enable us also to form some kind of idea of the appearance of the ground within these boundaries at the time the park was sold by order of Parliament. Great care seems to have been taken, in dividing the park into five lots or parcels, to divide the "pools" in the park equally between them. Two are attached to the Gravel-pits, two to the Kensington, three to the Middle, and four to the Old Lodge division. The relative positions and extent of these

divisions, and the manner in which the "pools" are described, show that they must have formed a chain extending in a waving line from "Bayard's watering" to "the Spittle mead" at Knightsbridge—the exact course of the Serpentine River, and the stream sent off from its lower extremity. No pools are allotted to the Banqueting-house division, the reason of which seems to have been that it contained "a parcel of enclosed ground lying on the north-east corner of this division, formerly used as a meadow, commonly called Tyburn Meadow," the north-east corner being the angle formed by the great road to Acton and the road now called Park Lane. From this corner a depression of the ground can still be traced extending to the Serpentine between the heights on which the farm-house and the powder-magazine stand. These facts lead us to infer that Hyde Park was then intersected by a chain of "pools," (which old muniments of the manor of Paddington and the manor of Knightsbridge show must have been expansions in the bed of a stream,) tracing the same line as the Serpentine of the present day, and a shallow water-course running down to it from an enclosed meadow where Cumberland Gate now stands. The indentures of sale moreover enable us to make a pretty near guess as to the appearance of the ground intersected by these water courses. The wood on the north-west or Gravel-pit division was valued at 2428*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*; that on the south-west or Kensington division only at 261*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*; and yet the Gravel-pit division contained not much more than 112 acres, while the Kensington division contained about 177 acres. Again, the Middle division, which lay on the north side of the park between the Gravel-pit division on the west and the Banqueting-house division on the east, contained only 83 acres, 2 roods, 38 poles, and the Banqueting-house and Old Lodge divisions contained between them 247 acres, 3 roods, 16 poles; yet the wood on the Middle division was valued at 1225*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.*, while that on the other two was not valued at more than 1184*l.* 11*s.* 2*d.* From these facts we infer that the north-western parts of the park and the banks of the "pools" were thickly wooded; that its north-east corner had fewer trees; and that the part which lay towards Kensington Gore and the town of Kensington was almost entirely denuded of wood. To complete the picture we must bear in mind that in the south-west part of the Kensington division there was "a parcel of meadow-ground enclosed for the deer;" that in the Banqueting-house division there was the enclosed Tyburn meadow on its north-east corner, and "that building intended at the first erection thereof for a banqueting-house, situate near the south-west corner of this division,"—from its position the house afterwards called Cake House or Mince-pie House, where the farm now stands; that where Apsley House is now was "the Old Lodge with the barn and stable belonging," and immediately east of it the remains of the temporary fortification thrown up in 1642. The park was enclosed—it is described in the indentures as "that impaled ground called Hide Park"—but with the exception of Tyburn meadow, the enclosure for the deer, the Old Lodge, and the Banqueting-house, it seems to have been left entirely in a state of nature. Grammont alludes to the park as presenting the ungainly appearance of a bare field in the time of Charles II. The value put upon the materials of the Old Lodge and Banqueting-house does not excite any very inordinate ideas of their splendour; it is probable, however, that the Ring, which we find a fashionable place of resort early in the reign of Charles II.,

without any mention being made of its origin, was originally the ornamental ground attached to the latter.

In this state Hyde Park seems to have continued with little alteration till the year 1720, and from then the improvements were almost exclusively confined to the part enclosed under the name of Kensington Gardens, to the history of which we must now turn our attention.

It has already been stated that the gardens attached to Kensington Palace when purchased by King William did not exceed twenty-six acres. Evelyn alludes to them on the 25th of February, 1690-1, in these words:—"I went to Kensington, which King William had bought of Lord Nottingham, and altered, but was yet a patched building; but with the gardens, however, it is a very neat villa, having to it the park and a strait new way through this park." In a view of the gardens near London in December, 1691, communicated to the Society of Antiquaries by Dr. Hamilton from a MS. in his possession, and printed in the twelfth volume of the 'Archæologia,' the gardens are thus described:—"Kensington Gardens are not great, nor abounding with fine plants. The orange, lemon, myrtle, and what other trees they had there in summer, were all removed to Mr. Loudon's or Mr. Wise's green-house at Brompton Park, a little mile from them. But the walks and grass were very fine, and they were digging up a plot of four or five acres to enlarge their garden."

Bowack, who wrote in 1705, has given an account of the improvements then carrying on by order of Queen Anne:—"But whatever is deficient in the house, is and will be made up in the gardens, which want not any advantages of nature to render them entertaining, and are beautified with all the elegancies of art (statues and fountains excepted). There is a noble collection of foreign plants, and fine neat greens, which makes it pleasant all the year, and the contrivance, variety, and disposition of the whole is extremely pleasing; and so frugal have they been of the room they had, that there is not an inch but what is well improved, the whole with the house not being above twenty-six acres. Her Majesty has been pleased lately to plant near thirty acres more towards the north, separated from the rest only by a stately green-house, not yet finished; upon this spot is near one hundred men daily at work, and so great is the progress they have made, that in less than nine months the whole is levelled, laid out and planted, and when finished will be very fine. Her Majesty's gardener has the management of this work." It appears from this passage that previous to 1705, Kensington Gardens did not extend farther to the north than the Conservatory, originally designed for a banqueting-house, and frequently used as such by Queen Anne. The eastern boundary of the gardens would seem to have been at this time nearly in the line of the broad walk which crosses them before the east front of the palace. Palace Green seems at that time to have been considered a part of the private pleasure-grounds attached to the palace, for the low circular stone building now used as an engine-house for supplying the palace with water was erected by order of Queen Anne, facing an avenue of elms, for a summer recess. The town of Kensington for some years later did not extend so far to the east as it now does. The kitchen gardens which extend north of the palace towards the Gravel-pits, and the thirty acres north of the Conservatory, added by Anne to the pleasure gardens, may have been the fifty-five acres "detached and severed from the park, lying in the north-west corner thereof," granted in the 16th

of Charles II. to Hamilton, ranger of the park, and Birch, auditor of excise, to be walled and planted with "pippins and red-streaks," on condition of their furnishing apples or cider for the King's use. The alcove at the end of the avenue leading from the south front of the palace to the wall on the Kensington road was also built by Anne's orders. So that Kensington Palace in her reign seems to have stood in the midst of fruit and pleasure gardens, with pleasant alcoves on the west and south, and a stately banqueting-house on the east—the whole confined between the Kensington and Uxbridge roads, the west side of Palace Green, and the line of the broad walk before the east front of the palace. Tickell has perpetrated a dreary mythological poem on Kensington Gardens, which we have ransacked in vain for some descriptive touches of their appearance in Queen Anne's time, and have therefore been obliged to have recourse to Addison's prose in the 477th Number of the 'Spectator:'—"I think there are as many kinds of gardening as poetry: your makers of pastures and flower gardens are epigrammatists and sonnetteers in this art; contrivers of bowers and grottoes, treillages and cascades, are romance writers. Wise and Loudon are our heroic poets; and if as a critic I may single out any passage of their works to commend, I shall take notice of that part in the upper garden at Kensington, which was at first nothing but a gravel-pit. It must have been a fine genius for gardening that could have thought of forming such an unsightly hollow into so beautiful an area, and to have hit the eye with so uncommon and agreeable a scene as that which it is now wrought into. To give this particular spot of ground the greater effect, they have made a very pleasing contrast; for as on one side of the walk you see this hollow basin, with its several little plantations lying so conveniently under the eye of the beholder, on the other side of it there appears a seeming mount, made up of trees one higher than another as they approach the centre. A spectator who has not heard of this account of it, would think this circular mount was not only a real one, but that it had been actually scooped out of that hollow space, which I have before mentioned. I never yet met with any one who had walked in this garden who was not struck with that part of it which I have mentioned."

In reference to the operations of Queen Caroline, Daines Barrington remarks, in his 'Essay on the Progress of Gardening:'—"It is believed that George I. rather improved the gardens at Herrnhausen than those of any of his English palaces. In the succeeding reign, Queen Caroline threw a string of ponds in Hyde Park into one, so as to form what is called the Serpentine River, from its being not exactly straight, as all ponds and canals were before. She is likewise well known to have planted and laid out the gardens of Richmond and Kensington upon a larger scale, and in better taste, than we have any instances before that period. She seems also to have been the first introducer of expensive buildings in gardens, if one at Lord Barrington's is excepted." And yet Queen Anne's Green-house or Conservatory in the very gardens he was writing about must have cost something. Nearly 300 acres were added by Queen Caroline to Kensington Gardens. Opposite the Ring in Hyde Park a mound was thrown across the valley to dam up the streams connecting the chain of "pools" already mentioned. All the waters and conduits in the park, granted in 1663 to Thomas Haines on a lease of ninety-nine years, were re-purchased by the Crown. Along the line of the ponds a canal was begun to be dug. The excavation was fou

hundred yards in length and forty feet deep, and cost 6000*l*. At the south-east end of the gardens a mount was raised of the soil dug out of the canal. On the north and south the grounds, of which these works formed the characteristic features, were bounded by high parallel walls. On the north-east a fosse and low wall, reaching from the Uxbridge road to the Serpentine, at once shut in the gardens, and conducted the eye along their central vista, over the Serpentine to its extremity, and across the park. To the east of Queen Anne's gardens, immediately below the principal windows of the east front of the palace, a reservoir was formed into a circular pond, and thence long vistas were carried through the woods that circled it round, to the head of the Serpentine; to the fosse and low wall, affording a view of the park (this sort of fence was an invention of Bridgeman, "an attempt then deemed so astonishing, that the common people called them Ha-has, to express their surprise at finding a sudden and unperceived check to their walk"), and to the mount constructed out of the soil dug from the canal. This mount was planted with evergreens, and on the summit was erected a small temple, made to turn at pleasure, to afford shelter from the wind. The three principal vistas were crossed at right angles, by others at regular intervals—an arrangement which has been complained of as disagreeably formal, with great injustice, for the formality is only in the ground plot, not in any view of the garden that can meet the eye of the spectator at one time. Queen Anne's gardens underwent no further alteration than was necessary to make them harmonise with the extended grounds, of which they had now become a part.

Since the death of George II. Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens have undergone no changes of consequence. The Ring, in the former, has been

[Humane Society's Boat-house.]

deserted for the drive, and presents now an appearance which any Jonathan Oldbuck might pardonably mistake for the vestiges of a Roman encampment. New plantations have been laid out to compensate for the gradual decay of the old wood. That part of the south wall of Kensington Gardens which served to intercept between it and the Kensington road a narrow strip of the park where the cavalry barracks have been erected, has been thrown down. Queen Caroline's

artificial mound had previously been levelled. A new bridge has been thrown across the Serpentine, and more ornamental buildings been erected on its bank to serve for a powder-magazine and the house of the Humane Society, (beautiful antithesis!) and infantry barracks have been erected within the precincts of the park near Knightsbridge.

Kensington Gardens now occupy the Gravel-pit division and the larger portions of the Kensington and Middle divisions of the time of Oliver Cromwell. Farther along the Serpentine, and below the waterless waterfall, at its termination, the appearance of the park has been wonderfully changed since the time of the Protectorate. The remainder is characterised, perhaps, by a more careful surface-dressing, but in other respects it has, if anything, retrograded in internal ornament. Of the Ring, once the seat of gaiety and splendour, we may say with Wordsworth, that—

> "Dying insensibly away
> From human thoughts and purposes,"

it seems

> "To yield to some transforming power,
> And blend with the surrounding trees."

We sometimes feel tempted to regret its decay, and also the throwing down of part of the south wall of the gardens, which seems to have let in too much sunlight upon them (to say nothing of east winds), and spoiled their umbrageous character. On the whole, however, the recent changes in Hyde Park are more striking in regard to its immediate vicinity, to the setting of the jewel as it were, than to the ground itself. Any one who enters the park from Grosvenor Gate (opened in 1724) and advances to the site of the Ring, will at once feel this change in its full force. Hemmed in though the park now is on all sides by long rows of buildings, one feels there, on a breezy upland with a wide space of empty atmosphere on every side, what must have been the charm of this place when the eye, looking from it, fell in every direction on rural scenes. For Hyde Park until very recently was entirely in the country. And this remark naturally conducts us to those adventures and incidents associated with Hyde Park which contribute even more than its rural position to render it less exclusively of the court, courtly, than St. James's.

Hyde Park was a favourite place of resort for those who brought in the 1st of May with the reverence once paid to it. Pepys breathes a sigh in his 'Diary' on the evening of the 30th April, 1661, (he was then on a pleasure jaunt,) to this effect:—"I am sorry I am not at London to be at Hide Park to-morrow morning, among the great gallants and ladies, which will be very fine." It was very fine, for Evelyn has entered in his 'Diary,' under the date of the identical 1st of May referred to by Pepys:—"I went to Hide Park to take the air, where was his Majesty and an innumerable appearance of gallants and rich coaches, being now at time of universal festivity and joy." But even during the sway of the Puritans, the Londoners assembled here "to do observance to May," as we learn from 'Several Proceedings of State Affairs, 27th April to 4th May, 1654.'—"Monday, 1st May. This day 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 resort came to Hyde Park, many hundreds of coaches and gallants in attire, but most shameful pow-

dered 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 went not thither, nor any of the Lords of the Commonwealth, but were busy about the great affairs of the Commonwealth." We would give a trifle to know whether one John Milton, a Secretary of the Lord Protector, were equally self-denying. In 1654 the morning view from the Ring in Hyde Park must have been not unlike this description of what had met a poet's eyes in his early rambles—

"Some time walking not unseen
By hedge-row elms on hillock green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrowed land;
And the milk-maid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale."

And one of the poet's earlier compositions had afforded a strong suspicion of his idolatrous tendencies—

"Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and brings with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail! beauteous May, that doth inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Meads and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long."

To all which circumstances may be added that the said John Milton is affirmed (perhaps with a view to be near the scene of his official duties) to have resided for some time in a house on the south side of St. James's Park, at no immeasurable distance from the place where the enormities of May worship were perpetrated in 1654, under the very noses of a puritanical government.

Be this as it may, the sports affected by the habitual frequenters of Hyde Park at all times of the year had a manly character about them, harmonizing with its country situation. For example, although the Lord Protector felt it inconsistent with his dignity to sanction by his presence the profane mummery of the 1st of May, he made himself amends for his self-denial a few days afterwards, as we learn from the 'Moderate Intelligencer:'—"Hyde Park, May 1st, 1654. This day there was a hurling of a great ball by fifty Cornish gentlemen of the 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 his 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." Evelyn mentions in May 1658. "I went to see a coach-race in Hide

Park, and collationed in Spring Gardens." Pepys mentions in August, 1660:—"To Hide Parke by coach, and saw a fine foot-race three times round the park (*Qu.* Ring?) between an Irishman and Crow that was once my Lord Claypole's footman." Evelyn's coach-race (by which we must not understand such a race as might take place now-a-days between two professional or amateur coach-drivers, but more probably some imaginative emulation of classical chariot-races, for such was the tone of that age) recalls an accident which happened to Cromwell in Hyde Park in 1654. We learn from the 'Weekly Post,'—"His Highness the Lord Protector went lately in his coach from Whitehall to take the ayr in Hide Park; and the horses being exceedingly affrighted, set a running, insomuch that the postilion fell, whereby his Highness was in some danger; but (blessed be God) he was little hurt." Ludlow's version of this story is:—"The Duke of Holstein made him (Cromwell) a present of a set of grey Friesland coach-horses; with which taking the air in the park, attended only with his secretary Thurloe, and a guard of Janizaries, he would needs take the place of the coachman, not doubting but the three pair of horses he was about to drive would prove as tame as the three nations which were ridden by him; and therefore, not content with their ordinary pace, he lashed them very furiously. But they, unaccustomed to such a rough driver, ran away in a rage, and stopped not till they had thrown him out of the box, with which fall his pistol fired in his pocket, though without any hurt to himself: by which he might have been instructed how dangerous it was to meddle with those things wherein he had no experience." There may be some truth in this, although Ludlow was a small man, virulent in his vindictiveness, and a *gobemouche;* for the cautious journalist admits that the Protector was hurt; and Bates, Cromwell's physician, mentions that, from an idea that violent motion was calculated to alleviate some disorders to which he was subject, it was his custom when taking the air in his coach to seat himself on the driving-box, in order to procure a rougher shake. Cromwell—since we have got him in hand we may as well despatch him at once—seems to have been partial to Hyde Park and its environs. The 'Weekly Post,' enumerating the occasions on which Syndercombe and Cecill had lain in wait to assassinate him in Hyde Park ("the hinges of Hide Park gate were filed off in order to their escape") enumerates some of his airings all in this neighbourhood:—"when he rode to Kensington and thence the back way to London;" "when he went to Hide Park in his coach;" "when he went to Turnham Green and so by Acton home;" and "when he rode in Hide Park." One could fancy him influenced by some attractive sympathy between his affections and the spot of earth in which he was destined to repose from his stirring and harassing career. The unmanly indignities offered to his dead body harmed not him, and they who degraded themselves by insulting the dead were but a sort of sextons more hardened and brutal than are ordinarily to be met with. Cromwell sleeps as sound at Tyburn, in the vicinity of his favourite haunts, as the rest of our English monarchs sleep at Westminster or Windsor.

The fashionable part of Hyde Park was long confined within very narrow limits; the Ring being, from all time previous to the Restoration till far in the reigns of the Georges, the exclusive haunt of the *beau monde*. Subsequently Kensington Gardens, at the opposite extremity of the park, was appropriated by the race that lives for enjoyment; but even after that event a considerable space within the park remained allotted to the rougher business of life. During the time of

the Commonwealth, as we have seen, it became private property. Evelyn (11th April, 1653) complains feelingly of the change:—"I went to take the aire in Hide Park, where every coach was made to pay a shilling, and horse sixpence, by *the sordid fellow* (poor Anthony Deane, of St. Martin's in the Fields, Esq.) who had purchased it of the state, as they are called." The courtly Evelyn had no words of reprobation for Mr. Hamilton, the ranger appointed at the Restoration, who continued for ten good years to let the park in farms; it not having been enclosed with a wall and re-stocked with deer till 1670.

Hyde Park has from an early period down to our own times been a favourite locality for reviews. "*Mercurius Publicus*" announced to the public on the 26th of April, 1660, that the Commissioners of the Militia of London were to "rendezvous their regiments of trained bands and auxiliaries" at Hyde Park; that Major Cox, "Quartermaster-general of the City," had been to view the ground; and that the Lord Mayor intended to appear at the review "with his collar of *esses*,"—and all the Aldermen "in scarlet robes, attended with the mace and cap of maintenance, as is usual at great solemnities." An 'Exact Account' of the pageant, published not long after, informs us that in Hyde Park "was erected a spacious fabric, in which the Lord Mayor in his collar of SS, and the Aldermen in their scarlet gowns, with many persons of quality, sate, by which the respective regiments in a complete order marched, giving many volleys of shot as they passed by;" that "in the White regiment of Auxiliaries in the first rank Major-General Mysse trailed a pike, who was followed with a numerous company of people with great acclamations;" that "the like hath hardly been seen, it being conceived that there could hardly be lesse than twenty thousand men in arms, besides the Yellow regiment which came out of Southwark, and also that complete regiment of horse commanded by Major-General Brown, where was likewise present so great a multitude of people, that few persons hath seen the like;" that "they marched out of the field in the same handsome manner, to the great honour and repute of the City of London, and satisfaction and content of all spectators;" and lastly, "which is observable, that in the height of this show the Lord Mayor received notice that Colonel John Lambert was carried by the park a prisoner unto Whitehall." Evelyn records a more courtly spectacle of the kind that took place on the same ground in July 1664:—"I saw his Majesty's Guards, being of horse and foote 4000, led by the General the Duke of Albemarle in extraordinary equipage and gallantry, consisting of gentlemen of quality and veteran souldiers, excellently clad, marched, and ordered, drawn up in battalia before their Ma^ties^ in Hide Park, where the old Earle of Cleveland trailed a pike, and led the right-hand file commanded by the Viscount Wentworth his son, a worthy spectacle and example, being both of them old and valiant souldiers. This was to show y^e^ French ambassador, Monsieur Comminges; there being a great assembly of coaches, &c., in the park." The prejudices of education might predispose one to imagine that the titled heroes celebrated by Evelyn "trailed the puissant pike" more gallantly than Major-General Mysse; but the observations of Pepys, who slipped into the park to see the review described by Evelyn, after cherishing his little body at an ordinary, induce us to suspend our judgment:—"From the King's Head ordinary with Creed to hire a coach to carry us to Hide Park, to-day there being a general muster of the king's guards, horse and foot; but they demand so high, that I

spying Mr. Cutler the merchant did take notice of him, and he going into his coach and telling me he was going to the muster, I asked and went along with him; when a goodly sight to see—so many fine horses and officers, and the King, Duke, and others—came by a-horseback, and the two Queenes in the Queen-mother's coach (my lady Castlemaine not being there). And after long being there I light, and walked to the place where the King, Duke, &c., did stand, to see the horse and foot march by and discharge their guns, to show a Frenche Marquisse (for whom this muster was caused) the goodnesse of our firemen; which indeed was very good, though not without a slip now and then; and one broadside close to our coach as we had going out of the parke, even to the nearnesse to be ready to burn our hairs. *Yet methought all these gay men are 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.*" Horace Walpole's account of a somewhat similar scene, 1759, may serve as a pendant to these remarks:—"I should weary you with what everybody wearies me—the militia. The crowds in Hyde Park when the King reviewed them were inimaginable. 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." The Brobdignaggian scale of the reviews of the Volunteers in the days of George III. are beyond the compass of our narrow page. The encampment of the troops in Hyde Park in 1780 after Lord George Gordon's riots, and of the Volunteers in 1799, must be passed over in silence; as also the warlike doings of the Fleet in the Serpentine in 1814, when a Lilliputian British frigate blew a Lilliputian American frigate out of the water, in commemoration of—the founders of the feast confessed themselves at a loss to say what.

But Hyde Park, unlike St. James's, has witnessed the mustering of real as well as of holiday warriors. It was the frequent rendezvous of the Commonwealth troops during the civil war. Essex and Lambert encamped their forces here, and here Cromwell reviewed his terrible Ironsides. And though Butler's muse, which, as the bee finds honey in every flower, elaborates the ludicrous from all events, has sneered at the labours of the citizens of London who threw up the fort in Hyde Park, the jest at which royalists could laugh under Charles II. was no joke to the Cavaliers of Charles I. The very women shared the enthusiasm, and, as the irreverend bard alluded to sings—

> "March'd rank and file with drum and ensign,
> T' entrench the city for defence in;
> Raisep rampions with their own soft hands,
> And put the enemy to stands.
> From ladies down to oyster wenches,
> Labour'd like pioneers in trenches,
> Fall'n to their pick-axes and tools,
> And help'd the men to dig like moles."

One circumstance that tends to impress us with the idea of the solitary character of Hyde Park and its environs when compared with St. James's Park

during the reigns of the last Stuarts and the first sovereigns of the present dynasty is its being frequently selected, in common with the then lonely fields behind Montague House, now the British Museum, as the scene of the more inveterate class of duels. In the days when men wore swords there were many off-hand duels—*impromptu* exertions of that species of lively humour. Horace Walpole, sen., quarrelled with a gentleman in the House of Commons, and they fought at the stair-foot. Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth stepped out of a dining-parlour in the Star and Garter Tavern, Pall Mall, and fought by the light of a bed-room candle in an adjoining apartment. More than one duel occurred in Pall Mall itself. But there were also more ceremonious duels, to which men were formally invited some time beforehand, and in which more guests than two participated. The pistol-duel in which Wilkes was severely wounded occurred in Hyde Park. Here too the fatal duel in which the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mahon (November, 1712) fell, and their seconds were wounded, took place. Swift enables us to fix with precision the locality of this last event: he says in his 'Journal to Stella,' "The Duke was helped towards the Cake-house by the Ring in Hyde Park, where they fought, and died on the grass before he could reach the house." Its loneliness is also vouched for by the frequency of highway robberies in its immediate vicinity: pocket-picking is the branch of industry characteristic of town places like St. James's Park; highway robbery and fox-hunting are rural occupations. The narrative of the principal witness in the trial of William Belchier, sentenced to death for highway robbery in 1752, shows the state in which the roads which bound Hyde Park were at that time, and also presents us with a picture of the substitutes then used instead of a good police:—"*William Norton:* The chaise to the Devizes having been robbed two or three times, as I was informed, I was desired to go in it, to see if I could take the thief, which I did on the 3rd of June, about half an hour after one in the morning. I got into the post-chaise; the post-boy told me the place where he had been stopped was near the Half-way House between Knightsbridge and Kensington. As we came near the house the prisoner came to us on foot and said, 'Driver, stop!' He held a pistol tinder-box to the chaise and said, 'Your money directly: you must not stay, this minute your money.' I said, 'Don't frighten us; I have but a trifle; you shall have it.' Then I said to the gentlemen (there were three in the chaise), 'Give your money.' I took out a pistol from my coat-pocket, and from my breeches-pocket a five-shilling piece and a dollar. I held the pistol concealed in one hand and the money in the other. I held the money pretty hard: he said, 'Put it in my hat.' I let him take the five-shilling piece out of my hand: as soon as he had taken it I snapped my pistol at him; it did not go off: he staggered back, and held up his hands and said, 'Oh Lord! oh Lord!' I jumped out of the chaise: he ran away, and I after him about six or seven hundred yards, and there took him. I hit him a blow on his back; he begged for mercy on his knees; I took his neckcloth off and tied his hands with it, and brought him back to the chaise: then I told the gentlemen in the chaise that was the errand I came upon, and wished them a good journey, and brought the prisoner to London. *Question by the prisoner:* Ask him how he lives. *Norton:* I keep a shop in Wych Street, and sometimes I take a thief." The post-boy stated on the trial that he had told Norton if they did not meet the highwayman between Knightsbridge and

Kensington, they should not meet him at all—a proof of the frequency of these occurrences in that neighbourhood. Truly while such tricks were played in the park by noblemen and gentlemen in the daytime, and by foot-pads at night, the propinquity of the place of execution at Tyburn to the place of gaiety in the Ring was quite as desirable as it seems upon first thought anomalous.

The Ring we have already observed was the first part of the park taken possession of by the gay world. Evelyn's complaint of the exaction of the "sordid fellow who had purchased it of the state, as they are called," seems to imply that it had been a resort for horsemen and people in carriages previous to 1653. He more than once notes a visit to Hyde Park, "where was his Majesty and abundance of gallantry." The sight-seeing Pepys, too, appears from his journal, as might have been anticipated, to have been a frequent visitant. We have already seen how dexterously he "did take notice of Mr. Cutler, the merchant," to save himself the expense of coach-hire; and heard the melodious sigh he breathed on account of his inability to be there on May-day. His Paul Pry disposition has led him to leave on record that on the 4th of April, 1663, he went "after dinner to Hide Parke; at the parke was the King, and in another coach my Lady Castlemaine, they greeting one another at every turn." Nor must we pass over in silence his own equestrian feats, worthy of his tailor-sire:—"1662, December 22. [Followed the Duke and Mr. Coventry into St. James's Park], and in the park Mr. Coventry's people having a horse ready for me (so fine a one that I was almost afraid to get upon him, but I did, and found myself more feared than hurt), and followed the Duke and some of his people to Hide Parke." The grave Etherege thought a ride in Hyde Park on the whole more conducive to morality than a walk in the Mall:—

"*Young Bellair.* Most people prefer Hyde Park to this place.

"*Harriet.* It has the better reputation, I confess; but I abominate the dull diversions there: the formal bows, the affected smiles, the silly by-words, and amorous tweers in passing. Here one meets with a little conversation now and then.

"*Y. Bell.* These conversations have been fatal to some of your sex, madam.

"*Har.* It may be so: because some who want temper have been undone by gaming, must others who have it wholly deny themselves the pleasure of play?"

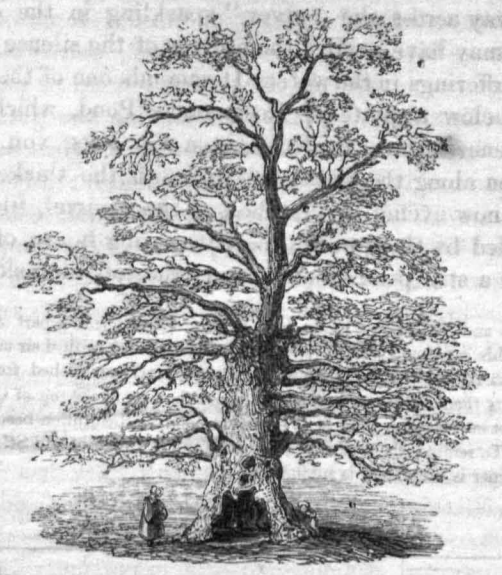
After King William took up his abode in Kensington palace, a court end of the town gathered around it. The praises of Kensington Gardens, as they appeared in the days of Queen Anne, by Tickell and Addison, have already been alluded to. The large gardens laid out by Queen Caroline were opened to the public on Saturdays, when the king and court went to Richmond. All visitors, however, were required to appear in full dress, which must have lent a stately and *recherché* character to the scene. These occasional glimpses into the seclusion of sovereigns who were foreigners in the land they reigned over, contrast characteristically with the publicity-courting manners of the time of Charles II. The formal solitudes of Kensington, remote from the brilliant gaiety of the Ring and Mall, mark a new and widely different era. St. James's Park was the appropriate locality of a court in which Etherege, Suckling, Sedley, and Buckingham dangled. The umbrageous shades of Kensington, into which the clatter of the gaudy equipages at the further end of the park penetrated "like notes by distance made

more sweet," was the equally appropriate retirement of a court, the type of whose literary characters was Sir Richard Blackmore, and from which the light graces of Pope kept at a distance. They were, however, not an unamiable race; these German sovereigns, as they could tell who were admitted to their society. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu knew that George I. could appreciate in his own quiet way a pretty face and lively disposition. A couple of anecdotes somewhere told of George II. have a bearing on our subject, and leave a favourable impression of a King of whose character ostentation formed no part:—"His Majesty came one day to the Richmond Gardens, and finding the gates of them locked, while some decently dressed persons were standing on the outside, called for the head gardener and told him to open the door immediately: 'My subjects,' added he, 'walk where they please.' The same gardener complaining to him one day that the company in Richmond Gardens had taken up some of the flower roots and shrubs that were planted there, his only reply was, 'Plant more, you blockhead.'"

When the court ceased to reside at Kensington, the gardens were thrown entirely open. They still, however, retain so much of their original secluded character that they are impervious to horses and equipages. Between their influence and that of the drive, the whole park has been drawn into the vortex of gaiety. Its eastern extremity, except along the Serpentine, still retains a homely character, contrasting with that which St. James's Park has long worn, and the Green Park is now assuming. It is questionable whether any attempt to make it finer would improve it. The effect produced by the swift crossing and re-crossing of equipages, and the passage of horsemen—the opportunity of mingling with the crowd of Sunday loungers and country cousins congregated to catch a glimpse of the leading characters of the day, or determine the fashionable shade for *demi-saison* trousers, constitute the attraction of the park. The living contents throw the scenery amid which they move into the shade. The plainness of the park, too, makes it perhaps a more fitting vestibule to the more ornamented gardens at its west end.

Having ventured to point out the most eligible method of entering the Green Park and St. James's, we may do the same office for the visitants of Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens. Enter from Grosvenor Gate. After crossing the drive, if your object is to see the company, walk first along the footpath, in the direction of Hyde Park Corner, where Apsley House now stands and the Parliamentary fort once stood; then returning, extend your lounge on the other side till you reach Cumberland Gate, near where the elms of Tyburn witnessed the execution of the "gentle Mortimer;" and where, in after days, terminated the walk prescribed by way of penance to the Queen of Charles I. by her Confessor, and the less voluntary excursions of many offenders against the law; and where an iron plate, bearing the inscription "Here stood Tyburn turnpike," marks the last earthly resting-place of Oliver Cromwell. Walk backwards and forwards along this beat, like a wild beast in its cage, till satiated with the sight. [N. B. Do not forget to admire the little carriages for children, drawn by goats, which have a stand near Cumberland Gate, as donkeys for juvenile equestrians have on Hampstead Heath.] Next cross the park from Grosvenor Gate to the vestiges of the Ring, which scene of the gallantry of Charles II. you will in all probability find occupied by half-a-dozen little chimney-sweeps playing at pitch-and-toss. Advance in the same direction till midway between the Ring and the

farm-house, and you stand on the spot which witnessed the tragedy described by Swift in the passage quoted above from his 'Journal to Stella.' Here turn down towards the Serpentine, and in passing admire the old elm—old amid an aged brotherhood, of which a representation is here inserted; it served for many years



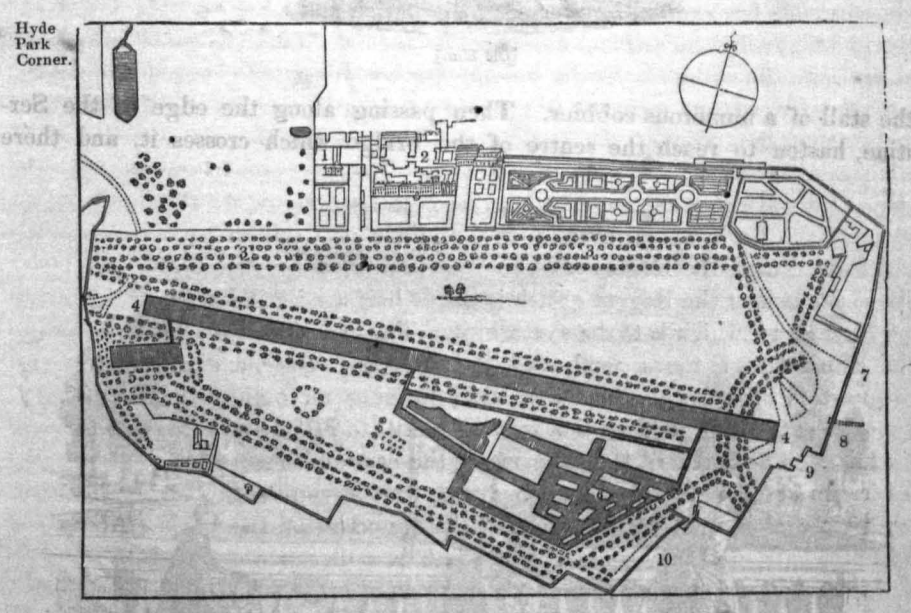
[Old Elm.]

as the stall of a humorous cobbler. Then passing along the edge of the Serpentine, hasten to reach the centre of the bridge which crosses it, and there

[The Serpentine.]

allow your eyes to wander across the water to the gateways admitting to Hyde Park and Constitution Hill, and behind them to the towers of Westminster Abbey. This is also a favourable spot for a morning or mid-day peep into Kensington Gardens. It is a curious feeling with which one amid the freshness of a spring or summer's morning watches the boatman of the Humane Society slowly oaring his way across the "river," sparkling in the early sun, as if in quest of those who may have availed themselves of the silence of night to terminate their earthly sufferings in the water. It reminds one of the horrible grotesque of the inscription below a plate of Rosamond's Pond, which we quoted when talking of that scene. Once in Kensington Gardens, you cannot go wrong. Ramble deviously on along the vistas and through the thickets, now surrounded by nibbling sheep, now eyeing the gambols of the squirrel, till you come into the airy space surrounded by the palace, the banqueting-house of Queen Anne, and stately trees, where a still pond lies mirroring the soft blue sky.*

* Hyde Park, the Green and St. James's Parks, may be regarded as forming part of an uninterrupted space of open pleasure-ground. This is not so apparent now that they only touch with their angles, but it was otherwise *before the ground on which Apsley House and Hamilton Place stand was filched from Hyde Park.* Even yet the isthmus which connects them, where Hyde Park Gate and the gate at the top of Constitution Hill front each other, is only attenuated, not intersected. They have moreover since the Revolution been invariably intrusted to the care of the same ranger. To remind the reader of their continuity, a plan of old St. James's Park, in which the position of Hyde Park Corner is indicated, is subjoined.



[St. James's Park, temp. Charles II.]

1. Cleveland House.
2. St. James's Palace.
3, 3. Mall.
4, 4. Canal.
5. Rosamond's Pond.
6. Decoy.
7. Horse Guards.
8. Tilt Yard.
9. Cock Pit.
10. Admiralty.

4. The Regent's Park

The Regent's Park lies at the south foot of the conical eminence called Primrose Hill, which is connected by a ridge somewhat lower than its summit with the higher eminence of Hampstead to the north. On the west side of Primrose Hill a small stream is formed from the drainings of several springs, nearly at the same elevation as the connecting ridge, which originally flowed in a southern direction across what is now the Regent's Park, to the west side of Marybone workhouse; thence in a direction slightly to the east of south between Manchester Square and the High Street of Marybone, Grosvenor Square, and Hanover Square, to the mews between Bond Street and Berkeley Square; thence turning to the west of south, it crossed the lower part of Berkeley Square, and entering the Green Park a little to the east of the Ranger's house, crossed what was once the site of the Mulberry Garden, now the Garden of Buckingham Palace, and Tothill Fields, to the Thames. This is the celebrated rivulet Ay-bourne or Tybourne, from which, what has been called in later days the parish and manor of Mary-le-bone, or Marybone, took their original name. The ancient Manor-house of Marybone stood opposite the church. In the time of Queen Elizabeth it was in the possession of the Crown, and mention is made of a stag having on one occasion been hunted within the pale of the park attached to it for the amusement of the Russian Ambassadors. A part of the manor has ever since remained in the Crown. Out of this and some neighbouring fields, purchased for the purpose, was constructed the Park, which, by its name, reminds us of its having been projected and laid out during the Regency.

The south side of the Regent's Park is about half a mile in length, and parallel to the New Road, which is to the south of it. The east side, nearly at right angles to the south side, extends northward to Gloucester Gate, a distance of almost three-quarters of a mile. The west side, forming an oblique angle with the south side, extends in a direction west of north to Hanover Gate, a distance of half a mile. The northern terminations of the east and west sides are connected by an irregular curve nearly coinciding with the sweep of the Regent's Canal, which passes along and within the northern boundary of the park. A sheet of water extends from Hanover Gate in a south-east direction parallel to the west side of the park, and curving round at a south-west angle, continues in a direction parallel to the south side to about the middle of it. Opposite the middle of the west side an arm of this sheet of water extends at right angles to the very centre of the park. The bottom of the valley, through which Tyburn rivulet flowed in days of old, stretches from its termination up to Primrose Hill, which is nearly due north of it. Nearly two-thirds of the park, forming an oblong parallelogram, slope down on the eastern side of the valley to the former channel of the stream

and the north-east and south arms of the artificial lake which is formed by its collected waters, and which resemble, to use a simile more accurate than dignified, the arrangement of the three legs on an Isle-of-Man halfpenny. Within the houses of the Crescent formed by its north-east and south arms is the Ring, the interior of which is occupied by the Garden of the Botanical Society. On the eastern slope, at the north end of the park, is the Garden of the Zoological Society. On the east side of the park, a little south of Gloucester Gate, are the enclosed villa and grounds of the late Sir Herbert Taylor; on the west side, a little north of Hanover Gate, those of the Marquis of Hertford.. Along the east, south, and west sides of the park are continuous ranges of buildings, the architecture of which is in some cases sufficiently florid, in others more than sufficiently grotesque. The open north side allows the eye to range over the beautiful uplands, Primrose Hill, Highgate, Hampstead, and the range extending westward in the direction of Harrow.

The history of the Park, as a park, is a brief one. An anonymous writer speaks of it in 1812 as "already one of the greatest, if not absolutely one of the most fashionable, Sunday promenades about town;" adding, however, that it "does not appear to be in a progress likely to promise a speedy completion." It is now perhaps as far advanced towards completion as human aid can bring it; time and the vegetative power of nature alone can give those dimensions to its trees that will reveal, to its full extent, the taste with which the grounds are laid out. Even in their immature state, however, the grounds have much of beauty in them, and the view to the north is an advantage possessed by none of the other parks. When Primrose Hill has been included within the *enceinte*, its managers may say,

"And now laborious man hath done his part."

As a promenade, the Regent's Park seems quite as much in vogue as either of the other two; as a drive, Hyde Park retains its uncontested supremacy. The Zoological Gardens are a source of interest not possessed by the other parks, and the Colosseum is a rare attraction to sight-seers.

The ante-park period of the Regent's Park history cannot be passed over in utter silence. The ancient Manor-house, already alluded to more than once, had a bowling-green, which, at the beginning of Queen Anne's reign, was frequented by persons of rank, but afterwards fell into disrepute. The amusements of the place are alluded to by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who, in the line—

"Some dukes at Marybone bowl time away"—

points at John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, who was constant in his visits, and gave here the annual feast to his *pendables*, at which his standing parting toast was—"May as many of us as remain unhanged next spring meet here again." Previous to 1737 Marybone Gardens were open to the public; after that year, according to Malcolm, "the company resorting to them becoming more respectable, Mr. Gough, the keeper, determined to demand a shilling as entrance-money"—the only instance in which we have heard of a fine imposed upon people for becoming respectable. In 1777 the gardens were finally closed. Their memory

will be preserved by Peachum's regret that Captain Macheath should lose his money playing with lords at Marybone, and his wife's advice to Filch to resort thither in order to acquire sufficient valour to encounter the dangers of his profession with credit to himself and his patrons.

[Marylebone House.]

[Opening a Sewer by Night.]

XIII.—UNDERGROUND.

Could we imagine any calamity to occur to London which should utterly sweep away all those outward evidences of her greatness which more particularly excite the wonder and admiration of the world, and reduce her to as dread a ruin as that which the author of the 'Fairy Queen' describes—

> "High towers, fair temples, goodly theatres,
> Strong walls, rich porches, princely palaces,
> Large streets, brave houses, sacred sepulchres,
> Sure gates, sweet gardens, stately galleries,
> Wrought with fair pillars and fine imageries;
> All these, oh pity! now are turn'd to dust,
> And overgrown with black oblivion's rust;"—

could we imagine that this great capital of capitals should ever be what Babylon is,—its very site forgotten,—one could not but almost envy the delight with which the antiquaries of that future time would hear of some discovery of a *London below the soil* still remaining. We can fancy we see the progress of the excavators from one part to another of the mighty, but for a while inexplicable, labyrinth, till the whole was cleared open to the daylight, and the vast system lay bare before them, revealing in the clearest language the magnitude and splendour of the place to which it had belonged, the skill and enterprise of the people. Let us reflect for a moment upon what this system accomplishes. Do we want

water in our houses?—we turn a small instrument, and the limpid stream from the springs of Hertfordshire, or of Hampstead Heath, or from the river Thames, comes flowing, as it were by magic, into our vessels. Do we wish to get rid of it when no longer serviceable?—the trouble is no greater; in an instant it is on its way through the silent depths. Do we wish for an artificial day?—through that same mysterious channel comes streaming up into every corner of our chambers, counting-houses, or shops, the subtle air which waits but our bidding to become —light! The tales which amuse our childhood have no greater marvels than these. Yet, as the very nature of a system of underground communication precludes it from being one of the shows of the metropolis, we seldom think of it, except when some such picturesque scene as that shown in the engraving calls our attention to those gloomy regions, or when we hear of people wandering into them from the Thames till they find Cheapside or Temple Bar above their heads.* It is principally to the growth of this system in its two chief features, the sewage and supply of water, that we now propose to request our readers' attention.

"Anciently, until the time of the Conqueror, and two hundred years later, this City of London was watered (besides the famous river of Thames on the south part) with the river of the Wells, as it was then called, on the west; with a water called Walbrook running through the midst of the City into the river of Thames, severing the heart thereof; and with a fourth water, or bourn, which ran within the City through Langbourn Ward, watering that part in the east. In the west suburbs was also another great water, called Oldborn, which had its fall into the river of Wells."† To this we may add, from Fitzstephen, "There are also about London, on the north of the suburbs, choice fountains of water, sweet, wholesome, and clear, streaming forth among the glistening pebble-stones. In this number Holywell, Clerkenwell, and Saint Clement's Well are of most note, and frequented above the rest when scholars and the youth of the City take the air abroad in the summer evenings." We fancy the worthy ancient who describes this scene, amidst which, no doubt, he had himself often sauntered, now stopping to admire the "glistening pebble-stones," now reclining beneath the shade of some of the trees that bordered the stream, would be puzzled could he see Clerkenwell now. This part took its name "from the parish clerks in London; who, of old time, were accustomed there yearly to assemble, and to play some large history of Holy Scripture. For example, of later time,—to wit, in the year 1390, the fourteenth of Richard II.,—I read that the parish clerks of London, on the 18th of July, played interludes at Skinner's Well, near unto Clerks' Well, which play continued three days together; the King, the Queen, and nobles, being present. Also in the year 1409, the tenth of Henry IV., they played a play at the Skinner's Well which lasted eight days, and was of matter from the creation of the world. There were to see the same the most part of the nobles and gentles in England."‡

* It appeared, from an inquest held on the remains of a man discovered beneath Shire Lane, Temple Bar, in September, 1839, that there were persons who actually made a livelihood by going up these sewers in search of any stray articles that might be left by the stream. We have ourselves been told by one of them that he has been in the sewers for eighteen hours together, and that he has gone from the Thames not merely to Holborn, or Clerkenwell, but to Camden Town. They carry a lantern with them to scare away the rats. A stout heart must indeed be necessary for so frightful an occupation. The gases evolved are sometimes so powerful as to blow up the masonry; and even in lesser explosions those within may be stifled in the sudden flame. Such cases, we are told, have occurred.

† Stow, b. i. p. 23. ‡ Ib. b. i. p. 24.

All the streams which Fitzstephen mentions flowed into the river of Wells, and, in fact, gave that name to it; although it appears to have been also known from a very early period as the Fleet. As this river forms an important illustration of our subject generally, we may as well first notice such other running streams that originally watered and drained London as had no connection with the Fleet. The Wall-brook came from the north (probably Moor) fields, and, entering the City wall between Moorgate and Bishopsgate, divided the City into two parts. "From the wall it passed to St. Margaret's Church in Lothbury; from thence beneath the lower part of the Grocers' Hall, about the east part of their kitchen; under St. Mildred's Church, somewhat west from the Stocks Market; from thence through Bucklersbury, by one great house builded of stone and timber, called the 'Old Barge,' because *barges out of the river of Thames were rowed up so far into this brook;* on the back side of the houses in Walbrook Street (which taketh name from the said brook); by the west end of St. John's Church upon Walbrook; under Horseshoe Bridge; by the west side of Tallow Chandlers' Hall, and of the Skinners' Hall; and so behind the other houses to Elbow Lane, and by a part thereof down Greenwich Lane into the river of Thames."[1]

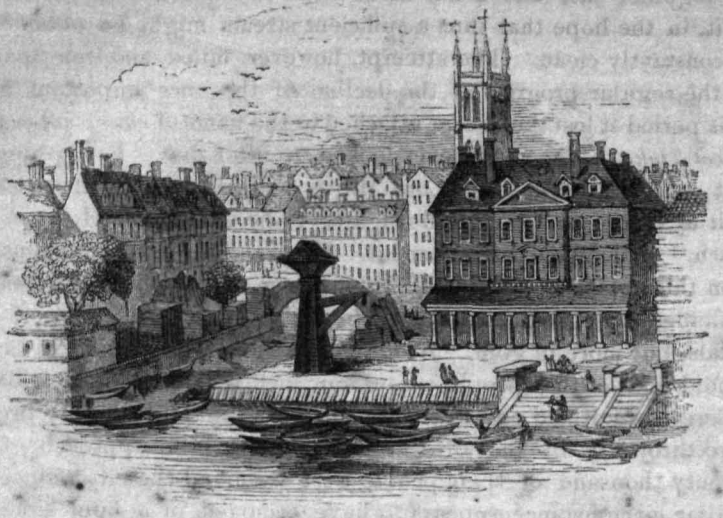
As the City increased in wealth and importance, and became the centre towards which the wealthiest merchants and men of business pressed, every inch of ground grew valuable. Bridges here and there were thrown over the Walbrook, and houses erected upon them; the example became generally followed; until at last the whole was arched over as it remains to this day. Some interesting traces of this once "fair brook of sweet water" were recently discovered. In making the excavations for the new line of streets north of the Mansion House, the soil at the depth of thirty feet below the present surface was found to be moist, highly impregnated with animal and vegetable matter, and almost of inky blackness in colour. Throughout the same line were at intervals noticed a vast and almost continuous number of piles, which in Princes Street were particularly frequent, and where also they descended much deeper. From this we may perceive at what an early period the Walbrook had been embanked, and how important its stream must have been thought when such extensive labours were bestowed upon it. The Langbourn, which gave name to the ward, and was so called from the length of its winding stream, has disappeared in the same way as the Walbrook. This welled out of the ground in Fenchurch Street, and ran through Lombard and other streets to Share-bourn Lane, which received that name on account of the *bourn* here *sharing* or dividing into several rills, taking each a separate way to the Thames.

The source of that river which Pope has immortalized as

> The king of dykes! than whom no sluice of mud
> With deeper sable blots the silver flood,"

is in a spot somewhat different from the place where one might look for it who knew it only by Pope's famous allusions. The Fleet has its origin in the high grounds of that most beautiful of heaths, Hampstead; nor did its waters for some centuries belie the place of their birth. From Hampstead it passed by Kentish Town, Camden Town, and the old church of St. Pancras, towards Battle Bridge,

[1] Stow, b. ii. p. 2.



[Fleet Ditch, 1749.]

in the neighbourhood of which place an anchor is said to have been found, from which it is inferred that vessels must have anciently passed from the Thames so far up the river. It next directed its course past Bagnigge Wells and the House of Correction, towards the valley at the back of Mount Pleasant, Warner Street, and Saffron Hill, and so to the bottom of Holborn. Here it received the waters of the Old Bourne (whence the name Holborn), which rose near Middle Row, and the channel of which forms the sewer of Holborn Hill to this day. We have Stow's express testimony to the ancient sweetness and freshness of the Fleet; but it did not long retain its original character when a busy population had gathered upon its banks. So early as 1290 the monks of White Friars complained to the King and Parliament that the putrid exhalations arising from it were so powerful as to overcome all the *frankincense* burnt at their altars during divine service, and even occasioned the deaths of many of the brethren. The monks of the Black Friars, and the Bishop of Salisbury, whose house was in Salisbury Court, joined in the complaint. The state of the river appears to have been as injurious to the commerce, also, as to the health of the metropolis. At a Parliament held at Carlisle in 1307, Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, complained that, whereas, in times past, the course of water running at London, under Old Borne Bridge and Fleet Bridge, into the Thames, had been of such breadth and depth that ten or twelve ships, navies at once with merchandizes, were wont to come to the foresaid bridge of Fleet, and some of them unto Old Borne Bridge; now the same course (by filth of the tanners and such others) was sore decayed; also by raising of wharfs, but especially by "diversion of the water made by them of the New Temple, for their mills standing without Baynard's Castle." The river was accordingly cleansed, and the mills, which for a time gave to it the name of Turnmill Brook, removed; but it did not recover its former depth or breadth. From that time down to the last century numerous were the occasions on which it was found necessary to scour the whole channel through; and towards the close of the sixteenth century a great endeavour was made to accomplish a still more important measure—that was the

bringing together into one head, at or near Hampstead, all the springs that supplied it, in the hope that thus a sufficient stream might be obtained to keep the river constantly clean. The attempt, however, failed, and from that time may be dated the regular progress of the decline of the once important Fleet river. About this period it lost the charm attached to the name of *river;* it became known as the *Fleet Dyke*. The river never looked up after that. Everything was done for it that could be done. The Lord Mayor and the civic authorities, in 1606, cleansed it as before, and caused floodgates to be made in "Holborn Ditch and Fleet Ditch," with some little benefit. Several interesting remains were discovered on this occasion. At the depth of fifteen feet were found Roman utensils, and a little deeper a great quantity of Roman coins, in silver, copper, brass, and other metals, but more in gold. At Holborn Bridge were found two brazen lares, or household gods of that people, about four inches long—the one a Bacchus, the other a Ceres. Maitland and Pennant concur in thinking it highly probable that these were thrown in by the affrighted Romans at the approach of Boadicea, when seventy thousand of their people were slain and the city reduced to ashes. Some similar circumstance appears to have occurred in a later time, from the number of Saxon antiquities found in the same place, including spurs, weapons, keys, seals, medals, crosses, and crucifixes. After the fire of London, the Fleet was again cleansed, deepened, and enlarged, and various other improvements made. The sides were built of stone and brick, with warehouses on each side, which ran under the street, and were designed to be used for the laying in of coals and other commodities. It had now five feet water at the lowest tide at Holborn Bridge; the wharfs on each side of the channel were thirty feet broad, and were rendered secure from danger in the night by rails of oak being placed along it. Over the ditch were four stone bridges—viz. at Bridewell (close to the Thames), Fleet Street, Fleet Lane, and Holborn. The old river once more bore the broad barges of the merchants up even to Holborn Bridge. Unfortunately, however, but a few years elapsed before it was as muddy, noisome, and useless as ever. The wits now began to let fly their merciless shafts at it. One notorious offender in particular had the impudence to summon the heroes of his 'Dunciad' to

> "—Where Fleet Ditch, with disemboguing streams,
> Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,"—

with the invitation—

> "Here strip, my children; here at once leap in,
> And prove who best can dash through thick and thin."

This was too much. Within the next ten years the unfortunate river ceased to trouble its enemies any longer. In 1732 a petition was presented to Parliament, in which we find the petitioners stating that "a part of the said channel, from Fleet Bridge to Holborn Bridge, instead of being useful to trade, as was intended, is not only filled up with mud and become useless, but is now, and for some years past hath been, a common nuisance; and that several persons have lately lost their lives by falling into the same." To remedy this state of things the petitioners prayed for power to fill up the channel of the Fleet from Holborn Bridge to Fleet Bridge; and next year a bill was brought in to accomplish their desire. The late Fleet Market soon occupied the site of the river from Holborn to Fleet Bridge; and, somewhat later (in 1764), the present Chatham Place the remainder

of its course to the Thames, including its mouth, where the "navies" were formerly wont to ride. Henceforward the history of the Fleet merges into the general history of the sewers of the metropolis.

[Fleet Ditch, 1841.—Back of Field Lane.]

It is not easy to form an adequate conception of the inconvenience and annoyance which the inhabitants of London must have experienced before the formation of underground communications for carrying off the drainage of private houses. Soil had to be carried from the houses to places appointed by the City authorities, and there were no means of avoiding those domestic inconveniences which were experienced until within a recent period in Edinburgh, and are still so annoying to the inhabitants of many towns on the Continent. In 1670 the public laystalls and dunghills were at Mile End, Dowgate Dock, Puddle Dock, and Whitefriars. The consequences were, that Pestilence and Disease marked the city as their own. "One time with another," says Sir William Petty, writing towards the close of the seventeenth century, "a plague happeneth in London every twenty years." In short, London generally must have been then almost as bad as St. Giles's is now! The first attempt of any importance in the way of remedy was an act passed in 1531, appointing a commission, the members of which were authorised "to survey the walls, streams, ditches, banks, gutters, sewers, gotes, calcies, bridges, trenches, mills, milldams, floodgates, ponds, locks, and hebbing wears." Under this very act, passed in the reign of Henry VIII., two of the seven existing boards of commissioners still exercise their powers. From the passing of that act down to the present time the progress of improvement has been slow but steady; and although much still remains to be done, enough has been accomplished to make London in all these matters an example to most of her sister capitals throughout the world. We must notice a few of the chief features of the system. The metropolitan district of sewers includes an area of ten miles round the General Post Office, which is subdivided, and placed under the management of the seven "boards" we have mentioned. The commissioners assess the inhabitants in their respective districts to the sewer-rate, which is expended in the repair of old sewers or in the forming of new. When the

older commissions were instituted, surface drainage alone was thought of; and as all the houses on the line were considered to be benefited by it, all were taxed for its support. The covering in of these ancient drains has, however, given an advantage to all those persons whose houses have a direct communication with them, which should have been followed by a corresponding arrangement with regard to payments. But at present houses which have no underground communication with the main sewers pay precisely the same as if they had. It is to be hoped that this difficulty will be ultimately got rid of through the facilities afforded (and which are continually increasing) of extending the advantages of the system to every part of the metropolis. In all that concerns this subject we have every one of us the deepest interest. Dr. Southwood Smith's striking observation to the Committee on the Health of Towns should be constantly remembered: "If," he says, "you were to take a map and mark out the districts which are the constant seats of fever in London, as ascertained by the records of the Fever Hospital, and at the same time compare it with a map of the sewers of the metropolis, you would be able to mark out invariably and with absolute certainty where the sewers are and where they are not, by observing where fever exists; so that we can always tell where the commissioners of sewers have been at work by the track of fever."

The progress of the sewage in London is now, however, very rapid, and but a few years more will elapse before the system must become essentially complete. At present the aggregate length of the sewers of the metropolis is enormous; and there is, perhaps, no other instance to be found where the expenditure of the requisite capital has been attended with such beneficial results. From 1756 to 1834 the number of sewers either built wholly or in part in the City district was one hundred and fourteen, some of them of very large dimensions; and one-third of the sewers had been made in the ten years preceding 1834. But a few facts relating to the Holborn and Finsbury Division will most strikingly illustrate the extent and rate of progress of the London Sewage. In this, the length of main covered sewers is 83 miles; the length of smaller sewers to carry off the surface water from the streets and roads, 16 miles; the length of drains leading from houses to the main sewers, 254 miles; and the length of main sewers constructed within the *last* TWENTY years, 40 miles. From July, 1830, to December, 1837 (a period of six years and a half), there was constructed of the above, 12½ miles; and from January, 1838, to December, 1840 (a period of three years), the length of main covered sewers constructed was 10¾ miles. The very poorest parts of London now alone remain to be intersected with an underground communication; and, looking at what has been already done, we cannot despair of the accomplishment of the rest. Indeed, the bill at present before Parliament, with every probability of being passed, will effect whatever is necessary. It provides that no future houses shall be built without sufficient drainage, and that the occupants of those already erected shall construct drains where requisite.

The works of the Metropolitan Sewage are as large as their objects are extensive. The general rule of the Commissioners of Sewers appears to be, not to make any public sewers which workmen cannot enter for the purpose of effecting repairs. The great drain which once formed the channel of the Fleet from

Holborn Bridge is now divided into two branches, which are carried along each side of Farringdon Street. Its commencement is from springs on the south of the ridge of Hampstead and Highgate Hills; and in its course it receives the drainage of parts of Hampstead and Highgate,—all Kentish Town, Camden Town, and Somers Town,—parts of Islington, Clerkenwell, St. Sepulchre,—and nearly all that part of the Holborn Division south of the New Road from Paddington to the City. The total surface draining into it in the Holborn and Finsbury Division is about 4444 acres. When Mr. Roque made his survey of London, in 1746, there was of this surface about 400 acres covered with streets and buildings: the surface now covered with streets and buildings is about 1788 acres. There has consequently since then been much less absorption through all those parts, and the waters to be carried off by the Fleet sewer have increased in proportion; so that it became necessary to enlarge the whole line from the City near Holborn Bridge to Grafton Place, Kentish Town. The length was 15,990 feet, the estimated cost 46,682*l.* Of this length, 11,510 feet has been completed since 1826, at a cost of 30,556*l.*; and a further length of 1450 feet is in progress, estimated at 4016*l.*; leaving only 3130 feet to complete the line—the greater part of which will be carried along in the direction of the new street leading from Farringdon Street towards Clerkenwell Green. The portion now remaining open will then be arched over. The size of the sewer as enlarged varies, according to the locality, from 12 feet high by 12 feet wide to 9 feet high by 10 feet wide; then 8 feet 6 inches wide by 8 feet 3 inches high; and at the upper or northern portion it is 6 feet 6 inches high by 6 feet 6 inches in width. The size of the old sewer at the northern portion was 4 feet 1 inch wide by 4 feet high, with a superficial area of 12 feet 1 inch: the enlarged sewer at that point has a superficial area of 34 feet. Before reaching the Thames the dimensions of this great sewer are 14 feet wide and 6 feet 6 inches high, and at its mouth it is 18 feet by 12 feet. In the sudden thaw of last winter the superficial area occupied by the water at the northern portion of the sewer was 18 feet, so that, had the sewer remained in its original capacity, a great part of Kentish Town and other parts must have been flooded to a considerable depth. To prevent the contents of the sewer from being deposited on the bank of the river at low water, they are carried some distance into the Thames by an iron culvert, and thus are swept away by the tide. The water in this important drain sometimes rises five feet almost instantly after heavy showers—the surface waters collected in its upper course and by its hundred tributaries rolling in a dark and turbid volume to the Thames. The ordinary movement of the current from Bagnigge Wells is three miles an hour. The sewer from Holborn Bars to Holborn Bridge (formerly the channel of the Old Bourne) is one of the most considerable feeders of the Fleet. It is 5½ feet high and 4½ feet in width. The smaller public sewers are from 4½ feet high by 2½ feet wide to 5½ feet high and 3 feet in width, the average size being 4½ feet by 2½ feet. The private drains from each house enter the main sewer in all cases about two feet from its level, and have a descent of one inch in thirty-six, their diameter being nine inches. These drains carry off every description of refuse, with the exception of such as is conveyed away by the dustmen, a remarkable class of London characters, who seem indigenous to the soil. Mr. Roe, the surveyor of the divisions, has made a series of scientific experi-

ments, with a view of ascertaining the best and most economical mode of cleansing the sewers, the deposit at the bottom of which averages 1½ inch yearly; and he has invented an ingenious apparatus for using water in flushes, by which the sewers are effectually scoured. The water used for forming a head is contracted for with the water-companies, and amounts to about 20,000 hogsheads yearly. When a sewer is to be cleansed the water is backed up, and when let off cleanses the sewer to an extent proportionate to the quantity of head-water, the fall of the sewer, and the depth of the deposit. By providing heads of water at suitable distances from each other, and "flushing" them periodically, perhaps three or four times a-year, the deposit of sediment might be prevented from accumulating at all, which is surely a most important improvement to the health of so densely crowded a population as that of London. The saving effected is very considerable; but the great benefit to the public consists in sweeping off the foul deposit which would otherwise remain for years, and at particular periods, when in a state of fermentation, creates that noxious effluvia which is at once disagreeable and dangerous. The breaking up of streets to cleanse the sewers, when their contents are deposited on the surface, is avoided by means of Mr. Roe's flushing apparatus. Under the old system the deposit accumulated at the bottom of sewers until the private drains leading into it became choked; and it was only from the complaints arising from this circumstance that the officers of the Commission of Sewers became aware of the state of the main drain; so that not only the main sewer, but the smaller drains connected with it, were generally choked at the same time.

Any one who has seen London at night, from some elevation in the neighbourhood, will readily understand how minute, as well as extensive, must be the network of pipes overspreading its soil a few feet below the surface, to afford an unfailing supply to that glorious illumination. The history of gas we have already referred to in "Midsummer Eve;"* we need therefore only add to that account the following very striking summary of the statistics of the system:—"For lighting London and its suburbs with gas, there are eighteen public gas-works; twelve public gas-work companies; 2,800,000*l.* capital employed in works, pipes, tanks, gas-holders, apparatus; 450,000*l.* yearly revenue derived; 180,000 tons of coals used in the year for making gas; 1,460,000,000 cubic feet of gas made in the year; 134,300 private burners supplied to about 400,000 customers; 30,400 public or street consumers (about 2650 of these are in the city of London); 380 lamplighters employed; 176 gas-holders, several of which are double ones, capable of storing 5,500,000 cubic feet; 890 tons of coals used in the retorts, in the shortest day, in twenty-four hours; 7,120,000 cubic feet of gas used in the longest night, say 24th December; about 2500 persons employed in the metropolis alone in this branch of manufacture: between 1822 and 1827 the consumption was nearly doubled; and between 1827 and 1837 it was again nearly doubled."†

In looking back from the position we have attained in science, art, manufacture, or in social or political economy, it must surprise any one to see how

* Page 97. † Mr. Hedley, Engineer of the Alliance Gas Works, Dublin.

much we owe to the efforts of single individuals. It is often asked as an excuse for indolence,—what can one man do? It should rather be said, what *cannot* one man do? Passing by the cases which naturally rise to the memory on the first thoughts of the subject, we may observe that the history of the metropolitan system of water supply affords an additional name to that long and illustrious list of men who stand out in our common history as the landmarks of Progress. Sir Hugh Middleton bears some such relation to that magnificent system as Watt does to the steam-engine. He may rank less as regards the amount or value of his services as a discoverer; but as regards the sagacity which saw what could be done, and the strength of mind which determined to do it, and fulfilled that determination, he never had a superior. This praise will not we think appear to be more than justly belongs to him, after reading over the comparatively slight sketch that we shall be here able to give of his labours. As these will be better understood when we have seen the state of things in London before his interference, we will now first follow the previous history of the supply of water to the citizens of London from the time when the "sweet and fresh" running streams before mentioned formed their only but sufficient resource.

"The said river of the Wells, the running water of Walbrook, the bourns aforenamed, and other the fresh waters that were in and about this city, being in process of time, by encroachment for buildings, and otherwise heightening of grounds, utterly decayed, and the number of the citizens mightily increased, they were forced to seek sweet waters abroad; whereof some, at the request of King Henry III., in the twenty-first year of this reign, were (for the profit of the city and good of the whole realm thither repairing; to wit, for the poor to drink and the rich to dress their meat) granted to the citizens and their successors by one Gilbert Sanford, with liberty to convey water from the town of Tyburn, by pipes of lead, into the City."* These pipes were of six-inch bore. They conveyed the water to Cheapside, where the first of those characteristic features of old London, a conduit, was built. Its site was near Bow Church. It consisted of a leaden cistern castellated with stone; and, being repaired from time to time, remained down to the latter part of the seventeenth century, when it was removed in the course of the improvements that were made after the great fire. Other conduits were built immediately after this, and some of them supplied from it. A great one was erected in 1401 on Cornhill, called the Tonne. Among the other principal conduits were the Standard and the Little Conduit, both situated in Cheapside, and one that stood at the south end of Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, which is thus described: "On the same was a fair tower of stone, garnished with images of St. Christopher on the top, and angels round about lower down, with sweet-sounding bells before them, whereupon, by an engine placed in the tower, they, divers hours of the day, with hammers chimed such an hymn as was appointed." "Bosses" of water were also provided in different parts, which, like the conduits, in some cases drew their supply from the Thames. These conduits, it appears, used to be regularly visited in former times; and "particularly on the 18th of September, 1562, the Lord Mayor (Harper), aldermen, and many worshipful persons, and divers of the masters and wardens of the

* Stow, b. i. p. 24.

twelve companies, rid to the conduit heads for to see them after the old custom. And afore dinner they hunted the hare, and killed her, and thence to dinner at the head of the conduit. There was a good number entertained with good cheer by the Chamberlain. And after dinner they went to hunting the fox. There was a great cry for a mile; and at length the hounds killed him at the end of St. Giles'. Great hallooing at his death, and blowing of horns."* One of the "conduit heads" here referred to is shown in the following engraving.

[Bayswater Conduit.]

On some very festive occasions the conduits flowed forth a more potent fluid than would delight the Naiads of the springs. At the coronation of Anne Bullen, for instance, claret flowed from the mouths of the lesser conduit in Cheapside during the time the Queen was being welcomed by Pallas, Juno, and Venus; those deities having condescendingly alighted there to meet her. Mercury also was present as spokesman. He presented the Queen, in the name of the goddesses, with a ball of gold divided into three parts, signifying the three gifts bestowed on her by the Olympian triune, namely, Wisdom, Riches, and Felicity. Poor Anne Bullen! what a bitter mockery of the fate that awaited her!

Great as was the improvement consequent upon the introduction of conduits, they had inherent evils which showed plainly enough that they were fitted only for a transition state from a comparatively inartificial and not very thickly peopled society to one presenting exactly opposite characteristics. Water had to be fetched by hand—a circumstance of itself productive of continual annoyance, were it only for the mere trouble and loss of time. But there were more serious evils. Of all the articles necessary for domestic comfort, there can be none *so* necessary as a plentiful, lavish, even supply of water. Cleanliness without it is impossible.—Health, whether of the individual or the society to which he belongs, without it is impossible. Yet let us ask ourselves, habituated as we are to the use of an unlimited supply, whether, even under those circumstances, we should not be apt to lose some considerable portion of the advantages that supply affords if it could only be obtained in the old way? An inconvenience of a less serious

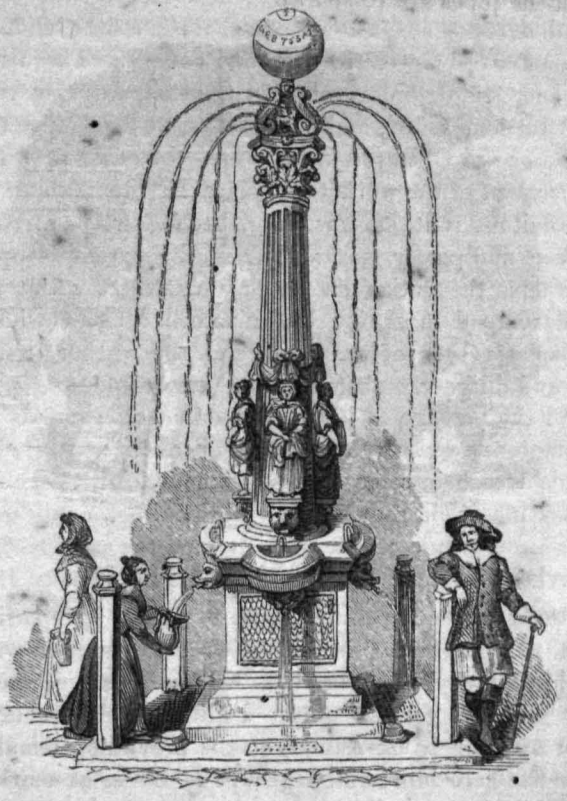
* Stow, b. i. p. 25.

and more amusing nature attached to the conduits is illustrated to this day, by the collection of men, women, and children, one sees gathered round a plug in the winter when the pipes are frozen up.

[Plug in a Frost.]

In the Print-room of the British Museum there is a very curious sheet engraving—a woodcut, partly coloured or daubed over; a copy, apparently, of a print of the seventeenth century. It is headed, "Tittle Tattle, or the Several Branches of Gossiping;" and has for its object a little good-humoured satire against what the author appears to have thought the prevailing female vice of the age. Accordingly, he has here represented groups of ladies at market—at the bake-house—at the ale-house, where they are taking their "noggins" of beer—at the hot-house, apparently a bathing-house, where, in one compartment, they appear to have just left, or are about to enter the bath, and in another are refreshing themselves with some kind of collation—at the river, where some of the washers are beating the clothes with a small flat instrument like a mallet (the batler)—at the church, where the men and women are standing divided into separate bodies, the last all eagerly talking—and, above all, at the conduit, where two of the ladies, being unable to agree as to the right of precedence, are endeavouring to settle the matter by a summary but not very gentle or graceful process; in short, they are fighting, and with good old English earnestness. There is still one other inconvenience connected with the conduits which must be mentioned; and that is, the great interruption they caused to the streams of business constantly flowing through the great thoroughfares of the metropolis, increased by the occasional throngs of people collected to witness squabbles of the kind just mentioned. It was this consideration that ultimately caused the removal of the chief ones after the fire, when Sir Hugh Middleton, and his predecessor, the Dutchman, at London Bridge, had deprived them of their original claim to respect and preservation—their utility. One feature of London which co-existed with the conduits we own we regret the loss of—fountains. What a graceful ornament would a structure like that which formerly stood in Leadenhall Street be opposite the Mansion

House, in the room of the mere gas-pillar and posts placed there for the defence of persons crossing the road of that crowded thoroughfare!



[Conduit at Leadenhall, erected 1655.]

It was not until 1582 that any great mechanical power or skill was applied in providing London with water; but in that year Peter Morris, a Dutchman, made "a most artificial forcier," by which water was conveyed into the houses. On the Lord Mayor and aldermen going to view the works in operation, Morris, to show the efficiency of his machine, caused the water to be thrown over St. Magnus' Church. The City granted him a lease for the use of the Thames water and one of the arches of London Bridge for five hundred years; and two years afterwards he obtained the use of another arch for a similar period. These were the water-works famous for so long a period as one of the sights of London. The original works supplied the neighbourhood "as far as Gracechurch Street"—no great distance, and the fact does not speak much for their efficiency. In 1594 water-works of a similar kind were erected near Broken Wharf, which supplied the houses in West Cheap and around St. Paul's as far as Fleet Street. And this was all that was done in the way of supplying the populous "and still increasing London" up to the time of the appearance of Hugh Middleton, "citizen and goldsmith," upon the scene. It appears that power had been granted by Elizabeth for cutting and conveying a river from any part of Middlesex or Hertfordshire to the city of London, with a limitation of ten years' time for

the accomplishment of the work. The man, however, was more difficult to obtain. Elizabeth died without having witnessed the slightest progress made in the matter. King James confirmed the grant; and then it was that, after all else had refused to undertake so vast an affair, the "citizen and goldsmith" came forward with the offer of his wealth, skill, and energy. The arrangements were soon concluded, and Middleton set off into the neighbouring counties to find a fitting steam. After long search and deliberation he fixed upon two springs rising in Hertfordshire—one at Chadwell near Ware, the other at Amwell. The first positive commencement of the work took place on the 20th of February, 1608. Owing to the circuitous route he was obliged to follow, partly from the inequalities of the surface, and partly, perhaps, from the excessive opposition he met with from the owners, the entire distance amounted to about thirty-nine miles, whilst the ordinary road measured but nineteen. Stow, who writes with an honourable enthusiasm both of the work and the author, rode down "divers times to see it; and diligently observed that admirable art, pains, or industry were bestowed for the passage of it, by reason that all grounds are not of a like nature, some being oozy and very muddy, others again as stiff, craggy, and stony. The depth of this trench in some places descended full thirty feet, if not more; whereas, in other places, it required a sprightful art again to mount it over a valley in a trough, between a couple of hills, and the trough all the while borne up by wooden arches—some of them fixed in the ground very deep, and rising in height above twenty-three feet."* Bridges, drains, and sewers innumerable had also to be made. And all this, it must be remembered, was accomplished when engineering science was in a very different state to what it is at present. But, after all, these were the least of the difficulties he had to encounter. Little friendship, but a great deal of enmity, and a world of ridicule, attended him through all his labours. The opposition, indeed, raised against him was so serious, that he was unable to complete the work within the allotted time. The Corporation, however, set his mind at rest upon this point. But a more appalling danger was behind—want of funds. He had already sunk a splendid fortune in the undertaking; he had, in all probability, also used to the utmost whatever resources he could command among his friends and connexions. He applied to the City of London for assistance, and *was refused*. And now he must have been utterly ruined but for the assistance of the King. James did many foolish things, and some that deserve a much harsher epithet; let this, however, always be remembered to his honour—he was wise enough to appreciate a great work and a great man; he was generous enough to risk something for their safety when no one else would. On the 2nd of May, 1612, James covenanted with Middleton to bear an equal share of the expense, past and future, in consideration of being entitled to half the property. In a twelvemonth from that time the *New River* was in existence. The cistern by Islington was built to receive its waters; and splendid was the ceremony attending their first admission into it. This was a proud day for Middleton; it was rendered more gratifying by the presence of his brother, elected on that same day Lord Mayor. The procession was begun by "a troop of labourers, to the number of sixty or more, well appareled, and wearing

* Stow, b. i. p. 24.