

SOCIETY AND AMUSEMENTS

CHAPTER I

SOCIETY

SOCIETY, early in this eighteenth century, was, in many respects, still in the making. Some of the old barbarities had disappeared—the new order was as yet uncertain. Side by side with a respect for rank which had suffered nothing from the Commonwealth—not in any sense a levelling Republic—there were growing up the claims for consideration of wealth made in trade, and of the professions to assert their claim to belong to society, or to construct a society for themselves.

If we consider the state of society at Bath say, about the year 1720, a time of which we possess very full information; and if we remember that similar conditions prevailed wherever the world that was polite met with the world which endeavoured to be polite, we may understand something of the society of London.

First, the amusements consisted of the bowling green, the gaming table, and the country dance. There was no rule or order. If they wanted to dance all night, they did; if they wanted to gamble all night, they did. The gentlemen appeared in boots if they chose; they wore their swords, and sometimes drew them. The ladies appeared in "aprons"; this was a most flagrant offence against good manners. The nobility refused to speak with the mere gentry,—these refused to speak with people in trade or professions. Ladies who had pedigrees refused to speak with ladies who had none. They lodged in rooms ill-furnished—"two or three chairs and a looking-glass"—dirty, the floors washed with a mixture of soot and stale beer, and the whole suite unpainted. The pump room was under no order; the streets were neither paved nor lit.

Nash, the director of ceremonies, the king of Bath, changed all this. He built the Assembly Room; he engaged a band of music; he placed the pump room under rule; he caused the streets to be paved and lit; he laid out gardens, and he ruled the Assembly. At six o'clock, the company being already assembled, he entered the room; on his arrival the band struck up. He then selected the gentleman of highest rank, and presented him to the lady of highest rank. They performed a minuet; he then handed the lady back to her seat, and presented the gentleman to another lady, the next in precedence. These two danced together.

The director of ceremonies then chose another gentleman, and so it went on for two hours, the rest of the company sitting looking on or walking about. On the benches behind sat a row of waiting-maids who came with their mistresses to be ready in case of a "head" being disarranged or a hoop getting out of place.

At eight o'clock the country dances began,—for these all stood up; but here the director's real troubles began. Of course the dancers were arranged with due regard to rank, those of the highest rank standing at the top. But a country dance is a leveller; needs must that every couple should go down the line dancing with every other couple. Ladies with pedigrees, unfortunately, carried their prejudices into the dance and refused to take the hand of other ladies who had no pedigree. Then the director watched. If he found one lady evading the offer of the hand, or substituting a tap on the back of the hand of the social inferior, he sternly interfered. "Take hands or leave the room!" Sometimes, when a couple of higher rank had danced down to the end, they would back out. "Go and take your place with the rest," Mr. Director ordered, "or leave the room!"

Once the "D—— of R——"—respect for rank so exalted makes the narrator thus disguise the name, but we can penetrate the secret—came in an apron. Nash observed it. He advanced, and with his own hands he tore it off. "Your G——," he said, tossing the apron to the bench of maids, "let your servants—not yourself—come to an assembly in aprons."

At nine they rested for tea; at eleven the director held up his hand; the music stopped; the evening was over.

Here is a dancing master's advertisement. It is more instructive than pages of description:—

"At Duke's LONG ROOM, In Paternoster Row, GROWN Gentlemen or Ladies are taught a Minuet, or the Method of Country Dances, with the modern Method of Footing; and that in the genteelest, and most expeditious, and private Manner. And for the greater expedition of such gentlemen as chuse to dance in company, there's a compleat Set of Gentlemen assemble every Monday and Wednesday evening for the said purpose. Gentlemen or Ladies may be waited on at their own Houses by favoring me with a line directed as above. Likewise to be had at my House, as above, a Book of Instructions for the figuring part of Country Dances, with the Figure of the Minuet annex'd thereon, drawn out in Characters, and laid down in such a Manner, that at once casting your Eye on it, you see the Figure directly form'd as it is to be done; so that a person, even that had never learnt, might, by the help of this book, soon make himself Master of the figuring Part. Such as reside in the Country, I doubt not, would find it of immediate Service, as they had not always an Opportunity of having Recourse to a Dancing Master. Price 10s. 6d. N. Duke's Dancing Master."

Apply this history to London. There were still people of rank living in the

City early in the eighteenth century, but these were few. When the City Assembly was started there were none; the separation of the aristocracy from the City was complete for a hundred and fifty years. But there was rank of another kind in the City—Lord Mayor, past Lord Mayors, Aldermen, Sheriffs, Common Councilmen; when these had taken their places, they were followed by the wealthier merchants and their wives. The same jealousy was shown in the City as elsewhere as to rank; as to pedigree, we fear that as little as possible could be said about it in a century when the boy who swept and washed the floor so often rose to be Chief Magistrate.

There was a side of City life somewhat better than that of the taverns and the coffee-houses. We shall find a notice of it in the *Diary* of Catherine Hutton, the daughter of the well-known Birmingham Hutton. When Catherine Hutton came to London for the first time—it was in 1778,—her first visit was to the Royal Exchange, where she was amazed at the elegance of the shops, the number of the carriages, and the fine dress of the people. It must be remembered that as yet the fashionable shops were all in the City, and that ladies drove to Ludgate Hill and Cheapside to do their shopping and to buy fine things, just as they now drive to Bond Street and Regent Street. The next day being Sunday, she went into the Park and walked up and down the Mall for three hours, waiting to see the King. At last he came out, with the Queen, in three chairs, preceded by the footmen and the yeomen of the Guard. The King looked sour, and his face was red and bloated. He took no notice of the people, who bowed to him as he passed along. The Queen, for her part, affably returned the civilities of the people. Catherine was then taken to Kensington Gardens, at that time the fashionable resort. Five hundred carriages were there, with a multitude of fine people.

We find an account of another Sunday, spent with quiet people. Catherine rose at seven; she dressed for church; she breakfasted; she spent two hours doing nothing; she went to church; she returned; she ate half a cheesecake; she dressed to dine with Mr. Shuttleworth, the clergyman, after the second service, at which there was no sermon. At Mr. Shuttleworth's she met Mr. Purcell, a ruined old man, who lived upon his friends. "His face proclaimed him a drunkard, and his manners at table an epicure." There was another guest who said nothing. The dinner, served at three, consisted of salmon at one end of the table, served with fennel-sauce, melted butter, lemon-pickle, and soy; at the other end a loin of veal roasted, with kidney beans and green peas. In the middle stood a hot pigeon-pie with yolks of eggs in it. After this course appeared a ham and chickens; when these were taken away there followed a currant-tart. After the cloth was removed, gooseberries, currants, and melon were placed on the table, with wine and cider. The young lady was called upon to give a toast. She did so, and when that was done the ladies retired. At five o'clock they sent word to the gentlemen that tea was ready.

This brief account of a dinner is characteristic of the century. Dinner at three—a copious meal; it was a time of great eating as well as great drinking; even these moderate and religious people sit for an hour at least over the bottle, and one of the clergyman's guests is a drunkard as well as an epicure. Catherine could not be expected to know that it is impossible for a drunkard to be an epicure.

During her second visit to London, Catherine Hutton made a voyage to Margate, which was already a great place of summer resort for the citizens. The party went by the hoy, which performed the voyage in nine hours and forty minutes. She says that it was a "glorious excursion," and that for four hours she was "miserably ill and in strong hysterics." "We supped at Mitchener's, and after supper had a bottle of wine made into negus." The party stayed in Margate three nights, and the voyage back took thirty-six hours.

On this visit her brother procured admission to the King's Birthnight Ball at St. James's Palace. It would seem as if an outer circle was formed, in which the spectators stood while the King and Queen walked round the inner circle of the nobility, speaking to every one. The walk round finished, the young Prince of Wales, then about eighteen, opened the ball with a minuet.

In the City there were two assembly or subscription balls. The more aristocratic—the Almack's of London—was called the City Assembly. The subscription was three guineas; there were 200 subscribers and ten balls. To become a member, she says, required as much interest as to become a member of Parliament. Catherine, however, had the honour of being present as the guest of a member.

"At half-past seven the gentleman entered our drawing-room, dressed in a suit of pale blue French silk, spotted with pink and green, the coat lined with pink silk plush; his hair in a bag, a white feather in his hat, a sword by his side, and his ruffles and frills of fine point lace. Much comfort, you may believe, I expected in such a partner; but very little did I find, for the fine clothes danced every dance with another lady. The spectacle made me some amends, however, for it was the finest I ever saw, the Birthnight Ball excepted. The men were chiefly in dress coats, with their hair in bags; those who were not, wore cloth coats trimmed with narrow gold lace, white waistcoats of silver tissue, or ornamented with gold spangles, and the hair in a short thick queue, with curls flying out on each side of the head. Many of the elderly ladies were almost covered with diamonds.

The number of foreign faces were remarkable; and half the names I heard were foreign; among them was the French Ambassador; the subscription to the City Assembly is three guineas. There are two hundred subscribers and ten nights, so each night's expenses are sixty guineas. The subscribers are the first people in the City. The rooms are lighted with wax; the branches for the candles, the urns for tea and coffee, and the baskets for cakes and macaroons are of silver."

The other and rival institution—the London Assembly—was not so select in its company.

"It is at the London Tavern, in the finest room that my eyes ever beheld. The walls are coloured light blue, and ornamented with carvings and paintings; a large recess at the lower end of the room is entirely of looking-glass. The curtains and sofas are of pale blue silk, with gold fringe. The middle lustre cost 180 guineas. One hundred and twenty couples can dance in four sets, divided by ropes.

The subscription is five guineas for eight nights, and the requisites for appearing are a dress coat or a laced frock."

There was an assembly at Southwark, of which Catherine Hutton knew nothing. Indeed, so far as I know, history preserves but one anecdote concerning this assembly. The doors opened from the street into the dancing-room. On one occasion, when the *élite* of the borough were assembled and the ball was at its best, the doors were pushed open by one of a troop of oxen which were being driven



THE BALL AT ST. JAMES'S
From a contemporary print.

along the High Street. The creature ran in, followed by the others, presenting threatening horns in every direction. With shrieks and cries the dancers fell back, and of course sprawled headlong over the seats and over each other. None of the gentlemen dared to confront the strange visitors. It was the proprietress, renowned for her punch, who came to the rescue and drove them out with her apron and a "Shoo! shoo!" Then the company all got up again and repaired, as well as they could, the wrecked head-dresses and the torn finery. Meanwhile, more punch was brewed, and the spirits of the company revived.

Subscription balls or assemblies were held outside the City at the Great Concert Room in Dean Street, Soho, every Wednesday, for a course of six weeks. Ladies' tickets, two guineas; gentlemen's, three; non-subscribers to pay respectively half a guinea and fifteen shillings. Coffee and tea were provided at a sideboard; and the doors opened at nine o'clock.

Thirteen years later Catherine Hutton went once more to the City Assembly.

"I have been with Mrs. André to the City Assembly, but assemblies are nothing to me. I viewed this as a show, a spectacle, in which I had no interest. There is an interval of thirteen years between this time of my going and the last, and the comparison furnishes me with no very pleasing reflections. The rooms were excessively crowded. The men were all, with the exception of one individual, dressed in silk, lace, or embroidery. The women had fine shapes, large hoops, and danced gracefully; and my shape was as good, and my hoop as large, and my dancing as graceful as the best. The women were more beautiful and well dressed; but as to elegance, it is almost lost in fashion. The heads were in the Turkish fashion, which is becoming, but the shape is hidden in the petticoats, and the dancing is a quick jumping jig. I felt as if I were not one of them."

There were strict rules as to dress and etiquette. A gentleman who did not intend to dance could present himself at an assembly in boots; but dancing in boots was absolutely prohibited. It was common for a gentleman to present a lady with a ticket, escort her alone to the assembly, and dance with her all night. It does not seem that a formal introduction was necessary to entitle a gentleman to address a lady. If a gentleman became involved in a fracas, if his conduct were noisy, if his character were notorious, the rest of the company would join in a note requesting him to withdraw. If he persisted, he was called to account by one of the gentlemen present. Insults, and even actual violence, were not infrequent. For instance, it is recorded how, at an assembly, one of the company, jealous of Peregrine Pickle's elegance and Emilia's beauty, endeavoured to move them out of their place in a country-dance. On being remonstrated with, he refused to comply with the rules of good breeding. Peregrine, enraged, snatched off his wig, and threw it in his face. The aggressor then showed the white feather, and declined the satisfaction supposed to be afforded by being run through. Peregrine, therefore, watched his opportunity, and administered a cudgelling.

Private balls were called "drums"; and a drum on a large scale was familiarly termed a "squeezer." A drum is defined by a contemporary writer as "a riotous assembly of fashionable people of both sexes at a private house; not unaptly styled a drum, from the noise and emptiness of the entertainment. There are also drum-major, rout, tempest, and hurricane, differing only in degrees of multitude and uproar, as the significant name of each declares."

It will be understood, therefore, that the City had its social side, and that of the better kind. There was a musical side; there was also a card-playing side; and there was the side of the City feasting. The companies, by this time extinct as trade unions, and with no more connection (except the Goldsmiths, the Fish-

mongers, the Stationers, and one or two of the smaller companies) with the trades they represented, spent a great deal of their incomes, which were in some few cases very large, in great dinners, to which the Livery were invited. These dinners were chiefly for the men. The ladies had their card-parties with suppers. Private dinner-parties in the City seem to have been simply the casual invitation of one or two guests to a family dinner. For instance, when the pudding was ready the bookseller would invite any author in his shop to step in and share it. In the early part of the century, water-parties on the river, a trip to Hampstead, a walk in Moorfields made up the whole of the excursions beyond the walls. Indeed, the roads were so infested by highwaymen and footpads that it was not safe to drive to any distance.

To make this glimpse of City life more complete, we find the men gathering together night after night at coffee-house and tavern; to this point I shall return again presently. The ladies, left alone, form their own society with cards and gossip and scandal. One must not forget the religious side, which kept open the City churches in the week and filled the City chapels. I have looked in vain for the literary side! Alas! in the City it existed not.

Society improved in one respect at least during the eighteenth century. If the gulf between the gentry and the rest of the world was widened; if barristers and physicians were considered as disqualified by their profession from having the *entrée* to good society; if the merchant's calling, which filled the land with wealth, was despised,—noblemen consented to come down, and no longer affected to be on a social level above and beyond that of the landed gentry around them. This increase of consideration for the landowner was doubtless due to the enormous increase in the value of land; so much more land was put under cultivation, drained, planted, turned into fields, that a man who, under Charles II., was a yeoman, with two or three hundred pounds a year, became a country squire with as many thousands, able to keep up as great state as the Earl, his neighbour.

The last twenty years of the century do not present either the City or the West End in a favourable light. The people of fashion, as we have seen, had separated themselves almost entirely from trade. The country contained an aristocracy of the very worst kind: they were landlords, in many cases absentees; they lived apart, devouring the fruits of the earth; they were not of ancient lineage; in many cases there was nothing at all in their records which ennobled them, not any achievement either by land or by sea; in the courts of justice, as in the Houses of Parliament, the older families were extinct or represented only in the female line; the later Tudor nobles for the most part did nothing. Yet these people formed themselves into a caste which kept aloof from the industries, trade, enterprise, art, science, literature of their time. As for the citizens of London, the "caste" hated and despised them; they were always hurling contempt upon them; they were the *plebs*;

they were known, if they ventured into the Park, by their walk. In a very fashionable novel of the time a City lady with her daughters is represented as calling upon a lady of rank. The City visitors are treated with the utmost rudeness; when they go, the people of rank run to the windows and laugh at them as they get into their carriage.

Perhaps the manners of the City left a good deal to desire. Living by themselves, especially when they ceased to live in the City and began to retire to the suburbs, the citizens lost their ancient dignity and the stately manner which made a Gresham welcome at the Court. There was doubtless a vulgarity among the richer sort which had not been noticed, say, under Charles the Second. Add to this, that the City offices for nearly a hundred years ceased to be desired or held by the more important citizens; too often they were held by tradesmen who were illiterate and common. One may say this without fear of giving offence, because during the last quarter of a century so great and beneficial a change has come over the City, and its great offices are now generally held by those who fear not to stand before kings.

CHAPTER II

THE PARKS

LIFE in London would have been dull without the Parks. These were St. James's Park, Hyde (generally spelt Hide) Park, and Green Park. The two gardens of fashionable resort in the preceding century, the Spring Gardens and the Mulberry Gardens, were now built upon; the former were covered with houses and streets; upon the latter was erected the "Queen's House," now Buckingham Palace.

The time for walking in the Park was, in the morning, between twelve and two—that is, before dinner; in the evening, from seven o'clock until midnight in the summer—that is to say, after dinner.

The chief pleasure of walking in the Park was the general freedom of conversation. The people all belonged, or pretended to belong, to the leisured class which has no work to do; there was no taint of trade or the City among those who lounged about the Park at noon. Servants in livery were not allowed in St. James's Park; they remained outside, just as they now wait outside the shops in Regent Street. Children were not allowed in the Park. When we read of ladies exchanging jokes and "chaff" with gentlemen whom they casually met for the first time, without introduction, we may remember that society was smaller and very much narrower than at present; that it was quite easy, should a chance acquaintance be followed up, to find out who and of what position that person was. There were adventurers, to be sure, and it was not always safe to trust to outward appearances. Ladies of cracked reputation, ladies of no reputation at all, ladies horribly in debt and anxious to transfer those debts to a husband, walked in the Park and endeavoured to captivate a likely man. Gentlemen—they were nearly always gentlemen by birth and breeding—sought in the Park to find that *rara avis* so much desired by the impecunious and the adventurous, the heiress.

Meantime, those who really belonged to society seem to have been perfectly regardless of the manners and morals and intentions and desires of the company they met. Sometimes the ladies wore masks, which gave them greater freedom. The Park, in fact, set the fashion to the spas—Epsom, Tunbridge Wells, Bath,

and Hampstead—in allowing the whole company to divert themselves together, as if they were all friends and acquaintances. In the Park not only the ladies, but also the men, displayed the most extravagant and costly dresses, with the most artificial manners: the note of the day, either in the cock of the hat, or the carriage of the cane, or the shape of the wig, indicated to each other one of the *élite*. In the same way to-day the gilded youth walk down Piccadilly mindful of the angle at which they carry their umbrellas, or the masonic sign, legible only to each other, of the unbuttoned or the buttoned coat. The modern man of fashion, however, has not by any means the scope for genius which was afforded to his predecessor in the last century. He, the Beau, who was followed by the Dandy, the Macaroni, and the Jessamy, was able to assume an extravagance of language, with new and affected phrases, an artificial intonation, a slow, special, and impudently superior utterance. It would seem strange, were it not that modern instances show it to be possible, that a beau should not have appeared to all the world the most contemptible and ridiculous object in the world. Beau Brummell, one of the last of his tribe, was never laughed at. It seems wonderful. On the contrary, his affectations and his impudence were universally admired. Why? Because impudence is always admired. It is a rare quality; it commands attention; and it can only effectively be met by the quick retort or repartee, the power for which is so rare.

The beau of the last century possessed unusual facilities and opportunities; he could be a beau in so many different ways. There was his dress, in which he could be really splendid; his periwig, in which extravagances of the first water were possible; his snuff-box—it was decorated with a lovely picture of Beauty at the Bath,—the handling of which is now a lost art; the cravat, on which the highest intellect could be employed; the clouded cane, which he alone would carry properly.

Ladies walking were attended by their footman, who followed them closely, carrying his long stick of office. It was a survival of the time when the footman was an armed retainer, who protected his mistress should she venture abroad. On Sunday, the Park was crowded by City people: the young men turned out in the afternoon in the hired tilbury or on the hired hack, showing off their skill in driving or riding, and taking off their hats to ladies whom they pretended to know. This invasion of the Parks by the City gave great offence to people of fashion, who lost no opportunity of proclaiming their contempt for trade.

"The City gentry," says a writer in 1744, "are as distinguishable as a judge from his clerk or a lady from her waiting-woman. . . . Every illiterate coxcomb who has made a fortune by sharpening or shopkeeping will endeavour to mimic the great ones; yet with all aids whatsoever they appear at best but as very mean copies of fine originals; the Ludgate Hill hobble, the Cheapside swing, and the general City jolt and wriggle in the gait, being easily perceived through all the artifices the smarts put upon them."

The novels of the period show this contempt to have been a very real thing, and the separation of City and West End to have been wider and deeper than we can well understand. Even the most exclusive "set" of modern times may close its doors to the *nouveau riche*, but it no longer pretends to despise the City. The fashionable ladies used to laugh at the airs and pretences of the draper's assistant pretending to be a gentleman, but they could not endure the company of the citizen with his wife and daughters, who crowded into the Park on summer Sunday evenings at five o'clock. The fashionable ladies fled : they walked or drove home, and dressed for dinner at six.

"Why," asks a gentleman admitted to a lady's carriage, "do you talk with such absolute freedom on your own and your friend's affairs before your footmen?"

"What does it matter?" she replies; "these creatures understand nothing of our amours, or our manners, or our language. One can say anything before them. They are only servants."

Later on, forced into the company of these lackeys, this person discovered that the most secret affairs of their masters and their ladies were openly discussed, with all the details that were provided by the keyhole or by the imagination. In a word, the Parks belonged to the aristocracy all the week, and were taken over on Sunday evenings in summer by the citizens. As for the lower classes, they never heard of the Parks. And since they could neither have prize-fights, nor hunt the duck, nor bait the bull, nor draw the badger in Hyde Park and St. James's, they would not have gone there had they known anything about them.

CHAPTER III

MASQUERADES

It was a great time for masquerades. They were held at Ranelagh, at the Pantheon, at Vauxhall, at Marylebone Gardens, and at Court. The Master of the Revels to George II. was a Swiss named Heidegger. This remarkable man was the son of a country clergyman of Zurich: he left his country in consequence of some amour; he became a servant to gentlemen; in this capacity he visited the chief cities of Europe, and acquired a taste for refinement, with a knowledge of good living. He came to England either as a servant or as a humble dependant on some nobleman. How he got out of the ranks of servitude to be received by people of fashion one knows not; but he did. He became acknowledged as a critic in the opera and the theatre; he improved the decorations of the stage; and by the patronage of the King, George II., he became manager of the Opera House; at the same time he vastly improved the masquerades; he managed the King's Theatre; and he was appointed Master of the Revels. He became so much the fashion that all assemblies given by the nobility were submitted to his correction and advice. He made an income of five thousand pounds, which he literally devoured—for nearly all went in extravagant eating and drinking. He died at the age of ninety in the year 1749.

"His foibles," said a contemporary, "if they deserve so harsh a name, were completely covered by his charity, which was boundless."

"You know objects of distress better than I do," he would observe; "be so kind as to distribute this money for me." After a successful masquerade, he had been known to give away several hundred pounds at a time. So says the worthy John Nichols. His masquerades were censured by the satirists, although the fault was with the great world which supported them. Pope trimmed him in the *Dunciad*; Fielding whipped him in *The Masquerade: A Poem*; and Hogarth made an incomparable etching, replete with sarcastic wit, which was sensibly levelled at the exalted patrons as well as the foreign projector of those scenes of dissipation. This scarce print—bearing certain references that must not be named to delicate ears—was, to use the

satirist's own words, "invented for the use of ladies and gentlemen, by the ingenious Mr. H-d-g-r."

The successor of Heidegger as the purveyor of pleasure for folk of fashion was Teresa Cornelys. She was a German by birth, and began as a public singer. She came to London in the year 1756, some years after the death of Heidegger, whose place had never been filled up.

Mrs. Cornelys bought a house in Soho Square which had been built by the Earl of Carlisle, and was called Carlisle House. It was situated on the east side of the square at the corner of Sutton Street, the site being now occupied by a Roman Catholic chapel. This house possessed a garden at the back, part of which was built over by Mrs. Cornelys for additional rooms. She gave masquerades, balls, and concerts at Carlisle House to her subscribers, who paid so much a year and were free of all the entertainments. Mention is made of them in the journals and memoirs of the period; they appear to have been quite as splendid as those of Heidegger. Sometimes as many as 500 persons were present at her masquerades; all the windows of the square were blocked with people who came to see the fine dresses, and would not allow a carriage to pass till they had looked at the ladies inside. Unfortunately, things began to be whispered—things scandalous—as to goings-on at Carlisle House. The Grand Jury made reference to these scandals; probably they did Mrs. Cornelys no good. When the Pantheon was opened in January 1771, it drew away many people who had hitherto patronised Mrs. Cornelys, and in July of that year the creditors of that lady were requested to send in their accounts to Mr. Hickey, attorney in St. Alban's Street, for she had become bankrupt. Then she got possession of the house again for a while, but fell into difficulties and was imprisoned in the Fleet. Thence she escaped in the Riots of 1780, and, in a humble way, sold asses' milk at Knightsbridge, neglected and forgotten by all her former patrons. She was again arrested and again taken to the Fleet, where she died in 1797. As for the house, it was taken down in 1788.

Masquerades were kept up at the Pantheon and the Gardens. But after the long war began, the City became too impoverished to spend money on these amusements. In the year 1807, Ranelagh was closed. The Pantheon was closed for masquerade and opened for opera. It was destroyed by fire in 1792; a second Pantheon was built which was devoted to entertainments, concerts, and lectures. This lasted until 1812, when it made room for a third Pantheon. This was taken down and rebuilt in 1834. It is now a warehouse for wine.

CHAPTER IV

THE WELLS, SPAS, AND PLEASURE-GARDENS

JUST as, in the earlier centuries, the citizens of London found an excuse for a day of pleasure and change in pilgrimaging to the sacred shrines and miraculous images of Willesden and Hornsey, so in the eighteenth century, after a hundred and fifty years during which not only the shrines had been forgotten, but the pleasant custom of taking a day out had also fallen out of use, they substituted a spa for a shrine, a well for a miraculous image, and, pretending to seek cures of all the diseases that exist, they flocked by multitudes to the newly found waters. These spas speedily lost their original reputation: after a short period, during which they were the haunts of pallid sufferers, they lost their medical reputation, and became haunts of pleasure and amusement; places where they held assemblies and routs, and listened to music; places that ended in becoming tea-gardens, sometimes of the lowest possible kind.

The following is a brief record of the better known of these pleasure-gardens. The reader who desires to know more about them, particularly more about their appearance in literature, is referred to a book on the subject produced by Mr. Warwick Wroth in 1896, and to the *Views of the Pleasure Gardens*, published by Mr. H. A. Rogers, also in 1896.

One of the earliest, and certainly the most famous, of these spas was that—or those, for there were more than one—at Hampstead, the waters of which are still believed by many to possess health-giving properties. A short stage ran from London to Hampstead and back every day; there was accommodation near the wells for the horses of those who rode; and on every Monday from March till November there was music with dancing all day long; there was also every day good entertainment to be found in eating and drinking. The spa was, in fact, owing to the throng of visitors and lodgers, the making of Hampstead, before this time little more than the abode of a few washerwomen. The purity of the air, the elevation of the spot—400 feet above the river,—and the beauty of the wild Heath, were other attractions. People flocked out there; it was far more convenient to have lodgings there than to go there and back every day. Excellent taverns, dinners and suppers, the Great Room, bowling-greens, shops, speedily made their

appearance; for a time Hampstead became the favourite and fashionable place of resort, amusement, and health-seeking.

The spring which was claimed to possess such wonderful chalybeate properties was one of a great many. The Hampstead Ponds and the Highgate Ponds are fed from springs which rise in the East Heath and Ken Wood; other springs on Telegraph Hill are the source of the Tyburn; another spring, now in Fitz John's Avenue, preserved its reputation longer even than the spring in Well Walk.



OLD ST. PANCRAS CHURCH

This spring appears as a token of the seventeenth century, representing a well and a bucket on one side, and on the other the words "Dorothy Rippin at the Well in Hampstead." This, however, was before Hampstead became fashionable. Its palmy days were the first thirty years of the eighteenth century. The Great Room where the concerts and dancing took place continued to stand until a recent year, when it was pulled down to make room for the new buildings called Gainsborough Gardens. The spring, now on the other side of the road, was formerly on the same side as the Great Room. The place deteriorated in character, a thing which happens to all London resorts. The usual invasion of the ladies who spoil all and ruin all—

places as well as men—began. The Great Room was turned into an Episcopal chapel, and the dances and concerts ceased. Another unfortunate circumstance damaged the reputation of Hampstead. Opposite the Great Room was a chapel called Sion Chapel, where, as at Mayfair Chapel, couples could get married for five shillings if they could produce a licence. The licence may have been doubtful, but the feast that followed left no doubt.

The Hampstead Assemblies were continued long after the curative property of the wells had ceased to attract. These were held in the "Long Room," which stood on the other side of Well Walk opposite to the Great Room.

Kilburn Wells was a successor of Hampstead. Here, too, were a Great Room for dancing and music, and other rooms for breakfast, dinner, and supper. It was carried on for about thirty years, becoming a tea-garden and then a tavern.

Nearer London, on the south side of Old St. Pancras Church, was the spa called Pancras Wells. The water was advertised as sovereign against many diseases: "it cleanses the body and sweetens the blood, and is a general and sovereign help to Nature." Still nearer London were the New Tunbridge Wells, the London Spa, the New Wells, Sadler's Wells, Bagnigge Wells, and St. Chad's Well, Battle-bridge.

New Tunbridge Wells, or Islington Spa, was discovered in 1683, and it was pretended that the water possessed the same properties as that of Tunbridge Wells in Kent. It was also pretended that the virtues of the well had been known before the Reformation, and that the monks of Clerkenwell gave sick people these waters and attributed their recovery to their own prayers; but the memory of the well passed out of men's minds until it was rediscovered by one Sadler at the time mentioned above. In the summer of 1700 the place was greatly in favour with the public; on two days in the week there was dancing. In 1733 the Princesses Amelia and Caroline drank the waters here regularly. The place has an interesting history and a literature by no means contemptible. Its attractions consisted of very pleasant gardens and walks, music, dancing; and an attempt was made to keep the place respectable. Early in the nineteenth century the gardens were gradually built over until only the well remained, which, in 1842, was opened to the public for sixpence a visit. The well has now ceased to flow.

The garden named Bagnigge Wells was open as a spa and a pleasure-garden for a long term of years, viz. from 1759 to 1848, when the last entertainment was given. The garden lay at the bottom of the Fleet valley in a kind of marsh; it was provided with rustic bridges over the narrow stream; with arbours, grottoes, dancing-rooms, dining- and tea-drinking rooms.

The following account of Bagnigge Wells on a Sunday morning—for the place was by no means one of evening resort only—will serve for most of these gardens. It is taken from a volume of tracts, in a chapter called "A Sunday Ramble":—

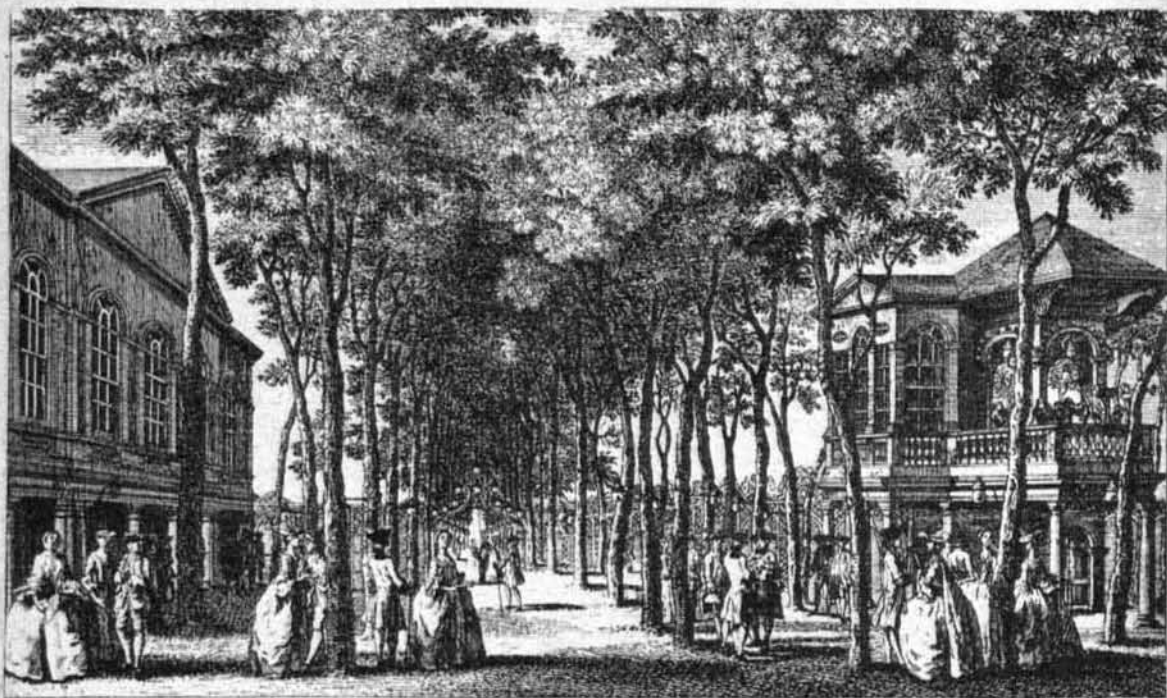
"A few years ago this place had nothing to boast of, being only a little alehouse, seldom visited by persons of any credit; but since the present proprietor has had possession, the gardens have been continually enlarging and improving, to the perfection in which you now see them. So that they have at present very little to envy, in my opinion, even the justly celebrated ones of Vauxhall; and are much superior to most of the numerous tea-gardens you will visit in the afternoon. This great room, which is now converted into two, was some time since much admired for its elegance, and greatly frequented on account of a fine organ placed there for the entertainment of the company. The organ, however, is not now suffered to be used on Sunday; none being permitted at the public places in this county since the opening of the Pantheon in the Spaw-Fields as a preaching place; and the room is divided (though the former elegance remains) because of the vast number of people that used to walk there, to the great hindrance of the waiters, who were by that means prevented from giving proper attendance.

When my friend had informed me of these particulars, I proceeded to take a view of the place, which I found to consist of several beautiful walks, ornamented with a great variety of curious shrubs and flowers, all in the utmost perfection. About the centre of the garden is a small round fish-pond, in the midst of which is a curious fountain, representing a Cupid bestriding a swan, which spouts three streams of water through its beak to a great height. Round this place, and indeed almost over the whole garden, are genteel seats for the company; which, my friend said, we should undoubtedly find quite full in the afternoon, notwithstanding their prodigious number. At a little distance from the pond is a small, neat cottage, built in the rural style; and not far from that, over a bridge leading across a piece of water that passes through part of the garden, is a pretty piece of grotto work, large enough to contain near twenty people. Besides which, there is a house, and several seats placed by the waterside, for such of the company as choose to smoke, or drink cyder, ale, etc.; which are not permitted in the other parts of the garden."

In the south of London there were also some, but not so many as in the north. For instance, there were Bermondsey Spa and Lambeth Wells. All these spas became, first, places of public resort and amusement, then tea-gardens, then taverns, and then disreputable places. Apart, however, from the spas and wells were the places which pretended to be nothing but gardens of pleasure. Of these there was an amazing number; in fact, every suburban tavern of the eighteenth century had its garden, its ornamental water, its rustic bridge, its statues, its fountains, its dancing-room, its orchestra. Foremost among them were Cuper's Gardens, the gardens of Vauxhall, of Ranelagh, of Marylebone, and the notorious Temples of Flora and Apollo across the water, and the White Conduit House. These gardens were crammed with people every fine evening in summer. They were all within easy access of London: a short walk led the citizen who resided in Cheapside to the White Conduit House; a boat took him easily to Vauxhall or to Ranelagh; a travelling coach took him in half an hour to Marylebone Gardens. Here he could pass a pleasant evening with his wife and daughters: there were music and singing; there was dancing; there were performances on the tight-rope; there were fireworks; there was supper with port wine or punch. In these gardens all classes met freely: provided people behaved quietly it mattered nothing what their reputation might be; the worthy citizen and his daughters enjoyed their evening none the less because in the

next alcove two or three rather noisy young gentlemen were entertaining two or three very joyous young ladies. Nor did it diminish their happiness to know that a notorious highway robber was parading the walks. In some respects it was a tolerant age.

The White Conduit House derived its name from an old stone conduit house bearing the initials of John Sutton's name, and erected over a head of water which supplied the foundation of the Charter House with water. The gardens are described (Nelson's *Islington*) as laid out in a "neat manner." There



"A VIEW OF MARYBONE GARDENS, SHOWING THE GRAND WALK AND THE ORCHESTRA, WITH THE MUSICK A-PLAYING"

From a contemporary print.

was a circular basin of water in the middle, with boxes around it in which the company took refreshments. There were also bowling-greens, Dutch-pin grounds, and a cricket-field. There was an organ of fine tone in one of the rooms. This was a great place of resort for citizens of all classes on Sunday afternoon, and they sat in the arbours and drank tea. All this was nothing unusual, and I mention the White Conduit House here only as an occasion for quoting a poem published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (May 1760), which I found, however, in Nelson's *Islington* (p. 94):—

"Wish'd Sunday's come—mirth brightens every face,
And paints the rose upon the house-maid's cheek,

Harriott, or Moll more ruddy.—Now the heart
 Of 'Prentice, resident in ample street,
 Or alley, kennel-wash'd; Cheapside, Cornhill,
 Or Cranbourne, thee for calcumens renown'd,
 With joy distends—his meal meridian o'er,
 With switch in hand, he to the *White Conduit House*
 Hies merry-hearted.—Human beings here,
 In couples multitudinous, assemble,
 Forming the drollest groupe that ever trod
 Fair *Islingtonian* plains.—Male after male,
 Dog after dog succeeding—husbands, wives,
 Fathers, and mothers, brothers, sisters, friends,
 And pretty little boys and girls—around,
 Across the garden's shrubby maze
 They walk, they sit, they stand.—What crowds press on
 Eager to mount the stairs, eager to catch
 First vacant bench, or chair, in long room plac'd!
 Here prig with prig holds conference polite,
 And indiscriminate and gaudy beau
 And sloven mix.—Here, he who all the week
 Took bearded mortals by the nose, or sat
 Weaving dead hairs, and whistling wretched strain,
 And eke the sturdy youth, whose trade it is
 Stout oxen to contund, with gold-bound hat
 And silken stocking strut.—The red armed belle
 Here shows her tasty gown, proud to be thought
 The butterfly of fashion; and, forsooth,
 Her haughty mistress deigns for once to tread
 The same unhallow'd floor.—'Tis hurry all,
 And rattling cups and saucers.—Waiter here
 And waiter there, and waiter here and there
 At once is call'd, Joe, Joe, Joe, Joe, Joe,
 Joe on the right, and Joe upon the left,
 For every vocal pipe re-echoes Joe!
 Alas! poor Joe! like Francis in the play,
 He stands confounded, anxious how to please
 The many-headed throng. But should I paint
 The language, humours, customs of the place,
 Together with all curtseys, lowly bows,
 And compliments extern, 'twould swell my page
 Beyond its limits due. Suffice it then
 For my prophetic Muse to sing, 'So long
 As fashion rides upon the wing of Time,
 While tea and cream, and butter'd rolls, can please,
 While rival beaux and jealous belles exist,
 So long, *White Conduit House*, shall be thy fame.'

(Nelson's *Islington*, pp. 94-96.)

The Spaniards' Tavern was on the road between Hampstead and Highgate. It is still, on summer evenings, a great place of resort for London people for tea-drinking and sitting out in arbours. The place, which is little changed, should be visited in order to understand how a suburban tea-garden of the eighteenth century appeared.

Vauxhall Gardens was the longest lived, and, when it closed, the oldest place of amusement in London. Evelyn records a visit to them as the New Spring Gardens at Lambeth. They were opened to the public in the year 1661, and the grounds were laid out in that year, but the first rooms were built in 1667 by Sir

Samuel Morland. Pepys mentions the place several times in his *Diary*; he came to hear the nightingales and the birds :—

“And here fiddlers, and there a harp, and here a Jew's trump, and here laughing, and there fine people walking.”

Addison went by boat with Sir Roger de Coverley “from the Temple Stairs to Spring Gardens.” In the year 1733 the Gardens were taken by one Jonathan Tyer on a twenty years' lease at £250 a year. The arbours all had names; among them were the King's Head, the Dragon, the Royal Arbour, the Oak, the Royal George,



VAUXHALL GARDENS—MUSIC ROOM

From a contemporary print.

the Ship, and others. At the opening night, 7th June 1732, there was a company of 400, including Frederick, Prince of Wales. The Gardens figure largely in literature, both in fiction and in essays.

Vauxhall remained in the hands of Tyer and his family for ninety years, when it was sold to Messrs. Bish, Gye, and Hughes for £20,000. It was finally closed in 1859.

The Gardens consisted of a quadrangular grove thickly planted with trees; four principal walks ran through them, crossed by others; there were clearances, so to speak, where were raised colonnades, alcoves, theatres, temples, an orchestra, and a place for dancing; fireworks were displayed in the Gardens, and they were

illuminated by myriads of lamps hanging in festoons among the trees. Vauxhall was one of the few places of resort where the West End people and the citizens assembled together. Canning wrote of the Gardens—

"Then oft returning from the green retreats
Where fair Vauxhallia decks her sylvan seats,
Where each spruce nymph from City counter free,
Sips the frothed syllabub or fragrant tea ;
While with sliced ham, scraped beef, and burnt champagne
Her 'prentice lover soothes his amorous pain."

Ranelagh Gardens began eighty years later and closed fifty-six years earlier than Vauxhall. The company at Ranelagh was more aristocratic than that of its rival; at least, it contained fewer citizens of London; but it was much less lively. There was a garden, a canal, a bridge, "Chinese" buildings, and a "rotundo." The last, which was the principal attraction of the place, was a fine circular hall round which the company promenaded; seats were ranged round the walls; mirrors were hung up everywhere; there was a profusion of light; with a crowded company well dressed and well behaved, and a good orchestra, the scene was no doubt pleasant and bright. The admission was half a crown, including tea or coffee; the roads to London and Westminster were patrolled to keep off robbers, and they were also lighted; the entertainments began at seven.

The amusements of Ranelagh are thus described by a visitor who dropped into verse:—

"To Ranelagh once in my life,
By good-natured force I was driven ;
The nations had ceased their long strife,
And Peace beamed her radiance from heaven.
What wonders were there to be found
That a clown might enjoy or disdain ?
First we traced the gay ring all around,
Ay, and then we went round it again.

A thousand feet rustled on mats—
A carpet that once had been green,
Men bowed with their outlandish hats,
With corners so fearfully keen.
Fair maids, who at home in their haste
Had left all clothing else but a train,
Swept the floor clean as slowly they paced,
Then walked round and swept it again."

Marylebone Gardens were first thrown open at the Restoration, when all the world went mad after amusements. There is less mention of this place in the literature of the time than of Vauxhall, but it certainly existed for more than a hundred years, viz. from 1660 to 1778. The history of these Gardens is even more interesting than that of Vauxhall. It is fully narrated by Mr. Wroth whose book has been already mentioned.

Sadlers' Wells was another Restoration Garden. It was far more than

Vauxhall the resort of the commoner sort. Ned Ward describes the company as consisting of—

“ Butchers and bailiffs and such sort of fellows,
All mixed with a vermin trained up for the gallows ;
As bullocks and files, housebreakers and padders,
With prize-fighters, sweetners, and such sort of traders,
Informers, thief-takers, deer-stealers, and bullies.”

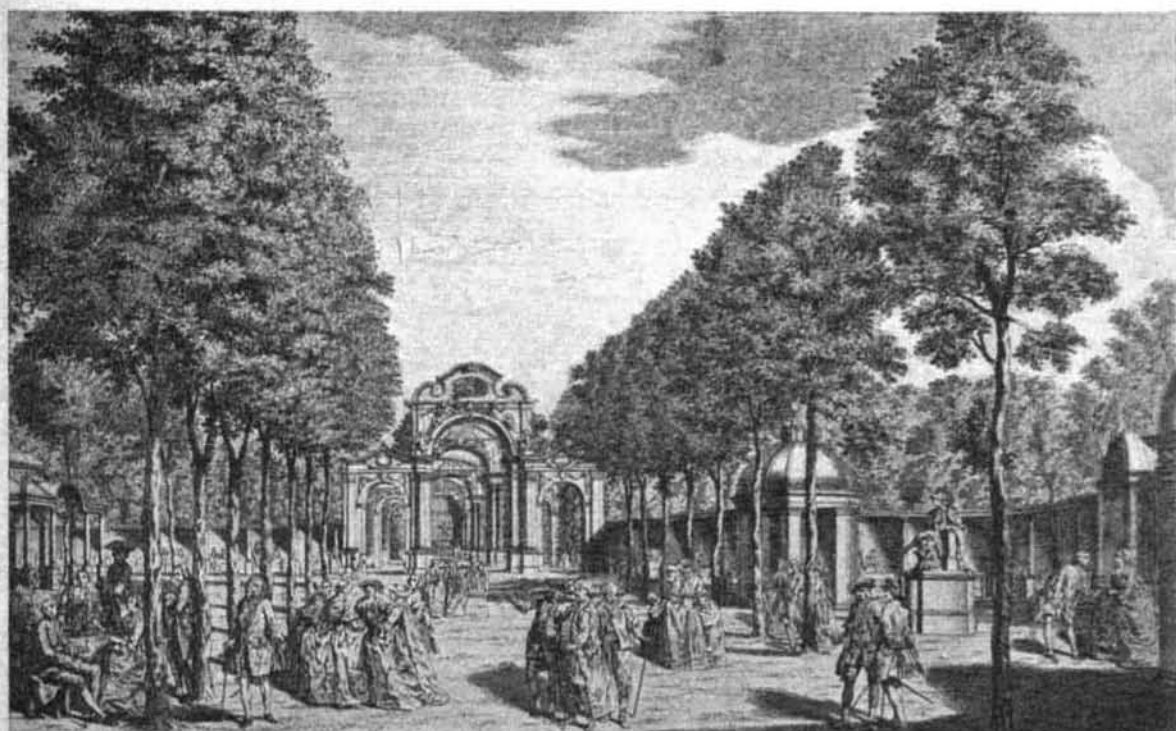
Without pretending to know what were files, padders, sweetners, and bullocks, we clearly understand that we are here in very queer company. There was tight-rope dancing, tumbling, and music at Sadlers' Wells.

In a tract already quoted, entitled *A Sunday Ramble*, the amusements and follies of London on the Day of Rest are described with a graphic pen. The writer ingeniously contrives to get through the whole of his subject in the course of a single day—rambles from the City as far as Hampstead and Highgate on the north to “a place called Brompton” on the west, St. George's Fields on the south, and Bermondsey on the east. The year was 1794, and, if the pictures are not exaggerated, we understand that, while the churches and chapels were filled with worshippers, every place of entertainment within four miles of London, that is, within reach of an easy ride or a walk, was filled with people making holiday and seeking pleasure in noisy company, drink, and profligacy.

In order to get through the whole in one long day the Ramblers leave their inn—the Marlborough Head in Bishopsgate—at four o'clock in the morning. They were not the only early risers: at the gates of the inn there were already assembled a small crowd of young people, gaily dressed, who were waiting for the chaises, phaetons, or horses which were to take them to Windsor, Hampton Court, or Richmond, where they were going to spend the day. They were journeymen for the most part, or even apprentices who were taking their girls—milliners and mantua-makers—for the Sunday out. The next incident worthy of remark was a fight at the stall of a saloop man. The combatants were too drunk to harm each other much; they both fell down; two women rifled their pockets and ran away; the Ramblers, who are nothing if not moral, make a quotation from Dryden which has nothing to do with the pugnacious dealer in saloop, and proceed on their walk. They presently turned into the fields, which began just beyond Shoreditch; and met with a company of servants, men and girls, who had brought out a quantity of their master's wine and were drinking it in the open fields. The Ramblers joined them, by invitation, drank their stolen wine without the least scruple, and left them to get home before the housekeeper came downstairs. They then strolled across the fields until they reached the Tottenham Court Road, at that time an open road with fields on either side, except at the lower end. Whitefield's Tabernacle was the last building

on the north. It was six o'clock, and the chapel was filled with people assembled together to take the Lord's Supper. The Ramblers approved in general of their pious and reverent behaviour, but observed ogling and giggling among some of the younger people.

After the visit to the chapel they had the opportunity of witnessing a prize fight for twenty guineas. It was, however, only a sham fight, and after a few rounds, in which neither was hurt, one of the combatants threw up the sponge. Confederates, meantime, had been busy among the crowd making and taking their



VAUXHALL GARDENS
From a contemporary print.

bets on the fight. The place where these Sunday fights were held was called "the Green Stage."

They next found themselves at Bagnigge Wells. The price of admission was threepence; and they discovered, early as it was, a large company who came, mostly, for a morning draught of the medicinal water, already assembled.

They left the Gardens, and after a gill of red port at the Thatched House and a look at the newspapers, they returned to the City for breakfast, which they took at the Bank Coffee-house near the Royal Exchange. The streets were full of the *friseurs*, the barbers who curled the hair and restored the wigs of the citizens for church.

The coffee-house was filled with City men discussing prices and shares and

the politics of the day. For breakfast some took coffee, some chocolate; nothing is said about anything to eat. There was then no set breakfast, such as we now take, except at the West End, or where the City madam copied the West End lady in taking her bread and butter with a cup of tea. The early dinner was, in fact, the French *déjeuner*, and the supper was the late dinner. Between the two principal meals people sometimes took a "bever," which became the modern breakfast or the modern tea. The Ramblers paid for their breakfast, and received an "agreeable smile from the captivating eyes of a very beautiful barmaid." As they go out one of them quotes the lines of Rowe—

"The dowry which she brings is peace and pleasure,
And everlasting joy is in her arms."

After this refreshment, and in order to bring back their minds (disturbed by the beautiful barmaid) to paths of piety, they went to church, choosing St. Mary le Strand, because, though it was a mile and a half from the Royal Exchange, they would hear a Bishop preach a charity sermon.

People were coming out when they arrived: they were the musical people who went there to hear the organist perform before the service, and could not stay to have their ears shocked by the inharmonious voice of the minister. Coming out early also saved them from contributions to the charity. The Ramblers next walked into the City, another mile or so, to a certain tavern where the landlord provided a snack of cold meat every Sunday morning free for his customers. This was very generous of him, and of course one could not expect the same freedom with the drink. Our friends took a pint of Lisbon and surveyed the company.

They then resolved to walk on to Highgate, there to dine at the ordinary. The fields through which they passed were thronged with beggars. On arriving at Highgate they proceeded at once to dinner. The ordinary was served at two o'clock. A company of twenty sat down, most of them being reputable tradesmen and their families. After dinner they took a bottle of wine. At three they walked from Highgate to Primrose Hill, where they found a crowd of City tradesmen with their wives and children. From Primrose Hill they walked over to Hampstead and took two bottles at the Spaniards, where there was conversation improving and otherwise. When the two bottles were out they left the Spaniards and directed their steps to Islington, leaving the Hornsey Tea-gardens unvisited. On the way they called at the White Conduit House, which, with its gardens, and alcoves, and fish-pond, was very much like Bagnigge Wells. They next visited the Pantheon, a large Nonconformist chapel, and would have visited Sadlers' Wells, but found the place closed. They therefore returned to the White Conduit House, where there were assembled

some hundreds of people, for the most part journeymen, dressmakers, and servants. Here they sat down to tea, inviting a young lady of prepossessing manner to join them, which she did very willingly. The Ramblers moralise movingly on the subject of this unfortunate and on other ladies of like character, who formed part of the company. There was a tea-house at Canonbury House, but the time was getting on, and there were still a good many places to be seen. They passed it over, therefore, and went on to Kensington Gardens. Great care was taken to keep out of the gardens any but well-dressed and well-behaved people. Servants stood at the various entrances to stop people meanly dressed. At this time, according to the Ramblers, "a number of beautiful alcoves were dispersed over the garden, generally so contrived as to command an agreeable prospect through the most delightful vistas." Great complaints were made of the habit of writing verses, not of the most modest nature, on the walls of these alcoves.

Feeling languid after so long a day, they next repaired to the Florida Gardens, lately called Cromwell's Gardens, a place of resort for the West End. Here they took coffee, and, as before, surveyed the company, which was indeed mixed. It was nine o'clock when they arrived at the Green Park, which was crowded with company. In the Mall they observed a long procession of carriages taking fine people to Lady H's. Sunday rout. From St. James's Park they walked to Covent Garden, where they visited an infamous place of resort described at needless length. At ten o'clock they called a coach and drove to the Dog and Duck, in St. George's Fields. Here they took a bottle and again discoursed about the company. The proprietor had been refused a licence; therefore he engaged a free vintner, a member of the Vintners' Company, one that is, who had the privilege of selling wine without a licence. The Temple of Flora, near the Dog and Duck, was another house of the same kind. The Apollo Garden, formerly a noted house, was deserted and falling into decay; but the Thatched House of Lambeth carried on the moral traditions of that place. The Flora Tea-garden received a visit, after which they drove to Bermondsey and visited the Spa Gardens, a kind of Vauxhall.

The following is the account of the Bermondsey Spa:—

"We found the entrance presents a vista between trees, hung with lamps,—blue, red, green, and white; nor is the walk in which they are hung inferior (length excepted) to the grand walk in Vauxhall Gardens. Nearly at the upper end of the walk is a large room, hung round with paintings, many of them in an elegant, and the rest in a singular taste. At the upper end of the room is a painting of a butcher's shop, so finely executed by the landlord, that a stranger to the place would cheapen¹ a fillet of veal, or a buttock of beef, a shoulder of mutton, or a leg of pork,

¹ Bargain for.

without hesitation, if there were not other pictures in the room to take off his attention. But these paintings are not seen on a Sunday.

The accommodations at this place on a Sunday are very good, and the charges reasonable, and the Captain, who is very intimate with Mr. Keyse, declares that there is no place in the vicinity of London can afford a more agreeable evening's entertainment.

This elegant place of entertainment is situated in the lower road between the Borough of Southwark and Deptford. The proprietor calls it *one*, but it is nearer *two* miles from London Bridge, and the same distance from that of Black-Friars. The proprietor is Mr. Thomas Keyse, who has been at great expense, and exerted himself in a very extraordinary manner, for the entertainment of the public; and his labours have been amply repaid.

It is not easy to paint the elegance of this place, situated in a spot where elegance, among people who talk of *taste*, would be little expected. But Mr. Keyse's good humour, his unaffected easiness of behaviour, and his *genuine* taste for the polite arts, have secured him universal approbation.

The gardens, with an adjacent field, consist of not less than four acres.

On the north-east side of the gardens is a very fine lawn, consisting of about three acres, and in a field, parted from this lawn by a sunk fence, is a building with turrets, resembling a fortress or castle; the turrets are in the ancient stile of building. At each side of this fortress, at unequal distances, are two buildings, from which, on public nights, bomb shells, etc., are thrown at the fortress; the fire is returned, and the whole exhibits a very picturesque, and therefore a horrid prospect of a siege.

After walking a round or two in the gardens we retired into the parlour, where we were very agreeably entertained by the proprietor, who, contrary to his own rule, favoured us with a sight of his curious museum, for, it being Sunday, he never shews to any one these articles; but the Captain, never having seen them, I wished him to be gratified with such an agreeable sight.

Mr. Keyse presented us with a little pamphlet, written by the late celebrated John Oakman, of lyric memory, descriptive of his situation, which, a few years ago, was but a waste piece of ground. 'Here is now,' said he, 'an agreeable place, where before was but a mere wilderness piece of ground, and, in my opinion, it was a better plan to lay it out in this manner than any other wise, as the remoteness of any place of public entertainment from this secured to me in my retreat a comfortable piece of livelihood.'

We perfectly coincided in opinion with our worthy host, and, after paying for our liquor, got into our carriage, but not before we had tasted a comfortable glass of cherry brandy, which Mr. Keyse is remarkable for preparing."

It comes out very clearly in this account that the Sunday company on the

north of London was made up chiefly of journeymen and shopmen with their sweethearts; that there was a sprinkling of respectable tradesmen at such places as Highgate and Hampstead; that the West End places were filled with men of high standing and with women of the worst kind; that everywhere there was drinking, singing, and low merriment; that places and things were tolerated because they could not be put down—witness the evasion of the law when the licence was refused; and that there was no attempt whatever made to rescue any of these places for respectable and quiet people.

Yet we should do London great injustice if we rashly charged the whole people with tolerating or encouraging debauchery and vice. All this time the merchants, the tradesmen, the professional men thronged the churches and the chapels, lived godly lives, were careful of their reputation, and avoided these Gardens.

A great many other gardens are noticed in the literature of the century. Thus, there were Jack Straw's Castle and the Spaniards at Hampstead; the Horns at Highgate; Black Nan's Hole and Hockley in the Hole, Clerkenwell—both of them places of very evil repute; St. Chad's Well, Gray's Inn Road; Merlin's Cave at the New River Head; Jew's Harp Tavern; the Yorkshire Stingo, opposite Lisson Grove; Cromwell Gardens and the Hoop and Toy at Brompton; Jenny's Whim at Chelsea; the Dog and Duck, Lambeth Wells; and Apollo's Gardens at Lambeth; Cuper's Gardens, where is now the South-Western Terminus; Finch's Grotto, Southwark; the Jamaica Tavern, Rotherhithe, and others.

CHAPTER V

THE THEATRE

THE history of the stage belongs to the social history of the people rather than the history of London. In the City itself, indeed, there has never been a theatre, unless we allow the inn yard where Tarleton acted to be a theatre. The eighteenth century, as it witnessed that vast increase of London which filled up the area between Ludgate Hill and Westminster or Hyde Park, also saw the erection of many new theatres. The Haymarket Opera-House, known successively as the Queen's Theatre, the King's Theatre, and Her Majesty's, was built by Vanbrugh and opened on the 9th of April 1705. This house was burned down on the 17th of June 1789. The Little Theatre in the Haymarket was built as a summer theatre and opened on the 29th of December 1720. Covent Garden Theatre was opened in 1733 by John Rich. Some of the old theatres disappeared, as the Dorset, which after a period of decline and decay was taken down about the year 1721. Goodman's Fields Theatre was opened in 1729 and closed in 1746; the old Southwark Theatre, Blackfriars Theatre, the Curtain Theatre were all closed before the beginning of the century. It is needless to say that the play was the one amusement of London which never grew stale and never went out of fashion. The actor's profession was held, officially, so to speak, in contempt. That is to say, while Garrick was the admiration and the delight of the town, while in private life he was courted and respected, while his private friends included all the scholars and poets of the day, his profession was esteemed that of a vagabond; it was gravely held by many divines to be inconsistent with the Christian calling. It would seem, further, that in the case of an actress virtue was not considered necessary to private respect. Mrs. Oldfield lived all her life "under protection"—she had, it is true, only two lovers—yet she went to Court. Once the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline, asked her if it was true that she was married to General Churchill, who at that time "protected" her. "It is said so," the actress replied, "but we have not owned it yet." She never, apparently, thought of marrying. Leigh Hunt suggests the following as the opinion of society on the subject:—

"Here is a woman bred up to the stage, and passing her life upon it. It is therefore impossible she should marry a gentleman of family; and yet, as her behaviour would otherwise deserve it, and the examples of actresses are of no authority for any one but themselves, some licence may be allowed to a woman who diverts us so agreeably, who attracts the society of the wits, and is so capital a dresser. We will treat her profession with contempt, but herself with consideration."

Certain reforms are due to the eighteenth century. The mounting of a piece became more careful, the dresses much better, the stage management more effective, a larger number of supers was employed. In declamation the old conventional method was changed by Garrick into a style at once easy, natural, and capable of representing the play of passion and emotion. The transition is described by Cumberland in his memoirs:—

"I have the spectacle even now, as it were, before my eyes. Quin presented himself, upon the rising of the curtain, in a green velvet coat embroidered down the seams, an enormous full-bottomed periwig, rolled stockings, and high-heeled, square-toed shoes. With very little variation of cadence, and in a deep, full tone, accompanied by a sawing kind of action, which had more of the senate than of the stage in it, he rolled out his heroics with an air of dignified indifference, that seemed to disdain the plaudits that were bestowed upon him. Mrs. Cibber, in a key high pitched, but sweet withal, sung, or rather recitivated, Rowe's harmonious strain, something in the manner of the improvisatore's; it was so extremely wanting in contrast that, though it did not wound the ear, it wearied it. When she had once recited two or three speeches, I could anticipate the manner of every succeeding one; it was like a long, old, legendary ballad of innumerable stanzas, every one of which is sung to the same tune, eternally chiming in the ear without variation or relief. Mrs. Pritchard was an actress of a different cast, had more nature, and, of course, more change of tone and variety both of action and expression; in my opinion the comparison was decidedly in her favour. But when, after long and eager expectation, I first beheld little Garrick, then young and light, and alive in every muscle and in every feature, come bounding on the stage, and pointing at the wittol Altamont and heavy-paced Horatio—Heavens, what a transition!—it seemed as if a whole century had been swept over in the transition of a single scene; old things were done away, and a new order at once brought forward, bright and luminous, and clearly destined to dispel the barbarisms and bigotry of a tasteless age, too long attached to the prejudices of custom, and superstitiously devoted to the illusions of imposing declamation."

The performances were not received with the quiet attention to which we are now accustomed. The pit and the galleries were noisy. Pope is severe in his judgment of the pit:—

"The many-headed Monster of the Pit,
A senseless, worthless, and unhonour'd crowd,
Who, to disturb their betters mighty proud,
Clatt'ring their sticks before ten lines are spoke,
Call for the Farce, the Bear, and the Black-joke."

The pit, however, became the chosen home of the critics. Johnson went to the pit; Churchill went to the pit; all the wits went to the pit. Here between the acts the orange-women with their baskets walked up and down bawling and offering oranges, apples, or stout. During the performance there was often a loud expression

of opinion from pit or gallery, as when Quin once made so long a pause before giving the expected answer, "I'll meet you there," one of the pit cried out, "Why don't you tell the gentleman you'll meet him?" Oranges and apples also became missiles to be directed against an unpopular actor.

In reading of the eighteenth-century stage, one cannot but feel that the favourite actresses were not only very fine actresses, sprightly, vivacious, and clever, but also that they were singularly beautiful if not personally winning. Mrs. Oldfield, Mrs. Pritchard, Peg Woffington, Mrs. Clive, Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Jordan—one would like to have known them all. Dr. Johnson used to go behind the scenes to the green room to talk to Garrick's actresses; as a philosopher he doubtless loved to study feminine vivacity, cleverness, and beauty. One likes to think that Mrs. Oldfield, when she died, lay in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, and was buried in Westminster Abbey with noblemen for her pall-bearers. She was, as every one knows, the *Narcissa* of Pope:—

"Odious! in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke);
No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
Wrap my cold limbs and shade my lifeless face:
One would not sure be frightful when one's dead,
And, Betty, give this cheek a little red."

It was out of respect to her memory, and because she always loved beautiful and dainty dress—the beautiful and dainty creature! that they dressed her after death in "a very fine Brussels lace head, a Holland shift with tucker, and double ruffles of the same lace, a pair of new kid gloves, and her body wrapped up in a winding-sheet."

The pretensions of the Lord Chamberlain and the Master of the Revels to authority over the theatre belong partly to the end of the seventeenth century. The licensing or refusing new plays was always undertaken by the Lord Chamberlain. The Master of the Revels suppressed such portions as he chose. Thus, Beaumont and Fletcher's *Maid's Tragedy*, in which the king is killed, was suppressed in the reign of Charles II., as the death of the king was too impious for a public entertainment; and Gay's *Polly*, the sequel to *The Beggar's Opera*, was refused. Not only did the Lord Chamberlain sanction or refuse plays, but he also closed the theatre at his pleasure: on the death of the King he closed it for six weeks; he closed Drury Lane altogether when Steele was one of the patentees; he assumed—in which he was defeated—the right of imprisoning actors. The Master of the Revels for his part claimed a fee of 40s. for every new play produced; it was paid until Colley Cibber examined into the claim.

Yet in spite of the Lord Chamberlain and Master of the Revels, playhouses sprang up everywhere without licence. As in everything else, so in things

theatrical, there was no executive force to maintain the law. There were theatres in Covent Garden, Drury Lane, Lincoln's Inn Fields, Goodman's Fields, the Haymarket, and the Opera House. There were twice as many theatres in London as in Paris. These houses laughed at the Lord Chamberlain; they refused to obey his orders; they did not submit their plays to his consideration. When, however, Fielding put Walpole himself on the stage, silencing patriots with bribes, the Government interfered and brought in a Licensing Bill. The title illustrates the view then taken of actors. It is "An Act to explain and amend so much of an Act made in the twelfth year of Queen Anne, entitled 'An Act for reducing the laws relating to rogues, vagabonds, sturdy beggars and vagrants, into an Act of Parliament; and for the same effectual punishing such rogues, vagabonds, sturdy beggars and vagrants, and sending them whither they ought to be sent,' as relates to common players of interludes." This was the title. The unfortunate part of the Bill was that in future every play, including the prologue and the epilogue, must receive the licence of the Lord Chamberlain, and that without his permission no theatre could open its doors. The Act was opposed by Lord Chesterfield in the House of Lords and by Mr. Pulteney in the House of Commons. The speech of the former has been preserved in part.

"Wit," he said, "is a sort of property. It is the property of those that have it, and too often the only property they have to depend on. It is, indeed, but a precarious dependence. Thank God we, my lords, have a dependence of another kind. We have a much less precarious support, and therefore cannot feel the inconveniences of the Bill now before us; but it is our duty to encourage and protect wit, whosoever's property it may be. I must own I cannot easily agree to the laying of a tax upon wit; but by this Bill it is to be heavily taxed—it is to be excised; for if this Bill passes, it cannot be retailed in a proper way without a permit; and the Lord Chamberlain is to have the honour of being chief gauger, supervisor, commissioner, judge and jury."

The Act of 1737 for licensing plays, playhouses, and players by the Lord Chamberlain, did no more, in reality, than define the powers of those offices. The Lord Chamberlain had always possessed the power of regulating, allowing, and stopping plays. It is true that his authority had been openly derided. As stated already, so long as the fee was paid he cared very little. Yet at times the Lord Chamberlain acted in a very arbitrary manner. Thus Nat Lee's tragedy of *Lucius Junius Brutus* was taken off the boards after three nights; Gay's *Polly* was forbidden. When Steele was lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, the theatre was closed by the Lord Chamberlain. But the Act of 1737 defined his powers. It was determined that without a licence there should be no theatre in London. The Act was evaded constantly. Thus, a play would be given under the name of a rehearsal, tickets to which were purchased at some house near the theatre. Or it would be a

school of actors giving a performance; or it would be a concert. Foote invited his friends to take a cup of tea with him. While tea was preparing the company would perhaps look on and observe his pupils taking a lesson.

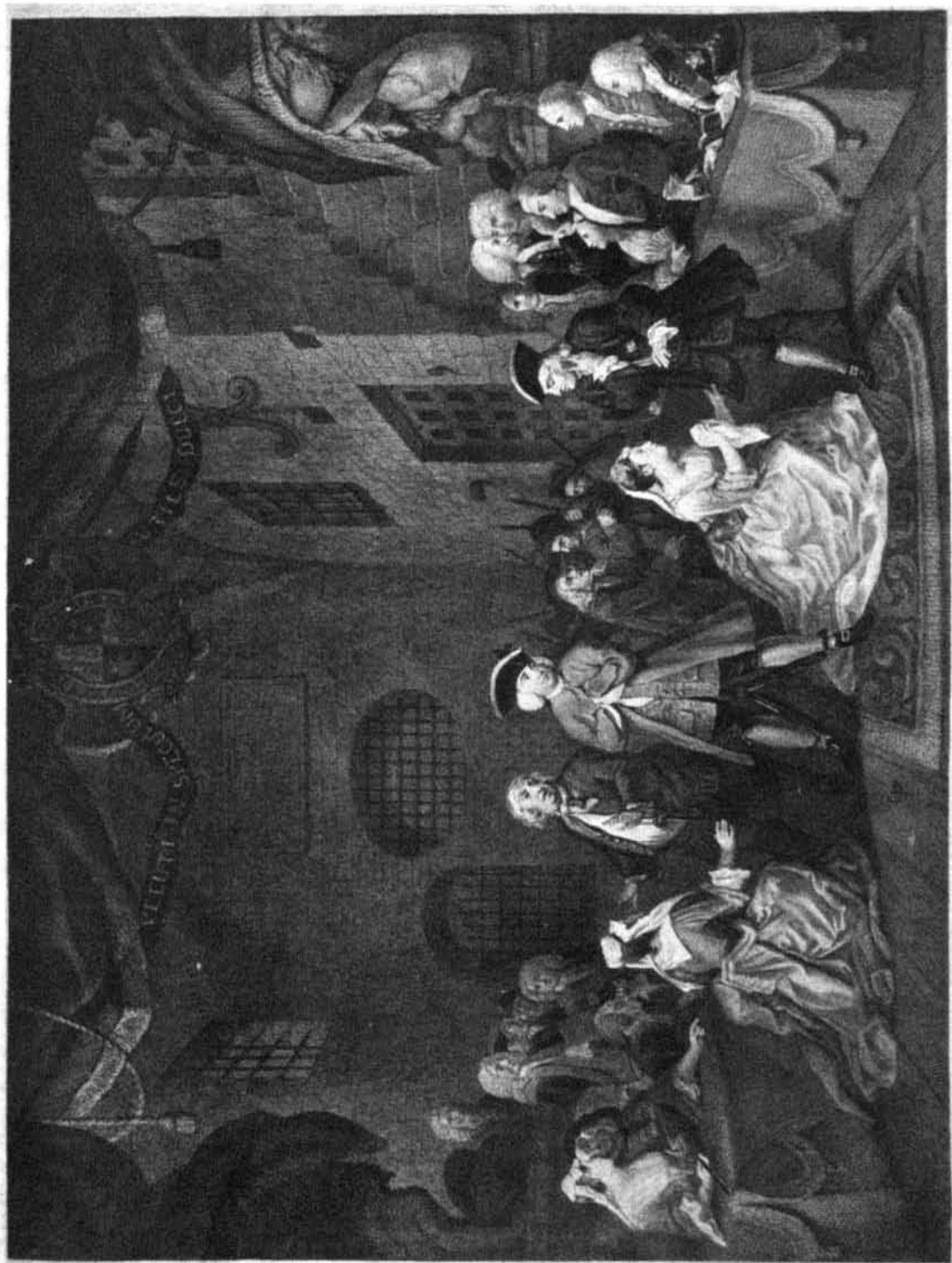
It was the intention of the Government to have no other theatres than Drury Lane and Covent Garden. For twenty years the Haymarket could get no licence, and was only opened by such devices as the above. The theatre in Goodman's Fields for some time escaped the Act by its remoteness from the West End and the Lord Chamberlain. Five years after the Act was passed Garrick played *Richard III.* there. His great and immediate success ruined the theatre, for crowds of people flocked to hear him, and everybody began to talk about the little house in Goodman's Fields. The Lord Chamberlain heard of it; the theatre was closed. Garrick was carried off to Drury Lane. The Licensing Act lasted until 1843, when it was modified.

A bill of the play used to be printed and affixed to the posts near the stairs by which the audience took boat across the river. The names of the actors were not given—a fact which did not prevent their acquiring popularity. It is thought that the announcement of a tragedy was in red ink; sometimes a trumpet and drum announced the play, but not in the City of London. When the *dramatis personæ* and the names of the players were added there was no difference made between the best and the worst actor in the size of the letters containing his name. Garrick is said to have been the first who printed his own name in capital letters of extra size on his playbills.

The most singular change, however, is in the advertisement of a play, now a most enormous charge upon a theatre. Formerly the papers actually paid the theatre for the privilege of advertising the play of the day. They advertised as a special feature of the paper that the advertisements and accounts of the plays were sent expressly by the manager. For this privilege the paper paid the manager £200 a year.

The theatre in the last century generally began at six. The prices continued for a long time what they had been in Pepys' time: viz. boxes, 4s.; pit, 2s. 6d.; first gallery, 1s. 6d.; and upper gallery, 1s. After the O. P. riot the price became: boxes, 7s.; pit, 3s.; gallery, 2s.; upper gallery, 1s.; and half-price at nine o'clock. As yet there were no stalls, which were introduced in 1829. It was customary to send servants early to secure and keep a place. In 1744, for the performance of Garrick's *Hamlet*, the servants took places at three o'clock in the afternoon.

Between the years 1697 and 1737 an abominable practice prevailed of giving the footmen free access to the upper gallery. At the beginning this practice grew out of the desire to keep these noisy and insolent lackeys from quarrelling in the lobbies. They soon, however, claimed the privilege as a right, and they were so noisy and so insolent, interfering so much with the performance by their clamour, that every one



BEGGAR'S OPERA, ACT III.
Hogarth's Opera.

THE STAGE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

From an engraving of Hogarth's picture, "The Beggar's Opera," by William Blake.

was pleased when Fleetwood, manager of Drury Lane in 1737, announced his intention of refusing them admittance.

" They roar so loud, you'd think behind the stairs,
Tom Dove and all the brotherhood of bears ;
They've grown a nuisance beyond all disasters,
We've none so great but their unpaying masters.
We beg you, Sirs, to beg your men that they
Would please to give us leave to hear the play."

The lackeys made a fight for it: they mustered in a company of 300; armed with clubs, they broke into the theatre, took possession of the stage, and wounded five-and-twenty people who dared to oppose them. The Riot Act was read, and thirty of them were arrested. Next day they found the theatre guarded by a company of fifty soldiers, and the riot was not resumed.

In 1762 Garrick resolved on clearing the stage of everybody except the actors. We always think of the old custom of admitting persons to the stage who were not actors as giving them an opportunity to walk about the stage, disturb the actors, and get in the way generally. Now in Hogarth's picture of "The Beggar's Opera" the stage contains six men and one lady on one side, and seven men and two ladies on the other side. But they are not interfering in any way with the actors. There is a pew or pen on either side of the stage in which they sit quite out of the way.

In this picture there are no lights of any kind on the stage, which must have been lit from the front. In "The Laughing Audience" we see part of the orchestra, part of the spiked partition-wall separating audience from orchestra, but we do not see the footlights. At the back, however, we see that candles were placed one above the other up the pillars on either side, and that the boxes were lit with occasional candles and candelabra. The effect produced, whether intentionally or not, is that of a somewhat dark theatre.

The imitation or comparison picture, called "The Weeping Audience," shows the footlights. They consist of six candles in the middle and four at either end. It is said by Malone that the body of the house was lit by large open lanterns, like ship's lanterns. The candle-snuffer, an officer of some importance, plays a part in literature. Goldsmith's *Strolling Player* begins his professional career as a candle-snuffer.

Garrick in the year 1765 introduced the footlights in place of the circular chandeliers which had formerly been suspended over the stage.

Costume during the last century had to be splendid; of its fitness there was not much question, but it must be splendid; of course a certain amount of fitness had to be considered: Autolycus would not appear in robes of velvet and silk; but the principal characters were dressed as splendidly as possible. They got their dresses as gifts from nobles who had worn them at Court. Thus Charles II. gave his coronation robes to Betterton; the Duke of York and the Earl of Oxford

gave theirs to players. James II.'s queen gave her coronation robes to Mrs. Barry. The Princess of Wales gave her birthday dress to Mrs. Bellamy, and another dress to Peg Woffington. An American actress, named Mrs. Mowatt, obtained the coronation dress of Queen Adelaide. Munden wore a coat that had belonged to George II. The hero of tragedy wore a headdress of feathers; the heroine a long train borne by a page.

As regards the author, the custom was to assign to him the third night, or in cases of a run beyond the third night, the sixth and the ninth, and so on. It was not usual for a piece to run more than three or four nights. Goldsmith's *Good-Natured Man* ran for ten nights, and brought him in £400 with £100 for the publishing rights of the play.

CHAPTER VI

HOLIDAYS

THERE were few public holidays for the Londoner of the last century. For the craftsman there was the Sunday and nothing more, unless it was Christmas Day or Easter Monday. The Holy Days had quite dropped out of observance with these exceptions. Good Friday was restored to public observance—of course the Church had always observed the day—by the efforts of Bishop Porteous in 1772. Ash Wednesday, Ascension Day, and the Rogation days, had long since been neglected by men of business. As for the annual holiday now granted to every clerk, it was not thought of until well into the nineteenth century. A week was at first considered a sufficient holiday.

The merchant and the shopkeeper had very few days of closing. The public offices, however, were liberal with their holidays. They were as follows, taking the third quarter of the century. We need not notice certain slight differences in the various offices.

Shrove Tuesday	Easter Wednesday
Ash Wednesday	Ascension Day
Good Friday	Whit Monday
Easter Monday	Whit Tuesday
„ Tuesday	Whit Wednesday

The above were movable days. The following were fixed days. It will be observed that most of them are connected with the Church Calendar :—

January	1. Circumcision	May	1. St. Philip and James' Day
„	6. Epiphany	„	16. Queen Charlotte's Birthday
„	25. St. Paul's Day	„	29. Restoration
„	30. King Charles the Martyr	June	4. The King's Birthday
February	2. Purification	„	11. St. Barnabas' Day
„	24. St. Matthias' Day	„	24. St. John Baptist's Day
March	1. St. David's Day	„	29. St. Peter and Paul's Day
„	25. Duke of York's Birthday	July	15. St. Swithin's Day
April	23. St. George's Day	„	25. St. James' Day
„	25. St. Mark's Day	August	1. Lammas Day
„	26. Duke of Cumberland's Birthday	„	12. Prince of Wales' Birthday

August	24. St. Bartholomew's Day	November	4. King William's Birthday
September	2. Fire of London	"	5. Gunpowder Plot
"	14. Holy Rood	"	9. Lord Mayor's Day
"	21. St. Matthew's Day	"	17. Queen Elizabeth's Accession
"	22. Coronation	December	21. St. Thomas's Day
"	29. St. Michael's Day	"	25. Christmas Day
October	18. St. Luke's Day	"	26. St. Stephen's Day
"	26. King proclaimed	"	27. St. John's Day
"	28. SS. Simon and Jude	"	28. Innocents' Day.
November	1. All Saints		

In all, fifty-one holidays in the year.

Yet if the shops were shut for two days in the year only, except the Sundays, there were not wanting days when the City kept holiday. The craftsmen were independent enough to take two or three days after Christmas, the day after Easter, a day in the summer for a bean-feast, which was a survival of the old Company Feast; many of them took St. Monday. The principal civic festivals, however, then—if the workshops were open there were few workmen in them and little work done—were the First of May, the Lord Mayor's Day, and Queen Elizabeth's Day. For at least a hundred years after 1660, the 29th of May, the day of Restoration, was held as a holiday even more sacred than May Day itself or St. John's Day. The streets were decorated with boughs. "Each street a park," as Herrick says. Houses vied with each other in getting the largest boughs, which were ranged side by side, converting the street into an avenue. These boughs, whenever possible, were of oak, and the oak apples, when there were any, were gilded; when there were none, gilded balls represented them; flags were hung out between the branches; above the streets were drawn lines on which hung garlands of flowers, and ribbons and coloured paper. Among their garlands hung strings of wild-birds' eggs, collected by the boys for the day. All day long through the streets the boys marched blowing horns, while for the elders there was feasting, and for the girls there was dancing on Oak Apple Day.

The day of Queen Elizabeth's accession, 17th November, was for a long time celebrated in the City by the ringing of the church bells and by other demonstrations.

In the years 1674-1681 the holiday was converted by Lord Shaftesbury and the Green Ribbon Club into a political or religious demonstration against the Catholics. In 1682 Charles succeeded in getting these demonstrations, which were riotous and noisy, suppressed. Then the day resumed its former quiet.

Early in the eighteenth century, after the Sacheverell business, the day again became an occasion for political processions of an anti-Jacobite character.

After the accession of George I. there were no more political processions; the bells rang on the day, but it was gradually forgotten, and the observance ceased by slow degrees. It would be interesting to find out which of the churches continued to

ring the bells and for how long. Probably there were some which carried on the custom until quite recently.

The day, so long as it was observed, always assumed a political character and involved a demonstration against the Pope and all Catholics. We must not forget the violent and deeply rooted hatred with which the Roman Catholic religion was regarded by all classes in London. The Smithfield fires sank deep into the hearts of the nation. Then the Massacre of St. Bartholomew was regarded by every Englishman as expressly ordered by the Pope; the Gunpowder Plot also in his imagination emanated from the same source; the Fire of London was the work of a Papist; the murder of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey was also the work of a Papist. It became the custom to make bonfires in the streets and to burn the Pope in effigy after a procession in which the murdered body of Godfrey was borne by a Roman Catholic priest; another sham priest distributed pardons; then came a band of music, and lastly the Pope himself sitting on his throne; before him were boys with censers; behind him stood the Devil. The expulsion of James after his designs on behalf of the Catholic faith fanned these fires of suspicion and hatred, and to the Pope was joined a companion in the shape of the Pretender.

"God bless Queen Anne, the nation's great defender,
Keep out the French, the Pope, and the Pretender."

It would seem that when these fears died away and when George I. was firmly seated on the English throne—George the Protestant—George the father of Protestants—and the Pope had apparently desisted from trying to blow up the King and to set fire to the City, these demonstrations ceased gradually, and as Elizabeth was no longer remembered by the common people, the day was no longer observed. The anti-Roman demonstrations, however, were in part transferred to November the fifth.

The glories of May Day did not survive the short reign of the Puritans. The Londoners had no more Maypoles, nor did they go into the fields to gather flowers and crown their heads with garlands; nor did they, as in Herrick's time, decorate their houses with green boughs.

They had, however, some semblance of a festival: the chimney-sweepers made holiday, when one man became a Jack-in-the-Green, a girl became Maid Marian, a fiddler led the way, and the boys and girls went dancing after. Or the milkmaids turned out with a trophy of borrowed silver dishes round which they danced; or the carters decorated their horses with ribbons.

"The moon shines bright and the stars give a light
A little before it is day;
So God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you a joyful May."

In the eighteenth century, as in the nineteenth, the greatest holiday of the year,

when all the people stay in the City instead of going out of it, as they do on the Bank Holidays, was Lord Mayor's Day. The procession was still kept up with some attempt at a pageant. But the art of pageantry had quite died out, with the love of allegory and the personation of the Virtues and the Vices. The Lord Mayor's Show became a very poor thing indeed during the eighteenth century. The last attempt at a pageant was made in 1702, when they showed St. Martin dividing his cloak among the beggars—probably the saint wore a full-bottomed wig; there were also chariots, and a great ship, and an arbour of delight. Alas! the people have now forgotten St. Martin altogether. If we were to put him up, with his cloak and his beggar, no one would understand who was meant.

It seems a pity that so ancient a custom should be allowed to fall into disuse or contempt. Surely it would be possible, when plays are mounted with so much attention to archæological detail, to devise a pageant which the people could understand and appreciate; which should be neither mean nor gaudy nor vulgar; which should convey its lesson. Mean or gaudy or vulgar, it would never fail to draw into the streets the millions who now line the way from the City to Westminster, and occupy every window, and crowd every roof. Mean or gaudy or vulgar, it never failed to draw crowds into the streets every Lord Mayor's Day all through the eighteenth century.

In the year 1731 a certain visitor to London describes the way in which Christmas-tide was spent. Looking out of his window on the morning of Christmas Day, he saw the meek and resigned appearance of a crowd outside the church doors; they were the poor of the parish assembled to receive the charitable doles and alms of the season. As soon as the distribution was over, their meekness disappeared and they took to fighting over their shares. After the fighting they all trooped off to the public-house, whence they were carried, or led, an hour or two afterwards.

The next day was Boxing Day, when everybody came for his box: from the assistants to the tradesmen, the clerk—even the parish clerk was not too proud—the bellman, the watch, the constable, the beadle, the dustman,—they all came in one long stream.

The day after, this visitor was taken to a dance in a great room off Piccadilly; it was the kind of dance called "a threepenny hop"; the young men were chiefly prentices and shop assistants; the ladies were—what you please. There were two fiddles. In the midst of their happiness they were disturbed by the constables; the dance was illegal; they were all taken to Bow Street and fined. On the fourth day he was taken to a dinner given by a merchant in the City; the profusion of the food amazed him; it seems as if food had been provided for the whole parish; however, he was extremely pleased with the hospitality of the host and with the innocent mirth and good humour that reigned at the table. The frivolities closed with Twelfth Day, when the magnificence of the pastry-cooks' shops surprised and delighted him.



Pl. Ticket

SPORT IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY
From Hogarth's engraving, "The Cock Pit."

CHAPTER VII

AMUSEMENTS, COCK-FIGHTING, ETC.

WE are accustomed to consider Sunday concerts as things of the present day ; that, however, is not the case. In the year 1701 there was performed, on the first Sunday in every month, at 11 A.M., at Stationers' Hall, a concert of anthems, together with the delivery of orations, and the recitation of poems in praise of religion and virtue. The anthems were composed by Dr. Blow ; the orations were delivered by Dr. Collier ; and the poems were recited by Tate, the Poet Laureate. One could wish, indeed, that the Laureate's occasional verses for these interesting concerts had been preserved, for the encouragement of virtue and religion in future generations.

A not uncommon spectacle in the streets of London was the arrival, or the return, of one of the great masters of defence. He rode through the City preceded by trumpets and drums, with colours flying, with a drum and sword in his hand. He was something of a mountebank, but he was also, and always, a fine master of fence. These gladiators fought in real earnest, hacking and hewing with backsword, sword and dagger, single falchion, case of falchions, and quarter-staff.

The "Royal Sport" of cock-fighting was followed by all classes. The two cockpits of Whitehall received the noble lords and gentlemen the patrons of the sport ; the improvised cockpits of the "Green Stage," off the Tottenham Court Road, served for the humbler patrons. It was a sport which could be practised all the year round ; of which no one was ever tired ; which furnished the greatest excitement going ; at which bets to any amount might be made ; and which developed a breed of fighting birds, the maintenance and improvement of which was in itself a science.

In the eighteenth century cock-fighting was certainly the favourite sport.

There were two ways of cock-fighting : the first was the ordinary matching of one cock against another ; the other was the Welsh main, in which eight pairs of cocks fought until half were killed ; the rest again fought each other till half were killed ; and so on until only two were left, and these fought till one was killed. The following are instructions for the preparation of cocks for fighting :—

"First, with a pair of fine cock-shears, cut all his mane off close unto his neck, from the head to the setting on of the shoulders; secondly, clip off all the feathers from the tail close to his rump, the redder it appears, the better is the cock in condition. Thirdly, take his wings and spread them forth by the length of the first rising feather, and clip the rest slope-wise with sharp points, that in his rising he may therewith endanger an eye of his adversary. Fourthly, scrape, smooth, and sharpen his spurs with a penknife. Fifthly and lastly, see that there be no feathers on the crown of his head for his adversary to lay hold of; then with your spittle, moistening his head all over, turn him into the pit to move his fortune."

It is obvious, considering the wide popularity of a sport in which all classes were interested, the delight of prince and peer, pauper and sweep, that there must have been many cockpits in London. We know of a few, but certainly there must have been many more. Thus, there was the cockpit on the site of the present official residence of the First Lord of the Treasury. It was a part of the palace of Whitehall. It is not known when it ceased to be used for purposes of sport. It was used as a theatre by Queen Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I., its round shape and raised seats forming a stage and theatre ready made when scenery was wanted for the masque only and not for the play. Stow (1598) says "on the right hand be divers fair Tennis Courts, Bowling Allies, and a Cock Pit, all built by King Henry the Eighth (out of certain old tenements), and there is one other arched Gate, with a way over it, thwarting the Street, from the King's Gardens to the said Park." It is not the Cockpit that Hogarth represents. In 1634-35 a French company played before the Court in the Cockpit. Some part of the site was built over either already or shortly afterwards, for we find that the Earl of Pembroke had lodgings at the Cockpit (*i.e.* in the buildings beside the Cockpit) in 1649, and witnessed the execution of the king from his window. But the place continued to be called the Cockpit. I think that the tennis court and bowling alley were first built over, and that the Cockpit gave its name to the whole, simply because it remained when these were gone. Oliver Cromwell occupied the place before he resided in the Palace opposite. In the Cockpit he once entertained the house after dinner with music. General Monk lived here. Pepys records the performance of plays in the Cockpit during Monk's residence. Princess Anne lived here for a time. After the destruction by fire of Whitehall Palace a part of the Cockpit was built over and became the place of meeting for the Privy Council. This historic room, which has been the scene of so many memorable meetings, looks out upon the site of that part of the Cockpit not built over.

The Cockpit of Whitehall is often confounded with the Cockpit of Westminster. This place is shown in Strype's Map of Westminster (1720) at the north-western end of Dartmouth Street. Long the favourite resort of the sport, it was taken down in 1816. Its popularity had been transferred to a newer and probably more commodious Cockpit called the "Royal," in Tufton Street. I have no information as to the erection of the building. Grantley Berkeley (1865) speaks of the place as "ancient" when he was a boy.

Another famous Cockpit was that behind Gray's Inn. It may be found in Strype's map (1754). On the north of Gray's Inn Gardens runs "the King's Way," a continuation of Theobald's Row,—now Theobald's Road. Beyond a small field or garden north of this King's Way, and on the east of James' Street, the site still marked by a small court, stood the Gray's Inn Cockpit indicated by a circle.

A fourth Cockpit was that in Drury Lane. It was a notorious resort of disorderly people; the apprentices of London, virtuous by custom immemorial, every Shrove Tuesday wrecked the place. The Cockpit was converted into the Phœnix Theatre, the site shown by the name Cockpit Alley, afterwards Pitt Place.

The many places in the City (see *London and its Environs*, 1761) called after cocks, such as Cock Alley, ten in number; Cock Court, nine in number; Cock Hill, Cock Lane, of which there were four; Cock Yard, eight; Cockpit Alley, Cockpit Buildings, Cockpit Court, Cockpit Street, Cockpit Yard, Cock's Rents, and Cockspur Street,—all indicate the former existence of cockpits long since forgotten.

There are many pictures of cock-fighting, but that which every one recognises as the typical picture is Hogarth's. The scene has been laid at Newmarket, at Westminster, and at Gray's Inn Lane; but, as the Royal Arms are on the wall, it is probably the Westminster Cockpit.

The faces, after Hogarth's manner, are all portraits and all types. There is the blind devotee of sport, Lord Albemarle Bertie, who can see nothing, yet sits among the sportsmen and makes his bets; a ruffianly crew surrounds him, pulling at his shoulder, bawling in his ear, stealing his money, while he sits unconscious, apparently bawling the odds. The levelling tendencies of the sport are shown by the presence in the crowd of the Peer with his star, who is being unceremoniously pressed down by a carpenter with his leathern jacket and apron; by the beau taking snuff and dropping some of it into the eyes of the fat citizen below him, by the sweep who comes with his broom and his sack and imitates the manner of fashion with his snuff-box; by the hunchback Jockey and the Apothecary, who agree to a bet by touching whips; by the man on whose back is chalked a gallows,—he is therefore the hangman; by the shadow on the ground representing the Welsher hoisted in a basket until he can pay his debts; by the gamester who takes no interest in this match because he has got a pair of fresh cocks in a bag and is waiting for his turn; and by the hook by which an unseen hand is trying to get hold of the purse of a drunken man. Hogarth always compresses a hundred stories into one picture. This picture alone can be read and re-read dozens of times, and every time with increased profit and instruction.

The business of breeding, rearing, and training cocks for fighting employed a great many persons, and was full of recondite secrets and methods. Some of these, as described in a book before me, are disgusting, some of them are brutal. The ordinary manner of conducting a cock-fight was to pair off the cocks according to weight. Those which "fell in," that is to say, those which could be matched, fought

for the main; those which could not be matched fought in "byes." The fight in Hogarth's picture takes place on a raised circular stage apparently about three feet high. It is a building of brick, with two, or perhaps three, seats raised one behind the other, while a low wall, such as we find behind the dress circle of a theatre, round the seats, affords a passage outside. There is no indication that the place was actually sunk below the level of the ground; perhaps the original cockpit was simply a hole in which the birds were placed while the spectators looked down from above. I have seen in a village the site of an ancient cockpit which had certainly been excavated. Cock-fighting still lingers in holes and corners. It is whispered that it is still possible to witness a cock-fight by payment of five pounds or so; of course it is now illegal.

Cock-fighting is an extremely ancient form of sport. The Romans fought quails and partridges as well as cocks. In the reign of Henry II. FitzStephen says that boys brought gamecocks to school on Shrove Tuesday and spent the morning in fighting them.

Baiting was a pursuit almost as eagerly followed as cock-fighting. Anything might be baited: a bear, a bull, a badger, in the general way. In 1717 they baited a leopard twelve feet long. In the same year they provided for one evening's amusement:—the baiting of a tiger by six bull and bear dogs, for £100; a bull and a bear driven mad by being covered all over with lighted fireworks; and, to conclude, six young men to play at blunts, that is, at fighting with sticks, he to get the prize who broke most heads. There was a bear-garden on Bankside, Southwark; another on the south of Soho Square; another in Tothill Fields: but the most important was that of Hockley-in-the-Hole. Here one Christopher Preston, the proprietor, fell in among his own bears and was killed and devoured.

The following is a hand-bill of a bull-baiting in 1710:—

"This is to give notice to all gentlemen, gamesters, and others, that on this present Monday is a match to be fought by two dogs, one from Newgate market, against one from Hony-lane market, at a bull, for a guinea to be spent; five let-goes out off hand, which goes fairest and farthest in wins all; likewise a green bull to be baited, which was never baited before; and a bull to be turned loose with fireworks all over him; also a mad ass to be baited, with variety of bull-baiting and bear-baiting, and a dog to be drawn up with fireworks. Beginning exactly at three of the clock."

A "green" bull is, as the bill explains, one that has never been baited.

Wrestling also went on at the bear-gardens. The prizes were generally gloves, worth 2s. 6d. a pair.

In another place I have spoken of the pleasure-gardens. These were numerous and varied in attractions, from the beautiful gardens of Marylebone to the squalid Temple of Flora at Lambeth. And in another place I consider the fairs, which in the eighteenth century were mere orgies of drink and debauchery. There were other places of amusement, now forgotten. Who remembers Lambeth Wells? Here, three

days in the week, called public days, the music played all day long from seven in the morning till dark; there was the Water Theatre, full of strange devices; Punch's Theatre, where they had fantoccini; there were "posture masters" and rope-dancers always exhibiting their tricks and skill; there were exhibitions of this and that always going on. At the Spring Gardens were concerts and masquerades. In Dowgate there was a fine concert-hall for the City; the young people were invited to dance for a gold ring; they made up foot-races for bets; they played cricket matches; they even grinned through a halter for a new hat. There was also the Spouting Club, at which young men vied with each other in recitations.

On the 23rd of June 1775 the first regatta was held upon the Thames. Every boat, barge, wherry, and lighter was on the river, crowded with people. Flags were flying; guns were fired; bands were playing; the houses from which the regatta could be witnessed were filled with people; the bells of St. Martin's were rung in the morning; those of St. Margaret's in the afternoon. The chief point of attraction was Westminster Bridge, which was crowded with people, while the avenues at both ends were covered with gambling-tables. The boats on the river were supplied with drink in great abundance, but very bad and in short measure. Every passage to the water-side was guarded by men who took toll, from a penny to half a crown. Scaffolds were erected on the banks, where seats sold for large sums. In a word, the town had gone off its head for a new thing.

When the regatta was over, the *élite* of the company were rowed up to Chelsea, where Ranelagh received them to a supper, dancing, and music. Among the visitors were their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland.

When we remember how popular the game of tennis was at one time; how it was always the sport of kings; it seems somewhat remarkable that there have been so few courts in London. At the same time it has never been a popular game or a cheap game: tennis at the present day is a more expensive game than any other, excepting polo. In London, the court in which Charles II. played stood just outside the Palace at the south-west corner of St. James's Street. This court was pulled down in 1866. Another tennis-court stood at the corner of Windmill Street and Coventry Street; a third stood in Clare Market, called Gibbon's; and there are places in Holborn, Blackfriars, and Southwark whose names indicate the former existence of courts upon those sites.

In this long history through which we have slowly made our way, I have steadily ignored one event, recurring once in a hundred years or so—that of the hard frost. On that occasion the Thames is completely frozen over above and below Bridge. Booths are put up on the river; drinking-places, eating-houses are set up; and it is the boast of the people that they can get drunk on the river as well as on land. Presently they bring along a printing-press and print a ballad or a broadside, which is bought as a great curiosity because it is printed

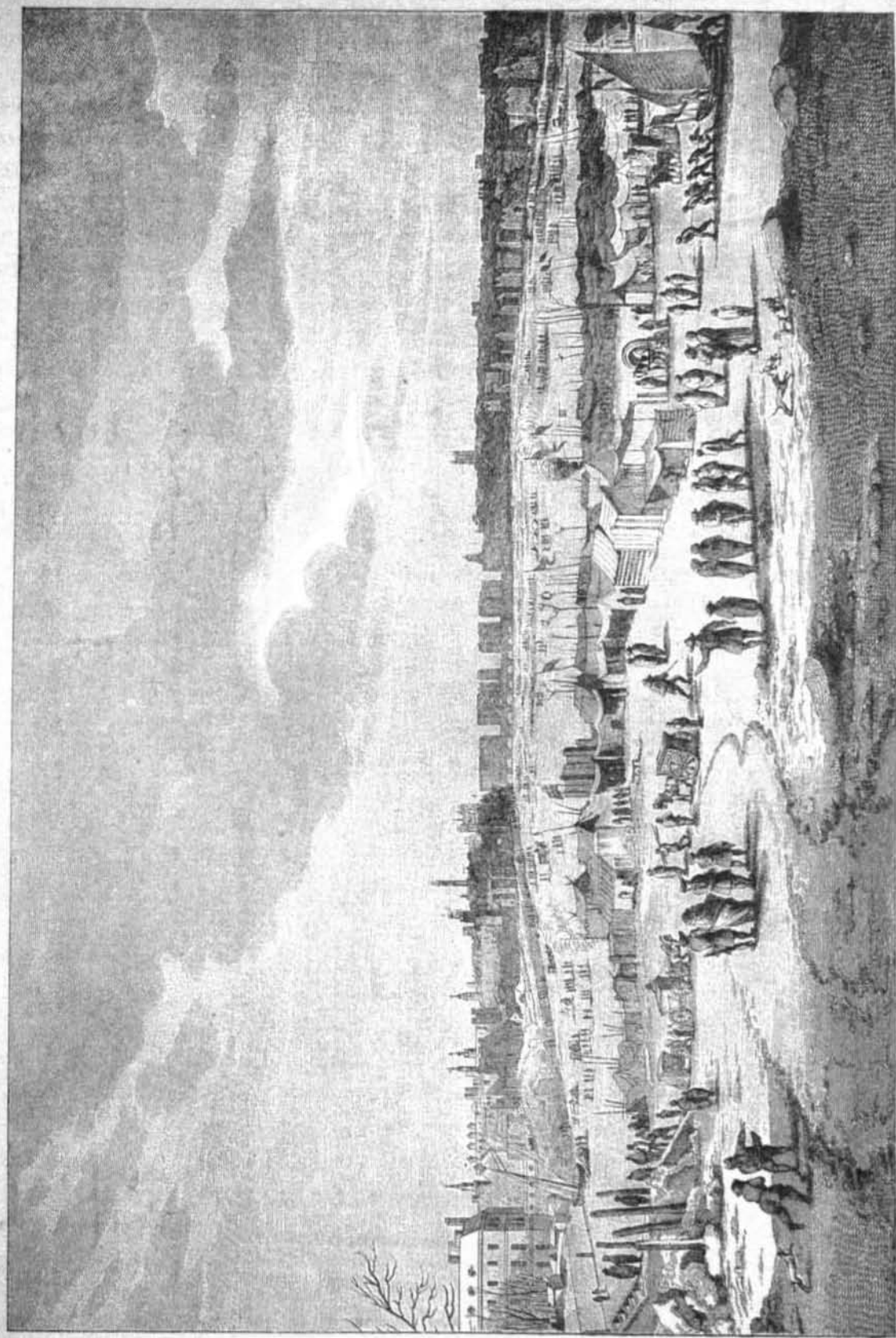
on the ice. Every such hard frost produces exactly the same results. Therefore I have resolved on mentioning only one—the hard frost of 1788-89.

It began on the 25th of November and lasted for seven weeks, terminating early in the New Year. There was a great deal of distress while it lasted: many thousands of men were out of work, ships that could not be loaded or unloaded, the river was impossible for lighters, the fellowship porters were standing idle, the Thames watermen waiting—there were 40,000 persons who got their living somehow by the river: all these persons were thrown out of work. One hopes that a great many of them found temporary employment on the ice. For the face of the river became a great fair, finer than Bartholomew's: there were shows of all kinds, theatres, puppets, music, eating, drinking, dancing—an orgy which the Lord Mayor would find it difficult to stop. In fact, the Lord Mayor does not seem to have interfered with the River Fair, which was carried on night and day with the utmost cheerfulness, and was only terminated by a rapid rise in the temperature and the cracking of the ice.

A kind of madness sometimes seized the young fellows. Thus they had a "frolic" the nature of which may be gathered from the *Connoisseur*:—

"I have known a whole company start from their chairs, and begin tilting at each other merely for their diversion. Another time these exalted geniuses have cast lots which should be thrown out of the window; and at another made a bonfire of their clothes, and ran naked into the streets. . . . It was no longer ago than last winter, that a party of jovial Templars set out an hour or two after midnight on a voyage to Lisbon, in order to get good Port. They took boat at the Temple stairs, and prudently laid in, by way of provision, a cold venison pasty and two bottles of raspberry brandy; but when they imagined they were just arrived at Gravesend, they found themselves suddenly overset in Chelsea-Reach, and very narrowly escaped being drowned. The most innocent Frolicks of these men of humour are carried on, in a literary way, by advertisements in the news-papers, with which they often amuse the town, and alarm us with bottle conjurors, and persons who will jump down their own throats. Sometimes they divert themselves by imposing on their acquaintance with fictitious intrigues, and putting modest women to the blush by describing them in the public papers. Once, I remember, it was the Frolick to call together all the wet nurses that wanted a place; at another time to summon several old women to bring their male tabby cats, for which they were to expect a considerable price; and not long ago, by the proffer of a curacy, they drew all the poor parsons to St. Paul's Coffee-house, where the Bucks themselves sat in another box to smoke their rusty wigs and brown cassocks."

I find little mention in the literature of the eighteenth century of the customs and sports which were still maintained in the country. No man is ridden on a rail—a custom we generally believe to be American in its origin, but which was carried on in the north of England; no woman has to "ride the stang" or to "ride Skimmington"; the maids of London did not "lift" their masters, nor did the girls run races for smocks. On the other hand, they continued, as we have seen, the bull-baiting, the cock-fighting, and the cock-throwing of which their predecessors were so fond. On May Day the milkmaids continued their dance and the chimney-sweepers their pageant; they trooped forth to see horse-racing



FROST FAIR ON THE THAMES

N. W. view of the Fair on the River Thames during the great Frost 1683-4, taken from near the Temple stairs. From the Crace Collection.

at Epsom; they had their fairs; they kept St. Valentine's Day, Twelfth Day, Shrove Tuesday, Michaelmas Day, and Lord Mayor's Day, and they beat the bounds as in Rogation week.

The time was not without its athletes. Foremost among these was Powell.

In 1787 this celebrated pedestrian, being then 53 years of age, walked from Canterbury to London Bridge and back again—112 miles—in 23 hours 53½ minutes. That is to say, an average of a mile in 12¾ minutes. It is not stated where he rested, nor for how long.

In 1790 he, being then 56 years of age, accomplished a walk from York to London for the second time. He set out from the Monument in London to walk to York and back again in five days and eighteen hours, in the same time which he performed this journey in the year 1773: the wager was 10 guineas to 13.

On Monday night he reached Stamford, where he slept; on Tuesday night at twelve he reached Doncaster, and arrived in York twenty-five minutes after one on Wednesday noon; set out on his return a quarter before four in the afternoon, reached Ferrybridge that evening, passed through Doncaster at eight o'clock on Thursday morning, and arrived at Grantham in the evening, where he slept; at five o'clock on Friday morning he pursued his journey, and arrived at Biggleswade that evening, where he also slept; set out at half-past four o'clock on Saturday morning, and arrived at the Monument at ten minutes past four in the afternoon (being one hour and fifty minutes within the time) amidst the acclamations of a vast concourse of people.

On the 12th of July 1809 Captain Barclay finished his task of walking 1000 miles in 1000 successive hours.

On the 27th of December 1815 Eaton finished his walk of 1100 miles in 1100 hours upon Blackheath.

Let me, as an addition to this chapter, quote from *The Brief and Merry History of Great Britain*—

"The common People have a great many Diversions, which may serve to let them know themselves. Some have the Appearances of Fierceness, as that of murdering Cocks by throwing huge Sticks at them, at some distance. Another great diversion is to see two Fellows fight with Back-Swords on a Publick Stage, surrounded by an infinite Crowd of Beaus, Butchers, Bailiffs, and Foot-Soldiers blaspheming, cursing, and reviling the Combatants if they are sparing of their Blood, and fight what they call a Sham-Battle; but if they hack and hue one another pretty heartily, insomuch that the Stage runs with their Gore, nothing can be more satisfactory to the Spectators, who are then generally sure to reward them very bountifully.

"Cock-fighting is diverting enough, the Anger and Eagerness of these little Creatures, and the triumphant Crowing of a Cock when he struts haughtily on the

Body of his Enemy, has something in it singular and pleasant. What renders these Shews less agreeable, is the great numbers of Wagerers, who appear as angry as the Cocks themselves, and make such a noise, that one would believe every Minute they were going to fight also.

"Combats are very common among the meaner Sort of the People. The Assailants begin with running against each other, Heads foremost, like Rams, and afterwards come to Boxing. Upon the beginning of any Quarrel in the Streets, the Porters and Dogs immediately run barking from all Corners, and the Handicrafts quit their Garrets, and these together make a fair circle for the Boxers. By the antient Custom of these Combats, a Man is not to strike his Adversary on the Ground, but must give him time to rise, and the Standers-by take care to see these Laws strictly observed. They never part till one of them calls for Quarter, which they seldom do till they are quite disabled. These Exercises are in great Esteem amongst the *English*, and not only diverting to the Men, but to the Women likewise. In the Evenings of their Sabbaths and Festivals, 'tis common to see the Streets filled with these sorts of Rencounters; all kinds of Servants being then at liberty, and generally well loaded with Liquors, have frequent Quarrels and Bickerings about Precedency. One may see Mothers encourage their Sons, and married Women their Husbands to engage, the latter holding their Husbands' canes and Children the meanwhile. And sometimes People of Quality lay aside their Wigs, Swords, and Neckcloths to box, when they are insulted by mean Persons, against whom they must not draw their Swords, the Rabble esteeming that to be the most rascally thing a Gentleman can be guilty of; for which reason a Lieutenant-General hath e'er now been seen with a swoln Face and a black Eye. A young Lord has made his name terrible to all the Coachmen, Carters, and Porters in *London* by his *Manual* Operations on their Bodies, when their Behaviour has been rude and insolent; he having often, as the Phrase is, *beaten them to Mummy* for it.

"A few Years since, some young Rakes of Quality had found out a very odd sort of Diversion, their Number consisted of twelve Persons, and were call'd the *Kicking-Club*; they met at a Wine-house or Tavern near the Court, from whence about Midnight they used to sally, dividing themselves into three Parties, four Persons in each. By the Rules of the Society each Member was in turn to kick every Man he met, and on refusal to forfeit a Flask of *French Claret* for the Benefit of the Club."

CHAPTER VIII

SIGHTS AND PLACES OF AMUSEMENT

IN a work published in the year 1786 the following places are enumerated as the principal sights of London :—

1. St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and St. Stephen's, Walbrook. Nothing is said of the Temple, or of St. Mary Overies, or of St. Bartholomew the Great.
2. The City Places, such as the Guildhall, the Exchange, the Bank, the Mansion House, the Monument, and the Tower.
3. The Three Bridges.
4. The Squares, particularly Grosvenor Square, and Lincoln's Inn Fields.
5. The Westminster Buildings: the House of Commons, admission into which was charged at 2s. 6d.; the House of Lords, into which one could only get admission by favour of a member.
6. The British Museum.

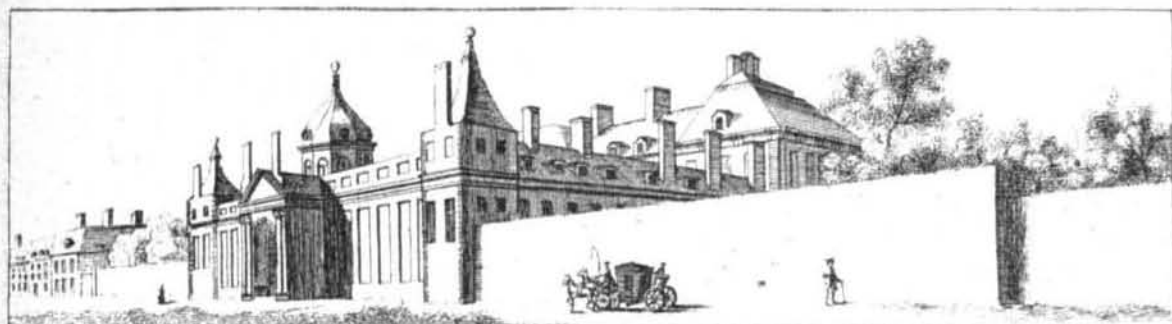
In the year 1753, the whole of the collections made by Sir Hans Sloane were offered to the nation for £20,000. An Act was accordingly passed for the purchase and the housing of the collection with those of the Harleian MSS. and the Cottonian Library. The money for this and for the purchase of Montague House was raised by lottery. But in 1845 Montague House was pulled down as being inadequate, and the present building erected. Just now it only concerns us to know how the institution affected the public, and how far the people were enabled to make an educational use of what it contained.

On the opening of the British Museum, therefore, the following were the Rules :—

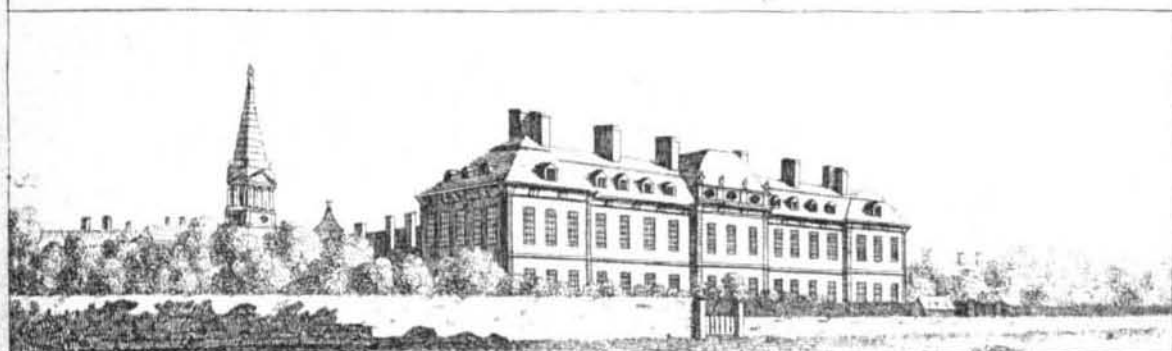
- (1) The Museum was to be open every day except Saturday and Sunday, and except one day after Christmas; one week after Easter; and one week after Whit Sunday. Good Friday was also to be excepted with all days of thanksgiving or fasting.
- (2) That the hours of opening were to be from nine in the morning till three in the afternoon, and the same hours during the summer, except on Monday and Friday, when it was to open from four till eight.

(3) All persons wishing to see the museum must make application to the porter, giving their names, condition, and residence, with the day and hour when they desire to visit the house. The application must be made before nine in the morning or between four and eight in the evening. All applications to be made in a register and the tickets of admission should be issued by the principal librarian, but not more than ten tickets for any one hour.

(4) That the visitors must be conducted in regular order and the whole inspection is not to last more than three hours.



Entrance of the British Museum from Russell Street.



Garden Front

BRITISH MUSEUM

From a contemporary print

There were other rules for the hindrance of visitors and the rendering of the museum useless. These, however, will suffice.

7. The Court at St. James's. The Court was open at three o'clock on Sundays and Thursdays; any well-dressed person, we are told, was admitted.

After the sights there were the amusements, and, of course, the theatre came first, before all other amusements the most delightful. There were winter and summer theatres. Drury Lane and Covent Garden were open for dramatic representations from September till the end of June. The Haymarket was a summer theatre. On Wednesdays and Fridays during Lent there were concerts

of sacred music. The Opera House in the Haymarket was open from October to June, twice a week, Tuesday and Saturday. In the winter there were masquerades. Concerts were held at the Pantheon, Willis's Rooms, King Street; Gallini's Rooms, Hanover Square; and at Freemasons' Hall.

Among the amusements is mentioned the Lord Mayor's Ball on Easter Monday, and his feast and ball on the 9th of November. "Tickets," it is said, "are not difficult of attainment, by applying to any alderman or common council man. They are now and then to be purchased by applying to John the Waiter, at the Rainbow Coffee House, Cornhill."

The criminal trials at the Old Bailey every six weeks were open to the public at 1s. each. The hangings—it was three years since the Tyburn procession had been abandoned—are mentioned as an amusement open free to the "groundlings," or people in the street, which was the pit of the Newgate Theatre: the boxes were the windows of the neighbouring houses; their roofs were the gallery. My authority invites his readers to witness the "festivity and gambols of the lower class of people rolling down Greenwich Park hill at the Whitsun Fair"; he does not mention Bartholomew Fair or Horn Fair. It is evident from this list that a visitor to London a hundred years ago might occupy himself agreeably for several weeks without exhausting the pleasures of the town, or its points and places of interest.

Let us follow a country visitor on his first rambles about the City. He was called upon to admire the crowded streets, the lines of shops, the busy markets, and the noise and uproar along the roads. When he had partly overcome his surprise and confusion at so many distracting sounds, he was taken to the Tower, where he saw the wild beasts; was shown into dungeons, walked on the terrace, and admired the prospect of the Pool with its ships and their attendant fleets of barges and wherries. Thence he walked along Thames Street, saw the Custom House, and listened, at a safe distance, to the quarrels of the Billingsgate fish-women. He then arrived at London Bridge, over which he crossed; it was, to look at, a narrow street with small shops on either side and houses projecting in front, and built out over the river behind. Here and there a space was left where the passenger could halt and view the river above and below the Bridge. Turning northwards, the visitor was taken through Fish Street, passing the Monument, along Gracechurch Street to Lombard Street, where was the General Post Office, to the Stocks market, with its statue of Charles II. Thence along Cheapside to St. Paul's, which delayed him a long time; on the right, through the great meat market of Newgate, he came to Christ's Hospital and Newgate Prison. He then walked along the Fleet River past the Fleet Prison as far as Ludgate, with its prison on the left, and Bridewell, with its prison on the right. A hundred years before he would have walked along the City Wall overlooking the City Ditch. But the wall was mostly pulled down, built against, or built over, and the ditch filled up. The gates were left, however, and the

visitor making his rounds saw them all. He also visited the Royal Exchange; the Bank of England standing between its two churches; Leadenhall Market; the hospitals of St. Bartholomew's, Guy's, Bethlehem, St. Thomas's, and St. Katherine's by the Tower; he saw the Guildhall and Bakewell Hall. Perhaps he was curious concerning the new City churches or the few old churches which had escaped the Fire, but I do not think that most of the visitors ever troubled themselves about the churches. His guide very carefully kept him from visiting any of the prisons on account of the highly infectious and dangerous fever which was always lurking in



LEADENHALL STREET

From a contemporary print.

those noisome places. But he placed his visitor in a boat and took him up the river to Westminster, where there was the ancient King's house with the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey; part of Whitehall Palace; St. James's Palace, and, still standing, some of the great houses along the river.

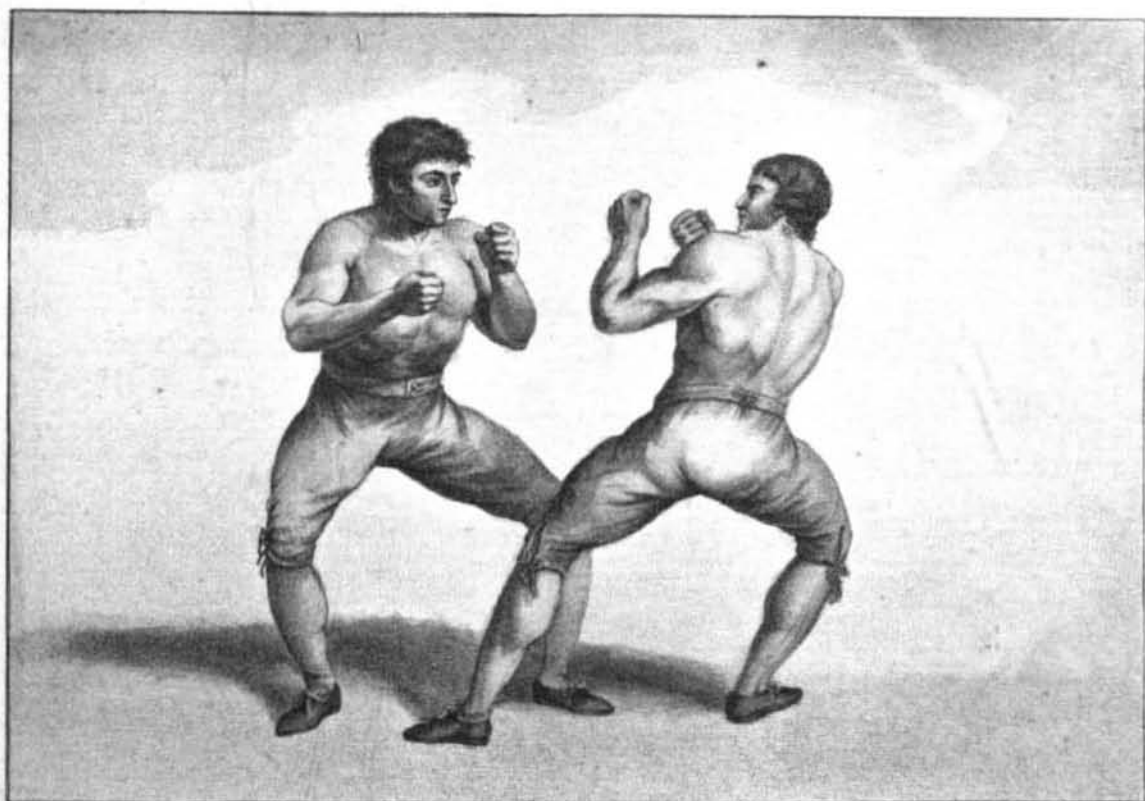
But the chief interest was the City. Here the visitor, returning, was shown the City Companies' Halls; the quays and warehouses; the coffee-houses and the taverns; the civic processions and functions. He was edified by the pious behaviour and the self-restraint exhibited by the mob on the way to Tyburn, and whenever a fellow was flogged at the cart-tail, or exposed in pillory, or set in the stocks.

The theatres, he would find, were outside the walls of the City, so were the gardens in which the London people took so much delight in the summer. He was invited to observe the furniture and the style of living in the merchants' stately houses, their dignity, their wealth, their equipage, their many servants, their counting-houses and their warehouses and their quays. There were many interesting things for a visitor to see in London, but the most interesting things—far more interesting than any of its buildings—were the port and the quays and the shipping which spoke of a trade unrivalled in the whole world. I fear that the visitor of 1740 took small interest in the architectural features of that part of the City which had escaped the Fire; he found the flat façade and the square sash windows far more beautiful than the broken line, the tall gable, the projecting story and the diamond panes of the leaden casement; while the square and simple architecture, say of St. Michael Bassishaw, seemed to him far more beautiful than the "Gothick barbarity" of St. Helen's or St. Mary Overies. In a word, there was a great deal for the visitor of 1740 to see in London; but the things in which he would most delight were not the things that would delight us if we could be set down in Thames Street in the year of grace 1740.

CHAPTER IX

THE ART OF SELF-DEFENCE

NEITHER the noble art of self-defence nor the most illustrious master in that art can be ignored in a history of London. There never was a time when the



HUMPHREYS AND MENDOZA

From a print published by W. Richardson, London, 1790.

art of self-defence, in one form or the other, was not practised and exercised and taught in London. During the eighteenth century it included the various branches of fencing, broadsword and cutlass play, quarter-staff, and single-stick. Fencing has never gone out of use among gentlemen; broadsword play has never been

lost in the navy; quarter-staff fell into neglect from which it seems impossible to rescue it. Of all the masters of this art, James Figg seems to have been easily the first and greatest. He was a native of Thame in Oxfordshire, and was a young man of remarkable strength and agility, excelling in all the country sports and athletics. He came to London and set up as a teacher of the art of self-defence, and challenged all comers. He established himself at the corner of Wells Street and Castle Street, Oxford Road, on a piece of waste ground, where he built a wooden structure in which he taught everything required for the art which he professed.

The following lines show how a contest between two champions was at that time carried out. They were written by Dr. Byrom.

I

“Long was the great Figg, by the prize-fighting swains,
Sole monarch acknowledged of Marylebone plains.
To the towns, far and near, did his valour extend,
And swam down the river from Thame to Gravesend :
Where lived Mr. Sutton, pipemaker by trade,
Who, hearing that Figg was thought such a stout blade,
Resolved to put in for a share of his fame,
And so sent to challenge the champion of Thame.

II

With alternate advantage two rubbers had past,
When they fought out the rubbers on Wednesday last :
To see such a contest the house was so full,
There hardly was room left to thrust in your skull.
With a prelude of cudgels we first were saluted,
And two or three shoulders most handsomely fluted,
Till, weary at last with inferior disasters,
All the company cry'd, ‘Come, the masters, the masters.’

III

Whereupon the bold Sutton first mounted the stage,
Made his honours as usual, and yearn'd to engage :
Then Figg, with a visage so fierce, yet sedate,
Came and entered the lists, with his fresh-shaven pate :
Their arms were encircled with armigers too,
With a red ribbon Sutton's, and Figg's with a blue :
Thus adorned, the two heroes, betwixt shoulder and elbow
Shook hands, and to't, and the word it was bilboe.

IV

Sure such a concern, in the eyes of spectators,
Was never yet seen in our amphitheatres :
Our commons and peers, from the several places,
To half an inch distance all pointed their faces :
While the rays of old Phœbus, that shot thro' the sky-light,
Seemed to make on the stage a new kind of twilight :
And the gods without doubt, if one could but have seen 'em,
Were peeping there through to do justice between 'em.

V

Figg struck the first stroke, and with such a vast fury,
 That he broke his huge weapon in twain I assure you :
 And if his brave rival this blow had not warded,
 His head from his shoulders had been quite discarded.
 Figg armed him again, and they took t'other tilt,
 And then Sutton's blade ran away from its hilt :
 The weapons were frightened, but as for the men,
 In truth they ne'er minded, but at it again.

VIII

That bruises and wounds a man's spirit should touch,
 With danger so little, with honour so much !
 Well, they both took a dram, and returned to the battle,
 And with a fresh fury they made their swords rattle :
 While Sutton's right arm was observed to bleed,
 By a touch from his rival, so Jove had decreed ;
 Just enough for to show that his blood was not iced,
 But made up like Figg's of the common red liquor.

IX

Again they both rushed with as equal a fire on,
 Till the company cried, ' Hold, enough of cold iron ;
 To the quarter-staff now, lads.' So, first having dram'd it,
 They took to their wood, and i' faith never sham'd it.
 The first bout they had was so fair and so handsome,
 That, to make a fair bargain, was worth a king's ransom :
 And Sutton such bangs on his neighbour imparted,
 Would have made any fibres but Figg's to have smarted.

X

Then after that bout they went on to another,
 But the matter must end on some fashion or other :
 So Jove told the gods he had made a decree,
 That Figg should hit Sutton a stroke on the knee.
 Tho' Sutton, disabled as soon as he hit him,
 Would still have fought on, but Jove would not permit him :
 'Twas his fate, not his fault, that constrained him to yield,
 And thus the great Figg became lord of the field."

James Figg died in 1734. He was succeeded as the master or champion by Broughton, who is said to have introduced the art or science of boxing in the place of the sword fights as being more harmless. They were, however, sufficiently serious in their consequences. Broughton was patronised by the Duke of Cumberland. He kept a booth or wooden structure like Figg's in the Tottenham Court Road. He was regarded as an unconquered hero for a long time, until unluckily he had a battle with one Stack, a butcher, who managed to hit him between the eyes, and blinded him, to the consternation of the audience, all of whom had been betting on Broughton.

Of the prize fight, one specimen must suffice, that of Humphreys and Mendoza (in *Ann. Reg.* 1788):—

"So high was the public anxiety on the issue of the bruising match, which was decided between Humphreys and Mendoza, that neither the distance from town, nor the state of the weather, could prevent a very large body of people from assembling at the scene of action in Odiham. Several hundreds of people paid half a guinea a-piece to gain admission within the paddock, where the stage was raised. The paddock was well defended against the multitude by Tring, Ryan, Dunn, and a number of other of the strongest men in England, who with clubs looked like so many giants; but what can resist the shock of an English mob? The paddock was broken down, and the torrent rushed in.

The combatants mounted the stage exactly at one o'clock, and, after the usual salutation, Mendoza instantly began the onset with all the heat and impetuosity of a man determined on victory. He threw himself in with much activity, and displayed much showy enterprise, while Humphreys retreated and avoided the blows. The latter bore himself with great reserve, and the Jew was accordingly the assailant in the first six or seven rounds. In these, Mendoza being more hazardous and more successful than Humphreys, the bets, which were two to one in favour of the latter before the battle, changed to six to four, seven to four, and at last two to one against him. Several blows of Mendoza had their effect. He cut Humphreys under the left eye, and of course endeavoured to follow up the wound, but in this he was disappointed by the superior address of his opponent.

The stage, from the wetness of the day, was extremely slippery, and for some time neither of them could keep their feet so as to give firmness to their action. To remedy this, Humphreys threw off his shoes, and got a pair of worsted stockings, in which, without shoes, he continued the battle with improved footing.

After they had fought 18 or 19 minutes, Humphreys began to manifest his superior skill, and the bets again changed in his favour. He planted a dreadful blow on the neck, or near the jaw, of the Jew, which sickened, and almost disabled him. He continued the battle, however, with much determination of spirit, until extravasated blood and exhausted breath made him so helpless, that he lay on the stage unable to rise, and yielded the contest.

The battle lasted 29 minutes. Humphreys was seconded by Johnson, and Mendoza by Jacobs.

In consequence of the above battle it is said that upwards of £20,000 sterling of bets will be transferred from the Jews to the Christians—rather to the Gentiles."

CHAPTER X

GAMBLING AND LOTTERY

GAMBLING is the vice of the unemployed. The leisured class, as they are called,—those who have nothing to do, those for whom other people work,—always have the gambler in their midst; they are never free from the vice of gambling. Sometimes it lurks in corners; there are always clubs in which one can play as high as a man can desire,—and as often. There are always whispers as to private gambling-houses: it is not difficult to find them out, and they welcome new-comers. There are, it is supposed, hawks and rooks. But it is when gambling is openly practised and encouraged; when, from the king downwards, all classes gamble; when it becomes a national passion, that it becomes a national danger.

In the eighteenth century gambling had a far greater hold upon the upper classes than it can at present boast. They all played: some with frenzy, as Charles James Fox; some occasionally. Many of the women gambled as much as the men; they lost great sums; they were reduced to pawning their jewels when they could not get the money from their husbands. Some of them cheated almost openly, and they could not be turned out of society, as men were, on the suspicion of foul play. Allusions to cheating at cards are frequent in the satirical literature of the time; while the passion of women for cards was notorious and could not be denied. Some of them played every night of their lives, for three hours at least, at whist or games of chance—casino, loo, ombre, piquet, faro, or hazard. If they went to an assembly in the evening, they all crowded into the cardroom. They spent their mornings in counting their gains or lamenting their losses; they talked and thought about little else; they read nothing; they thought there was nothing in the world to consider except their own narrow set, their dress, and cards.

Colonel George Hanger says that in his younger days (1770) there was no such thing as a faro-table admitted into the house of a woman of fashion. The gaming was carried on at public tables. But in 1798 it was a common custom for a lady to admit the proprietor of a faro-table, and to allow of gaming in her own house for a fee of fifty guineas a night.

Any picture drawn by the satirist and the essayist must be taken with

deductions : the satirist is nothing unless he can exaggerate until he finds material for the indignation which drives the poor man into verse. I have no doubt that there were plenty of women, even in that devil's acre lying beside the east of Hyde Park, who did not gamble, and no more felt the passion and the power of the vice than they felt the passion and the power of drink. It is not, certainly, fair to charge the century as wholly infected with the vice of gambling ; let us be satisfied with the fact that it was widely spread.

And it must not be supposed that, because cards were the favourite amusement of all classes, and though in every house in town or country cards were played whenever three or four were met together, therefore the whole country gambled. Whist or quadrille, the favourite games, allowed the clergyman or the staid merchant with the ladies of the family to win or lose a few sixpences ; but that was not gambling. So, in the West End, many ladies sat down to cards as the most agreeable way of getting through the evening, yet they did not gamble. Horace Walpole, who complains bitterly about the universal card-playing, blames it not so much for the danger of the whole world becoming gamblers, as for the dulness of the players, who instead of joining in conversation now sat silent at the whist-table. At the same time, it must be owned that there are endless stories of losses at play. Hogarth has drawn, with his customary exaggeration of the theme yet accuracy as to details, a gambling scene at White's, where the company play on although the house is on fire—White's was actually burned down in 1733. The unfortunate rake is cursing the heavens for his bad luck ; the winner sweeps in the money ; the young lord borrows £500 ; the confederates exchange signs ; the highwayman sits waiting patiently till one of the winners leaves the house ; then he will go after him. As to the rage and despair of the losing gamester, although men were by no means so self-governed as they have since learned to be, one cannot believe that in a house like White's, frequented by the most well-bred men of an age when good-breeding was one of the fine arts, anyone would lose his self-command like Hogarth's rake at this stage of his progress. We cannot believe that Fox, who constantly lost as much as any one, would go on his knees and blaspheme his Creator, whatever had been his losses. In fact, we know how he lost, and how he bore his losses as a gentleman should.

All the memoirs and all the letters are full of gaming stories ; in one or two cases they are also stories of suicide ; in a few cases they are stories of ruin ; generally they are stories of bad luck, or losing considerable sums, but not of ruin. Young men crippled themselves, raised money on post-obits, sold their reversionary interests, got into the hands of money-lenders ; but they did not, as a rule, ruin themselves.

Yet there were cases of sudden and complete ruin. Men did sometimes lose in a single night the whole of their estates. A certain young lord, for instance, lost



The scene is set in a room with a large, arched doorway in the background. A group of men, dressed in 18th-century attire including powdered wigs, frock coats, and breeches, are gathered around a large, round gaming table. The table is covered with a dark cloth and has various gaming equipment on it, including cards, dice, and a croupier's stick. The men are engaged in a game, with some looking intently at the table and others looking towards the camera. The room is decorated with a large chandelier hanging from the ceiling and a small table with a lamp in the foreground. The overall atmosphere is one of sophisticated gambling and social interaction.

GAMBLING AT WHITES CLUB

From Hogarth's engraving, "Gaming House Scene" of the White's Club.

to Nash of Bath, at one sitting, all his money, all his movables, the title deeds of his large estates, the rings on his fingers, and his watch. Nash gave them all back. On another occasion Nash won the whole fortune of a young man and gave it back to him with an admonition. It was wasted. The young man played again; lost again; and blew out his brains.

It is impossible to read any of the letters of the time without finding stories of losses over the hazard table. One night at the Cocoa Tree, Walpole says, there was a cast at hazard the difference of which amounted to a hundred and four score thousand pounds. At Almack's it is recorded that "Mr. Thynne having won only 12,000 guineas in two months, retired in disgust." On the evenings of high play—unless these were daily—those who sat at the table practised all kinds of absurdities and superstitions. They turned their coats inside out; they put on frieze coats; they wore leathern sleeves like footmen cleaning plate; they wore straw hats to protect their eyes from the light and to conceal the anxiety on their faces.

It is difficult to imagine the serious and responsible Pitt playing among such a group. But he did play with them. I have alluded to the inextinguishable thirst for the gaming-table that possessed Charles James Fox. Lord Lyttelton, writing to Dr. Doddridge in 1750, says: "The Dryads of Hagley are at present pretty secure, but I tremble to think that the rattling of a dice-box at White's may one day or other (if my son should be a member of that noble academy) shake down all our fine oaks. It is dreadful to see, not only there, but in almost every house in town, what devastations are made by that destructive fury, the spirit of play."

Betting forms part of gambling. There was a vast amount of betting upon every event. It is needless to enlarge upon the absurdities of betting. Perhaps the most famous, or the most notorious, instance was that of a bet made by Lord March (in 1771) of 500 guineas with Mr. Pigot as to whether Sir William Codrington or "old Mr. Pigott"—the father (?) of the betting man—should die first. It so happened that the day before the laying of the wager, old Mr. Pigot died suddenly. His son, therefore, if it was his son, refused to pay, on the ground that it was no bet, as the man was dead before the bet was concluded. Lord March, therefore, brought an action to recover the amount. Lord Mansfield was on the bench, and the jury found for the plaintiff, with costs.

The City people did not gamble. No merchant who had the reputation for gambling could preserve his credit. There were, of course, some young men, with souls above the counter or the desk, who repaired at night to the gaming-houses, and there lost their masters' money, or won with the aid of their masters' money. The end of these young gentlemen was generally the highway and Tyburn tree. The City madams played cards at each other's houses; but they did not gamble.

The maintenance of a gaming-house was no easy matter. It required careful

organisation, and the assistance of a large staff. These officials were enumerated in the *St. James's Evening Post* of 1731.

1. A 'Director,' who superintends the room.
2. An 'Operator,' who deals the cards at a cheating game called *faro*.
3. Two 'Crowpees' (*i.e.* croupiers), who watch the cards and gather the money for the bank.
4. Two 'Puffs,' who have money given to them to decoy others to play.
5. A 'Clerk,' who is a check upon the puffs to see that they sink none of the money given them to play with.
6. A 'Squib,' who is a puff of lower rank, who serves at half salary while he is learning to deal.
7. A 'Flasher,' to swear how often the bank has been stripped.
8. A 'Dunner,' who goes about to recover money lost at play.
9. A 'Waiter,' to fill out wine, snuff candles, and attend to the gaming-room.
10. An 'Attorney,' a Newgate solicitor.
11. A 'Captain,' who is to fight any gentleman who is peevish for losing his money.
12. An 'Usher,' who lights gentlemen up and down stairs and gives the word to the porter.
13. A 'Porter,' who is generally a soldier of the foot-guards.
14. An 'Orderly' man, who walks up and down the outside of the door, to give notice to the porter and alarm the house at the approach of the constables.
15. A 'Runner,' who is to get intelligence of the Justices' meetings. Link-boys, watchmen, chairmen, drawers, or others who bring the first intelligence of the Justices' meetings or of the constables being out, half a guinea reward. Common bail, affidavit men, ruffians, bailees, *cum multis aliis.*"

The most mischievous, because the most widely spread, form of gambling was that of the State lottery. It flourished here, first at intervals, and then as an annual institution from the year 1569 to the year 1826. The method pursued always presented the same features. The Government announced a lottery of so many tickets, to each of which a prize of about £10 on an average was allotted. Thus, if there were 100,000 shares there would be £1,000,000 given away in prizes. But this amount was divided not into equal £10 shares, but into so many shares, say, of £20,000 each; so many of £15,000 each; so many of £10,000 each, and so on down to £20. Take the scheme of the lottery of 1779. There were 49,000 tickets representing 16,330 prizes and 32,670 blanks. The amount given in prizes was £490,000, distributed as follows:—

2 prizes of £20,000 each	12 prizes of £1000 each
3 " 10,000 "	30 " 500 "
5 " 5,000 "	100 " 100 "
8 " 2,000 "	220 " 50 "
15,820 prizes of £20 each	

For the first number drawn for the first eight days £1000 each; and for the last number drawn £1000. The tickets were bought by contractors, lottery-office keepers, who paid the Government from £16 to £20 for each ticket; so that the Government realised £300,000 to £500,000 by the business. Out of their profits, however, had to be paid the officials who carried on the drawing and the conduct of the whole business.

The contractors, for their part, proceeded with the utmost diligence to offer their tickets to the public for what they would fetch. They divided them into whole tickets, half, quarter, eighth, and sixteenth parts. They issued flaming circulars promising wealth without working for it; they put piles of gold coins in their windows with placards showing that all this could be got for a guinea. In order to prolong and increase the excitement they provided that the drawing should take three weeks, during which the people were worked up into a frantic condition. In order to procure tickets, or even small shares of tickets, servants robbed the houses where they worked; clerks robbed their masters; everybody robbed, pawned, sold what he could to get the money for a ticket. Everybody dreamed perpetually, nay persuaded himself, that he was going to become rich, and planned what he would do when the big prize, that of £20,000, fell to him. The lottery contractors made their profit by selling the tickets at an increased price; that is to say, if they bought a ticket for £16, they would sell it at £20; the half for £11; the quarter for £6, and so on.

In the selection of their numbers the people were guided by the most superstitious and frivolous reasons. The number of the year; the number of the Beast, because the devil certainly took a hand in a lottery; the age of the purchaser; the number suggested in a dream; a number overheard in the street; a number which accidentally caught the eye in a book; anything would do.

The tickets were drawn in public, generally in one of the Companies' halls. A box in the shape of a wheel stood on each side of a table. One contained numbers and the other prizes. A President with Commissioners sat at the table; clerks below entered the names. In the body of the hall and in galleries erected for the purpose sat or stood the people, haggard with anxiety. What prayers—what tears—what wild hopes—what possibilities—hung upon the event when the Bluecoat Boy on the one side put his bare arm into the wheel and drew out a number, and the other Bluecoat Boy on the opposite side put in his hand and drew out a prize, or a blank.

The honour of the Bluecoat Boys who managed the wheel was not always, one finds with sorrow, above suspicion. There is at least one case on record in which a boy betrayed his trust. The account given is somewhat confused. A certain person, clerk to a hop factor, was brought before a magistrate charged with an attempt to defraud a lottery office-keeper. He went to the office and "insured" a certain number six times for the next day's drawing. The keeper of the office grew suspicious, especially when he found the prisoner sure that the number would turn up. He inquired at other offices, and found the same number insured in all. The next day that number turned up. He then went to Christ's Hospital and found the boy who had drawn the tickets the day before. After a little, the boy confessed everything. His evidence was to the effect that some one

unknown (not the prisoner) had come to him and asked him whether it was possible to take out two tickets and secrete one? The boy said it could be done, and promised to do it. He therefore next day took out two, held up one and put the other in his pocket. Next day instead of drawing out another he pretended to draw out the ticket secreted, the number of which was known to this other person. He got half a guinea for this job, and repeated it several times. The unknown person absconded, and had not been taken when this account was printed. The prisoner, against whom no connection with the other man was proved, was discharged. He seems to have been extremely lucky. He confessed to insuring the number seventy-nine times; and it is not stated what reason he could assign for this remarkable foresight.

As to the kind of gambling called "insurance" mentioned above, this was a plan discovered by the contractors by which much more excitement could be made out of the lottery. They invented what they called insurance tickets. Thus, the numbers drawn were carefully entered on tables and forms kept at the lottery ticket-offices. People were invited to take tickets on the chance of certain numbers turning up a prize.

There seem to have been various forms of the "insurance" ticket. The following will perhaps explain the methods:—

"POPE AND GALLEY, No. 53 Coleman Street, No. 11 Piccadilly, opposite St. James's Street, London, and No. 15 London Lane, Norwich, respectfully inform the public that they are selling a variety of numbers, tickets, shares, and chances, all which have been regularly stamped at the Bank of England. They have likewise variety of insurance policies from Two guineas to Five shillings, which continue the whole drawing; upon examination they will be found a very beneficial mode of adventuring in the lottery. Schemes of these policies are delivering at their offices, as above, gratis.

A Half-Guinea Policy

If the number of the policy is drawn (during the whole drawing) any of the prizes here undermentioned, the bearer will receive the following premiums, which are stipulated at Fifteen pounds per ticket.

If either of the	2	£20,000	30 whole tickets.
" "	3	10,000	16 "
" "	5	5,000	10 "
" "	8	2,000	8 "
" "	12	1,000	5 "
" "	30	500	3 "
" "	100	100	2 "
" "	320	50	1 "
If first drawn on either of the first			
eight days of drawing			
And if the last drawn ticket			
			1 "
			5 "

Their Five shilling policies entitle the purchaser to proportional advantages. Any person purchasing a ticket of POPE AND GALLEY, and paying for the same Fifteen pounds ten shillings, if the said ticket

should be drawn a blank in the first six days of drawing, they engage to return one undrawn ticket for the said blank. The most equitable insurance yet offered. They continue selling tickets and shares on their plan for ten days as usual. *N.B.*—Tickets and shares legally insured."

"Lottery policies, at Half a guinea, One guinea, Two guineas; also at Five shillings, and Two and sixpence, which last for the whole time of drawing, are now delivering
by

JOHN BARNES PEARCE & Co., at the Office (licensed agreeable to Act of Parliament) No. 19, the corner of Pope's Head Alley, Cornhill; where, during the first six lotteries, the following capital prizes have been sold, viz: 4 of £200,000, 3 of £100,000, 4 of £5000, 2 of £2000, 6 of £1000, and 20 of £500.

The following prizes are to be gained besides the Twenty Thousand, Ten Thousand, Five Thousand, and every other prize; by the Two-guinea policies, One-guinea policies, and Half-guinea policies:

2 prizes of £1400			8 prizes of £160		
5	"	1000	12	"	120
3	"	700	20	"	100
5	"	500	135	"	60
5	"	300	420	"	50
10	"	200			
			625		

By the Policies at Two Guineas

The adventurer has 145 more chances, for prizes of £50 and upwards, than by a whole ticket at £14, exclusive of the chances for the two Twenty Thousands, and every other prize in the lottery.

The Policies at One Guinea

have the same proportion of 145 chances for £25 and upwards, more than a half-ticket, which costs £8.

The Policies at Half a Guinea

have the same 145 chances more than a quarter ticket, which costs £4:4s.

N.B.—As there are other policies at half a guinea advertised, it is necessary to observe to the public, that by 16 of those policies, price Eight guineas, they have no more than 1024 prizes above £20, but by 4 of PEARCE & Co's policies at Two guineas, 8 policies at One guinea, or 16 policies at half a guinea, 2500 prizes of £50 and upwards may be gained.

By the policy at Five shillings may be gained, if the number should be the same as either of the

2	20,000	£600	12	1000	£40
3	10,000	300	30	500	20
5	5,000	200	100	100	5
8	2,000	100	320	50	2

By the policy at Two shillings and sixpence may be gained half the above benefits.

The public are requested to be particular in their orders for PEARCE'S Five-shilling chances, as there are others advertised which do not give greater advantages, and last only for a fourth part of the drawing.

Tickets, shares, and chances are now selling in great variety of numbers.

The shares of tickets, chances, and shares of chances sold at this office are, if the last drawn number, entitled to Two thousand pounds instead of One.

Such persons as favour PEARCE & Co. with orders for policies, etc., will have them transmitted free of any expense for carriage.

Tickets, shares, chances, and policies registered at the above office at 6d. per number, and examined gratis. Letters post-paid, duly answered. Schemes and proposals, which explain this plan at large, may be had at the office, No. 19 Cornhill.

PEARCE & Co. think it unnecessary to say anything in favour of themselves on this occasion; as the punctuality with which they have always paid their policies in the last and former lotteries (the receipts for which to the amount of several thousand pounds may be seen at the office) will, they presume, be the best recommendation."

The following recollections of the lottery in the eighteenth century are taken from the *Place Collection* :—

"Up to the autumn of 1791 every licensed Lottery office-keeper took in insurance, publicly. The number of tickets drawn in each day, was a proportionate number according to the number of days the lottery continued to be drawn, and hence the rate at which insurance might be effected, at any time during the lottery could be calculated with accuracy.

I remember that eightpence used to be paid at the commencement of the Lottery to insure for a guinea, and the sum increased day by day as the number of tickets decreased and chance of winning increased. Books for insurance and inspection were openly kept at every licensed office, and privately at any unlicensed place where insurances were effected. They were large folio books ruled in squares, and the leading numbers such as 100, 1000, etc., printed in columns, the squares of which were filled in as the numbers were drawn. Anybody could inspect these books on paying twopence, and at a glance discover what numbers were drawn and undrawn. It is utterly impossible to describe the mischiefs the practice of insuring occasioned or the extent to which it spread. Hundreds of thousands of people were totally ruined by it both in body and mind. The evils were complicated and enormous, the degradation among the tradesmen and working people was terrible, their demoralisation greater than can be imagined. It was the cause of every vice that could be practised, of every crime that could be committed; it separated families, it severed husband and wife, it carried devastation all over the Metropolis, and ruined all sorts of people in masses.

From the best information that could be collated in 1796, after great pains had been taken to suppress the practice, it appeared that about 2000 agents and clerks were employed and 7500 morocco men. These were persons who went from house to house to take insurances for others, clandestinely, and that besides those there was a considerable number of Ruffians and Bludgeon men employed to protect the unlicensed places.

These practices were at length nearly eradicated by altering the mode of drawing the Lottery; causing all the tickets to be drawn on one day, by which all speculation was at once put an end to. The demoralising cause being removed, the working people received immediate benefit, and this happening at a time when a right impulse having been given to the people, the money which would otherwise have been spent in Lottery Gambling was to a considerable extent applied to good purposes. And this was a great and remarkable change for the better.

From the commencement of the Lottery, or from a few days previous to the drawing of the Lottery, until its conclusion, the Lottery Offices used to be illuminated with variegated lamps, and large pictures or paintings of Fortune, pouring guineas out of a cornucopia into the laps of her votaries, were put inside the shop windows.

Before the Lottery commenced the price for insuring a prize only was sixpence. Twenty guineas used to be spread on a board within the shop windows at the Lottery Offices, with a large printed label,

'All this may be had for Ten Shillings.'

Ten guineas were put in another part of the window,

‘ All this may, for Five Shillings.

Within Guildhall, and overlooking the platform on which the numbers were drawn were galleries for people to see the drawing. The admission to them was sixpence each person, and hundreds, after having spent all their money, would “rake hell with a nail” (a common expression at that time) to procure another sixpence to waste the day in idleness in these galleries watching the drawing. Besides those in the galleries, there was always a large mob in the hall.

At some of the offices the people used to assemble in the evening, in hundreds, and contend for admission, by quarrelling and fighting. I have waited for two hours before I could get in on one or two occasions when sent to ascertain if certain numbers were drawn. Some offices had as many as eight or ten clubs, and yet the crowds at their door continued all the evening and until a late hour at night. In the morning there were also numbers of people in and at the doors of the offices. The Lottery commenced drawing at Guildhall precisely at nine o'clock. And at this hour all the offices closed their doors. Those who were shut in were permitted to insure; those who could not get in before the clock struck nine were not admitted. But as the office-keeper was eager to obtain all the customers he could he never closed his door until the last moment.

People with carrier Pigeons used to wait in the hall to obtain the number—as many as a dozen have been flied—generally the Pigeon took a turn or two and went off home, but it sometimes happened that one would alight upon a house, or on some part of the Hall; when this occurred a shouting was set up and stones flew in showers at the Pigeon to start it.

Men on horseback used also to wait the drawing, and then gallop off to their confederates. The numbers drawn any day were sent by express on horseback to Holy Head and thence to Dublin during the drawing here, and *vice versa*, when the Irish lottery was drawing. Yet to such an excess did this sort of gaming go, that the expresses were occasionally beaten and, spite of all the precaution that could be taken, the Lottery office-keepers were cheated. I remember a man who was connected with a gang whose pride and business it was to cheat the Lottery office-keeper. He was the man who had the care of the ring of bells at St. Clement's Church and used to let me up to help ring occasionally. This man used frequently to put back the minute hand of the church clock soon after it had struck eight in the morning. Thus he put it back a minute as soon as it had struck, another minute in a quarter of an hour, and so on, until nine o'clock; it had thus lost three, four, or five minutes just as he thought he could venture to push his imposition without detection. One of his confederates took down the first drawn number and was off with it to a certain spot where another was planted to receive it who, in his turn, ran on to the next, and thus it was conveyed to the offices near the church. It was then put through one of the holes made for the pins which fastened the shutters, to a confederate within, or it was displayed by means of a devise outside, put against a pane of the glass in the shop-front, or at a window on the opposite side of the way. It was then insured, first to come up, then as a blank, if it happened to be a blank, or a prize, if it happened to be a prize. Insurances being taken in all these three ways at a corresponding rate. Much money was, however, seldom obtained in this way, for if a large insurance happened to be offered, the clerks would not take it, after the doors were closed, and thus the sum was limited very generally to five or six guineas.

The office-keeper could not always guard against these frauds because of the competition of his neighbour, who found it his interest to keep his shop open as long as possible, and thus all did the same. The office-keeper cared but little for these frauds, since he knew very well that he should have most or all of the money back again in insurances, the spirit of Gaming seldom leaving those who went much into it while a shilling could be raised by any possible means fair or foul.

An old Tradesman tells me that he has been in a lottery office with a large number of others, and in the evening when all their money being gone and none of them being able to raise the three or four shillings to insure for a guinea when the price had been raised to that sum, he has pulled off his waistcoat and buttoned up his coat; that other men did the same, that women would pull off their petticoats and even their stockings to make a lot for the pawnbroker to raise money, which of course was clubbed for the

purpose of insuring. That he knew several women in his neighbourhood, the wives of respectable people, themselves hitherto respectable also, mothers of families, whose infatuation was so great that when all their money was gone would prostitute themselves, rather than leave off insuring. He says a neighbour's wife, a woman about thirty-five years of age, for whom he had a strong liking, but had never dared to make any advance, took five shillings of him, to cuckold her husband, crying at the very time she consented, and saying she could not help it.

Insurance in the Lottery was alone sufficient to demoralise and brutalise the people, to make them vicious, base, and degraded more than all the other evils with which society is afflicted put together.

It is possible if not probable, that the crimes Lottery caused, indirectly as well as directly, were as numerous as perhaps two-thirds of all the crimes committed now, taken *pro rata* with the population."

Lottery stories, like gambling stories, abound, and have been told over and over again. Perhaps the most pleasant story is that of the lady who obtained the prayers of the congregation for her enterprise—meaning her lottery number.

The last State lottery was drawn on the 8th of October 1826, in Coopers' Hall, Basinghall Street. The lottery office-keepers were unable to dispose of all their tickets; the time of the lottery had gone by: but the Government lost a quarter of a million a year by the abolition.