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THE EARL OF MANSFIELD

Engraving by J. Smith, after a portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller, 1680.

CHRONICLES
OF
FASHION,

FROM THE TIME OF ELIZABETH TO THE EARLY PART OF
THE NINETEENTH CENTURY,

IN MANNERS, AMUSEMENTS, BANQUETS,
COSTUME, &c.

BY MRS. STONE,

AUTHORESS OF "THE ART OF NEEDLEWORK," "THE COTTON LORD,"
"MISS PENN AND HER NIECE," "THE YOUNG MILLINER," &c.

"LORE, WHICH WIG-CROWNED HISTORY SCORNS,"

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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P R E F A C E.

THE favour with which her first effort of authorship* was received, leads the writer of these volumes to hope that another work on the same principle — that of raising a superstructure of amusement on the firm basis of history and truth — may not be unwelcome to those who seek to beguile their leisure hours with something more substantial than fiction.

In this hope these pages have been produced: her materials have been carefully and studiously collated, and the authoress has rejected many an ornamental allusion, and many a beguiling hypothesis, which appeared to be unsustained in history.

* The “ Art of Needlework.” Edited by the Right Hon. the Countess of Wilton. Colburn, 1840.

PREFACE.

With more regret she has turned aside from much, both truthful and interesting, which, claiming no affinity to fashionable life, could not with propriety be adopted by her.

LAMBETH, April, 1845.

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ERRATUM.

Vol. II. p. 259.—The Marquis of Westminster, referred to in the text, died whilst these pages were passing the Press. He was born Nov. 22, 1767; succeeded as second Earl Grosvenor on the death of his father in 1802; was created Marquis of Westminster 1831. He married, April 30, 1794, Eleonor, only daughter of Thomas Earl of Wilton.



CHRONICLES OF FASHION.

INTRODUCTION.

FASHION, says a French author, is the tyrant of taste; nay, often the exterminating angel of beauty; the destroying power, he also says, of private happiness and of public manners. This is a sweeping censure, and it may argue no slight boldness to advocate one so arraigned: yet shall we, sisters of Fashion, shall we thus suffer our guide and goddess to be overwhelmed with censure, without even an effort to extricate her from the veil with which ignorance, and prejudice, and homeliness, would obscure her graces? Forbid it taste and elegance! Forbid it gratitude and love!

Reverence for the indescribable sublimity and mystery of her origin likewise forbids it: for who can say what was the birth of Fashion? whence she arose? What her parentage, or where her home? These important points are enveloped in deep and unfathomable mystery, and we regard them with proportionate awe. With what respect do we look on a man, however obscure his position now, who

traces his ancestry to a fiery Norman, a bloody Dane, or a gluttonous Saxon! with what accumulation of reverence, therefore, should we look on her who reigned supreme and triumphant, ages upon ages ere even the Gothic ancestry of these people had emerged from the womb of Time! Every spell, therefore, which "holy antiquity" can throw around Fashion, is hers to boast, is ours to venerate.

Tradition, too, venerable sage! casts a halo of interest around her fair form. We will not detain our readers by dwelling upon the peculiar style and shape with which she imbues the emerald-hued garment of Eve, though we have ourselves seen a long dissertation on it, and a picture of our first mother sewing it with a thread and needle wonderfully like those of modern ages; but we will refer to a somewhat later period, when her influence over the mightiest sons of earth seemed every whit as potential as it is now. We allude to a celebrated conversation between the leaders of the Israelites, recorded by a venerable historian,* whose lucubrations we hope to see restored to honour due, in common with those of Geoffrey of Monmouth, hight "Lying Geoffrey," and others, whom Fashion herself is now drawing from the dust in which they have long lain enshrined. The tradition runs thus :

" Aaron clers al Moyse venuz
 Cist diseit.
 Tost esteut-il arracer li naz ?

* Mother Bunch.

Respundi li Dus,
 Otreier li ditz mult mal esteit
 Por façon è fust tort fust dreit
 Sur vise aveir li naz."

Which, freely translated, is rendered,

"Says Aaron to Moses,
 Let 's cut off our noses :
 Says Moses to Aaron,
 'Tis the fashion to wear 'em."

What we would remark in this relic of ancient poetry as especially worthy the attention of our readers, is the circumstance, that Moses pleads not as a reason for retaining his nose, either the comfort, the convenience, the beauty, or the propriety of that appendage, but rests all on the plea of fashion,

"POR FAÇON È
 Sur vise aveir li naz."

We find that the plea was quite unanswerable, for, without further comment, Aaron retained his nose.

Very sad results have ensued from disregarding the dictates of this potentate—Fashion. Take, for instance, the example of the Lilliputian nation, who declared war against the inhabitants of Blefuscu, (as recorded by Swift,) solely because the latter refused to break their eggs at the same end which Fashion dictated to the former. A full and sufficient reason for unmitigable warfare and bloodshed who shall deny? and that the warfare was immitigable we learn from the same unquestionable au-

thority. These Big-Indian rebellions caused his Majesty of Lilliput the loss of forty capital ships of war, a multitude of smaller vessels, and 30,000 of his best seamen and soldiers: and the havoc amongst the Blefuscudians was still more disastrous.

Louis the Seventh of France had the temerity to crop his hair and shave his beard at a time when Fashion dictated that the locks should be redundant, and the flowing honours of the chin unrestrained. What was the consequence? Just what might be anticipated. His Queen, Eleanor of Aquitaine, disgusted at this contempt of Fashion, (or at him,) took in consequence a course of conduct which soon led to a divorce. She married the Count of Anjou, afterwards King of England; and interminable wars, and deluges of blood ensued, of which the primary cause seems to have been King Louis's setting at nought the fiat of Fashion.

Who will say that Fashion is to be contemned or despised?

But it is an attribute, inseparable from superiority of whatever sort, to be misinterpreted, abused, and maligned.

There have occasionally arisen political economists enlightened enough to estimate Fashion as being the fountain of an interesting and productive branch of commerce; nay, she has even been called "a mine of gold," in a political view.

But we, heart-sworn votaries of this goddess, do not appreciate our presiding genius by matter-of-

fact calculations like these: we take a more personal view. How dependant are we on her for comfort!—how desolate had the world been without her!

Instead of being perennial, immortal, suppose she had been subject to decay—death. Suppose she had passed from the world some ages ago. Then would our houses have been cold and miserable, our dress burly and inconvenient. Had she died, for instance, with Henry the Eighth, what a size must the new Houses of Parliament, now in progress, be built to accommodate the trunk-hose of that accumulation of the wit and wisdom of the nation, which now we hope will be happily gathered within their walls! Doubtless we have lost in some small particulars. The Duke of Wellington and Lord John Russell would have appeared to infinite advantage in the peculiar costume of that day; the dagger suspended to the belt might have given point to Lord Brougham's eloquence; Sir Robert Peel, taking a hint from the ruff which enfolded his own fiat-denouncing chin, might have taxed the fooleries of Fashion, instead of the "incomes," Heaven save the mark! of those who struggle hard to live at all: Lord Melbourne would have folded the short mantle round his fair proportions with as much easy dignity as he now confers on his long ermined cloak; and Lord Palmerston would have made even the Paphian god himself jealous to see him lay aside his plumed bonnet, or draw on his

embroidered glove; Mr. Joseph Hume might have moved weekly for the returns of expense of all the afore-named articles; while the *omnium gatherum* of our reformed legislature might, at any rate, have boasted some dignity—the dignity of size. But alas! these things have passed away: nor may we perhaps lament them, because had they remained, straight high-backed chairs, wooden benches, and fardingales would have been here instead of yielding and pliant bustels, luxurious bergères and ottomans, and couches softer than down.

To Fashion we are indebted for this change, as well as for our emancipation from starch, whalebone, and hoops, from powder and pomatum, and high-heeled shoes.

Yet so excessively and unreasonably has this beneficent potentate been maligned, that every innovation which now is justly considered as a national improvement, would at first be designated as an absurd whim of hers.

For instance,—who now considers a hoop desirable? Yet when this inconvenient article of attire was first laid aside, the innovation was described as one of the vagaries of Fashion.

Who now recommends trunk-breeches? Yet would the man be considered a mad and despicable slave of Fashion who first ventured to reduce that indispensable article of dress to—wards the outline of nature.

Who that is a degree above the Hottentots in

civilization can now eat a dinner before night? (It is said that soon we shall dine to-morrow.) Yet Fashion was once severely arraigned by the rational and wise for inducing her votaries to defer their dinner from ten o'clock until noon.*

But, supreme as is the power of Fashion, potential as are her mandates, varying as are her commands, irreversible as are her decrees, engaging as are her attributes, perhaps the most magical and enchanting of her properties is that which she possesses of enabling her faithful votaries to discriminate at a glance between the porcelain clay and the common earthenware of the human species. This she does by the most exquisite tact imaginable. The "open sesame," the "shibboleth" of freemasonry is nothing to it,—for that is confined to one test; whereas Fashion has a million minute, and, *to the uninitiated*, most unimportant criteria, by which her follower may judge whether a stranger whom she may chance to meet is at once to be taken to her bosom, or—though possessed of vir-

* It is difficult for unfashionable people to discover why a plain and simple dinner at one or two o'clock should be vulgar, when a hot luncheon, consisting of viands equally substantial, and probably more various, is not so; or why, *similariter*, it should be the height of vulgarity to take supper, when the same repast would be the pink of propriety if called dinner. "What's in a name?" asked Shakspeare once; but be it remembered that he put the question and answer both into the mouth of a very young and inexperienced girl: had he himself replied to the query, or had an older Capulet or Montague answered it, the reply would probably have been then, as now. much—all—everything.

tue, of accomplishment, of intellect, of grace, nay, even of rank—is at once peremptorily and irrevocably to be repudiated. The curl of a feather, the tip of a flounce, the fringe of a cloak, the embroidery of a glove, the quill of a ruche, the height of a beret, the fall of a braid, nay, even the rosette of a shoe, will suffice to proclaim this. Oh! visionary as the airy dagger of Macbeth, yet absolute as the law of the Medea, is this omniscient goddess of our nether world—this insuperable ruler of our destinies—FASHION.

For it is not by great innovations, by startling peculiarities, that she maintains her empire. Like all supereminent potentates, she effects her objects by means often apparently very disproportioned to her end. “For instance,” (to quote Mr. Bickerstaff,) “about five years ago, I remember it was the fashion to be short-sighted. A man would not own an acquaintance until he had first examined him with his glass. At a lady’s entrance into the play-house, you might see tubes immediately levelled at her from every quarter of the pit and side-boxes. However, that mode of infirmity is out, and the age has recovered its sight; but the blind seem to be succeeded by the lame, and a jaunty limp is the present beauty. I think I have formerly observed, a cane is part of the dress of a prig, and always worn upon a button, for fear he should be thought to have occasion for it, or be esteemed really, and not genteelly,

a cripple. This sort of affectation I have known run from one limb or member to another. Before the limpers came in, I remember a race of lispers, —fine persons, who took an aversion to particular letters in our language; some never uttered the letter H, and others had as mortal an aversion to S. Others have had a fashionable defect in their ears, and would make you repeat all you said twice over.”

Manifold and various have been the compliances of this minute, and, to the ignorant and uninitiated, trivial nature, by which Fashion has required her votaries to testify their devotion to her cause. And seldom indeed are her behests disobeyed, or her wishes contravened, by those who have once enrolled themselves of her train. In varieties of costume, her power, her skill, her fickleness, and her supremacy, are more especially displayed. The devices of the milliner and modiste, or what seem such to the unreflecting eye, are but so many emanations from the goddess herself, made through the medium of these her slaves, and unavailable except by those whom she favours.

“Dress and address,” says Lady Morgan, with more regard to antithesis than truth, “are within the attainment of everybody.” Her ladyship’s “everybody” must bear about the same proportion to the bulk of mankind that the “world” of fashionable people does to the swarming universe of their fellow-creatures. It is precisely

because "dress and address" are *not* within the attainment of everybody, that they are of any value. What! the very master-keys of the empire of Fashion to be free to the *canaille*,—attainable by the great unwashed! Impossible.

When Alexander the Great, whose neck was somewhat awry, was at the pinnacle of fashion, the courtiers who crowded round him, all held their heads a little to one side,—a gentle and delicate tribute to him. But when one not licensed by station, or not adopted by fashion, which was of more importance, did or overdid the same, the king gave him a box on the ear; and such, metaphorically, if not actually, will be the fate of all unlicensed interlopers in the Court of Fashion.

At one time, and that not so long ago as the dark ages, a lady of fashion would sooner have died than have advanced one yard into your drawing-room until she had curtsied to the very ground; and a gentleman would have thought any waistcoat but one of the purest white an unpardonable infringement of propriety,—or fashion. And now we are told that he who wears a white waistcoat in a morning, and she who curtsies at your drawing-room door, "are alike beyond the pale of social redemption;" are not "admissible within the pale of civilized society."

Our readers—our uninitiated readers, if we have any such—may be disposed to ask by what criterion they shall judge of their own position, or of

that of others, in this enchanted realm. They may ask for some description, some peculiarity, some salient point by which to rate themselves or others in the scale of Fashion. We give them a definition of the *bon ton* of 1760:—

Harriet.—Give me leave to ask your Lordship, whether nature and the *Bon Ton* (as you call it) are so different, that we must give up one in order to obtain the other?

Lord Trinket.—Totally opposite, Madam. The chief aim of the *Bon Ton* is to render persons of family different from the vulgar, for whom, indeed, nature serves very well. For this reason it has, at various times, been ungenteeled to see, to hear, to walk, and to have twenty other horrible perfections of nature. Nature, indeed, may do very well sometimes. It made you, for instance, and it then made something very lovely, and if you would suffer us of quality to give you the *Ton*, you would be absolutely divine. But now—me, Madam, me—nature never made such a thing as me.

Harriet.—Why, indeed, I think your Lordship has very few obligations to her.

Lord Trinket.—Then you really think it's all my own? I declare, now, that is a mighty genteel compliment.*

But it is the very nature and essence of this mystery, that what was the fashion one day is not so the next. “What is fashion?” asks one who was a most favoured son of this fickle goddess. “Is it not,” he says, answering his own question, “a persuasion that nothing was ever right till the present moment, and that the present moment will immediately be as wrong as all its predecessors?”†

* The Jealous Wife.

† Horace Walpole.

It is too true. The moment a fashion has breathed the air its freshness is gone,—the bloom has faded the fragrant aroma has fled ; when a dozen people have seen it, it is common ; when one has remarked it with sufficient accuracy to note it down, it is passing away ; but ere the note of the swiftest penman that ever wielded goose-quill has passed the press, the fashion itself has become stale, flat, and unprofitable.

“ Thou art, O FASHION, power supreme below !
You make us virtue, nature, sense, forego ;
You sanctify knave, atheist, whore, and fool,
And shield from justice, shame, and ridicule.
The peer, prince, peasant, soldier, squire, divine,
Goddess of Change, bend low before your shrine,
Swearing to follow wheresoe'er you lead,
Though you eat toads, or walk upon your head.”

The selection of the age of Elizabeth as the point from which to date our “Chronicles,” has not been made without due thought and consideration. It is not to be supposed therefrom that we at all think slightly of the presence and rule of Fashion before this era. Far from it indeed. We know that in the roughest periods of our annals her influence has been predominant over kings and councils,—over white-robed priests and harnessed knights. We know that Walter the Horned not only gained notoriety in the days of Rufus, by the shape of his boots, but that he

has left a name to posterity, embalmed in the pages of an ancient and erudite chronicler.*

We know that the potent monarch, whose court this bright star of fashion illumined, was himself a devout worshipper of that goddess, before whose footstool kings and kingdoms have yielded glad homage. Passing onward, we trace her glittering footsteps through courts which, however disturbed by war and bloodshed, yet found time to pay due homage at her shrine. The princes of the red rose, amidst all the tumults and factions to which their hard-fought ascent to the throne exposed them, were yet devoted votaries of Fashion, and he, in whose portly person the rival colours were united,—“bluff King Hal,” led the mystic dance with wreath and song round the garlanded goddess, during his early happy unstained years, and even at a later time, would turn from giving his warrant for the execution of a wife, to confer with a priest of fashion, touching the shape of a doublet. But, the age of Elizabeth was peculiarly propitious, and for reasons which we must look for in the general history of England. The political wars that had convulsed the country for so long a period, had

* “Robertus quidam nebulo in Curia Ruffi Regis prolixas pigacias prius cœpit implere stuppis, et hiuc inde contorquere instar cornu arietis. Ob hoc ipse Cornardus cognominatus est. Cujus frivolam aduventionem magna pars nobilium, ceu quoddam insigne probitatis et virtutis opus mox secuta est.”—Orderici Vitalis, 682. Eceles. Hist. lib. 8.

given place to the still fiercer, still more barbarous, still more unchristian, conflicts of a so-called religion, whose distinguishing characteristic (how lost!) had been declared to be *peace* on earth, *good will* to men. But these also had, in great measure subsided. The fierce contentions of the nobles with the throne, had also been gradually reduced to a meek, an implicit, a slavish obedience to that throne; while, even at the same moment, the lower orders were gradually loosening the trammels which had so long tethered them to the earth, and were slowly, but surely, awakening to the knowledge of, and grasping their rights as a component and most important part of the population of a free country. More than this, their high-born oppressors had become cognizant of the claims as brethren and fellow-countrymen of these heretofore chartered serfs. Add to all this, the executive, though well prepared to contest for the shadow of a hair which might trench on the welfare of the country, were yet accessible to all overtures to peace; and barring those occasional *discontents*, and threatened invasions, and accidental internal clamours, with which *we* have nothing to do, the reign of Elizabeth was, as a whole, a long series of peace, and prosperity, and happiness, and gradually progressing freedom.

Such a reign was peculiarly opportune for the dominion of Fashion.

Nor was the Sovereign, personally, less propitious to the empire of our goddess, than the general

circumstances of her reign were promotive of it. Elizabeth was a decided fashionist; nay more, she was in her own person the illustrious personification of the fleeting ideas of this aërial power; she bore no rival near her throne—in her own sex, however,—though in the other she evinced the greatest admiration of those who most successfully rivalled her. Sir Walter Raleigh's cloak proved the "Open Sesame" to the mysterious charmed locks of the court; Sir Christopher Hatton danced himself into the post of keeper of conscience to the Queen; and we doubt whether even the dark Leicester's subtle intrigue and matchless assurance would have bested him, had he not possessed a well-shaped person, set off to the acme of taste by the aid of Fashion.

Nor was it merely in personal characteristics that this period is peculiarly marked by the capricious and variable dicta of Fashion. One author adduces the introduction of soft-beds, about this time, as especially significative of an era of learned leisure, of literary men; and without absolutely slandering the literary and learned as the sole promoters of bodily ease, we may certainly say that now the *otium cum dignitate* first became understood in England. Henry the Eighth had made literature fashionable, and those in whom a taste for it was awakened were led by the non-existence of stirring excitements to pursue it. Everything was established on a firm basis; nothing was to be got by brawling now; and he who had heretofore shewn his superiority to his

rival in the field, in his martial array, and in the numbers and equipment of his retinue, was now, now that the latter was perforce abridged (see the laws), compelled to choose some other field for display. The appointments of his house, the elegance of his furniture, the *recherché* style of his banquets, gained that place in his heart and affections which had been heretofore occupied by warlike paraphernalia. And the gentle sex, whose fingers had been occupied in embroidering banners, escutcheons, pennants, scarfs, and other warlike trophies, now found food for their imaginations, and occupations for their fair hands, in the internal decoration, not merely of the festival hall or the private bower, but of those more domestic, more social apartments which were the germ of that room, the focus of friendliness and quiet hospitality—the parlour—the gem of every English mansion a century ago, but now lost in the modern refinements of the day. The parlour was always open and always hospitable; it looked like a room to be used and to be happy in; you were not deterred from occupying a sofa or a footstool, for they looked not only as if they were meant to be used, but as if they *were* used, and there was space on the table for your hat or your bag or anything you wished to place there. But now the parlour has merged into the drawing-room; and the drawing-room in middle life, is never seen on any but state-occasions, except in an undress of brown-holland or blue-striped furniture

print; and the tables are so crowded with bijouterie, that they remind you of stalls at a fancy fair, and you approach them only with caution, for fear of disarranging any of the paraphernalia; and having carefully edged your card into a vacant space, you gladly make your escape to your own sitting-room or parlour, if you have courage to possess one. Truly it requires some courage to own to it, for every Lilliputian six-roomed house in London has now its "drawing-room."

But there is one other, a most important circumstance, which not only renders this era peculiarly propitious to our purpose, but specially marks it as the most proper period at which to commence our Chronicles. For at this period, namely, the reign of Elizabeth, was first established, in London, a Court of Fashion; then first did the magnates of the land, in spite of laws and legislative enactments, and whistling to the winds the orders of council and the anathemas of the imperious Queen, crowd periodically to London, to partake in the gaieties of the Court, to bask in the smiles of royalty, and display the "pomp and circumstance" of fashion.

Often interrupted, but never totally abrogated, this custom has gradually and surely increased from its first commencement, until now,—the absence of a family of distinction from the metropolis during "the season" would be enough, be their other and higher claims to consideration what they might, to exclude them irrevocably from the pale of FASHION.

CHAPTER I.

BANQUETS AND FOOD.

“Madame, mangez s’il vous plait
Et si tâtez de tous nos vins :
J’en ay du plus friandelet
Qui soit point d’icy à Provins.
Sus ! ho ! serviteurs barbarins,
Apportez-nous ces hustandeaux,
Poulets et chappons pélerins,
Cignes, paons et perdreaux,
Espaules, gigots de chevreaulx,
Becquasses, butors, gelinectes,
Lièvres, connins et lappereaulx,
Hérons, pluviers et alouettes.”

QUEEN ELIZABETH, we are told, was exceedingly and habitually abstemious, seldom eating of more than two dishes, and partaking very moderately of those. Her example was not without weight amongst her courtiers, as certainly her court was not degraded by the absolute gluttony which disfigured that of her successor, James, countenanced and encouraged by its royal head. Refinement in eating had indeed been gaining ground for some period before the accession of Elizabeth, introduced primarily, it may be by that master in the art of “savoir-vivre,” Cardinal Wolsey ; yet, in the reign

of Mary, foreigners were astonished at the enormous quantity of provisions consumed by the English court, though we are told that quantity did not reach a fourth part of what had been usual. Indeed, it sounds like romance to read of 30,000 dishes being served up at one wedding-dinner; and at another, of sixty fat oxen, being only *one article* of provision for the feast. This sounds like romance, yet it is matter of history.*

“ They served up salmon, venison, and wild boars,
 By hundreds, and by dozens, and by scores.
 Hogsheads of honey, kilderkins of mustard,
 Muttons and fatted beeves, and bacon swine ;
 Herons and bitterns, peacocks, swan, and bustard,
 Teal, mallard, pigeons, widgeons, and in fine,
 Plum puddings, pancakes, apple-pies and custard.
 And therewithal they drank good Gaseon wine,
 With mead, and ale, and eider of our own ;
 For porter, punch, and negus were not known.”

These gorgeous and wholesale devourings were indeed greatly diminished: still public feasts and banquets were exceedingly magnificent, and, as we shall see hereafter, were sufficiently abundant to leave no cause to lament the huge hecatombs of bygone days.

Indeed, the moderation spoken of as prevailing at this time, can have been only *by comparison*; for

* Both occurred in the 13th century: one at London, at the Earl of Cornwall's marriage; the other at York, at the marriage of the Princess Margaret to Alexander the Third of Scotland.—See Collection of Ordinances for the Government of the Royal Household.

so great, after all, was general extravagance among the higher classes, that, in 1541, Archbishop Cranmer found it necessary to restrain by ordinance the expenses of the tables of the Bishops and Clergy. But we are told that this order was kept only for two or three months, "tyll by the disusyng of certaine wylful persons it came to the olde excesse."*

In a record of a visit of four days' duration, of Elizabeth to Sir Nicholas Bacon, at Gorhambury, in 1577, we find amongst the list of slain (in the kitchen) for consumption on those four days, the following items :

* Warner's *Antiquitates Culinariæ*, taken from Leland. The passage is so curious that we quote it entire. Alas! for the Primate who should in these days extend his gracious permission to his reverend brethren to eat "a tart" or "a fritter" or "a custard," or specify precisely the number of snipes or partridges which he might consider a decorous *spread*!

"In the yeare of our Lord, M.D.XLI, it was agreed and condescended upon, as wel by the common consent of both tharchbishops and most part of the bishops within this realme of Englande, as also of divers grave men at that tyme, both deanes and archdeacons, the fare at their tables to be thus moderated :

"First, that tharchbishop should never exceede six divers kindes of fleshe, or six of fishe, on the fishe days; the bishop not to exceede five, the deane and archdeacon not above four, and al other under that degree not above three; provided also that tharchbishop myght have of second dishes four, the bishop three, and al others under the degree of a bishop but two. As custard, tart, fritter, cheese, or apples, peares, or two of other kindes of fruites. Provided also, that if any of the inferior degree dyd receave at their table any archbishop, bishop, deane, or archdeacon, or any of the laitie of lyke degree, viz., duke, marques,

27 bucks	120 geese
8 oxen	380 chickens
60 sheep	206 capons
18 calves	152 herons
34 lambs	144 ducklings
— kids	235 pigeons
26 pigs	29 pheasants
741 rabbits	201 quails
and upwards of 600 other birds.	

Then there were sea fish and fresh-water fish to a great amount: there were gammons of bacon and flitches of bacon, and neats' tongues, sheep's tongues, cows' udders, and calves' feet, innumerable. Then there were besides, in liberal proportion, butter, eggs, cream, milk, spice, confectionary herbs, flowers, artichokes, and "besides many other things," beer, ale, and wine in profusion.

When the Queen visited Lord Montague at Cowdrey, the proportion to breakfast was three oxen earle, viscount, baron, lorde, knyghte, they myght have such provision as were mete and requisite for their degrees. Provided alway that no rate was limited in the receavyng of any ambassadour. It was also provided, that of the greater fyshes or fowles, there should be but one in a dishe, as crane, swan, turkeycocke, hadocke, pyke, tench; and of lesse sortes but two, viz., capons two, pheasantes two, conies two, and woodcockes two. Of lesse sortes, as of patriches, the archbishop three, the bishop and other degrees under hym, two. Of blackburdes, the archbishop six, the bishop four, the other degrees three. Of larkes and snytes (snipes), and of that sort but twelve. It was also provided, that whatsoever is spared by the cutting of, of the olde superfluitie shoulde yet be provided and spent in playne meates for the releivyng of the poore. *Memorandum*, that this order was kept for two or three monethes, tyll by the disusyng of certaine wylful persons it came to the olde excesse.'

and 141 geese.* Well might her poor subjects pray to be relieved from the honour of her visits.†

Her Majesty, moderate as was her appetite generally, did not always content herself with satisfying it at the table at which she was the honoured guest. When she was banquetted at Sandwich in 1573, at a table containing 140 dishes, "she was very merrye, and did eate of dyvers dishes without any assaye, (*i. e.* without any previous tasting,) and caused certen to be reserved for her, and carried to her lodginge." Very greedy, we should say; though we shall hereafter find this custom—thus derived from the highest authority—a usual one in the city.

The replacing the multitudinous household of the warlike, independent, and King-bearding Baron with a selected and limited establishment of trained domestic officers and servitors, produced a corresponding and very great change in the tactics of domestic and social life. From the spread of civilization, and the more defined and ostensible

* Nichols's Progresses, vol. ii.

† Lord Buckhurst wrote to the Lord Chamberlain his earnest hope that his "house might not mislike her Majesty," and his ardent determination to do all for her pleasure and convenience that was possible; "but," he concludes, "if her Highness had tarried but one year longer, we had been too too happy: *but God's will and her's be done.*"—Nichols.

On this occasion he had to import provisions from Flanders; other noblemen, who likewise anticipated the honour of a visit from her Majesty, having literally bought up all the provisions in Kent, Surrey, and Sussex.

positions assumed by the middle classes of society, now fast rising into importance, solecisms were committed in decorum and propriety, which it was most unlikely should arise when there were only the two great classes of nobles and serfs, between whom on matters of courtesy or deference, collision was impossible. In these circumstances, *etiquette* had its rise, and great folks fenced themselves round with a mass of observances.

The ceremonial observed by the Tudor Sovereigns approached absurdity. When the sisters of the young King, Edward the Sixth dined with him, they were not permitted even a chair; but sate on a bench, sufficiently distant from the King for his canopy not to overhang them; and when Elizabeth dined with Queen Mary and Philip of Spain, though heiress presumptive to the kingdom, and treated as such, she was carefully placed outside the cloth of estate. But King James the First carried this *etiquette* quite as far, for we read that on the 4th of June, 1610, he created his son, Prince Henry, Prince of Wales, having previously knighted him, without which honour he was incapable of sitting at dinner with his Sovereign—though his father. Elizabeth was intrenched chin-deep in observances. We have a graphic account left by Hentzner of the formalities of her dinner-table.

“A gentleman entered the room bearing a rod, and along with him another who had a tablecloth, which after they had both kneeled three

times, with the utmost veneration, he spread upon the table, and after kneeling again they both retired. Then came two others; one with the rod again, the other with a salt-cellar, a plate and bread; when they had kneeled, as the others had done, and placed what was brought upon the table, they too retired, with the same ceremonies performed by the first. At last came an unmarried lady, (we were told she was a Countess,) and along with her a married one, bearing a tasting-knife; the former was dressed in white silk, who, when she had prostrated herself three times, in the most graceful manner approached the table, and rubbed the plates with bread and salt, with as much awe, as if the Queen had been present. When they had waited there a little while, the yeomen of the guard entered, bare-headed, clothed in scarlet, with a golden rose upon their backs, bringing in at each turn a course of twenty-four dishes, served in plate, most of it gilt; these dishes were received by a gentleman in the same order they were brought, and placed upon the table, while the lady-taster gave to each of the guard a mouthful to eat, of the particular dish he had brought, for fear of any poison. During the time that this guard, which consists of the tallest and stoutest men that can be found in all England, being carefully selected for this service, were bringing dinner, twelve trumpets and two kettle drums made the hall ring for half an hour together. At the end of all this cere-

monial a number of unmarried ladies appeared, who with particular solemnity lifted the meat off the table, and conveyed it into the Queen's inner and more private chamber, where, after she had chosen for herself, the rest goes to the ladies of the court.

"The Queen dines and sups alone, with very few attendants; and it is very seldom that any body, foreigner or native, is admitted at that time, and then only at the intercession of somebody in power."

The customs which were of necessity habitual at meals, form a curious contrast to this superabundant display of etiquette. We do not indeed read of ladies sitting under the table, or of one lady in particular being enviably placed there, (as erst at the coronation of Anne Boleyn), "to hold a fine cloth before the Queene's face when she list to spit, or do otherwise at her pleasure.*" But most certain it is that the prudish maiden Queen fed herself with her fingers. It is a mistake to say that forks were not known then, for Elizabeth possessed several which had been presented to her;†

* Nichols's Progresses.

† "*Item*, a knife and a spone, and a *forke* of christall, garnished with golde sleightly, and sparcks of garnetts. Geven by the Countes of Lyncolne.

"*Item*, a *forcke* of corall, slightly garnished with golde. Geven by Mrs. Frances Drury.

"*Item*, one spoune and *forke* of golde; the *forke* garnished with two lyttle rubyes, two lyttle perles pendant, and a lytle corall. Geven by the Countess of Warwicke, &c., &c."—Nichols's Progresses. But these are evidently for ornament, not use.

but it is certain they were not used, nor for a considerable time after did they become common. Indeed, the prejudice was as rife against them, even among the higher classes, as it is now against machinery amongst the lower ones. One divine preached against the use of forks as "an insult on Providence not to touch one's meat with one's fingers."

Forks are supposed to have been introduced into every-day life by a traveller of the name of Coryat; and often as the following quotation has appeared in print, we should scarcely do justice to our subject if we omitted it:—

"I observed a custom in all those Italian cities and townes through the which I passed, that is not used in any other country that I saw in my travels; neither do I thinke that any other nation of Christendome doth use it, but only Italy. The Italian and also most strangers that are commorant in Italy, do always at their meals use a LITTLE FORKE when they cut their meat. For while with their knife, which they hold in one hand, they cut the meate out of the dish, they fasten the forke, which they hold in their other hand, upon the same dish; so that whatsoever he be that sitting in the company of any others at meals, should unadvisedly touch the dish of meat with his fingers, from which all at the table doe cut, he will give occasion of offence unto the company, as having transgressed the lawes of good manners, in so much

that for his error he shall be at the least brow-beaten, if not reprehended in wordes. This form of feeding, I understand, is generally used in all places of Italy; their forkes being for the most part made of yronn, steele, and some of silver, but those are used only by gentlemen. The reason of this their curiosity is, because the Italian cannot by any means indure to have his dish touched with fingers, seeing that all men's fingers are not alike cleane. Hereupon I myself thought good to imitate the Italian fashion by this forked cutting of meate, not only while I was in Italy, but also in Germany, and oftentimes in England since I came home; being once quipped for that frequent using of my forke, by a certain learned gentleman, a familiar friend of mine, Mr. Lawrence Whitaker, who, in his merry humour, doubted not to call me at table 'Furcifer,' only for using a forke at feeding, but for no other cause."*

Forty years after this forks were still a novelty, as may be inferred from a passage in Heylin's *Cosmography*, published 1652. "The use of silver *forks* with us, by some of our spruce gallants, taken up *of late*, came from hence into Italy, and from thence into England."

For a long time after their introduction into

* *Coryat's Crudities*, 90, 91. 4to. Lond. 1611. The term "Furcifer" was in its serious meaning one of disgrace and deep reproach, being applied to those slaves who bore a *cross* or *fork* of torture, from which instrument our term fork is derived.

England, they were considered as a most superb mark of coxcombrity; and it appears that then, even as now, empty-headed young men affected to display their consequence by the parade of foreign fopperies. Fynes Moryson thus admonishes such:—

“Also I admonish him, after his return home, to renew his old friendships; and, as soldiers in a good commonwealth, when the warre is ended, return to the works of their calling (like the followers of Mercury, as well as of Mars), so that he, returning home, *lay aside the spoone and forke of Italy*, the affected gestures of France, and all strange apparel, yea even those manners which with good judgment he allowes, if they be disagreeable to his countrymen.”

And by the dramatic writers of the day the use of forks is perpetually ridiculed as the mark of a traveller and a courtier. Ben Jonson has the following allusion to them:—

Meercraft.—Have I deserved this from you two, for all My pains at Court, to get you each a patent?

Gilthead.—For what?

Meercraft.—Upon my project of the forks.

Sledge.—Forks! *what be they?*

Meercraft.—The laudable use of forks,
Brought into eustom here as they are in Italy,
To the sparing of napkins: that, that should have made
Your bellows go at the forge, as his at the furnace.
I have procured it, have the signet for it,
Dealt with the linendrapers on my private,
Because I fear'd they were the likeliest ever

To stir against to cross it : for 'twill be
A mighty saver of linen through the kingdom,
As that is one o' my grounds, and to spare washing.
Now, on you two had I laid all the profits :
Gilthead to have the making of all those
Of gold and silver, for the better personages ;
And you, of those of steel for the common sort ;
And both by patent.*

The custom of feeding with the fingers continued in England certainly till the middle of the seventeenth century. It has been suggested, though, that a great proportion of the food consumed so largely of yore, was so prepared as to be easily divisible with a spoon ; and certainly a great many of the receipts of ancient cookery consist of hashes, stews, and hotchpotches. A learned antiquary † suggests that large dishes and great joints were not introduced till the age of Elizabeth. This opinion, perhaps, is hardly tenable ; and we cannot suppose that even the most delicate and scrupulous of our ancestresses, being very hungry, and having a tempting slice from a joint placed before her by the carver (for then, as now, the carving was done by officials), and having moreover a spoon, a knife, and the full complement of fingers, would hesitate in taking the food because she might want—what assuredly she had never heard of—a fork. Neither can we suppose for a moment that our warlike and beef-loving

* The Devil is an Ass, act v. sc. 3.

† Mr. Pegge, Warner's Ant. Cul.

ancestors would turn their attention to hotchpotch and soup, when a lordly sirloin or a huge baron was smoking before them.

But the constant use of the fingers, however delicately applied, rendered frequent ablutions not only desirable, but absolutely requisite; and hence the origin of an officer of great importance in ancient establishments—the ewerer—who attended with water and towels before and after each meal. This, on particular occasions, was a matter of great state—the surnappe, with the ewer of silver or gold, being laid with much etiquette before the chief personage of the feast, by the person appointed to the office. Thus, at the enthronization of Archbishop Warham, “The sayde Archbishop was solelmy served with wafers and ipocras, and immediately after the sewer, with the two marshals, with greate solemnitie from the ewrie-boarde, the serjeant of the ewrie, plikyng and foldyng it with great diligence, brought the surnappe through the hall to the hygh boorde; and the said surnappe, so brought well pliked to the boorde, one of the marshals, without hande laying thereto, drew it through the boorde with great curiositie, after the old curtesie; and so the sayde lord washed, and sayde grace standing.”*

So early as the time of Edward the Fourth, this service was a very formal and important one.

* Warner's *Antiquitates Culinariæ*. See also the account of Anne Boleyn's Coronation Feast, in Nichols.

His Black Book tells us, "The office of Ewary and Napery hath in it a Serjaunte to serve the King's persone; in coveringe of the bourde, with wholesome, cleane, and untouched clothes of straungers, and with cleane basyns, and most pure watyrs, assayed as often as his royall persone shall be served.—

"One yeoman in this office for the Kinge's mouthe, to serve hym in the absence of the serjeant.—

"One groome for the Kinge's mouthe, attendaunt upon this office, muche dyligent in saufe and honest keepinge, and applynge to the kinge's stuffe, and to the servyce of his able persone, and upon his chambre, in the absence of the sergeaunte and yeoman above said."

There were also other two yeomen ewars, and two grooms, and a page of this office.

In Elizabeth's reign, the office of the Ewrie had a serjeant, three yeomen, two grooms, two pages, and three clerks attached to it.

In Prince Henry's household (A. D. 1610), there were two yeomen of the Ewery.

When King James the First entertained the Spanish ambassador at dinner, very shortly after his accession, "Their majesties washed their hands with water from the same ewer, the towels being presented to the King by the lord treasurer, and to the Queen by the lord high admiral." The

Prince of Wales had a ewer to himself, which was, after him, used by the ambassador.*

On the same occasion, after dinner, which lasted about three hours, the cloth was removed, and the table lowered, when their Majesties, according to ancient custom, placed themselves upon it (*de pies sobre ella*) to wash their hands. The constable and Count Villa Medina had a ewer between them; the rest of the guests took what ewers they could get.

Rose-water and other scented waters were very usually served.

It seems too to have been usual to strew sweet herbs on the table, doubtless for their fragrance: the beautiful and now common flowers used for ornament merely, are exotic, and were few of them, comparatively, known then. Aubrey tells us, in his letters, that at every meal, according to the season of the year, Francis, Lord Bacon, had his table strewed with sweet herbs and flowers, which, he said, refreshed his spirits and memory. We read of a banqueting-house of Queen Elizabeth strewed with roses, gilli-flowers, lavender, and marigolds.

The table appointments of those days afforded a striking contrast of luxury and refinement, with almost primitive simplicity. It was no long time since the great Earl of Northumberland had *hired* pewter for the use of his household, the purchase

* Ellis's Letters, Ser. 2, vol. iii.

of that metal being beyond even his means. At this period we read not only of silver, but of *gold* plate in the most magnificent style and in great quantities,—not merely requisites and ornaments for the table, but sideboards of many stages, filled with superb plate expressly for show.

In 1603, Rosni (afterwards Sully) came on embassy to England; he dined in state with the king at Greenwich, and refers to the circumstance in his "Memoirs." He observes, with surprise, that James was served on the knee, and mentions that a *surtout*, in form of a pyramid, containing the most costly vessels, and even enriched with diamonds, was placed in the middle of the table.*

Yet it appears that those of the highest rank still used pewter usually, and that even trenchers occasionally made their appearance at the most sumptuous tables;† and that the usual carpet cover to the dining table was only beginning to be displaced by the cleanly linen which now the humblest cottager thinks a necessary accompaniment to the food he eats.‡

* "The apartment had been beautifully fitted up for the occasion; it was furnished with a buffet raised by several steps, and covered with a profusion of modern gilded plate of exquisite workmanship; an opposite side-board bore vessels of gold, agate, and other precious materials."—Ellis, 2nd Series, vol. iii.

This was at the entertainment of the Spanish ambassador, immediately after the accession of James.

† Drake, vol. ii., p. 125, from Sir J. Harrington's rules.

‡ None but the most distinguished persons in company were

Nor must we forget that whilst the table glittered with gold plate and Venice glass, and the fingers were refreshed in fragrant waters, the feet reposed on rushes mingled with a long accumulation of filth and offal, which was added to, every meal, by the *débris* of the table, which were swept off by a large wooden knife, called a voyding knife. In some superior rooms matting appeared, but not yet carpet.

Massinger pictures, in a few words, the magnificent appointments of the day:—

Spare for no cost; let my dressers crack with the weight
Of curious viands.——

And let no plate be seen but what's pure gold,
Or such whose workmanship exceeds the matter
That it is made of; let my choicest linen
Perfume the room, and, when we wash, the water,
With precious powders mix'd, so please my lord,
That he may with envy wish to bathe so ever.*

The usual dinner-hour amongst the higher classes was about eleven o'clock in the forenoon; trades-

allowed to change their trenchers during a repast, a circumstance to which the celebrated satirist, Bishop Hall, thus alludes:—

A gentle squire would gladly entertain
In to his house some trencher chaplain,
Some willing man that might instruct his sons,
And that would stand to good conditions:
First—that he lie upon the truckle bed,
Whiles his young master lieth o'er his head;
Second—that he do, on no default,
Ever presume to sit above the salt;
Third—that he never change his trencher twice, &c.

Virgidemiarum, Sat. vi. Bk. 2, quoted in *The Gull's Hornbook*.

* A New Way to Pay Old Debts, act iii. sc. 2.

people dined an hour later; menials an hour later still. French cookery was becoming fashionable. Harrison says the cooks are, for the most part, "musical-headed Frenchmen and strangers." Mas-singer hits off this folly:—

Lady Frugal.—What cooks have you provided?

Holdfast.—The best of the city: they've wrought at my Lord Mayor's.

Anne.—Fie on them! they smell of Fleet Lane and Pie Corner.

Mary.—And think the happiness of man's life consists
In a mighty shoulder of mutton.

Lady Frugal.—I'll have none
Shall touch what I shall eat, you grumbling cur,
But Frenchmen and Italians; they wear satin,
And dish no meat but in silver.*

Howel writes the following humorous letter concerning a French cook, whom he had been requested to procure for a friend:—

"MADAM,—You spoke to me for a cook who had seen the world abroad; and I think the bearer hereof will fit your ladyship's turn. He can marinate fish and jellies; he is excellent for a *pickant* sauce, and the *haugou*; besides, madam, he is passing good for an ollia. He will tell your ladyship that the reverend matron, the *olla podrida*, hath intellectuals and senses; mutton, beef, and bacon are to her as the will, understanding, and memory, are to the soul; cabbage, turnips, artichokes, pota-

* City Madam, act i. sc. 1.

toes, and dates, are her five senses, and pepper the common sense; she must have marrow to keep the life in her, and some birds to make her light; by all means she must go adorned with chains of sausages. He is also good at larding of meat, after the mode of France.”*

At the dinner-hour the servants were marshalled and the dishes were served by orders issued aloud from the usher; and this mode, which had long been customary with nobles who kept great state,† was continued even to the time of the Restoration. The following are some of the rules devised by Lord Fairfax, and rigidly adhered to in his household. We quote them from the notes to the “Northumberland Household Book.”

“LORD FAIRFAX’S ORDERS FOR THE SERVANTS OF HIS HOUSEHOLD (AFTER THE CIVIL WARS).

“ORDER FOR THE HOUSE REMEMBRANCE FOR SERVANTS.

“That all the servants be redy upon the terraces at such tymes as the strangers do come, to attend their alightinge.

“PRAYERS.

“That one of the chapel bells be rung before the prayers, one quarter of an hour; at which summons the butler must prepare for coveringe, but not cover.

* *Epistolæ Ho-Elianae.*

† See *Northumberland Household Book.*

“ PORTER.

“ When prayers shall beginne (or a very little before) the gates on all sides must be shutt and locked, and the porter must come in to prayers with all the keyes; and after service is done, the gate must be opened until the usher warne to the dresser.

“ BUTLER.

The buttler with the yeoman of the chamber, or some other yeoman must go to cover. The prayers done, formes and cussins, where the ladyes and the rest did sit, must be removed.

“ SERVANTS AFTER SUPPER.

“ After supper (I mean of the servants) they must presently repaire into the dyning chamber, and there remove stooles, see what other things be necessary, and attende further directions until liveryes be served, which they must be ready for upon the warninge; and in the meane tyme let the buttler (with one to helpe him) make them ready, and let not these servants depart until the best sort of straungers have taken their lodgings; and the porter must locke the doores and keep the keys.

“ MORNING.

“ Let the servants attend by seaven of the clock in the morning in the hall.

“ BREAKFASTS.

“ The clerk of the kitchen must appoynt the cooks,

what must be for breakfasts for the ladyes in their chambers, and likewise for the gentlemen in the hall or parlour, which must be served by eight of the clock in the morninge and not after.

“Dinner must be ready by eleven of the clock, prayers after tenne, and the orders observed as is before said.

“ THE HALL.

“The great chamber being served, the steward and chaplaine must sit down in the hall, and call unto them the gentlemen, if there be any unplaced above, and then the servants of the strangers, as their masters be in degree.

“ THE USHER’S WORDS OF DIRECTIONS.

“First when they go to cover, hee must go before them through the hall, crying ‘By your leaves, gentlemen, stand by.’

“The coveringe done, he must say ‘Gentlemen and yeomen for plate.’

“Then he must warn to the dresser, ‘Gentlemen and yeomen to dresser.’

“And he must attend the meat going through the hall crying ‘By your leaves, my masters.’ Likewise he must warn for the second course, and attend it as aforesaid.

“If bread or beere be wanting on the hall table, he must call aloud at the barre, ‘Bread or Beere for the hall.’

“ If any unworthy fellow do unmannerly sett himself down before his betters, he must take him up and place him lower.

“ FOR THE CHAMBER.

“ Let the best fashioned and appavelled servants attend above the salte, the rest below.

“ If one servant have occasion to speak to another about service att the tables, let him whisper, for the noyse is uncivil.

“ If any servant have occasion to go forth of the chamber for anything, let him make haste, and see that no more than twoe be absent. And for prevention of errands, let all sauces be ready at the door; for even one messe of mustard will take a man's attendance from the table; but least anything happen unexpected, let the boy stand within the chamber-door for errants. And see that your water and voyder be ready soe soon as meate is served and sett on the table without. Have a good eye to the board for empty dishes and placing of others, and let not the board be unfurnished.

“ THE CUP-BOARD.

“ Let no man fill beere or wine, but the cup-board-keeper, who must make choice of his glasses or cups for the company, and not serve them hand over heade. He must also know which be for beere and which for wine; for it were a foul thing to mix them together.

“Once againe let me admonish silence, for it is the greatest part of civility.

“Let him which doth order the table, be the last man in it, (sc. the room,) to see that nothing be left behind, that should be taken away.

“Many things, I cannot remember, which I refer to your good care, otherwise I should seeme to write a booke hereof.”

The *carte* too was introduced in the time of Elizabeth. We learn* that “the clearke of the kitchen useth (by a tricke taken up of late) to give in a breefe rehearsall of such and so manie dishes as are to come in everie course throughout the whole service in the dinner or supper while; which bill some doo call a memoriall, others a billet, but some a fillet, bicause such are commonlie hanged on the file and kept by the ladie or gentlewoman unto some other purpose.”

None we are told, presumed to touch the most dainty dishes until they had first been offered to the principal personage of the feast, but having been drawn to the head of the table, in due course, they were again passed downward, and were free to every one. This must have been, in effect, a mere form, for there was such an immense variety, and such a profusion of dishes, that no one could be at a loss. At that time, it was the unbroken custom to serve, at certain seasons, a particular dish first;

* From Harrison, i. 330.

as a boar's head, at Christmas; a goose, at Michaelmas; a gammon of bacon, or a red-herring riding away on horseback at Easter. These observances have since been stigmatized as superstitious, save and except the goose at Michaelmas, which seems to be considered orthodox food by the most elaborate reformers. The Christmas boar's head, that dish of old renown, is still, we believe, served up at one of the Universities.

Harrison gives a minute and accurate account of the usual dinner-table of his time:—

“ In number of dishes and change of meat, the nobilitie of England (whose cookes are for the most part musicall-headed Frenchmen and strangers) doo most exceed, sith there is no daie in maner that passeth over their heads, wherein they have not onelie béefe, mutton, veale, lambe, kid, porke, conie, capon, pig, or so manie of these as the season yieldeth; but also some portion of the red or fallow déere, beside great varietie of fish and wild foule, and thereto sundrie other delicates wherein the sweet hand of the sea-faring Portingale is not wanting; so that for a man to dine with one of them, and to tast of euerie dish that standeth before him (which few use to doo, but ech one feedeth upon that meat him best liketh for the time, the beginning of every dish, notwithstanding, being reserved unto the greatest personage that sitteth at the table, to whome it is drawen up still by the waiters

as order requireth, and from whome it descendeth againe even to the lower end, whereby each one may tast thereof) is rather to yéeld unto a conspiracie with a great deale of meat for the speedie suppression of naturall health, than the use of a necessarie meane to satisfie himselfe with a competent repaste, to susteine his bodie withall. But as this large feeding is not séene in their zests, no more is it in their own persons, for sith they have dailie much resort unto their tables (and manie times unlooked for) and thereto reteine great number of servants, it is verie requisit and expedient for them to be somewhat plentifull in this behalfe.

“The chiefe part, likewise, of their dailie provision is brought in before them (commonlie in silver vessell, if they be of the degré of barons, bishops and upwards) and placed on their tables, whereof when they have taken what it pleaseth them, the rest is reserved, and, afterwards, sent down to their serving-men and waiters, who feed thereon in like sort, with convenient moderation, their reversion also being bestowed upon the poore, which lie readie at their gates, in great numbers, to receive the same. This is spoken of the principall tables, whereat the nobleman, his ladie and guesstes are accustomed to sit, beside which, they have a certeine ordinarie allowance daillie appointed for their hals, where the chiefe officers and household servants, (for all are not permitted by custome to waite upon their master,) and with them such infe-

riour gwestes doo feed as are not of calling to asso-
ciat the noble man himselfe (so that besides those
aforementioned, which are called to the principall
table, there are commonlie fortie or three score per-
sons fed in those hals,) to the great reliefe of such
poore sutors and strangers also as oft be partakers
thereof, and otherwise like to dine hardlie. As for
drinke, it is usuallie filled in pots, gobblets, jugs,
bols of silver in noblemen's houses, also in fine
Venice glasses of all formes, and for want of these
elsewhere, in pots of earth of sundrie colours and
moulds (whereof manie are garnished with silver) or
at the leastwise in pewter."

Many of the most favourite dishes of those times,
have fallen into disrepute, as the swan, the crane,
the heron, the peacock, and a variety of smaller
birds which now are considered all but uneatable;
and what to our custom seems equally strange, the
fish-course was sometimes served last; at an earlier
period very usually so. But if we think with dis-
gust of swans and herons, what shall we say to seals
and porpoises, which were once favourite dishes at an
English nobleman's table? Lady Fanshawe speaks
of dolphins as "excellent meat"—she eat them in
Spain; and time was, when snails stewed with
spices, oil and vinegar, and fricasseed frogs were ac-
customed delicacies. At the time of which we
treat, it was usual, not perhaps in England, but on
the Continent, to eat cats, horses, and lizards; the

Guana lizard is now, we believe, a favourite article of food in the West Indies. Don Anthony of Guevara, the chronicler of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, thus writes of a feast, at which he was present:—

“ I will tell you no lye. I saw also at another feast, such kindes of meates eaten, as are wont to be sene, but not eaten; as a *horse* rosted, a *cat* in gely, little *lizards* with whot (hot) broth, *frogges* fried, and divers other sortes of meates, which I sawe them eate, but I never knew what they were till they were eaten.”*

The abovenamed tempting viands were *bonâ fide* what they professed to be; but when we read of lions, dragons, and leopards, we must in charity suppose that they were usual and christian-like viands, formed by the skill of the cook, into miniature resemblances (Heaven save the mark!) of these animals. One of the most magnificent feasts of Elizabeth's time, was that given by the Earl of Leicester, at Utrecht, during his government of the Low Countries, on St. George's Day, 1586. A cloth of estate, with the Queen's arms and style, and a table, were laid for her, as if she were in presence. “ Then began the trumpets to sound in the service, which was most prince-like and abundant, served on the knee, carved and tasted to her majesty's trencher; the side-tables being furnished all in sil-

* From the Dial of Princes, 1582; in Ant. Cul.

ver plate, and attended on by gentlemen. Sundry sorts of musicke continued the entring of the first course; which done and avoyded, the trumpets sounded in for the second, which was all baked meats of beasts and fowles; the beasts, as lions, dragons, leopards, and such like, bearing plaines or armes; and the fowles, as peacocks, swans, pheasants, turky-cocks, and others, in their natural feathers, spread in their greatest pride; which sight was both rare and magnificent. This service being placed on her Majestic's boord, the beasts on the one side, and fowles on the other, the lion, lying couchant at her Highnesses trencher, the ushers cryed 'A Hall.'*"

We could lament the disuse of the lordly peacock, the "feast of lovers" and the "meat of lords." A noble bird he must have looked in all his plumage (for the skin and feathers most carefully stript off, were replaced, after the bird was roasted) his tail spread, and a piece of cotton, dipped in spirits, flaming in his beak,—as he was borne into the dining-hall amid the clangour of trumpets and musical instruments, and preceded by the sewer on horse-back, all the company rising to receive him. Really we could regret this.†

* Nichols's Progresses.

† We are told that three sheep were used in the preparation of sauce to it:—

“ the carcasses

Of three fat wethers bruised for gravy, to
Make sauce for a single peacock.”

Massinger, *City Madam*, act ii. sc. 1.

And it would seem, that we are not singular in our regrets, or at least, in our admiration. My readers are perhaps not aware that there has been a peacock feast in our own times, given by the Governor and Council of the Island of Grenada, to H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence (late William the Fourth) at which this kingly bird was served in right regal style, with his tail spread. The donors of this memorable feast borrowed another dish from our ancestors. A large pye was placed on the table, from which, when opened, flew a covey of birds, somewhat, we are told, to the amazement of the guests. But this was quite a usual dish at the feasts of Elizabeth's day. So literally and historically true is that ancient nursery ditty, which perchance in our more experienced years, we stigmatize as absurd :

Sing a song of sixpence
 A bag full of rye,
 Four-and-twenty blackbirds
 Baked in a pye.
 When the pye was opened
 The birds began to sing
 And was not this a dainty dish
 To set before a king—

But if we think this strange, what shall we say to baking, or at least enclosing a dwarf in a pye—a real live man! The celebrated Geoffrey Hudson was served up in a cold pye, by the Duchess of Buckingham, when she entertained King Charles

the First and his Queen, and the instance does not appear to have been an isolated one.

Another most strange custom at this period, but which seems to have prevailed more, or at least to have continued longer, in the city than the court, was to have a huge "Quaking Custard" on the table, into which, at a private signal, the City Fool suddenly leapt over the heads of the astonished feasters, who were instantly bespattered with this rich and savoury mud. That this was not an infrequent custom, may be inferred from the many times it is referred to by the old dramatists. Jonson says, it—

" Shall make my lady mayoress, and her sisters,
Laugh all their hoods over their shoulders."*

And Shakspeare,

Parolles.—I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

Lafcu.—You have made shift to run into 't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leap'd into the custard.†

And Glapthorne makes the lover say,—

" And for your sake I'll write the city annals,
To famous meter which shall far surpasse
Sir Guy of Warwick's history ; or John Stow's upon
The custard with the four-and-twenty nooks
At my Lord Mayor's feast."‡

These custards must certainly have been huge

* Devil an Ass, act i, sc. 1.

† All's Well that Ends Well, act. ii. sc. 5.

‡ Wit in a Constable.

but, as has been very truly said, no ordinary supply was wanted; for the worthy aldermen not only ate largely there, but seem, like liege subjects, to have had a reserve portion for home, in dutiful imitation of their Queen at Sandwich.—(*See ante*, page 24.) It was quite usual to send or take some of it home for their ladies. Some of them seem to have applied this perquisite to the furtherance of their domestic economy. In the old play just quoted, “Wit in a Constable,” a young lady is reprobating her guardian’s stinginess, and after referring to her attire, she continues,—

“Nor shall you, Sir, (as ’tis a frequent custom,
Cause you ’re worthy alderman of a ward,)
Feed me with custard, and perpetual white broth
Sent from the lord mayor’s feast, or the sheriff’s feast,
And here preserv’d ten dayes (as ’twere in pickle)
Till a new dinner from the common hall
Supply the large defect.”*

And doubtless, it is a relic of this ancient custom that now, at a certain city feast, each happy partaker, has the privilege of carrying home, a small packet of cakes and bonbons. I had the pleasure of sharing one of these citizen perquisites, a year or two ago, but lamented much my inability to discover anything peculiar in the flavour or effect of these condiments, every grain of which, I had hoped, would mysteriously communicate to me some small portion, some homœopathic dose, of civic dignity.

The pastry and confections of those days are much

* Act ii. sc. 1.

celebrated. Whole heroic poems were represented in them; castles, and battles, and sieges, and armour bristling terribly. Lady Allworth's cook says,—

“ I crack my brains to find out tempting sauces,
 And raise fortifications in the pastry,
 Such as might serve for models in the Low Countries;
 Which, if they had been practised at Breda,
 Spinola might have thrown his cap at it, and ne'er took it—”*

Modest this! Breda was one of the most celebrated sieges of the time.

It is, however, comparatively easy to imagine the building up of square castles and bulwarks in stiff and sturdy paste; but in the construction of what were called “subtleties” of sweetmeats, every possible device was adopted. It cannot surprise those who have seen some of the magical productions which graced Queen Victoria's banquet table on the christening of the Prince of Wales, that such things should be, but it may at least convince us that we are not so far in advance of our ancestors as we sometimes suppose. Sometimes these “sotelties” were displayed between the courses, as at the enthronization feast of Archbishop Warham, one of the most magnificent banquets on record, and which took place, as doubtless my readers are aware, in the reign of Henry the Seventh. Edward, Duke of Buckingham, was high steward of this feast, and sent a secretary and inferior harbingers to prepare for his coming, but arrived at Canterbury himself

* New Way to Pay Old Debts, act i. sc. 2.

the day before the banquet, with many noble companions, and attendants so numerous as to require two hundred horses.

The "subtylties" at this feast are described as very magnificent, and if incomprehensibility be an attribute of the sublime, they certainly may lay claim even to that character. They consisted of towers, castles, and kings; chancellors, knights, archbishops, and saints; and "a greate multitude of angels, prophetes, and patriarkes," from whose mouths proceeded labels impressed with divine truths, embodied in barbarous Latin. Our readers will probably spare us the transcription of them.

The archbishop sate at the middle of the "High Boord" alone, and the various courses served to him were not partaken of by any other of the guests, to whom similar and abundant courses were served. The Duke of Buckingham, after the performance of his stipulated duty, retired to his own apartments, where a magnificent repast of several courses was served to him alone.

The duke, as lord high steward of the feast, clad in scarlet robes, bearing a white wand, bareheaded, and "humili vultu" entered the hall on horseback. He was followed by two heralds of arms; afterwards came the chief sewer, and after him the dishes of the first course, fourteen in number, without the "subtylties," and consisting solely of varieties of fish.

Whilst the dishes were being placed on the

table, the duke dismounted, and stood on foot before the archbishop; then with an humble reverence he retired.

Sometimes the subtleties, or the more elaborate of them, were reserved for the banquet—what we should now call the dessert. The following are some particulars of the sugar work part of an entertainment given by the Earl of Hertford to Queen Elizabeth in 1591:

Her Majesties armes in sugar worke.

The several armes of all our nobilitie in sugar worke.

Many men and women in sugar worke, and some inforst by hand.

Castles, forts, ordinance, drummers, trumpeters, and soldiers of all sorts, in sugar worke.

Lions, unicorns, beares, horses, camels, bulls, rams, dogges, tygers, elephants, antelopes, dromedaries, apes, and all other beasts, in sugar worke.

Eagles, falcons, cranes, bustardes, heronshawes, bytterns, pheasants, partridges, quails, larkes, sparrows, pigeons, cockes, owles, and all that flie, in sugar worke.

Snakes, adders, vipers, frogs, toads, “and all kind of worms,”—mermaids, whales, dolphins, conger-eels, sturgeons, and “all sorts of fishes,” in sugar; also Marchpanes, grapes, oysters, mussels, cockles, periwinkles, crabs, lobsters, apples, pears, plums, leaches, comfits, &c. &c. &c.—all in sugar worke.*

* Nichols, ii.

This banquet, or dessert, was carried into the gallery in the garden by two hundred of Lord Hertford's gentlemen. There were a thousand dishes, all glass or silver; a hundred torch-bearers lighted the way. It reminds one of the descriptions in the Arabian tales.

Nichols records, also, that on the visit of the Palatine of Siradia to Oxford, in 1583, after a sumptuous supper, he was present, first at the playing of a pleasant comedy, intituled "Rivales," then at the setting out of a very stately tragedy, named "Dido," "wherein the Queene's banquet (with Eneas narration of the destruction of Troy) was livelie described in a marchpane patterne; there was also a goodlie sight of hunters, with full crie of a kennel of hounds; Mercurie and Iris descending and ascending from and to an high place, the tempest wherein it hailed small confects, rained rose-water, and snow an artificial kind of snow, all strange, marvellous, and abundant."

It perhaps was owing to the unsightly minor arrangements of the dinner-tables of that day that the fashion prevailed of taking dessert in the garden, where there was generally an arbour or garden-house appropriated to the purpose, called the banquetting-house, as the dessert was, always, the banquet. The one to which we have just referred, was a magnificent erection, built for the nonce, by the Earl of Hertford, in anticipation of the Queen's visit; but most noblemen and gentle-

men had ornamental summer-houses in their gardens, with, frequently, cellars beneath them. There was a banquetting-house at Hampton Court, over a cave or cellar; and Evelyn, in 1654, names a banquetting-house of *cedar*, with couch and seats carved à l'antique, in the garden of a Mr. Tombs. Nicholas Stone records, in his diary, that 30*l.* was the price of a little chimney-piece which he carved for Mr. Paston's banquetting-house, at Oxnett, in Norfolk; and at a much later period, Macky, describing Sir Matthew Ducker's house at Richmond, (built by Sir Charles Hedges, formerly secretary of state) speaks of "his duckery, which is an oval pond, bricked round, and his pretty summer-house by it to drink a bottle."

Justice Shallow says to Falstaff, after dinner, "You shall see mine orchard: where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own grafting, with a dish of carraways and so forth;"* and in "The Unnatural Combat," Beaufort says,

"We'll *dine* in the great room, but let the music
And *banquet* be prepared here."

We fancy that most of our readers will defer to the city in all matters connected with the sublime science of gastronomy,† yet lest any should be

* Hen. IV., pt. 2, act v. sc. 3.

† The city ladies seem to have emulated the fame of their lords: "Who will not admire," says an Essayist of 1701, "our nice dames of London, who must have cherries at twenty shillings a pound, and peasecocks at five shillings a peck, huske without pease? Young rabbittes of a spanne, and chickens of an such?"

sceptical as to the authority of Justice Shallow in this matter, we will justify him by a reference to the "glass of fashion" herself, Queen Elizabeth.

When her Majesty entertained the Duc de Montmorencie, in 1572, bulls, bears, horses, and apes were baited for his amusement, (*or hers*,) "which pastime ended, the Queenes Majestie havinge provided a place all braided and deckt with flowers on the forests, and also covered with canvas on the head, her Majestie with the ambassador went to a banquet provided for her."*

The staple material of the banquet was, as in our dessert, fruits and sweetmeats. A physician of Henry the Eighth's day, Dr. Caius, recommends after meat, quinces or marmalade, pomegranates, oranges, apples, pears, prunes, raisins, dates, and nuts. The apricot was also now known. By a still older writer, plums, damsons, strawberries, cherries, and grapes are mentioned. To these are added, by Harrison, jellies of all colours, codinats, marmalades, sugar bread, gingerbread, and florentines.

These desserts were serious things in the city :

" Your citizen
Is a most fierce devourer, Sir, of plums ;
Six will destroy as many as might make
A banquet for an army."†

Indeed, such was the enormous consumption of currants in England, that the Greeks, who ex-

* Nichols.

† The Wits.

ported them, supposed they were used for fattening hogs.

The Marchpane was indispensable at dessert, and was also a very usual offering of courtesy to visitors. (They were frequently given to visitors at the universities.) It was made of pistachio-nuts, almonds, and sugar.

With Marchpane, Ipocras was frequently drunk—a most favourite preparation of red wine, strained through a woollen bag filled with spice and sugar. But on state occasions this made a course of itself, immediately following the more substantial parts of the repast, and was commonly called “a voide.” It consisted solely of Ipocras and spiced cakes, but was often served with as much or more solemnity than the dinner itself.*

The bonvivans of that day were exceedingly luxurious in wines, though the fashion of them differed materially from ours. It is now a mark of refinement to have wine so old, so thin, so subdued, that it sometimes requires faith in your host to be assured that you are really drinking wine—generous wine—the rich and luscious juice of the grape. At the time of which we treat, wines were not only taken new and strong, but had usually sugar added to them at the time of drinking. Harrison mentions about ninety sorts of foreign wine; fifty-six of them French, of which 30,000 tons were yearly imported. Besides these, were many home-made

* See Ordinances for Royal Households 151.

wines, and sack, (a foreign sweet wine, the most esteemed sort of which was manufactured at Xeres, in Spain,) was universally drunk: so universally, and so freely too, that King James made an ordinance to restrain the use of it in his household, saying, that though it had been "thought convenient that such noblemen and women as had diett in the court, upon their necessities by sicknesse or otherwise, might have a bowle or a glasse of sack, and so no great quantity spent; we understanding that within these late years it is used as common drinke, and served at meales, as an ordinary to every meane officer," &c. &c. "Our pleasure is, that there be allowed to the sergeant of our cellar twelve gallons of sacke a day."*

The item "sack," in Sir John Falstaff's tavern bill, is known to every one:—

Item, sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.

Item, anchovies, and sack after supper, 2s. 6d.

Item, bread, a-halfpenny.

The refined taste of Charles the First and his queen caused a rapidly progressing change in the details of the dinner-table; but during the reign of his father, all the gastronomic extravagancies which had marked the court of Elizabeth were rather increased than diminished. James was fond of the pleasures of the table, and, moreover, so exceedingly exact and punctual in his meals, that one of his courtiers professed that were he to

* Collect. Ordin.

waken suddenly from a seven years' sleep, he would be able to guess exactly what the king had had for dinner.* The most luxurious and *recherché* gourmand of this time was the Earl of Carlisle, who, as Sir James Hay, had migrated with the king from the Scottish to the English court. He gave a banquet to the French ambassador at Essex House, when fish of such huge size were served up, that he was obliged to have dishes made expressly for them. These fish were brought from Russia. Men achieve greatness or fame in many ways. This nobleman has obtained an unenviable notoriety as the introducer of ante-suppers,—the manner of which was to have the board covered, at the first entrance of the guests, with dishes as high as a tall man could well reach, filled with the choicest viands that could be procured, cold; as soon as the company were well seated, these dishes were removed to make room for an equally numerous and corresponding service of hot meats.†

At an entertainment at his mansion, one person ate to his own share a pie which cost 10*l*. What was the staple material of which the pie was formed we do not know; but amongst other ingredients were ambergris, magesterial of pearl, and musk. When this nobleman went on embassy to Germany, the expense of his first two meals on landing at Rotterdam is said to have been a hun-

* Jesse.

† Lodge's *Illus.* iii. 267.

dred pounds. A keen satire he must have felt it on his own voluptuousness, on learning (as doubtless he would learn), when dining with the Prince of Orange, that the only addition his highness could be induced to make to his usual bill of fare, in honour of his magnificent guest, was the ordering a second *pig* to be cooked,—one only having been originally intended.

Yet we should be doing some injustice to commemorate him solely as an epicure. Wilson calls him “a gentleman every way complete;” and he is highly celebrated for the unfailing courtesy of his manners, for his good temper, and his refined taste. His appointments in all respects were magnificent and gorgeous; his expense, perhaps, unparalleled. On his embassy to Germany in 1619, the expenses of his carriage alone are said to have been 60*l.* a day. Three years earlier, when proceeding on embassy to Paris, he had his horses shod with silver shoes, so slightly tacked, that in their prancings and curvettings, they perpetually threw them off. These became, of course, the prize of the applauding multitude,—a smith being in the train with a bag full of similar ones, ready to replace those which were perpetually thrown off.*

* The following account of a magnificent state banquet given by James the First, in honour of the Spanish ambassador, is taken from Sir Henry Ellis's letters, and was translated by him from a very rare Spanish manuscript:—

“The king now retired to his apartment, and the ambassador,

His second wife was the celebrated Countess Lucy.*

with the rest of the noblemen and commissioners repaired to a room to rest themselves, before the banquet commenced, which took place in the Audience Chamber. This apartment had been beautifully fitted up for the occasion; it was furnished with a buffet raised by several steps, and covered with a profusion of ancient and modern gilded plate of exquisite workmanship; an opposite side-board bore vessels of gold, agate, and other precious materials. On each side of the table, was a railing, to ensure the respectful distance of the people. The dishes were brought in by gentlemen of the household, preceded by the Lord Chamberlain, each making four or five obeisances before they placed them on the table. Earls Pembroke and Southampton officiated as stewards. Grace being said (it is not mentioned by whom) their majesties washed their hands with water from the same ewer, the towels being presented to the king by the lord treasurer, and to the queen by the lord high admiral; the Prince of Wales, had a ewer to himself, which was, after him, used by the ambassador. The reporter proceeds to describe the manner in which the illustrious party was seated at table, and enumerates the noble persons in waiting, among whom we have the Lords Shrewsbury, Derby, &c. The first thing the king did, was to send a melon and some oranges on a green branch to the ambassador, observing that they were the fruit of Spain, transplanted to England. The duke made his humble acknowledgement. His majesty then rose, and, uncovered, drank to the ambassador, 'the royal family of Spain, and may the peace be happy and perpetual;' the duke rose, and having returned thanks, and expressed his firm conviction, that the peace just concluded, would be lasting and beneficial to both crowns and to Christianity at large, pledged his majesty, and the toast went round to the great delight of the royal entertainers. The duke rose the second time, and in his turn, drank unto the king, out of the *lud* of a beautiful agate cup, set with diamonds and rubies, 'the health of the queen,' supplicating that his majesty would vouchsafe to pledge him from the cup itself, which

* See *infra*.

We may remark here, that though under the circumstances the additional pig offered to the

the king accordingly did, passing it, round the table, back to the ambassador, who replaced it on the royal cupboard. The assembled people now exclaimed, 'Peace, peace, peace; God save the King.' After this, a king of arms made his appearance, who, by sound of trumpets and kettle-drums, returned humble thanks to His Majesty for having concluded the much wished for peace with the King of Spain, which he craved permission to proclaim throughout the kingdom. The proclamation is given in a Spanish translation. The Duke rose again, and drank unto the Queen the health of 'the King,' out of the lid of a beautiful dragon-shaped vessel of crystal, set in gold; her Majesty pledged him through Don Blasco de Aragon, who officiated as cup-bearer, and the dragon was replaced on the Queen's cupboard. The King also drank unto President Richardote (Count Arceberg being prevented by gout from attending), "the health of the Archduke and his consort," of whom he spoke in terms of great friendship and regard. Soon after the King sent a message to the constable by the Earl of Northampton, to acquaint him that this season was memorable to his Majesty, not only because he had concluded a Peace, but also because one of his sons and Princess Isabel were each about completing their fourth year; and he hoped the latter would one day prove herself the reverse of a former Isabel, and be instrumental to the preservation of peace and amity between England and Spain; the King would, therefore, allow the Constable to drink his son's health to him. The Duke immediately obeyed, and, in his answer to the royal message, quoted the lines of Sannazarius's poem *De Partu Virginis*, in which allusion is made to the Virgin's atoning for the evil entailed upon the world by our first mother.

Cumque caput fuerit tantorumque una malorum
 Fœmina principium, lacrimasque et funera terris
 Intulerit, nunc auxilium ferat ipsa, modumque
 Quà licet afflictis inponat fœmina rebus.

The next health given by King James was "the Princess of

earl was a cutting satire, yet that a young pig, "a sucking pig," was one of the greatest dainties

Spain." It was followed by several others. The dinner lasted about three hours; at the conclusion, the cloth was removed, and the table lowered, when their Majesties, according to ancient custom, placed themselves upon it (*de pies sobre ella*) to wash their hands. The Constable and Count Villamediana had a ewer between them; the rest of the guests took what ewers they could get. This ceremony being over, the King and Queen retired to their apartment; and the Ambassador with the Commissioners repaired to the gallery to view the pictures. In the meanwhile dancing had commenced in the audience room, to which they were invited by a message from the King. They found the royal couple seated under the canopy. The company was rendered more brilliant by upwards of fifty maids of honour and other ladies, all most splendidly dressed, and "beautiful in the extreme." The Prince of Wales was desired by his royal parents to open the ball with a Spanish *gallarda*, a partner being pointed out to him among the ladies; he acquitted himself with much grace and delicacy, introducing some occasional leaps. After this the Earl of Southampton invited the Queen, who, with three other ladies and gentlemen danced a *brando*, which, Sobrino informs us, is a dance introduced from England into Spain. Various other dances, respecting the exact nature of which a profound silence is observed by lexicographers, were gone through, and the ball concluded with a *correnta*, danced again by the Queen and Lord Southampton. The party after this went to the window, where they had a view of a place fitted up with a kind of amphitheatre for innumerable spectators. Bears, the property of the King, were here baited by greyhounds (*lebreles*), a sight which appeared to give general satisfaction; a bull running about at the end of a rope, and tossing and goring mastiffs let loose upon him, followed next, and the entertainment concluded with rope-dancing and feats of horsemanship. Their Majesties now retired to their apartments. The Constable returned home, escorted by fifty halberdiers with their bills. Owing to the fatigue of this busy day his Excellency sate down to supper in his private room

of the day; but my readers will hardly guess how they were nurtured. Massinger's words precisely describe the mode:—

“ What dear dainty
Was it thou murmur'dst at ?”
“ Did you not observe it ?
There were three sucking pigs served up in a dish,
Ta'en from the sow as soon as farrowed,
A fortnight fed with dates and muscadine,
That stood my master in twenty marks a-piece,
Besides the puddings in their bellies.” *

In the year 1618, some of the magnates of the court gave a pic-nic party in honour of the Prince of Wales's birth-day. Every man brought, of course, his own dish of meat; and we are told by Lodge, † “ some strove to be substantiall, some curios, and some extravagant. Sir George Goring's invention bore away the bell; and that was four huge brawny piggs, pipeing hott, bitted and harnised with ropes of sarsiges, all tyde to a monstrous bag pudding.”

We have referred to a pie, in which a dwarf was encrusted and served up at table. This was at an entertainment given at Burleigh-on-the-Hill, by the Duke and Duchess of Buckingham, to Charles and Henrietta, soon after their marriage. The dwarf, Geoffrey Hudson, was then 18 inches high; and as soon as the pie was carved, and he released from his strange durance, he was pre-

* City Madam, act ii. scene 1.

† Illustrations, iii. 403.

sented to the queen, and remained in her household. He grew no taller until he was upwards of thirty years of age, when he shot up to three feet nine inches.

The earliest banquets on record after the accession of Charles are two given by the loyal Duke of Newcastle; one to the king, at Welbeck, on his Way to Scotland to be crowned; another at Bolsover Castle, in Derbyshire, when he made a progress nothward with the queen. The latter entertainment, where all the gentry of the county were invited to come and wait on their majesties, and on which Ben Jonson was employed in fitting scenes and speeches, cost my lord nearly fifteen thousand pounds, one suit of table linen alone costing 160*l*.

Passing strange were the vicissitudes of those days! This princely nobleman,—princely alike in mind, in manners, and in possessions,—lived to see his beautiful and accomplished young wife² steal out in the dusk to *pawn* even his apparel for the food they could no otherwise procure.

Meagre as is the account which the duchess has bequeathed to us, of her husband's hospitable and magnificent entertainments, it yet gives the clue to what formed so peculiar and beautiful a feature in the banquets of that time, more especially in those given by the accomplished Duke of Buckingham. "Ben Jonson," says the duchess,

² The literary "mad" Duchess, his second wife.

“was employed in fitting such scenes and speeches as he could best devise.”

There can, indeed, be no doubt that Buckingham's banquets at York House were the most elegant, *recherché*, and costly entertainments of that time. Bassompierre, the French ambassador, was inexpressibly struck with them. Never before, perhaps, and most certainly never since, has the matter-of-fact process of eating been rendered so poetical by its accompaniments. Refinement was indeed a leading feature of Charles's mind, and a marked characteristic of his court,—the more marked from its total isolation as contrasted with the bestiality of his father's, who preceded him, and the coarseness of his usurping successor's,—a coarseness little ameliorated by the familiar joviality which characterized his restored son's.

Buckingham, though more personally expensive and luxurious than Charles, was well fitted by his own exquisite taste and cultivation to cater for the refined king. Of the style in which his domestic *cuisine* was arranged, we may form some idea from the fact that, when he was sent to France, to escort hither Henrietta Maria, on her marriage, he carried in his travelling suite two master cooks, twenty-five second cooks, and forty-five kitchen assistants.* So much for the mere

* “Labourers-selleters.”—Pyne.

The every-day attire of Wolsey's master cook was velvet or satin, and a rich gold chain.

cookery; but the embellishments and refined accompaniments of the eating were carried, says Mr. Gifford, to a height which modern splendour never reached.

Ballets, accompanied by beautiful music, were performed between the courses; and indeed the arrangements seem to have been so managed, that the very matter-of-fact services of moving and replacing dishes were poetized by being done by attendants in fancy dresses, made to assimilate in appearance, and possibly in some degree to tally in action, with the subject and scene of the ballet. Bassompierre gives a particular account of a banquet of this sort, which he describes as far superior to anything of the kind in France. After dinner, they proceeded to the hall by a kind of turning door, which admitting only one at a time, prevented all confusion, and another ballet was exhibited. To this succeeded dancing, and afterwards a supper of "five different collations" was served in beautiful vaulted apartments.

But nothing of this kind was exhibited in the republican times. Cromwell's banquets, plentiful but plain, were as stern and unattractive as himself, and decidedly *not fashionable*. They were occasionally varied and enlivened by a sudden irruption of his guards, who, at an understood signal from him, would seize and demolish all on the table; or, by a sudden game pell-mell with the fruits and sweetmeats, which he and his friends would throw

at each other. But these elegant facetiæ did not take place very often: they occurred only when the Prince of the Ironsides was in very happy mood.

Meanwhile, for the behoof of all who may feel interested in the matter, we beg to perpetuate the record handed down to us of the taste of his highness the Lord Protector, who was fond of an orange to a loin of veal; but her highness the Lady Protectress saw fit to refuse him this luxury, because "oranges were oranges now, and crab-oranges would cost a groat."*

We have little information of state banquets in Charles the Second's reign. Eat and drink people did, no doubt, but we hear nothing of the stately ceremonials of earlier and of later periods. Perhaps the time necessarily occupied in the arrangements and etiquette of ceremonial banquets, would have too much trenched on the hours usually appropriated to more exciting merriment. And if we are to credit the opinion of the witty fashionist of the day, De Grammont, such manifestations were more honoured in the breach than the observance. When dining in state on one occasion, King Charles made his favourite remark, that he was served upon the knee, a mark of respect not common at other courts. "I thank your Majesty for the explanation," replied De Grammont, "I thought they were begging pardon for giving you so bad a dinner."

* Court and Kitchen of Mrs. Joan Cromwell.

This etiquette of being served on the knee when they dined in public was continued by James the Second, William and Anne, but was discontinued by George the First.

Though French cookery—or the attempt of it—was as fashionable then as now, it is probable that the science was then in a very imperfect state—a sort of intermediate state—neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, which might justify De Grammont's sarcasm.

Evelyn says of a dinner, of which he partook at the Portugese ambassador's, "The entertainment was exceeding civil, but besides a good olio, the dishes were trifling, hash'd and condited after their way, not at all fit for an English stomach, which is for solid meat." That not merely the general, but even the royal appetite still inclined to the national substantials, we learn from the circumstance that Lady Castlemain, when expecting the King to supper, was roasting a sirloin for his royal delectation. The tide rose suddenly, and made its way into her kitchen, (as it has done into less distinguished kitchens since her time,) and the cook reported that the water put the fire out, and the sirloin could not be roasted. "Zounds!" replied the gentle lady, "but you shall roast it, if you set the house on fire!"

At a banquet on St. George's day, in 1667, Evelyn says, the cheer was extraordinary, each knight having forty dishes to his mess, piled up five or six feet high. But whatever the stately forma-

lity might be of serving the King on the knee, it seems as if the general indecorum of this era prevailed even in their ceremonial banquets, for even at this one, usually and proverbially one of magnificence and state, Evelyn continues, "At y^e banquet, came in the Queene, and stood by the King's left hand, but did not sit. Then was *the banquetting stuff flung about the roome profusely*. In truth, the croud was so greate, that tho' I staid all the supper the day before, I now staid no longer than this sport began, *for feare of disorder*."

Pepys speaks of a grand dinner at Guildhall, in 1663, where there were ten good dishes to a mess, and plenty of wine of all sorts; but that none of the tables but those of the Lord Mayor and Privy Council had napkins or knives; and that a great portion of the company had neither napkins *nor change of trenchers*, and drank out of *earthen pitchers and wooden dishes*. On this occasion a bill of fare was placed under every salt.

So late as the reign of Queen Anne, we find that when Swift dined with the chaplains at the palace, they ate off pewter.

It may not be uninteresting to contrast these *disjecta membra* of the routine of a royal and grand civic banquet in England with the detail of one given at Chantilli, in 1671, (April,) to Louis the Fourteenth by the Prince of Conti at an enormous expense. There were, (says Mde. de Sevigné), twenty-five tables of five courses each,

without reckoning a great number of others, less distinguished, for accidental comers. There were 1,000 crowns' worth of jonquils, for perfume alone. On the evening of his arrival, the King hunted a stag by moonlight; the gardens and pleasure-grounds were all brilliantly illuminated. The banquet, on the day following, was superb, and admirably conducted throughout; but so heavily had his previous anxiety pressed on the nerves of M. Vatel, the maître d'hôtel, that on the delay in the arrival of some *sea-water fish*,* he committed suicide. After all, the fish arrived in time for the banquet, though too late for the poor *artiste*. We will quote Mde. de Sevigné's graphic and interesting letter on the occasion:

A Paris, Dimanche, 26 Avril, 1671.†

“Ce n'est pas une lettre, c'est une relation que Moreuil vient de me faire de ce qui e'est passé à Chantilli touchant Vatel. Je vous écrivis Vendredi qu'il s'étoit poignardé; voici l'affaire en détail. Le Roi arriva le Jeudi au soir; la promenade, la collation dans un lieu tapissé de jonquilles, tout cela fut à souhait. On soupa, il y eut quelques tables où le roti manqua à cause de plusieurs diners, à quoi l'on ne s'étoit point attendu: cela saisit Vatel, il dit plusieurs fois, Je suis perdu

* Marea—which the translator renders salt-water, a rather peculiar condiment, we venture to suggest, at a banquet.

† Vol. i. 197, ed. 1754.

d'honneur, voici un affront que je ne supporterai pas. Il dit à Gourville, la tête me tourne, il y a douze nuits que je n'ai dormi; aidez-moi à donner des ordres. Gourville le soulagea en ce qu'il put. Le rôti qui avoit manqué, non pas à la table du Roi, mais aux vingt-cinquièmes, lui revenoit toujours à l'esprit. Gourville le dit à Monsieur le Prince. M. le Prince alla jusques dans la chambre de Vatel, et lui dit; Vatel, tout va bien, rien n'étoit si beau que le souper du Roi. Il repondit; Monseigneur, votre bonté m'achève; je sçais que le rôti a manqué à deux tables. Point du tout, dit M. le Prince, ne vous fâchez point, tout va bien. Minuit vint, le feu d'artifice ne réussit pas, il fut couvert d'un nuage; il coutoit seize mille francs.

“ A quatre heures du matin Vatel s'en va partout, il trouve tout endormi, il rencontre un petit pourvoyeur qui lui apportoit seulement deux charges de marée; il lui demande, Est-ce-là tout? Oui, Monsieur. Il ne sçavoit pas que Vatel avoit envoyé à tous les ports de mer. Vatel attend quelque temps; les autres pourvoyeurs ne vinrent point; sa tête s'échauffoit, il crut qu'il n'auroit point d'autre marée; il trouva Gourville, il lui dit; Monsieur, je ne survivrai point à cet affront-ci; Gourville se moqua de lui. Vatel monte à sa chambre, met son épée contre la porte, et se la passe au travers du cœur; mais ce ne fut qu'au troisième coup, car il s'en donna deux qui n'étoient pas mortels; il tombe mort. La marée cependant arrive de tous

côtez ; on cherche Vatel pour la distribuer, on va à sa chambre, on heurte, on enfonce la porte, on le trouve noyé dans son sang, on court à M. le Prince qui fut au désespoir. Monsieur le Duc pleura ; c'étoit sur Vatel que tournoit tout son voyage de Bourgogne. M. le Prince le dit au Roi fort tristement ; on dit que c'étoit à force d'avoir de l'honneur à sa manière, on le loua fort, on loua et blâma son courage. Le Roi dit qu'il y avoit cinq ans qu'il retardoit de venir à Chantilli, parce qu'il comprenoit l'exceès de cet embarras. Il dit à M. le Prince qu'il ne devoit avoir que deux tables, et ne se point charger de tout : il jura qu'il ne souffriroit plus que Monsieur le Prince en usât ainsi ; mais c'étoit trop tard pour le pauvre Vatel. Cependant Gourville tâcha de réparer la perte de Vatel ; elle fut réparée, on dîna très bien, on fit collation, on soupa, on se promena, on joua, on fut à la chasse ; tout étoit parfumé de jonquilles, tout étoit enchanté. Hier, qui étoit Samedi, on fit encore de même ; et le soir, le Roi alla à Liancourt, où il avoit commandé *media nocte*."

At this period it was the fashion to place on the board pyramids of fruit and sweetmeats, so huge, that it was impossible to see people at opposite ends of the table. In some houses the doors were made higher, in order to admit the pyramids of fruit, as a century or two earlier they had been heightened that the ladies might carry their head-

dresses through unscathed. Mde. de Sevigné names that, at one grand dinner where she was a guest, a pyramid of fruit, with twenty or thirty pieces of china on it, was so entirely overset with coming in at the door, that the noise it made completely drowned the music of the violins, hautboys, and trumpets.

It is curious to note the changes of fashion in these secondary matters. It does not appear that the fashion of these gorgeous, enormous, and most inconvenient pyramids lasted long; but in England, during the last century, fruit was always piled up in pyramids, and in quantities which now, when Fashion dictates that scarcely the bottom of the dish shall be covered, would be accounted vulgar in the extreme. "Pyramids of fruit," is the usual term in describing desserts then; and Walpole records of one most aristocratic fête, given by Miss Chudleigh, (Duchess of Kingston,) that "on all the side-boards, and even on the chairs, were pyramids and troughs of strawberries and cherries: you would have thought she was kept by Vertumnus."

The Duchess of Orleans tells us, very pleasantly, in her Mémoires, of having introduced sour crout and *salade au lard* into France, and of having made even the recherché autocrat, Louis the Fourteenth, taste omelettes of pickled herrings! Our own Duke of York (James the Second) piqued himself on his skill in the culinary art. He invented, (or rather, perhaps, improved, for the Spanish ambas-

sador seems entitled to the honour of its original introduction here,) a sauce which he "did mightily magnify," and "did eat with every thing," and called the "best universal sauce in the world." Its routine seems very simple in these days of elaborate cookery. It was made of parsley and dry toast, beaten together with vinegar, salt, and a little pepper, and was eaten with "flesh, fowl, or fish." Mr. Pepys "did taste it, and liked it mightily." Probably it had also the approbation of her royal highness the Duchess of York, (daughter of Clarendon, and mother of our Queens Mary and Anne,) who was "one of the highest feeders in England:" and of whom De Grammont says, "it was really an edifying sight to see her at table."

An enormous profusion of edibles was not yet considered, in either country, incompatible with the highest taste and fashion. But in France, the fountain-head of ton, it might have been construed into *læsa majestas*, to set a scanty table before the King, if what we are told of the royal appetite be true. The Duchess of Orleans says, that she has often seen Louis eat four platefuls of different soups, a whole pheasant, a partridge, a plateful of salad, mutton hashed with garlic, two good sized slices of ham, a dish of pastry, and afterwards fruit and sweetmeats. Throughout the whole of his reign, Voltaire says, Louis had twelve tables for the officers of his court, served with as much

profusion and elegance as his own. De Grammont tells us of a dinner of which he was accidentally a partaker, at an inn at Abbeville, where the first course consisted of four-and-twenty different soups.

In England, profusion was but another name for hospitality, though there is reason to suppose that the dishes were of a less refined order. In the original play of the *Journey to London*, (called by Cibber, the *Provoked Husband*,) Vanbrugh makes Sir Francis Headpiece come to the fashionable ladies in the morning, whom he finds at dice, (his wife and daughter as well,) and he says,

“I came here to breakfast with my lady there, expecting to find my family set round a civil table with her, upon some plum-cake, hot rolls, and a cup of strong beer; instead of which, I find these good women staying their stomachs with a box and dice.”

Boiled beef was considered a standing dish at the table of William and Mary, but twice a week was changed, on Sundays to a chine of 53 lbs. weight, and on Thursdays to a sirloin of 30 lbs. weight.*

The libations of our ancestors of this period were in very fair proportion to their profuse allowance of edibles. Ale, generous ale, now stigmatized as “vulgar,” was then universally popular with all classes; and more especially there is very frequent and honourable mention of Lambeth ale.

* Collection of Ordinances.

In 1678 Lady Russell writes to her husband, "I have seen your girl well laid in bed, and ourselves have made our suppers upon biscuits, a bottle of white wine, and another of beer, mingled my uncle's way, with nutmeg and sugar."

No bad compound, we will venture to say.

Punch, too, received the countenance of the rich and honourable; and sack posset, on especial occasions, was supreme Fashion. Moreover it was provided in a style which would not have disgraced the era of Elizabeth herself. For instance, on the arrival of Lady Ross, (afterwards Duchess of Rutland) at Belvoir Castle, in 1693, on her marriage, the following letter was written to the bride's mother, Lady R. Russell:

"SIR JAMES FORBES TO LADY RUSSELL.

"MADAM,—I could not miss this opportunity of giving your ladyship some account of Lord Ross and Lady Ross's journey, and their reception at Belvoir, which look'd more like the progress of a king and queen through their country than that of a bride and bridegroom's going home to their father's house. At their first entry into Leicestershire, they were received by the high sheriff, at the head of all the gentlemen of the country, who all paid their respects, and complimented the lady bride, at Harborough. She was attended next day to this place by the same gentlemen, and by thousands of other people, who came from

all places of the country to see her, and to wish them both joy, even with huzzas and acclamations. As they drew near to Belvoir, our train increased, with some coaches, and with fresh troops of aldermen and corporations, besides a great many clergymen, who presented the bride and bridegroom (for so they are still called) with verses upon their happy marriage.

“I cannot better represent their first arrival at Belvoir, than by the Woburn song, that Lord Bedford liked so well; for at the gate were four-and-twenty fiddlers, all in a row; four-and-twenty trumpeters, with their tantara-ra-ra’s; four-and-twenty ladys, and as many parsons; and in great order they went in procession to the great apartment, where the usual ceremony of saluting and wishing of joy past, but still not without something represented in the song, as very much tittle-tattle and fiddle-fiddle. After this the time past away till supper in visiting all the apartments of the house, and in seeing the preparations for the sack-posset, which is the most extraordinary thing I did ever see, and much greater than it was represented to be. After supper, which was exceeding magnificent, the whole company went in procession to the great hall,—the bride and bridegroom first, and all the rest in order, two and two; there it was the scene opened, and the great cistern appeared, and the healths began; first in spoons, some time after in silver cups; and though the

healths were many, and great variety of names given to them, it was observed after one hour's hot service, the posset did not sink above one inch, which made my Lady Rutland call in all the family, and then upon their knees the bride and bridegroom's healths, with prosperity and happiness, was drunk in tankards brimful of sack-posset. This lasted till past 12 o'clock, &c.

“Madam,

“Your most humble and faithful servant,

“1693.”

“J. FORBES.”

Nearly half a century later than this, a writer, quoted in the “Gentleman's Magazine,” speaks of the deputy of a certain ward in the metropolis, who is resolved to excel another deputy by the greater number of half pint bumpers,—shewing that wine was then taken in no stingy measure.

It is said that the still prevailing custom of proposing toasts on festive occasions had its rise at Bath, a few years earlier than this period, in the reign of Charles the Second. Like many other prevailing fashions, there was nothing very commendable in its origin. It happened that on a public day, a celebrated beauty of those times was in the cross-bath, and one of the crowd of her admirers took a glass of the water in which the fair one stood and drank her health to the company. There was in the place a gay fellow, half fuddled, who offered to jump in, and swore,

though he liked not the liquor, he would have the toast. He was opposed in his resolution; yet this whim gave foundation to the present honour which is done to the lady we mention in our liquors, who has ever since been called a toast.*

Up to this period "a toast" was literally what it meant,—literally, but not merely so; it was never, for instance, a dry toast, but was soaked in hot spiced ale, or spiced wine; and for many ages, we are told, was given to our rural dispensers of justice before they entered upon causes, and was of great and politic use in taking off the severity of their sentences. Nay, Mr. Bickerstaff goes so far as to insinuate, that its generous influence often prompted the country justices to give their vaticinations in sonorous Latin,—more, he adds, to the admiration than the enlightenment of their audiences.

Toasts are now, like everything else, a matter of business, not proceeding from the heart, under the cheering influences of the hour, but deliberately prescribed and set down according to rigid form, by a committee appointed for the purpose, on the eve of any important dinner. These toasts were originally drunk, probably with a joyous ejaculation of heartfelt approval, involuntary perhaps, but only therefore the more cordial. But soon a toast, however clearly the glass was drained, was not considered duly honoured without one or more

* Tatler, No. 24.

cheers. Whether the inspiring influence has been more usually that of the wine or the toast, we do not presume to say; but certain it is that at convivial meetings now, "nine times nine, and one cheer more," is the usual mode of "honouring" a toast; and the stentorian powers of the animated bacchanalians are regulated by an experienced fogleman, in the van of the jolly god, who gives his "hip, hip, hurrah!" with the regularity, despatch, and precision of a military commander leading his army on to the attack. Toasts certainly in this guise look more like a medium for taking a definite or indefinite quantity of wine, than that spontaneous effusion of the heart in honour of some cherished individual, which they originally were. On certain occasions these signals are hushed, and the convivial, inspiring, heart-opening glass is taken "in solemn silence." The effect is certainly rather startling. A convivial glass to the memory of one departed has surely something in it of practical absurdity.

A disgusting abuse of the custom of toasting gained among young rakes, spendthrifts, and *bon vivans*, who assumed that they were paying their mistress the highest compliment by quaffing the most noxious or disgusting draughts in her honour. It was, we are told, not unusual for a gallant to strain his liquor through his mistress's shift, or drink it out of her shoe. And we read of two young gentlemen of Oxford, who being both enamoured

with the reigning toast of that place, determined to put their rival claims to the test. On some dispute, in regard to their affections, the one put a large spoonful of soot into his glass, then filling a bumper, toasted his mistress's health, and drank it with an air which betrayed a consciousness of victory; the other, with a philosophic calmness, smiled at such a vain experiment, and stepped to his closet for a phial of ink, filled a brimmer with it, and tossed it off, with "*Io triumphe* and Miss Molly."

A very celebrated club, of the time of Queen Anne, was called the Kitcat Club, and so called after the name of a celebrated maker of mutton pies, Christopher Cat, at whose house the meetings were first held.

"Hence did th' assembly's title first arise,
And Kit Cat wits sprung first from Kit Cat pies."

Each member of this club annually proposed the name of a lady, usually a beautiful one, whom he intended to be his toast for the ensuing year, and had her name engraven on his drinking glass. Portraits of many of these beauties were painted, and hung on the walls of the meeting room, and as they were painted of one uniform size, that size has come known amongst artists and cognoscenti as "Kit Kat size." Lady M. W. Montagu's portrait, taken when she was quite a child, was placed amongst these worthies

by her father the Duke of Kingston, whose parental pride caused him to name her as "his toast."

This period was marked by a barbarism at the convivial board unknown in the rude times of Elizabeth, and discountenanced now in all cultivated society. This was imposing on the lady of the house the very onerous office and certainly somewhat disgusting process of carving. We read in the introduction to Lord Wharnclyffe's edition of Lady M. W. Montagu's Letters, that her father, the Duke of Kingston, "having no wife to do the honours of his table at Thoresby, imposed that task upon his eldest daughter, as soon as she had bodily strength for the office, which in those days required no small share; for the mistress of a country mansion was not only to invite—that is, urge and tease—her company to eat more than human throats could conveniently swallow, but to carve every dish, when chosen, with her own hands. The greater the lady, the more indispensable the duty. Each joint was carried up in its turn, to be operated on by her, and her alone; since the peers and knights on either hand were so far from being bound to offer their assistance, that the very master of the house, posted opposite to her, might not act as her croupier; his department was to push the bottle after dinner. As for the crowd of guests, the most inconsiderable among them,—the curate, or subaltern, or squire's younger brother,—if suffered through

her neglect to help himself to a slice of the mutton placed before him, would have chewed it in bitterness, and gone home an affronted man, half inclined to give a wrong vote at the next election. There were then professed carving-masters, who taught young ladies the art scientifically, from one of whom Lady Mary said she took lessons three times a week, that she might be perfect on her father's public days,—when, in order to perform her functions without interruption, she was forced to eat her own dinner alone an hour or two beforehand.”

Lady Mary was patriotic enough to wish to introduce some national dishes abroad. But what in these days would be thought of a peeress who not only in her own person patronized the enormities of plum-pudding and mince-pie, but absolutely gave personal instructions in the mysteries of butter-making?

She writes thus from Louvère in 1751. “I have introduced French rolls, custards, minced-pies, and plum-pudding, which they are very fond of. 'Tis impossible to get them to conform to sillabub, which is so unnatural a mixture in their eyes they are even shocked to see me eat it; but I expect immortality from the science of butter-making, in which they are become so skilful from my instructions.”

“ Disner et Soupper fourniront
A l'humaine nécessité :”

Of the intrinsic truth of this assertion there has ever, we believe, been one opinion; we have not heard that it has been contravened even by a single dissentient voice. But the mode of preparing these meals has been the subject of much animadversion, whilst the names by which they are called have varied with every breath of fashion, or rather, perhaps, for the sake of making a fashion. The present luncheon-hour (so called) of the middle ranks, two o'clock, was the hour at which very fashionable people dined in Addison's day; and thirty years later than that, the dressing-bell of the fashionable Duchess of Manchester rang at three o'clock.

“ But here the clock struck three;
 So did some pitying deity decree;
 The Duchess rings to dress—and see her maid
 With all the apparatus for her head.*”

In 1765, Walpole goes to a formal and aristocratic dinner-party, and the hour, that of the extremest Fashion, was between four and five (the carriages came for the visitors at *seven*); and this, as we have said, was remarkably, extremely fashionable, not perhaps the every-day habit even of his ducal entertainers. Three or four years later we find Walpole entertaining a very distinguished party at Strawberry Hill, and after having dinner, tea, and, *O tempora! O mores!* SUPPER, the party separated at *one o'clock*. Now

* Isabella; or, The Morning

this most friendly and heart-opening meal is utterly exploded; if any one ventures to take supper, no one ventures to own it.* But that, that was the age of suppers! "Happy age! Meal of ease and mirth; when wine and night lighted the lamp of wit! Oh, what precious things were said and looked at those banquets of the soul! There epicurism was in the lip as well as the palate, and one had humour for a *hors d'œuvre* and repartee for an *entremet*. In dinner there is something too pompous, too formal, too exigent of attention, for the delicacies and levities of *persiflage*. One's intellectual appetite, like the physical, is coarse, but dull. At dinner one is fit only for eating; *after* dinner only for politics. But supper was a glorious relic of the ancients. The bustle of the day had thoroughly wound up the spirit, and every stroke upon the dial-plate of wit was true to the genius of the hour. The wallet of diurnal anecdote was full, and craved unloading. The great meal—that vulgar first-love of the appe-

* George the Third and his Queen did not take supper, a regulation which caused a great outcry amongst persons infinitely more fashionable than their Majesties, i. e. the maids of honour. They remonstrated warmly, and, indeed, not without reason, for the dinner hour was early. The King's reply to their earnest application was, that the regimen adopted by himself and the Queen could not be altered; but he compensated the loss of supper to the maids of honour by an addition of 70*l.* each, per annum, to their salaries. Even in these expensive times this sum would afford a lady a delicate sandwich nightly.

tite—was over, and one now only flattered it into coquetting with another. The mind, disengaged and free, was no longer absorbed in a salmi, or burthened with a joint. The *gourmand* carried the nicety of his physical perception to his moral, and applauded a *bon mot* instead of a *bonne bouche*.

“Then too, one had no necessity to keep a reserve of thought for the after-evening; supper was the final consummation, the glorious funeral pyre of the day. One could be merry till bedtime without an interregnum. Nay, if in the ardour of convivialism, one did—we merely hint at the possibility of such an event—if one *did* exceed the narrow limits of strict ebriety, and open the heart with a ruby key, one had nothing to dread from the cold, or what is worse, the warm looks of ladies in the drawing-room; no fear that an imprudent word, in the amatory fondness of the fermented blood, might expose one to matrimony and settlements. There was no tame, trite medium of propriety and suppressed confidence,—no bridge from board to bed, over which a false step (and your wine-cup is a marvellous corrupter of ambulatory rectitude) might precipitate into an irrecoverable abyss of perilous communication or unwholesome truth. One’s pillow became at once the legitimate and natural bourne to ‘the over-heated brain;’ and the generous rashness of the cœnatorial reveller was not damped by untimely caution or ignoble calculation.

“But ‘we have changed all that now.’ Sobriety has become the successor of suppers; the great ocean of moral encroachment has not left us one little island of refuge. Miserable supper-lovers that we are, like the native Indians of America, a scattered and daily disappearing race, we wander among strange customs, and behold the innovating and invading dinner, spread gradually over the very space of time, in which the majesty of supper once reigned undisputed and supreme!

O, ye heavens, be kind,
And feel, thou earth, for this afflicted race!*

But the change of the names of things from dinner to luncheon, from supper to dinner, was effected so gradually, so quietly, that no outcry or excitement was raised; and it was only by some more fashionable friends shuddering at an early dinner, or being extremely surprised at the suggestion of supper, that those without the pale of Fashion learnt the changes on her dial within. Far different was it with the introduction of the French cookery, now so universal. Great indeed was the outcry when John Bull saw—

“The sturdy ‘squire to Gallic masters stoop,
And drown his lands and manors in a soup.”

Mr. Bickerstaff says he looks upon a French ragoût to be as pernicious to the stomach as a glass of spirits. He was the first who sounded the tocsin

* Bulwer.

of alarm in the ears of his countrymen, on the fast-spreading use of French cookery. It was not, however, new in England; Harrison speaks in the reign of Elizabeth, of the fashionable cooks being "musical-headed Frenchmen:" Charles the First, and even more especially his friend and companion, the Duke of Buckingham, certainly used the French style; the courtly, accomplished and most critical Bassompierre, found no shock to his national habits and prejudices in their courtly repasts. Cromwell, indeed, did not affect it, but Charles the Second did, notwithstanding the evidence of the national sirloin roasting for his supper. His own individual taste might lead him to prefer our "unadulterated" cookery; but in a court so entirely foreign as his, it is hardly to be supposed that the French cookery did not prevail. The outcry in Steele and Addison's days, seems excited more by its rapid spread among the people, than its adoption as a novelty. He (Steele) offers an earnest and serious exhortation to his countrymen, to return to the food of their forefathers, and to reconcile themselves to beef and mutton.

But alas!

"Sirloins and rumps of beef offend their eyes,
Pleas'd with frogs fricasseed, and coxcomb pies.
Dishes they choose, though little, yet genteel,
Snails the first course, and peepers crown the meal.
Pigs' heads with hair on, much their fancy please,
They love young cauliflowers, if stew'd in cheese,
And give ten guineas for a pint of pease."

But the "Tatler" earnestly reminds them, that to the diet which they contemn, the old-fashioned, but now despised beef and mutton, may be attributed the victories of Cressy and Agincourt.

"I need not," he says, "go up so high as the history of Guy, Earl of Warwick, who is well known to have eaten up a dun-cow of his own killing. The renowned King Arthur is generally looked upon as the first who ever sat down to a whole roasted ox, which was certainly the best way to preserve the gravy; and it is further added, that he and his knights sat about it, at his round table, and usually consumed it to the very bones, before they would enter upon any debate of moment. The Black Prince was a professed lover of the brisket; not to mention the history of the sirloin, or the institution of the order of beef-eaters; which are all so many evident and undeniable marks of the great respect which our warlike predecessors have paid to this excellent food. The tables of the ancient gentry of this nation were covered thrice a day with hot roast beef; and I am credibly informed, by an antiquary who has searched the registers in which the bills of fare of the Court are recorded, that instead of tea, and bread and butter, which have prevailed of late years, the maids of honour in Queen Elizabeth's time were allowed three rumps of beef for their breakfast. Mutton has, likewise, been in great repute among our valiant countrymen; but

was formerly observed to be the food rather of men of nice and delicate appetites, than those of strong and robust constitutions. For which reason, even to this day, we use the word sheep-biter as a term of reproach, as we do beef-eater in a respectful and honourable sense. As for the flesh of lamb, veal, chicken, and other animals under age, they were the invention of sickly and degenerate palates, according to the wholesome remark of Daniel the historian, who takes notice, that in all taxes upon provisions, during the reigns of several of our kings, there is nothing mentioned besides the flesh of such fowl and cattle as were arrived at their full growth, and were mature for slaughter. The common people of this kingdom do still keep up the taste of their ancestors; and it is to this that we, in a great measure, owe the unparalleled victories that have been gained in this reign; for I would desire my reader to consider, what work our countrymen would have made at Blenheim and Ramilies, if they had been fed with fricassees and ragoûts."

Twenty years later, this most important point, *i. e.* the inability of our countrymen to fight on any food but underdone beef (a stimulant to ferocity who shall deny!) was thus insisted upon by a writer in "The Universal Spectator."*

It is not without the greatest indignation that I see the surprising regard which is paid to French

* August, 1736.

cookery, at present, that at the tables of some of our oldest English nobility, an English dish can scarce find admittance, and is looked on only with contempt. Could the past ages behold the luxuries of this, how it would excite their surprise and their anger! Could they bear to see a sirloin give place to a ragoût, and a leg of mutton yield to a soup maigre? Would they not pity the taste of their posterity, to neglect what gained this country the greatest victories, to fix on that which lost their enemies so many thousand men? Some, indeed, may think I carry this too far, but I may safely venture to affirm, that it is the nature of the inhabitants of this isle, to *fight* as they *eat*; and that it was from *English food* that the battles of Agincourt, Poitiers, Blenheim, and Ramilies, were got by the valour of Englishmen.—During a truce, the cook of a Marshal of France invited the Duke of Marlbro's cook to dine with him; the Frenchman had at his entertainment all the extraordinary kickshaws the fertile imagination of his country's art could invent, or his own whims produce; the Englishman allowed him to be a prodigious master in the culinary profession, and on such a day invited him to return the visit. The day, the cook, and the guests came, and when all were in expectation of a master-stroke, in giving some dishes a false appearance, or in the artful seasoning of others, there was brought in a plain sirloin of beef and a plum-pudding. After a short surprise, "Sir," says the Frenchman, "this is so un-

common a dish on this occasion, that I did not expect anything like it." "Monsieur," answers Mr. Lamb (for he, I think, was the cook), "This is a dish proper for every Englishman to be proud of; this dish has carried my countrymen twice through France already, and I don't doubt but it will the third time."

But the encroachment gained fast, and what wonder? There is something barbarous in huge joints and half roasted carcasses, even admitting as the "Tatler" says, that to roast an ox whole is certainly the best way to preserve the gravy. It is now pretty generally admitted, that meat not thoroughly cooked is indigestible, and times are gone by when physicians ordered their patients a half-raw mutton chop for dinner, or, for their earliest morning's meal, a slice of bacon which had just looked at the fire.

Without exactly going the full length of Voltaire's remark—

"Qu'un cuisinier est un mortel divin,"

* November, 1762. George Selwyn is just returned from Paris. He says our passion for everything French is nothing to theirs for everything English. There is a book published, called "The Anglomanie." How much worse they understand us, even than we do them, you will see by this story. The old Marechal de Villars gave a vast dinner to the Duchess of Bedford. In the middle of the dessert, Madame de Villars called out, "Oh, Lord! they have forgot! yet I bespoke them, and I am sure they are ready; you English love hot rolls—bring the rolls." There arrived a huge dish of hot rolls, and a sanceboat of melted butter! —Walpole to Mann, Con. Ser. i. 127.

it is now pretty generally allowed, that the refined cuisine of a French artist is often more conducive to general health than the half-prepared joints which used to be the acme of English cookery. But we must be understood to speak of English cookery as it used to be; now, even in the *most* English families, many of the French modes have become so naturalized as to pass for English. We have an amusing idea given us of the effect which a resuscitation of *real* ancient cookery would produce, in the Memoirs of Mrs. Sheridan, where we find that her husband was prevailed on by some friends to give them "swilled mutton" as a specimen of the old Irish taste in hospitality, and of the greatest perfection of cookery.

"This swilled mutton was hailed as a noble relic of former times. It consisted of a sheep roasted whole, in the inside of which was insinuated a lamb; the lamb was again stuffed with a hare and rabbits. There was also a goose, the body of which was stuffed with a duck and other delicacies of a similar description."

The floor of the eating-room was strewed with rushes. After a time, when every one was "more than satisfied," the table was replenished with the choicest viands of the (then) present day; those who were in the secret made a luxurious meal, and those who had, perforce, satisfied their appetites

with "swilled mutton," could only regret the circumstance.

This was at Mr. Sheridan's residence of Quilea, in Cavan.*

But there can be no doubt that one of the most important agents in effecting the change from the strong and gross feeding of our ancestors to the more refined cuisine of these days, was the introduction of tea and coffee, beverages which, not merely from their rarity, but from their expense, did not immediately win their way to general use, but which are now of universal adoption. So early as 1652, a servant of Sir Nicholas Crisp, a great Turkey merchant, had opened a house for making and selling coffee,

"Coffee which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes;"

and coffee-houses, at this time, were literally and merely what they professed to be, houses where a person might purchase the then unaccustomed luxury of a cup of coffee. It was many years later before they had the signification which now attaches to them of places for social reunion, conversation, and news-mongering. Queen Catherine, the wife of Charles the Second, used coffee and chocolate habitually, and to her also has been ascribed, though erroneously, by the poet Waller, the introduction of tea. Walpole tells us, on what

* Life of Mrs. Sheridan, by Alicia Lefauu.

authority he does not say, that the single article of coffee, for the daughters of Louis the Fifteenth, amounted to 3,000*l.* sterling a year.

At its first introduction into private society, coffee doubtless was roasted and ground at table at the time of using, as it still is in many places abroad, and as it still will be everywhere where it is possible, by those who love to taste the juice of this aromatic berry in its highest perfection. Pope almost describes the process :

“For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round :
On shining altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp ; the fiery spirits blaze :
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide.
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.”

The much abused, much slandered, and most grateful beverage of tea was naturalized in England much about the same time. Why so many enormities have been attributed to this innocent infusion it is impossible to say; but tea and scandal are almost inseparably united in the mind, and almost invariably uttered conjointly by the tongue. “In Billingsgate,” says a public writer, “Stocks-market, &c., the females scatter scandal in plain English monosyllables: but ladies of better breeding make the tea-table their mart to dispense scandal, and attack reputations with great elegance and soft language. They have carried their po-

liteness and cruelty to such a pitch, that they can even *praise* a poor innocent creature out of her good name, and commend her to complete her ruin."

We would venture to suggest, that it appears to us scandal was quite as rife in the land before the introduction of tea, as it has been since its adoption. We do not consider tea more promotive of gossip (Anglicè scandal) than perhaps might be the comforting beverage which Lady R. Russell describes with such unction (p. 75), indeed it is our private opinion, and we judge from the context of her ladyship's letter,

"We nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice,"

that she and her friend had an excellent gossip on that occasion. We do say, too, that a tankard of such "stout old October" as history or tradition avers that our Virgin Queen did not shrink from at breakfast, might cause her royal tongue to wag quite as freely in the morning as a cup of tea could have done in the evening. We have read that "a toast" caused a country justice to speak Latin — could a cup of tea have had a more marvellous effect? No! Look at tea in its right aspect :

"And stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And, while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in."

On the 25th of September, 1661, Mr. Pepys says, "I did send for a cup of tee, (a China drink) of which I never had drank before;" a pretty sure sign that it was then a great novelty, for, by hook or by crook, worthy Mr. Pepys contrived to inhale the scent of every coming Fashion. In 1667 he writes "Home, and there find my wife making of tea; a drink which Mr. Pelling, the potticary, tells her is good for her cold and defluxions."

At first it seems the infusion was sold, not the tea itself. Most amusing are the blunders we have heard of on the introduction of this novelty. One country lady who had received a pound as a present from a fashionable friend who had neglected to give any instructions with it, boiled the whole quantity, and served it up as a vegetable at dinner, throwing away of course the beverage. Another supposed it was a dried fruit, and to be eaten as such, but acknowledged that she was unable to reconcile her palate to it, and at length obtained a further insight into the mysteries of its preparation. London belles were early and most scientifically instructed in the art, as it was usual, at the celebrated India shops of which we have spoken elsewhere, to have a kettle boiling in a back shop, where dignified and dainty customers might be regaled with a cup of this novel and then costly beverage. In 1664 we are told,* the East India Company, with all their appliances and means,

* Macpherson, *Annals of Commerce*, pp. 128—132.

could procure only 2 lbs. and 2 oz. when they wanted to present some to the King. For this they paid forty shillings a pound, and a year or two after they paid fifty shillings for some for the same purpose. Shortly after this they began to import it with a view to commerce; but we may infer how slowly it came into general use from the circumstance, that in 1678 an importation of between 4,000 and 5,000 lbs. glutted the market for years.

After the revolution, however, the consumption became more general, and has long been universal.

One of the most determined votaries of the fashion of French cookery in the last century was the Duke of Newcastle, and his far-famed cook, Chloe, seems to have been the Eustache Ude of his day.* What was his salary we have not learnt; at this time, we believe 600*l.* or 700*l.* per annum are not considered too great a remuneration for the services of a good cook. One (we should imagine inexperienced) nobleman rather demurred at the

* 1743, Walpole writes that he (the Duke of Newcastle) has a set of gold plates that would make a figure on any sideboard in the Arabian tales. A note says, his gold plate appears to have been almost as dear to him as his health, for he usually kept it in pawn, except when he wished to display it on great occasions.—Walpole's Letters, i. 253.

And yet it would appear that rich plate was at this time the *most* usual material at dinner, for Walpole, speaking of a splendid *fête* given by Miss Pelham, at Esher (1763), says, "We had a magnificent dinner, cloaked in the modesty of earthenware."

salary demanded by a cook whom he wished to engage. "Why," said my Lord, "the rector of my parish has not above half that income." "Ah! var true! var true!" replied the man of paste and pipkins, "Mon Dieu! (with a shrug) me have de moche pity for those pauvres gentilshommes." We have read the treatise of a dancing-master, in which he attempts to prove, and very ingeniously too, that a proficiency in the art of dancing is of the utmost importance to a young lady; of infinitely more than any other acquirement, of any sort, that can be quoted. The immortal Louis Eustache Ude asserts, and indeed we think with more reason, a high supremacy for the art of cookery.

"What science," says he, "demands more study than cookery? Every man is not born with the qualifications necessary to constitute a good cook. I shall demonstrate the difficulty of the art, by offering a few observations on some other arts. Music, dancing, fencing, painting, and mechanics in general, possess professors under twenty years of age, whereas in the first line of cooking, pre-eminence never occurs under thirty. We see daily at concerts and academies, young men and women who display the greatest abilities; but in our line, nothing *but the most consummate* experience can elevate a man to the rank of chief professor.—Cookery is an art appreciated by only a very few individuals, and which requires, in addition to a

most diligent and studious application, no small share of intellect, and the strictest sobriety and punctuality — there are cooks, and cooks, as there are painters, and painters: the difficulty lies in finding the perfect one; and I dare assert, that the nobleman who has in his service a thorough good one, ought to be as proud of the acquisition, as of possessing in his gallery a genuine production of the pencil of Rubens, Raphael, or Titian."

With this appreciation of his art, (we wonder he does not call it a science,) who can sufficiently admire and wonder at the retiring, uncomplaining modesty, and unassuming humility which M. Louis Eustache Ude inculcates?

"If you possess a thorough knowledge of your profession, or have the entire confidence of your employer, do not be so inconsiderately proud of it as to treat any one with disdain, a practice too common among persons in place; and although you ought not to be regarded merely as a servant, yet forget not that you have still a duty to fulfil." And then, illustrating the apophthegm "*facilis descensus Avernii*," he descants on the copper utensils of the kitchen, and the right mode of cleansing a stew-pan!

We wonder what sort of a cook the Duke of Northumberland had, for we doubt whether the

philosophy even of Eustache Ude himself could have supported him through such a trial to his artistic skill and professional dignity as the following :

“ TO THE EARL OF HERTFORD.

“ April, 1755.

“ Now for my disaster; you will laugh at it, though it was woful to me. I was to dine at Northumberland House, and went a little after hour: there I found the Countess, Lady Betty Mekinsy, Lady Strafford; my Lady Finlater, who was never out of Scotland before; a tall lad of fifteen, her son; Lady Drogheda, and Mr. Worseley. At five, arrived Mr. Mitchell, who said the Lords had begun to read the Poor Bill, which would take at least two hours, and perhaps would debate it afterwards. We concluded dinner would be called for, it not being very precedented for ladies to wait for gentlemen:—no such thing. Six o'clock came,—seven o'clock came,—our coaches came,—well! we sent them away, and excuses were we were engaged. Still the Countess's heart did not relent, nor uttered a syllable of apology. We wore out the wind and the weather, the opera and the play, Mrs. Cornely's and Almack's, and every topic that would do in a formal circle. We hinted, represented—in vain. The clock struck eight; my lady at last said, she would go and order dinner; but it was a good half-hour before it appeared.

We then sat down to a table for fourteen covers ; but instead of substantials, there was nothing but a profusion of plates, striped red, green, and yellow, gilt plate, blacks and uniforms ! My Lady Finlater, who had never seen these embroidered dinners, nor dined after three, was famished. The first course stayed as long as possible, in hopes of the lords : so did the second. The dessert at last arrived, and the middle dish was actually set on when Lord Finlater and Mr. Mackay arrived !—would you believe it ?—the dessert was remanded, and the whole first course brought back again !—Stay, I have not done :—just as this second first course had done its duty, Lord Northumberland, Lord Strafford, and Mekinsy came in, and the whole began a third time ! Then the second course, and the dessert ! I thought we should have dropped from our chairs with fatigue and fumes ! When the clock struck eleven, we were asked to return to the drawing-room, and drink tea and coffee, but I said I was engaged to supper, and came home to bed. My dear Lord, think of four hours and a half in a circle of mixed company, and three great dinners, one after another, without interruption.*

The desserts of this period seem to have rivalled in ingenuity and curiosity some of those which we have recorded in the earlier part of this chapter. In 1745, soon after the celebrated outbreak of the

* Walpole's Letters, vol. v. p. 17.

Jacobite party, the Prince of Wales had on his table, the representation in sugar of the citadel of Carlisle, and the company bombarded it with sugar plums. At a magnificent entertainment at Bedford House, there was in the dessert a model of Walton-bridge; this, however, was in glass. But Walpole gives some laughable instances of taste or rather of the perversion of taste in these desserts. In 1750, he writes,—

“ At a great dinner, which they (the Baron de Munchausen and his wife,) gave last week, somebody observed that all the sugar figures in the dessert were girls; the Baron replied, ‘*Sa est frai; ordinairement les petits cupitons sont des garçons; mais ma femme s’est amusée toute la matinée à en ôter tout sà par motestie.*’ This improvement of hers, is a curious refinement, though all the geniuses of the age are employed in designing new plans for desserts. The Duke of Newcastle’s last, was a baby Vauxhall, illuminated with a million of little lamps of various colours.

And again, in 1758,—

(April 14.)—“ The Earl and Countess of Northumberland have diverted the town with a supper, which they intended should make their Court to my Lady Yarmouth; the dessert was a *chasse* at Herenhausen, the rear of which was brought up by

a chaise and six, containing a man with a blue ribbon, and a lady sitting by him! Did you ever hear such a vulgarism! The person complimented, is not half so German, and consequently suffered martyrdom at this clumsy apotheosis of her concubinage.

About this time, a dinner was eaten at White's, by some young men of fashion, which, from its extravagance has, says Walpole, "produced the apprehension of another earthquake." One article was a tart of duke cherries from a hot-house (time, 18 June 1751); another circumstance, that one glass only was taken from each bottle of champagne. As it certainly was very much talked of, we are happy to have met with the bill of fare, which will inform our readers of what was considered the acme of extravagance and taste in 1751.

A LATE BILL OF FARE.

Some gentlemen of distinction a few weeks ago having agreed to dine together, the following is handed about as their Bill of Fare.

The initials of *eight* gentlemen are given.

Bread and beer	£0	4s.	0d.
Potage de Tortue	0	16	6
Calipash	1	1	0
Calipees	0	16	0
Un pâte de jambon de Bayone	2	10	0
Potage Julien verd	1	12	0
Two turbots to remove the soups	2	0	0
Haunch of venison	2	12	0

Carried over... £11 11 6

	Brought over...	£11	11s.	6d.
Palais de mouton	0	6	0	
Selle de mouton	0	6	0	
Salade.....	0	4	0	
Saucisces aux ecrévisses	0	18	0	
Boudin blanc à la reine	0	18	0	
Petits pâtés à l'Espagnol	1	10	0	
Cotelettes à la Cardinal	0	16	0	
Selle d'agneau glacé aux concombres.....	0	18	0	
Saumon à la chambord	1	11	0	
Fillets de saules royales	1	10	0	
Une bisque de lait de maqueraux	1	15	0	
Un lambert aux innocents	1	10	0	
Des perdrix sauce vin de Champagne	1	10	0	
Poulets à la Russiene.....	0	10	6	
Ris de veau en arlequin	0	18	0	
Queue d'agneau à la Montaban	0	10	6	
Dix cailles	2	2	0	
Un lapereau	0	10	6	
Un phésant	0	12	0	
Dix ortolens	7	4	0	
Une tourte de cerises	1	1	0	
Artichaux à la provensalle.....	0	16	0	
Choufleurs au stour	0	16	6	
Crêtes de coeq en bonets	0	10	6	
Amorte de Jésuits	0	12	6	
Salade.....	0	4	6	
Chicken	0	2	6	
Ice cream and fruits	5	5	0	
Fruit of various sorts forced	16	16	0	
Fruit from market	2	10	0	
Butter and Cheese	0	2	0	
Claret	1	10	0	
Champagne.....	7	10	0	
Burgundy	0	6	0	
Hock	0	12	0	
White wine.....	0	2	0	

Carried forward... £76 7 6

	Brought forward...	£76	7s.	6d.
Madeira	0	1	6	
Sack	0	1	6	
Cape	2	0	0	
Cyprus	0	3	0	
Neuilly	0	10	6	
Usquebaugh	0	10	0	
<i>Spa</i> and <i>Bristol</i> waters	0	6	0	
Oranges and lemons	0	5	0	
Coffee and tea.....	0	10	6	
Lemonade	0	16	0	
		<hr/>		
	Total....	£81	11	6
		<hr/>		

The following is the carte of a dinner, which thirty years later (1781?) the King and Queen honoured the Lord Mayor, by partaking of, in the City:—

“ For the King and Queen, each four services and removes. The first service, nine dishes, consisting of tureens, fish, venison, &c.; the second, of nine dishes, a fine roast, ortolans, quails, knotts, ruffs, peachicks, &c.; the third, eleven dishes, of vegetable and made dishes, green peas, green morels, green truffles, cardoons, &c.; and the fourth, nine dishes, of curious ornaments in pastry, jellies, blanmanges, cakes, &c.

“ For eight of the royal family, four on the right hand of the King, and four on the left; each four services before them, as follows: First service, seven dishes, consisting of venison, turtles, soups, fish of

every sort, viz., dories, mullets, turbot, brets, tench, soles, &c.; the second service, seven dishes, of ortolans, teal, quails, ruffs, snipes, partridges, pheasants, &c.; the third, nine dishes of vegetables and made dishes, green peas, artichokes, ducks' tongues, fat livers, &c.; the fourth, nine dishes, of curious ornaments in cakes, both savoury and sweet, jellies, and blomonges in a variety of shapes, figures, and colours.

"Between each service, were placed on the table, a hundred cold ornamentals, and a grand silver epergne filled with various kinds of shell-fish of different colours.

"The total number of hot and cold dishes at the royal table, was 414, the dessert not included."*

Dinner parties were not then, as now, the most prevailing form of hospitality among the English nobility.† Suppers, as we have before remarked, were

* London Pageants, 1831.

† At this moment (January, 1845), the following bill of fare is given in the papers of the dinner placed before Her Majesty, on the day of her arrival at Stowe, the princely mansion of the Duke of Buckingham.

DINER, MERCREDI, LE 15 DE JANVIER.

LE PREMIER SERVICE.

LES POTAGES.—Deux à la tortue; clair au légumes; au puree de volaille.

LES RELIEVES.—Les 2 haunches de venison roti; la dinde aux truffes; les poulardes à la Toulouse.

LES POISSONS.—Le turbot et éperlan frits; le cabillaud aux huitres; les filets de sole à la cardinale; les merlans frits.

very usual and most popular. Entertainments too, which did not include a formal dinner, began to be called *fêtes*, and much indignation was excited at the first adoption of this foreign term, now so completely naturalized. In 1787, the Earl and Countess of Salisbury, gave a magnificent entertainment at Hatfield, and the noble lord and lady seem to have gained much popularity on the occasion, by strictly patronizing, in spite of fashion, English arrangements, English attendance, English cookery. It may amuse those who are accustomed to see the insouciance with which a dozen entertainments of equal or greater magnificence, are recorded in just so many lines in the "Morning Post" now, to con-

LES FLANCS.—Les 2 chevreuils sauce piquante; les 2 noix de veau à la Macédoine.

LES 12 ENTRÉES.—Les casseroles de ris au purée de gibier; les gratins de mauviettes à l'italienne; les cotelettes d'agneau aux pois d'Aspergne; les filets de faisans aux truffes; le ris de veau piqué à l'oseille; les filets de volaille piqué au chicorée.

LA TABLE DE CÔTÉ.—Le bœuf roti; les petits pâtes à la reine et des huîtres; la selle de mouton roti; le agneau roti; le jambon; le baron de bœuf roti; les pâtes de gibier et foies gras; la tête de cochon farcie.

LE 2ME SERVICE.—Le pain piqué; les becasses; les faisans; les perdreaux.

LES RELIEVES.—Le baba le boudin glæce; la Charlotte de pommes; le soufflet au cedrat.

LES 16 ENTREMETS.—Les gelées à la Macédoine; les crèmes d'abricot; les asperges; les truffes en serviette; les vol au vents de cerises; les gros meringues à la cerise; les salades d'homard; les myomaise de volaille.

LA TABLE DE CÔTÉ.—Le pâtisserie aux confitures; les tourtes de fruit; le boudin de pain; la gelce d'orange.

trast these passing notices with the following flaming display, which we copy *literatim* and *verbatimim* from the "World" newspaper of January 8, 1787:—

HATFIELD GALA.

The Earl of Salisbury, on Friday evening, gave a most elegant ball and supper, in his noble and venerable mansion of Hatfield Palace, at which, above four hundred of the nobility and gentry of both sexes were present.

The antique majesty of the building, the loftiness and spaciousness of the various apartments, contributed highly to render this palace a scene of true magnificence, when illuminated by beauty, and decorated by old English hospitality.

DANCES.

The Countess of Salisbury opened the ball with the Earl of Winchelsea, by leading up, as the first couple; for it consisted solely of country dances.

SUPPER.

About one in the morning the company sat down to supper—three hundred and twenty covers were laid—all sorts of hot soups were first served up, and removed with game in the greatest plenty. Turkeys, tongues, and various kinds of hams. There were two remarkable Savoy cakes in the form of turbans, besides different sorts of pastry and jellies.

WINES.

Plenty of the most excellent Claret, Madeira, and Red Port.

SUPPER-ROOMS.

These viands were disposed in three different apartments:

THE MARBLE HALL.

In the middle of the centre table, was a banner in pastry, with the arms of the Salisbury and Hillsborough families. The top and bottom pieces consisted of the arms of the county.

The pastry ornaments on the side-tables, were two large ships of war in full sail, which were so well executed, as to excite universal admiration.

At the top-table, was a most remarkable large boar's head, so dressed, that it looked more like a waxen model, than the masterly hand of art upon nature. The touch or the taste only, could remove the deception.

THE TWO OTHER ROOMS

Were adorned by devices in pastry, in a similar splendid manner.

ENGLISH COOKERY.

What redounds much to Lord Salisbury's patriotism, as well as his taste, is in selecting able English artists to devise and conduct the whole of this elegant entertainment, which was done very

much to the satisfaction of every guest. In justice, therefore, to the contriver and director of the supper, his name ought certainly to be mentioned. It is *Minier*, we believe, an English domestic in his Lordship's family.

AFTER SUPPER.

The company resumed the dance and card-playing, till near six in the morning.

LIST OF THE VISITORS.

(Here are given the names of upwards of a hundred gentlemen).

A FEW OF THE LADIES.

Countess of Essex	Mrs. Wynne
Countess Sefton,	Keate
Lady Anne Cecil	Dorien
Lady Melbourne	Norris
Malden	Lady Hamilton
Fairford	Nichols
Forrester	Miss Searanche
Sebright	Bellis
Tuftons	Hamiltons.
Clifford	

* * * *The reason that so very few of the ladies are mentioned, is owing to the Gentlemen only giving in THEIR names, on their entrance, without mentioning the Ladies in their company.*

There were in all, about 250 ladies, most of whom were the county beauties of Herts, Hauts, Essex, and Middlesex.

DRESS OF THE GENTLEMEN.

They were habited chiefly in plain dark full dressed suits of velvet, and cloth suitable to the season.

DRESS OF THE LADIES,

Was mostly satins, figured, and plain muslins.

A few hats were worn in the Spanish style, with brilliant buttons and loops, which looked careless and showy.

Two or three ladies had their heads adorned with wreaths of artificial flowers, and real diamonds.

The general head-dress, however, was *Le Turk* cap, in a variety of forms. The *Polignac* and the *Nina* caps, however, being more nouvelle, were most fancifully striking. They were worn by the Miss Hamiltons.

The Countess of Salisbury was dressed in blue satin, with great elegance and simplicity. Both she and his Lordship, during the entertainment, were remarkably attentive in going from room to room, to see that their guests were properly accommodated.

There was an engaging sweetness in Lady Salisbury's manner, as well as in his Lordship, that delighted every visitor.—She was all endearing affability.—He all hospitable politeness.

ACCIDENTS.

Mr. Cuttin's carriage broke down — and Miss Lee lost a diamond pin.

The Tripolin ambassador and his attendants, were there a full hour before any of the other visitors made their appearance.

The lamps were very badly managed.—The oil was offensive in smell after they were trimmed, which was so long in accomplishing in the card-room, that every one felt for the worthy host and his amiable partner. Each seemed to say, for a considerable time after supper, 'Lighten our darkness, we beseech the *good Lord!*'

This accident was the more lamented, as it tended to throw a momentary gloom on a splendid entertainment, where elegant profusion only was courted, and narrow parsimony shunned by the noble hosts, who constantly endeavour to fan the flame of expiring old English hospitality, and maintain the liberal character of our ancestors, amidst these degenerate days of jockeyism and gambling.

' 'Twas merry in the hall,
When beards wagg'd all.'

This banquet, splendid as it was considered, sinks into insignificance compared with one given a year or two later, by Queen Charlotte and the Princesses, in honour of the King's recovery from

illness. The invitations were for a ball and supper, and dancing began at ten o'clock. At a quarter before one the company were summoned to supper, which consisted of twenty tureens of different soups, roast ducks, turkey poult, *cygnets*, green geese, landrails, chickens, asparagus, pease and beans, all hot. The cold preparations of fowls and delicacies were too numerous to enumerate; but as the period was only the first of May, what will my readers think of the triumph of art which could produce, at this season, "a profusion of pines, strawberries, peaches, nectarines, apricots, cherries of every kind, plums and raspberries?"

The merely ornamental parts of this banquet were very beautiful. One piece of confectionary represented a temple, in which the various orders of architecture were beautifully and accurately displayed. On one table were various dancing figures; on another the personations of Faith, Hope, and Charity, done on sand, and glistening in the light.

All the service and ornaments of the table appropriated to the Queen and royal family were gold. Among the ornaments were figures of Peace and Plenty, with appropriate emblems, and genii weaving wreaths of flowers.

The King did not partake of the supper, but having conducted the Queen to the supper-room, took leave of the company. A heavy tax must it have been to his Majesty to do the honours of a

banquet table, at any time, if what we are told of his accustomed manner of eating be correct.

“The King,” says Wraxall, “usually ate so little, and so rapidly, that those persons who dined with him could not satisfy their appetite, unless by continuing their meal after the Sovereign had finished, which was contrary to the old etiquette. He was so sensible of this fact, and so considerate, that when he dined at Kew without the Queen, and only attended by two equerries, he always said, ‘Don’t regard me: take your own time.’ One of them, an intimate friend of mine, relating to me the particulars of these repasts, which were very comfortless, observed, ‘We know so well how soon the King has finished, that after we sit down at table not a word is uttered. All our attention is devoted to expedition. Yet, with the best diligence we can exert, before we have half dined, his Majesty has already thrown himself back in his chair, and called for his *cup*, with which he concludes his meal.’”

“Napoleon’s dinners,” says the same author, “were if possible even less convivial, and equally brief. The late Marquis Cholmondeley, who had dined with him at the ‘*grand couvert*’ in the Tuileries, in 1802, has frequently assured me, that from the moment they sate down till the coffee was served, not more than forty-three or forty-four minutes elapsed. They were then *bowed out*.”

“When the late Earl Harcourt received George the Third and his Queen at Nuneham, on their road to Oxford, his Countess (who was one of the ladies of the Queen’s bedchamber) said to him, ‘My Lord, recollect that as soon as the King lays down his knife and fork, you must do the same. You cannot continue to eat after he has ceased.’” Finding nevertheless that Lord Harcourt either did not or would not attend to her injunction, she was obliged to tread on his foot in order to accelerate his movements. The Queen by no means resembled the King in this. No woman in the kingdom enjoyed herself more at table, or manifested a nicer taste in the article of wine.”

With regard to wine, it is said that the King was most egregiously imposed upon, and that the Prince of Wales, his son, was the first to enlighten his Majesty to the fact, that the wine for which he had long been paying a kingly price, was such as no good judge of wine would choose to drink. The King at once attended to the suggestion, and the abuse was remedied.

An evening party, or *fête*, given by the Prince Regent at Carlton Palace in 1811, will be within the recollection of many of my readers; nothing so gorgeous had then been heard of. The tables were so arranged, branching off from a centre in various temporary erections, that, at supper, the prince could see all his company, whilst they in return had

a view of their royal and magnificent host. His own table accommodated 122 persons, out of the 2,000 who received cards of invitation. The great novelty in this gorgeous entertainment was a purling stream of pure water down the centre of the supper-table, which flowed from a silver fountain at the head, and fell in a cascade at the outlet. The mimic banks were adorned with moss and flowers, and small gold and silver fish were seen glistening here and there in the stream, which was crossed at intervals with little fantastic bridges.

At the present day, the suppers which formed so conspicuous a feature in the social reunions of the last century are almost entirely done away, for they are quite incompatible with the late hours of dining. Whether the *recherché* but formal dinner is generally felt to be a valuable equivalent to the social supper we cannot say. We quote the sketch of a private dinner of our own times, given to Mr. Rush, the American ambassador, and thus described by him.

“Jan. 20, 1818.—Dined at Lord Castlereagh’s. The company consisted of Lord and Lady Castlereagh, the Earl of Westmoreland, Lord Melville, Lord Mulgrave, Mr. Wellesley Pole, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Burghersh, the Ambassador of France and his Marchioness, the Austrian Ambassador, the Portuguese Ambassador and his Countess, the Minister Plenipotentiary from Bavaria, the Marquis Grimaldi, of Sardinia, and a few

others. Of the foregoing, some were strangers, to whom, as to myself, it was a first dinner.

“The invitation was for seven o’clock. Our names were announced by servants in the hall, and on the landings. The company had chiefly assembled when we arrived. All were in full black, under the court mourning for the Princess Charlotte. I am wrong—one lady was in white satin! It would have been painfully embarrassing, but that her union of ease and dignity enabled her, after the first suffusion, to turn her misfortune into a grace. Salutations were in subdued tones, but cordial, and the hand given. Introductions took place at convenient moments. Before eight, dinner was announced. The dining-room was on the floor with the drawing-rooms. As we entered it through a door-way surrounded by a hanging curtain that drew aside, the effect was beautiful. A profusion of light fell upon the cloth, and as everything else was of silver, the dishes covered, and wines hidden in ranges of silver coolers, the whole had an aspect of pure white. Lord Castlereagh sat at the head. On his right was the lady of the French ambassador, with whom, in going in, he had led the way. Lady Castlereagh was on the side, half-way down. On her left was the Duke of Wellington, with whom she came in. Between the Duke and the Earl of Westmoreland was my wife, who came in upon the arm of the latter. Opposite was the lady of the Portuguese ambassador. She entered with

the French ambassador, and sat next to him. I was between Lords Melville and Mulgrave. The former gratified me by the manner in which he spoke of the United States; the latter, by what he said of President Monroe, who was Minister in England when he was Secretary for Foreign Affairs. He had ever found him, he said, conciliatory in business, while steadfast in his duty. Being near to these two noblemen in coming in, I paused to give place, having understood that cabinet ministers preceded ministers plenipotentiary on these occasions; but they declined it, and I went first; Lord Melville remarking, "We are at home." There were twelve servants; the superior ones not in livery.

"The general topics related to France, and French society. The foreigners spoke English; nevertheless, the conversation was nearly all in French. This was not only the case when the English addressed the foreigners, but in speaking to each other. Before dinner, I had observed in the drawing-room books lying about. As many as I glanced at were French. I thought of the days of Charles the Second, when the tastes of the English all ran upon the models of France. Here, at the house of an English minister of state, French literature, the French language, French topics, were all about me; I add, French *entrées*, French wines! I was unwilling to believe that the parallel to the days of Charles the Second held throughout. By

my longer residence in England I discovered, that the enlightened classes were more ready to copy from the French what they thought good, than the same classes in France to copy from England.

“ Soon after nine, the ladies left table. Before ten, the gentlemen followed. The company broke into knots, or loitered through the drawing-rooms.

“ At eleven, I came away. The servants were at their stations, and passed the call for my carriage, as when we were announced ; forms observed towards all.”*

The “ fidgety old gentleman,” with whose energetic denunciation on the evils of modern Fashion in dining out we conclude this chapter, declares, we fancy, could the truth be known, the secret sentiments of many of those who frequent formal dinner parties.

“ Dinners of form I vote a bore,
Where folks who never met before,
And care not if they ne'er meet more,
Are brought together :
Crammed close as mackerel in their places,
They eat with Chesterfieldian graces,
Drink healths, and talk with sapient faces,
About the weather.”

“ DINING OUT.

“ *To the Editor of The Times.*

“ Sir,—Among the many social evils which you are almost daily called upon to expose in your

* Rush's Residence.

justly powerful journal, I am somewhat surprised that the subject of 'Dining out' has not yet found a place. This cannot be from the narrow circle of its influence, or from its not comprehending your individual self within it on numerous occasions, but you perhaps regard it as one of the many irremediable nuisances of society which irritate only for the time, ending always in thankfulness that its endurance is transitory, and neither compulsory nor indispensable.

" 'Dining out,' nevertheless, or, more correctly, the rules which now govern what is called 'a dinner party,' bids fair to extinguish all agreeable intercourse between friends and families. The dominion of servants, and the weakness and ignorance of masters and mistresses who submit to what they suppose servants are better informed about than they, absolutely turn into a punishment what is meant to be an enjoyment. That some conventionalities, such as the order of partaking dishes, the mode of using implements, &c., are requisite, perhaps advantageous, I freely admit; but that a guest should starve because a liveried lout has not time or inclination to present a dish to him from which he could much more easily and agreeably help himself—that a lady should parch in the midst of luxurious beverages because she feels that her draughts are dependent on the good will and alacrity of the lackey who is counting them — or that she should be compelled to take whatever viand is offered to her, however distasteful, in the fear of finding it impos-

sible afterwards to eat except after dinner—these are monstrosities which are as insufferable as they are unnecessary. But they are by no means the greatest or most frequent miseries of a modern dinner-table. These same louts and lackeys make a clatter of dishes, plates, and decanters that renders general conversation impracticable; and if you have the good fortune to be able to enter into one with the lady immediately next to you, it is interrupted by a greasy paw in a spruce white cotton glove jogging your shoulder with a dish of unknown and unnameable contents, of which you could not partake if you wished without bestowing an unwelcome portion on the dress of your neighbour; or the carpet of your hostess. This abomination of dependence on servants for food now extends also to drink; a glass of wine is unattainable except through the hot-gloved paws, and at the cost of the creaking shoes of the real rulers of the feast, and it is not to be had at all but at their good pleasure; and all this simply because the master and mistress surrender their judgment to what they think fashion! It is deemed rustic, it seems, to suppose that your guests are so unfashionable as not to be perfectly and entirely at their ease without your ‘vouching’ it; and it is *gauche* for guests to eat, drink, talk, move, or sit still except as arranged in some imaginary code framed for the arrogant assumption of importance by the meanest class of mankind.

“ Now, Sir, I hold it as a moral certainty that no lady or gentleman in the three kingdoms, moving in the society accustomed to ‘dine out,’ will deny the existence of the evils pointed out in this letter. I do therefore anxiously hope that by publishing it, or in your own more efficient way noticing its subject, you will tell the givers of dinners that it is to them, and not to their servants, that guests must look for entertainment and enjoyment; that whatever fashion may dictate, human nature requires attention, personal invitation, inducement, *empressement*, in the giver of a feast towards his *convives*. You will save many a fidgety old gentleman like myself from the pain of giving my hostess a hint (which I saw was offensive), that there was no wine on the table, by asking her to do me the honour of taking a glass with me (which we did not get for nearly a quarter of an hour), and you will put an end to starvation in the midst of profusion, irritation and disappointment in the midst of elegance; and substitute good sense and agreeable conversation for noise, bustle, and inanity.”

“ I am, Sir, your very obedient servant,

“ IMPRANSUS.”

“ Westminster, July 1, 1844.”

CHAPTER II.

MANNERS.

“Do I not know the time's condition?”—*Ben Jonson.*

It was not until the close of the sixteenth century that the fashion of migrating to London began. One of the earliest notices of the fast advancing custom is gleaned from Lodge:—

“The gentlemen of Norff. and Suffolk were comãunded to deſte from London before Xtemmas, and to repaire to their countries, and there to kepe hospitalitie amongst their neighbors.”*

Perhaps to no movement has Fashion been so indebted as to this, for the influence she has obtained over manners generally. Theretofore each nobleman or gentleman was lord-paramount in his own halls; and whilst he exercised generous and general hospitality within them, his guests and connexions were well disposed to regard all he did as “wisest, virtuouses, discreetest, best,” without reference to what others did or did not do. But a change which was to influence the whole island accrued gradually, and, as it at first appeared, from a very inadequate

* Lodge's Illustrations, ii. 383.

cause. Business, or accident, or a suit to be pressed at court, led an individual to London; and of course, when there, he took care not to return without seeing "the bravery of the court;" and on his return he raised the admiration and envy of his country neighbours by his travelled graces, his court airs, his abundant swaggering, and immense self-importance. Human nature could not stand his assumption of superiority, more especially when to this was added the effect which the new fashioned hoods and tippets of his wife and daughters (my readers will recollect that there was no railroad for the conveyance of Fashions then) had on the nerves of the ladies heretofore imprisoned in the country. The natural result was, that the little quantum of philosophy which remained to the lords of creation, under these exciting circumstances, yielded inevitably to the torrent of eloquence with which they were assailed by the fair sex; and so—

"With a new fashion, when Christmas is drawing on,
On a new journey to London straight must all be gone."

The custom was most exciting, and rapidly spread,—so rapidly that Elizabeth enacted sundry ordinances against it, requiring persons to stay on their own estates, and forbidding them to flock to London. She might as well have legislated to the winds—for FASHION was against her.

The evil—for an evil it soon became—reached

its height in the time of James the First; and shocking are the accounts given to us of the state of society then, in consequence of the prevalence of this absurd fashion. Emulation and rivalry led to their inevitable results—undue and reckless expense; and in order to maintain an exterior of magnificence in dress and equipage in the metropolis, all sorts of underhand economy and degrading contrivances were resorted to by those who, in generous independence on their own estates, would have scorned to do anything mean. London then, whatever it be now, was not advantaged by this general resort. This abandonment of ancient country hospitality, and breaking up of old family establishments, crowded the city with idlers, for whom then her resources were not made available; and there is extant a petition or discourse to the King,* in which the writer commends His Majesty's care “to cleanse this citie of the superfluous number of idle drones, and gaudie butterflies, that swarme in and about it, whereby the ancient inhabitants, and thriving bees of this little hive, are so pestered, that in short time they must either leave their dwellings to the new in-croachers, or old and new, by pestilence, must perish together.”

And he might almost have added by famine; and indeed the “scarcity of food” caused by such an influx of people, is pointed out in the proclamations, as one

* Landsdowne MSS. 213.

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entitled them to be happy anywhere, we have an amusing instance in the following letter, dated from Long Melford, 1621 :—

“ It is a mighty pleasure for us country folks to hear how matters pass in London and abroad. Whereas you are desirous to know how it fares with me, I pray (you) know that I live in one of the noblest houses and best air of England ; there is a dainty park adjoining, where I often wander up and down, and I have my several walks ; I make one to represent the Royal Exchange, the other the middle aisle of St. Paul’s, another Westminster Hall ; and when I pass through the herd of Deer, methinks I am in Cheapside.”*

Perhaps my fair readers are not aware that at this time Cheapside was considered the “ glory of London.” This, however, was for the ladies when

“ ——— they tripp’d abroad in pattens,
Buying gauzes, cheapening satins.”

The St. James’s Street lounge for the Beau of that day, was the middle aisle of St. Paul’s Church.

Here, as soon as he had eaten his breakfast and arranged his dress, which notwithstanding the elaboration of his toilet would probably be completed about the time when a dandy of to-day would be turning over after his first nap — the Beau of Elizabeth’s day sallied forth to exhibit himself in St.

* Epis. Ho-Elianæ.

Paul's Church, the great mart of trade and lounge of fashion. He made directly for the middle aisle as the most fashionable and conspicuous, saluting his acquaintance loudly by name, however far distant from him or occupied or unobservant they might be. He does not usually mount the steps of the Quire, but to-day being a high Festival-day, and he rejoicing in a new and exquisitely fashioned doublet, he does so, his long gilt spurs ginglyng loud at every step. Immediately a swarm of singing-boys were round him like white butterflies, to claim the spur-money;* upon which he ostentatiously drew forth an embroidered purse, richly perfumed, and quiting the silver into the boy's hand so loud that it was heard above the clergyman's voice in the lesson, he coolly turned on his heel, taking especial care that the sound of his footsteps should ring more loudly than before.

Such was the becoming FASHION of Elizabeth's day.

Having sauntered four or five turns up the aisle, the beau lounges into a sempster's shop, or the new tobacco office, or into a bookseller's where he would "exercise his smoke, and enquire who has writ against the divine weed."

Leaving him thus happily occupied we will inquire a little concerning this cleanly, engaging, and graceful habit, the only one which we have thought it desirable to rescue from oblivion or to redeem from

* A fine levied on those who walked there in spurs in service time.

the desuetude to which most of the customs of our ancestors are consigned.

In Elizabeth's day the habit of smoking tobacco had, undoubtedly, some attractions; it had for instance, the very great one of novelty.* Indeed so utterly unheard of and unthought of was such a practice, that the introducer of it, Sir Walter Raleigh, for a long time preserved the most utter secrecy on his own habit of smoking. This led to a ludicrous mistake, as probably my readers are aware. His servant entering the room suddenly with a goblet of ale, saw a cloud of smoke issue from his master's mouth, and supposing his brain was on fire, immediately discharged the whole contents of the jug on his head. Besides the attraction of novelty, smoking had formerly the recommendation of being decidedly an aristocratic pursuit: it was expensive; a plebeian could not afford it; the beaux of that day frequently consumed 300*l.* or 400*l.* a-year in tobacco alone.† This was a sufficing and satisfactory reason for the fashion; but now, when a dustman can buy his ounce of slug or birds-eye for three-pence, or a chimney-sweep rejoice in his *real* Cuban cheroots or *genuine* Havana cigars at a halfpenny or a penny a piece—why—the greatest Duke in the land may be outsmoked on his own dunghill. There is assuredly nothing exclusive in it.

Smoking too had something refined, ingenious,

* Tobacco was used as a medicine, particularly as a remedy against scurvy.

† See King James's "Counterblast."

elaborate, and scientific in it formerly, which it does not possess at this time, when the only art seems to be to blow the densest cloud and make the greatest imaginable quantity of dirt in the least possible time. The smoking of Elizabeth and James's day (for the sensitive monarch's "counterblast" was quickly puffed to the winds) was widely different. It was an elaborate art, difficult of attainment, and scarcely indeed to be conquered without the aid of a master, a "Professor" of the art, of which there were several. The "Times" newspaper of that day, the "great advertizing medium" was one of the pillars of St. Paul's Church, where amongst other innumerable notices, inquiries, and notifications, such as the following would appear :

"If this city, or suburbs of the same, do afford any young gentleman of the first, second, or third head, more or less, whose friends are but lately deceased, and whose lands are but new come into his hands, that, to be as exactly qualified as the best of our ordinary gallants are, is affected to entertain the most gentlemanlike use of tobacco; as first, to give it the most excellent perfume; then, to know all the delicate sweet forms for the assumption of it; as also the rare corollary and practice of the Cuban ebolition, curipus and whiff, which he shall receive, or take in here at London, and evaporate at Uxbridge, or farther, if it please him. If there be any such generous spirit, that is truly enamoured of these good faculties; may it please him, but by a

note of his hand to specify the place or ordinary where he uses to eat and lie ; and most sweet attendance, with tobacco and pipes of the best sort, shall be ministered. STET, QUÆSO CANDIDE LECTOR."

Not only the smoking of tobacco but the taking of snuff was taught systematically ; and in a play of that day which most accurately paints " the Cynthia of the minute " the fleeting fashion of the time, a " Professor " is represented as opening the nostrils of his pupil with a poking-stick, to give the smoke a more free delivery or to make a railroad for the snuff. Then there was much room for coxcomby in the mode of drawing forth and displaying, " revealing *while* they seemed to hide," the implements or " artillery " of these fashionable occupations, which, with first-rate gallants, were often of gold, but certainly of rich silver. There was the tobacco box ; the ladle for the cold snuff to convey it to the nose, the tongs and the prining iron for the hot tobacco, the former to apply a live coal to the pipe without injuring the fingers, the latter, probably, a tobacco-stopper—from prine, or proin, to trim, dress or adjust—whence prune.*

Being thus accoutred and every necessary laid in order, the smoker addressed himself to his task, a very grave and philosophical one then — for even the whiffs were arranged in classes, and the smoke ejected with most edifying solemnity and regularity.

* Dekker's Gull's Hornboke. Notes.

It was a point of skill to retain the smoke for a certain length of time, and then discharge it slowly, surely, and regularly in a certain number of seconds, neither less nor more.

“Do you profess these sleights in tobacco?” says an aspirant of Fashion to an adept.

“I do more than profess, Sir; and, if you please to be a practitioner, I will undertake in one fortnight to bring you, that you shall take it plausibly in any Ordinary, Theatre, or the Tilt-yard, if need be, in the most popular assembly that is.”

“But you cannot bring him to the whiffé so soon?”

“Yes, as soon, Sir; he shall receive the first, second, and third whiffé, if it please him, and upon the receipt, take his horse, drink his three cups of Canary, and expose one at Hownslow, a second at Stains, and a third at Bagshot.”*

With submission—we do humbly and respectfully beg to suggest to our readers and the public in general, that this study of the whiffés be resumed as capable of great practical advantage. For instance; were all smokers taught to retain them an indefinite time, as formerly, and then compelled under a penalty to “expose” them on a given spot—say a railway-yard—the train might be propelled on its course with a great saving of coals to the company, and scores and hundreds of private houses would be rid of a great nuisance. Is not the suggestion, in

* Jonson. Every Man out of his Humour.

these days of "practical utility," at least worth consideration?

Our Beau being now in the very act of "exposing" his last whiff, we will merely remark that tobacco, as well as wine, at this time was sold by Apothecaries; and having carefully replaced our golden artillery, we will sally forth with him to the Ordinary, for it is now past eleven o'clock.

It was as necessary for a gallant of that day to dine at an Ordinary, as it is impossible for a gentleman of this to relish anything which has not been cooked at his Club. The diners usually assembled soon after eleven, and whilst waiting for the dinner to be served, he was supposed to shew most fashion who paid least regard to the feelings or convenience of those around him. Bravadoing and swaggering and noise were the order of the day, and manners, such as now would not be tolerated in a common tap-room frequented by drovers and dustmen, were then the type of high rank and good—no—high breeding. They were the FASHION.

"Nay, look you, Sir," says Carlo Buffone, "now you are a gentleman, you must carry a more exalted presence, change your mood and habit to a more austere form; be exceeding proud, stand upon your gentility, and scorn every man."

"And the fashion is," continues he, "when any stranger comes in amongst them, they all stand up and stare at him, as he were some unknown beast, brought out of Africk; but that will be helped with

a good adventurous face. You must be impudent enough, sit down, and use no respect; when anything's propounded above your capacity, smile at it, make two or three faces, and 'tis excellent; they'll think you have travell'd; though you argue, a whole day, in silence thus, and discourse in nothing but laughter, 'twill pass. Only, now and then, give fire, discharge a good full oath, and offer a great wager; 'twill be admirable."*

By this true picture we learn that every sort of assumption was not merely practised and tolerated, but admired—was "admirable." Dekker instructs his aspirant after fashion thus: "Discourse as loud as you can, no matter to what purpose; if you will but make a noise and laugh in fashion, and have a good sour face to promise quarrelling, you shall be much observed."

The beau after having behaved with the utmost rudeness over the viands, calling loudly for the game when others had hardly commenced the previous course, and so on, would then, whilst coolly picking his teeth, make some very flagrant assertion, for the purpose, as it would seem, of picking a quarrel; but knowing precisely how and where to stop short of the cartel, he would resort to dice, or cards, or go to the Theatre.

Gaming was pursued to an excessive extent: usurers and money changers never were so numerous or so prosperous: nor was strict honour by any

* Every Man out of his Humour.

means an unfailing attribute of a fashionable gamester, for very commonly the dice were loaded.

Fighting and swearing were indispensable accomplishments of those days. The latter had the stamp of highest fashion, for Elizabeth was not only well known never to spare an oath, either in public or private, but her asseverations were such as one shudders to commit to paper. The holiest Christian sacrament and its divine Author were not only words of course in the mouth of this Queen, but were used by her in the violence of unchristian passion. King James was in the constant habit of swearing both vulgarly and blasphemously, yet he writes to his son Prince Henry—who on this point was immaculate—like a saint in lawn. “Beware to offend your conscience with the use of swearing or lying, suppose but in jest,” &c. Of course a habit sanctioned by the *practice* of these high authorities, how much soever it might be discountenanced in their orations, became an absolutely necessary accomplishment for a finished gallant of the day—it became even the language of compliment.

“Mark but his clothes,
His new stampt compliment, his *canon oaths*;
Mark those.”

Military men, and those who would be thought so, had a style of swearing peculiar to themselves, and a man was considered no better than a coward “who could not interlace every sentence with a bloody oath or two.” And a courtier was one who

“speaks good remnants, swears tersely, and with variety.”

The fashion of course spread far and wide; all orders and degrees of gentlemen—and ladies—swore, though, when parties were beyond the barrier over which the Court extended its brazen shield, decency in some degree resumed its sway, and the rapping oaths of Queen Elizabeth and her favourites dwindled to such milk-and-water asseverations as 'Slid, 'Slud, 'Slight, Ods precious, Ods body, or, a peculiarly favourite one with the ladies, Gads me.

Every one recollects Hotspur's (that is to say, Shakspeare's) reprobation of these milk-and-water or sarcenet oaths.

“Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.”

“Not mine, in good sooth.”

“Not yours, in good sooth!” ‘Heart, you swear like a comfit-maker's wife! Not you, in good sooth; and ‘As true as I live;’ and, ‘As God shall mend me;’ and, ‘As sure as day;’

And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,

As if thou never walk'dst further than Finsbury.

Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art,

A good mouth-filling oath; and leave ‘in sooth,’

And such protest of pepper gingerbread,

To velvet-guards, and Sunday citizens.”*

Originating, as swearing did, in a solemn and serious covenant and obligation, it is painful and disgusting to hear asseverations used in the violence of passion; it is contemptible and vulgar, when without particular excitement, common conversation is interlarded with them. “I'fac's no

* Henry IV., Part 1, act iii.

oath," says Dapper, in the *Alchemist*, alluding probably to the petty salvos, or what *Hotspur* would call the "Sarcenet Surety" for oaths with which the Puritans endeavoured to evade the charge of swearing, which, in the time of the Commonwealth was punished by a heavy fine: but, from the reign of Elizabeth downwards, these inane and vulgar asseverations have been common. Lady Townly, when in the excitement of the gaming table she finds a *very* bad word rise to her lips, "makes a great gulp and swallows it;" but she, or rather the class of fine ladies whom she was intended to represent, did not seem to be aware, that the ladylike asseveration with which they interlarded every sentence "O Lud," is in fact only an abbreviation of a very solemn word. The habit of swearing at that time (the latter half of the seventeenth century) was universal. Jeremy Collier thus refers to it:

"As for swearing, 'tis used by all persons and upon all occasions; by heroes and poltroons, by gentlemen and clowns; love and quarrels, success and disappointment, temper and passion, must be varnished and set off with oaths. At some times and with some poets, swearing is no ordinary relief. It stands up in the room of sense, gives spirit to a flat expression, and makes a period musical and round. In short, 'tis almost all the rhetoric and reason some people are masters of. The manner of performance is different. Sometimes they mince the matter, change the letter, and keep the sense,

as if they had a mind to steal a swearing, and break the commandment without sin. At another time the oaths are clipt, but not so much within the ring, but that the image and superscription are visible. These expedients I conceive are more for variety than conscience; for when the fit comes on them, they make no difficulty of swearing at length."

Though the writer of the above paragraph refers more especially to the stage, his censures apply with equal truth to general society. "O Lud!" clipt, as Collier says, but still not so much within the ring but that the image and superscription are visible, was the relief valve for the superabundant energy of fine ladies for a long time, and during the last century this asseveration was stript even of the decency of disguise.* It is very true that people in

* In 1718, Mrs. Bradshaw writes to Mrs. Howard, "O Lord, I had forgot!—There is a plot, they say," &c.

In 1720, Honourable Mrs. Campbell to Mrs. Howard.—"O Gad, I am so sick of bills."

In Walpole's Letters they abound.

Florence, 1740. — To Richard West, Esq.—"Astonishment rubs off violently; we did not cry out Lord! half so much at Rome as at Calais." i. 59.

"I asked my Lord Granville why my lady did not dance?" "Oh Lord! I wish you would ask her; she will with you." ii. 18.

To a letter.—"P.S. Lord! 'tis the first of August, 1745, a holiday that is going to be turned out of the almanack." To Geo. Montague, Esq., ii. 55.

April, 1748. To Mann.—"I know I have not writ to you the Lord knows when." ii. 216.

March, 1750.—"Several people are going out of town (for the earthquake); they say they are not frightened, but that it is such

general might use these expressions without being aware of their solemn import: few might know, or recollect that "Gadso" is but an abbreviation of "God sain you": "Zounds," "Oons," "Gog's ouns," of "God's wounds:" "Ods bodikins," the "body of God:" "Odspittikins," "God's pitifulness, or God's my pity," and so on; yet taking them in their most innocent and unmeaning sense, nothing can redeem their intolerable vulgarity. What then shall we say to the supream vulgarity of "Dash my buttons," "Blow my wig," "Shiver my timbers," cum multis aliis, which were a usual garnish in the last century to the conversation of those who considered themselves gentlefolks? It was this pervading vulgarism which excited Sheridan's exquisite satire in *The Rivals*.

Captain Absolute.—But pray, Bob, I observe you have got an odd kind of a new method of swearing.

Acres.—Ha! ha! you've taken notice of it—'tis genteel, isn't it? I didn't invent it myself, though; but a commander in our

fine weather, 'Lord! one can't help going into the country!'—ii. 324.

August, 1763.—"Lord! Madam," said I, "don't you know it is the fashion?" iv. 296.

"Lord!" said I, "how do you know?" ii. 351.

And Sir Walter Scott, in his *Life of Dryden*, records, "Lord Peterborough, on being asked whether the satire (*The Town and Country Mouse*, a parody on the *Hind and the Panther*) was not written by Montague in conjunction with Prior, answered, "Yes; as if I, seated in Mr. Cheselden's chaise, drawn by his fine horse, should say, *Lord!* how finely we draw this chaise!"—Scott's *Dryden*, i. 330.

militia—a great scholar, I assure you—says that there is no meaning in the common oaths, and that nothing but their antiquity makes them respectable; because, he says, the ancients would never stick to an oath or two, but would say, By Jove! or by Bacchus! or by Mars! or by Venus! or by Pallas! according to the sentiment; so that to swear with propriety, says my little Major, ‘the oath should be an echo to the sense;’ and this we call the *oath referential*, or *sentimental-swearing*—ha! ha! ha! ’tis genteel, isn’t it?

Abso.—Very genteel, and very new indeed—and I dare say will supplant all other figures of imprecation.

Acres.—Ay, ay, the best terms will grow obsolete. D—ns have had their day.

To return :

It has been remarked, that there never was so much blood shed in brawls, nor ever duels of so barbarous a character as in the reign of James; and, as we have observed, it was even the fashion for gallants to seek quarrels, though often, very often, with the intention of stopping short of extremity. And the ridiculous code by which affairs of honour were regulated then, rendered it comparatively easy to shirk the duel.

“All these you may avoid,” says Touchstone, when referring to the degrees of the lie, “but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an IF. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *if*, as, *IF you said so, then I said so*; and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your IF is the only peacemaker; much virtue in an IF.”

We have mentioned, or should have done, that

the rapier and dagger, the successors of the far more manly sword and buckler, were as requisite to the equipment of a man of fashion as his cloak, or hat, or feathers; he would as willingly have been seen without one as the other. And he was most skilful, too, in the use of the rapier: it was an important part of his training. The schools of fence at this time were of much celebrity; there were various degrees taken in them, and prizes played for, as literary exercises are performed at the universities. All appeals or disputes were referred to four "Ancient Masters of Defence" appointed for the purpose. These schools were daily frequented by the young nobility, not only to acquire skill in the practical use of the weapon, but also in the art of interlarding his conversation with the multitudinous terms of fence, and shewing off in the complex divisions of the science.

"Oh, come not within distance! Martius speaks,
 Who ne'er discourseth but of fencing feats,
 Of *counter-times*, *finctures*, *sly passataes*,
Stramazones, *resolute stocates*,
 Of the quick change with wiping mandritta,
 The carricado, with th' enbrocata.
 'Oh, by Jesu, Sir,' (methinks I hear him cry)
 'The honourable fencing mystery
 Who doth not honour?' Then falls he in again,
 Jading our ears; and somewhat must be sain
 Of blades, and rapier hilts, of surest guard,
 Of *Vincentio*, and the Burgonians' ward."

Vincentio Saviolo was the author of one of the most celebrated works on the art, which is in two

books ; the first called "His Practise," treats of the use of the rapier and dagger ; the second, "Of Honour and Honourable Quarrels," begins thus : —

1. A Rule and Order concerning the Challenger and Defender.
2. What the reason is, that the partie unto whom the lye is given, ought to become challenger : and of the nature of lyes.
3. Of the manner and diversitie of lyes.
4. Of lyes certaine.
5. Of conditionall lyes.
6. Of the lye in generall.
7. Of the lye in particular.
8. Of foolish lyes.
9. A conclusion touching the challenger and the defender, and of the wresting and returning back of the lye, or dementie.
10. Of injuries rewarded or doubled.
11. That straight waies upon the lye, you must not take arms.
Et cetera, &c. &c. to fifty-one heads.

It would seem after this that the following description has as much truth as satire in it :—

Jaques.—But for the seventh cause ; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause ?

Touchstone.—Upon a lie seven times removed : as thus, Sir I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard ; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was : this is called the *retort courteous*. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself : this is called the *quip modest*. If, again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment : this is called the *reply churlish*. If again it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true : this is called the *reproof valiant*. If again it was not well cut, he would say, I lie : this is called the *countercheck quarrelsome* ; and so to the *lie circumstantial*, and the *lie direct*,

Jaques.—And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut ?

Touchstone.—I durst go no further than the *lie circumstantial* ; nor durst he give me the *lie direct* ; and so we measured swords and parted.

Jaques.—Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie ?

Touchstone.—O Sir, we quarrel in print, by the book, as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees : the first, the retort courteous ; the second, the quip modest ; the third, the reply churlish ; the fourth, the reproof valiant ; the fifth, the countercheck quarrelsome ; the sixth, the lie with circumstance ; the seventh, the lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the lie direct ; and you may avoid that too, with an if.*

During the reigns of which we treat, music was considered a necessary part of the education, not merely of ladies, but of gentlemen. It was probably a requisite qualification in a gentleman of the privy chamber†; and dancing, which an obscure author of that day so exquisitely terms “the mirth of feet,” had long been a very favourite and important courtly amusement and requisite accomplishment. King James’s children were all carefully instructed in music and dancing ; Prince Henry’s dancing was remarkably good ; and the Earl of Strafford, the sacrificed friend of Charles the First, shews some anxiety about the latter accomplishment for his daughters. “Nan,” he writes thus of them, “Nan, they tell me, danceth prettily ; which I wish, if with convenience it might be, were not lost ; Arabella is a small practitioner that way also.”‡

Elizabeth’s dancing is almost as celebrated as herself ; a taste she seems to have inherited from her father, whose passion for that exercise was extreme. Is there any one who has not heard of her dancing

* As You Like It, act v. sc. 3.

† Ellis’s Ser. 2, vol. iii. p. 223.

‡ Strafford Letters.





Portrait of a man in 17th-century attire, likely a nobleman or official.

for Sir James Melville in order to extract from him a compliment at the expense of his own Queen. The courtly ambassador extricated himself very well: "Her Majesty danced higher and not so disposedly as the Scot's Queen." Elizabeth could not be offended at a remark which, however it might infer the superior grace and ladylike dignity of his own Queen, left the palm of FASHION to her — for it was then, and had been the great desideratum in English dancing, to leap or jump high, and the highest springer was the best dancer. The Duke of Bourbon says, speaking of the English scoffs —

"They bid us—to the English dancing schools,
To teach lavoltas high, and swift corantos."*

What was the precise height of the leap which installed Sir Christopher Hatton in the chancellorship is not recorded, but certainly it was good dancing, and high dancing, too.† Nothing pleased

* Hen. V., act. iii. sc. 5.

† "No scandal about Queen Elizabeth, I hope," yet can we not pass without one word of commemoration the dancing "star of fashion" of her own especial creation. "You'll know, Sir Christopher," (says Puff, in the Critic) "by his turning out his toes—famous you know for his dancing. I like to preserve all the little traits of character." But this was the great one of Sir C. Hatton, and has certainly contributed more than his higher qualifications to hand his name down to posterity. It has been said of a notable and noble chancellor in our day, that if he had but learnt a little law, he would have known a little of everything: there were many in his day to intimate much the same thing of Sir C. Hatton, for his elevation to the highest dignities of the

Elizabeth more than that, on her progress, the country people should crowd to obtain a glimpse of her when dancing. Dancing, indeed, had long been a most essential qualification in a knight or noble. No hero of romance was considered to be a complete character (which of course they all were), unless he "danced excellently." We are told in *Syre Tristram*, that "every day he was provyd in dauncing and in songs;" and of the importance of the accomplishment long after Sir Tristram's day we

state was sudden, unlooked for, and certainly unwarranted by any previous display of extraordinary talent on his part. Sir John Harrington describes him as "a man taught vrytue, framed to wisdom, rayed to honor, by the Queen's speciall grace and choyce."

He was a student in the Temple, and attracted Elizabeth's notice by the beauty of his person, and the exquisite grace of his dancing, when he performed before her in a masque with his fellow students. She at once distinguished him, admitted him into her band of gentlemen pensioners, then appointed him gentleman of her privy chamber, and quickly through other gradations of honour, until she astonished her people, and probably himself, by raising him to the dignity of Lord Chancellor. He did honour to her penetration and her regard, and, by unwearied application and care, he discharged the functions of his high office with credit to himself and advantage to others; and he finally won the esteem and admiration of those who had been most opposed to him.

Elizabeth, in the active exercise of the "right divine," did not on all occasions respect the rights of others. She compelled the Bishop of Ely to cede a considerable portion of his episcopal mansion to her pet chancellor, and Hatton erected a noble house and arranged magnificent grounds around it, of which the site still bears the name of Hatton Garden.—Probably Sir Christopher had merely to rearrange the grounds according to his espe-

may guess from the following rules and regulations for the dancers at Lincoln's Inn:—

“And that nothing might be wanting for their encouragement in this excellent study, they have

cial fancy, for they had been celebrated in the times of his ecclesiastical predecessors. It was these very gardens in Holborn to which the Duke of Gloucester refers:

“My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there;
I do beseech you, send for some of them.”—*Rich. III.*

Sir Christopher Hatton lived unmarried, but much esteemed, being equitable, generous, charitable, and unassuming, till November, 1591, when he died, at the age of 51. His death is said to have been hastened by Elizabeth's unexpected and rigorous claim for the liquidation of an old debt. “So exact was Queen Elizabeth, that she called upon him for an old debt, though it broke his heart; so loving that she carried him a cordial broath with her own hand, though it could not revive him.”

“In Britain's isle, no matter where,
An ancient pile of building stands:
The Huntingdons and Hattons there
Employed the power of fairy hands.

“To raise the ceiling's fretted height,
Each panel in achievements clothing,
Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing.

“Full oft within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave Lord Keeper led the brawls,
The seals and maces danced before him.

“His bushy beard, and shoestrings green,
His highercrowned hat and satin doublet,
Moved the stout heart of England's Queen,
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.”

very antiently had *dancings* for their recreation and delight, commonly called *revels*, allowed at certain seasons."

— "Nor were these exercises of dancing meerly permitted, but thought very necessary (as it seems), and much conducing to the making of gentlemen more fit for their books at other times; for by an order made 6th of February, 7 Jac. it appears, that the under-barristers were, by decimation, put out of commons for example's sake, because the whole bar offended by not dancing on Candlemas day preceding; according to the *antient order* of this society, when the judges were present: with this, that if the like fault were committed afterwards, they should be fined or disbarred."*

About the same period a correspondent of the grave Earl of Shrewsbury writes to him thus:—

"RIGHT HONORABLE,

"At Hampton Court, in the Q' presence chamber, there was dawncing: the K. Q. Prince and Vawdemont were by. My Lady Pemb. was taken out by a French Cavagliero to dawnce a corrante: Her La. tooke out our noble Prince. At last yt came to a gailliard: the Prince tooke out my La. Pemb. and she the Earle of Perth: No Lady there did dawnce neare soe well as she did that day; so she carried away the glory, and it was given her by K. Q. and others. Vawdemont dawnced; the Q.

* Dugdale's *Origines Juridicales*: quoted in Nichols.

dawned; La. Essex, La. Knolles, La. Levingston, the Maides.”*

The brawl was a dance in which Henry the Eighth much delighted, and with which balls were usually opened. It was performed by several persons uniting hands in a circle, and giving each other continual shakes, the steps changing with the tune. A variety of this dance in which “un des gentils-

* Lodge’s Illustrations, vol. iii. The following letter, published by Sir Henry Ellis, gives us a pleasing account of the style of education for a young gentleman in the early part of the reign of James. One hour daily is devoted to dancing.

“Thomas Lor..in to Mr. Adam Newton, the tutor of Prince Henry, detailing the manner in which a young English gentleman completed his education at Paris, in 1610 :—

“Syr,—The chief errand of my last letters was to let you understand of our safe comming hither. These will give you an account of our tyme spent here. Our dayes, therefore, are thus divided: in the forenoone, Mr. Puckering spends two houres on horsebacke; from seven to nine one morning, from nine to eleven another. Two other houres he spends in French; one in reading, the other in rendring to his teacher some part of a Latine author by word of mouth. A fifth hour is employed in learning to handle his weapon, which entertains him till twelve of the clock, when the bell warns him to dinner, where the company continues together till two o’clock, either passing the time in discourse, or some honest recreation perteyning to armes. Then they are warned by the bell to daunceing, which houlds him till three, when he retyres hiuself into his chamber, and there employs with me two other hours in reading over some Latin author; which done, he translates some little part of it into French, leaving his faults to be corrected the morrow following by his teacher. After supper we take a brief survey of all.”

Mr. Puckering, mentioned in the above letter, was probably the son of Sir John Puckering, who was for a short time Lord Keeper in the latter part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth.—Ellis’ Or. Lett.

hommes et une des dames, estans les premiers en la danse vont baisans par ordre toutes les personnes qui y sont," is probably one of those most vehemently denounced by Stubbes, and seems to have been the parent of the English cushion dance, an indelicate round dance which is still annually performed in some of the retired villages in Cumberland, and, we have understood, lingers also in other counties.

Another dance of much celebrity was the Pavin or Pavan, supposed to be of Spanish invention. It was of much celebrity, says Drake, in the time of Shakspeare. From its high solemnity it was often called the "doleful pavin." Sir J. Hawkins calls it "a grave and majestic dance," and says that anciently it was danced by gentlemen dressed with a cap and sword, by those of the long robe in their gowns, by princes in their mantles, and by ladies in gowns with long trains, the motion whereof in the dance resembled that of a peacock's tail. He calls it Pavan from pavo, a peacock.

The Measure was another grave and stately dance suited for ladies in hoops and trains, and judges in wigs and flowing robes. Surely the minuet of later days may claim to be descended from these. Shakspeare thus puns on the measure :

"The fault will be in the music, Cousin, if you be not woo'd in good time : if the Prince be too important, tell him, there is measure in everything, and so dance out the answer. For hear me Hero ; wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure and a cinque-pace : the first suit is hot and hasty, like a

Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.”*

The Canary-dance was a brisk and lively dance; sparkling and animated as the liquor whose name it bore. Then were there corantos, lavoltas, jigs, galliards, and fancies which might induce the most sluggard of Terpsichore’s followers to

“trip it on the light fantastic toe.”

King Charles the Second, when in exile, writes thus to Henry Bennet, in 1655:

“Pray get me pricked down as many new *corrants* and sarabands, and ‘other little dances,’ as you can, and bring them with you, for I have got a small fiddler that does not play ill on the fiddle.”

He also writes to the Queen of Bohemia:

“I shall only tell your Majesty that we are now thinking how to pass our time; and in the first place of dancing, in which we find two difficulties, the one for want of the fiddlers, the other for somebody both to teach and assist at the dancing the new dances: and I have got my sister to send for Silvius, as one that is able to perform both; for the *fiddledies*, my Lord Taaffe does promise to be their convoy, and in the mean time we must content ourselves with those that make no difference between a hymn and a coranto.”

Queen Mary, at the Hague, took lessons in

* Much Ado about Nothing.

dancing from her cousin, the beautiful, accomplished, and unfortunate Duke of Monmouth.

The manners of the ladies portook (as will ever be the case) much of the character of those of the other sex. They did not fight nor dine in ordinaries, but their manners generally were coarse and indelicate,—even gross. Elizabeth's were such: Queen Anne of Denmark's utter want of propriety and delicacy has been frequently remarked; and the account of the nuptial festivities of Sir Philip Herbert, as given by Sir Dudley Carleton, may convince us that the higher females of the age readily took their cue from the throne.

Mr. D'Israeli, the very ingenious defender and apologist of King James, cannot even pretend to explain away this taint.

“As an historian,” he says, “it would be my duty to shew how incredibly gross were the domestic language and the domestic familiarities of kings, queens, lords, and ladies, which were much like the lowest of our populace.”*

The account of the wedding to which we referred is taken at length from Winwood's Memorials.†

“SIR DUDLEY CARLETON TO MR. WINWOOD.

“On St. John's day we had the marriage of Sir Philip Herbert and the Lady Susan ‡ performed at

* D'Israeli's Enquiry into the Literary and Political Character of James I.

† Vol. ii. p. 43.

‡ Lady Susan Vere, daughter of the Earl of Oxford.

Whitehall, with all the honour could be done a great favourite. The Court was great, and for that day put on the best bravery. The Prince and Duke of Holst led the bride to church, the Queen followed her from thence. The King gave her, and she in her tresses and trinkets brided and bridled it so handsomely, and indeed became herself so well, that the King said, if he were unmarried, he would not give her, but keep her himself. The marriage dinner was kept in the great Chamber, where the Prince and the Duke of Holst, and the great lords and ladies accompanied the bride. At night there was a masque in the Hall, which for conceit and fashion was suitable to the occasion. The actors were the Earl of Pembroke, the Lord Willoughby, Sir Samuel Hayes, Sir Thomas Germain, Sir Robert Cary, Sir John Lee, Sir Richard Preston, and Sir Thomas Bager. There was no small loss that night of chains and jewells, and many great ladies were made shorter by the skirts, and were well enough served that they could keep cut no better. The presents of plate, and other things given by the noblemen, were valued at £2500, but that which made it a good marriage was a gift of the King's of £500 land for the Bride's jointure. They were lodged in the Council Chamber, where the King in his shirt and nightgown gave them a Reveille Matin before they were up, and spent a good time in or upon the bed, chuse which you will believe. No ceremony was omitted of Bridecakes, Points, Gar-

ters, and Gloves, which have been ever since the Livery of the Court; and at night there was sewing into the sheet, casting off the bride's left hose, with many other petty sorceries."

This coarseness of manners was—not indeed redeemed, for in a woman nothing can redeem it—but relieved by considerable mental accomplishment and ornamental and useful acquirement. Elizabeth, we know, had an admirable education. Her father, King Henry the Eighth, made literature fashionable, and he gave his daughters educations which might have fitted them for bishops. Mary bore her faculties meekly; Elizabeth has often and most justly been called a pedant in petticoats. Sir Thomas More's daughters, Sir Antony Cooke's daughters, and other ladies of that æra, obtained an honourable fame for their learning; but it declined in the Court of Elizabeth and James. "It became the fashion," says Warton, "to study Greek at Court;" but this fashion was very transient.

Harrison says of the ladies of Elizabeth's Court, "They doo shun and avoid idlenesse, some of them exercising their fingers with the needle, other in caulworke, diverse in spinning of silke, some in continuall reading either of the holie Scriptures, or histories of our owne or forren nations about us, and diverse in writing volumes of their owne, or translating of other mens into our English and Latine toong, whilst the yoongest sort in the meanetime applie their lutes, citharnes, prickesong,

and all kind of musike." He likewise names their skill in surgery, and the distillation of waters—a most important portion formerly of a lady's house-keeping duties—and adds, "there are none of them but can help to supplie the ordinarie want of the kitchen with a number of delicat dishes of their own devising."

Conspicuous for learning, even amongst the learned and accomplished women of that day, was the Countess of Pembroke, the sister of the gallant, accomplished, beloved, and lamented Sir Philip Sidney. Celebrated even then for her learning, she was far more distinguished for her virtues. She appeared little at Court, but lived in dignified and happy retirement, and died at the age of seventy-one at her house in Aldersgate Street.

"And on that cheek, and on that brow,
So soft, so calm, so eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
And tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below, a heart
Whose love is innocent."*

As an illustration of Harrison's testimony that the ladies of that day were skilled in the prepara-

* She was also an authoress, and we cannot refrain from quoting the following beautiful effusion of her pen. It forms part of the introduction to her translation of Mornay's Discourse of Life and Death.

"It seems to me a strange, and a thing much to be marveiled that the laborer, to repose himself, hasteneth as it were the course of the sun: that the mariner rowes with all force to attain the port, and with a joyfull erie salutes the desiered land: that the

tion of "delicat dishes," we may remark, that the scented waters which were in such general use, and many simple medical preparations, were all of

traveller is never quiet nor content till he be at the end of his voyage: and that we, in the meanwhile, tied in this world to a perpetuall taske, tossed with continuall tempest, tyred with a rough and combersome way, yet cannot see the end of our labour but with grieffe, nor behold our port but with teares, nor approach our home and quiet abode but with horroure and trembling. This life is but a Penelope's web, wherein we are always doing and undoing; a sea open to all winds, which, sometimes within, sometimes without, never cease to torment us; a wearie journey through extreame heats and colds; over high mountaines, steepe rockes, and thievish deserts; and so we terme it, in weaving at this web, in rowing at this oare, in passing this miserable way. Yet loe, when death comes to end our worke; when she stretcheth out her armes to pull us into the port; when, after so many dangerous passages and lothsome lodgings, she would conduct us to our true home and resting place; insteade of rejoycing at the end of our labour; of taking comfort at the sight of our land; of singing at the approch of our happy mansion; we would faine, who would believe it? retake our worke in hande; we would again hoise saile to the wind, and willingly undertake our journey anew. No more then remember we our paines; our shipwracks and dangers are forgotten: we feare no more the travailes or the thieves: contrariwise, we apprehend death as an extreame paine; we doubt it as a rocke; we flie it as a thiefe: we do as little children, who all the day complaine, and when the medicine is brought them, are no longer sicke; as they who all the weeke long runne up and downe the streetes with paine of the teeth, and, seeing the barber coming to pull them out, feele no more paine. We feare more the cure than the disease; the surgeon than the paine. We have more sense of the medicine's bitterness, sooner gone, than of a bitter languishing, long continued; more feeling of death, the end of our miseries, than the endlesse miserie of our life. We fear that we ought to hope for, and wish that we ought to fear.'

domestic manufacture; and that the distillations or decoctions were always superintended, and, in numerous instances, absolutely prepared by the proud dame of the mansion herself, who thought her dignity no whit lowered by these occupations. We subjoin a list of the distilled waters annually prepared in the household of the Duke of Northumberland, which our readers will find were no unimportant part of the economy of a great household.

“ITEM.—It is ordynede to provide yerly for xxx Saks of Charcoill for Stilling of Bottells of Waters for my Lord. As the Namys of the said Waters that his Lordeshipe is accustomed to caus to be Stillide yerly Hereafter Followeth, viz., Water of Roses—Water for the Stone—Water of Buradge—Water of Feminytory¹—Water of Braks²—Water of Columbyns—Water of Okynleefe³—Hart’s Tonge—Draggons — Parcelly⁴—Balme—Walnot Leeffs⁵—Longdobeef⁶—Prymeroses—Saidge⁷—Sorrell—Red Mynt — Betany—Cowslops—Tandelyon⁸—Fennell — Scabias — Elder Flours — Marygolds — Wilde Tansey — Wormwodde — Wodbind — Endyff — and Water of Hawsee⁹. And to be allowed for filling of every Bottell of Water of a Pottell a pece on with another, j Bushell of Chercoill after iiij Bushell in the Sek, and after ij Suaks to a Quarter, And

¹ Fumitory. ² Brakes or Fern. ³ Oak. ⁴ Parsley. ⁵ Walnut leaves. ⁶ Lang du bœuf. ⁷ Sage. ⁸ Dandelion. ⁹ Haws — Hawthorn berries.

after j Quarter for stilling of every viij Bottells with water.”*

Sir John Harrington, the godson and pet of Queen Elizabeth, especially congratulates himself on some comfits of his wife’s making, which her Majesty much liked and praised :† and on James’s journey to England on his accession, he dined at Sir Anthony Mildmay’s, where, we are told, “Dinner being most sumptuously furnished, the tables were nearly covered with costly banquets, wherein every thing that was most delicious for taste, proved more delicate by the art that made it seem beauteous to the eye, the *lady of the house being one of the most excellent confectioners in England*; though I confess (adds the writer) many honourable women very expert.”‡

But though these house-wifely qualities might and did retain some sway, the superior mental

* Northumberland Household Book.

† “The Queene’s Majestie tastede my wife’s comfits, and did moche praise her cuninge in the makeinge.”—Sir J. Harrington’s Briefe Notes and Remembraunces.

‡ The gentlemen and noblemen of those days often sought occupation in matters which now would be considered very much beneath them. The following rules were drawn up by Sir John Harrington, the elder, for the governance of his household in the year 1566, and revised and renewed by his son in 1592. The Earl of Northumberland, as his “Boke” shews, condescended to legislate on the minutest details of domestic economy, and doubtless others of his rank did the same. We have already given Lord Fairfax’s rules, which refer, however, to a later period:—

“Imprimis, That no servant bee absent from praier, at morn-

accomplishments and higher virtues, for which, Harrison commends the Court ladies of Elizabeth's earlier life were no longer seen—save in honourable exceptions—in the reign of her successor.

It is a constitution of nature, an ordinance of Heaven, that the sexes shall mutually bias each other for good or for evil: and, however individuals nerved by religion and by strong mental power, may here and there hold out faithfully against temptation, and resist corrupting influences, it never has been, it never can be, that the feebler part of the creation generally, can rise superior to the usual habits of the other and stronger half of the human race. Man was *intended* to be the guide

ing or evening, without a lawfull excuse, to be alledged within one day after, upon paine to forfeit for every tyme, 2d.

“ 2. Item, That none swear any othe, uppon paine for every othe, 1d.

“ 3. Item, That no man leave any doore open that he findeth shut, without theare bee cause, upon paine for every tyme, 1d.

“ 4. Item, That none of the men be in bed, from our Lady day to Michaelmas, after six of the clock in the morning, nor out of his bed after ten of the clock at night; nor, from Michaelmas till our Lady Day, in bed after seven in the morning, nor out after nine at night, without reasonable cause, on pain of 2d.

“ 5. That no man's bed bee unmade, nor fire or candle box uncleane, after eight of the clock in the morning, on paine of 1d.

“ 8. Item, That no man waite at the table without a trencher in his hand, except it be uppon some good cause, on paine of 1d.

“ 9. Item, That no man appointed to wait at my table, be absent that meale, without reasonable cause, on paine of 1d.

“ 10. Item, If any man breake a glasse, hee shall aunswer the price thereof out of his wages; and, if it bee not known who breake it, the buttler shall pay for it, on paine of 12d.

and upholder of woman in virtue, not, as he too usually is, her tempter to degradation.

It can surprise no one accustomed to reflect on human nature and social life, be his opinion of *le beau sexe* as generous as it may, that the women of the Court of James the First, should equal, if they did not outvie the men in brutal degradation.

They saw the most profligate immorality countenanced by the king; nay—the most notorious vice and licentiousness sanctioned by those whom every law of nature, every dictum of religion and virtue would have impelled to a contrary course.*

“ 11. Item, The table must bee covered halfe an houer before eleven at dinner, and six at supper, or before, on paine of 2d.

“ 12. Item, That meate bee readie at eleven, or before, at dinner, and six, or before, at supper, on paine of 6d.

“ 15. Item, That no man come to the kitchen without reasonable cause, on paine of 1d; and the cook likewyse to forfeit 1d.

“ 16. Item, That none toy with the maids, on paine of 4d.

“ 17. Item, That no man weare foule shirt on Sunday, nor broken hose or shoes, or dublett without buttons, on paine of 1d.

“ 18. Item, That when any strainger goeth hence, the chamber be drest up againe within four howrs after, on paine of 1d.

“ 19. Item, That the hall bee made cleane every day, by eight in the winter, and seaven in the sommer, on paine of him that should do it to forfeit 1d.

“ 21. Item, That all stayrs in the house, and other rooms that neede shall require, bee made cleane on Fryday after dinner, on payne of forfeiture of every one whome it shall belong unto, 3d.

“ All which sommes shal be duly paide each quarter day out of their wages, and bestowed on the poore, or other godly use.”—*Nugæ Antiquæ*, vol. i.

* The Countess of Essex was sanctioned in her infamous conduct even by *her father*.

Honour, virtue, and modesty were at discount, and low and degrading habits had the stamp of highest fashion.

The high ladies of the Court of James the First and Anne of Denmark, drank and swore; made assignations with licentious men at common taverns; and went about in masks. Their venality was so notorious, that the Spanish ambassador openly turned it to his own political purposes. The Court was a scene of the most open profligacy, and the Queen herself has not escaped the worst aspersions.

Sir John Harrington gives an account of a splendid masque at Theobalds, during the visit of the King of Denmark to England, which was a disgusting scene. The ladies who performed, or rather were intended to perform, parts in the masque, could not *stand* from intoxication: all tottered, some fell down; and their Majesties of Denmark and England were both carried by their attendants to bed.

Such was the FASHION of the early part of the seventeenth century.

It is not the actions of the unassuming, the virtuous, and the pure, which usually blazon the pages of history: they do not live in chronicles: their records are elsewhere. Thrice honoured be those who, amid the corrupting influences of such a Court as we have been describing, still maintained

the honour, and purity, and pride, of English gentlewomen.

Such a one was the Lady Arabella Stewart, who moved in the very throng of this licentious Court without the idea of contamination ever shadowing her fair fame. It is a pleasing trait in the unattractive character of Queen Anne of Denmark, that she was unvaryingly a kind friend, and, as far as circumstances permitted, a protectress to this unfortunate lady. Heretofore, the short and sad annals of Lady Arabella Stewart have been known to those only whose vocation led them to explore the by-ways of history; Miss Aikin was, perhaps, the first writer of history who brought her name forward; and about the same time Mr. D'Israeli, in his *Curiosities of Literature*, traced her career, and Sharon Turner gives an interesting note on her: but her fortunes are now made familiar to every one through the medium of a popular novel. She was the granddaughter of the celebrated Countess Bess, of Hardwicke, (to whom reference is made in our chapter on Domestic Architecture,) and was brought up in the closest retirement by this lady; but after the accession of King James the First, she took up her abode at Court.

The turning pivot of poor Lady Arabella's fortunes was her relationship, through her father, to the royal family, and her remote claim to the

throne. On this point Elizabeth was exceedingly jealous of her, James not less so; and it caused her to be a ready tool—*never* a consenting or even a cognisant one—in the hands of discontented men. James's jealousy caused him to prohibit her marriage with any one, or at any time, in effect, though he professed otherwise. She married, secretly, William Beauchamp, afterwards the celebrated Marquis of Hertford, but in attempting to escape from the country was taken, and conveyed to the Tower, where, without hope of release, she languished some years and died insane.

How differently constituted were the minds of this elevated and unfortunate lady and the one who wrote the following letter, which we lay before our readers, as displaying the requirements of a lady of fashion of the time!

Lady Compton was the daughter of Sir John Spencer, lord mayor of London, and wife of William, Lord Compton, afterwards created Earl of Northampton.

“My sweet life, now I have declared to you my mind for the settling of your state, I suppose that it were best for me to bethink and consider within myself, what allowance were meetest for me. . . . I pray and beseech you to grant to me, your most kind and loving wife, the sum of 2600*l.* quarterly to be paid. Also, I would, besides that allowance, have 600*l.* quarterly to be paid, for the performance

of charitable works ; and those things I would not, neither will be accountable for. Also, I will have three horses for my own saddle, that none shall dare to lend or borrow : none lend but I, none borrow but you. Also, I would have two gentlewomen, lest one should be sick, or have some other let. Also, believe me, it is an undecent thing for a gentlewoman to stand mumping alone, when God hath blessed their lord and lady with a great estate. Also, when I ride a hunting, or a hawking, or travel from one house to another, I will have them attending ; so, for either of those said women, I must and will have for either of them a horse. Also, I will have six or eight gentlemen ; and I will have my two coaches, one lined with velvet to myself, with four very fair horses ; and a coach for my women, lined with cloth and laced with gold, otherwise with scarlet and laced with silver, with four good horses. Also, I would have two coachmen, one for my own coach, the other for my women. Also at any time when I travel, I will be allowed not only caroches and spare horses for me and my women, but I will have such carriages as shall be fitting for all, orderly, not pestering my things with my women's, nor theirs with either chambermaids, nor theirs with wash-maids. Also, for laundresses, when I travel, I will have them sent away before with the carriages, to see all safe. And the chambermaids I will have go before, that the chamber may be ready, sweet, and

clean. Also, for that it is undecent to crowd up myself with my gentleman usher in my coach, I will have him to have a convenient horse to attend me, either in city or country. And I must have two footmen. And my desire is, that you defray all the charges for me. And for myself, besides my yearly allowance, I would have twenty gowns of apparel, six of them excellent good ones, eight of them for the country, and six other of them very excellent good ones. Also, I would have to put in my purse 2000*l.* and 200*l.*, and so, you to pay my debts. Also, I would have 6000*l.* to buy me jewels, and 4000*l.* to buy me a pearl chain. Now, seeing I have been, and am, so reasonable unto you, I pray you do find my children apparel, and their schooling, and all my servants, men and women, their wages. Also, I will have all my houses furnished, and my lodging chambers to be suited with all such furniture as is fit; as beds, stools, chairs, suitable cushions, carpets, silver warming pans, cupboards of plate, fair hangings and such like. So for my drawing chamber in all houses, I will have them delicately furnished, both with hangings, couch, canopy, glass, carpet, chairs, cushions, and all things thereunto belonging. Also, my desire is, that you would pay your debts, build up Ashby-house, and purchase lands, and lend no money, as you love God, to my lord chamberlain, who would have all, perhaps your life, from you. . . . So, now that I have declared

to you what I would have, and what it is that I would not have, I pray you, when you be an earl, to allow me, 2000*l.* more than I now desire, and double attendance.”*

It was reserved for Charles the First and his Queen to remodel the English Court, and to introduce refinement and delicacy, and, as far as the power was conceded to him, morality therein. Hear on this matter one—assuredly no royalist nor flatterer of Kings—the high-minded and truth-loving Mrs. Hutchinson.

“The face of the Court was much changed in the change of the King; for King Charles was temperate, chaste, and serious; so that the fooles and bawds, mimicks and catamites, of the former Court, grew out of fashion; and the nobility and courtiers, who did not quite abandon their debosheries, had yet that reverence to the King, to retire into corners to practise them: men of learning and ingenuity in all arts were in esteeme and receiv’d encouragement from the King; who was a most excellent judge and great lover of paintings, carvings, gravings, and many other ingenuities, less offensive than the bawdry and prophane abusive witt, which was the only exercise of the other Court.”

One of the greatest ornaments of the Court of Charles, and his own most intimate friend, was Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham.

* Miss Aikin—quoted by her from the Harl. MSS.





Portrait of a man in 17th-century attire, possibly a nobleman or official, holding a staff or walking stick.

It is probably to his handsome person alone or very chiefly that the Duke of Buckingham was first indebted for his Court favour. He was son of Sir George Villiers, a Leicestershire knight, and his education, more elegant than substantial, was completed in France, with a view to his progress at Court. It was on the decline of Carr, Earl of Somerset, in the royal favour, that young Villiers was placed before the King by a party inimical to the old favourite, and who could little foresee the height of power to which the new one should attain. The leading incidents of his life are well known; his sudden rise to the highest rank and immense acquisition of place and power; the influence which he obtained over the old king, and which seemed not at all to diminish with his successor; the terms of extreme familiarity on which he was with James; the homely familiar epithets of "Steenie," and "dear Dad and Gossip;" his escape with Prince Charles to Spain; his personal embrouillement with the ministry there; his mission to France to escort the Princess Henrietta Maria, his passion for the Queen of France, his bold intrusions on her privacy, his sparring with Cardinal Richelieu, his unpopularity at home, his ill fortune at Rochelle, the odium which overwhelmed him in consequence, though his personal bravery had been so unquestionable, though he had determinately remained on shore until the very last

man of his shattered army had embarked; his determined resolution to retrieve his fame, his anticipations of misfortune, the many warnings he received, his slighting of them all, and his assassination by the enthusiast Felton—all these circumstances are so well known, and have been of late so frequently brought forward, that it is unnecessary to dwell on them here.

In taste, splendour, and magnificence, Buckingham was unrivalled in his own time; and refined as were the tastes of King Charles, they were not more so than those of him who, strange to say, had been as much a favourite with the coarse and vulgar father as now he was with the refined and accomplished son. The French ambassador, the celebrated Bassompierre, speaks in the highest terms of admiration and even of astonishment, of the fêtes and masques of which Buckingham was the donor, and in no small measure, the projector; and which were then the vehicle for all the taste, expense, and display of the great: his collection of pictures and works of art, was as celebrated as the marbles of the Earl who has given his name to his collection, and are invested with a touching interest from the circumstance that, during the exile of his son—a voluntary alien from his country during the enforced exile of his royal master Charles II.—many of these pictures, which had been saved from the appropriating grasp of the republicans, were sold to afford





THE GARDEN OF THE GARDENS

the necessaries of life to their owner. Charles I. intense as was his love for art, is said to have been frequently incited by Buckingham to purchases which otherwise he would not have made, and not infrequently to have been indebted to his judgment and taste in selection.

His dress, and all the appointments of his person and private life were on a splendid scale of magnificence; he rode with six horses to his coach, a circumstance which induced the "stout" Earl of Northumberland, who prided himself on that ancestry in which Buckingham was deficient, to have eight; and when sedan-chairs were first introduced by Sir Saunders Duncombe, the Duke of Buckingham is universally cited as the first person who used one; a circumstance sufficient, without the corroborating evidence of his whole life, to justify us in citing him as a brilliant Star of Fashion.

One of the most conspicuous females at the Court of Charles and Henrietta—for it must be borne in mind (as we have had occasion to remark elsewhere) that the precincts of the Court were not then, as now, the very general abode, for a considerable part of the year, of the aristocracy, but that it was only visited by many of them occasionally and at uncertain intervals—was Lucy Percy, Countess of Carlisle.* She has been commemorated by the poet Waller, and was very beautiful; but her name has

* The wife of the "Sultan-like" Earl. See sup. page 57.

not descended happily to posterity. She was intriguing, insincere, and fickle, and has been accused of the frightful crime of betraying to their ruthless enemies the confidence of the royal master and mistress who trusted her. She possessed considerable talents but no principle, and her personal conduct is said to have been unchaste. She was a daughter of the Earl of Northumberland, was born in 1600, and died 1660.

Of happier fame was her sister, Dorothy Percy, married in 1618 to Robert Sidney, Earl of Leicester. Her character seems to have been in every respect unimpeachable. She was a kind and tender guardian to the King's younger children who, during the troubles, were confided to her care by parliament, and in every domestic relation of life was exemplary.

We quote from Lodge the following beautiful letter written by her to her husband after a marriage of eighteen years:—

“Mr. Seladine comes in with your letter, whom I am engaged to intertaine a litle: besyeds, it is super time, or els I should bestow one sied of this paper in making love to you; and, since I maie with modestie expres it, I will saie that if it be love to thinke on you, sleeping and waking; to discourse of nothing with pleasur but what conserns you; to wische myself everie hower with you; and to prairie for you with as much devotion as for my

owne sowle; then sertainlie it maie be saied that I am in love.”*

Hardly less celebrated for talent and for virtue than her mother-in-law† was Anne Clifford, daughter of the Earl of Cumberland, and whose second husband (her first was the Earl of Dorset) was that Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, the unworthy favourite of James the First, whose cowardly and licentious conduct brought shame and grief to the heart of his excellent parent, the Countess of Pembroke, referred to above. The younger Countess of Pembroke, or, as she is more generally known, the Countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery, retired on the death of her second husband in 1649, to her own superb estates in the north; “not to exclude herself from society, but to cheer and enliven it with a princely hospitality; not to cultivate in mortification the devotions of the closet, but to invigorate the piety, and improve the morals of a very large community as well by her instruction as her example; not to increase her revenues by contracting her expenses, but to give loose to a profusion at once magnificent and economical.”

She rebuilt the castles of her ancestors; rebuilt

* Her daughter was the celebrated “Saccharissa” of Waller, whose first husband was the first Earl of Sunderland (who fell at Newbury), and her second Mr. Smythe. She died about 1683, much respected and beloved. † See sup. page 155.

five or six churches, and endowed a hospital. She died 1675, aged eighty-seven.

She was a woman of great spirit, of masculine energies, but of truly feminine virtues.

When the usurper Cromwell held the reins of power, and rallied many great ones around him,—though refinement and delicacy were not to be predicated of him personally,—still in morality and propriety his Court put to shame those of his royally-born and ermine-nurtured predecessors and successors.

Dryden, indeed, in his celebrated epilogue to the play of the Pilgrim, when lashing the shameless profligacy of Whitehall, seems to intimate, that in Cromwell's time there was more decency of appearance than purity of conduct. Still it is doing the Protector utter injustice to liken his Court to that of his successor.*

As an agreeable pendant to the detail of Court manners given above, we will quote the admirable picture of a country gentleman of the early part of the 17th century, drawn up by the Earl of Shaftesbury. It is no fancy sketch: the original was Mr.

* “ Misses there were, but modestly conceal'd;
Whitehall the naked Venus first reveal'd,
Who standing, as at Cyprus, in her shrine,
The strumpet was ador'd with rites divine.
Ere this, if saints had any secret motion,
'Twas chamber practice all, and close devotion.
I pass the peccadilloes of their time;
Nothing but open lewdness was a crime.”

Dryden's Ep. to Pilgrim.

Hastings of Woodlands, in Hampshire, second son of an Earl of Huntingdon.

“ In the year 1638 lived Mr. Hastings, by his quality son, brother, and uncle to the Earls of Huntingdon. He was, peradventure, an original in our age, or rather the copy of our ancient nobility, in hunting, not in warlike times.

“ He was low, very strong and very active; of a reddish flaxen hair. His cloaths always green cloth, and never all worth, when new, five pounds.

“ His house was perfectly of the old fashion in the midst of a large park, well stocked with deer; and near the house rabbits to serve his kitchen; many fish-ponds, great store of wood and timber, a bowling-green in it, long but narrow, full of high ridges, it being never levelled since it was ploughed. They used round sand bowls, and it had a banqueting house like a stand, built in a tree.

“ He kept all manner of sport hounds, that ran buck, fox, hare, otter, and badger; and hawks, long and short winded. He had all sorts of nets for fish. He had a walk in the New Forest, and the manor of Christ Church. This last supplied him with red deer, sea, and river fish. And, indeed, all his neighbours' grounds and royalties were free to him, who bestowed all his time on these sports, but what he borrowed to caress his neighbours' wives and daughters; there not being a woman in all his walks, of the degree of a yeoman's wife or under, and under the age of forty, but it was extremely her fault if

he was not intimately acquainted with her. This made him very popular, always speaking kindly to the husband, brother, or father; who was, to boot, very welcome to his house whenever he came. There he found beef, pudding, and small beer in great plenty; a house not so neatly kept as to shame him, or his dirty shoes; the great hall strowed with marrow bones, full of hawks, perches, hounds, spaniels, and terriers; the upper side of the hall hung with fox skins of this and the last year's killing; here and there a pole-cat intermixt; game-keepers' and hunters' poles in great abundance.

“The parlour was a large room, as properly furnished. On a great hearth paved with brick lay some terriers, and the choicest hounds and spaniels. Seldom but two of the great chairs had litters of young cats in them, which were not to be disturbed, he having always three or four attending him at dinner, and a little white round stick of fourteen inches lying by his trencher, that he might defend such meat as he had no mind to part with to them. The windows, which were very large, served for places to lay his arrows, cross-bows, stone-bows, and other such like accoutrements. The corners of the room full of the best chose hunting and hawking poles. An oyster table at the lower end, which was of constant use twice a day all the year round. For he never failed to eat oysters before dinner and supper through all seasons: the neighbouring town of Pool supplied him with them.

“The upper part of the room had two small tables and a desk, on the one side of which was a Church Bible, and on the other the Book of Martyrs. On the tables were hawks, hoods, bells, and such like; two or three old green hats, with their crowns thrust in, so as to hold ten or a dozen eggs, which were of a pheasant kind of poultry he took much care of, and fed himself. Tables, dice, cards, and boles were not wanting. In the hole of the desk were store of tobacco pipes that had been used.

“On one side of this end of the room was the door of a closet, wherein stood the strong beer and the wine, which never came thence but in single glasses; that being the rule of the house exactly observed: for he never exceeded in drink, or permitted it.

“On the other side was the door into an old chapel, not used for devotion; the pulpit, as the safest place, was never wanting of a cold chine of beef, venison, pasty, gammon of bacon, or great apple pie with thick crust, extremely baked.

“His table cost him not much, though it was good to eat at; his sports supplied all but beef and mutton, except Fridays, when he had the best salt fish (as well as other fish) he could get, and was the day his neighbours of best quality most visited him. He never wanted a *London* pudding, and always sung it in with, *My part lies therein-a*. He drank a glass or two of wine at meals; very often syrup of giliflower in his sack, and had always a tun glass

without feet stood by him, holding a pint of small beer, which he often stirred with rosemary.

“ He was well natured, but soon angry, calling his servants bastards, and cuckoldy knaves ; in one of which he often spoke truth to his own knowledge, and sometimes in both, though of the same man. He lived to be an hundred : never lost his eyesight, but always wrote and read without spectacles, and got on horseback without help. Until past fourscore he rode to the death of a stag as well as any.”*

“ On the next Prince, expell'd his native land,
In vain affliction laid her iron hand ;
Fortune, or fair or frowning, on his soul
Could stamp no virtue, and no vice controul :
Honour, or morals, gratitude, or truth,
Nor learn'd his ripen'd age, nor knew his youth ;
The care of nations left to whores or chance,
Plund'rer of Britain, pensioner of France ;
Free to buffoons, to ministers deny'd,
He liv'd an atheist, and a bigot dy'd.”

It calls for a “ resolved hand” to paint with fidelity the manners of the time of Charles the Second, an æra perhaps the most disgraceful which blots our national history. The coarseness of earlier periods was the result of ignorance, and even immorality and licentiousness were somewhat excused by the dearth of moral and mental cultivation. But not thus was it in the days of our Second Charles, when wit was bright, intellect cultivated, and every outward aid and adjunct to refinement

* The Connoisseur, vol. iii. page 81.

was easily attainable. Our task is by no means a pleasant one. On the one hand we must garble the truth, and thus deprive this work of its most valuable attribute, historical accuracy; or, on the other, we must dwell on scenes and subjects revolting alike to good feeling and to pure taste. Taste, feeling, and virtue were swallowed up in Charles's days in one overwhelming flood of licentiousness.

And yet it might well have been otherwise had Charles's personal character been different, for never did monarch ascend a throne under auspices more favourable to the wide-spreading of his influence, and the blind devotion to his will. Surely, said he, on observing the intense enthusiasm with which he was greeted, "it is surely my own fault that I have been away so long."

Pepys says the sky presented the appearance of a wide-spreading conflagration from the number of bonfires lighted; he counted fourteen between St. Dunstan's and Temple Bar.* The people were almost mad with joy and undoubtedly wild with excitement.

That this was entirely with joy at the restoration of their monarch is not to be supposed. Many contrary feelings mingled to produce the overflowing cup of excitement. Those who had assumed the Cromwellian propriety of demeanour merely as a cloak of convenience, were of course most happy to be enabled to resume their natural habits. Those

* "All England but one bonfire seems to be."—*Cowley*.

few, and how few comparatively were they! of the higher classes, who were even on principle attached to the Commonwealth, could not but have their aristocratic prejudices, their high-toned manners, bitterly shocked and outraged in Cromwell's so-called Court; (in fact they did not frequent it;)* and they could not but welcome the idea of such an introduction for their rising families as the Court of a son of the accomplished Charles and fascinating Henrietta might be supposed to be.

All who had either openly or secretly adhered to their faith to the royal family were of course eager to testify their joy; all who had grievances, or fancied they had, of whatever shape, looked to a change of government as a certain unfailing specific.

From the Continent of course poured the throng of exiles who had offered up home, country, friends, and fortune at the shrine of faith and loyalty.

In England, from lofty castles and lordly halls, the noblest sons and daughters of the land, who had there lived in dignified seclusion during the sway of the usurper, hastened to pour their congratulations at the feet of their legitimate monarch.

The great mass of the people, taking the tone

* De Grammont came to England when Cromwell was at the height of his glory, but did not see any appearance of a Court. One part of the nobility proscribed, the other removed from employments; an affectation of purity of manners, instead of the luxury which the pomp of Courts displays, all taken together presented nothing but sad and serious objects in the finest city in the world.—De Gram. Mem. chap. vi.

from those above them, roused by excitement and ever fond of change — and looking of course to this change as a universal panacea, an unfailing remedy for all grievances, a sort of pledge to each of what he loved best, were ready to kiss the dust beneath the tread of the new king.

What might a king so circumstanced have effected, had his principles been as lofty as his rank, his mind as enlarged as was his power of obeying its impulses! The absolutism of the *Grand Monarque* was the effect of long years of consummate tact operating on the actions of an enslaved people — but the enthusiastic devotion of the nation to our Second Charles, made them absolutely lay at his feet the very power which it had cost years of war and blood and desolation to wrest from his far nobler father.

Enslaved by licentiousness, engrossed by selfish indulgences, Charles threw away advantages and opportunities such as seldom king was blessed with.

If ever man had opportunity to cultivate the highest and noblest powers of humanity, such opportunity had been his. His whole life to the period of his restoration was one deeply instructive lesson. He had had a full view of the miseries of civil warfare, of the evils of arbitrary rule on the one hand, of unbridled opposition on the other, at a period of life when he was quite old enough to understand and reason upon them, and yet sufficiently young to

have imbibed that deep impression from them which is seldom made but on the plastic mind of youth. His life was in the greatest jeopardy several times; and, after his escape from England, he was often in extreme want, and underwent many privations. Surely, these circumstances might have taught him thoughtfulness, even had they wanted the bloody seal of his father's untimely end.

But his enforced banishment was yet replete with advantages of a high order mentally, had he known how to appreciate them. The hallowing and purifying power of that "stern tamer of the human breast"—Adversity—cannot be doubted, yet was its influence lost on him. His spirit was not subdued under its pressure, but neither was his heart softened by its stern lessons. His only care on emerging from the clouds of adversity was to concentrate the rays of the sun on his own person, to attract them to his own path. He gave up his days and nights to personal indulgence, and enveloped himself in a robe of selfishness which at length utterly obscured and nullified the nobler points of his character.

He had been thrown into contact with people of various nations, of different classes, habits, modes of thought and action; advantages which seldom fall to the lot of royalty, and which he would not have possessed had his path to his father's throne been smooth. The observances that "hedge a king," the necessary constraint with which the jealous care of

his people for his safety circumscribes his liberty of action, how necessary and how proper so ever, deprives him of advantages possessed at will by his subjects—above all of the inestimable advantage of seeing the world and its ways.

Waller aptly expresses this opinion in his poem to the king “upon his Majesties happy return.”

“And though it be our sorrow and our crime
 To have accepted life so long a time
 Without you here, yet does this absence gain
 No small advantage to your present reign :
*For having viewed the persons and the things,
 The councils, state, and strength of Europe's kings,
 You know your work.”*

Charles the Second had this advantage: he had personal intercourse with the greatest spirits of the age: he had likewise access as a welcome and honoured guest to the Court of the most absolute monarch, and most accomplished mannered man of the time: to a Court which was redolent of everything that could enchant the imagination, delight the fancy, and refine the taste. The sole characteristic which Charles adopted from this Court, and naturalized in his own, was its licentiousness, deprived of every refining grace which could make that licentiousness endurable.

We have dwelt thus long on Charles's personal character, because from it was decidedly derived the tone of Fashion of his Court. This may be, in some degree, the case with all monarchs; but hardly ever perhaps has there been an instance of its being, from

extraneous circumstances, so *entirely* under the sway of any one person, even though a monarch. Cromwell had, so to speak, annihilated the English Court; our civil war had desolated the realm of Fashion; and many years' non-intercourse with France had prevented the influx of modes and varieties which until this period were ever varying the current of home life.

The realm of Fashion was as it were, a *carte-blanche* placed before Charles, on which to inscribe such lines and rules and boundaries as might please him. And it remained to him: for his Queen was a mere cipher; and though beauties and fashionables crowded his Court, no one was sufficiently distinguished from the herd to give that tone to manners which all seemed willing to take from the King. Therefore he — ugly in countenance, coarse in speech, and licentious in behaviour—was yet the “glass of fashion” of his time, and

“In every taste of foreign Courts improved,
All, by the King's example, lived and loved.”

Louis the Fourteenth could not, on the score of morals, claim a higher position than his cousin, but his amours had a cloak of decency thrown round them which Charles utterly despised. Louis's mistresses were, nominally at least, attached to the household, and his intercourse with them was conducted with the utmost care, and, as far as such a virtue may be predicated in the circumstances—

propriety. All his pleasures, whether solitary or social, private or public, were environed with a stately imposing observance which often blinded people to their real nature. Even the magnificence and state with which he surrounded his mistresses, in the progresses of the Court, assisted this delusion, and the people pressed forward eagerly on one occasion, in which both La Vallière and Montespan were in the royal cortège, to gain a sight of THE THREE QUEENS, really supposing that Louis had a kingly privilege in matrimony. No such mistake could ever possibly have arisen with regard to Cleveland, Portsmouth, or Nell Gwynne; or, at least, the most unlettered boor of England would have altered a vowel in the spelling of the regal title.

“The King” (Charles) says Pepys, “follows his pleasures more than with good advice he would do; *at least to be seen to all the world to do so.* His dalliance with my Lady Castlemaine being publick, every day, to his great reproach.”*

And with regard to Miss Stewart, afterwards Duchess of Richmond, “he (the King) do doat upon Mrs. Stewart, and that to the leaving of all business in the world, and to the open slighting of the Queene; that he values not who sees him or stands by him, while he dallies with her openly: and then privately in her chamber below, where the very sentries observe his going in and out; and that

* Diary, 1662, Dec. 31.

so commonly, that the Duke or any of the nobles, when they would ask where the King is, they will ordinarily say, 'To the King above, or below? meaning with Mrs. Stewart.'*

And the Duke of York, who was indeed more profligate than the King, and not a whit more chary of appearances, went at noon every day, accompanied by his gentleman, to visit his mistress, Lady Denham, in Scotland Yard. And it is a speaking point in the character of the times, that this disgraceful publicity was in compliance with the expressed wish of the lady, who declared, "she will not be his mistress as Mrs. Price, to go up and down the Privy Stairs, but will be owned publicly, and so she is." Lady Denham would hardly thus have braved public opinion, had she anticipated that censure or contempt would ensue. She knew well it would not.

She was the niece of the Earl of Bristol, (George Digby, second Earl,) and her beauty is said to have been appropriated by him to the furtherance of his own political views. She married Sir John Denham, the poet, and shortly afterwards became the acknowledged mistress of the Duke of York, and this without any lingering regret or womanly shame on her part, as her own remark above quoted testifies. She died early and sadly, not without the suspicion of being poisoned by the husband whom she had degraded.

* Diary, 1663-4, Jan. 30.

The King was not more careless in his own conduct, than he was incapable of enforcing even the shadow of reverence and decent respect towards himself in public. On a public occasion at Woolwich, Pepys says, "Lord! the sorry talk and discourse among the great courtiers round about him, *without any reverence in the world*, but with so much disorder;" and at another time, when he was at the theatre, "my Lady Castlemaine was in the next box before he come; and leaning over the ladies awhile to whisper with the King, she rose out of the box, and went into the King's, and set herself on the King's right hand, between the King and the Duke of York: which put the King himself as well as everybody else, out of countenance."*

These things were new to the people of England: they had not been accustomed, as the French had, to a royal mistress as an appendage of state; for King Charles the First was of exemplary virtue, King James the First was a faithful husband, and Henry the Eighth unquestionably preferred wives to mistresses. Thus no lady had been in England in the acknowledged position of Lady Castlemaine since the time of the far-famed Jane Shore. The wiser portion of the people shook their heads and lamented; still they presumed not to interfere between their monarch and his pleasures, even though they saw corruption and profligacy spreading far and wide through the land. Nay even when they

* Pepys, 1663-4, Feb. 1.

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some, formal, and puerile: but the abolition of *all* ceremony in King Charles's circle led to degradation and dishonour.

Both Courts were widely immoral; but one was stately, magnificent, dignified, and decent; the other jolly, merry, riotous, free and easy, and most flagrantly indecent. If ever Burke's apophthegm could be proved correct, that vice in losing its grossness loses half its mischief, it would be in a comparison of the Courts of Louis and Charles.

As the King such were his Court. The dignified and virtuous nobility were little seen there except on state occasions: the *habitués* of the Court were, like himself, careless killers of time, and often the licentious panders to his pleasures. The ladies—many of them—as compliant as beautiful. The Queen, frightened, neglected, and bullied into submission, was acquiescent in all things; but the Duchess of York was more. Catherine was an alien, a stranger, alone in the land and unsupported; but the Duchess of York was the daughter of the great Clarendon, was an Englishwoman born, and surrounded by friends and supporters. Yet did she select her Court with reference to beauty alone; and when the frailty of a fair one became so conspicuous that the retirement was inevitable, her place was supplied by the next *most beautiful* that offered.*

* It is well known that the *dames du palais* of the Court of Louis the Fourteenth—all married ladies—were substituted for

If anything could render vice superlatively attractive, it would be the guise in which it appeared through the fascinations of such men as Buckingham, Rochester, Sedley, Etheredge. The King, himself witty and delighting in wit, gave himself up to their influence. The brilliant De Grammont was also one of their immediate circle; and they—men and women—drank, gamed, and swore; enacted jokes, of which often the wit was as questionable as the propriety; rode in the Park; sailed on the Thames; visited the theatres; frequented the masquerades; sang, danced, feasted,

“Doff’d the world aside, and bid it pass.”

George Villiers, the second Duke of Buckingham, or as he is commonly called, the “witty Duke,” was but one year old when the assassination of his father took place. He, with his only brother, who died early in the civil struggles, and his two sisters, were immediately taken by King Charles the First under

the accustomed maids of honour, solely in consequence of the difficulty of the young ladies maintaining their honour, and the scandal attached to the loss of it. A previous matrimony, at any rate, saved appearances.—See Voltaire’s Court of Louis the Fourteenth.

Our references to French manners during this period are inevitably very frequent; for not only were our royal family French in education, habit, and feeling; but nothing except what was French, or supposed to be so, was in vogue during the reign. If we are to credit contemporary writers, however, our Court was rather a caricature than a copy of that of the Grand Monarque.

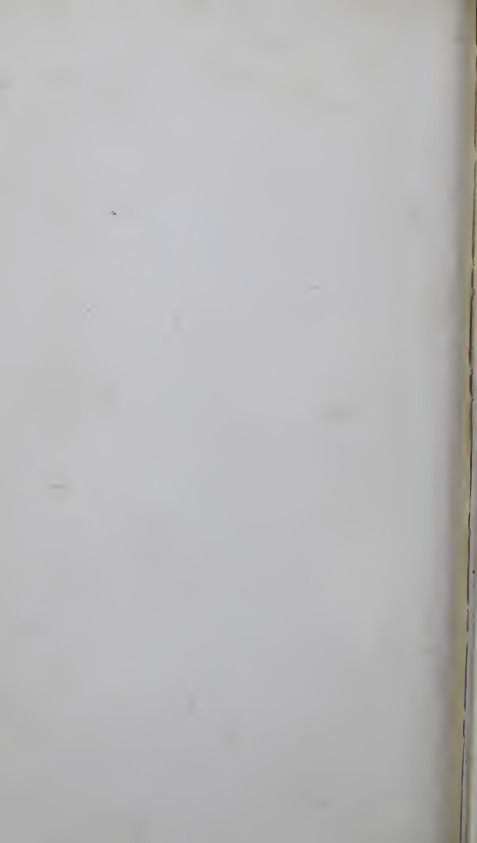
It is undoubtedly true that the innovations caused then by the influx of French manners and *morals* extended their influence over English society for upwards of a century.

his own protection, and educated with his own children.

The early promise of Buckingham's life was so beautiful as to form a most striking contrast to his later years. He was remarkably handsome in person, engaging in manners, attractive in conversation; he was open-hearted, generous, faithful, and brave as a lion. He very early distinguished himself against the Parliament, but was leniently treated by them in consideration of his youth; and, indeed, they spared no pains to gain him to their party. But he repelled their advances, rejected their offers, proved himself, in parliamentary phrase, "a confirmed malignant," expatriated himself to follow his royal master — then an exile — and, of course, was punished by the confiscation of his estates. It was at this period that many of the pictures, of which his father had made so noble a collection, and which had been secreted and preserved by a faithful retainer of the family, were sold to supply means for his support.

Buckingham's wife, whom he married early, was the daughter of the parliamentary general, Lord Fairfax, to whom many of his estates confiscated by parliament had passed. By this union he ultimately recovered the chief portion of them. At this period he is represented as living in the most harmonious manner with his father-in-law, submitting with grace and apparent conviction to the grave and precise usages of the general.





This can only have been the deepest duplicity ; scarcely was the King restored to his throne, ere Buckingham was the leader in frolics of all sorts, and the more licentious and the more irreligious they were, the better did they seem suited to his inclinations and adapted to his talents. It is unnecessary to pursue in detail the career of one so well known as this nobleman. He was not distinguished by folly and licentiousness alone ; he was a traitor to his king ; a faithless husband to his wife, whom he insulted by taking to her presence, to her very home, a titled profligate (the Countess of Shrewsbury), whose husband he had slain in a duel. It was in vain that the nation cried shame ! his wit, his humour, his high talents, his admirable drollery, rendered him paramount with the King, to whose pleasures he was so important. The Monarch was angered at times, but the disgrace of the favourite was always short-lived, and his power over the King's risible faculties, and consequently over him, quickly resumed. Add to this, that his social talents rendered him a general favourite with the profligates of the Court, and with none was he more so than with the imperious Lady Castlemaine ; and his elegance, wit, and magnificence too often blinded his worthier intimates to his depravity.

The character Zimri, in Dryden's celebrated poem of Absalom and Achitophel, was sketched for Buckingham, and portrays him minutely and accurately :—

" Some of their chiefs were princes of the land ;
 In the first rank of these did Zimri stand ;
 A man so various, that he seem'd to be
 Not one, but all mankind's epitome ;
 Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
 Was ev'rything by starts, and nothing long ;
 But, in the course of one revolving moon,
 Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon :
 Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
 Besides ten thousand freaks that dy'd in thinking.
 Blest madman ! who could ev'ry hour employ
 With something new to wish or to enjoy !
 Railing and praising were his usual themes,
 And both (to shew his judgment) in extremes ;
 So over violent, or over civil,
 That ev'ry man, with him, was god or devil ;
 In squand'ring wealth was his peculiar art ;
 Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
 Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late ;
 He had his jest, and they had his estate.
 He laugh'd himself from Court ; then sought relief
 By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief :
 For, spite of him, the weight of bus'ness fell
 On Absalom and wise Achitophel :*
 Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
 He left not faction, but of that was left."

On the death of Charles, Buckingham retired from Court to live on the remnant of his once magnificent estates. He was little more heard of, and in 1687 he died at the house of one of his tenants, " a little alehouse," † most accounts say, of

* " Absalom," the Duke of Monmouth. " Achitophel," the Earl of Shaftesbury.

† Such is the general belief. Miss Berry says it was " the comfortable house of an agent : " if so, the " worst inn's worst room," is merely poetical licence.

a fever caused by cold after hunting. It is not improbable, that his course of life had so enfeebled his constitution as to render him incapable of struggling with an attack of illness. Pope's lines on him are probably familiar to all our readers:—

“ In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
 The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,,
 On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,
 With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,
 The George and Garter dangling from that bed,
 Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
 Great Villiers lies—alas ! how chang'd from him,
 That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim !
 Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
 The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love ;
 Or just as gay at council, in a ring
 Of mimic statesmen, and their merry king.
 No wit to flatter, left of all his store !
 No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
 There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
 And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends.”

Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, is known as but another name for the extremity of licentiousness, debauchery, and vice. At eighteen years of age he entered the Court of Charles endowed with graceful manners, handsome person, infinite ready wit, and considerable mental acquirements. His companionable qualities were his ruin : he became at once the very type and exemplar of debauchery. Even the tolerant and participating Charles was compelled frequently to banish him from the Court. He died at little more than thirty—a sincere penitent—utterly debilitated and worn out by debauchery,

having then, by his own confession, been five years together in a continual state of inebriety.

A word may suffice for the celebrated Sir George Etheredge, of whom, as a modern writer (Jesse) well observes, "the profligacy of his life was only exceeded by the libertinism of his muse," and who lost his life by falling down stairs when grossly inebriated.

Sir Charles Sedley, another "gifted profligate," of whom the King said, that "Nature had given him a patent to be Apollo's viceroy," was the father of James the Second's mistress, Catherine Sedley Countess of Dorchester. Profligate and libertine as was he himself, his rage at this connexion is notorious, and was the cause of his irrevocable enmity to James, and his earnest endeavours in William's behalf. "As he," said he, alluding to James, "has made my daughter a Duchess, I will endeavour to make his a Queen."

Such are samples of a few of the dear and intimate companions of the restored monarch.

Their exquisite wit, and, in many instances, high talent, adorned and at the same time concealed the profligacy which was the business of their lives.

One of these profligates lived to better purpose. Sackville, Earl of Dorset, one of the most accomplished men of his time, had a thousand high and sterling qualities, and in after life amply redeemed the errors and vices of his earlier years: but those years were stained by unblushing debauchery and

riot to a degree not exceeded by the most profligate of the King's boon companions. With the dissolute King he was, strange to say, as confirmed a favourite as, to his honour, at a later period, and in his brighter and better life, he became with the stern and moral William.

The indelicacy of the manners of fashionable people in the time of Charles the Second, is even more incredible than the licentiousness of their conduct. It was "the fashion for women of quality to sing any song whatever, because the words are not distinguished."* One day, in company, the King or the Duke of York said, that Miss Stewart had the handsomest legs in the world: and she immediately drew her petticoats higher than her knees to prove the truth of the gallant assertion. On another occasion, at a large ball, Lady Muskerry, who was *enceinte*, and of a very peculiar shape, wore a pad or cushion to hide the deformity. Whilst dancing, this cushion fell from her person, and the Duke of Buckingham, seizing it, folded it in the skirts of his coat, and carried it about the ball room, hushing it, mimicking a baby's cry, and seeking amongst the maids of honour for a nurse for it. It was quite customary for ladies to receive visitors in bed, or whilst they were dressing, and this fashion continued a long time. It was probably derived from France. Anne of Austria always received company in a morning in bed, and sometimes, indeed, gave audience there

* Wycherley, *Love in a Wood*.

in the evening ; it seems to have been the etiquette there, that the King should hand her her shift. Mde. de Seigné tells us, that Mde. de Fontanges* on being made a duchess received the compliments of her friends in bed. And Mde. de Motteville says, that when the Marchioness de Senecey returned to Court from exile, so many persons visited her, that as she sat in bed she leaned so long on her elbows giving and receiving salutes, that they were actually galled. Our King, Charles, used to visit Lady Castlemaine openly every morning before she had quitted her bed, and for some reason or other she always chose that Miss Stewart should be in bed with her. Evelyn mentions going with the King into the Duchess of Portsmouth's chamber, " where she was in her morning loose garment, her maids combing her, newly out of her bed, his Majesty and the gallants standing about her." He also records in his Diary, that he dined with the Duke of Newcastle, and afterwards sat discoursing with her Grace in her bedchamber till the Marquis of Dorchester and other company came in.

That the indelicate ceremonies at weddings, which we have named in reference to Sir Philip Herbert's marriage were but very slowly refining, may be inferred from Pepys's delight at the gravity and propriety of the wedding of Lord Sandwich's daughter :

" I got into the bridegroom's chamber while he

* A royal mistress.

undressed himself, and there was very merry till he was called to the bride's chamber, and into bed they went. I kissed the bride in bed, and so the curtaines were drawn with the greatest gravity that could be, and so good night. *But the modesty and gravity of this business was so decent, that it was to me indeed ten times more delightful than if it had been twenty times more merry and jovial.*"*

The same writer speaks of a frolic of Sir Charles Sedley and Lord Buckhurst, who in the endeavour to surpass even themselves in indecency, ran through the streets at night almost naked. An uproar ensued, and they were taken to the Watchhouse; but the King interfered in their behalf, and my Lord Chief Justice Keeling dismissed them, but *committed the constable* who had so properly apprehended them, to take his trial at the ensuing sessions.

* Sir Jonah Barrington, in his *Personal Sketches*, names the customs common at weddings in Ireland, *within his recollection*, and those in England were not very dissimilar. At the conclusion of the ceremony everybody kissed the bride, and the company saluted each other. A banquet—hospitality all alive—bottle circulated—ball commenced—bride led it off to take leave of her celibacy—a hot supper—bedchamber well lighted—bed curtains adorned with festoons of ribbons.—Bridesmaids gave the bride, in bed, her prescriptive refreshment of whitewine posset—then her eyes were bound, and she *threw* her stocking (the spinsters crowding round the bed); whoever it touched was to be married within a twelvemonth.—All present, ladies and gentlemen—kissed her, the lady who won the stocking, and she, the future bride, led off the ball which now recommenced.—Vol. iii. p. 333.

Need we seek a more convincing specimen of the Spirit of the Age?

The frolics of the Court ladies were equally unrefined. Miss Price and Miss Jennings, two maids of honour to the Duchess of York, dressed themselves as orange-girls—a costume then considered, from the usual character of the profession, utterly disreputable—with the view of visiting a famous conjuror at Charing Cross. It is a further illustration of the temper of the times that this same conjuror whose revelations and apparent skill made the hair of all London stand on end, proved to be the handsome, witty, and most licentious Earl of Rochester, a friend and boon companion of the King. The young ladies provided themselves with oranges, and attempted to make their way in the Theatre to the royal box, but were insulted and driven back; they then took a Hackney coach and proceeded to the conjuror's, but on alighting, were again insulted so grossly that they sped home in terror without having seen the wise man. This frolic, given in full detail by De Grammont, we might consider an unusual escapade, embellished perhaps a little by his pen, did not Pepys give pretty much the same detail, with this expressive imprimatur:

“Such as these tricks being ordinary, and worse among them, thereby few will venture upon them for wives.”*

* Diary, Feb. 21, 1664-5.

De Grammont says, or is made to say, of the Court ladies generally, “Je ne nomme personne, Dieu m’en garde; mais la Middleton, la Denham, les filles de la Reine, celles de la Duchesse, et cent autres répandent leurs faveurs à droite et à gauche sans qu’on souffle. Pour Madame de Shrewsbury, c’est une bénédiction”: and he adds, of this lady, that were a man killed for her every day she would but hold her head the higher for it.

Bishop Burnet says that all the Court went about masked, dancing in unknown houses. The poor Queen joined in these frolics, and on one occasion, being deserted by her chairmen, (who being of course, hired, did not recognise their precious freight,) was left alone, and ignorant of the ways, and far from a proficient in the language of the country, came to White-hall in a cart.

The following anecdote is taken from Ives’s Select Papers, page 40:

“Last week there being a faire neare Audlyend, the Queen, the Dutchess of Richmond, and the Dutchess of Buckingham, had a frolick to disguise themselves like country lasses, in red petticoates, wastecoates, &c., and so goe see the faire. Sir Bernard Gascoign, on a cart-jade rode before the Queen; another stranger before the Dutchess of Buckingham; and Mr. Roper before Richmond: they had all so over-done it in their disguise, and look’d so much more like antiques than country

volk, that as soon as they came to the faire, the people began to goe after them; but the Queen going to a booth to buy a pair of yellow stockins for her sweethart; and Sir Bernard asking for a pair of gloves, sticht with blew, for his sweethart, they were soon, by their gebrish, found to be strangers, which drew a bigger flock about them; one amongst them had seen the Queen at dinner, knew her, and was proud of her knowledge. This soon brought all the faire into a crowd to stare at the Queen: being thus discovered, they, as soon as they could, got to their horses; but as many of the faire as had horses, got up with their wives, children, sweetharts, or neighbours behind them, to get as much gape as they could till they brought them to the court-gate. Thus, by ill-conduct, was a merry frolick turned into a penance."

The Lady Shrewsbury emphasized by De Grammont was indeed a woman whose monstrous abandonment makes the profligacy of the other sex look comparatively venial. She was the mistress of the Duke of Buckingham, whom the Earl of Shrewsbury challenged under the idea—for so run the tenets of modern chivalry—of thus vindicating his own honour. His wife held her seducer's horse during the conflict in which Shrewsbury got his death wound, and accompanied her paramour even before the stains of her husband's blood were removed from his person. Shortly afterwards the

Duke still further outraged decency by taking Lady Shrewsbury to his own house, where his Duchess then resided. The latter indignantly remonstrated, and said she would not live with her. The Duke coolly and calmly replied,

“Why, Madam, I did think so, and therefore have ordered your coach to be ready to carry you to your father’s.”*

A different fate befel the giddy but still virtuous Miss Jennings, the heroine of the orange-girl frolic, and a star of fashion in the King’s Court, and a beautiful girl, of whose personal attractions De Grammont gives a very glowing description. She was the elder sister of the celebrated Duchess of Marlborough, and has not escaped the imputation of an intriguing disposition and political interference. This, however, if true at all, which is much to be doubted, was only true of her during a short period of her life. Very different was her career from that of her celebrated sister. Having firmly withstood every temptation to dishonour which King Charles or the Duke of York could offer to seduce her, she married Sir George Hamilton, but became a widow in a few years. Her second husband, but first lover, was George Talbot, created Earl and Duke of Tyrconnel, and made Viceroy of Ireland by King James, of whom he was a firm and faithful adherent. In 1691, she became again a widow. Her

* Pepys.

character as a wife and a mother seems to have been faultless.

Strange indeed were the chances of her life, if all that is recorded of her be true. The beautiful *désiré* of the voluptuous Court of Charles II., the accomplished and dignified leader of the Viceregal Court of Dublin, the mother of three attractive daughters, known by the name of the "three Viscountesses" (Rose, Dillon, and Kingsland), was for a time reduced, according to tradition, to work as a sempstress for the support of her family. Pen-
nant says, in his description of the New Exchange, (page 148,) "Above stairs sat, in the character of a milliner, the reduced Duchess of Tyrconnel, wife to Richard Talbot, Lord Deputy of Ireland, under James II.; a bigoted papist, and fit instrument of the designs of the infatuated prince, who had created him Earl before his abdication, and after that Duke of Tyrconnel. A female, suspected to have been his Duchess, after his death, supported herself for a few days (till she was known, and otherwise provided for) by the little trade of this place: had delicacy enough to wish not to be detected: she sat in a white mask, and a white dress, and was known by the name of the White Widow."

A portion of her husband's confiscated estates was restored to her by the Crown, and she spent the closing years of her life in Ireland.

Dreadful indeed would have been the times if

some fashionable women had not escaped its contaminating influences even in the charmed and dangerous circle of the Court itself. The high-minded Duchess of Ormond; her daughter-in-law, the exemplary Lady Ossory; the fantastic, and it may be "mad," but excellent Duchess of Newcastle; and the charming Lady Fanshawe; Miss Blagg, afterwards married to Mr. Godolphin; Mrs. Evelyn; the Countess of Devonshire, "whose name, in an age of scandal, was never touched;" Lady Sunderland, and Miss Hamilton, afterwards Countess and ultimately Duchesse de Grammont, may serve amongst others as examples of this. The great Lord Clarendon forbade his wife to visit Lady Castlemaine, a circumstance which no doubt accelerated his fall. We must also bear in mind that the Court of England was not then, what it happily is now, the point of reunion of *all* the great and noble of the land. As we have seen, it was only in the last three reigns that people even thought of coming to London at a certain season. The anathemas of Elizabeth on those who forsook their country homes, and the prohibitions of James on the influx of strangers to London, though by no means attended with the success they wished and expected, yet certainly had their influence,—an influence which had not quite subsided even at the period of which we treat. The desolations of the civil war caused the impoverished and wearied aristocracy to hug themselves in their own castles as havens of rest: Cromwell's

Court seduced few within its boundaries; and numbers who had hastened to greet their legitimate King, retired in dignified contempt to their own domains, when they saw the restored Court from which they had hoped so much, a mere theatre of harlotry, licentiousness, and buffoonery. By degrees the Court, as distinguished from the country party, consisted only of the friends and immediate connexions of those attached to the royal household. It is true that the licentiousness of the Court affected all within the sphere of its influence, and gradually spread a baleful poison through the land, the dregs of which were fermenting even to a late period; but God forbid that the characters of the women of England at that time should be sought in the tainted archives of Whitehall, or the lascivious shades of St. James's Park and the Mulberry Garden.*

Still as the nucleus of the fashion of the time, we must return from this long digression to the contemplation of the manners and habitudes of the Court.

Coarseness of speech kept fully pace with indecency of manners. Women of condition then swore openly in a style that now can hardly, we should imagine, be heard out of Billingsgate. "Zounds!

* Wycherley and other writers of that day, represent these places as almost consecrated to profligacy, and as habitually haunted for the most immoral purposes, by women of condition and respectable position in life—guarded, of course, by masks.

but it shall be done, if you set the house on fire," said Lady Castlemaine to her cook; but this was nothing to the good "mouth-filling" oaths that were habitual. Pepys says of the Queen and her ladies, "they made sport in very common terms, very poor methought, and below what people think these great people say and do." And again he says, "God forgive me! Though I admire them (the King and the Duke) with all the duty possible (and in this who doubts the honest man?) yet the more a man considers and observes them, the less he finds of difference between them and other men."

And when the extreme of profane language was avoided, still the common style of conversation was coarse and masculine. The writer of "A Character of England," says, "I may not forget to acquaint your Lordship that though the ladies and the gentlemen are so shy of one another, yet, when once they grow acquainted, it passes into expressions and compellations extremely new to our usages, and the style of our country. Do but imagine how it would become our ladies to call Monsieur N. Jack N. What more frequent than this? 'Tom P. was here to-day. I went yesterday to the Course with Will R.; and Harry N. treated me at such a tavern.' These are the particular idioms and graceful confidences now in use; introduced, I conceive, at first, by some comrades one with another. But it is mean and rude, and such as our lackeys would

almost disdain in Paris; where I have often observed two chimney-sweepers accost one another in better forms and civiller addresses.”*

Lady Townley records it as amongst the delightful privileges of a married woman, that she may “have men at her toilet, invite them to dinner, appoint them a party in a stage box at the play, engross the conversation there, *call 'em by their Christian names*, talk louder than the players,” &c., &c.

That this grossness of speech was fostered in some measure by the prevalent custom of gaming there can be little doubt. It is a practice that, in all times and amongst all ranks, has been found to indurate the finer feelings and make the manners coarse. This tendency is neatly hit off in Vanbrugh’s comedy :

Lady Townley.—Dear, dear hazard! oh! what a flow of spirits it gives one. Do you never play at hazard, child?

Lady Grace.—Oh! never! I don’t think it sits well upon women: there’s something so masculine, so much the air of a rake in it! You see how it makes the men swear and curse! and when a woman is thrown into the same passion—why—

La. Town.—That’s very true! one is a little put to it sometimes, not to make use of the same words to express it.

La. Grace.—Well—and, upon ill luck, pray what words are you really forc’d to make use of?

La. Town.—Why, upon a very hard case, indeed, when a sad wrong word is rising just to one’s tongue’s end, I give a great gulp—aad swallow it.

La. Grace.—Well—and is not that enough to make you forswear play as long as you live?

* Anno 1659. Harl. Misc.

La. Town.—O yes ! I have forsworn it.

La. Grace.—Seriously ?

La. Town.—Solemnly ! a thousand times ; but then one is constantly forsworn.

This custom of gaming, a universal one, was probably brought from the French Court, where it prevailed to a frightful extent. The Duchess of Orleans, in her Memoirs, says, “The cause of almost all the evil which prevails here is the passion of women for play. I have often been told to my face ‘You are good for nothing, you do not like play.’” Louis himself was greatly addicted to it. Enormous sums were won and lost in his saloon. His usual, if not his only game, was *Reversis*. The King and his celebrated mistress, Madame de Montespan, usually kept a bank at one table ; the Queen and Madame de Soubize (who played on while the Queen *retired to prayers*) at another ; the courtiers at other tables. The carpets were covered with heaps of a thousand louis-d’ors ; they used no other counters. The play was very deep, the *poules* varying from five to twelve hundred louis-d’ors.* Madame de Montespan, we are told, once lost in partnership with the King 400,000 pistoles, and in hope of recovering her loss, would not quit her cards till sunrise.

Our English Cleopatra was not to be outdone. She lost at Basset in one evening £25,000, and her usual stake was £1000 or £1500 on a cast. Evelyn records the “deep and prodigious” gaming at the

* Madame de Sevigné.

Groom porter's, vast heaps of gold squandered away in a vain and profuse manner. He says he looked upon this as "a horrid vice, and unsuitable in a Christian Court:" an opinion too fully justified by the following *pendant* :

"Mr. Evelyn tells me of several of the menial servants of the Court lacking bread, that have not received a farthing wages since the King's coming in." *

Pepys also mentions that the King's wardrobe was deficient in the commonest necessaries, and that the person whose business it was to procure them justified his apparent neglect on the ground that he could not obtain credit. The easy King bore this state of affairs with as much nonchalance as that noted Prince of Condé who, finding that his pastrycook was the only one of his tradesmen who would give him credit, desired that his starving horses should be fed on cheese-cakes.

Some of the wits of the Court almost supported themselves by play: De Grammont professedly did so; and he records of his early years that he soon learnt all that was to be taught at the Academy, and "at the same time that which gives the finishing stroke to a young fellow's education, and makes him a gentleman, viz., all sorts of games both at cards and dice." He it is said was by no means scrupulous as to the strict honour of his transactions at the card-table: he was, in plain

* Pepys, 1667, April 26.

terms, a sharper. He was not alone in this; and if we are to believe the writer of "A Character of England," this questionable style of conduct was not confined to men :

"I know not whether I might not here match these valiant heroes with an avowed society of ladies, and some of them not the meanest for birth (I even blush to recount it of that fair sex), who boast of making all advantages at play; and are become so dexterous at it, that they seldom make a sitting without design or booty."

Mde. de Sevigné plainly asserts the same thing in France when lamenting her daughter's great losses at play, telling her she must not expect to find all her competitors as honourable as herself, and reminding her how they had both been fleeced at the Hotel de la Vieuville. Yet these ladies moved in the highest social circles of France.

The number of French persons who resorted to England brought with them of course the usages of the Court they had left. The Duchess of Mazarin kept what would now be called a gaming house, at Chelsea, which was the resort *professionally* of the fortune hunters of the Court. It is true, indeed, that her society was not limited to these. Her own very high rank, the wit, fascination, and literary talent of her daily associate, if not constant inmate, the banished St. Evremond, the petits soupers où regnait la plus grande liberté du monde et égale

discretion, and the numberless allurements with which one so well versed in all the refinements of existence knew how to charm the comparatively unpolished English—all these attractions combined to draw to her abode the most elevated of the English nobility.

How widely spread was this mania for gaming, we may infer from the portrait of Lady Townley, finished and re-modelled by Cibber, but written originally about this time, by Sir John Vanbrugh, who undoubtedly did not take his pictures exclusively from the Court. He hints, too, what is a well attested, however humiliating truth, that when a woman's losses at cards exceeded her means of payment, she was sometimes induced to sacrifice her honour to the payment of her debt. This, indeed, is a circumstance on which many plays of the time explicitly turn, and is drawn, not from an isolated or rare occurrence, but from the general and notorious character of the day. The rage for gaming among the fair sex was almost incredible, and *roués* knew well how to serve their own purposes by it.

Our sketch of the manners of this period would be very incomplete, if we did not refer to the fashionable folly—not peculiar to that day—of interlarding conversation with French phrases and epithets. Dryden hits off this folly in many places, but especially perhaps in his *Marriage à la Mode*.—Melantha says,

“ Let me die, but he’s a fine man ; he sings and dances *en François*, and writes the *billets doux* to a miracle.”

And again,—

“ I’ll tell you, my dear, the prince took me by the hand, and pressed it *à la dérobée*, because the King was near, made the *doux yeux* to me, and *ensuite*, said a thousand gallantries, or let me die, my dear.”

The following scene is admirable, and perhaps not so much exaggerated as on a first glance we might suppose. It will be borne in mind that many words, as *figure, billet, chagrin, ridicule, grimace, &c.*, are now almost naturalized, but were then absolutely strange and foreign.

MELANTHA and her woman PHILOTIS.

Enter PHILOTIS with a paper in her hand.

Mel.—O, are you there, minion? And, well, are not you a most precious damsel, to retard all my visits for want of language, when you know you are so well paid for furnishing me with new words for my daily conversation? Let me die if I have not run the risque already to speak like one of the vulgar; and if I have one phrase left in all my store that is not threadbare *et usé*, and fit for nothing but to be thrown to peasants.

Phil.—Indeed, Madam, I have been very diligent in my vocation; but you have so drained all the French plays and romances that they are not able to supply you with words for your daily expense.

Mel.—Drained! What a word’s there! *Epuisée*, you sot, you. Come, produce your morning’s work.

Phil.—’Tis here Madam (*shows a paper*).

Mel.—O, my Venus! fourteen or fifteen words to serve me a

whole day! Let me die, at this rate I cannot last till night. Come, read your words: twenty to one, half of them will not pass muster neither.

Phil.—*Sottises* (reads).

Mel.—*Sottises*: *bon*. That's an excellent word to begin withal; as, for example, he or she said a thousand *sottises* to me. Proceed.

Phil.—*Figure*: as, what a *figure* of a man is there! Naïve, and naïveté.

Mel.—Naïve! as how?

Phil.—Speaking of a thing that was naturally said, it was so naïve; or, such an innocent piece of simplicity, 'twas such a naïveté.

Mel.—Truce with your interpretations. Make haste.

Phil.—*Foible, chagrin, grimace, embarrasse, double entendre, équivoque, éclaircissement, suite, bévue, façon, penchant, coup d'étourdi*, and *ridicule*.

Mel.—Hold, hold; how did they begin?

Phil.—They began at *sottises*, and ended *en ridicule*.

Mel.—Now, give me your paper in my hand, and hold you my glass, while I practise my postures for the day. (*Melantha laughs in the glass.*) How does that laugh become my face?

Phil.—Sovereignly well, Madam.

Mel.—Sovereignly? Let me die, that's not amiss: that word shall not be yours; I'll invent it, and bring it up myself. My new point gorget shall be yours upon't. Not a word of the word, I charge you.

Phil.—I am dumb, Madam.

Mel.—That glance, how suits it with my face? (*looking in the glass again.*)

Phil.—'Tis so languissant!

Mel.—*Languissant*! That word shall be mine too, and my last Indian gown thine for't. That sigh? (*looks again.*)

Phil.—'Twill make a man sigh, Madam. 'Tis a mere incendiary.

Mel.—Take my guimp petticoat for that truth.

This folly though often criticised still continues, nay, has of late years been more than ever preva-

lent. This is bad taste: but perhaps to those who do not think fashion a sanction for every thing, the modern custom of conversing in French to the utter neglect and exclusion of our own language, may merit some stronger censure than that of being merely a failure in taste. It is well known that English is not now the prevailing language at the English Court and among the English nobility. Rush, the American ambassador, speaks in a tone of surprise at the whole conversation, when he dined at Lord Castlereagh's, being in French. There can be no question as to the propriety of every well educated person being conversationally familiar with the most general language of Europe; no question as to the politeness of relieving foreigners in their unfamiliar attempts at our unlearnable tongue; but there is room for great question as to the policy, propriety, or patriotism of our being the first to throw *practically* a slur on our national language, by the adoption of another, and of our thus virtually proclaiming to all the world its unfitness for the refined colloquies of our Court and drawing rooms.

We *do* this and seem to forget the very natural inference which must present itself to the mind of the foreigner, though good breeding may chain his tongue.

Evelyn, immediately after Charles's death, gives this brief but graphic picture of the Court:

“ I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and

prophaneness, gaming and all dissoluteness, and, as it were, total forgetfulness of God, (it being Sunday evening,) which this day se'nnight I was witness of, the king sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Mazarine, &c., a French boy singing love songs, in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least 2000*l.* in gold before them, upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflexions with astonishment. Six days after all was in the dust."

On the deposition of James four years afterwards, a new order of things was introduced, and it is hardly possible to imagine a greater contrast to the picture we have been surveying, than that offered by the Court of William and Mary. Lady Cavendish, daughter of Lady Rachel Russell, gives the following interesting account of her presentation at the first drawing room of the new Sovereigns :

February, 1689.

—After they had agreed upon what power to give the king, and what to take away from him, (the particulars of which I cannot tell you,) my Lord Halifax, who is chairman, went to the banqueting house, where the Princess and Prince were, and made them a short speech, desiring them in the name of all the lords to accept of the crown. The Prince answered him in a few words, and the Princess made curtsies. They say, when they named

her father's faults, she looked down as if she was troubled; then Mr. Powle, the speaker of the House of Commons, shewed the Prince what they had agreed of, but made no speech. After this ceremony was ended they proclaimed them King and Queen of England. Many of the Churchmen would not have had it done that day, because it was Ash Wednesday. I was at the sight, and, you may imagine, very much pleased to see Ormanzor and Phenixana,* proclaimed King and Queen of England, in the room of King James, my father's murderer. There was wonderful acclamations of joy, which, though they were very pleasing to me, yet they frightened me too; for I could not but think what a dreadful thing it is to fall into the hands of the rabble—they are such strange sort of people. At night I went to Court with my Lady Devonshire, and kissed the Queen's hand, and the King's also. There was a world of bonfires, and candles in almost every house, which looked extremely pretty. The King applies himself mightily to business, and is wonderfully admired for his great wisdom and prudence in ordering all things. He is a man of no presence, but looks very homely at first sight; but if one looks long on him, he has something in his face both wise and good. But as for the Queen, she is really altogether very hand-

* Names taken from one of the fashionable heroic romances of the day; and such were often used in the correspondence of young persons.

some; her face is very agreeable, and her shape and motions extremely graceful and fine. She is tall, but not so tall as the last Queen. Her room was mighty full of company, as you may guess.*

Queen Mary, a woman of very confined understanding, deficient education, and little sensibility, felt no difficulty in accommodating herself to the phlegmatic disposition of her husband; and this she did—not, perhaps, without an effort at freedom, which was soon quelled by his severe animadversion—to the great discontent of the Court circle, even the high-minded and virtuous portion of it. Mary was a person of unimpeachable propriety of conduct,†

* Devonshire MSS., quoted in Miss Berry's *Life of Lady Russell*.

† Except in the instance of running and laughing like a giddy girl through the apartments at Whitehall, even whilst the shadow of her expatriated father had scarce fitted from the walls. This, however, is a matter of little consequence, even if done (or overdone) at the command of her husband. Her previous conduct had condemned her irrevocably. Though she might not traverse her husband's views, she might have withheld unnecessary encouragement in those points which most materially affected her father personally. She *needed not* to have placed herself on her father's throne; King William, there is no doubt, would willingly have held it totally independently of her, had she expressed a wish to that effect; and she might have relieved her father's exile abroad, and his *entire* dependence on a foreign potentate, which, however, she does not appear to have done. Immediately on her arrival in England, she sent to Dr. Sancroft, the apostolic Archbishop of Canterbury, to ask his blessing.

"Let her," said the venerable prelate, "let her first ask *her father's* blessing; without that, mine will not be heard in heaven."

and her Court immediately assumed an appearance of decency and propriety. So far well. Such a change was imperiously called for. That all the French who had crowded the Courts of her predecessors—save such as were peremptorily detained by debt—should leave the country, was no disadvantage; and that amusements, dress, and fashions, assumed a tone more decidedly English, was not at the outset to be lamented. But William took not the trouble, and Mary had not the sense to consider that those accustomed to the freedom, however disapproving the licentiousness of her uncle's Court, could not all at once, if ever, relish the chilling formality, unsoftened by any grace, unadorned by any intellectual vivacity, any beguiling accomplishments, or any relieving accessories, which characterized her own. She held Courts and Drawing-Rooms, regularly, twice a week and regularly were they attended by their privileged visitants: but they seem to have been alike wearisome to the Queen and her guests. These stiff and frigid reunions were assuredly not the favourite resort of the bright genius of fashion. She glistened here certainly, but her reception was not cordial. We shall find her accustomed haunts elsewhere.

William was not only rigidly exclusive in his habits, but he was devoid of cultivated or refined taste. His genius, partly from original predilection, partly from deficient education, and most absolutely from lifelong habitude, lay exclusively for war and mathematics. His Queen had no strength or ori-

ginality of character; and no mental cultivation or ornamental accomplishments, to beguile the tedium of her secluded life. She was a quiet, industrious housewife. Their several characteristics, i. e. one a-piece, are well taken off in the following verses, written on the loss of Namur:

“ Oh, happy people ! ye must thrive,
 While thus the royal pair does strive,
 Both to advance your glory ;
 While he by his valour conquers France,
 She manufactures does advance,
 And makes thread fringes for ye.

“ Blest we, who from such queens are freed,
 Who by vain superstition led
 Are always telling beads ;*
 But here 's a queen, now thanks to God,
 Who when she rides in coach abroad,
 Is always knotting threads.

“ Then haste, victorious Nassau, haste,
 And when thy summer show is past,
 Let all thy trumpets sound.
 The fringe which this campaign has wrought,
 Though it cost the nation scarce a groat,
 Thy conquests will surround.”

Mary was an indefatigable needlewoman, and the verses above quoted, refer to a species of nick-nackery work, then new, and in the height of fashion; the most curious exemplification possible, of the art of doing nothing—with the sight of which, in the hands of our honoured grandmothers, even we were edified in childhood—Knotting.

* Alluding to her Roman Catholic predecessors.

It has been the fashion to celebrate Mary as a sort of paragon of perfection, on the sole and very doubtful testimony of Bishop Burnet. It is difficult now to explain the grounds on which she was so elevated. It could not be in contrast to her immediate predecessor; for Mary of Modena was a most exemplary wife to a bad husband, whom she could not be induced to forsake, even temporarily; in evil desert or good desert, whom she tended faithfully, unweariedly, and affectionately, through a chequered life to a foreign grave. To her children, her disinherited son, and a lovely daughter, born during exile but lost in early life, she was a most affectionate mother. Her sole crime here was her religion: she was a Roman Catholic, and injudiciously, however conscientiously, strengthened the king her husband's predilection for that faith. Still, this stigma might have been spared her, for James was a devoted Papist before he knew her.

She was very beautiful, but still more, indeed exquisitely beautiful, was her step-daughter and successor Mary; but alas, this lovely casket wanted a gem—heart. She was an undutiful and ungrateful daughter—most ungrateful; for her father had been most fond and indulgent to her; and that she was an unkind and ungenerous sister, the records of Anne's life bear witness. Even William himself, hard as he was, loosened after her death the trammels in which she had bound her sister Anne.

William was deeply attached to his Queen, and felt her loss acutely. Indeed, her conduct to him had been faultless. It may easily be imagined that, after this event, his manners became still more gloomy and morose. There is an anecdote extant of his being found at play with a little child; and there are other incidents on record, of kindly feeling and generosity, which redeem him from the character of having no heart, and almost lead us to lament that a concatenation of circumstances, such as those which influenced his whole early life, should have laid so thick a crust of moroseness on a disposition originally so kind. We must not forget to name that this so-called, immaculate prince, left an acknowledged mistress—the Countess of Orkney—a pensioner on the public.

To us, fashionists, William was ever clad in his coat of mail, impenetrable, unapproachable.

CHAPTER III.

STARS OF FASHION.

DE GRAMMONT.

Ayant couru toute la terre
 Dans le jeu, l'amour, et la guerre ;
 Insolent en prospérité,
 Fort courtois en nécessité,
 L'ame en fortune libérale,
 Aux créanciers pas trop loyale.—*St. Evremoud.*

PHILIBERT DE GRAMMONT was a younger son of a noble family in France and Navarre, and was first known to fame as a volunteer in the army of Condé.

His character was not an estimable one ; he had faults which cannot be palliated : but it is only as a bright star and the most approved exemplar of fashion in the gay Court of Charles the Second that we refer to him here.

He was educated at the College of Pau, with a view to the Church, but he soon shewed that he had no vocation thereto ; and on his first presentation to Cardinal Richelieu, he could not be prevailed upon to adopt, even for the nonce, the

decent semblance of ecclesiastical costume which the circumstance required—for an abbacy had just been conferred upon him—but he hastily threw on a cassock, whilst above appeared “*la plus belle tête du monde, bien poudrée et bien frisée,*” and below were white buskins and gilt spurs.

The Chevalier de Grammont’s progress was worthy of this commencement. As we have intimated, he entered the army, where he saw a good deal of service, and always conducted himself with gallantry. He soon became a proficient in all the fashionable follies and vices of the town life of a man of pleasure, and a propensity to and talent for gaming seem to have been born with him, so early did he turn to it. He was a most successful gambler, and derived no inconsiderable portion of his income therefrom.

To say that he was otherwise licentious, is saying little of a courtier of that age. But the faults of the Count de Grammont were in a considerable degree, redeemed by generosity and benevolence;* and, in the eyes of his contempo-

* Il détéroit les malheureux, pour les secourir; les officiers qui perdoient leurs équipages à la guerre, ou leur argent au jeu; les soldats estropiés dans la tranchée; enfin tout éprouvoit sa libéralité; mais sa manière d’obliger surpassoit encore ses bienfaits.—Chapitre iii.

At one time, in early life, when pressed for money, he invited the Count de Cameran to an entertainment for the purpose of “plucking” him, and succeeded in his intention; but Count Hamilton tells us, that one of his first cares when fortune favoured him, was to make restitution to Cameran in other ways.

raries, were absolutely nullified by his never failing courtesy, his splendour, his social virtues, his brilliant wit, and his exquisite talent of conversation.

In the troubles of the time he first attached himself to the Prince of Condé, but afterwards left him, and made his peace with the queen: with Mazarin, the minister, his talents for gaming were a decided passport.

It would appear that his fascinations were not less powerful in the French Court than they afterwards became in our own; for when he, with the spirited gallantry which seems to have been inherent in him, declared he would be an eye-witness of Marshal Turenne's celebrated manœuvres, for the relief of Arras,—an event on which the French Court hung in fear and trembling—the queen, Anne of Austria, declared she would embrace him if he brought her good news; and she fulfilled her promise in presence of the Court. “*La reine lui tint parole de la meilleure grace du monde: Elle l'embrassa devant tous les courtisans.*”

“Where have you heard,” said he, when, on his arrival at the camp on this occasion, it was supposed he must necessarily require rest, “where have you heard that the Chevalier de Grammont had ever any occasion for sleep?”

Either De Grammont was really of opinion that love levels all distinctions, or else the little god,

out of malice or envy, had made him blind to them, for he had the indiscretion to measure swords—we mean darts, Cupid's artillery—with none other than the Grand Monarque himself. Bearding the "son of Peter Mazarin" was little to this. Louis the Fourteenth fell in love with La Motte Houdancourt, and so did Philibert de Grammont: the king, of course, did not give way: no more—and this was rather out of course—did De Grammont: the king was omnipotent, the count was not. Louis banished his indiscreet rival from Court, and unable to exist where the Sun of Royalty did not shine, the Count de Grammont quitted France entirely, and came to blaze, a star of fashion of the first magnitude, amid the brilliant galaxy of Whitehall and Windsor.

Happy for him that the decree had not gone out against him at the time of his first visit to England, when the Court, so called, of Cromwell, was held in all his sober seriousness; a residence in that would have been worse than banishment to him. But at the time of his disgrace and self-expatriation, just when England was preparing for the reception of the new Queen, Catherine of Braganza, the Court offered every attraction, and his reception therein was enthusiastically cordial. To the royal family and many gentlemen of the Court he had been well known abroad.

He was soon an established favourite, a referee in quarrels, a leader of ton, an arbiter of taste, a dic-

tator of Fashion. Le Chevalier de Grammont fut bientôt du goût de tout le monde.

The King made him one in all his pleasure parties, and frequently consulted him about their arrangement ; and he was in such request amongst all the nobility, that he had no time he could call his own, save supper-time.* He invariably took this evening meal at home. His evenings were devoted to gaming, on which he often depended for support ; and the supper-hour varied with his play, but his suppers were of the most refined elegance. It was in allusion to these that when Charles offered him a pension, which De Grammont had the good taste to decline, (a circumstance which afterwards stood him in good stead with the French King.) Lord Falmouth was ordered to say it would assist him to give a supper. “ C'est peu pour la figure que fait le Chevalier de Grammont parmi nous ; mais ce sera, dit-il en l'embrassant, pour lui aider à nous donner à souper.”

Every week he sent a courier to Paris for a new suit for himself, and a new supply of bijouterie for the display of his taste, or the exercise of his liberality. These for the most part consisted of “ les gants parfumés, les miroirs de poche, les étuis garnis, les pâtés d'abricots, les essences, et autres menues denrées d'amour.” We may easily imagine that the

* His Biographer, Count Hamilton, mentions as a proof of the extreme eagerness for his society, that people were obliged to “ take their measures in time, and to invite him *eight or ten days* beforehand !”

fashionmongers of London would be au désespoir at a display they could not pretend to rival. Never had Fashion a more devoted and spirited votary.

His taste and magnificence equalled his spirit. The most *recherché* entertainments of the King himself were often indebted to our hero for their finishing grace. Perhaps on occasion of one of the water parties then so fashionable, a band of the most accomplished musicians secretly brought by him from Paris, and as secretly conveyed among the company, would suddenly strike up and enchant the listeners with the newest or most favorite airs. The banquets which he gave, and which likewise were brought from France, were said to surpass those given by the King.

He presented a calash to Charles, for which he paid 2,000 guineas, and which struck all the Court with despair, so graceful and elegant was it, compared with the clumsy and inconvenient glass coaches then first introduced, and in which it is said the ladies were afraid to be shut up. Desperate were the intrigues, manifold the manœuvrings at Court, to gain the first ride—or as it is now considered proper (being fashionable) to say, the first *drive*—in it, after the Queen and the Duchess of York; and never perhaps was the unprincipled, indolent, and easy King more perplexed than between the claims of Lady Castlemaine and the demands of Miss Stewart, for this coveted honour. The apple of discord hardly caused a greater hubbub

among the fair aspirants of old than did this chariot among the fair and frail goddesses of Whitehall. But guided, perhaps, by that feeling which at one and the same moment casts a roseate tinge on anticipated pleasures, and a sombre hue on those in possession, the King granted the palm, *i. e.* the drive, to Miss Stewart.

De Grammont's readiness of reply was remarkable; his bon mots were admirable, and his manner of telling a story so inimitable, that King, Queen, and courtiers left their occupation to crowd round him when he spoke. On one occasion Queen Catherine gave a splendid fancy dress ball, where each person appointed to dance was to wear some national costume. De Grammont had the choice of country allowed him (most others being appointed by the Queen) on which he said, that as the Londoners did him the honour to take him for an Englishman, he would dress after the French manner as a disguise; and he immediately despatched a courier to Paris for the most splendid habit that could be procured.

The day arrived, and the hour: the Court had assembled; so magnificent a display had never been witnessed, but the Count De Grammont was not there. All waited with impatience: it was no unusual thing for him to eclipse every one, but on this occasion he was to surpass himself; and he had told the King to consider his nation disgraced, if he were not supreme above all.

At length he came—in a suit which he had worn before—a circumstance, says the historian, “monstreuse pour la conjoncture et nouvelle pour lui.”

“Vainement portoit-il le plus beau point, la perruque la plus vaste et la mieux poudrée qu’on pût voir,” — the dress, however rich and sumptuous, however graceful and becoming, *had been seen before!*

The King — though all were on the *qui vive* — was the first to remark the circumstance.

“Chevalier de Grammont, Termes is not then come?”

“Pardonnez moi, Sire, dit-il, Dieu merci.”

“Comment! Dieu merci, “dit le roi;” lui seroit-il arrivé quelque chose par les chemins?”

“Sire, “dit le Chevalier de Grammont,” voici l’histoire de mon habit et de Termes, mon courier.”

A ces mots, *le bal tout prêt à commencer fut suspendu: Tous ceux qui devoient danser faisoient un cercle autour du Chevalier de Grammont; il poursuivit ainsi son récit:*

“Il y a deux jours que ce coquin devoit être ici, suivant mes ordres et ses sermens. On peut juger de mon impatience tout aujourd’hui, voyant qu’il n’arrivoit pas. Enfin, après l’avoir bien maudit, il n’y a qu’une heure qu’il est arrivé, crotté depuis la tête jusqu’aux pieds, botté jusqu’à la ceinture, fait enfin comme un excommunié.

“Eh bien! Monsieur, le faquin,” lui dis-je, “voilà de vos façons de faire! vous vous faites attendre

jusqu'à l'extrémité: encore est-ce un miracle que vous soyez arrivé!"

"Oui, Mor —!" dit-il, "c'est un miracle. Vous êtes toujours à gronder. Je vous ai fait faire le plus bel habit du monde, que M. le Duc de Guise lui-même a pris la peine de commander."

"Donnez le donc, bourreau!" lui dis-je.

"Monsieur," dit-il, "si je n'ai mis douze brodeurs après, qui n'ont fait que travailler jour et nuit, tenez moi pour un infâme: Je ne les ai pas quittés d'un moment."

"Et où est-il?" dis-je, "traître! qui ne fais que raisonner dans le tems que je devrois être habillé."

"Je l'avois," dit-il, "empaqueté, serré, ployé, que toute la pluie du monde n'en eut point approché. Me voilà," poursuivit-il, "à courir jour et nuit, connoissant votre impatience, et qu'il ne faut pas lanterner avec vous."

"Mais où est-il," m'écriai-je, "cet habit si bien empaqueté?"

"Péri, Monsieur," me dit-il, "en joignant les mains."

"Comment! péri," lui dis-je en sursaut.

"Oui, péri, perdu, abîmé. Que vous dirai-je de plus."

"Quoi! le paquebot a fait naufrage?" lui dis-je.

"Oh! vraiment, c'est bien pis, comme vous allez voir," me repondit-il. "J'étois à une démie-licue de Calais, hier au matin, et je voulus prendre le long de la mer pour faire plus de diligence: mais ma

foi! l'on dit bien vrai, qu'il n'est rien tel que le grand chemin: car je donnai tout au travers d'un sable mouvant, où j'enfonçai jusques au menton."

"Un sable mouvant auprès de Calais!" m'écriai-je.

"Oui, Monsieur," me dit-il, "et si bien sable mouvant, que je me donne au diable, si on me voyoit autre chose que le haut de la tête, quand on m'en à tiré. Pour mon cheval, il a fallu plus de quinze hommes pour l'en sortir; mais pour mon portemanteau, où malheureusement j'avois mis votre habit, jamais en ne l'a pu trouver: Il faut qu'il soit pour le moins une lieue sous terre."

"Voilà, Sire," poursuivit le chevalier de Grammont, "l'aventure et le récit que m'en a fait cet honnête homme: Je l'aurois infailliblement tué, si je n'avois en peur de faire attendre Mlle. Hamilton, et si je n'avois été pressé *de vous donner avis du sable mouvant, afin que vos couriers prennent soin de l'éviter.*"

Le roi se tenoit les côtés de rire.—

The conclusion of this affair is admirable. A considerable time afterwards De Grammont was at Abbeville, and on entering the kitchen, found a magnificent dinner preparing for the wedding of a very wealthy gentleman of the neighbourhood. The party arrived from the church, and our refined traveller was feasting his eyes and his fancy with the ridiculous and vulgar ostentation of their gene-

ral tone and appearance, when he was suddenly struck with the coat of the bridegroom, which was in as utter contrast to the remainder of his apparel, and to the dress of the rest of the party, as it was possible to be. In short, it was a coat of the most exquisite taste and the most magnificent fabric.

The Chevalier de Grammont admired it, and the bridegroom, proud of his admiration, told him, "qu'il avoit acheté ce justaucorps cent cinquante louis, du tems qu'il faisoit l'amour à Madame sa femme."

"Vous ne l'avez donc fait faire ici?"

"Bon! lui répondit l'autre: je l'ai d'un marchand de Londres, qui l'avoit commandé pour milord d'Angleterre."

Not to detain our readers:—this was the very coat which De Grammont had ordered for the Court festival, which Termes, his courier and valet, had obtained according to orders, but which he sold to this wealthy rustic, who happening to see it at the Custom House, appealed to his cupidity in an irresistible way.

What excuse Termes originally made to his master it is difficult to guess, but it would almost seem, from a remark of his on this occasion, as if the quicksand was the offspring of De Grammont's own quick invention.*

* Et cependant il faut voir comme vous tempétiez à Londres quand vous l'avez cru perdu: *les beaux contes que vous avez faits au Roi du sable mouvant, &c.*

During his residence in England, he married Miss Hamilton, a celebrated beauty, daughter of Sir George Hamilton, and niece of the Duke of Ormond: but, if truth be told of him, even this lady would have been deserted by him but for the determination of her brothers, Count Anthony and George Hamilton.

They followed and overtook him as he was on the point of leaving the kingdom, and asked him if he had not forgotten something. "Pardon me," he replied, "I have forgotten to marry your sister," and immediately and amicably returned with them.

After an expatriation of about seven years, he was recalled by the French King, whose favour he entirely regained. His beautiful and excellent lady too was greatly admired, and was appointed *dame du palais* at Versailles. On the death of his brother he succeeded to the title and estates of his family; and it appears from a letter of Madame de Coulanges (5 Aug. 1703), that he and his lady were decidedly the *ton* at Paris. No wonder they had been so in London. One of their daughters married Lord Stafford, and was the friend and correspondent of a later "star of fashion," Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

De Grammont returned to France in 1669, and died in 1707 in his eighty-sixth year.

He was not destitute of literary qualifications, and when in England is said to have used his pen as a source of emolument. Amongst other trifles,

a sonnet to Francisco's saraband is attributed to him.*

Hardly less celebrated than himself is his biographer, Count Anthony Hamilton. But he was also his brother-in-law, and passes lightly over those parts of De Grammont's character, his dishonesty, his licentiousness, his irreligion, his vindictiveness, which must ever excite the reprobation of rightly thinking people. As a leader of ton he was perhaps unparalleled, and in that light only is he considered here :

“ Et jamais ne sera de vie,
Plus admiré aud moins suivie ! ”

* Francisco — the celebrated and fashionable guitar player, who set all the men and women of the Court a thrumming, not even excepting the Duke of York — to the great discomfiture of many husbands blessed with fashionable wives. Ce Francisque venait de faire une sarabande, qui charmoit ou désoloit tout le monde ; car toute la guitarerie de la cour se mit à l'apprendre ; et Dieu sait la raclerie universelle que c'étoit.—Chapitre viii.

CHAPTER IV.

HABITATIONS.

THE noble chapel of Henry the Seventh, attached to Westminster Abbey, is usually considered as the last expiring effort in England of that splendid Gothic architecture, which, in its varied moss-grown and shattered remains, appeals so forcibly to the imagination and the feelings. It is supposed also, by qualified judges, to bear even on its own front in its superabundant decoration and minuteness of ornament, the evidence of its decay; even as the exquisitely beautiful tint on the cheek of one smitten with consumption, is only too sure an evidence of internal weakness. Even to an eye not critically scientific, the broad and massive architecture of the Abbey itself has something far more noble and majestic than the florid, elaborate, and exquisitely finished details of Henry the Seventh's chapel. But the taste and will and spirit for the erection of large public edifices were all declining, and domestic architecture was assuming much more importance: naturally and necessarily so. The peaceful reign of Henry the Seventh, the great progress of commerce which he so wisely and undeviatingly sup-

ported, and the extinction by his marriage and wise policy of the ancient feuds of the magnates of the land; the rapid advance of the lower orders, the heretofore unheeded "serfs" in the scale of society, and consequent thereon the sensible decline of the tenets of feudality—all these and other causes combined, after the accession of Henry the Seventh, led Englishman of birth and rank to consider their habitations — what heretofore in merry England they could not safely be considered — homes, domestic homes, retreats of peace and relaxation, instead of strongholds of safety and defence. Hitherto, every man's house — that is, the house of every man who held a responsible position in society — had been constructed with a view to defence and warfare: now the domestic castle was no longer known.

Henry the Eighth built, indeed, a line of castles, but those were national works for national defence; and the many beautiful palaces which owe their erection or their completion to him, are unmixed with any of those stern military features which are especially marked in any nobleman's mansion of former times. The 16th century has been called an era of palaces.

The "Tudor Gothic" style of Henry the Eighth and earlier part of Elizabeth's reign, in its most marked features, is familiar to all: a multitude of gables at all heights and in all directions breaking the uniformity of the general mass; the stacks of chimneys of fantastic shapes and profuse ornament,

crowded with decorations which are often clustered there in manifest contrast to the unadorned style of the rest of the building, and the variformed and often beautiful oriel windows are the most marked outward features. Within, the great hall and its dais, with a gallery above extending its whole length, in which the lord and lady of the mansion and their guests assembled to witness the merry-makings of their retainers below. These were indelible features (varied in size, style, and elegance) both of the palace and the manor house of the earlier part of Elizabeth's reign. In mansions of a higher class than the manor house, this gallery was often a most magnificent structure. In Hardwicke Hall (see after) it was so, being 170 feet long; and in Buckhurst House, Sussex, a magnificent erection of the time, it extended over the whole of the apartments in front. At the widely celebrated mansion of Audley Inn,* perhaps the most magnificent structure of the time, and built by the Earl of Suffolk, Lord Treasurer in the reign of James the First, and built, as it was loudly said, with "Spanish gold; †" in this was a gallery ninety-five yards long. After the first adoption of the Italian fashion of using the hall as an entrance, the yet prevailing custom was introduced of placing the principal apartments on the first floor, and, as

* Now called Audley End, the seat of Lord Braybrooke, near Saffron Walden, Essex.

† Alluding to bribes which it is supposed he, or at least his Countess, did not scruple to receive.

a necessary consequence of this, the staircase, heretofore a mere unsightly ladder of convenience, received the attention of the architect and builder, and became a beautiful and important feature.

Towards the close of Elizabeth's reign, many alterations accrued. Italian ornament had gradually been introduced in the minor details, until it well nigh overlaid the original erection. As the Gothic taste was declining before any other definite order had supervened, space and vastness seemed to be the great desiderata in building. The window, the most conspicuous change, perhaps, from the domestic castle to the domestic palace, was so enlarged in size, and so multiplied in number, that we are told, and indeed see, that the solid material of building was little more than was necessary for support. Some of the houses of that period bear no inapt resemblance in the expanse of window to some of the elaborately decorated conservatories of the present day. "You shall have sometimes," says Lord Bacon, "fair houses so full of glass, that one cannot tell where to become to be out of the sun or cold;" and Lysons mentions a window at Collacombe, in Devonshire, containing 3200 panes of glass.

Hardwicke Hall, in Derbyshire, built by the Countess of Shrewsbury, is considered one of the most interesting existing specimens of the architecture of Elizabeth's day.

It is situated on a ridge of elevated ground near the eastern border of Derbyshire, and from its bold

position, unshaded even by a tree — for though situated in a rich extensive park, no wood has been permitted to close the mansion — it has a most imposing and majestic appearance. It is of stone, and has lofty towers at each corner, with a spacious court in front, surrounded by a high wall. It stands, says a modern writer, describing its present appearance, bold and alone, on a wide unobstructed plain.

“ No trees crowd upon it, or break for a moment the view ; it lifts itself up in all its solemn and unique grandeur to the blue heavens, like a fairy palace in the days of old romance — no bustle of human life about it.

“ No gardens and shrubberies, but wings of grey and not very high walls, extending to a considerable distance over the plain, from each end of the house, inclosing what gardens there are and paddocks. You see no offices appended. As you draw near, its grave aspect strikes you more strongly ; you become more sensible of its loftiness, of the vast size of its windows, and of that singular parapet which surmounts it. It is an oblong building, with three square towers at each end, both projecting from, and rising much higher than, the body of the building. On all sides of the house the letters and crown strike your eye——.”*

These are the initials of its foundress, E. S., which occur in every possible part of the building, whether amid the fretted stonework of the parapet

* William Howitt.

which crowns the roof, the projecting angles of its surrounding walls, the carved stucco of its halls and chambers, the magnificent sculpture of its gigantic chimney pieces, the rich embroidery of its velvet draperies, or the elaborate chasing of its oaken furniture.

Mr. Howitt continues: "All is as it was; You ascend the broad easy oak stairs; you see the chapel by their side, with all its brocaded seats and cushions; you advance along vast passages, where stand huge chests filled with coals, and having ample crypts in the walls for chips and firewood. -Here are none of the modern contrivances to conceal these things: but they stand there before you with an air of rude abundance, according well with the ancient mixture of baronial state and simplicity. You go on and on, through rooms all hung with rich old tapestry, glowing with pictorial scenes from scriptural and mythological history; all furnished with antique cabinets, massy tables, high chairs covered with crimson velvet, or ornamental satin.—Perhaps, that spacious gallery, extending along the whole front of the house, gives the imagination a more feudal feeling than all. Its length nearly 200 feet — its great height, its stupendous windows, composing nearly the whole front, rattling and wailing as the wind sweeps along them. What a magnificent sough, and even thunder of sound, must fill that wild old place in stormy weather!"

We have before referred to the gallery. It

extends the whole length of the eastern side of the house, and is hung with tapestry, part of which must have been upwards of a hundred years old when placed there, as it bears the date of 1478.* The windows project outwards, are very large, and so numerous, that the interruptions of the solid supporting wall are as trifling as possible. We have before remarked that this was characteristic of the æra (the close of Elizabeth's reign). Hardwicke Hall was finished about 1597.

We have read—and, “if it is in print it must be true,”† that towards the witching time of night when churchyards yawn, and shrouded ghosts do burst their cerements,

“and none are wakeful but the dead,”

then noiselessly gliding through this solemn and silent chamber, appear from either end the royal “*sisters*” Elizabeth and Mary—the potent and rigid Queen, and her beautiful victim, now alike impotent, the one to oppress the other to offend. These spectral Majesties approach, not with the “dancing feet,” so celebrated of old, when Elizabeth “jumped so high,” but Mary danced “more disposedly,” but in ghost-like style “with a swim and a slide like”‡ they glide towards the centre of the

* Lysons.

† Will any one in these literary days, be hardy enough to vouch for the “truth of old proverbs”?

‡ This was the precise direction given the other day by a lady to her daughter's dancing master, when describing the style in which she wished the young lady to move.

gallery, and after salutations due, converse amicably under the same canopy, until scared away "under the opening eyelids of the morn."

If this tradition have not its rise entirely in the imagination of the accomplished lady who recorded it, it is referable of course to the popular opinion, that Mary Queen of Scots was confined here; whereas, it was, in fact, in the old hall of Hardwicke, of which some ruins remain, that she was imprisoned.

Another magnificent apartment in this Hall is called the Council Chamber, which is 65 feet long, 33 wide, and 26 high. A frieze, representing a stag-hunt, runs round the upper part of the wall; the lower part is robed in rich tapestry representing the story of Ulysses.

The chimney pieces here, and those were especial pieces of *virtù* in the time of Elizabeth, are very magnificent, and of course as high as a modern parlour, and as broad as a churchwall. Over several are elaborate pieces of sculpture, the most beautiful and finished that the skill of the day permitted. One of the yet remaining rooms in the Old Hall is called the Giants' Chamber, from the gigantic figures which are carved over the chimney-piece.

Mrs. Jameson thus describes her approach to this interesting memorial of the olden time:—

"It was on a gusty, dark, autumnal evening; and as our carriage wound slowly up the hill, we

could but just discern an isolated building, standing above us on the edge of the eminence, a black mass against the darkening sky. No light was to be seen, and when we drove clattering under the old gateway, and up the paved court, the hollow echoes broke a silence which was almost awful. Then we were ushered into a hall so spacious and lofty, that I could not at the moment discern its bounds; but I had glimpses of huge escutcheons, and antlers of deer, and great carved human arms projecting from the walls, intended to sustain lamps or torches, but looking as if they were stretched out to clutch one. Thence up a stone staircase, vast, and grand, and gloomy—leading we knew not where, and hung with pictures of we knew not what—and conducted into a chamber fitted up as a dining room, in which the remnants of antique grandeur, the rich carved oak wainscotting, the tapestry above it, the embroidered chairs, the colossal armorial bearings above the chimney, and the huge recessed windows.—

“Then was I sent to repose in a room hung with rich faded tapestry. On one side of my bed I had King David dancing before the ark, and on the other, the judgment of Solomon. The executioner in the latter piece, a grisly giant, seven or eight feet high, seemed to me, as the arras stirred with the wind, to wave his sword, and looked as if he were going to eat up the poor child, which he flourished by one leg.”

We must devote a few words to "Bess of Hardwicke" the foundress of this mansion, to whose personal celebrity it has been indebted for much of its fame. She was the daughter and co-heir of John Hardwick, of Hardwicke in Derbyshire, and was married in her fourteenth year to Robert Barley, Esq. Her second husband was Sir Will. St. Lowe; her third, Sir William Cavendish, her fourth, George Earl of Shrewsbury, whose name she has made so famous. She must have had considerable personal attractions to induce this nobleman to take her in her third widowhood, burthened with six children, her covetous disposition and her shrewish temper already more than hinted at. "She was," says Lodge, "a woman of a masculine understanding and conduct; proud, furious, selfish, and unfeeling. She was a builder, a buyer and seller of estates, a money-lender, a farmer, and a merchant of lead, coals, and timber. When disengaged from these employments, she intrigued alternately with Elizabeth and Mary, always to the prejudice and terror of her husband. She lived to a great old age, continually flattered, but seldom deceived, and died in 1607, immensely rich, and without a friend."

The general truth of this portrait is borne out by the tenor of her life, though Collins in his "Historical Collections," calls her a "beautiful and discreet lady;" but the term discretion has many significations, and if in reference to Lady Shrewsbury,

* Illustrations, Introduction.

he applied it solely to the secular interests of life, it is surely fully warranted. He says also—

“ In her third widowhood she had not survived her charms of wit and beauty, by which she captivated the then greatest subject of the realm, George, Earl of Shrewsbury.”

If records say sooth, the Earl found his wife's wit somewhat of the keenest, in proof whereof we quote the following letter, though we do most solemnly enter our protest in behalf of our slandered sex, and especially the meek and ill-used sisterhood of wives, against the reverend inditer thereof:—

“ But some will say in yr. Lo. behalf that the Countesse is a sharp and bitter shrewe, and therefore lieke enough to shorten yor. lief, if shee should kepe yow company: Indeede, my good Lo. I have heard some say so, but if shrewdnesse or sharpnesse may be a juste cause of seřpaõn betweene a man and wiefe, I thincke fewe men in Englande woulde keepe theire wives longe; for it is a comõn jeste, yet trewe in som sence, that there is but one shrewe in all the worlde, and eỹ man hathe her; and so eỹ man might be ridd of his wiefe, that wolde be rydd of a shrewe.”—Bp. of Lichfield to Earl of Shrewsbury.*

This harassed nobleman calls his helpmate “ his wicked and malicious wife,” and what between the complaints of his royal charge, the Queen of Scots, the jealousy and mistrust of his royal mistress, the

* Lodge, vol. iii.

Queen of England, the shrewishness, cupidity and ambition of his imperious wife, and the disobedience of his son, his life must have been sufficiently uncomfortable.

He accuses his wife of sowing dissensions between him and his children; but if she did so, the leading cause was probably anxiety for the promotion of her own "imps," as he calls them, an object which she always had much at heart. She married her eldest son to his daughter, and one of her daughters she married to his son Gilbert, who afterwards succeeded him as Earl of Shrewsbury. Another daughter she married to the younger Darnley, son of the Earl of Lenox, but in this step she overreached herself. Elizabeth never forgave the marriage; the young wife died at an early age, and the only offspring of the union, Arabella Stewart, lived but to experience a sad and hapless fate. Though as "shrewish" in manner to her as to any one, it seems probable from the few records which remain, that this child Arabella, or as she calls her Arbella, touched a softer chord in the old Countess's affections, than had ever heretofore been awakened.

The Earl of Shrewsbury died in 1590, and for seventeen years afterwards—for she did *not* marry a fifth time — she managed her immense estates with all the varied concerns necessarily contingent on them, and all the others which in her love for barter and business she contrived to accumulate to them, without interference. Her supreme passion

was for building, and the beautiful and magnificent Hardwicke was but one amidst a number of her erections. Whether this unyielding ardour for piling up brick and mortar—a passion which abated not with age, nor yielded to any apparently opposing circumstances—whether it were combined with a tinge of superstition we are not told. But very probably it was. It had been said by some one, that if ever she should cease building she would die; meaning no more probably than that she was so fond of brick and mortar, she could not live without it; however the remark assumed in time the shape of a prophecy, and the vaticination probably reached the Countess's ears. Whether influenced by it or not, it is certain that one erection was no sooner completed than she began another. In the February of 1607, she was building almshouses, at Derby, when the frost set in so severely that the mortar froze, and the men could not work. They were ordered to use hot water, and did, but shortly that would not suffice; they tapped a butt of prime old ale and poured that boiling and frothing on the mortar; but colder and colder blew the piercing wind, deeper and deeper fell the frozen snow, harder and harder waxed the bitter frost; and even the generous ale was powerless beneath its influence. The work was stopped immediately, and on the thirteen of the month, in her eighty-seventh year, Bess of Hardwicke, otherwise the Right Hon. the Countess Dowager of Shrewsbury, died.

Yet with all the magnificence, all the refinement, and elaboration of ornament and detail, which we find in the Elizabethan mansions, how deficient they were then, and for a long time after, in what we consider the veriest necessities of decency and comfort, may be inferred from the following letter written in 1621, from Lord Savage's house in Long Melford:—

“I never yet saw a great house so neatly kept; here one shall see no dog, nor a cat, nor cage to cause any nastiness within the body of the house; the kitchen, and gutters, and other offices of noise and drudgery are at the fag end; there's a back gate for beggars and the meaner sort of swains to come in at,” &c., &c.*

So that it would seem to have a back entrance, and the kitchens and offices removed from the foreground, was remarked as a peculiar nicety even in a nobleman in the seventeenth century.

Yet Harrison speaks of this as a fast increasing custom in the houses of country gentlemen of his time, the “houses of office being farther distant from their lodgings,” and certainly there was no fashion of their superiors which could be followed with more propriety and advantage by the upper and middle classes of the land. These manor-houses, chiefly of wood, were now first covered with white plaster, and decorated with black paint, in a way of which many specimens remain. They were

* *Epistolæ Ho-Eliañæ.*

often moated, and had glass windows instead of the horn or wicker lattice which had been usual. To them, as to palaces and mansions of greater assumption, a chapel was in those days as important as a hall; a "winter" and a "summer parlour" were also usual; and invariably there were small windows into the kitchen and hall, and even into the chapel that the vigilant heads of the house might at any moment overlook the doings of their dependants. There is a letter extant of Archbishop Parker,* in which, speaking of the approaching visit of the Queen to Canterbury, he says, "Her Highness might goe (to hear the Dean preach) to a very fitt place with some of her Lords and Ladies, to be there in a convenient closett above the heads of the people to heare the sermon"—And a little further he says, And if it please her Majestie, she may come in through my Gallerie, and see the disposition of the Hall in dynner-time at a window opening thereunto."

And Shakspeare represents Dr. Butts as availing himself of a similar contrivance to shew King Henry—

"The high promotion of his Grace of Canterbury;
 _____ 'mongst pursuivants,
 Pages and footboys,"

when the Council in their jealousy made a futile attempt to cast disgrace on this supreme favourite.†

* In the Bodleian quoted in Nichols, Pro. vol. i.; and in Seward's Anecdotes, vol. iv.

† Hen. VIII. act v. sc. 2.

The hall in these mansions was, as every one knows, the arena of business, the theatre of hospitality, and the focus of pleasure and amusement. Here the justice of peace transacted the law business of his station; here the convivial sportsman feasted with his friends: and here, on a holiday, the whole family assembled to witness the merry feats of the time, the Christmas pageant, and the May-day Morris dance.

Its walls gave testimony of the then olden time, being garnished with the armour of former more warlike generations, and trophies of feats in hunting and sporting and fishing.

The following description of a hall in a mansion-house of Elizabeth's time, is taken from Rokeby:

“It is an irregular building of great antiquity, and was probably erected about the time of the termination of feudal warfare, when defence came no longer to be an object in a country mansion.—The hall is very spacious, floored with stones, and lighted with large transom windows, that are clothed with casements. Its walls are hung with old military accoutrements, that have long been left a prey to rust. At one end of the hall is a range of coats of mail and helmets, and there is on every side abundance of old fashioned pistols and guns, many of them with matchlocks. Immediately below the cornice hangs a row of leathern jerkins, made in the form of a shirt, supposed to have been worn as armour by the vassals. A large oak table, reaching

nearly from one end of the room to the other, might have feasted the whole neighbourhood, and an appendage to one end of it made it answer at other times for the old game of shuffle-board.— Among other corresponding furniture is an arm-chair of cumbrous workmanship, constructed of wood, curiously turned, with a high back and triangular seat, said to have been used by Judge Popham in the reign of Elizabeth. The entrance into the hall is at one end by a low door, communicating with a passage that leads from the outer door, in the front of the house, to a quadrangle within; at the other it opens upon a gloomy staircase, by which you ascend to the first floor, and, passing the doors of some bed-chambers, enter a narrow gallery, which extends along the back front of the house from one end to the other of it, and looks upon an old garden. This gallery is hung with portraits, chiefly in the Spanish dresses of the sixteenth century.”

How striking was the contrast between the splendid, though somewhat barbaresque magnificence of the mansions and halls of the nobles and gentry, and of the houses of the people generally, for a considerable time after the influx of inhabitants to London had first begun!

Houses were still chiefly sheds of wood, or of wood and brick, the wretchedness of which was only brought into strong relief by the stately buildings that here and there intervened; the

streets were crooked and narrow, and generally overshadowed by a perpetual twilight, from the abutments overhead that rose, story above story, until they almost closed upon each other; and being unpaved, they were damp and dirty even in dry weather, and in rainy, were almost knee-deep with mud. These discomforts were particularly striking to foreigners, who seem to have regarded London as the valley of the shadow of death. They complained of universal coughing through every place of concourse, and considered consumption a national disease produced by the wet and dirty streets of the metropolis. Kites and ravens were cherished to devour filth — and bonfires kindled to avert plague.*

But the reign of this Tudor domestic architecture was as short lived as it was brilliant. It was not until Elizabeth's time that it came fully into practice, and in James's it fell into disuse, for Inigo Jones flourished. His name is familiar to every one. His great talent and splendid natural genius were improved and ripened by the most judicious culture, and by the most earnest study in the land of architecture, Italy; and he it was, whose master-mind effected a complete, and as it proved a lasting change in the domestic architecture of his native country. At first he occupied himself under the patronage of Prince Henry in occupations infinitely beneath his genius, but at length King James

* Pictorial History of England, James I. to Restoration.

had the discernment to discover his talents and the good sense to foster them.

Then it was that the vast "heterogeneous mass" of Whitehall, extending from Scotland Yard to Cannon Row and from the river to St. James's Park, was removed, and a plan designed by Inigo Jones and adopted by King James for its re-edification, which would have rendered it the most magnificent structure in the world. But only one minute portion was ever completed—the banqueting house, from which King Charles, himself a warm admirer and patron of Inigo Jones, stepped to his death. This palace was intended to be 874 feet on the east and west sides, and 1152 on the north and south, the interior being distributed round seven courts.*

In the reign of King Charles, by whom he was most warmly patronized, Jones built a magnificent classical portico to St. Paul's church, which had in its apparently disproportioned size one high and immediate object, viz., that of withdrawing the desecrating walkers from the interior—or Paul's walk.

Patronized thus openly by a king, whose elegant and cultivated taste no one has ever questioned, it is no wonder that Inigo Jones became *the fashion*; the nobility eagerly sought his services, and mansions of classical architecture of his designing, sprang up

* Pictorial History of England.

on every hand. The Gothic had gotten its death-blow.*

Great inconvenience and risk had accrued from the exclusive use of wood in buildings, and in 1605, and again in 1607, proclamations were issued "commanding brick or stone to be used in all street fronts." These, however, were unattended to, and it was not until ten years later that it was vigorously enforced. It was, however, so effectually done then, that some citizens were compelled to raze their newly built houses of timber. One of the earliest *modern* brick buildings of the metropolis is yet remaining in Great Queen's Street, Lincoln's Inn-Fields.†

For a long time the domestic conveniences of the houses of our ancestors did not keep pace with the splendour of their appearance: all the skill of the architect was bestowed on the outside, and the wealth of the owner was also freely lavished on their internal decorations; but of that precious commodity which we so nationally term comfort, they had very little. It was a very common thing, from the construction of the buildings of that day, for a lady to have to cross an open court if wishing to retire from the hall or day-apartment to her miserable sleeping den. Henry's palace at Hamp-

* The foundation of Whitehall may be considered as the point of division between the ancient and modern architecture of England. He (Inigo Jones) at once obliterated all traces of our national style.

† Pict. Hist.

ton Court glittered with rich tapestry, with gold and silver; yet the furniture of his bed-chamber consisted of a joint-stool, a pair of andirons, and a small mirror.* The furniture of two mansions of the powerful Northumberland family (Leckinfield and Wressel), from an inventory taken so late as 1574, consisted of nothing but tables, benches, cupboards, and bedsteads: the great chamber itself contained only "a long table upon a frame, and a cupboard with a dore," and the hall, "six great standing tables, with six formes, and three cupboards," and two dores with neither *locks nor keys*.† Indeed, the doors of the magnificent gallery of Hardwicke, to which we have already referred, though richly inlaid with ebony, opened with a common latch.

The tables usually were loose forms placed upon trestles, the seats joint-stools or hard forms. Sir John Harrington asks, about 1597, why "it would not as well become the state of the chamber to have easye quilted and lyned forms and stools for the lords and ladyes to sit on (which fashion, he says, is now taken up in every merchant's hall) as great plank forms that two yeomen can scant remove out of their places, and waynscot stooles so hard, that, since great breeches were layd asyde, men can skant indewr to sitt on." (Nugæ, i. 202.)

But the enlightened Sir John bemoaned himself in vain: he was "in advance of his age," and favoured

* Leland's Coll. vol. iv. p. 284.

† Nor. Household Book, 463.

and favourite as he was, he was not omnipotent enough in the world of *ton*, to introduce a new fashion. The hard forms, indeed, were changed for richly decorated chairs, but we seldom hear of a *soft one*: high backs and hard seats maintained as *stiff* an empire as the hoop—they only went out the other day. To return, however,—

The universal covering for walls was tapestry, varying, of course, in quality according to the rank and wealth of the owner. At first it was attached to the walls themselves, but was so soon disfigured and rotting from the damp of the ill-built walls, that it was suspended on wooden frames at some distance from them.

Some notice of a production which formed so important a part of the household belongings of our ancestors in the time of Elizabeth and her two immediate successors, will not be irrelevant here. When wrought by the hand, it must have been of such extreme value as to be very scantily, if at all, displayed in private mansions, unless those of the very highest class. Indeed, until the arrival here of Eleanor of Castile, it was used only for high and rare ornament, and not appropriated to domestic purposes.

The first manufactories of tapestry of any note were those of Flanders, established there long before they were attempted in France or England. The chief of these were at Brussels, Antwerp, Oudenarde, Lisle, Tournay, Bruges, and Valen-

ciennes. The grand era of general manufactories in France must be fixed in the reign of Henry the Fourth. Amongst others, he especially devoted his attention to the manufacture of tapestry, and that of the Gobelins, since so celebrated, was begun, though futilely, in his reign. It languished, even if it did not become entirely extinct. But it was revived in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, and has since dispersed productions of unequalled delicacy over the civilized world.

It was called "Gobelins" because the house in the suburbs of Paris, where the manufacture is carried on, was built by brothers whose names were Giles and John Gobelins, both excellent dyers, and who brought to Paris in the reign of Francis the First the secret of dyeing a beautiful scarlet colour still known by their name.

Highly patronized by the King and his ministers, the Gobelins has ever since remained the first manufactory of this kind in the world.

Walpole gives an intimation of the introduction of tapestry weaving into England, so early as the reign of Edward the Third "De Inquirendo de Mysterâ Tapiciorum, London;" but usually William Sheldon, Esq. is considered the introducer of it, and he allowed an artist, named Robert Hicks, the use of his manor-house at Burcheston, in Warwickshire; and in his will, dated 1570, he calls Hicks "the only auter and beginner of tapistry and arras

within this realm." We meet with little further notice of this establishment.

This beautiful art was, however, revived in the reign of James the First, and carried to great perfection under the patronage of himself and his martyr son. It received its death-blow, in common with other equally beautiful and more important pursuits, during the triumph of the Commonwealth. James gave £2000 to assist Sir Francis Crane in the establishment of the manufactory at Mortlake, in Surrey, which was commenced in the year 1619. Towards the end of this reign, Francis Cleyn, or Klein, a native of Rostock, in the Duchy of Mecklenburg, was employed in forming designs for this institution, which had already attained great perfection. Charles allowed him £100 a year.

The tapestry manufacture at Mortlake was indeed a hobby, both of King James and Prince Charles, and of consequence was patronized by the Court. The most superb hangings were wrought here after the designs of distinguished painters; and Windsor Castle, Hampton Court, Whitehall, St. James's, Nonsuch, Greenwich, and other royal seats, and many noble mansions were enriched and adorned by its productions. In the first year of his reign, Charles was indebted £6000 to the establishment for three suits of gold tapestry. Five of the cartoons were wrought here, and sent to Hampton Court, where they still remain. A suit of hangings, representing the Five Senses, executed here, was in

the palace at Oatlands, and was sold in 1649 for £270. Rubens sketched eight pieces, in Charles the First's reign, for tapestry, to be woven here, of the history of Achilles, intended for one of the royal palaces. At Lord Ilchester's, at Redlinch, in Somersetshire, was a suit of hangings representing the twelve months in compartments; and there are several other sets of the same design. Williams, Archbishop of York, and Lord Keeper, paid Sir Francis Crane £2500 for the Four Seasons. At Knowle, in Kent, was a piece of the same tapestry wrought in silk, containing the portraits of Vandyck and Sir Francis himself. At Lord Shrewsbury's (Heythorp, Oxfordshire) are, or were, four pieces of tapestry from designs by Vanderborcht, representing the four quarters of the world, expressed by assemblages of the nations in various habits and employments, excepting Europe, which is in masquerade, wrought in chiar'oscuro. And at Houghton, the magnificent seat of Sir Robert Walpole, were beautiful hangings containing whole lengths of King James, King Charles, their Queens, and the King of Denmark, with heads of the royal children in the borders. These are all mentioned incidentally as the production of the Mortlaké establishment.

After the death of Sir Francis Crane, his brother, Sir Richard, sold the premises to Charles the First. During the civil wars, this work was seized as the property of the crown; and though, after the Restoration, Charles the Second endeavoured to

revive the manufacture, and sent Verrio to sketch the designs, his intention was not carried into effect.*

At a somewhat earlier period than that of which this chapter treats, it was usual for tapestry hangings to accompany a family, (or rather to be sent immediately before them,) on every progress from one mansion to another.

We learn from the Preface to the North^d House^d Book, † that not merely tapestry and arras, but beds and furniture went along with a great family whithersoever they moved; and that the number of carts employed on the occasion of the removal of such a family as that of the Duke of Northumberland, must have formed a caravan nearly as large as those which traverse the deserts of the East. Such incumbrances were, in those times, matters of absolute necessity. It would not have been easy even for those great barons, to possess themselves of duplicates of household furniture. But it may surprise the reader to learn, that even so late as 1677, M^{de}. de Sevigné, on occasion of the projected visit of her daughter for a few months to her neighbourhood, writes —

“ You need bring no tapestry along with you; we shall find as much as we want here.” ‡

* Abridged from the “ Art of Needlework,” by Mrs. Stone, (authoress of these volumes) edited by the Right. Hon. the Countess of Wilton. Colburn, 1840.

† From the same book we find that even the glass windows were taken out of their frames, and laid by, from fear of injury, when my Lord left home.

‡ Vol. v. 190.

Of the universal adoption of tapestry in Elizabeth's time, some notion may be gathered from the perpetual use which Shakspeare makes of it; it was as valuable to him as the modern stage properties to an author of the present day. Polonius meets his death behind the arras.* Hubert stations the instruments of his cruelty to poor Prince Arthur, "within the arras;"† the vile plot against poor Hero's fame was suggested in consequence of Borachio having "whipt him behind the arras," when the Prince and Claudio came "hand in hand, in sad conference,"‡ When "the Sheriff and the Watch" inopportunately visit the Boar's Head Tavern, in East Cheap, Prince Henry says to Falstaff, "Go, hide thee behind the arras:"§ a proof at least that our ancestors knew little of the modern necessity of economizing space.

The present fashion of close hanging, papering, &c., may not look so rich and gorgeous, but we have fewer draughts and less caves-dropping.

In royal and noble mansions, the tapestry hangings were very splendid and magnificent. Heutzner, in his visit to Elizabeth's palaces, enumerates many rich tapestries of "gold, silver, and velvet.

In the Tower were above a hundred pieces of arras belonging to the Crown, made of gold, silver, and silk; several saddles covered with velvet of different colours; an immense quantity of bed-furniture, such as canopies and the like, some of them

* Hamlet, a. iii. sc. 3.

† King John, a. iv. sc. 1.

‡ Much Ado, a. i. sc. 3.

§ Hen. IV., part 1, a. ii. sc. 4.

most richly ornamented with pearl; some royal dresses, so extremely magnificent, as to raise any one's admiration at the sums they must have cost.

He says of Hampton Court, that "all the walls of the palace shine with gold and silver."

Shakspeare describes Imogen's chamber as —

" Hang'd

With tapestry of silk and silver; the story,
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swelled above the banks :"

A piece of work he continues,

" So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value."*

It is very probable, that the sight of such a piece of tapestry might have astonished good King Cymbeline, as much as did his daughter in the captive Fidele; but Shakspeare, in all these matters, adopted the costume of his time, and therefore we need not hesitate to assert, that even such, and so rich, was the usual chamber hanging of a lady of rank and fashion of his time. He proceeds in his description : —

" The chimney piece,

Chaste Dian, bathing : never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves : the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb; out went her,
Motion and breath left out.—

" The roof o' th' chamber

With golden cherubims is fretted; her andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands."*

* Cymbeline, ii. 4.

These elegant articles of furniture would accord well with the sumptuous beds which were then common, and which, indeed, were the earliest domestic luxuries adopted. Wolsey's beds were particularly choice, and even were christened; he had one called the "Infantilege," and another called the "Sun," for it was by no means unusual to give a high-sounding title to choice and particular beds. Hentzner especially mentions the beds in the palaces which he surveyed. Wolsey, indeed, who maintained a household of eight or nine hundred persons, had 280 silk beds for visitors only. Elizabeth had some splendid beds, one of many coloured wood,* and many coverlids of the richest embroidery in silk, gold, and silver, lined throughout with ermine. At Hardwicke, amongst other counterpoints, was one of cloth of tissue, paned with cloth of gold and silver, trimmed with gold fringe, and lined with crimson sarcenet.† Indeed, Stowe mentions it as no very unusual thing, that a counterpane should be so rich and costly as to be worth a thousand marks. And "counterpoints" were an especial item in the inventory of wealth with which Gremio sought to purchase a bride.‡ These counterpoints covered beds of the softest down, and sheets of the finest holland. In the wardrobe account of James the First (1613, time of the Princess Elizabeth's marriage), there is mentioned a bed of crimson velvet,

* See Hentzner.

† Collins. Hist. Coll.

‡ Taming of the Shrew, act ii.

richly embroidered and lined with white satin ; and two counterpoints of plush, both sides alike, and sewed with silk.

Gremio's description of his city house gives us a fair idea of the belongings of a son of the grasshopper at that time : —

“ First, as you know, my house within the city,
 Is richly furnished with plate and gold ;
 Basons and ewers, to lave her dainty hands ;
 My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry :
 In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns ;
 In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints,
 Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
 Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
 Valence of Venice gold in needle-work,
 Pewter and brass and all things that belong
 To house or house-keeping ; then at my farm,
 I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
 Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls,
 And all things answerable to this portion.”*

In the sixteenth century, too, (see Gentleman's Magazine,) hangings for walls of painted cloth were introduced. Whilst perfectly novel, no doubt they were fashionable, but their cheapness as compared with arras would soon render them common. At least they soon became so. And in country residences they would doubtless be preferred on another account, *i. e.* the superior readiness and facility with which instructive proverbs and moral sentences designed for the edification of the household might be obtained. It had been quite usual to work or weave

* Taming of the Shrew, act ii.

such in tapestry, but doubtless it was much easier and quicker to paint them on cloth.

Shakspeare says (*Rape of Luerèce*),

“Who fears a sentence, or an old man’s saw,
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe:”

and another writer, at a somewhat later period, (1564,) says, “This is a comelie parlour—and faire clothes, with pleasante borders about the same, with many *wise sayings* painted upon them.”* The allusion to this custom among the old writers is perpetual :

“There’s a witty posy for you.”

“No, no; I’ll have one shall savour of a saw”

“Why then ’twill smell of the painted cloth.”

In the notes to Reed’s *Shakspeare*, we find the following specimen of painted cloth language :

“Read what is written on the painted cloth :
Do no man wrong ; be good unto the poor ;
Beware the mouse, the maggot and the moth,
And ever have an eye unto the door ;
Trust not a fool, a villain, nor a wh—— ;
Go neat, not gay, and spend but as you spare ;
And turn the colt to pasture with the mare,” &c.†

Surely these might be called the Golden Rules of Housewifery.

But in the seventeenth century these cumbersome and inconvenient hangings gave way to those of leather and paper, an improvement rendered feasible no doubt, by the drier and better construc-

* Dr. Bulleyne, quoted by Drake.

† Reed’s *Shakspeare*, *As You Like it*.

tion of the walls themselves. The ceilings, we are told, were now adorned with paintings, but this was only a resumption of a long forgotten art, overthrown as many of the refinements and improvements of English life were, by the desolating wars of the Roses. For, in the reign of Henry the Third, oil paintings on walls and ceilings was carried to great perfection, though the invention of this art has been erroneously ascribed to a later period. Another motive for the adoption of paper might be—had there needed any motive other than the novelty and fashion of the thing—that now the taste for painting and the fine arts was awakening—and those who *had* no taste, were yet fashionable enough to “assume the virtue though they had it not,” and Vandyke at home, and the Dutch painters abroad, were producing pictures which it was the fashion to possess, and of course requisite to display. The yielding tapestries and painted cloths did not afford either a firm back-ground or a good relief for them.

The leather was in comparatively common use long before the paper. Pepys, a decided fashionist, but by no means in a position to be a leader of ton, speaks in 1660, of his dining-room being finished very handsomely with green serge hanging, and gilt leather; but it was not until a much later period that the papering of walls became anything like a general custom, even among the higher ranks, as is evident from what Lady M. W. Montagu writes in 1749 :—

“I have heard the fame of paper-hangings, and had some thoughts of sending for a suite, but was informed that they were as dear as damask is here, which puts an end to my curiosity.”*

The rich tapestries, and gold and silver embroideries, which decorated the walls, had every aid—set-off—which magnificent lighting could give. A very usual candelabra at this time was the figure of an armed man, holding lights in his hand,† which of course were brilliantly reflected and refracted on his gilded armour. But we find it was by no means unusual to have living candelabra at great entertainments, when, as well as fixed lights round the room, torch-bearers stood by the tables. Thus Romeo says,

“A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels:”

* * * * *

“I’ll be a candleholder, and look on.”—Act i. sc. 4.

This, a usage of classical origin, had long been customary in England. We read in Froissart,

“In this estate the Erle of Foiz lyved. At mydnyght, whan he came out of his chambre into the halle to supper, he had ever before hym twelve torches brennyng, borne by twelve varlettes, standyng before his table all supper: they gave a grete lyght, and the halle ever fulle of knyghtes and squyers.”

But these inconvenient, however magnificent, candelabra, were going into disuse, and before the close

* Letters.

† Drake, ii. 117.

of the sixteenth century, we have rich fanciful sconces fixed against the wall. These were sometimes of silver, were sometimes gilt—were always elaborately carved.

So were other articles of furniture which now began to crowd the heretofore wasty apartments. The chairs are usually square in form, velvet seated, the backs elaborately carved, often with the heraldic bearings of the owner. Cushions were made for chairs and for window-seats, of velvet wrought with pearl; or satin, embroidered with coloured silks, and edged with gold or silver lace, or fringe. Richly carved cabinets and side-boards, couches of much the same form as those of the present day, and hanging mirrors, with richly-wrought frames, and velvet-covered fauteuils. Shakspeare speaks, as we have seen, of

“Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl.”

The great Duke of Newcastle, whose mansions were sacked during the civil wars, possessed no fewer than 150 suits of hangings.

Nor was there any want at this time of the bijouterie with which people of taste and fortune are wont to indulge their fancies. Hentzner mentions two silver cabinets of exquisite work, which he saw at Whitehall, and which the Queen used for writing-boxes: a little chest, ornamented all over with pearls, in which her Majesty kept things of extraordinary value: “Christ’s passion, on painted glass,” a clock, in the form of an Æthiop riding on

an elephant, with four attendants, who all make their obeisance when it strikes the hour. But many curious specimens of clocks are recorded of this period, and we have some intimation of the commencement of that taste for ornamental china which became a national mania at a later period, from the capture of some Spanish carracks, which contained a considerable portion of china and porcelain.

But even yet, the Turkey carpets, of which we read so much, were used only for covering tables, save only on occasions of very great importance, by the side of a state bed, or in front of a royal chair, though the loose and filthy rushes were superseded in the better apartments by matting.

In the magnificent detail of the Hardwicke furniture we read little of carpets to be trodden on, except three foot Turkey carpets with white ground to lay about the state bed. There was a carpet for a table made with roses and antiques, with broad gold and silver lace, and embroidered white satin border: this was for a valuable inlaid table; and there was a carpet for a cupboard (what we should now call a sideboard probably) of the story of Nathan and David, with trees of needlework, and crimson velvet border. These are doubtless hand embroideries, and bear no affinity to what we now call carpets.

The fashion of migrating to London, which had been so much reprehended in its commencement, and so frequently though futilely attempted to be

checked by legislative enactments, gradually became, after the Restoration, a matter of course with the aristocracy, and was not altogether forborne by those somewhat lower in the scale of social existence, as we may infer from the humorous "Journey to London" of the Wronghead family. Of course the Metropolis quickly assumed a very different appearance, and the influx of visitors or inhabitants, which had been at first productive of such serious mischief, became ultimately the very means of its greatness and aggrandisement. There was no longer any fear of sudden famine being induced by the crowds of visitors, for so soon as this became a known, allowed, and expected custom, means were taken to provide for it, and London was made the great market of the kingdom. Business was no longer confined to the city, though ever and still its chief focus: trade spread westward and northward, and fashion shrank from these dire nuisances of her own creating.

When Lord Burlington, the celebrated amateur architect, began early in the eighteenth century, to build himself a house, he was asked why he erected it so far out of town, and replied, "Because he was determined to have no buildings beyond him." The situation of that secluded country house will recur to any one who has visited Burlington Arcade, a glittering lounge in the most crowded and bustling part of Piccadilly. Burlington House is now situated not merely in the

antipodes of retirement, but almost out of the pale of fashion, on the very verge at least of that indescribable but impassable boundary which divides the bustling workaday world, the common crockery-ware of the earth, from the pure enamelled china which yet glitters in the western division of Piccadilly.

In no circumstance has the fickleness of fashion been more glaringly displayed than in the changes of the sites of fashionable habitation. We can quite understand that feeling which should lead people of rank and fashion to escape from close contact with a populous and vulgar neighbourhood; but how few of the migrations of fashion can be ascribed to these substantial motives!* It is comparatively but the other day, that Montagu House (now the British Museum) was the pattern-house of London, and sites of land in its neighbourhood were eagerly coveted. Now it is "somewhere in the wilds of Bloomsbury," and a nobleman having occasion by one of those "untoward accidents" which will occur sometimes even to the porcelain clay of the earth, to go to Russell Square—a place he had not heard of—found on giving orders to his coachman that *he* had never heard of it either. Yet as we have said, Montagu House was, some years ago, not only remarkable for its own architec-

* "It appears to be the peculiar wish of the opulent, though they live in the midst of fashionable clamour, to avoid scrupulously the hurry and confusion of a shop. But the latter surmounts all obstacles; and some of the squares are, in defiance of all the fashionable generalship, besieged by enterprising tradesmen." *Goede*.

tural and pictorial magnificence, but was the resort of fortune's most fashionable favourites. The Duke of Bolton had a mansion in the immediate neighbourhood, which, divided and sub-divided, still maintains its position in Russell Square, though its exclusive and beautiful gardens are now covered with masses of brick and mortar. The Earl of Mansfield had a sumptuous mansion in Bloomsbury Square, which was burnt down during the riots of 1780, and though we are by no means so ignorant as to attribute to these long-wigged dignitaries any supremacy in the realm of fashion, we yet imagine that their abodes are usually within the confines of her enchanted domain.

It need hardly to be told to the denizen of London, that this whole district, lately an imposing assemblage of scattered palatial residences, with extensive and park-like pleasure grounds intervening, is now an unbroken series of squares and streets, and, as may be inferred, from the ignorance of the nobleman's coachman, any thing but fashionable. In this instance fashion has certainly exhibited her caprice; for though universally built upon, the neighbourhood does not exhibit a low population immured in filthy habitations, as in the heretofore fashionable quarters of Drury Lane and Hatton Garden; but this collocation of streets and squares, (of which, perhaps, Russell Square, with its beautifully planted area, may be considered the queen,) though not presenting such architec-

tural glories as the late achievements in Belgrave Square and its neighbourhood, need not yield even to that in spaciousness and convenience. But this new city of palaces on the Marquis of Westminster's estate in Pimlico, besides having the attraction of novelty, and of all recent architectural and domestic improvements, is considerably nearer the royal residence of one qualified alike by age, and position, and the united voice of her admiring people, to be the focus of fashion. To this cause may be partly ascribed the desertion by the *élite* from the airy region of Bloomsbury.*

It would lead us quite beyond our limits, were we to attempt to give any detailed account of the numerous vagaries of fashion in residence from the time of Charles the Second. It must suffice to give some account of London as it then stood.

The royal residence of Whitehall was then in a swamp, "and we shall have no inapt idea of the wretched state in which even the favoured garden of royalty was, from the circumstance that shortly before the arrival of Catherine of Braganza, his intended consort, Charles, in a speech before the Lords and Commons, said, 'The mention of my wife's arrival, puts me in mind to desire you to put that compliment upon her, that her entrance into

* There is however one great drawback here. The fogs are as dense and more frequent than the far-famed ones of the city, owing, we are told, to the want of sufficient drainage. The accumulation of moisture here from the hills around, is considerable.

the town may be with more decency than the ways will now suffer it to be; and to that purpose, I pray you would quickly pass such laws as are before you, in order to the *mending those ways*, that she may not find Whitehall *surrounded with water!*—Nay, even so late as a hundred years ago, faggots were thrown into the ruts, in King Street and Union Street, in order to save the royal limbs from absolute dislocation, when the king patriotically hazarded them for the welfare of his subjects, down this, the only road to parliament, at the opening or closing of the session; and pales were placed, four feet high, between the footpath and the coach road, in order to preserve luckless foot-passengers from being bathed in mud, if not from more serious injury. Now her most excellent Majesty might almost suppose that her chariot-wheels rolled on velvet, so smooth is their passage; and the plumed bonnet which daily disturbs the Westminster zephyrs, and the silken slipper which agitates its aristocratic dust, are the usual equipments of the fair and dangerous pedestrians, who are far more intent on committing murder, than apprehensive of incurring injury.*

We have referred to what may be called the two wings of the Park, the Spring Garden, and the Mulberry Garden, places of fashionable resort and entertainment, or places, to use Mr. Evelyn's words, for "persons of the best quality to be exceedingly

* "Westminster of Old," by Mrs. Stone. New M. Mag.

cheated at:" the Spring Garden occupying the site which still bears the name, the Mulberry Garden (originally merely a plantation of a vast number of mulberry trees, as a nursery for the silk worm, which James I. tried to naturalize) was situated where Buckingham Palace now stands.

The remaining part of the park was, till the time of Charles, chiefly engrossed by the Mall and the Tilt Yard and its appurtenances. But the King, immediately on his restoration, applied himself to the adornment of this royal demesne. Long rows of trees were planted, tasteful and regular walks were laid out, a decoy was established at the further end of the canal, near Rosamond's Pond, and the stewardship of Duck Island, as this locality was called, was conferred with a pension of 400*l.* a year on the exiled wit and poet St. Evremond. We must not imagine though, that the interior of St. James's Park bore then the tasteful appearance which now gratifies the visitor. The Canal was straight, formal, and unadorned, and the Mall on one side, and the Bird Cage Walk on the other, stretched their long lengths in unbroken formality. It was not until the reign of George the Fourth, that the stiff line of the Canal was broken, and its banks varied and adorned as we see them now.

The game of Mall was in great repute in those days, and as much a focus of attraction as the Terrace at Windsor, in the days of George the

Third. The King was in the habit of playing, and if the poet is to be believed, played well:

“ Here a well-polisht mall gives us the joy
 To see our Prince his matchless force employ ;
 His manly posture and his graceful mien,
 Vigour and youth in all his motion seen ;
 His shape so lovely, and his limbs so strong,
 Confirm our hopes we shall obey him long :
 No sooner has he touched the flying ball,
 But 'tis already more than half the mall ;
 And such a fury from his arm has got
 As from a smoking culverin 'twere shot.” *

The Bird Cage Walk offered an attraction almost equal to the Mall, when with his numerous feathered favourites on either hand—for the cages of his extensive aviary were fixed in the trees, whence the walk derived its name; the king strolled for hours at a time, lending a ready and pleased ear to the jests and witticisms of his courtiers. With his death the great attractions of St. James's Park, as a fashionable place of resort, ceased, though it was not until the beginning of the eighteenth century that the Duke of Buckingham became possessed of the Mulberry Gardens, and erected a mansion on their site.

Immediately preceding this period, the aristocratic portion of the town had been the Strand, extending westward to Leicester Square, named from the residence of the Earl of that name, and northward to Long Acre. Dryden often congratulated himself on his lodging window looking over the magnificent

* Waller.

grounds of the Earl of Leicester. Bow Street, now the paradise of vagrants, was the Bond Street of that day. In Drury Lane was the stately residence of the unfortunate Queen of Bohemia, and also the noble mansion of her faithful friend, Lord Craven. Exactly opposite the opening of this lane into the Strand was, and is, Somerset House, the appointed residence of the mother of the restored king; where Henrietta Maria resided on all her visits to England, and in which she made many architectural improvements.

Arundel House, a stately mansion which had belonged to the celebrated Earl of Arundel, the father of *virtù* in England, standing somewhat higher in the Strand than Somerset House, was pulled down before the close of Charles's reign, and was succeeded by the present Arundel, Norfolk, Surrey, and Howard Streets.

Other princely mansions with which the Strand was adorned, are known now but by the names of the streets thickly collocated on their sites; as George—Villiers—Duke—Of—Buckingham Streets shew the site of the residence of the Duke of Buckingham—even the little connecting particle *of* is not forgotten.

Beaufort Buildings—now occupied by printers' devils and other nondescripts, was built by the Duke of that name, on the site of an earlier mansion, for the yearly rental of which Lord Clarendon paid 500*l*.*

* London, by C. Knight.

We have still remaining one, and only one of these ancient gems of the then aristocratic *quartier* of the great metropolis—one not merely remaining but lately renovated in—as far as a mere passing eye can judge—a style quite accordant with the date of the building itself—in short, renovated by the hand of *preservation* not of miscalled *improvement*. None can have looked on Northumberland House lately without forming the wish that its noble owners may long continue to cherish and preserve this noble, however unfashionable, mansion of their ancestors.

L. E. L. describes in glowing colours her impression on seeing this spot by moonlight: before her the National Gallery (the present decorated square in front being then mere waste ground); on one side the College of Physicians and the University Club-House; on the other the magnificent church of St. Martin, and the stately pile of Northumberland House, with the long vista of the Strand. Without going all the lengths on this subject to which it was L. E. L.'s whim to court her readers, few, we think, will deny the beautiful *coup d'œil* of architecture which here meets the eye, of which perhaps the most interesting object is Northumberland House, and decidedly the least so, the misshapen National Gallery.

But in Charles the Second's reign, the sun of fashion did not shine on this heretofore favoured spot. Cross-streets and by-streets were fast ac-

cumulating, business was pushing its hydra heads into every quarter, even the city was coming westward, and Fashion shook on all her thrones. It was not to be borne: she could not resist the encroachment, but she fled before it; and Piccadilly East, and the wild fields and swampy meadows southward from thence to St. James's Palace, were peopled by the wealthy aristocrats of fashion. Pall Mall, St. James's Street, and other streets in that vicinity, were laid out and quickly built upon. The Earl of St. Alban's, the admirer, or, as some will say, the second husband of the Queen Mother, contributed much to the arrangements here, and built St. James's church at his own expense. From this time, as Fashion widened her circle, or was encroached on from the east, she gradually led her votaries westward and northward to Park Lane and the distant regions of Marylebone, but took fright at the aspect of the Regent's Park and retreated to the fields of Pimlico. St. James's Square and neighbourhood, from their contiguity to our Queen's Palace, and Piccadilly West and Park Lane, from the exclusiveness which the frontage of Hyde and the Green Parks give them, may probably maintain their ground for some time against the rival attractions of Pimlico.

Devonshire House, in Piccadilly West, was erected in 1729 at an expense of 20,000*l.*, and was then a suburban mansion with beautiful gardens and pleasure grounds. Other houses of course were built

beyond, and streets rose behind, and all appearance of country vanished; but this part of Piccadilly from Albemarle Street to Hyde Park Corner, even yet retains much of the indescribable aroma of Fashion. At the latter spot, Hyde Park Corner, once stood a celebrated ale-house, called the Hercules Pillars: now there stands the town mansion of one who for forty years has been decidedly the Fashion.

Hampton Court, as renewed by William the Third, gives us a favourable specimen of the fashionable style of building at that period, whilst Wolsey's Hall, lately re-opened, may make us lament the utter extinction of the old magnificence. The gardens at Hampton Court are in the formal style which, borrowed from France, was considered then the thing —

“When grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.”

We read of much more magnificent gardens at an earlier period; those at Theobald's must have been so, unless records flatter; and it is curious to remark, that even at an earlier period those water-work trickeries, which to this day are exhibited to the unwary at Chatsworth and other show-houses, were well known. Hentzner names a jet d'eau in the garden at St. James's, with a sundial, which while strangers are looking at, a quantity of water, forced by a wheel which the gar-

dener turns at a distance, through a number of little pipes, plentifully sprinkles those who are standing round.

There is little attraction in the architecture of the reign of the first Hanoverian monarchs; any one acquainted with Hanover and other squares which date their erection from this period will admit, that less ornament and more formality could hardly have been conjoined. "The only prevalent idea of the builders seems to have been, a number of windows, small in their proportions, and multiplied when an effect of grandeur was to be produced; and absence of all projections and salient angles, that could effect any charm from light or shadow, or any comfort from a wide overhanging roof, or the shelter of a porched door."

One mansion of this date has been most widely celebrated—Houghton—the supremely magnificent creation of Sir Robert Walpole. And it is not a little worthy of note, that amid all the more novel splendour of leather, paper, silk, and velvet, the hangings in many of these superb rooms were tapestry. But no doubt, though not so specified, it was from the Gobelins' manufactory, then at the acme of its fame.

The ornate, carved, and richly gilded furniture, celebrated as that of Louis Quatorze and Quinze, contributed to render interiors splendid; and their somewhat cumbrous magnificence was relieved by the exquisite embellishment which, from the name of its

inventor M. Marquet, is usually called Marqueterie. Walpole speaks of the house of his niece the Countess of Dysart,—“There is one old brown gallery full of Vandycks and Lelys, charming miniatures, delightful Wouvermans, and Polenburghs, china, japan, bronzes, ivory cabinets, and silver dogs, pokers, bellows, &c. without end. One pair of bellows is of filigree.”

But these were a *lectle* antique; the silver dogs gave way fast, when the coal pits poured forth their treasures, to the comforts of the modern fire-place.

Strangers are surprised and disappointed at the meagreness of our metropolitan architecture, and the contracted and homely appearance of our noblest houses. They fully accord their testimony to the unrivalled magnificence within, and do not wonder after they have become free of the interior, that an income which abroad would be sufficing and abundant, if not superb, should in London be considered poverty.

We quote a few remarks on the London residences from a work which appeared early in this century, and close the chapter with the observations of another intelligent foreigner who visited England in 1829.

“Every traveller will say without hesitation, that London affords less enjoyment to a stranger, than any other metropolis in Europe. In this particular it certainly yields the palm to Paris: for without connections a man can do nothing in England;

whereas at Paris, while we pursue pleasure, pleasure still follows at our heels.

“ All who have had an opportunity of viewing these two large cities, must admit, that Paris surpasses London in the number and beauty of its palaces. The latter cannot shew any public building that will admit of comparison with the Tuileries, the Louvre, the Palais Royal, the Palace of Luxembourg, the former dwellings of the Prince of Condé, of the Minister at War, the Minister of Marine, and many others, which are the unrivalled boast of Paris; nor do I know a single private building in London, which vies with any of those numerous hotels that formerly manifested the existence of a French nobility.

“ In Paris, every thing reminds us of its having been the residence of a splendid court, where the nobles rivalled each other in luxury and magnificence; but in London there are no traces of this kind. Indeed, a stranger may live here some time before he discerns the presence of a Court at all, which only manifests its grandeur on particular occasions; and though much expensive profusion decorates the interior of the houses inhabited by the higher class of society, yet the outside of them inspires no ideas of exalted rank; and the building which exclusively claims the name of palace, and is the residence of England's kings, bears an appearance perfectly miserable.

“ In calling these houses *magnificent*, I speak on

the English scale, for the largest of them does not present a front of more than fifty or sixty feet. In Germany there are houses which occupy a whole street; and having been accustomed to the sight of those extensive dwellings, I had much difficulty, on my first arrival in England, to persuade myself, that they were inhabited by the higher ranks of the wealthiest people in the world.*

Twenty years later, the American ambassador, Mr. Rush, thus writes:

“I went to England again on a short visit in 1829. An interval of but four years had elapsed; yet I was amazed at the increase of London. The Regent’s Park, which, when I first knew the west-end of the town, disclosed nothing but lawns and fields, was now a city. You saw long rows of lofty buildings, in their outward aspect magnificent. On this whole space was set down a population of probably not less than fifty or sixty thousand souls. Another city, hardly smaller, seemed to have sprung up in the neighbourhood of St. Pancras Church and the London University. Belgrave Square, in an opposite region, broke upon me with like surprise. The road from Westminster Bridge to Greenwich exhibited for several miles compact ranges of new houses. Finchley Common, desolate in 1819, was covered with neat cottages, and indeed villages. In whatever direction I went, indications were similar. I say nothing of Carlton Terrace, for Carlton House

* Goede. The Stranger in England.

was gone, or of the street, of two miles, from that point to Park Crescent, surpassing any other in London, or any that I saw in Europe. To make room for this new and spacious street, old ones had been pulled down, of which no vestige remained. I could scarcely, but for the evidence of the senses, have believed it all."—*Rush's Residence.*

CHAPTER V.

CARRIAGES, ETC.

“ Then sing of stage coaches,
And fear no reproaches,
 For riding in one ;
But daily be jogging,
Whilst, whistling and flogging,
Whilst, whistling and flogging,
 The coachman drives on.”

It may not be uninteresting to our readers to follow the details of the last chapter with a few brief remarks on the ancient mode of transition from place to place, as compared with the modern facilities in these respects.

In no respect has the progress of fashion, or to speak more correctly the advance of society, been more graphically marked than in the facility of conveyance from place to place, in the improvements in roads, and the progressive changes of vehicle from the clumsy whirlicote which fell into disuse when Anne of Bohemia introduced the side-saddle, to the compact, elegant and life-like four-in-hand coach of to-day. We can hardly, accustomed to all

the means and appliances of modern times, so habitually, that we almost fancy them necessarily or naturally such as they are, we can hardly picture to our mind's eye the time when the only high-roads in the country were narrow embankments, along which pack-horses (the only substitute for vans formerly) travelled, and which were called high-roads because by infinite labour and difficulty they were raised a few feet above the swampy levels which they traversed. In those days a fall of rain would often render a road impassable, and a deep fall of snow would obliterate the traces of it altogether for a time, and oblige the hardy traveller, how accustomed soever to battle with what would now be termed insurmountable hindrances, to postpone his journey *sine die*. And in those times, even at the usual rate of travelling, and without extraordinary difficulties or hindrances, the death of a gentleman at his country seat might take place three months before the news of it reached the ears of his son in London.

Nous avons changé toute cela now; but in the earlier progress of improvement, when the much suffering race of pack-horses experienced all the relief which a clumsy sort of waggon could bestow—that is to say on such roads as presented sufficient breadth and solidity for the transit of a waggon—and these were by no means numerous,—the removal from place to place of a great family must have somewhat resembled the journey of a

caravan across the desert, so cumbrous were the burthens, so numerous the attendants. It required seventeen carts or carriages "beside the Chariot" to remove the household of the Duke of Northumberland. But then, to be sure, besides the state-beds, state-tapestries, and all that, certain nameless unfashionable articles pertaining to kitchen and scullery were carried about, which now, happily, for housekeepers, are something more abundant in the land. Amongst the orders for removals in the Northumberland Household Book (338) we read, "One Cariage for the Keching stuf as Spittes Pottes Pannes Traffets Raks And Pastry stuf as Pryntes and outhur Stuf And th' outhur Cariage for the Squyllery stuf as Vessell and Drescer Clothes with the ij Beddes for the iiij Cookes to ly in," &c. &c. And the chariot, reader! here so specially excepted, was not an elegant easy close travelling chariot for my Lord's personal convenience, but a large waggon drawn by six or seven strong horses, the chariotmen or waggoners who accompanied it on its progress, being indulged with a smaller horse to ride by its side.

But when Queen Elizabeth changed her residence, the removal of her household is said to have required 24,000 horses.* This throws even my Lord of Northumberland into the shade.

During the early part of Elizabeth's reign, ladies usually travelled on horseback, for the lectica, or litter, the only carriage in use, was seldom used

* Pictorial History, from Harrison.

save by invalids. But for invalids, or aged or delicate persons, it continued in use until a much later period: the Spanish ambassador, on his arrival in England soon after the accession of James the First, being "not quite recovered from the effects of his voyage, was carried to Canterbury in a litter;" and many years afterwards Mr. Evelyn speaks of bringing his father home in a litter.

The writer of "London" says, there is a still later mention of them than this of Evelyn in a "Last Speech of Thomas Pride," 1680, in which horses attacked by a mastiff, they enraged, and a horselitter borne between them, tossed the invalid which it held like a dog in a blanket."

Occasionally, indeed, they ventured to travel in a *waggon*, and there is an account of one "of timber work" in Ellis's Letters, used by the ladies of the Court on the occasion of Mary's marriage to Philip of Spain, which was painted red, lined with red, fringed with red, and the horses harnessed with red—a magnificent affair. But if we remember that in the construction of these timber machines *springs* were unthought of, and then just give one moment's consideration to the nature of the roads of that time, we shall not wonder that ladies preferred the homely comfort of a saddle horse to the more modern and recherché elegance of the waggon. The English post-horses of this time were remarkable for their swiftness; Hentzner speaks of them with the highest praise; and it is

probable the enactments of Henry the Eighth with regard to saddle-horses were still in practice in some measure. These enactments stipulated, that not only prelates and nobles, but all whose *wives wore velvet bonnets** were obliged to have their saddle-horses of a certain size, viz. fifteen hands in horses and thirteen in mares. All "unlikely tits" were, without distinction, consigned to execution.†

Whatever the carriage, when it was invented, might offer to its owner in convenience, was certainly lost in appearance; nor can we fancy a more inspiring or a more beautiful sight than was afforded by a nobleman, or noble lady, on horseback, surrounded by the customary bevy of attendants, all well mounted, and bearing their owner's cognizance in silver on his sleeve. When Elizabeth went to visit the Earl of Hertford, that nobleman rode out to meet her on her approach with a train of 300 followers, all wearing gold chains about their necks, and yellow and black feathers in their hats.‡ A beautiful sight it must have been. Hentzner says it was the pride of the English to be followed by whole troops of servants; and this, a lingering remnant of the old feudal gatherings, reached

* We cannot, at this moment, refer to the sumptuary edicts of Henry the VIII.'s time; but in the reign of his daughter Elizabeth, none under the degree of a knight's wife were allowed to wear "velvet in gownes, cloakes, saveguards, or other uppermost garments."

† Henry VI. 587.

‡ Nichols, vol. ii.

such an excess, that Henry had to put it down with a strong hand.

The privilege, says Lodge, of distinguishing persons by a livery, or other family cognizance, could only be exercised by virtue of an express licence from the crown, specifying the precise number; which if the nobleman or other great person exceeded, he became liable to very heavy penalties. John de Vere, Earl of Oxford, is said to have been fined 15000 marks for having clothed a number of strangers in his livery, that he might entertain the King at his castle with greater magnificence. "By my faith, my Lord," said Henry, "I thank you for my good cheer, but I may not endure to have my laws broken in my sight; my attorney must speak with you."*

In the reign of Mary, some of the high nobility had still an array of two hundred retainers; but Elizabeth would not grant a licence to any nobleman to entertain more than a hundred followers.

We are told of one gentleman, bearing only the rank of a knight (Sir William Holles, of Houghton, in Nottinghamshire), who appeared at the coronation of Edward the Sixth with fifty followers in blue coats and badges, and who never attended the neighbouring sessions without thirty at his heels. He died in 1590. And when the father of the celebrated John Evelyn held the office of sheriff, he had 116 servants in liveries of green satin doublets.

* Lodge's Illustrations, vol. i.

The accustomed blue coats and badges became gradually disused; and in James's reign it was more usual to dress serving-men in cloaks all of one colour, garded (or trimmed) with lace. The colour was selected according to the fancy of the master, and was perhaps the origin of our now customary liveries.

But now a change comes o'er the spirit of our dream; for an innovation of which the wildest visionary had never dreamt, which the most speculative theorist had never propounded as within the scope of practical attainment, was started, was achieved, and became of general, of universal adoption. This was the introduction of coaches, which occasioned an outcry exceeded only by that occasioned at a later period by the introduction of sedan chairs. The latter caused excessive disgust, from the circumstance of their requiring men "to draw like beasts of burden, and be harnessed like cattle," to support the ostentation and pride of the favourites of fortune. It is not improbable that much of this outcry might be caused by the unpopularity of the Duke of Buckingham, who was the first to adopt them.

One of the most irate and inveterate declaimers against the new fashion of coaches, was John Taylor, the waterman, usually known, from his calling, as the Water poet. He wrote thus:—

“ THE WORLD RUNS ON WHEELS ;
OR, ODDS BETWIXT CARTS AND COACHES. 1623.

“ I think never since Phaeton brake his neck, never land hath endured more trouble and molestation than this hath by the continual rumbling of these upstart four-wheeled tortoises.

“ Whence comes leather to be so deare, but by reason (or as I should say, against reason) of the multitude of coaches and carroaches, who consume and take up the best hides that can be gotten in our kingdom, insomuch that I cannot buy a pair of boots for myself under an angel, nor my wife a pair of boots, (though her foot be under the seventeens) under eight groats or three shillings; by which means many honest shoemakers are either undone or undoing, and infinite numbers of poor Christians are enforced to go barefooted in the cold winters.—

“ A wheelwright or a maker of carts, is an ancient, a profitable, and a trade which by no means can be wanted; yet so poor it is, that scarce the best amongst them can hardly ever attain to better than a calfskin suit, or a piece of neck-beef and carrot-roots to dinner on a Sunday; nor scarcely any of them is ever mounted to any office above the degree of a scavenger, or a tything man at the most. On the contrary, your coachmaker's trade is the most gainfullest about the town, they are appalled in satins and velvets, are master of their parish, vestrymen, who fare like the emperors Heliogabalus, or

Sardanapalus, seldom without their mackeroones, parmisants, jellies, and kickshawes, with baked swans, pasties hot, or cold red-deere pies, which they have from their debtors' worships in the country:—

“They have been the universal decay of almost all the best ash trees in the kingdom, for a young plant can no sooner peep up to any perfection, but presently it is felled for the coach: nor a young horse bred of any beauty or goodness, but he is ordained from his foaling for the service of the coach.

“And if it be but considered in the right cue, a coach or carroach are mere engines of pride, which no man can deny to be one of the seven deadly sins, for two leash of oyster-wives hired a coach on a Thursday after Whitsuntide, to carry them to the Green-goose-fair, at Stratford the Bow, and as they were hurried betwixt Aldgate and Mile End, they were so be-madam'd, be-mistrist, and ladifide by the beggars, that the foolish women began to swell with a proud supposition or imaginary greatness, and gave all their money to the mendicanting canters, insomuch that they were fain to pawn their gowns and smocks the next day to buy oysters, or else their pride had made them cry for want of what to cry withall. In the year 1564, one William Boonen, a Dutchman, brought *first* the use of coaches hither, and the said Boonen was Queen Elizabeth's coachman; for, indeede, a coach was a strange monster in those days, and the sight of it put both horse and man into amazement: some

said it was a great crab-shell brought out of China, and some imagined it to be one of the Pagan Temples, in which the cannibals adored the divell; but at last those doubts were cleared, and coach-making became a substantial trade.

“The cart is an open transparent engine, that any man may perceive the plain honesty of it; there is no part of it within or without, but it is in the continual view of all men: on the contrary, the coach is a close hypocrite, for it hath a cover for any knavery, and curtains to vail or shadow any wickedness.—Moreover, it makes people imitate sea-crabs in being drawn sideways.—

“The superfluous use of coaches hath been the occasions of many vile and odious crimes, as murder, theft, cheating, hangings, whippings, pillories, steckes, and cages; for house-keeping never decayed till coaches came into England.—”

The coach, and caroch, distinguished in the foregoing quotation, were vehicles differing more probably in size than in form, for Green, in his *Tu Quoque*, 1641, speaks of

“the keeping of a *coach*
For country, and *caroch* for London.”

The *Fashion* of these vehicles, and as yet it could be only the Fashion, for they were both cumbersome and fatiguing, nerved the fair votarists of the goddess, in those days, to bear not only the miserable jolting of the “leathern conveniences” themselves, but what must have been more alarming, the

anger of the gentle Queen, for Stow says, "after a while, divers great ladies, with as *great jealousy of the Queen's displeasure*, made them coaches, and rid in them up and down the countrie, to the great admiration of all the beholders, but then by little and little they grew usuall among the nobilitie."

Lady Compton, in a letter which we have quoted at length elsewhere, particularizes very minutely the style and number of carriages requisite to the happiness of a fashionable woman of her day.*

The early coaches have been called, not inaptly, "closets on wheels," so enormous was their size. M. de Bassompierre mentions having been placed at the *door* of the Queen's coach on one occasion; and there seem to have been stools, or seats at the doors, or as we may say, within the thresholds of those little moveable houses, of which the similar seats in the Speaker's state coach may be called a Lilliputian imitation.

On the occasion of Louis the Fourteenth declaring his grandson King of Spain, the Duke and Duchess of Orleans sate at the two doors, the six back and front seats being occupied by royal personages of still higher note. These enormous coaches maintained their ground in France till a late period. On that dreadful occasion when the unhappy Louis the Sixteenth was dragged to Paris from Versailles, the coach contained eight inside. When Henry the Fourth was assassinated, seven

* See chapter ii. page 163.

others were with him in the coach, yet none saw the blow.

But setting aside the unwieldiness of these machines, they very soon became vehicles for the display of all the grandeur and elegance which the artist could invent. The Chariot Throne in which the Queen went to St. Paul's in state, in 1588, after the defeat of the Spanish Armada, was exceedingly magnificent. It was open, having a canopy supported by pillars; decorated with a crown imperial, and a lion and dragon, the supporters of the arms of England, and drawn by two white horses.

And on the occasion of her visit to Norwich, ten years earlier, Merenry paid her a visit in a coach, driven "so fast, as the horses should seeme to flye." And the carriage containing the winged messenger, which had been "closely kept in secret a long season," "was made and framed on such a fashion, as few men have scene: the whole whereof was covered with birdes, and naked sprites hanging by the heeles, in the aire and cloudes, cunningly painted out, as though by some thunder-cracke they had been shaken and tormented, yet stayed by power divine in their places, to make the more wonder, and miraculous show." (From the which, perhaps, it may fairly be inferred that the birds and sprites looked as unnatural as possible.) "And on the middle of that coatch stode a high compassed tower, bedeckt with golden and gay jewels, in the top whereof was placed a faire plume of whyte fea-

thers, all to bespangde and trimmed to the most braverie; Mercurie himself in blew satin," &c. &c.*

We need hardly say that the Fashion of having coaches spread—as Fashion will, like flies—and before the close of Elizabeth's reign an act was introduced into the House of Lords, "to restrain the excessive and superfluous use of coaches within this realm," but it was rejected on the second reading.—(*Vide* Lords' Journals, vol. ii. 229.)

We need hardly remind our readers, that the early coaches were entirely open to the weather at the sides, something like some of the third class carriages on the railway lines. A curtain, loose or fastened, was of course the first improvement; but even so late as 1667, glass coaches were wonderful and unaccustomed luxuries, as we learn from Mr. Pepys:

"Sept. 22. Another pretty thing was my Lady Ashley's speaking of the bad qualities of glass coaches; among others, the flying open of the doors upon any great shake: but another was, that my Lady Peterborough being in her glass coach, with the glass up, and seeing a lady pass by in a coach whom she would salute, the glass was so clear that she thought it had been open, and so ran her head through the glass."†

The Duke of Buckingham was the first who drove six horses — the common fashion amongst the higher ranks was four—and the "stout Earl of

* Nichols's Progresses, vol. ii.

† Pepys, Diary, ii. 19.

Northumberland," to shew his contempt for the mushroom Duke, immediately established a carriage with eight horses.

About the year 1625, coaches were first kept on hire in London, and great indeed was the outcry against the "general and promiscuous use of coaches." The King issued sundry proclamations against them, but all in vain; Fashion was too strong for him, and as named by the indignant water-poet quoted above, in no very long time, a couple of fishwomen might hire a coach even in view of the King's palace.

We glean from Ellis's Original Letters, the following hint as to the number of hackney coaches in 1688.

"The Lady Marquis of Powis, governante to the prince, hath taught his royal highness a way to ask already, for, few days ago, his royal highness was brought to the King with a petition in his hand, desiring that 200 hackney-coaches may be added to the 400 now licensed, but that the revenue for the said 200 might be applied towards the feeding and breeding of foundling children. London, July 19, 1688."*

About 1634, a Fashion was introduced, which caused a much greater outcry among the populace than the coaches had done—that is to say, the sedan-chair, used first according to common report by the Duke of Buckingham. Charles the First had

* Vol. iv. Second Series.

brought them from Spain, but Sir Saunders Duncombe is usually called the introducer of them, and he obtained a patent, with the sole privilege of letting them to hire, for fourteen years, and great complaint is made in the patent of the unnecessary multitude of coaches, by which doubtless great danger accrued to passengers, in the narrow, ill-paved, and inconvenient streets. Before the close of the century, a chair and chairmen had become as absolute a requisite to every gentleman and lady of fashion as a gown or a coat: they were in constant request for calls of gossip, for shopping, for the calls to morning prayer and evening card table; and for the multitudinous minor matters of life which did not require the coach and six which was indispensable to an airing, a formal visit, or anything of importance. Within the last thirty years some quiet country towns have exhibited relics of the old regime, in the shape of two or three dingy chairs, which with their thick-legged, able-bodied supporters, the men whose powers are equal, and whose influence extends from Pole to Pole—have been in constant request to convey the almost equally antiquated magnates of the town to their tea and turn out, with its perennial poule at quadrille.

Rapid has been the progression, and various have been the changes which have been made in the private carriage in the last fifty years. Then the usual family carriage was one which would almost have

contained a modern one inside: it was of that calibre which the craft would term "slow and easy." The stylish set-out of that day was the dangerous phaeton, to which, with the four in hand, the Prince of Wales gave such celebrity. Curricles, whiskeys, gigs, cabriolets, britsekas, and double phaetons, have all in their turn had the patronage of the wealthy and fashionable; and the two latter, which Nimrod tells us are now considered "the thing," wait but the appearance of some novelty to be in their turn pronounced vulgar and utterly unfit for use.

The time at which stage-coaches for public convenience were first introduced, seems not to have been accurately recorded; but about the middle of the seventeenth century there were several. What must have been their style it is difficult to imagine, when we find that near a century later still, i. e. in 1742, the London and Oxford coach occupied two days in achieving the distance from the Metropolis to the University, resting for the night at High Wycombe. Twenty years later still, the proprietors of the London and Exeter coach promised a "safe and expeditious journey in a fortnight." It is now done in seventeen hours.

About thirty years ago, says Nimrod, "the Shrewsbury and Chester Highflyer started from Shrewsbury at eight o'clock in the morning, and arrived at Chester about the same time in the evening—distance, *forty miles*. This was always a good hard road for wheels, and rather favourable for draught;

and how then could all these hours be accounted for? Why, if a "commercial gentleman" had a little business at Ellesmere, there was plenty of time for that. If a "*real gentleman*" wanted to pay a morning visit on the road, there could be no objection to that. In the pork-pie season, half an hour was generally consumed in consuming one of them; for Mr. Williams, the coachman, was a wonderful favourite with the farmers' wives and daughters all along the road. The coach dined at Wrexham; for coaches lived well in those days,—they now live upon air: and Wrexham Church was to be seen—a fine specimen of the florid Gothic, and one of the wonders of Wales! Then, Wrexham was also famous for ale—no public breweries in those days in Wales—and, above all, the inn belonged to Sir Watkin! About two hours were allowed for dinner! but, "Billy Williams"—one of the best tempered fellows on earth, as honest as Aristides, and, until lately, upon the same ground—was never particular to half an hour or so: "The coach is ready, gentlemen," he would say; "but don't let me disturb you, if you wish for another bottle." A coach now runs over this ground *a trifle under four hours!*"

Within the last ten years we have ourselves travelled in a stage-coach in the northern counties, which stopped to take up a parcel or deliver one at the public house of a village or small town on its route. The month was January, the weather

dark, foggy, and frosty. One passenger left the roof of the coach "to buy a pair of warm gloves in the town," another thought "he would just have a run to circulate his blood a little;" the coachman was all good humoured acquiescence, he had his friends and his glass at the bar. Not so the inside passengers, who expecting *every minute* to resume their journey—they were inexperienced in Cumberland travelling then—did not quit their places, and were kept gradually freezing and stiffening for fifty minutes, ere the refreshed and invigorated truants returned at a quick run to the coach. The coachman pretended to look gruff, and ejaculated a hard word or two, but it was evident his anger was merely dramatic, and assumed to keep up appearances with his other discomfited charges. It was this very coachman, driving this very coach, who seeing a gentleman pedestrian on the road one day, offered him "a lift," courteously inviting him to take a seat on the box. The gentleman shook his head: "I'm very much obliged to you," said he "but I'm in a hurry. I havn't time to ride to-day."

It would be very pleasant now to give the reins to fancy, and anticipate the time when stage coaches shall really do what now they all but do—fly. But, alas for those who love the country, and for those, who travelling, whether for pleasure or information or both combined, do not estimate the gain (value) of a journey by the number of miles

they have passed over in a certain space of time, coaches bid fair to be totally superseded by the monstrous, uninteresting, unintellectual, and cancer-like railways—wonderful inventions doubtless, and, perhaps, of immense commercial importance: but threatening destruction to every green and fertile spot and every ancient sylvan solitude which as yet the hand of innovating commerce has spared; and utterly depriving a vast proportion of the people of the relaxation and the accommodation they have heretofore enjoyed, in exactly shaping their expeditions to their own wishes and convenience; a power by no means compatible with the “stations” and “terminuses” of a railway line.

CHAPTER VI.

AMUSEMENTS.

AMUSEMENT, in the days of Elizabeth, was not as it is now, the *business* of fashionable people; it was far too ponderous, far too elaborate, to be the everyday occupation of persons whose chief solicitude is to avoid trouble. If it was less refined than the amusement of to-day, it was more exciting, but this in itself was sufficient to prevent its being of everyday occurrence.

Nor, indeed, was it so: the amusements of Elizabeth's day, whether her dearly loved bull and bear baitings, or whether the more refined masques and pageants, were but of rare occurrence, and called forth by some exciting occasion, the visit of a foreign ambassador, the celebration of a victory, or the return of some joyous festival; fashionable people did not then herd together as they do now, and, consequently, those mediums of varied amusement, which the very circumstance of their assembling to one focus would call into being, did not exist. Even the Theatre—now a stale, flat, unprofitable, worn out, and exploded, and, to speak all in

one word, unfashionable concern, was not in being : the Opera of course undreamt of ; public concerts unknown ; exhibitions unheard of ; and balls— however much dancing was pursued and practised— not introduced. At a very much later period the Theatre, a drive, or a water excursion, formed the whole circle of a fashionable lady's recreations. The "mad" Duchess of Newcastle, wrote in her history of her life,

"But to rehearse their recreations (*those of her sisters and family in London*). Their customs were in Winter time to go sometimes to plays, or to ride in their coaches about the streets to see the concourse and recourse of people ; and in the Spring time to visit the Spring Garden, Hyde Park, and the like places ; and sometimes they would have music, and sup in Barges upon the Water."*

Bull and bear baiting were the favourite diversions of all classes in the reign of Elizabeth. The Queen herself was especially fond of them, indeed, it has been affirmed, that the populace, earlier than their superiors, began to feel a disrelish for these barbarous sports, and to exhibit the first dawning preference for the more intellectual diversions of the stage. However fond Elizabeth herself was of pompous and adulatory pageants, and, however much attached she became ultimately to scenic exhibitions, it is certain that she never lost her relish for bull and bear baiting. In 1591, an order was issued

* Life of Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle.

by the Privy Council, that there should be no plays "publickly exhibited on *Thursdays*; because on *Thursdays*, *bearbaiting* and such like pastimes had been *usually* practised; and four days afterwards an injunction to the same effect was sent to the Lord Mayor, in which, after justly reprobating the performance of plays on the Sabbath, it is added, that on "all other days of the week, in divers places, the players do use to recite their plays to the *great hurt and destruction of the game of bearbaiting and like pastimes, which are maintained for her Majesty's pleasure.*"*

It was at all times her pleasure to gratify foreigners of distinction with these exhibitions; and, that there was some national pride gratified in the display there can be no doubt. The English mastiffs had long been celebrated all over the world, and were often coveted by foreigners.

The 25th May, 1559, the French ambassadors "were brought to Court with music to dinner, and after a splendid dinner, they were entertained with the baiting of bears and bulls with English dogs. The Queen's Grace herself and the ambassadors stood in the gallery looking on the pastime till six at night."—The Twenty-sixth day, they took barge at Paul's Wharf, and so to the Paris Garden, where there was to be another baiting of bulls and bears; and the Captain, with an hundred of the guard, kept room for them against they came, that they might

* Drake's Shakspeare.

have place to see the sport. The Twenty-eighth, the French ambassadors went away, taking their barge towards Gravesend; and carried with them many mastiffs given them, for hunting their wolves.*

Near thirty years later we read in the same work the following account of the entertainment of the Danish ambassadors:—

At the entertainment of the Danish ambassadors at Greenwich, 1586, “when dinner was doone (on Sunday), the ambassador was made partaker of such courtlie recreations as for the time were fit.—And as the better sort had their convenient disports, so were not the ordinarie people excluded from competent pleasure; for upon a green, verie spacious and large, where thousands might stand and behold with good contentment, there bearebaiting, and bullbaiting, (tempered with other merie disports,) were exhibited; whercat it cannot be spoken of what pleasure the people tooke.—For it was a sporte alone of these beasts to see the beare with his pinke eies leering after his enimies, the nimblenesse and wait of the dog to take his advantage, and the force and experience of the beare againe to avoid the assaults: if he were bitten in one place, how he would pinch in another to get free; and if he were once taken, then what shift, what biting, clauwing, roring, tuggin, grasping, tumbling, and tossing, he would worke to wind himself awaie; and when he was loose, to shake his eares, with the blood and

* Nichols's Progresses, vol. i.

slaver about his phisnomie, was a pittance of good reliefe. The like pastime also of the bull, and the horse with the ape on his back, did greatlie please the people, who standing round, some in ring upon the greene, other some aloft, and some below, had their eyes full bent on the present spectacle, diverse times expressing their inward conceived joy and delight, with shrill shouts, and varietie of gesture."

It is curious to observe that soon after the accession of James the First, when the Spanish ambassador who came to congratulate him, and to ratify a peace, was entertained with the utmost respect and magnificence, and certainly with a degree of decorous elegance which had not previously been known,* after a banquet unparalleled in style and etiquette, (see page 78.) the party adjourned to a window which commanded a view of an amphitheatre. Here was exhibited a bearbaiting, which seemed to give general satisfaction: "a bull running about at the end of a rope, and tossing and goring mastiffs let loose upon him, followed next, and the entertainment concluded with rope-dancing and feats of horsemanship."†

It is a relief to turn from such recreations as these even to glance at the heavy and cumbrous

* This was to be attributed, doubtless, in a considerable degree, to the appointment, by James, of a Master of the Ceremonies (Sir Lewis Lewknor), an officer not heretofore known in England.

† Ellis's Letters.

pageants which form so conspicuous a figure in the chronicles of Elizabeth's reign. The want of elegance and propriety (says Strutt) so glaringly evident in these temporary exhibitions, was supplied, or attempted to be supplied, by a tawdry resemblance of splendour. The fronts of the houses in the streets through which the processions passed were covered with rich adornments of tapestry, arras, and cloth of gold; the chief magistrates and most opulent citizens usually appeared on horseback in sumptuous habits and joined the cavalcade; while the ringing of bells, the sound of music from various quarters, and the shouts of the populace, nearly stunned the ears of the spectators. At certain distances, in places appointed for the purpose, the pageants were erected, which were temporary buildings representing castles, palaces, gardens, rocks, or forests, as the occasion required, where nymphs, fawns, satyrs, gods, goddesses, angels, and devils, appeared in company with giants, savages, dragons, saints, knights, buffoons, and dwarfs, surrounded by minstrels and choristers; the heathen mythology, the legends of chivalry, and Christian divinity, were ridiculously jumbled together, without meaning; and the exhibition usually concluded with dull pedantic harangues, exceedingly tedious, and replete with the grossest adulation. The giants especially were favourite performers in the pageants; they also figured away with great applause in the pages of romance; and, together with

dragons and necromancers, were created by the authors for the sole purpose of displaying the prowess of their heroes, whose business it was to destroy them.*

On the passing of Queen Elizabeth through the city, after her accession, she was greeted with a succession of pageants, devised with all the care and skill possible to do her honour, and afford her amusement. At Fenchurch Street, a child, richly apparelled, stood on a finely ornamented scaffold, fully charged with a moving copy of verses wherewith to welcome the Queen. The "noyse of instruments" which "stode" there was "appeased tyll the chylde had uttered his welcoming oration."

In Gracious (Gracechurch) Street, before the sign of the Eagle, "the citie had erected a gorgeous and sumptuous arke." It was a pageant of three stages, one shewing Henry the Seventh of Lancaster, and his wife Elizabeth of York, with appropriate emblems: another displaying Henry the Eighth, and his wife Anne Boleyn: and the third figuring the new Queen, herself.

"Out of the fore parte of this pageaunt was made a standyng for a chylde, which at the Quenes Majisties comeing, declared unto her the hole meaning of the said pageaunt. The two sides of the same were filled with loud noyses of musicke. And all the emptie places thereof, were furnished with sentences concerning unitie. And the hole pageaunt garnished with red roses and white."

* Strutt's Sports and Pastimes.

At Cornhill was a second pageant, representing the Queen, supported by certain virtues who trampled their contrary vices under their feet.—

At the Great Conduit at Cheap, was another pageant of three stages, where were eight children each “appointed and apparelled according unto the blessing which he did represent.” This pageant was intended to represent the eight beatitudes of Scripture, as applied to Elizabeth.

At the Little Conduit in Cheapside, was the next pageant, and the fifth and last was at the Conduit in Fleet Street.*

But the whole length of the way was, in fact, one pageant, every window and pent-house being garnished with costly banners and streamers, rich tapestries and hangings, and cloths of gold and silver; velvet, damask, and rich silk being displayed on all the houses; all the city authorities and city companies in their “riche furies, and their livery whodes upon their shoulders,” being conspicuous, and having before them “sondry persones well apparelled in silkes and chaines of golde;” all contributed to make up the show.

The entertainments at Kenilworth were perhaps, on the whole, more gorgeous and varied than any with which the Queen was greeted during her long and showy reign; but they have so often been brought before the notice of the reader, that any description of them here is needless. Perhaps, could we recal these ancient pageants to existence

* Nichols.

even these, the loudly celebrated revels of Kenilworth, could we possibly see them exactly as they were, the floating island, the lady of the lake, the sea monsters, and the sea nymphs, we should think them bombastic, puerile, and exceedingly tedious, and marvel alike at the patience and the taste of our ancestors. Still were there much gorgeous fancy, much good taste, and much appropriate judgment exhibited in these shows.

“See the propriety of the scene itself, for the designer’s purpose, and the exact decorum with which these fanciful personages were brought in upon it. It was not enough that the pagan deities were summoned to pay this homage to the Queen. They were the deities of the fount and ocean, the watery nymphs and demi-gods: and these were to play their part in their own element. Could any preparation be more artful for the panegyric designed on the naval glory of that reign? Or, could any representation be more grateful to the Queen of the Ocean, as Elizabeth was then called, than such as expressed her sovereignty in those regions? Hence, the sea green Nereids, the Tritons, and Neptune himself, were the proper actors in the drama.—Let me add too, further commendation of the taste which was shewn in these agreeable fancies, that the attributes and dresses of the deities themselves were studied with care; and the most learned poets of the time employed to make them speak and act in character.”*

* Bp. Hurd’s Dialogues, i. 190.

So great was the emulation of some of the nobles to contribute to Elizabeth's entertainment, that one amongst them, the Earl of Hertford, not having natural facilities to greet the Ocean Queen with a suitable compliment, the Earl set 300 artificers to work some days before her Majesty's arrival, and built entertaining rooms and offices in his park, and also dug a pond, in the shape of a half-moon, with three islands, on one of which was raised a castle, on another a mimic mount.

Amongst a multitude of rooms and offices which he thus raised, was "a room of estate for the nobles, and at the end thereof, a withdrawing-place for her Majestie. The outsides of the walles were all covered with boughs, and clusters of ripe hasell nuts, the insides with arras, the rooffe of the place with works of ivy leaves, the floore with sweet herbes and greene rushes."

The Earl went to meet the Queen on her approach with a train of three hundred, and most of them wearing chains of gold about their necks, and in their hats yellow and black feathers.

As the Queen entered Elvetham park, a poet saluted her with a Latin oration in heroical verse.— He was "clad in greene, to signify the joy of his thoughts at her entrance; a laurel garland on his head, to expresse that Apollo was patrone of his studies; an olive branch in his hand, to declare what continual peace and plentie he did both wish and aboade her Majestie; and lastly booted, to be-

token that hee was *rab's cothurnatus*, and not a loose or lowe creeping prophet, as poets are interpreted by some idle or envious ignorants."

While the poet was occupied with his recitation, the Graces and the Hours were behind him removing blocks which envy had placed in the way, and they accompanied the Queen with songs and strewed her way with flowers.

On the artificial lake, Nereus, the prophet of the sea, with Neptune, Oceanus, and the Tritons had a great battle with Sylvanus, Næra "his faire love," and his subjects who occupied the woody island: unhappily Sylvanus was made captive by the water god and well ducked, but no sooner had he escaped from their hands and set foot on the firm earth, than

"Revenge was all the cry."

He and his fellows pelted Neptune, Oceanus and the sea nymphs, with mimic darts, while the latter returned the assault, and with undeniable effect, with squirts, with which, gods though they were, they were all secretly provided. During the thunder of the battle, the Tritons sounded "a pointe of warre" on their trumpets: but at intervals gentler notes issued from the lutes and voices of others.*

One of the entertainments at this gala was a dance of the Fairy Queen and her attendants.

In the year 1591, the Queen paid a visit to Lord Montagu, at Cowdroy, in Sussex. Here the

* Nichols.

amusements seem to have been of a very sylvan kind. A "delicate bowre" was prepared in the park, and musicians couched in it; and a nymph with a sweet song, presented a cross bow to the Queen, who forthwith shot three or four deer out of about thirty which had civilly allowed themselves to be driven into a paddock for the purpose. In the evening she saw, from a turret, sixteen bucks pulled down by greyhounds.

Another day she was "mette by a Pilgrime, clad in a coat of russet velvet, fashioned to his calling; his hatte being of the same, with skallop shells of cloth of silver, who delivered hir a speach," and then conducted her to an oak tree, hung round with escutcheons, and where a wild man clad in ivy made her a speech.

Another day the lords and ladies dined in the walks, and "feasted most sumptuously at a table four-and-twenty yards long." Here an angler at a pond made a speech in her praise; and the pond being drawn, all the fish were laid at her Majesty's feet.

On Thursday, she again dined in the garden, at a table forty-eight yards long; and in the evening was a general dance to which the country people were admitted.

One entertainment was given by the Queen to the French ambassadors, which would be after her own heart; for in it she was lauded to the top of her bent. It was in the Tilt Yard at

Westminster: and the gallery wherein the Queen sat was called "The Castle, or Fortress of Perfect Beauty," and the Earl of Arundel, Lord Windsor, Sir Philip Sidney, and Sir Fulk Greville, calling themselves the "Foster Children of Desire," summoned the fortress to surrender, which of course it did not: then ensued the terrors of war: cannon were shot off, one charged with sweet powder, the other with sweet water, "verie odoriferous and pleasant, and the noise of the shouting was verie excellent consent of melodie within the mount. And after that was store of pretie scaling ladders, and the footmen threw floweres and such fansies against the wals, with all such devises as might seeme fit shot for Desire." And this continued till the defendants came to the rescue, which they did in "most sumptuous manner."

In this triumph Adam and Eve appeared; Sir Thomas Parrat personated Adam, and the fair mother of mankind, "in like armour beset," was happily represented by Master Cooke, who had hair hung all down his helmet. Both had apples and fruit.

The celebrated Masques of which we hear so much, but which probably, like the pageants, owe much of their attraction to our own imaginative realization of the inflated descriptions given of them, were introduced according to Hall, at the commencement of the sixteenth century. He gives this account of them:

“ On the daie of the Epiplanie at night, the King (Henry 8) with XI other were disguised after the manner of Italie, called a maske, a thing not sene afore in England: thei were appareled in garmentes long and brode, wrought all with golde, with visers and cappes of gold; and after the banket doen these maskers came in with the sixe gentlemen disguised in silke, beryng staffe torches, and desired the ladies to daunce: some were content; and some that knew the fashion of it refused, because it was not a thing commonly seen. And after thei daunced and commoned together, as the fashion of the Maskes is, thei toke their leave and departed, and so did the Quene and all the ladies.”

The following description of two masques, taken from Hollinshed and Hall, will give our readers a more accurate idea of them than any explanation of our own:—

“ After this parliament was ended, the King kept a solemne Christmase at Greenwich, with dances and mummeries in a most princelie manner. And on the Twelwe daie at night came into the hall a mount, called the rich mount. The mount was set full of rich flowers of silke, and especiallie full of broome slips full of cods, the branches were greene sattin, and the flowers flat gold of damaske, which signified Plantagenet. On the top stood a goodlie beacon giuing light, round about the beacon sat the King and five other, all in cotes and caps of right crimsin velvet, embrodered with flat golde of damaske,

their cotes set full of spangles of gold. And four wood-houses drew the mount till it came before the Queene, and then the King and his companie descended and danced. Then suddenlie the mount opened, and out came six ladies all in crimsin sattin and plunket, embrodered with gold and pearle, with French hoods on their heads, and they danced alone. Then the lords of the mount took the ladies and danced together: and the ladies reentered, and the mount closed, and so was conueied out of the hall. Then the King shifted him, and came to the Queene, and sat at the banket which was very sumptuous.

“In this yeare the King kept his Christmasse at his manor of Greenwich, and on the Twelwe night, according to the old custome, he and the Queene came into the hall, and when they were set, and the Queene of Scots also, there entered into the hall a garden artificiall, called the garden of Esperance. This garden was towred at euerie corner, and railed with railes gilt, all the bankes were set with flowers artificiall of silke and gold, the leaues cut of greene sattin, so that they seemed verie flowers. In the midst of this garden was a piller of antique worke, all gold set with pearles and stoues; and on the top of the piller, which was six square, was a louer or an arch embowed, crowned with gold: within which stood a bush of roses red and white, all of silke and gold, and a bush of pomegranats of like stuffe. In this garden walked six knights, and six ladies richlie apparalled; and then they descended

and daised manie goodlie dances, and so ascended the garden againe, and were conuiced out of the hall, and then the King was serued of a great banquet."

Hall's Chronicle, and consequently Hollinshed's, is thickly garnished with descriptions of the masques which were the favourite Court amusement in the time of Henry the Eighth. But there is a great sameness and wearisomeness in them, and the preceding extracts will enable our readers to judge of their nature. They improved, however, greatly in the reign of Elizabeth. They became very rich in decoration, and much more scientific in construction. They were much practised by the gentlemen of the Inns of Court, who spent enormous sums in their arrangement, and were accustomed to perform them periodically before the Queen. The celebrated Sir Christopher Hatton first attracted her notice, by his graceful dancing in a masque which the gentlemen of Gray's Inn were performing before her. (See pp. 145-147.)

As time advanced, the masque came more and more into vogue, and attained still higher celebrity. And well it might: for Ben Jonson wrote many—and these remain to testify to the learning, the wit, and the talent with which they *might* be imbued, and the exquisite language in which that talent might be embodied—for they ceased to be, as at first, mere dumb shows, concluding with a jig. As we said, Ben Jonson wrote them, Inigo Jones—under the patronage of Prince Henry—arranged the sec-

nery—and the first noblemen and ladies of the Court acted in them.

“Our Corte of ladyes (writes Sir Thos. Edmondes to the Earl of Shrewsbury) is p̄paring to solemnize the Christinas wth a gallant maske, w^{ch} doth cost the Exchequer 3,000*l*.” *

But sometimes so much as 20,000*l*. was expended on the masques displayed by the gentlemen of the Inns of Court.

There can be little doubt that masques attained their greatest perfection in the time of James the First, and presented indeed a widely different appearance from the rude attempts recorded by Hall, as affording such supreme delight to Henry the Eighth and his courtiers.

“The masque,” says Mr. Gifford, in his *Life of Ben Jonson*, “as it attained its highest degree of excellence in the hands of Jonson, admitted of dialogue, singing, and dancing :—these were not independent of one another, as in the entertainments of the old court, but combined by the introduction of some ingenious fable, into an harmonious whole. The groundwork was assumed at will; but our author, to whom the whole mythology of Greece and Rome lay open, generally drew his personages from that inexhaustible treasury of elegance and beauty; having formed the plan, he called in the aid of the sister arts; for the essence of the masque was pomp and glory, and it could only breathe in

* Lodge's *Illustrations*, vol. iii.

the atmosphere of a Court. Thus, while the stage was in a state of absolute nudity, moveable scenery of the most costly and splendid kind was lavished on the masque, the most celebrated masters were employed on the songs and dances, and all that the kingdom afforded of vocal and instrumental excellence was employed to embellish the exhibition.

“Thus magnificently constructed, the Masque was not committed to ordinary performers. It was composed, as Lord Bacon says, for princes, and by princes it was played. The prime nobility of both sexes, led on by James and his Queen, took upon themselves the respective characters; and it may be justly questioned whether a nobler display of grace and elegance and beauty was ever beheld than appeared in the Masques of Jonson.”

These were frequently followed by an Antimasque, or parody on the other, wild, extravagant, and ridiculous, and merely calculated to excite laughter. Occasionally, however, they were made the medium of smart political allusions, one or two of which are recorded in the days of the first Charles as having much amused, and it may be, in some degree annoyed that monarch.

Queen Anne, of Denmark, was exceedingly attached to Masques, and she always took a conspicuous part in their performance. We read in Winwood's Memorials a rather ludicrous account of one entitled the “Masque of Blackness,” in which were twelve Ethiopian nymphs, who travel

to Great Britain in search of means to whiten their complexions. These nymphs were represented by the Queen and her ladies, who made their first appearance before the audience in an enormous shell of mother of pearl.

“At night we had the Queen’s mask, in the banquetting-house, or rather her pageant. There was a great engine at the lower end of the room which had motion, and in it were the images of sea-horses with other terrible fishes, which were ridden by Moors. The indecorum was, that there was all fish and no water. At the further end was a great shell in form of a scallop, wherein were four seats; on the lowest sat the Queen with my Lady Bedford; on the rest were placed the ladies Suffolk, Derby, Rich, Effingham, Ann Herbert, Susan Herbert, Elizabeth Howard, Walsingham, and Bevil. Their appearance was rich, but too light and courtesan-like for such great ones. Instead of vizards, their faces and arms, up to the elbows, were painted black, which disguise was sufficient, for they were hard to be known; but it became them nothing so well as their red-and-white, and you cannot imagine a more ugly sight than a troop of lean-cheeked Moors. The Spanish and Venetian ambassadors were both present, and sat by the King, in state:—He (the Spanish ambassador) took out the Queen, and forgot not to kiss her hand, though there was danger it would have left a mark on his lips. The night’s work was concluded with a Banquet in the

great Chamber, which was so furiously assaulted, that down went tables and tressels before one bit was touched."—Winwood ii. 44.

Mr. D'Israeli asserts that the moveable scenery of these masques formed as perfect a scenical illusion as any that our own age, with all its perfection of decoration, has attained to. We have already exceeded our space, or we would gladly avail ourselves of his descriptions. We venture only on one:

"In the Lord's Mask at the Marriage of the Palatine, the scene was divided into two parts from the roof to the floor; the lower part being first discovered, there appeared a wood in perspective, the innermost part being of "releave or whole round," the rest painted. On the left a cave, and on the right a thicket, from which issued Orpheus. At the back part of the scene, at the sudden fall of a curtain, the upper part broke on the spectators, a heaven of clouds of all hues; the stars suddenly vanished, the clouds dispersed; an element of artificial fire played about the house of Prometheus—a bright and transparent cloud, reaching from the heavens to the earth, whence the eight maskers descending with the music of a full song; and at the end of their descent the cloud broke in twain, and one part of it, as with a wind, was blown athwart the scene. While this cloud was vanishing, the wood, being the under part of the scene was insensibly changing; a perspective view opened, with porticoes on each side, and female statues of

silver, accompanied with ornaments of architecture, filling the end of the house of Prometheus, and seemed all of goldsmiths' work. The women of Prometheus descended from their niches, till the anger of Jupiter turned them again into statues."

We will conclude our reference to the Masques with the following "Doric delicacy," taken also from Mr. D'Israeli, and which he transcribes from a rare masque. It is a playful dialogue between a SYLVAN and an HOUR, while Night appears in her house, with her long black hair spangled with gold, amidst her HOURS:—

Silvan.—Tell me, gentle Hour of Night,
Wherein dost thou most delight?

Hour.—Not in sleep!

Silvan.— Wherein then?

Hour.—In the frolic view of men!

Silvan.—Lov'st thou music?

Hour.— Oh! 'tis sweet!

Silvan.—What's dancing?

Hour.— E'en the mirth of feet.

Silvan.—Joy you in fairies and in elves?

Hour.—We are of that sect ourselves!

But Silvan! say, why do you love

Only to frequent the grove?

Silvan.—Life is fullest of content

Where delight is innocent.

Hour.—Pleasure must vary, not be long;

Come, then, let's close, and end the song!

We shall look in vain, during the reign of Charles the Second, for any of those graceful recreations which adorned whilst they dignified the reigns of his predecessors—the stately and elaborate masques

of which Jonson and Inigo Jones were the constructors, and princes and nobles the enactors—are lost in this uproarious reign: or if occasionally performed, for we find the names of both the princesses Mary and Anne in the programme of a masque by Crowne, they were by no means a very prevailing amusement, although we find that this one was rehearsed and acted above thirty times at Whitehall, in 1675, by the following remarkable dramatis personæ:*

Calisto, by the Lady Mary, afterwards Queen.

Nyphe, Lady Anne, afterwards Queen.

Jupiter, Lady Henrietta Wentworth (mistress of Duke of Monmouth).

Juno, Countess of Sussex, daughter of the Duchess of Cleveland.

Psecas, Lady Mary Mordaunt.

Diana, Mrs. Blagge, late Maid of Honour to the Queen.

Mercury, Mrs. Sarah Jennings, afterwards Duchess of Marlborough.

Nymphs attending Diana, and performers in the dances:—

The Countess of Derby.

The Countess of Pembroke.

Lady Catherine Herbert.

Mrs. Fitzgerald.

Mrs. Fraser.

} Maids of Honour to the Queen.

Male dancers.

The Duke of Monmouth.

Viscount Dumblaine.

Lord Daincourt.

Mr. Trevor.

Mr. Harpe.

Mr. Lane.

* From Notes to Lady Sunderland's Letters in Miss Berry's Lady Russell.

Masques and spectacles still maintained their hold in France. Some of the most splendid masques and pageants on record were exhibited at the Court of Louis Fourteenth, in which, in his earlier years, the King himself took some leading character. Louis took as much pains to render his Court the scene and centre of dignified pleasure as Charles did to make his the focus of rollicking gaiety. Louis never for a moment lost sight of his personal dignity. He was a most graceful and beautiful dancer, yet declined this relaxation at an early period, from a sense of propriety. The following lines from the Tragedy of Britannicus, then being acted before him are said to have caused this resolve—

Pour merite premier, pour vertu singulière,
 Il excelle à trainer un char dans la carrière.
 A disputer des prix indignes de ses mains,
 A se donner lui-même en spectacle aux Romains.

From that period he danced no more in public.*

One noted amusement of his reign was what was called a Carousal, a sort of mock tournament. One of these, in 1662, has been extensively celebrated, and they were usually noble and magnificent in the extreme: but a feast held at Versailles two years afterwards was even more magnificent and more widely famed. This feast, consisting of a variety of entertainments, the King attended with a Court of six hundred persons, whose entire

* Voltaire's Age of Louis XIV.

expenses, including those of all their attendants, he defrayed. The following brief notice of this magnificent entertainment is from Voltaire, and, brief as it is, will shew that much thought, much skill and talent were expended on it, and the genius of Perigni and Benserade taxed to the utmost.

At first there was a kind of carousal, wherein those who were to run appeared the first day, as in a review, preceded by the heralds at arms, pages, and squires, who carried their devices and bucklers; and upon their bucklers were written, in gold letters, some verses composed by Perigni and Benserade. The King represented Roger; and in his character all the diamonds of the crown glittered upon his habit, and upon the horse on which he was mounted. The Queen, with three hundred ladies, seated under triumphal arches, beheld this entry.

The cavalcade was followed by a gilded chariot, eighteen feet in height, fifteen wide, and twenty-four in length, representing the Chariot of the Sun. The golden, the silver, the brazen, and the iron ages; the celestial signs, with the seasons and hours, followed the chariot on foot; everything was in character: shepherds brought in their hands pieces of the pallisades, which they placed regularly to the sound of trumpets, to which, by intervals, succeeded the violins, and other instruments. Some persons who followed the chariot of Apollo came forward and repeated to the Queen, verses alluding

to the place, the persons, and the time. The races being finished, and the day at an end, four thousand large flambeaux illuminated the space in which the feast was prepared. The tables were served by 200 persons, representing the Seasons, the Fauns, the Sylvans, and Dryads, with shepherds, reapers, and grape-gatherers. Pan and Diana appeared upon a moving mountain, and descended to place upon the tables the greatest rarities the fields and forests produced. In a semi-circle, behind these tables, was raised all at once, a theatre covered with musicians; the arcades which encompassed the tables, and the theatre, were adorned with 500 branches of green and silver, filled with wax candles, and the vast enclosure was encompassed with a gilt balustrade.

These feasts, so superior even to those in romance, lasted seven days. The King gained the prize in the games four times, and afterwards relinquished them, to be disputed by the other knights.

But it was this monarch's pleasure and constant endeavour, and most surely it was deep policy, to gather all the *élite* of his kingdom round his own person. He crowded inducements into his Court, and only required that his nobility should come and partake of the pleasures he had provided for them. And it was quickly perceived that those who did *not* appear there pretty frequently, were never favoured by the monarch. He opened a magnificent suite of apartments, furnished and adorned in a

style which only a King could achieve. Three evenings a week these were brilliantly illuminated and open to the whole Court. The softest music sounded all the while; card and billiard tables, and every incentive to amusement, were amply provided; and was anything wanting, which was hardly to be supposed, the guests fully understood that they had only to express their wishes to the attendants. Choice and abundant refreshments were provided, and at an early hour the *Appartemens* closed. The King himself walked through them from time to time, behaving to every one with the most gracious courtesy. Madame de Sevigné writes to her daughter—

“ Je saluai le Roi, ainsi que vous me l'avez appris; il me rendit mon salut, comme si j'avois été jeune et belle.”*

The play in *Les Appartemens* was very deep; but to that we have referred elsewhere.

The other, and what we may call the undress amusements of the Court, were equally decorous and dignified: whether the courtiers drove in carriages, or went out in gondolas on the canal, all was conducted with the same imposing propriety. Madame de Sevigné, no novice in grandeur, speaks of the magnificence of the Court as being *beyond imagination*, and adds, that this “agreeable confusion without confusion is composed of the choicest of whatever has a power to charm the imagination.”

* iv. 192, Ed. 1754.

It is really astonishing that Charles, having been an eye-witness of the imposing splendour of the French Court, and of its happy effects in cementing the absolute power of the King, should have taken no hint from it for the regulation of his own, now placed within his hands to form anew. There was indeed a vast influx of French modes, French fashions, and French customs; but our Court—as such a medley might be supposed to be—is said to have resembled that of France as a caricature, not an imitation. We had water-parties and carriage-drives; but the latter were merely parades for ostentation or mediums for assignation, the former too often scenes of uproarious or puerile merriment. The King had a beautiful chariot given him, of a construction new in England; and Lady Castlemaine and Miss Stewart had a desperate quarrel as to who should first appear in it in the Park, each lady overwhelming the monarch with womanly threats of vengeance dire, in case she were not the favoured one. Miss Stewart gained the day. On one water excursion, Nell Gwynne, one of the royal party, had provided angling-rods with silk lines and hooks of gold. The King angled, as did several others, but no one caught anything. The ladies so ridiculed Charles, that he said he would angle no longer, and so, pulling up his line, found half-a-dozen fried smelts tied to the hook with a silk thread. All laughed aloud. Nelly said, “So great a King ought surely to have something above

the rest: even poor fishermen catch fish alive: it was proper that the King's should be ready dressed." Another of the party threw his line and drew up a purse with the picture of a lady in it. It is hardly necessary to say that Nelly's ingenuity and a gratuity to a diver had managed these surprises.*

But imagine the Grand Monarque fishing for dried smelts! Why, "every particular hair" of his periwig would have stood "on end" at the bare supposition: it is even now almost enough to make his

"canonized bones, hearsed in death,
To burst their cements!"

Practical joking, buffoonery, and romping, with the alternations of hard drinking and deep play, seem to have been the favourite pastimes of the Court within the chambers of Whitehall. It is well known that Buckingham (who hated the Chancellor) used to mimic his gait and manners until the King rolled off his chair with laughter; and there can be little doubt that this oft-repeated pastime, at which Clarendon, who, well aware of it, could not at all times repress his indignation, tended to influence the King against him. On one occasion, indeed, Charles vindicated his own dignity.

Clarendon, exceedingly lame, had made his way with considerable difficulty through the crowded ante-chamber to the King, Buckingham following close on tiptoe, and mimicking him so irresistibly, that all present were convulsed with suppressed

* Countess of Dunois' Mem.

laughter. Clarendon was fully aware of the whole, and in a tumult of agitated feeling appealed to the King. The King was touched and ashamed, and at the close of the audience he insisted on his Chancellor leaning on his arm, and he led him to the outer door through the crowd of courtiers and attendants assembled in the ante-chamber, tending him with the kindness and reverence of a son. This just rebuke had its effect at the moment; but probably before many hours were over, the fickle monarch would be rolling in his chair at some new scene of mimicry got up by his favourite.

Buckingham's talents were universal; and when Miss Stewart's star was in the ascendant, he made his court to the King by building card houses for her, a species of architecture which she spent much time in practising, and in which he particularly excelled. The lady was fond of blind man's buff, too, a game in which the courtiers were most happy to join; but the humble servant she especially favoured was George Hamilton, who attained this exaltation by — our readers will hardly credit us — by walking round the room with *two* lighted candles in his mouth, while the original introducer of the exploit could only manage *one*. Pepys mentions that he found the Duke and Duchess of York, and all the great ladies, sitting upon a carpet on the ground, there being no chairs, playing at "I love my love with an A, because he is so and so; and I hate him with an A, because of this and that;" "and

some of them," adds the writer, "but particularly the Duchesse herself and my Lady Castlemaine were very witty." Lady Castlemaine probably had wit, but Mr. Pepys was surely dazzled by the splendour of royalty when he attributed that qualification to the Duchess.

Of such a nature, varied and enlivened as we have said by intoxication and gaming, were the usual domestic pastimes of Whitehall.

Occasionally they were relieved by the acting of plays, for Mr. Evelyn mentions in his Diary seeing a comedy acted at court; and at another period they were enlivened by the tricks of an Italian scaramouch: but it seems as if nothing could be done at this unhappy Court but must have a tinge of degradation in it, for the same writer informs us, that people paid money to enter, "which was very scandalous, and never so before at court diversions." This was in the year 1675.

In the more public diversions, propriety and etiquette were of course studied in some degree. Mr. Pepys has written a good description of two balls which he witnessed there:

"Dec. 31, 1662.—Mr. Povey and I to Whitehall; he taking me thither on purpose to carry me into the ball this night before the King. He brought me first to the Duke's chamber, where I saw him and the Duchesse at supper; and thence into the room where the ball was to be, crammed with fine ladies, the greatest of the Court. By and

by comes the King and Queene, the Duke and Duchesse, and all the great ones : and after seating themselves, the King takes out the Duchesse of York, and the Duke the Duchesse of Buckingham ; the Duke of Monmouth, my Lady Castlemaine ; and so other lords other ladies ; and they danced the Bransle. After that, the King led a lady a single coranto ; and then the rest of the lords, one after another, other ladies : very noble it was, and great pleasure to see. Then to country dances ; the King leading the first, which he called for ; which was, says he, ‘Cuckolds all awry,’ the old dance of England. Of the ladies that danced, the Duke of Monmouth’s mistress, and my Lady Castlemaine, and a daughter of Sir Harry de Vickis, were the best. The manner was, when the King dances, all the ladies in the room, and the Queene herself, stand up ; and indeed he dances rarely, and much better than the Duke of York. Having staid here as long as I thought fit, to my infinite content, it being the greatest pleasure I could wish now to see at Court, I went home, leaving them dancing.”

“ Nov. 15, 1666.—To Mrs. Pierce’s, where I find her as fine as possible, and Mr. Pierce going to the ball at night at Court, it being the Queene’s birthday. I also to the ball, and with much ado got up to the loft, where with much trouble I could see very well. Anon the house grew full, and the candles light, and the King and Queene and all the ladies sat ; and it was, indeed, a glorious sight to

see Mrs. Stewart in black and white lace, and her head and shoulders dressed with diamonds, and the like many great ladies more (only the Queene none); and the King in his rich vest of some rich silk and silver trimming, as the Duke of York and all the dancers were, some of cloth of silver, and others of cloth of sorts exceeding rich. Presently after the King was come in, he took the Queene, and about fourteen more couple there was, and began the Bransles. As many of the men as I can remember presently, were, the King, Duke of York, Prince Rupert, Duke of Monmouth, Duke of Buckingham, Lord Douglas, Mr. Hamilton, Colonel Russell, Mr. Griffith, Lord Ossory, Lord Rochester; and of the ladies, the Queene, Duchesse of York, Mrs. Stewart, Duchesse of Monmouth, Lady Essex Howard, Mrs. Temple, Swedes Ambassadee, Lady Arlington, Lord George Barkeley's daughter, and many others I remember not; but all most excellently dressed in rich petticoats and gowns, and dyamonds, and pearls. After the Bransles, then to a Corant, and now and then a French dance; but that so rare that the Corants grew tiresome, that I wished it done. Only Mrs. Stewart danced mighty finely, and many French dances, specially one which the King called the New Dance, which was very pretty. But upon the whole matter, the business of the dancing of itself was not extraordinary pleasing. But the clothes and sight of the persons were indeed very pleasing, and worth my coming, being

never likely to see more gallantry while I live, if I should come twenty times. Above twelve at night it broke up. My Lady Castlemaine (without whom all is nothing) being there very rich, though not dancing."

Out-of-doors the Parks were places of great attraction and resort. Hyde Park was then fashionable as a drive, but in the afternoon, after the Theatres, which were universally attended, St. James's Park, with its wings, the Spring Garden and the Mulberry Garden, were pre-eminently attractive.

The Spring Garden occupied that portion of the Park which still bears the same name: the Mulberry Garden was where Buckingham Palace now stands. In both these creams, syllabub, coffee—a new and of course most costly and fashionable beverage—and other refreshments were obtained. Evelyn speaks of "treating divers ladies of my relations in Spring Garden," and at a later period Evelyn says, "My Lady Gerrard treated us at Mulberry Garden, now y^e onely place of refreshment about the towne for persons of y^e best quality to be exceedingly cheated at; Cromwell and his partisans having shut up and seized on Spring Garden, w^{ch} till now had been y^e usual rendezvous for the ladys and gallants at this season."

This was towards the close of Cromwell's time who had excluded the public from the Spring Garden on the plea—a very true one—that it was a

mere rendezvous for debauchery. It was re-opened by Charles, and soon regained all and more than all its bad fame. Nor does the Mulberry Garden appear to have been much better. Pepys calls it "a very silly place, worse than the Spring Garden." He says it had a very pretty wilderness in it.

Sedley wrote a play called the *Mulberry Garden*, laying his plot, or what in those days would be considered a plot, within its precincts; and other writers of that period abound in allusions to it as a place of fashionable resort, and of multitudinous assignations.

Many games were pursued within the precincts of the Park; there was a Bowling Alley "in brave condition" Pepys says, and where per favour of Lord Sandwich's housekeeper, he peeped at the lords and ladies "now at bowls." There was a cock-pit still appropriated to its original destination, which Charles and his courtiers often visited: and there was a splendid Mall—we all know it now—which originally had its name from the game of mall (or pall-mall) which was played there. It was rolled regularly, and kept in beautiful condition with the utmost care. Opposite to the Mall was the Aviary, now called the Bird-Cage Walk, from Charles's feathered favourites being hung in the trees there. Here, with his pockets filled with grain for his birds, and followed by his spaniels, two and four-footed, Charles walked for hours. There is a tale that the superintendant of his stables being taxed

with the enormous and unheard-of consumption of corn therein, justified himself on the plea that the King took it for his birds!

But there were other amusements patronized by courtiers and fashionable ladies, which will excite the astonishment of the refined exclusives of to-day.

Fairs, which with all the additional refinements and increased improvements of the present time, are now stigmatized as vulgar even by the lowest circles of the middle ranks, were then, and at a much later period, the recreations of the titled and courtly. May Fair was hardly yet established; but there were St. Margaret's Fair, Bartholomew Fair, and others, which put forth an attractive bill of fare. For instance: at St. Margaret's Fair, Southwark, Mr. Evelyn saw monkeys and apes dance and "do other feates of activity on the high rope; they were gallantly clad *à la mode*, went upright, saluted the company, bowing and pulling off their hatts; they saluted one another with as good a grace as if instructed by a dauncing-master; they turned heels over head with a basket having eggs in it, without breaking any; also with lighted candles in their hands and on their heads, without extinguishing them, and with vessells of water, without spilling a drop. I saw also an Italian wench daunce and performe all the tricks on the high rope to admiration; all the court went to see her. Likewise here was a man who tooke up a piece of iron cannon of

about 400 lbs. weight with the haire of his head onely.”*

Pepys also speaks of going twice round Bartholomew fair, being delighted to see it again after two years’ enforced absence.†

At one of these fairs was a mare that “tells money and many things to admiration,” at another “a puppet-show of Whittington, which was pretty to see.” Lady Castlemaine also went to Bartholomew fair to see the “rare puppet-show of Patient Grizzle.”

Many years after this, we read, in Lady Russell’s Letters, of Lady Shaftesbury and Lady Northumberland returning from Bartholomew fair loaded with fairings for themselves and their children.

A writer says of May Fair in 1701—‡

“I wish you had been at May Fair, where the rope-dancing would have recompensed your labour. All the nobility of the town were there, and I am sure even you, at your years, must have had your youthful wishes, to have beheld the beauty, the shape, and the activity of Lady Mary when she danced.§ Pray ask Lord Fairfax about her, who is not the only lord by twenty who was every night an admirer of her while the fair lasted. There was the city of Amsterdam well worth your seeing;

* Diary.

† In consequence of the plague.

‡ Quoted by Miss Berry in her “Comparative View,” &c.

§ A Dutchwoman rope-dancer.

every street and every individual house was carved in wood, in exact proportion to one another. The stadt-house was as big as your hand; the whole, though an irregular figure, yet that you may guess about ten yards in diameter. Here was a boy to be seen: within one of his eyes was *Deus meus* in capital letters, as Gulielmus is on half-a-crown; round the other he had in Hebrew 1771; but this you must take as I did, on trust."

How would May Fair be astonished at such desecration now!

But it was not merely at fairs, at merry-makings—in their own peculiar sphere—that these exhibitions were sought after and patronized. Private exhibitions were very usual. We have mentioned the Scaramouch exhibiting at Whitehall; but London had likewise a famous fire-eater and water-drinker, who excited the admiration and wonder of the excitement-loving children of fashion. For the Fire-eater, read Evelyn:—

"1762, Oct. 8.—I took leave of my Lady Sunderland. She made me stay dinner at Leicester House, and afterwards sent for Richardson, the famous fire-eater. He devoured brimstone on glowing coals before us, chewing and swallowing them; he melted a beer-glass, and eat it quite up; then taking a live coal on his tongue, he put on it a raw oyster; the coal was blown on with bellows till it flamed and sparkled in his mouth, and so remained till the oyster gaped and was quite boiled; then he

melted pitch and wax with sulphur, which he drank down as it flamed; I saw it flaming in his mouth a good while; he also took up a thick piece of iron, such as laundresses use to put in their smoothing boxes, when it was fiery hot, held it between his teeth, then in his hand, and threw it about like a stone; but this I observed he cared not to hold very long; then he stood on a small pot, and bending his body, took a glowing iron with his mouth from between his feet, without touching the pot or ground with his hands; with divers other prodigious feats."

The water-spouter, Florian Marchand, whom Mr. Evelyn saw in Paris, he mentions as above all surprising to those who were ignorant of the trick. He drank only spring-water, and returned from his mouth in several glasses all sorts of wine and sweet waters. Mr. Evelyn purchased his secret. He afterwards visited England, rivalling in attraction the fire-eater. Some envious person published a book which we have seen, called "Floran Marchand Le Grand Boyeur de Tours, or the fallacie of the great water-drinker discovered." The pamphlet professes to expose the whole mystery of this affair, and nasty work it is—nothing but vomiting warm water, some colouring and fragrant tincture having before been taken into an empty stomach, whilst from a previous preparation of the glasses, their having been washed in vinegar and different acids, different degrees of colouring are obtained, to

tally with the species of wine pretended to be produced.

The writer says, that the water-drinker who was so famous in England was extremely inferior to his instructor, an Italian called Bloise, who was threatened with long imprisonment by Cardinal Mazarine, unless he explained to him the whole mystery, which he did, and gained not only his liberty, but the connivance of the Cardinal.

Even less refined and more disgusting were the favourite amusements of cock-fighting, bull-baiting, bear-baiting, &c. Nay, Mr. Evelyn records in his Diary, 1667, the circumstance of a gallant horse being baited to death; and Malcolm gives a full account of a similar circumstance in the year 1682, "for the amusement of the Morocco ambassador, many of the nobility who knew the horse, and any others who would pay the price of admission." This brutal exhibition took place at His Majesty's Bear Garden at the Hope on the Bankside. I forget whether it was on this or another occasion that the proprietors of the garden, when the animal began to be exhausted, led him away in reserve for another day's sport; but the spectators loudly interfered, and he was mercifully stabbed to death.

Setting aside the taste of the thing, as a quality from classical authority not to be disputed,* we marvel at the nerves of the ladies of those days, which were of a quality to sustain such shocks as

* De Gustibus non est disputandum.

the following, and even willingly to risk their recurrence, for similar catastrophes seem not to have been unusual :

“ June 16. I went with some friends to the Bear-Garden, where was cock-fighting, dog-fighting, beare and bull-baiting, it being a famous day for all these butcherly sports, or rather barbarous cruelties. The bulls did exceeding well, but the Irish wolfe dog exceeded, which was a tall grey hound, a stately creature indeede, who beate a cruell mastiff. One of the bulls toss'd a dog full into a *lady's lap*, as she sate in one of the boxes at a considerable height from the arena. Two poore dogs were kill'd, and so all ended with the ape on horse back, and I most heartily weary of the rude and dirty pastime, which I had not seene, I think, in twenty yeares before.”

Pepys records a similar circumstance on another occasion : “ 1666, Aug. 14. After dinner with my wife and Mercer to the Beare garden, where I have not been, I think, of many years, and saw some good sport of the bull's tossing of the dogs : one into the very boxes. But it is a very rude and nasty pleasure.”

Far more manly indeed was the amusement of horse-racing. Charles, though not personally fond of equestrian exercise, patronized Newmarket, then rising into estimation : so did James, who was an excellent horseman ; so indeed, in some degree, did

* 1670, Evelyn.

William, but this could only have been on political grounds.

Hunting can never be out of fashion with country gentlemen, though it does not appear to have been "a rage" amongst the courtiers. Hawking was fast sinking into oblivion. Mr. Evelyn indeed frequently mentions his going a-hawking, but we hear of no companions in the pursuit. The ex-Protector Richard Cromwell has been called the last gentleman who followed the sport in England; but George Walpole, third Earl of Orford, who died 1791, was the last supporter of this ancient pastime, according to the author of "George Selwyn and his Contemporaries."

We have a hint, too, of a healthy and manly recreation, which, though formerly, in the nonage of bridges, a much more necessary acquirement than now, is still pursued with ardour in our great schools and universities, and likewise on our Augustan stream.

We read in the London Mercury, Oct. 28, 1682, that the Duke of Grafton, Lord Dunblane, and two other noblemen, rowed a wherry to Erith. They were dressed in white satin laced with gold. At Greenwich they ran foul of a large boat which lay at anchor, and very narrowly escaped a ducking: they reached Erith in safety, and dined on board Lord Dunblane's pleasure-boat moored there.

We have but incidentally referred to the water-excursions which formed one of the prevailing

amusements of this time. Parties were continually being formed to sail up or down the river, as taste might lead them. Sometimes they would have "a greate banquet at Mortlack;" sometimes they went so far as Richmond; sometimes they anchored at Chelsea, then a most delightful country spot; sometimes they pic-nic'd at Greenwich, frightening the echoes from their propriety, and startling the deer in their *then* sylvan retreats; sometimes they merely took a short excursion, and hastily landed to drive in Hyde Park, or to revel and "collation" in the Mulberry or Spring Garden. But on all and every of these occasions they were attended by musicians,—the more aristocratic revellers by an accomplished band in a separate boat, and they made the air vocal with revelry and melody. A gay and gallant sight it must have been on a bright and sparkling morning (our ancestors were wiser than we in this matter; their summer day did not *commence* in the sultry heat of noon), when the tide gushed merrily on, the light spray danced about the bows of the boat, and fell in glittering drops from the oars of the rowers,—the sunlight glancing on the gay and picturesque attire of the revellers, on dancing plumes and fluttering streamers, and yet more, on gay and pleasure-seeking countenances,—as barge after barge glides along,—the air vocal now with the rich sweep of wind-instruments—anon with the light tinkle of guitars, or the merry burden of voices in some choice madrigal,—until

one general sensation is seen to pervade even the numerous and separate parties which are scattered on the river;—the rowers simultaneously rest on their oars, the ladies wave their handkerchiefs, the gentlemen lift their hats, and “the King! the King! God bless him!” bursts forth in one deafening cheer, as a splendid barge, resplendent with gold, majestically floats along, all others yielding way. The good-humoured king, known more by his dark hue than from any dignity of demeanour, steps into a conspicuous place, and, bareheaded, acknowledges the greetings around, on which the acclamations are redoubled. Yet in the intervals may be heard the light ringing laugh of that youthful beauty in whose ear Buckingham, ever ready to worship the rising sun, is breathing his witticisms: while at the stern of the vessel, conspicuous only from her quietude, is the unassuming and kind-hearted Queen; and at a little distance, a haughty beauty, who casts scornful and ill-pleased glances towards the courtly Buckingham and his merry companion. The barge darts forward, stops at Whitehall stairs, and the party disembark amid the cheers of the spectators, who even call a proud smile to the lip of the slighted beauty by their loud encomiums on her loveliness.*

* On one occasion, when Lady Castlemaine was mobbed, she alighted from her carriage and looked fearlessly around; and the mob were so struck with her commanding beauty, that their insults were changed into “blessings on her handsome face.”

In an incredibly short space of time the whole party are mounted and cantering towards Hyde Park. It must have been on this occasion, surely, that Mr. Pepys was so delighted with the court party, Lady Castlemaine having a *yellow* plume in her hat; but the happy and triumphant Mrs. Stewart had her hat cocked and a red plume, and moreover, "with her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent taille," seems to have eclipsed, as he sorrowfully confesses, even the object of his own especial and unfailing admiration, Lady Castlemaine. The Queen had "a crimson short pettycoate, and her hair dressed *à la negligence*; mighty pretty; and the King rode hand in hand with her,"—as a loving husband should do.

A splendid concert was given on the river a few years later in honour of the birth of the unfortunate Prince of Wales.

Mr. Abel, the celebrated musician and one of the Royal Band, June 18, 1688, gave an aquatic concert in honour of the birth of the Prince of Wales. The barge was richly decorated, and illuminated by numerous torches. The music was composed expressly for the occasion, and the performers, vocal and instrumental, amounted to 130. The first performance took place facing Whitehall, and the second opposite Somerset House, where the Queen Dowager then resided. Great numbers of barges and boats were assembled, and each having flambeaux on board, the scene was extremely

brilliant and pleasing. "The music being ended, all the nobility and company that were upon the water gave three shouts to express their joy and satisfaction; and all the gentlemen of the music went to Mr. Abel's house, which was nobly illuminated, and honoured with the presence of a great many of the nobility: out of whose window there hung a fine machine full of lights, which drew thither a vast concourse of people. The entertainment lasted till three in the morning."*

These entertainments, however, and the delights of the Mulberry and Spring Gardens, were but homely attempts at those magnificent fêtes which we shall shortly record as forming the glories of Ranelagh and Vauxhall.

* Malcolm.

CHAPTER VII.

THEATRICAL PERFORMANCES.

“ But was the devil a proper man, gossip ? ”

“ As fine a man of his inches as ever I saw.”—*Jonson*.

It may be interesting, before noticing the drama of Elizabeth's day, to refer briefly, very briefly, to its earlier history and progress.

Dramatic performances in England are noticed by Fitz-Stephen, in his life of Becket, and are supposed even at that early period to have been established and customary amusements. We need hardly inform our readers that the earliest theatres were churches, the earliest performers priests and monks, the earliest plays representations of the Bible. These plays were called Miracles, or plays of Miracles, and the first extant—supposed to date in the early years of Edward the Third—exhibits the descent of Christ to Hell, to liberate from thence Adam, Eve, John the Baptist, and the Prophets.

Besides single and unconnected plays, there are three complete series or sets of these Miracle plays now extant. One of them, the *Ludus Coventriae*,

or Miracle plays represented at Coventry, on the feast of Corpus Christi, consists of forty-two plays, from "The Creation," the first, to "Doomsday," the last play.

These went on in a regular progressive series, day after day, until the whole Bible, Apocrypha and all, was completely acted through. Ridiculous, and even profane in some measure, as they appear now, they were sublime spectacles then; and regarded by the spectators with deep interest and considerable awe. The most sacred persons of the Trinity were introduced, and, as far as the knowledge, taste, and idea of the day went, suitably and characteristically attired. For instance, in a work of an old French Mystery or Miracle, the Almighty, when calling Eve from the side of Adam, has a regal and pontifical dress—the triple crown, and the ball and cross in his hand. In the accounts of the Coventry pageant, 1490, is mentioned a *cheverel*, or false hair, gilt for God (Jesus), and also a "*chevël gyld for Petur.*" In the accounts of the churchwardens of Tewkesbury, 1578, for even so late as this the old Miracle plays were preserved here, we read of "six sheepskins for Christ's garments," and also "eight heads of hair for the Apostles, and ten beards and a face or vizier for the Devil."

Indeed, it seems not impossible (see Chaucer's *Miller's Tale*), that the lower orders in those days derived their chief knowledge of Scripture history from such representations.

They were not long confined to the parlicus of convents and religious houses, though the clergy continued to bear a share in their performance till far on in the sixteenth century; and from a passage in a tract printed in 1572, it appears that even then interludes were occasionally played in churches. But this was now an infrequent circumstance, and strongly reprobated. But at a very early date, the getting up of the Miracles in cities and large towns, such as Chester, Coventry, York, Durham, Lancaster, Kendal, Bristol, Cambridge, &c., &c., devolved mainly on the trading companies, each guild undertaking a portion of the performance, and sustaining a share of the expense. The exhibitions took place annually at Whitsuntide, or some great festival.

Then, moveable stages were erected for these performances, which were wheeled from street to street, one pageant succeeding another at the appointed spots, — the Abbey gate, market-places, High-cross, &c., until the whole had been exhibited. These stages, scaffolds, or pageants (for each they were indifferently called), consisted of two rooms, a higher and a lower, sometimes indeed of three. In the higher one the Almighty was often represented surrounded by his angels, and in the lower one all the hideous appendages that fancy could suggest were collocated in order to give a vivid representation of the devil and his angels in their glowing abode. It seems to have been always the province of one or more persons to open and shut

the gate or mouth of hell, as it became necessary : in one "Le Mystere de la Passion Jesus Christ," at Veximiel, 1437, it is observed, that "the Mouth of Hell was very well done, for it opened and shut when the devils required to enter and come out, and had two large eyes of steel."*

Of the preservation of the unities we need only farther remark, that in the Armourers' pageant at Coventry, 1415, an angel courteously presented Adam with a spade, and Eve with a distaff, when he announced to them labour as their future portion. In another play, Cain is exhibited at plough with a team of horses; it is quite usual for the patriarchs to swear by the Virgin Mary; and in a scene of a French Miracle, to which we have before alluded, when the Almighty is calling Eve to life, a very important feature of the laudseape is a noble Gothic castle, with walls, moat, draw-bridge, &c., all complete.

The play of the Deluge seems to have been a favourite everywhere; and it appears that much pains were taken with the ark, as it was directed that "the Arke must be borded rounde about, and upon the bordes all the beastes and fowles here after rehearsed must be painted, that there wordes may agree with the pictures."†

Shem seems to have been showman.—

* Sharp.

† In Chester Pageant. See Collier, vol. ii.

Sier, here are lions, libardes, in,
 Horses, mares, oxen and swyne,
 Neats, calves, sheepe and kyne,
 Here sitten thou may see, &c.

And after the detail or description of all the
 beasts and fowls, Noah speaks thus :

Noe.—Wife, come in, why standes thou there ?
 Thou art ever froward, that dare I swere,
 Come in on Godes halfe ; tyme it were,
 For fear lest that wee drowne.

Wife.—Yea, Sir, set up your saile,
 And rowe forth with evil haile,
 For withouten anie saile
 I will not oute of this toune :
 But I have my gossepes everich one ;
 One foote further I will not gone :
 They shal not drown by St. John,
 And I may save ther life.
 They loved me full well by Christ :
 But thou will let them in thie chist,
 Ellis rowe forth, Noe, when thou list,
 And get thee a new wife.

Her sons put her on board by force ; Noah kindly
 welcomes her, “Welcome, wife, into this boate ;”
 but her gentle acknowledgment of the civility is a
 box on the ear.*

Noah might well shrink from coming absolutely
 to fistycuffs with his wife, seeing the weight of her
 palm might not improbably be formidable ; for our
 readers will remember that this interesting speci-
 men of

* From Malone’s Historical Account of the English Stage.

“that gentle race and dear,
By whom alone the world is glorified,”

was represented by a man.

We are not aware of any Scripture authority for this perverse obstinacy of Noah's wife; but that such was at any rate the prevailing opinion of her conduct is evident from another play in the Widkirk collection.

NOAH'S FLOOD.

NOAH *warns his wife of what is about to happen, and invites her on board.*

Noe.—Raine as it is skille,*
Here must us abide grace :
Therfor, wife, with good will
Come into this place.

Uxor.—Sir, for Jak nor for Gill,
Will I turn my face,
Till I have on this hill
Spon a space
On my rok.
Well wer he might get me :
Now will I downe set me,
Yet reede I no man let † me,
For drede of a knok.

Noe.—Behold to the heven.‡
The cataractes all
They are open, full even
Great and small ;
And the planets seven
Left has their stall.

* As it is fit.

† I advise no man to hinder me.

‡ Our readers cannot fail to observe that this description, however rude, is brilliantly poetical.

Thise thoners and levyn*
 Down gar fall, †
 Full stout,
 Both halles and bowers,
 Castels and towres.
 Full sharpe are thise showers
 That renys ‡ aboute ;
 Wherfor wife have done,
 Come into ship fast.

Uxor.—Yei, Noe, go cloute thy shone, §
 The better will thai last.

Noe.—In fayth, for youre long taryying,
 You shall lik ¶ on the whip.

Uxor.—Spare me not, I pray the ;
 Bot even, as thou thynk,
 Thise grete words shall not flay me.

“ They begin a new conflict, || the wife, not taking her castigation at all patiently ; but she gets the worst of it.” “ Noah warns all husbands to chastise their wives before they become too headstrong.”

My readers will be happy to hear that, owing to the interposition of the sons, all ultimately went on board ; but this altercation is said to have lasted 350 days, *in the rain*.

* Thunder and lightning. † Make. ‡ Runs.

§ Go nail thy shoes. ¶ Taste of the whip.

|| The reader of Chaucer will remember that he refers with much sympathy to Noah's conflict with his unmanageable wife :

Hast thou not herd (quod Nicholas) also
 The sorwe of Noe with his felowship,
 Or that he mighte get his wif to ship ;
 Him had be lever, I dare wel undertake,
 At thilke time, than all his wethers blake,
 That she had had a ship hireself alone.

Chaucer's *Miller's Tale*.

By degrees a change was made in these verbose, matter-of-fact representations, by the introduction of abstract impersonations, as Veritas, Justitia, Pax, Misericordia, &c.: and at length the main original substantial characters of the piece or history sank into insignificance before those abstract personages, who were originally introduced as mere poetical embellishment. And these became the Moralities, or more properly, Moral Plays.

The moral plays must indeed have been ineffably tedious in their nature. We will endeavour to give our readers some idea of one, "The Castle of Perseverance," which we abridge from Mr. Collier's work, and which he considers one of the oldest Morals in our language.

As in the Miracle play of the Creation, when Adam and Eve appeared in *puris naturalibus*, and were, as the play quaintly says, "not ashamed," so in this Moral does *Humanum Genus*, the representative of the whole race of mankind, enter naked and "as just born." A good and a bad angel instantly strive for the care of him; the latter is successful, and directly introduces his pupil to *Mundus*, *Stultitia*, and *Voluptas*. *Detractio* also follows him, and he becomes acquainted also with *Avaritia*, who carries him to the six other deadly sins, viz., Pride, Wrath, Envy, Lechery, Sloth, and Gluttony. *Luxuria*, a female, is soon after his most intimate companion. By this time *Humanum Genus* is "forty wynter olde." But, desperate as

matters seem, his good angel does not desert him, but contrives to introduce him to Confessio, to Pœnitentia, and with these companions to shut him up in the castle of Perseverance, where the seven cardinal Virtues attend him. But the castle is besieged by Belial, and the seven deadly Sins *on horseback*, and Humanum Genus in terror calls on "the Duke that died on rood" to take care of his soul. The deadly Sins are defeated,—a catastrophe which seems most especially brought about by the roses flung at them by Charity and Patience, &c., which were aimed with deadly effect, and made them "blak and blo."

At length, Humanum Genus becomes "hory and colde," and, to the dismay of all the Virtues, gives himself up to the arms of Avaritia, who had contrived to approach him by secretly undermining his castle walls.

Mors, or "drey Death," now makes his appearance; and in spite of an earnest appeal to Misericordia for aid, a bad angel takes Humanum Genus on his back and sets off to the infernal regions, with the following naïve farewell to the spectators:

"Have good day, I goo to helle."

A modern audience would consider that all was over now; but it was by no means so, for a discussion takes place in Heaven, in which Misericordia, Pax, Justitia, and Veritas apply to "Deus" seated on the throne. Misericordia and Pax plead in behalf of poor Humanum Genus, and Veritas and

Justitia against him. The Deity summons the soul of Humanum Genus, and the audience are led to infer that it is saved.

This, Mr. Collier remarks, is a well-constructed and much varied allegory, and although certainly as old as the reign of Henry the Sixth, is of such a nature as to indicate that it must have had predecessors of the same kind, before it could have arrived at such a degree of perfection. The characters were thirty-six in number, so that the getting up of it must have been expensive.*

The performance (of the first Moral, Humanum Genus) was to conclude by "undern of the day," that is to say, at nine o'clock.

It may not be uninteresting to the reader to contrast this earliest of our moral plays with one of the latest. This is called "All for Money," by Thomas Lupton, "a moral and pitieful comedie," and was written in 1578, so close on the era of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson, that perhaps, owing to this circumstance, it has hardly had as much consideration as it merits. There are thirty-two characters: the play is full of spirit, business, and variety.

* Another moral, "Mind, Will, and Understanding," is opened by Wisdom, representing the second person in the Trinity, who is dressed in "a rich purple cloth of gold," with "a beard of gold," "a cheveler," or perriwig on his head, and "a rich imperial crown thereon, set with precious stones; in his left hand a ball of gold with a cross thereupon, and in his right hand a regal sceptre."

The names of them that play this comedie :

THEOLOGIE.	ALL FOR MONEY.
SCIENCE,	NEYTHER MONEY NOR LEARN-
ARTE.	INO.
MONEY,	MONEYLESS AND FRIENDLESS.
ADULATION.	GREGORIE GRACELES.
MISCHIEVOUS HELPE.	MONEYLES.
PLEASURE.	WILLIAM WITH THE TWO
PREST FOR PLEASURE.	WIVES.
SINNE.	NYCHOL.
SWIFT TO SINNE.	S LAURENCE.
DAMNATION.	MOTHER CROOKE.
SATAN.	JUDAS.
PRYDE.	DIVES.
GLUTONIE.	GODLY ADMONITION.
LEARNINO WITH MONEY.	VERTUE.
LEARNINO WITHOUT MONEY.	HUMILITIE.
MONEY WITHOUT LEARNING.	CHARITIE.

Theologie cometh in a long ancient garment like a prophet, and speaketh as doth follow (30 lines) :

What felicitie can man have more than in me ?
 Wherein ought he to have more joye and consolation ?
 What they will make his conscience more quiet to be
 Than to study that thing which is his salvation ?

Here cometh in Science clothed like a philosopher.

Many doe embrace and study me dayly ;
 But will you know why, and also to what ende ?
 Forsooth for great living, and also for money ;
 Not to helpe the needie therewith do they entend,
 But vanely on their carkasses to consume and spende :
 What, worthie Theologie, I am glad to see you heare.
 I must needs confess you are my head and peare.

After a short dialogue, "Arte cometh in with certeyne tooles about him of divers occupacions," who also laments his abuse for the sake of money in another "copy of verses:" he then enters into a dialogue with Theology and Science, wherein Latin and English are jumbled together:

"These three going out, Money cometh in, having one halfe of his gowne yellowe and the other white; having the coyne of silver and golde painted upon it; and there must be a chayre for him to sit in, and under it or neere the same there must be some hollowe place for one to come by in" (in by).

Money speaketh; and we commend his oration to the notice of our readers, as being original and spirited, and in some of the stanzas approaching the mellifluous flow of the celebrated song—

"Back and side, go bare, go bare!"

Hoyhe, hoyghe, for money, more sweeter than honye
 Who will not for me take payne?
 Each lord and knight for me will fight,
 And hazard to be slaine.
 I waxe of such force that no earthly corse
 But embraces me out of measure;
 The doctor, the draper, the plowman, the carter,
 In me have their joye and plēasūre.
 Mōnēy is my nāme, all övēr is my fame;
 I dwell with every degree,
 Though great be their living, yet ean they do nothing
 Without the presence of me.
 Many for my sake, worke while their heartes ake,
 Yet never think themselves wearie.

The smith and the shoemaker, the minstrel, the dauser,
 With me will drinke and be mearie.
 Būt thē cōvētoūs ōf me āre sō gēlous,
 That I cannot get out of their sight.
 But the serving man, the spender, the usurer and the lender,
 Doe sende me abroade day and night.
 I am worshipped and honoured, and as a god am esteemed,
 Yea manie loves me better then God.
 No sooner come I to towne, but manie bowe downe,
 And comes if I holde up the rod.
 What neede I further shewe that every one doth knowe,
 I doe but waste my winde:
 For servants and prentises will privily rob their masters,
 Tō mē thēy hāve such a minde.

“Here Money sitteth him downe in a chayre,
 and Adulation cometh in and speaketh.” He la-
 ments his long estrangement from his friend Money,
 by whom, however, he is not very cordially received.
 He thus concludes :

Doe you think I will flatter or fayne any man,
 Unlesse for your sake? Nay, beshrewe me than
 Such as love themselves and their owne ways best,
 Must needs be flattered therein, and then they be at rest.
 They must be holden by and flattered in their evill,
 And for you I care not howe many I send to the Devill.

At this speech, Money “faineth himself to be sicke,” upon which Adulation calls in the assistance of “Mischievous-Help” to hold the invalid’s head. Here by “some fine conveyance Pleasure shall appeare from beneath and lie there apparelled.” Money pretends to vomit him; Pleasure is suddenly taken ill, and after a time brings forth Sin, who, “being the Vyce, shall be conveyed finely from

beneath, as Pleasure was before." His part in the drama may be conjectured from the lines which his father Pleasure addresses to him—

Well, my sonne Sinne, according to thy nature and name,
 All that loves money and me, see that you do frame:
 To all sinful living, and al other wickednes,
 I neede not bid thee, for I knowe well thy goodnes.

Pleasure and Adulation then depart, and a dialogue ensues between Sin and Prest-for-Pleasure, in which the latter declares of himself—

By the masse I care not what sinne I commit,
 So that thereby I may purchase pleasure and profit;
 It is a hard thing that I would not do for money,
 I would cut my father's throte if I might get money thereby.

"Sinne," like his grandfather and father, also produces a child, in this case called "Damnation,"* "who shall have a terrible vysard on his face, and his garment shall be painted with flames of fire," of whom his father says,

It is the heaviest lobber that ever man did beare,
 They say sinne is heavie, but he is heavier I sweare.

Sin being left alone by his former companions, soliloquises at some length, after the manner of the ancient Vice, and is interrupted by the entrance of "Satan the great Devill, as deformedly dressed as may be." Sin threatens to leave Satan, who roars lustily, and declares that without Sin and his son

* This author, no less than Milton, (*Paradise Lost*, Book ii.) seems to have had in his mind, a passage in the Epistle of St. James, chap. i. verse 15.

Damnation he is utterly powerless. Gluttony and Pride, "dressed in devils' apparel," prevent the exit of Sin, who by their entreaties is induced to remain in friendship with Satan. The dialogue is very long, and in many parts too profane for transcription.

This party having retired, Learning-with-money "richly apparelled" makes his appearance, and is shortly followed by Learning-without-money, habited as a "scholler," and Money-without-learning, "apparelled like a riche churle, with bagges of money by his side." The latter asserts his superiority over both his companions, whose learning, he says, is ever at the command of his money. The speeches of the two Learnings are appropriately interlarded with scraps of Latin, which they translate for the benefit of their illiterate companion. Their long conference is interrupted by the appearance of Neither-money-nor-learning, "clothed like a beggar." It is to be remarked, that Learning-with-money is extremely fond of preaching up contentment and the vanity of riches to his companions, in which doctrine he and Money-without-learning agree marvellously; but the other two parties, Learning-without-money and Neither-money-nor-learning, seem to be of opinion that a little of the "irritamenta malorum" would contribute to their comfort and happiness.

After these parties have severally made their exit, Money reappears, complaining of the request he is

in, and mentioning the wonders his influence has wrought since his last appearance. His grandson Sin then enters, and a ludicrous dialogue takes place, Sin being the Vice or Clown of the piece. Money and Sin had not before met, but a mutual recognition now takes place, and Sin introduces All-for-money to his grandfather as one ready to execute all his wishes. Money then invests All-for-money with his power, who accordingly makes proclamation that all suits shall be granted, how many soever, if authorized by Money.

The first applicant is Gregory Graceless, a ruffian who prays to be saved from being hanged for robbery, for which he promises half the booty: his request is granted. Moneyles, a petty thief, not having any money to fee the judge, is left to take his course. William with the two wives next appears, and offers forty angels if his suit may be granted. The Vice suggests that he probably desires an additional wife, and All-for-money, the judge, promises to indulge him with a pair for a "consideration." William's desire is, however, to diminish, not to increase, his matrimonial connexion.—

" I have two wives I must needs confesse ;
I have too manie by one, I had rather have lesse."

The first wife, it seems, was old and ugly, but brought him money; whereupon he took to himself a younger and comelier one: but a prosecu-

tion for bigamy is threatened. All-for-money, however, promises to get the first marriage proved invalid.

These are followed in due order by a variety of other characters, all bent, of course, on the attainment of some fraudulent end or flagitious object.

Nichol-never-out-of-the-law, habited like a "riche frankeline, with a long bag of books by his side," contrives, by the aid of All-for-Money, to forge a deed, by which he obtains the estate of a poor neighbour. Sir Lawrence Livingles, a "foolish priest," having been degraded by his bishop, also obtains the aid of All-for-money.

Mother Crooke, an "evill favoured olde woman," having fallen in love with a young man who had paid her attention for her money, but was now wooing a young beauty, by the aid of All-for-Money, swears falsely to a betrothal, and forces him to marry her.

"Judas cometh in like a damned soule, in blacke painted with flames of fire, and with a fearful vizard: he is followed by Dives, and both lament their sad fate, owing to their love of money. Damnation now enters, and, after a short dialogue, drives them out howling before him. Then cometh Godly Admonition," who winds up the piece with a suitable address to the audience, assisted by Virtue, Humility, and Charity, who end with a prayer for the Queen, the Council, and the Commons of the realm.

Virtue.—Let us pray for the Queene's Majestie, our Sovereigne governour,
That she may raigne quietly according to God's will,
Whereby she may suppress vyce and set forth God's glory and honour,
And as she hath begun godly, so to continue still.

Humilitie.—Let us not forget to pray for the honorable counsel,
That they mainteyne justiee, and all wrong to expell.

Charitie.—And all the high estates and commons of this region,
With all that be here present to have everlasting salvation.

It is worthy of remark that at this period, and for some time subsequently, the actors always knelt on the stage at the close of a performance to pray for the Sovereign and great estates of the realm, which was done in a form of words not very dissimilar to the "Bidding Prayer" now in use at our universities.

One of the most noted plays of this period is *Cambyses*, written by Thomas Preston, M. A., who was complimented by Queen Elizabeth with a pension of £20 per annum. The title of this play was, "A Lamentable Tragedy, mixed ful of pleasant mirth, conteyning the Life of Cambises, King of Percia, from the beginning of his kingdome unto his death; his one good deed of execution, after that many wicked deeds and tirannous murders committed by and through him; and last of all, his odious death, by God's justice appointed. Done in such order as followeth, by Thomas Preston, 1570."

Our particular reason for referring to this play

here is to call our readers' attention to the versatility of talent displayed (necessarily) by the actors of that day. In our own, a favorite actor or actress will occasionally personate three or four characters in one piece, and great is the admiration thereat. In Queen Elizabeth's day this was a matter of course. We give the programme of Cambyses. It was a painful necessity of the times that Venus should be personated by a son instead of a daughter of Adam,—a necessity which continued until a much later period; for on one occasion, his most sacred Majesty King Charles the Second, being at the theatre, and somewhat discomposed at the delay of the performance, was at once appeased on an intimation being whispered in the royal ear, that the fair heroine (by courtesy) of the drama, was not yet shaved!

In the play of Cambyses, thirty-seven characters seem to have been usually partitioned amongst eight performers.

The division of the partes.

Councill,	}	for one man.	Cambises	}	one man.
Huf,			Epilogus		
Praxaspes,			}	one man.	Prologue
Lob,	Sisamnes,				
Third Lord,	Diligence,				
Lord,	}	one man.	Crueltie,	}	one man.
Ruf,			Hob,		
Commons cry,			}		
Commons complaint,	First Lord,				
Lord Smirdis,	Ambidexter,	}		one man.	
Venus !!!	Triall,				

Knight,	}	one man.	Meretrix,	}	one man.
Snuf,			Shame,		
Small Hability,			Otiau,		
Proof,			Mother,		
Execution,			Lady,		
Attendance,			Queene,		
Second Lord,			Young child,	}	one man.
			Cupid,		

The Moral Plays to which we have referred as succeeding the Old Miracles, a sort of connecting medium between the ancient mystery and the modern tragedy or comedy, must at the best have been very tedious; but they would have been ineffably so, had it not been for the invariable representation in them of two characters, the Devil and the Vice; the former, far too entertaining a personage ever to be dispensed with, imported from the old Miracle Plays. He was rendered as hideous as possible by the mask and dress he wore; his exterior was shaggy and hairy; he had "a bottle nose" and an "evil face," and a tail. He was in the constant habit of roaring and crying out most lustily, and the usual exordium to all his exhibitions on entering was a threefold repetition of the very expressive ejaculation "Ho!" So in the old Play of Gammer Gurton's Needle

But Diccon, Diccon, did not the devil cry *Ho, ho, ho?*

and again, in the same play,

By the masse, ich saw him of late call up a great black devill,
Oh, the knave cried *ho, ho*, he roared and he thundered.

It does not seem that the familiarity of the au-

diences of that day with his Satanic Majesty as personated in their theatres, at all did away, as might have been expected to be the case, with their wholesome terror of him on other occasions. Familiarity did *not* always breed contempt, as may be gathered from the following ludicrous incident.

There was a stage play in a market town in Suffolk, in which one John Adroyns, who resided at a village about two miles distant, played the devil. After the play, having no change of apparel, he was returning homeward in his professional costume when he passed over a rabbit warren, the property of a gentleman his neighbour. Now it so happened that a priest, "a vycar of a church therby," with two or three other "unthryfty fellows," were busily occupied in snaring rabbits, having with them a horse, a hey (or trap snare) and a ferret. Whilst their sagacious little ally was busy in the earth, the priest turned round, and to his horror saw "hym come in the devyls rayment, and consideryng that they were in the dyvyls servyce, and stelyng of conys, and supposing it had ben the devyll in dede, for fere ran away."

When the hero of the sock and buskin found the snare, and a horse tied to a bush already tolerably well loaded with the poachers' stores, he mounted the horse, seized the trap, and quick betook him to the mansion of the lord of the manor, and knocked at the gate. The porter had scarce opened it before he banged it to again and fled in terror to his mas-

ter, who despatched other servants on a mission of inquiry. But they, in equal alarm assured him that the Devil was at his gate bodily—"the devyll indede is at the gate syttyng upon an horse laden with soules, and be lykelyhode he is come for your soule: purpos ye to let him have your soule? and if he had your soule I wene he shulde be gon." The gentleman thunderstruck as well he might, or as the legend says "mervaylously abassed" at this peremptory summons in somewhat unusual style, called for his Chaplain, for lights, and for holy water, and went to the gates with as many servants as durst follow him, while the Chaplain exorcised the fiend in orthodox canonical terms. "In the name of the Father, Sonne, and Holy Ghost I com-maunde, and charge the in the holy name of God to tell me wherefore thou comeste hyther?" The devil replied, "Nay, feare not me, for I am a good devyll, and I bringe my mayster a dozen or two of his own conyes that were stolen, and theyr hors and theyr haye. So by his voyce they knewe hym well; and so all the forsayd feare was turned to myrthe and disporte."*

In the Moral Plays this indispensable Devil was almost invariably attended by a person called the Vice, a person "most wicked by design and never good but by accident." Originally he also might have been a grave and metaphorical personage, but he degenerated into a mere buffoon, being dressed in a fool's habit, and furnished with a dagger of

* J. Rastell; abridged from Collier.

lath sometimes gilt, and playing fools' tricks for the amusement of the audience.

The discontinuance of these characters, induced by the gradual alteration in the style of dramatic entertainments, was an innovation by no means relished by the people at large.

This dissatisfaction is amusingly portrayed in the first intermean or chorus in Ben Jonson's "Staple of News."

Gossips—Mirth, Tattle, Expectation, and Censure.

Mirth.—How now, gossip! how does the play please you?

Cen.—Very scurvily, methinks, and sufficiently naught.

Tat.—I would fain see the fool, gossip; the fool is the finest man in the company, they say, and has all the wit: he is the very justice o' peace of the play, and can commit whom he will, and what he will, error, absurdity, as the toy takes him, and no man say black is his eye, but laugh at him.

Mirth.—But they have no fool in this play, I am afraid, gossip.

Tat. It is a wise play, then!

Expect.—They are all fools, the rather, in that.

Cen.—Like enough.

Tat.—My husband, Timothy Tattle, God rest his poor soul! was wont to say, there was no play without a fool and a devil in't; he was for the devil still, God bless him! The devil for his money, would he say; I would fain see the devil.

And again in the second intermean in the same play:

Cen.—Why this is duller and duller! intolerable, scurvy; neither devil nor fool in this play!

Mirth.—How like you the Vice in the play?

Expect.—Which is he?

Mirth.—Three or four; Old Covetousness, the Sordid Penny Boy, the Money B——d.

Tat.—But here is never a fiend to carry him away. Besides

he had never a wooden dagger! I would not give a rush for a Vice, that has not a wooden dagger to snap at every body he meets.

And in an old writer,

“It was a pretty part in the old church plays when the nimble Vice would skip up nimbly like a jack-an-apes into the Devil’s necke, and ride the devil a course, and belabour him with his wooden dagger, ’till he make him roar, whereat the people would laugh to see the Devil so Vice-haunted.” *

Though the Moral Plays gradually superseded the Miracles, they were not done away with entirely. They became, as well as Moralities, vehicles of religious controversy, and both were therefore reprobated in Henry the Eighth’s reign. In that of Mary, Mysteries were revived: in 1556 the Passion of Christ was represented at the Grey Friars in London, on Corpus Christi Day, before the Lord Mayor and Privy Council, and many great estates of the realm. The following year also one was performed at the same place: they were occasionally exhibited in Elizabeth’s reign, and the last Miracle Play represented in England was performed in the reign of James the First, at Ely House, Holborn, before Gondomar the Spanish Ambassador.

Though plays on general subjects were unknown till the reign of Henry the Eighth, yet long before

* Punch, once so great a favourite with our ancestors, and still the delight of all truant boys and school-hating urchins, is supposed to be the legitimate descendant of the old Vice. There is one unquestionable similarity: the supreme delight of both is to belabour the devil most lustily.

then it was customary for great noblemen to have companies of players attached to their households, and in the time of Henry the Seventh, this custom had become very general.* In the Household Book of the Earl of Northumberland are many references to the plays got up in his household, to the gratuities to his Chaplain for writing "interludes" and reference to a clerk being provided to copy out his plays. It was customary on occasions of great family festivity, as a marriage &c., to have an interlude (or pageant, or play) performed before the banquet, or between the courses. At the accession of Henry the Eighth, acting had become an ordinary profession, and companies of players were attached to many large towns, but the profession was by no means considered respectable, though fostered by the King and his nobility, all of whom, almost, patronised, and in many instances supported, companies of players. We are told that in the reign of Elizabeth there were not less than fourteen distinct companies of players under private patronage, viz. companies belonging to Lord Leicester, Sir Robert Lane, Lord Clinton, Lord Warwick, the Lord Chamberlain, (the name of Shakspeare being enrolled among the servants of the latter, who in the first year of the subsequent reign became entitled to the appellation of His Majesty's Servants,) the Earl of Sussex, Lord Howard, the Earl of Essex,

* This King entertained a company of French players. See Isaac Reed's notes to Shakspeare.

Lord Strange, the Earl of Derby, the Lord Admiral, the Earl of Hertford, Lord Pembroke, and the Earl of Worcester.*

But how strange, how utterly meagre, insufficient and ridiculous, would in our days be considered those means and appliances as to "scenery, machinery, and decorations" as the phrase goes, on which the dramas of Shakspeare were dependent for all their *extrinsic* attraction! We will say nothing of Juliet, Desdemona, and Ophelia being personated by men, or, at the best, murdered by young boys—enough, in our days to damn—technically speaking—the finest drama extant: but the meagreness of the stage "properties" was really astonishing. As we know that previously to this time, a kind of machinery had been used, by which the gods and goddesses in the favourite masques could ascend to or descend from heaven as occasion might require, we should have supposed that some mechanism, however rude in itself, had been applied to the purposes of scenery and decoration. But it seems not. Some of the higher private theatres might have painted scenery, but it was not moveable; and, in order to indicate the place where a scene was supposed to occur, a board was hung up with the name of the place written on it and changed of course, with each change of scene. On some occasions each actor had a sort of watchman's box at the back of the stage to retire to or issue

* Drake.

from, with his own title emblazoned on it. In an old play, quoted by Mr. Collier, two disputants go to the end of the town to fight:

“Come, Sir; will you come to the town’s end now?”

“Ay, Sir: come;”

and in the very next line he adds,

“Now we are at the town’s end. What say you now?”

showing that two or three steps on the stage were supposed to convey them to the end of the town, and the audience was duly informed that they had arrived there.

But we of this generation may heartily congratulate ourselves on the deficiencies of the scenic properties of our ancestors, if, as has been suggested, we are indebted to this deficiency for many of the magnificent descriptions of Shakspeare, who took pains to appeal to the imaginations of his audience in those scenes of which he could not, however rudely, give ocular demonstration.

The following picture, by Sir Philip Sydney of the claims on the imagination of an audience is not exaggerated:

“Now shall you have three ladies walke to gather flowers, and then wee must believe the stage to be a garden. By and by wee heare newes of shlipwracke in the same place, then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rocke. Upon the backe of that comes out a hideous monster with fire and smoke. And then the miserable beholders are

bound to take it for a cave: while in the mean time two armies flie in represented with some swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field? Now of time they are much more liberall: for ordinaire it is that two young princes fall in love. After many traverses shee is got with childe, delivered of a faire boy: he is lost, groweth a man, falleth in love, and is ready to get another childe, and all this in two hours' space."

There was no theatre or public building exclusively appropriated to dramatic entertainments existing until many years after the accession of Elizabeth. The most common places of performance were, as doubtless my readers are aware, the Inn Yards, to which in that day the house formed a sort of quadrangle with open galleries round each story. Not a few of these still remain in their original form even in the busy and pushing city of London, though a vast number have been modernized. The gateway of course formed one side of the Quadrangle, and the galleries or balconies were accessible from the various chambers of the inn, without necessarily descending to the Yard.

The first royal patent was granted by the Queen in 1574 to the theatrical company, or servants, of her favourite the Earl of Leicester, by which they were empowered to play "comedies, tragedies, interludes, and stage plays within the city of London and its liberties," or, in short, anywhere else that they pleased.

Probably their first regular representations were in the city, but the civic authorities opposed them so strenuously and effectively, that the discomfited actors sought a place without their jurisdiction, and finally obtained rooms at Blackfriars, within the precincts of the dissolved monastery there, which they converted into a Theatre.

This was immediately followed by others, one in its immediate vicinity, another in Shoreditch: others followed, and the Drama became a fashionable and general amusement. By the time Shakspeare had reached the height of his popularity there were no less than seven theatres of acknowledged respectability: Three private ones, viz., that in Blackfriars, that in Whitefriars, and the Cockpit or Phœnix in Drury Lane; and four that were called Public Theatres: viz., the Globe on the Bankside; the Curtain in Shoreditch; the Red Bull at the upper end of St. John's Street; and the Fortune in White-Cross Street. The two last were the houses to which the citizens chiefly resorted.*

In the private theatres the pit was furnished with seats, but in the public ones, it was not only without benches, but often open to the weather, and was called "the Yard." Here the "great unwashed" congregated, at the price of about three pence, to watch the play.† There were boxes or "best

* Reed.

† "Those who go to Paris Garden, the Bell Savage, or Theatre—must not account of any pleasant spectacle, unless first they pay

rooms" to which the price of admission seems to have been a shilling; but a *fashionable* gallant of that day would have scorned to enter them: the only place for him was the stage, which was sometimes matted, but oftener strewed with rushes. Here throwing their "careless length along" the rushes, or sitting on three-legged stools, smoking their pipes, combing their long curls, or swaggering with their rapiers, the young men of fashion would congregate to the great inconvenience of the actors, and often to the utter discomfiture of the business of the play. But what cared they for this? It has not infrequently been a dictum of fashion to pay utter disregard to the convenience or the feelings of those excluded by position or circumstance from her privileged circle, and never was this more absolutely the case than at the period of which we treat, as may be seen by a reference to our sketch of the fashionable manners of Elizabeth and James's reign. Dekker says, referring to the fashionable gallant's conduct at the theatre, "On the very rushes where the comedy is to dance, yea, and under the stall of Cambyzes himself, must our feathered estrich, like a piece of ordnance, be planted valiantly, because im-one penny at the gate, another at the entry of the scaffold, and a third for quiet standing." Lambarde.

In the notes to Reed's Shakspeare, we learn that in houses of reputation, such as the Globe and Blackfriars, the price of admission into the pit and gallery was sixpence, while in meaner play-houses it was only a penny or twopence.

prudently, beating down the mews and hisses of the opposed rascality."

But the mews and hisses were not confined to the "rascality." If a man, a fashionable man that is to say, had any pique, however slight it might be, against the author of the play, he would take every possible means to discountenance it, and what we should now consider very unjustifiable ones. He would take all possible means to distract the attention of the audience from the play, would himself leave in the midst of a scene, not quietly, but loudly saluting his acquaintance all round, (and remember, reader, that he is *on* the stage, in the midst of the actors,) and would persuade as many of his friends as possible to withdraw with him.

But if prevented from withdrawing by weather or any other accidental circumstance, the annoyance was still worse. He would "turn plain ape," tickle the ears of his fellow-gallants with rushes, mew like a cat at some parts, whew at others, find fault with the music, and utterly confuse, if not drown the voices of the actors by the clamour he raised.

There were also in these times companies of children, supported often by royal bounty, and engaged at certain times to perform interludes for royal edification. We often read of the "Children of Powles," that is the children of St. Paul's school being brought to perform before Queen Elizabeth and her father. Indeed Elizabeth patronized no

less than four of these companies of juvenile performers. The children of St. Paul's, the children of Westminster, the children of the Chapel, and the children of Windsor.* Anne, the Queen of James the First, took one of these juvenile companies more especially under her protection, calling them the children of her Majesty's revels: they had been previously called the "Children of the Chapel." The public actors were also not infrequently called the Children of the Revels.

We can sympathize with Shakspeare when indignantly jealous of the superior popularity of these baby heroes of the Sock and Buskin, he writes

Hamlet.—Do they (*the players*) hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so follow'd?

Ros.—No, indeed, they are not.

Ham.—How comes it? do they grow rusty?

Ros.—Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: but there is, Sir, an aiery of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapp't for't: these are now the fashion: and so berattle the common stages (so they call them), that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goosequills, and dare scarce come thither.†

Charles the First and his Queen were fond of the theatre, and Henrietta Maria went a step beyond her royal predecessors, for she attended the public theatres, which James and Elizabeth had never done. We may suppose however, from the unfortunate King's strict notions of propriety and

* Drake.

† Hamlet, act ii. sc. 2.

dignity, that these public theatres were placed on a more decorous footing than had been the case previously. We are told also that the coarseness and indelicacy which attended the early stage exhibitions were gradually disappearing under the pure taste of the King and the improving taste of the people, when bad and good were alike immolated beneath the invectives of the leaders of the Great Rebellion. It is piteous to read of the privations and sufferings of the actors in these days, for they were the especial objects of the persecuting zeal of these self-styled Saints. They were hunted out of their places of refuge and bitterly persecuted.

The theatres were finally closed in 1642; but, eight or nine years before this period, a trumpet of warning, reproof and invective had sounded through the land, which is now often referred to, often quoted—but, little read. It appeared in the form of a bulky, clumsy quarto volume of upwards of a thousand pages, each page containing “matter” enough for twenty in our present style. Truly the writers and printers of those days were marvellous people: and readers—if they did read—more marvellous still.

We present to our readers *part* of the title-page of this marvellous work, and shall be happy to favour them with lengthy extracts from the work itself—should they be desired—in a future edition of our “Chronicles.”

HISTRIONASTIX.

The
PLAYERS' SCOURGE,OR
ACTORS' TRAGÆDIE;

Divided into two parts.

Wherein it is largely evidenced, by divers arguments, by the concurring authorities and resolutions of sundry texts of Scripture; of the whole primitive Church, both under the law and gospel; of fifty-five synods and councils; of seventy-one fathers and Christian writers, before the yeare of our Lord 1200; of above a hundred and fifty foraigne and domestique Protestant and Popish authors, since; of forty Heathen Philosophers, Historians, Poets; of many Heathen, many Christian nations, Republicques, Emperors, Princes, Magistrates; of sundry Apostolicall, Canonically, Imperiall Constitutions; and of our owne English statutes, Magistrates, Universities, Writers, Preachers.

That popular Stage-plays (the very Pompes of the Divell which we renounce in Baptisme, if we beleve the Fathers) are sinfull, heathenish, lewde, ungodly spectacles, and most pernicious corruptions; condemned in all ages, as intolerable Mischiefes to Churches, to Republickes, to the manners, mindes, and soules of men. And that the Profession of Play-poets, of Stage-players; together with the penning, acting, and frequenting of Stage-playes, are unlawfull, infamous, and misbeseceming Christians. All pretences to the contrary are here likewise fully answered; and the unlawfulness of acting, of beholding Academieall Enterludes, briefly discussed; besides sundry other particulars concerning *Dancing, Dicing, Health-drinking, &c.* of which the table will informe you.

By William Prynne, an Outer Barrester of Lincoln's Inn.

Then follow quotations from Cyprian, Lactantius, Chrysostom, and Augustine: and lastly we are informed that it was printed by E. A. and W. T. for Michael Sparke, and is to be obtained at the very appropriate sign of the Blue Bible, in Greene Arbour, in little Old Bayly, 1633.

On the Restoration the theatres were speedily reopened, and most influentially as well as popularly supported. A few years after this time Pepys writes, that though he was at the theatre by two o'clock, to see a new play of Etheridge's, there were *a thousand* people put back that could not have room in the pit. The licenses were however extended to two theatres only, a limitation which has been ascribed to Lord Clarendon's influence, and supposed to proceed from his earnest wish to stem by every possible effort the tide of corruption which poured in at all quarters, and which found a most fruitful outlet in theatrical representations. For in this, as in other matters, the licentious propensities of the King himself were most fatally operative. He was fond of the theatre and gave it his constant personal support: and his licentious courtiers were not only play-lovers but play-wrights. "What had been merely coarse, was, under his (the King's) influence, rendered vicious and systematic impurity. Scenes, both passionate and humorous, were written in such a style as if the authors had studied whether the grave seduction of the heroic, or the broad infamy of the comic scenes, should contain

the grossest insult to public decency." Evelyn speaks in the most bitter terms of the gross indecency, pollution and degeneracy of the stage. The introduction of women on the boards was a most prolific aid to debauchery, for they were not then as now, women of conduct and character; but, at the best, open and avowed mistresses of the King or some of his Courtiers. Nell Gwynne, vulgar, low-born, low-bred, and illiterate, was in reality perhaps one of the least profligate of this shameless crew, for she had notions of fidelity and truth to which she firmly adhered, which others of her sex higher born, higher bred, and looking with scorn on the orange-wench, whistled to the winds.

Still even in this age of license and indecency, the introduction of women on the stage was not effected without some hesitation, perhaps some difficulty, and a sort of apology for the indecorum in the prologue and epilogue. These were written by a poet named Thomas Jordan, and are to be found in a very scarce miscellany, called "A Royal Harbour of Loyal Poesie." We transcribe some lines from these pieces as we find them in the notes to Isaac Reed's Shakspeare.

FROM THE PROLOGUE,

I come unknown to any of the rest,
 To tell you news; I saw the lady drest;
 The woman plays to-day: mistake me not,
 No man in gown, or page in petticoat:
 A woman to my knowledge——

* * * * *

Do you not twitter, gentlemen? I know
 You will be censuring: do it fairly though.
 'Tis *possible* a virtuous woman may
 Abhor all sorts of looseness, and yet play;
 Play on the stage,—where all eyes are upon her:—
 Shall we count that a crime France counts an honour?

* * * * *

In this reforming age
 We have intents to civilize the stage.
 Our women are defective, and so siz'd,
 You'd think they were some of the guard disguis'd:
 For, to speak truth, men act, that are between
 Forty and fifty, wenches of fifteen;
 With bone so large, and nerve so incompilant,
 When you call Desdemona, enter giant.—
 We shall purge every thing that is unclean,
 Lascivious, scurrilous, impious, or obscene;
 And when we've put all things in this fair way,
 BAREBONES himself may come to see a play.

THE EPILOGUE.

And how do you like her? Come, what is't ye drive at?
 She's the same thing in publick as in private;
 As far from being what you call a w——e,
 As Desdemona, injured by the Moor:
 Then he that censures her in such a case,
 Hath a soul blacker than Othello's face.
 But, ladies, what think *you*? for if you tax,
 Her freedom with dishonour to your sex,
 She means to act no more, and this shall be
 No other play but her own tragedy.
 She will submit to none but your commands,
 And take commission only from your hands.

In 1656, there is a notice of the appearance on the stage of Mrs. Coleman in D'Avenant's "Siege of Rhodes," but his attempt to introduce Operatic performances, was at that time quite unsuccessful:

and it was not until 1660 or 61, that a woman appeared on the boards in regular drama. The part was that of "Desdemona," as my readers will have learnt from the foregoing quotations. In 1660-1, Pepys thus writes in his Diary :

"Jan. 3. To the Theatre, where was acted 'Beggars' Bush,' it being very well done ; and here the first time that I ever saw women come upon the stage."

"Feb. 12. By coach to the Theatre, and there saw 'The Scornfull Lady,' now done by a woman, which makes the play appear much better than ever it did to me."

For some time after this, however, men still continued to act female parts. Kynaston indeed continued to be much admired, notwithstanding the formidable rivalry of women actors ; and the unpleasant necessity which history records of his being obliged to shave most carefully before each performance.

But besides the facilities to licentiousness in the introduction of women which rendered the Theatre the delight of the profligate, it began to boast attractions in its scenic decorations and other adjuncts, which theretofore it had never possessed. The managers of the two Theatres were D'Avenant and Killigrew ; and to the former is attributed the introduction of moveable scenery. Dancing became a usual item of the bill of attractions, and regular orchestras were appointed. Moreover, the perform-

ances, which in Elizabeth's day, though professedly by candlelight in the private theatres, were often half by daylight from this not being absolutely excluded, were now not only really by candlelight, but by the inspiring illumination of a blaze of wax candles. Altogether, the Theatre was a most attractive place.

That it was desecrated by such absolute profaneness and licentiousness, is attributed in a very considerable degree to the vitiated taste of the monarch himself.* Even Dryden, the master-spirit of the age, and himself of pure life and morals, suffered his pen to pander to the profligacy of the times in a manner which he afterwards sorely lamented, but candidly confessed.† Jeremy Collier, the "Prynne" of

* Perhaps the parson stretch'd a point too far,
 When with our theatres he wag'd a war.
 He tells you that this very moral age
 Receiv'd the first infection from the stage.
*But sure a banish'd Court, with lewdness fraught,
 The seeds of open vice returning brought ;*
 The poets, who must live by Courts, or starve,
 Were proud so good a government to serve,
 And, mixing with buffoons, and pimps profane,
 Tainted the stage for some small snip of gain.—
 Thus did the thriving malady prevail,
 The *Court its head*, the poets but the tail.—*Dryden.*

† Dryden altered Shakspeare's "Tempest" for representation, and Sir W. Scott says of this adaptation, that "in mixing his tints he did not omit that peculiar colouring in which his age delighted. Miranda's simplicity is converted into indelicacy, and Dorinda talks the language of prostitution, before she has ever seen a man."

Charles the Second's day, wrote a forcible Appeal, called "A Short View of the Profaneness and Immorality of the English Stage," which was attended, we are told, with beneficial results: of the censure of Dryden which it contains, this gentleman made the following manly and candid admission: "I shall say the less of Mr. Collier, because in many things he has taxed me justly; and, I have pleaded guilty to all thoughts and expressions of mine which can be truly accused of obscenity, profaneness, or immorality, and retract them. If he be my enemy, let him triumph; if he be my friend, as I have given him no occasion to be otherwise, he will be glad of my repentance. It becomes me not to draw my pen in the defence of a bad cause, when I have so often drawn it for a good one."

Shakspeare, although "born with a star on his forehead," which shall shine through all ages, was obscured during the time of which we treat. His plays were not often acted, and when they were, they were not considered attractive. Evelyn says (26th Nov., 1662), "I saw Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, played; but now the old plays began to disgust this refined age, since his Majesty has been so long abroad;" and Pepys has, amongst others, the following memorandums.

"1662: March 1. To the Opera, and there saw 'Romeo and Juliet,' the first time it was ever acted. I am resolved to go no more to see the first time of acting; for they were all of them out more or less."

“Sep. 29. To the King's Theatre, where we saw ‘Midsummer Night's Dream,’ which I had never seen before, nor ever shall again, for it is the most insipid, ridiculous play, that ever I saw in my life.”

“And 1667: Nov. 7. ‘The Tempest acted,’—‘the most innocent play that ever I saw:’—‘the play has no great wit, but yet good above ordinary plays.’”

The favourite style of the day in Tragedy, was the long heroic play in rhymes, much in the style of the French Drama, and formed upon the model of those inflated, turgid, never-ending and incomprehensible romances—not the really interesting and often beautiful romances of Chivalry—but their successors the heroic romances, which *we are told* ladies (not less heroic than the heroines of the works themselves) did once read. Sir Walter Scott* defines these fashionable heroic plays to be “a metrical romance of Chivalry in form of a drama. The hero is a perfect knight-errant, invincible in battle, and devoted to his Dulcinea by a love, subtle, metaphysical, and abstracted from all the usual qualities of the instinctive passion; his adventures diversified by splendid descriptions of bull feasts, battles, and tournaments; his fortune undergoing the strangest, most causeless, and unexpected varieties; history chequered by the marvellous interference of ghosts, spectres, and hell itself; his actions effecting the change of empires, and his

* Life of Dryden.

co-agents being all lords, and dukes, and noble princes, in order that their rank might, in some slight degree, correspond to the native exaltation of the champion's character."

Of the language in which these ideas were embodied, we will give the reader a specimen from Dryden's admired production of "The Conquest of Granada."

Almahide.—My light will sure discover those who talk.—

Who dares to interrupt my private walk ?

Almanzor.—He who dares love, and for that love must die,

And, knowing this, dares yet love on, am I.

Almah.—That love which you can hope, and I can pay,

May be received and given in open day :

My praise and my esteem you had before,

And you have bound yourself to ask no more.

Almanz.—Yes, I have bound myself ; but will you take

The forfeit of that bond, which force did make ?

Almah.—You know you are from recompense debarr'd ;

But purest love can live without reward.

Almanz.—Pure love had need be to itself a feast ;

For, like pure elements, 'twill nourish least.

Almah.—It therefore yields the only pure content ;

For it, like angels, needs no nourishment.

To eat and drink can no perfection be ;

All appetite implies necessity.

Almanz.—'Twere well if I could like a spirit live ;

But do not angels food to mortals give ?

What if some demon should my death foreshow,

Or bid me change, and to the Christians go ;

Will you not think I merit some reward,

When I my love above my life regard ?

Almah.—In such a case your change must be allow'd :

I would myself dispense with what you vow'd.

Almanz.—Were I to die that hour when I possess,

This minute shall begin my happiness.

Almah.—The thoughts of death your passion would remove;
Death is a cold encouragement to love.

Almanz.—No; from my joys I to my death would run,
And think the business of my life well done :
But I should walk a discontented ghost,
If flesh and blood were to no purpose lost.

Is it wonderful, that people could not sit out long and repeated scenes in such a style as the foregoing, unless they were relieved by others of a much more exhilarating nature? The taste of Charles and his Courtiers, too faithfully reflected by the writers of the day, led the latter to depict scenes which will hardly bear reference, certainly not transcription.

Mrs. Evelyn, the wife of the celebrated John Evelyn, and one of the few Court ladies of that sad age to whom it is a pleasure and an honour to refer, writes thus of the foregoing play :

“Since my last to you, I have seen the siege of Granada, a play so full of ideas, that the most refined romance I ever read is not to compare with it. Love is made so pure, and valour so nice, that one would imagine it designed for an Utopia rather than our stage. I do not quarrel with the poet, but admire one born in the decline of morality should be able to feign such exact virtue ; and as poetic fiction has been instructive in former ages, I wish this the same event in ours.”

The lady goes on to say that she is not competent to judge of the strict law of comedy, but thinks that possibly the ancient critics might have

required such niceties as *truth of history, exactness of time, and possibilities of adventure.*

These were certainly not leading points with the play-wrights of the time of Charles the Second, who constructing their dramas—their comedies especially—on the Spanish model (much favoured by Charles who had many translations executed of them) substituted adventures, surprises, rencontres, mistakes, disguises, and escapes, with sliding panels, closets, veils, masques, large cloaks, and dark lanterns, for the more difficult and more refined achievement of a well-constructed plot.*

“I have heard,” says “Smith,” in the Duke of Buckingham’s Rehearsal, a piece written for the express purpose of ridiculing heroic rhyming plays, and, more especially their great supporter, Dryden,

“I have heard indeed that you have had lately many new plays; and our country wits commend ‘em.”

Johnson.—Ay, so do some of our city wits too; but they are of the new kind of wits.

Smith.—New kind! What is that?

Johnson.—Why, your *virtuosi*, your civil persons, your drolls: fellows that scorn to imitate nature, but are given altogether to elevate and surprise.

Smith.—Elevate and surprise! pr’ythee make me understand the meaning of that.

Johnson.—Nay, by my troth, that’s a hard matter: I don’t understand that myself. ’Tis a phrase they have got among them, to express their no-meaning by. I’ll tell you, as near as I

* Scott.

can, what it is. Let me see ; 'tis fighting, loving, sleeping, rhyming, dying, dancing, singing, crying, and everything, but thinking and sense.

But these plays did not continue in fashion, though some of Dryden's were still performed at the close of the century. But his comedies, and more especially those of Vanbrugh, Farquhar, and Congreve, prepared the way for the more graceful, more delicate, and, in some instances, scarcely less talented "genteel comedy" of the last century.

CHAPTER VIII.

COSTUME.

Ha, ha, ha, ha!

That raiment should be in such high request.

JONSON: *Every Man out of his Humour.*

“RICH apparel” (says the admirable painter of manners from whom my motto is taken) “has strange virtues: it makes him that hath it without means, esteemed for an excellent wit; he that enjoys it with means, puts the world in remembrance of his means: it helps the deformities of nature, gives lustre to her beauties, and makes continual holiday where it shines.” If such be its properties, it cannot but be advantageous to devote a short space to the consideration of the attire of one who, from her position, was Queen of fashion of her day, and who most certainly acted invariably as if she thought indeed, that “rich apparel has strange virtues.”

Queen Elizabeth left behind her a wardrobe containing three thousand dresses. Three years before her death, her wardrobe, *exclusive* of her coronation, mourning, parliament robes, and those of the Order of the Garter, consisted of

99 Robes.	31 Cloakes and saufegardes.
102 Frenche gownes.	13 Saufegardes.
67 Rounde gownes.	43 Saufegardes and juppes.
100 Loose gownes.	85 Dublettes.
126 Kirtells.	18 Lappe mantles.
136 Forepartes (<i>stomachers</i>).	27 Fannes.
125 Petticoates.	9 Pantobles.*
96 Cloakes.	

A modern fair one may wonder how such a profusion of dresses could be accommodated at all, even in a royal wardrobe, with fitting respect to the integrity of puffs and furbelows. But clothes were not formerly kept in drawers, where but few can be laid with due regard to the safety of each, but were hung up on wooden pegs, in a room appropriated to the sole purpose of receiving them; and though such cast-off things as were composed of rich substances were occasionally *ripped* for domestic uses, (viz. mantles for infants, vests for children, and counterpanes for beds,) articles of inferior quality were suffered to *hang by the walls* till age and moths had destroyed what pride would not permit to be worn by servants or poor relations.† To this practice Shakspeare alludes, when Imogen exclaims in “Cymbeline,”—

“ Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripp’d——”

* Nichols.

† “ Art of Needlework,” by Mrs. Stone; edited by the Countess of Wilton, page 218.

The general style of Queen Elizabeth's costume is familiar to every one: the long stomacher, the wide spreading farthingale, the high shouldered epaulette, and the enormous ruff, seem present to the eye of the mind; on the bare mention of Elizabethan costume; but it is not perhaps so universally known that this royal lady's tastes (always with the exception of swearing and bear-baiting), were as refined as they were extravagant, and that the minutiae of the fashionable costume of that era were delicate and elaborate to a degree that is not surpassed even now. It is true, that refinement is far more widely diffused now, that a lady of the middle ranks will (on holiday occasions) sport a handkerchief of a texture and a price, which is *consistent* only with the style of a peeress; and that, in the same spirit, a servant of all-work in London, on her "Sunday out," will rejoicingly display over her radish-like fingers a sixpenny handkerchief of (Heaven save the mark!) *embroidered cambric*.* In Elizabeth's day, the servant of all work, and the plain gentleman's wife, would alike have been re-

* Surely the present style of pocket-handkerchiefs, exquisitely beautiful as many of them are in themselves, is in very false taste. If the handkerchief be referred to the original purpose for which a duchess as well as a dairy maid may be supposed to require it, lace and embroidery are not only out of place, but inconvenient; the material, how *exquisitely fine soever*, should be unornamented and plain. But if the handkerchief is not meant to be applied to the nose, why have an article of mere ornament made in such "a questionable shape"?

strained by sumptuary laws ; but on the happy mortals who were privileged to bask in the rays of fashion and expense, never did those rays shine with more dazzling lustre than in the days of the finery-loving maiden Queen.

Setting aside the stiff and unnatural form of her costume, the ornaments on it were strange and often what we should call outrageous. She had a dress with lizards and all sorts of creeping things depicted on it—enough to make the wearer creep too, one should think—and not creeping things alone, but lions, tigers, and four-footed beasts were frequently represented—or caricatured. There is a whole length portrait of her at Hardwicke Hall, in a gown embroidered with serpents, birds, a *sea horse*, a swan, and an ostrich.*

In like manner, gentlemen's boots or buskins, the immense tops of which were often made of fine linen in quantity sufficient for a shirt, were embroidered in gold, silver, or coloured silk, in figures of birds and animals. "There is nothing new under the Sun," says the preacher; and certainly this bizarre fashion was but the resumption of a most ancient one, for Ulysses had a tunic variegated with the figures of animals, and such were also common in Rome, in the days of the Cæsars.

* At Hatfield is another portrait of her, having a spotted ermine crowned, running up her arm. This little animal is an emblem of chastity; and, with as much courtesy it may be as truth, is there placed in compliment to the Queen.

The *matériel* of the dresses of Elizabeth's day was varied and very rich. Gold and silver stuff, and tissue of various sorts, rich Genoa velvet, satin and silk, and fine cloth as high as forty shillings a yard, are spoken of as the commonest materials in a fashionable dress; indeed, if the whole garment were not of silk or velvet, it was laid over entirely with lace. So enormous was the importation of cloth of gold and silver, of satin and velvet, a few years before the time we allude to, that it was no unusual circumstance for three or four thousand pieces of those fabrics to be brought over in one ship. Contrast this with the circumstance, that lawn and cambric were retailed even to the shopkeepers in yards and half-yards, by the Dutch merchants, then the only venders of them. There was not, it was said, one shopkeeper in forty who durst buy a whole piece.*

If such were the rarity of lawn and cambric, we cannot suppose it at this period to have been commonly used as pocket-handkerchiefs; but handkerchiefs of silk were a *recherché* article of attire, a valuable offering of friendship, and an elegant token of respect. They were, like the smocks or chemisettes and other articles of raiment, elaborately embroidered in various coloured silks and gold thread. Amongst the somewhat interminable list of new years' gifts offered to the acquisitive Queen, are numerous handkerchiefs; amongst others, "six,

* Stow, 869.

edged with gold, by (*presented by*) the Viscountess Dowager of Hereford;" "six, four of black silk and gold, two of red silk;" "six hankercheves garnished with gold, silver, and silk;" &c., &c.

It is not improbable, that the beautiful embroidery in vogue at this period was derived from the Moors, whose skill in that art was proverbial. My readers will at once recal to mind the use that Shakespeare has made of the embroidered handkerchief, and the direful issue which turns upon it. Shakespeare no doubt described such as he had seen when he made the silken handkerchief given by Othello the Moor to Desdemona, to be so beautifully embroidered, that Cassio when he finds it requests his mistress to "take the work out," that is, to copy the pattern on another handkerchief ere that was claimed by its owner. Othello had brought the handkerchief from his own country.

We are told by Stow* that it was the custom for maids and gentlewomen to give as tokens of friendship little handkerchiefs of three or four inches square (these might indeed be cambric) beautifully worked round the edge and in the centre, edged often with gold lace, and trimmed with a button or tassel at each corner. They were folded in four cross folds, so that the middle might be seen, (probably as a D'Oyley is now,) and were worn by gentlemen in their hats. How the ladies displayed them he does not tell us. Dekker names a wrought handkerchief

* Chron. 1631, p. 1039.

as part of the equipment of a beau, which he was to display after dinner with his tooth-pick.

Another item in the Queen's wardrobe account was "six handkercheves edged with silver, and *buttoned*." Ornamental buttons were now a great refinement in style. At the beginning of Elizabeth's reign those of silk were scarcely known, and crystal buttons were worn as ornaments on the caps and hats of the highest nobility, male and female. But in a while citizens began to display crystal buttons even on their doublets, coats, and jerkins, whereupon the higher classes very laudably eschewed them altogether.* Then buttons of silk,

* A lady's maid in a modern comedy, is represented as proposing to her mistress to have a bill brought into parliament, to prevent the Eastern ladies from adopting the new French fashions, until the Western belles of quality have laid them aside; a suggestion which of course the lady thinks a remarkably good one. The fashionables of the olden time seem to have been quite as jealous of the imitation of their less privileged fellow-citizens, as those of our own; and often, as history testifies, checked the lofty aspirations of their neighbours by sumptuary edicts. Occasionally, however, a sharp-witted aristocrat obtained his end by a less troublesome method, by an ingenious artifice. Such a one is recorded in Camden's Remains, as having been practised by a gentleman in the time of Henry the Eighth.

"I will tell you how Sir Philip Calthrop purged John Drakes, the shoemaker of Norwich, in the time of King Henry the Eighth, of the proud humour which our people have to be of the gentlemen's cut. This Knight bought, on a time, as much fine French tawney cloth as should make him a gown, and sent it to the taylor's to be made. John Drakes, a shoemaker of that town, coming to the said taylor's, and seeing the Knight's gown-cloth lying there, liking it well, caused the taylor to buy him as

hair, gold, and silver thread, inlaid with jewellery were invented, and they shortly became most elaborate and ingenious articles of fashion. They were very usual, and apparently very acceptable new-years' gifts to Queen Elizabeth. The Earl of Warwick gave her eighty-four buttons of gold enamelled, "every one of those sett with a small spareke of emeraldes, rubyes, and perles." At another time the same nobleman presented to her six dozen golden buttons, whereof three dozen were men and three dozen fishes.

Sleeves were a very *recherché* article of dress, being separate, both in male and female attire, from the rest of the apparel, so that they could be changed at pleasure. They were of every possible

much of the same cloth, and price to the same intent; and farther bad him to make it of the same fashion that the Knight would have his made off. Not long after, the Knight comming to the taylor's, to take measure of his gown, perceiving the like cloth lying there, asked of the taylor whose it was? Quoth the taylor, 'It is John Drakes', the shoemaker, who will have it made to the self-same fashion that yours is made of.' 'Well,' said the Knight, 'in good time be it! I will,' said he, 'have mine made as full of cuts as thy sheeres can make it.' 'It shall be done,' said the taylor; whereupon, because the time drew near, he made hast to finish both their garments. John Drakes, when he had no time to go to the taylor's till Christmas-day, for serving of customers, when he had hoped to have worne his gown, perceiving the same to be full of cuts, began to swear at the taylor for the making his gown after that sort. 'I have done nothing,' quoth the taylor, 'but that you bid me; for as Sir Philip Calthrop's garment is, even so have I made yours!' 'By my latchet,' quoth John Drakes, 'I will never weare gentleman's fashion again.'"

variety of material and work : from gold tissue embroidered with pearls and diamonds to plain silk or cambric wrought with silver, or black silk, a very favourite material for embroidery. Elizabeth's multitudinous wardrobe exhibited of course a magnificent assortment of these articles. Amongst others in the list of new years' gifts are recorded "a pair of sleeves of gold, pulled out with lawn;"—"a pair of sleeves of sypers (cyprus work) wrought with silver and black silk";—"a paire of sleeves wrought with fringe of blak silke and lazing of gold";—"a peire of sleeves of gold and silver knytt, cawle fashion";—"a peire of sleeves of cameryk,* all over sett with purle";—"one peire of slevs of fine cameryke embrodered with goldsmith's work of silver gilt, and a piece of purle upon a paper to edge them"; &c., &c.† Her father also, Henry the Eighth, was remarkable for his splendid sleeves. This habit of having the sleeves detached, explains the custom prevalent in the chivalrous times, of a fair damsel bestowing a sleeve on a favourite knight who rode into the lists with it displayed triumphantly on his helmet, and became invincible by its inspiration. One tournament is recorded in Perceforest where the enthusiasm was so great, that there was hardly a lady amongst the spectators who had not despoiled herself of her sleeves, to encourage the valorous champions in the lists below.

* Nichols.

† The material of this pair of sleeves must at that time have been as valuable as the ornaments.

There was a great revolution in Elizabeth's time in that very necessary article of attire—a stocking. Only conceive the discomfort and the clumsiness of a cloth stocking, glowing though it might be, in the richest embroidery. Elizabeth had but once to wear a pair of knitted silk, presented to her by Mrs. Montagu, to declare she would never wear cloth ones again. Knitted and woven ones soon then became common. The Earl of Pembroke has been remarked as the first nobleman who wore worsted stockings in England, for at first none but nobles could obtain them. But, on the Queen's visit to Norwich in 1570, eight children were introduced in one of the pageants knitting yarn hose. Before this period, stockings were made of silk, velvet, or damask, by a tailor; for male attire the breeches and stockings were at first in one piece, but the lower part was sometimes renewed, which was called “stocking the hose;” when they were habitually divided into two portions, they were called upper and nether stocks, and the lower part, at length, stockings. As in France, the upper part being called the “haut de chausses,” and the lower the “bas,” this word alone came to be used.*

In male attire too garters were a great test of expense and fashion. They were worn externally and below the knee, and so expensive in quality that we are told, that men of mean rank wore garters and shoe-roses of more than five pounds in

* Pict. Hist. of England, ii. 860.

price. A writer of the time of James the First* when the extravagance in dress was unparalleled, though in form and fashion much the same as the period of which we treat, says, that these "broad garters" were made of gold or silver, or of satin and velvet, with a deep gold fringe. Ben Jonson speaks of

" Tissue gown,
Garters and roses, FOUR score pound a pair,
Embroider'd stockings, cutwork smocks and shirts ;"†

and the water poet, Taylor, satirizes those who

" Wear a farm in shoe-strings edged with gold,
And *span gled garters* worth a copyhold."

Of course the lower orders imitated the fashion in cheaper materials. It seems to have excited the envy of the fair sex. " Would 'twere the fashion," says a young lady whose attendant had just supplied her with shoes, garters, fans, and roses,

" Would 'twere in fashion
That the garters might be seen too."

Her attendant replies,

" Many ladies
That know they have good legs, wish the same with you ;
Men that way have the advantage."‡

It is recorded at a later period, that the Queen of France, Anne of Austria, contrived to elude the jealous scrutiny of Cardinal Richelieu, and to send

* Dekker. † The Devil is an Ass, act i. sc. 1.

‡ Massinger's City Madam.

the Duke of Buckingham *her own garter* as a memorial.

The roses referred to above, as brought by an attendant to the toilet of his lady, and others at "four-score pounds a-pair," were not, as we might suppose, flowers from the parterre, but enormous rosettes of ribbon of various colours, and often enriched with jewels, which superseded the silver or copper-gilt shoe-buckles of the earlier part of Elizabeth's day. When James the First had a pair attached to his shoes by his valet, he compared himself to a "ruffe-footed dove." Enormous prices were paid for them, and also for the shoes which they embellished or disfigured, which were made of rich materials, of various colours, and often raised on cork soles two inches from the ground. These were called pantofles, and were richly embroidered frequently with precious metals and jewels. They excited much reprobation in England and were frequently preached against by the clergy; they seem to have been more universally worn abroad than here, and it was probably on the supposition that his young bride was indebted to pantofles for her height, that Charles the First, immediately on his introduction to her, looked at her feet.

"Sir," said Henrietta, displaying her shoe, "I stand on mine own feet."

They were made according to the present fashion, rights and lefts, as we may infer from Shakspeare:*

* King John, act iv. sc. 2.

“ I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
 The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
 With open mouth swallowing a tailor’s news;
 Who with his shears and measure in his hand,
 Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste
 Had falsely thrust *upon contrary feet*,)
 Told, &c.,——”

And a writer on witchcraft, somewhat later, says that a person meeting with a mischance will do well to consider, whether he put not on his shirt wrong side outwards, or his *left shoe on his right foot*. They were, as we have said, of various colours, (Queen Mary was married in a pair of scarlet ones,) and of rich materials — but perhaps the richest and most expensive at that day were those of Spanish leather which were always highly perfumed.

Perfumes were never richer, more elaborate, more costly, or more delicate than now.* Elizabeth’s nasal organs were peculiarly fine, and nothing offended her more than an unpleasant smell. When the University of Cambridge proposed to offer a book for her acceptance on her progress in 1578, Lord Burleigh most especially charged them to prevent the binder from using any “spyke” as was

* The Sultana Mother at Constantinople sent Queen Elizabeth in 1599, a robe, a girdle, five wrought kerchiefs, and a rich necklace; desiring only in return some distilled waters, some essences, and some cloths of silk or wool.—Ellis, iii. 1st Ser.

This, if not a request of mere compliment, would seem to intimate, that *English* essences were in more repute abroad than at home.

then customary, for that "her Majesty could not abide such a strong scent."

Perfumes and cosmetics of all kinds were necessarily in very general use, and the most luxurious baths were used with a view to embellish the complexion. Mary, Queen of Scots, was in the habit of bathing in milk, and so excessive was the consumption of this article for her use, that the expense of it formed matter of complaint with her jailor, the Earl of Shrewsbury. Elizabeth, whose age was considerably more advanced, bathed in wine, which not only gave a glow to the complexion, but was supposed from its astringent qualities to smoothen wrinkles.*

The cosmetics and other smaller accessories to a lady's toilette were kept in boxes, strongly impregnated with some favourite odour, and were called "sweet coffers." This term occurs perpetually in the old writers. They were reckoned a necessary part of the furniture of all state-bedchambers, and a fair criterion by their form and richness of the taste and liberality of the owner of the house.

The bottles of perfume connected with the common labours of the toilette, were called "casting bottles." The pomander, which originally was meant but as a preventive of infection as a camphor-

* The late eccentric Duke of Queensberry, familiarly known as "Old Q. of Piccadilly," was in the habit frequently of bathing in milk, and at one time an outcry was raised by the populace, who had taken up the impression, that the refuse milk from his baths was retailed to them.

bag is now, but became an article of fashionable luxury amongst people of rank, was a little ball of perfumed paste, worn in the pocket or hung round the neck. They soon became mediums for the most exquisite devices in jewellery, and were frequently offered as complimentary tokens. Many "pomaunders" were presented to Elizabeth as new years' gifts, and amongst the list is the somewhat puzzling item of "a fayre gyrdle of pomaunder." There were various economical ways of resuscitating their virtue when it was a little decayed by time; in one work* we are told, that "six grains of musk, ground with rose water, and tempered with a little civet, shall fetch *her* again presently."

Elizabeth had a cloak of Spanish perfumed leather, and even shoes were perfumed. There is on record an anecdote of some suppliant who in his haste approached this Queen in travelling boots, and lost his suit in consequence of the offence to her nerves. It is well known how Cecil extricated himself from a most hazardous position, by declaring to Elizabeth, that a packet of letters which she was on the very point of opening, had an ill smell. They would have revealed his secret correspondence with James of Scotland. It is said that Lord Bacon never allowed a servant to approach him, save in shoes of Spanish leather.

The City of course soon imitated the fashions of

* Malecontent.

the Court. In the "City Madam," Lady Frugal asks for her shoes, those that she

"gave order

Should be made of the Spanish perfumed skins ;"*

and in the "Devil is an Ass," Wittipol, describing fashionable attire, speaks of

" Spanish pumps

Of perfumed leather."

Indeed, not only each article of dress was perfumed, but even each division of it. A zealous aspirant after fashion, on trying on his new coat, draws out the pockets, saying to his tailor—

" I think thou hast put me in mouldy pockets."

" As good," replies the tailor,

" as good,

Right Spanish perfume, the lady Estifania's ;

They cost twelve pound a pair."

" Thy bill will say so,"

replies the youth shrewdly.†

It appears from Strutt, that this Lady Estifania, whomever she might be, was choice in her perfumes even to a proverb. A few years later this seems to have been superseded by the Mareno perfume, for Howel writes from Spain in 1623, " By the next opportunity, I will send the Cordovan Pockets and Gloves you writ for, of Francisco Mareno's perfuming."‡ Yet it was probably then as now the case, that luxuries the most difficult of attainment were the most highly valued, for a few years prior

* Act i. sc. 1. † Jousou: Staple of News, act i. sc. 1.

‡ Epistolæ Ho-Eliaenæ.

to this time (in 1619), the same gentleman writes for *English* gloves: "I pray when you write next, to send me a dozen pair of the best white kid-skin gloves the Royal Exchange can afford; as also two pair of the purest white worsted stockings you can get, of women size, together with half-a-dozen pair of knives; I pray, send your man with them to Vacandary the French Post upon Tower Hill, who will bring them me safely. When I go to Paris, I shall send you some curiosities equivalent to these."

Stow says (page 867), that no costly wash or perfume was known in England until the Earl of Oxford came from Italy, and brought with him gloves, sweet bags, a perfumed leathern jerkin, and other pleasant things:" but this hardly agrees with the mention of "swete gloves" in the inventory of the wardrobe of Henry the Eighth at Hampton Court, nor can we suppose that a monarch so fastidious in his toilet as Henry, and moreover, so reckless of expense, would have been content without any aristocratic luxury, which money or diplomacy could obtain. Moreover, perfumes were in constant use in the days of Mary; for when Elizabeth visited her at Hampton Court, "she supped at the same table in the Hall with the King and Queen, next the cloth of state; and after supper was served with a *perfumed napkin*, and plates of confections by the Lord Paget."*

Though it is evident that the Earl of Oxford,

* Elizabeth at Ashridge, &c., Nichols, vol. i.

was not the first introducer of perfumes and sweet gloves, still we may readily believe, that they became now much more refined and costly; for now they were the most complimentary offering possible. They were now first sent as favours at weddings, they were even considered by the Universities as the most suitable testimonial of respect which could be offered to the Queen and her Ministers. Lord Chancellor Burleigh wrote, in 1578, to the heads of the University of Cambridge, "that they should do well to provide for the Earl of Leicester, the Lord Chamberlain, and the Earl of Oxford, some gloves, with a few verses in a paper joined to them, proper to every of their degrees; so that in number they exceeded not eight verses. That for himself, he could spare them, so that others might have them; and that if Mr. Vice Chamberlain might have a pair with some verses, it should do well to conciliate his good-will, being a lover of learned men."*

The Lord Chancellor's instructions were of course obeyed: the Vice Chancellor of the University kneeling at the Queen's feet, presented her a Greek Testament in folio, printed by Robert Stephen, bound in red velvet, and lymned with gold, with the arms of England on each side. At the same time he presented a pair of gloves, perfumed and garnished with embroidery and goldsmith's work, price sixty shillings, and also some verses.

"In taking the book and the gloves, it fortun'd

* Nichols's Progresses, vol. ii.

that the paper in which the gloves were folded to open; and her Majestie behoulding the beautie of the said gloves, as in great admiration, and in token of her thankfull acceptation of the same, held up one of hir hands, and, smelling unto them, putt them half waie upon hir hands." *

All those around the Queen were likewise complimented with gloves, in price suited to their various degrees; nor was Lord Burleigh forgotten, although he had politely said, that "he could spare them, so that others might have them." All the gloves were accompanied by a copy of complimentary verses, containing generally some witty or flattering *equivoque* on the arms and crest of the donee, which were emblazoned with the verses.

There can be no doubt, that these gloves were Spanish, which were by far the most beautiful, and embroidered in the Moorish fashion; the odour too, was probably more attractive than could be prepared in England, as may be inferred from the following commission given by Sir Nicholas Throgmorton to Sir Thomas Chaloner, the Ambassador to Spain: "I pray you, good my Lord Ambassador, send me two pair of perfumed gloves, perfumed with orange flowers and jasmin, the one for my wife's hand, the other for mine own: and wherein soever I can pleasure you with anything in this country, you shall have it in recompense thereof, or else so much money as they shall cost you; provided always that

* Nichols, from Cole's MS. Collections.

they be of the best choice, wherein your judgment is inferior to none."

Setting aside the exquisite scent (which, we need hardly remind our readers, was in old times considered an admirable medium for poison), the Spanish gloves had a delicacy in the material, and a chaste richness in the embroidery—whether it were done with silk, gold thread, or jewels—unattainable here, and probably derived, like the handkerchief embroidery, from the Moors, those exemplars of everything exquisitely beautiful in art.

But a fair lady's hand though redolent of the choicest odours, and garnished with the most excellent embroidery, was by no means fully prepared for feminine exertion until equipped with a fan. This fluttering appendage to a lady's toilette has but lately gone quite out of vogue,* though those used by the last generation were of a very different species indeed from the mirrored and feathered fan of an Elizabethan lady. These were constructed of ostrich feathers, inserted into handles of gold, silver, or ivory, and beautifully wrought: nay even these were not costly enough, for silver and ivory soon became common among the middle classes, and then ladies of higher rank had theirs inlaid with gems, sometimes studded with diamonds. The feathers were most usually laid flat, but sometimes they were clustered like a powder-puff. Anne of Denmark is painted with one of this kind in her

* And the fashion is now reviving.

hand. Elizabeth possessed many magnificent ones. One she had was valued at £400; another, presented to her by Sir Francis Drake, was white and red, the handle of gold, enamelled with a half-moon of mother-of-pearl, within that half-moon garnished with sparks of diamonds and seed pearl, having her Majesty's picture within. The fan was not considered merely as a finish to full dress, it was used on every occasion; a necessary article of life:

“ But seeing they are still in hand,
 In house, in field, in church, in street;
 In summer, winter, water, land,
 In colde, in heate, in drie, in wete;
 I judge they are for wives such tooles
 As bables are, in playes, for fooles.”

We find that the Countess of Essex held 'one even when she appeared on her trial: “she stood pale and trembling at the bar, and during the reading of the indictment covered her face with her fan.”* And for a long period after this they were considered (as we shall hereafter show) a component and indispensable article of female attire. When the market-women of Paris went up to Marie Antoinette with an address of congratulation on the birth of the Dauphin, the spokeswoman had the address (the composition of M. de la Harpe) set down on the inside of a fan, to which she repeatedly referred without any embarrassment. At the time however to which our chapter refers, they were not confined to the fair sex; young men car-

* Jesse's Court of England.

ried fans of feathers in their hands. This fashion derived, doubtless, from the East, came to England direct from France. Shakspeare alludes to

“these remnants

Of fool, and feather, that they got in France :”

and Bishop Hall, in describing a fashionable gallant says,

“When a plum'd fan may shade thy chalked face,
And *lawny strips** thy naked bosom grace.”

In Greene's “Farewell to Folly,” written 1617, it says, in allusion to the same effeminate habit, “We strive to be counted womanish, by keeping of beauty, by curling the hair, by wearing plumes of feathers in our hands, which, in wars, our ancestors wore on their heads.” And again, in the “Quip for an Upstart Courtier,” 1620, “Then our young courtiers strove to exceed one another in vertue, not in bravery; they rode not with fannes to ward their faces from the wind.”

These fans had often mirrors inserted in the handles, but it was more usual to wear a small looking-glass pendant from the girdle. If we are to believe the old writers, the gentlemen displayed these quite as ostentatiously as the ladies. Thus Jonson says,

“Where is your page? call for your casting bottle,† and place your mirror in your hat as I told you.”‡

James the First sent one to his *intended* daughter-

* This “*lawny strips*” is supposed to be the first intimation of the shirt *frill*. † See page 407. ‡ Cynthia's Revels.

in-law, the princess of Spain, in a very gallant manner. He writes thus to the prince :

“ For my baby’s presenting to his mistress I send him an old double cross of Lorain, not so rich as ancient, and yet not contemptible for the value ; a good looking-glass, with my picture in it, to be hung at her girdle, which ye must tell her ye have caused it so to be enchanted by art magic, as whensoever she shall be pleased to look in it, she shall see the fairest lady that either her brother or your father’s dominions can afford.”

And now having equipped our Elizabethan belle with her mirror, we may surely look at her in it. Mercy on us ! what a fright ! Her toilette is not finished : Look at her locks—they are not even dyed yet.

“ Dyed ? ”

Yes indeed, my fair reader : seldom was it in those days that persons of fashion possessed the moral courage of Benedick who declared that his wife’s “ hair shall be of what colour it please God.”* For the flaxen, or auburn, or dark tresses, each in their way so beautiful, as usually adapted by nature to the complexion of the original owner, were almost invariably disfigured among the votaries of fashion by various dyes. The red dye we might have supposed to be in compliment to Queen Elizabeth, did we not learn that she herself possessed eighty wigs of *various colours* :

* Much Ado, act ii. sc. 3.

“ To-day her owne haire best becomes, which yellow is as gold:
A periwig is better for to-morrow, blacke to beholde:”

Indeed, it was the despotic dictum of fashion at this period, that nature and simplicity should be utterly exploded in the toilette of her votaries, and if ladies, in obedience to her decrees, would wear ruffs, stiffened with coloured starch* of such enormous size that they were obliged to feed themselves with a spoon two feet long, we cannot wonder that at the behest of the same imperious potentate they not only dyed their own hair of various colours, but even had it shaved off in order to wear false. This practice became so general, that it was quite common to allure children who had beautiful hair to private places, in order to steal it. Nay, even the sanctity of the tomb was invaded, and the dead were robbed of their hair to adorn—for so the fashion went—a living and even a youthful head. Thus Shakspeare—

“ So are those crisped snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them, in the sepulchre.”†

* Starches were used of five various colours. The infamous Mrs. Turner was hanged in a ruff of *yellow* starch, which is said to have given the deathblow to its fashion. But probably it had for some time ceased to be highly fashionable, as it had long been common. Jonson says,

“ Carmen

Are got into the yellow starch.”—Devil an Ass.

† Merchant of Venice, act iii. sc. 2.

And again,

“ Thus in his cheek the map of days outworn,
 When beauty lived and died as flowers do now,
 Before these *bastard signs of fair* were borne,
 Or durst inhabit on a living brow ;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head,
 E'er beauty's dead fleece made another gay.”*

And of course this fashion was admired and imitated by the gentlemen who dyed their beards. The colour he should choose for this manly appendage seems to have been a question of deep importance with the inimitable Bottom, when about to electrify the Duke with his personation of the sweet-faced man, the proper man, the most lovely gentlemanlike man, Pyramus.

“ What beard,” asks he, “ were I best to play it in?”

“ Why,” says Quince, “ what you will.”

“ I will discharge it,” replies the hero, “ in either your straw-colour'd beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.”

But unhappily he does not inform us what shape of beard was suitable for the amorous swain. We are told, that

“ Some, to set their love's desire on edge,
 Are cut and prun'd like to a quickset hedge.”

* 68th Sonnet.

This probably might be the style adopted by Bottom, as it was considered the simplest form then in vogue; sometimes they were rounded "like a glover's paring knife," and sometimes they were of the "hammer cut," or like the Roman T. The last was in high request, we are told, because of its extreme absurdity.

The calling of a person might be in some degree ascertained by the cut of his beard; military men often had a spade, stiletto, or dagger-shaped beard; the judge or justice one of "formal cut;" while a rough, bushy beard, not trimmed into any fantastic shape, was then pretty generally indicative of a clown, or at least of one who either despised the graces of fashion, or was beneath the sphere of her influence. In the early part of Elizabeth's reign, the members of Lincoln's Inn were restricted by Act of Parliament to beards of a fortnight's growth, but so utterly inefficient were legislative enactments to restrain the shooting honours of these aspirants to fashion, that in the following year it was ordered "That all orders before that time made, touching beards, should be void and repealed."

Beards about this time "flourished, (we are told,) abundantly," and it would seem that if nature were chary in her favours, art was resorted to, *i. e.* false beards were worn. So indeed it would appear from the following advice of Dekker to a gallant who has gambled away his last shilling:

"If you have a beard that your friend will lend

but an angel upon, shave it off, and pawn that rather than go home blind to your lodging."

He could hardly pawn the beard if it were not a marketable commodity, and its only possible use seems to be to garnish the chin of a smooth-faced man.

Harrison in his strictures on dress, declines to "meddle with the vanity of your beards, of which," says he, "some are shaven from the chin, like those of the Turks, some cut short, like to the beard of *Marquis Otto*; some cropt round like a rubbing-brush: others with a pique de vant, (O fine fashion!) now and then suffered to grow long; the barbers being now so cunning, in this behalf, as the tailors. And, therefore, if a man hath a lean or straight face, a *Marquis Otto's* cut will make it broad and large. If it be a face like a platter, then a long, slender beard, will make it fashionable narrower. If he be weasel-beck'd, then much hair left on the cheeks will make him look big, like a bowdel'd hen, and as grim as a goose."

This abominable fashion of dyeing the hair seems to have abated during the reign of James, as his son Prince Henry is represented as wearing his naturally, and combed back, and Charles likewise the same: but hereafter, under the patronage of Louis the Fourteenth, we shall find persons revelling in a profusion, amplitude, and longitude of flowing curls, to which the beau of Elizabeth's and James's day never aspired.

The martyrs to fashion, male or female, of a later period, may exceed the one we are now treating of in extravagance, they can hardly do so in expense. James, though so negligent in his own attire, desired, indeed required, a very different style in his courtiers. The unparalleled extravagance of his favourite, the Duke of Buckingham, in dress, is proverbial. He had one suit of white velvet embroidered with diamonds to the amount of 80,000*l.*: another of purple satin with pearls to the value of 20,000*l.* At the marriage of the excellent and unfortunate Princess Elizabeth, the King, Queen, and Prince, wore diamonds valued at 900,000*l.* The dresses of two young ladies, the daughters of Lord Montague, on the same day, cost 1500*l.*; and another Court lady wore a robe of which the embroidery alone cost fifty pounds per yard.

Surely even Fashion could not exact more.

It might possibly be in compliment to the taste of James, that this favourite Buckingham, the Earl of Somerset, and other "fashionables," dressed in a style of effeminacy that was not only degrading but disgusting. Their hair ringleted and scented, "the curled darlings of the nation," their cheeks painted, their zephyr-like garments of silken materials, their mirrors and their fans, present a picture of which we forget the ridicule in the degrading impropriety.

The most marked innovation in Fashion now, was the change of the *ruff* to the falling collar or

peccadilloe.* This occurred towards the close of James's reign. We hear no more of the ruff. The costume of Charles's time, rendered familiar to us by the pencil of Vandyke, is very elegant, and too well known to require particular description. As a mark of politico-religious distinction—and it may serve to show the power of politics when even *fashion* succumbs—the Puritans, male and female, adhered to the *old-fashioned* high crowned hat, instead of the more elegant low Flemish beaver, assumed by King Charles and his Courtiers. The same contrast pervaded the remaining attire: the graceful ringlet and waving feather of the Loyal lady being exchanged by the Republican dame for a stiffness and starchedness of attire, which they seemed to identify with the cause itself; and, instead of light and graceful embroideries, they had wise saws and scriptural texts wrought on their garments:

The following letter from Charles the Second, when in exile, may interest our readers. It is dated Jersey, 14th January, 1649:

“ Progers, I wold have you (besides the embroidred sute) bring me a plaine riding suite, with an innocent coate, the suites I have for horsebacke being so spotted and spoiled, that they are not to

* It is said that the spacious, important, and crowded thoroughfare of Piccadilly derives its name from the existence there, when a waste and lonely corner on the extreme verge of the fashionable residences, of a shop for the sale of Peccadilloes, or bands.

be seen out of this island. The lining of the coate, and the petit toies are referred to your great discretion, provided there want nothing when it comes to be put on. I doe not remember there was a belt, or a hat-band, in your directions for the embroiderd suite, and those are so necessary as you must not forget them.”*

“Strange,” says Mr. Evelyn, writing after the restoration of the Monarchy, “Strange that men should come to value themselves from a sort of wretches, of which *nine* go but to the making of *one* man.” This grave and dignified writer gives it as his deliberate opinion, that “the Swiss had not been now a nation, but for keeping to their prodigious breeches;” he likewise opines, that should the Venetian Senate quit the gravity of their vests, the state itself will not long subsist: and he tells—what is of infinitely more concernment to the ladies than the disruption of a State, or the downfall of a Nation—“that he knew a French-woman (famous for her dexterity and invention) protest, that the English so tormented her for fashions, still jealous lest she should not have brought over the newest, that she was in the habit every month of devising new fancies which were never worn in France, to pacify her customers.”†

Ladies! votarists of fashion! are such manœuvres unheard of now?

* Notes to De Grammont, vol. ii. ed. 1811.

† Tyrannus, or, the Mode.

Mr. Evelyn's correct taste was offended, and his patriotic feelings were sadly scandalized, by the sudden and absolute disuse at Court of the dignified garb of the time of Charles the First, and the adoption in its place of all the fluctuating and less comely varieties which came, or were said to come from France. A Court gallant of this time was a mass of fluttering ribbons from head to heel. Bows of various colours were placed wherever it was possible : at the sword hilt, the knees, and the shoulders, the breast, &c. There was a statue of Louis the Fourteenth himself, that caused much merriment, for the streamers with which he was decorated fell from his shoulders, in one fluttering mass, until they mingled with the wavy flow of his horse's tail. Men saw the ridicule on the inanimate sculpture but not on their animated selves.

The following lines were written by Molière in express ridicule of the prevailing fashion :

“ Ne voudriez vous point, dis-je, sur ces matières
 De vos jeunes muguets m'inspirer les manières ;
 M'obliger à porter de ces petits chapeaux
 Qui laissent éventer leurs débiles cerveaux,
 Et de ces blonds cheveux de qui la vaste enflure
 Des visages humains offusque la figure ;
 De ces petits pourpoints sous les bras se perdants,
 Et de ces grands collets jusqu'au nombril pendants ;
 De ces manches qu'à table on voit tâter les sauces,
 Et de ces cotillons appelés hauts-de-chausses ;
 De ces souliers mignons de rubans revêtus,
 Qui vous font ressembler à des pigeons pattus,
 Et de ces grands canons où, comme en des entraves,
 On met tous les matins ses deux jambes esclaves,

Et par qui nous voyons ces messieurs les galants
Marcher écarquillés ainsi que des volants? ”*

The peruke too, the curling, waiving, flowing periwig, was a suitable finish to this attire: the “*Corinthian crown of the column of fashion.*” It was adopted some writers say, by the French Courtiers in compliment to the Monarch’s beautiful hair, and that he in turn, when age asserted his supremacy and “*thinned the flowing hair,*” wore the periwig in compliment to his Court. Other writers say, that this abomination was first adopted by the Duke of Anjou, to conceal a personal defect. Probably, many of our most bizarre, yet most prevailing fashions, have not had a more flattering commencement could we trace them to their source.

Mr. D’Israeli is quite of this opinion, and amongst other instances corroborative of it, names Charles the Seventh of France, who introduced long coats to hide his ill-made legs.

Shoes, with very long points, full two feet in length, were invented, he says, by Henry Plantagenet, Duke of Anjou, to conceal a very large excrescence which he had upon one of his feet.†

When Francis the First was obliged to wear his hair short, owing to a wound he received in the head, it became a prevailing fashion at Court.

“*La mode est un tyran, des mortels respecte,
Digne enfant du dégoût et de la nouveauté.*”

* L’Ecole des Maris.

† Is it not Fulke, Earl of Anjou, who is meant?

“Je ne dois point,” says a modern writer on fashion,—“Je ne dois point terminer ce chapitre sans faire remarquer combien l’origine de beaucoup de nos modes, fut quelquefois obscure, vile, dégoûtante, ou atroce. Tous les évènements ont fourni quelque mode, et souvent on adoptait pour sa parure des objets qui ne faisaient que perpétuer le souvenir d’accidens funestes. Ainsi, jadis l’opéra ayant été consumé par un incendie qui coûta la vie à une foule d’infortunés, on vit, quelques jours après, la couleur *feu d’opéra* devenir la couleur à la mode ! On se paraît du souvenir affreux d’hommes brûlés vivans ! Le feu d’opéra était une *jolie* couleur ! . . . Mais n’avons nous pas vu les femmes porter des boucles et des bagues dans lesquelles elles avaient fait enchasser des pierres de la Bastille ? Elles appelaient cela des bijoux à la constitution. Que dis-je ! ma plume se refuse à tracer une mode atroce : les femmes ont porté à leurs oreilles des guillotines d’ors ; . . . Qu’est-ce donc que la mode ?

“Mais écartons de funestes objets : rarement la mode nous présenta ce degré d’atrocité ; mais aussi combien de fois ne fut-elle pas vile et abjecte ?—La tendre couleur du ciel, l’incarnat de la rose, ou le tapis de nos champs, devinrent des couleurs trop communes qui furent abandonnées aux conditions obscures ; mais la *boue de Paris*, la *suie* de nos cheminées, ou les haillons des *Savoyards*, devinrent les couleurs à la mode. Enfin, n’a-t-on pas vu, et ceci sans doute est le comble de l’ignominie, n’a-t-on

pas vu le beau sexe aller chercher la couleur de ses rubans jusque dans les déjections de l'enfant royal ? la couleur *caca-dauphin* orna toutes les parures, et ce mot, que je retrace aujourd'hui avec repugnance, était alors dans la bouche de toutes les femmes de meilleur ton ! Qu'il est donc bizarre ce goût qui va jusqu' à vouloir parer la beauté d'images dégoûtantes.*

Whatever, however might be the real origin of wigs, they flowed abundantly at an early period of Charles's reign, although they did not attain the full extent of their magnificence for many years afterwards. The ladies, as in duty bound, imitated the example of the nobler sex, for in this reign were the falling ringlets which imparted such a graceful appearance to the female head first tortured into stiff, high, cramp curls. The Duchess of Portsmouth was, perhaps, one of the most decided exemplars of this fashion in England, and doubtless her example contributed to its general assumption as a fashion. But in some instances, it had been adopted much earlier, for Pepys names, in Nov. 1660, that the Princess Henrietta had her hair frizzed short up to her ears. This Princess, afterwards Duchess of Orleans, (supposed to be poisoned,) was

* Toilette des Dames ou Encyclopedie de la Beaute.

In 1757, Horace Walpole writes,—“Did you hear that, after their conquest (the French, of Port Mahon), the French ladies wore little towers for *pompons*, and called them *des Mahonnoises* ! I suppose, since the attempt on the King, all their fashions will be à l'assassin.”

entirely educated at the French Court, and was, no doubt, coiffed according to the prevailing fashion there. At a later period, Mde. de Sevigné speaks of the hurly-burly court heads, "les coëffures hurlubrelu," as very diverting, and of Ninon saying, that one lady was as like "à un printemps d'hôtellerie comme deux gouttes d'eau."

The "pair of perukes of hair," which, two years after, Pepys says, "it is the fashion now for ladies to wear," were doubtless some stiff preparation of curls. Mrs. Pepys's were made of her own hair, as her husband records; but his manner of naming this leads plainly to the inference, that the adoption of false hair was becoming general. To these modest perukes succeeded "puffes," such as Mrs. Stewart and other "great ladies" wore, to which Mr. Pepys could not be reconciled even by fashion.

Mde. de Sevigné gives a very vivacious account to her daughter in April, 1671, of the adoption in the French Court, of a coiffure which seems to be the one introduced here by Mde. de Querouaille—the lamentations of the ladies at parting with their hair, &c., &c. And the struggle in the writer's mind between her pride for her daughter and her affection for her is very amusing—her anxiety to see her daughter in the fashion, and her dread lest she should take cold in her teeth by the cutting and cringing up of her hair. Another amusing anecdote is recorded too by Mde. de la Troche, who writes part of the letter.

“Mde. de Crussol vint Lundi à Saint Germain, coëffée à la mode; elle alla au coucher de la Reine, et lui dit; Ah! Madame, V. M. a donc pris notre coëffure? Votre coëffure! lui répondit la Reine; je vous assure que je n’ai point voulu prendre votre coëffure; je me suis fait couper les cheveux, parce que le Roi les trouve mieux ainsi; mais ce n’est point pour prendre votre coëffure.”*

The puffs recorded by Pepys, were probably the commencement of that stiff high head-dress which was characteristic of the æra of Mary and Anne, a forerunner of those immeasurable, and it appears to us, most incommodious “commodes,” which hereafter we shall obtain an extra-sized sheet to describe. The rise and fall of the female coiffure, is said to have extended over a century.

* Vol. i. p. 155, ed. 1754.

In the following year she records that she has had the hair of her grandchild (eighteen months old) cut and dressed in the fashion.

We see by all the old paintings that it was customary to dress children precisely in the same style and fashion as their parents. This custom continued almost to the close of the last century. Miss Strickland says, that Marie Antoinette was the first person “who broke the absurd fashion of dressing infant boys as droll miniatures of their fathers. She attired the unfortunate dauphin in a simple blue jacket and trowsers, for which she was reviled, as if little bag wigs and tiny cocked hats, and all the paraphernalia of full dress, had been points of moral obligation. There are noblemen yet in existence, who can remember, at six years old, joining the juvenile parties given by George III. and Queen Charlotte, dressed after the models of their fathers’ court costumes, with powdered side curls, single-breasted coats, knee-buckles and shoe-buckles.”

To return to King Charles's periwig:—

His most Gracious Majesty was not the first to wear the peruke, even although he was, as Mr. Pepys expresses it "mighty gray." It is probable that the Duke of York adopted it before him, and it is quite certain, that worthy Mr. Pepys did. On the 2nd of November, 1663, he records that the Duke of York is *going* to wear a periwig, and "they say the King also will." A mere *on dit* at that time; while only six days after, on the 8th of the same month, this most indefatigable chronicler and exemplar of fashion, appeared at church in full buckle, in a periwig, and seems indeed, half disappointed that "it did not prove so strange as I was afraid it would, for I thought that all the church would presently have cast their eyes all upon me."

That they did not notice this barbarous innovation is a proof that the fashion itself was already pretty generally adopted. It was worn by the King in the following year.

To conclude this subject, we will record that in the course of six years and a-half, Mr. Pepys, a martinet in dress, purchased for himself five periwigs, of which, one cost 3*l.*; another, 2*l.*; two more 4*l.* 10*s.*, and another the price of which he does not mention, and which he did not wear for some time because the plague was in Westminster, when he bought it; and he wonders, very reasonably, "what will be the fashion after the plague is done, as to perriwiggs, for nobody will

dare to buy any haire, for fear of the infection, that it had been cut off the heads of the people dead of the plague."

On the 30th of May, 1668, he congratulates himself on being likely to go for the future much more "spruce" than he used to do, having come to an arrangement with his barber, to keep his periwig in good order at 20s. the year.

By a comparison of the value of money at that time and now, it will be seen that these perukes, universal as they became, were costly accessories to the toilette. They increased in size as time wore on, and in the reign of William, fashion, which can reconcile people to any brutality, taught the gallants of the day to carry pocket-combs for the purpose of combing and dressing their periwigs in public. An old writer says, in his declaration against pride of dress—"Forty or fourscore pounds a-year for perriwigs, and ten to a poor chaplain to say grace to him that adores hair, is sufficient demonstration of the weakness of the brains they keep warm."

Lady Fanshawe gives the following description of her husband's dress on a grand state occasion in 1664, in Madrid, where he was Ambassador:

"Sir Richard Fanshawe having audience of the King, was dressed in a very rich suit of clothes of a dark fillemonte brocade, laced with silver and gold lace, nine laces, every one as broad as my hand, and a little silver and gold lace laid between them, both of very curious workmanship; his suit

was trimmed with scarlet taffety ribbon ; his stockings of white silk upon long scarlet silk ones ; his shoes black, with scarlet shoe-strings and garters ; his linen very fine, laced with very rich Flanders lace ; a black beaver, buttoned on the left side, with a jewel of 1200*l.* value ; a rich curious wrought gold chain, made in the Indies, at which hung the King his master's picture, richly set with diamonds ; on his fingers he wore two rich rings ; his gloves trimmed with the same ribbon as his clothes."

This dress must have been a magnificent one, and indeed, the costume of the earliest years of Charles's reign, though varying in some degree from that which seems tacitly confessed the most graceful of costumes — the one painted by Vandyke — was, though fanciful, far from inelegant or unbecoming. But so fast did the wheel of fashion turn, so incessant were her vagaries, that Charles himself is said to have made a solemn declaration in Council, (Echard ii. 836,) that he would adopt a new dress, which should be unchangeable, and should become the national costume. Innumerable wagers were instantly laid by the lords and courtiers as to the permanency of His Majesty's fancy.*

However, the dress was put on, on the 15th of October, 1666, and consisted of a long cossack, close to the body, of black cloth, pinked with silk, and a coat. The legs were ruffed with black ribbon like a pigeon's leg. The Court was immedi-

* Evelyn.

ately full of vests, the courtiers adopted it at once; but Lord St. Albans ventured to infringe the order by having his pinked with black. The King approved of the innovation, saying "that certainly the slashing the white on black, made them look very like magpies," and he ordered another for himself of plain velvet. How long precisely his Majesty wore it, history recordeth not; we know only that it was directly voted unwearable—not from its own demerits, for probably it was as Pepys calls it, "a very fine and handsome garment"—but because, if scandal say sooth, the Grand Monarque, in ridicule, clothed his lackeys in it.

There was, however, no return to the old style of dress. The vest so solemnly adopted was the parent, was the progenitor of all the variety of waistcoats which, first reaching the knees, we have since seen clipped to the armpits, and which now perhaps, in our happy days, have their legitimate dimensions. The surcoat or tunic of King Charles's solemn national costume, in a loose form, and buttoned in a straight row down the front from the throat to the knees, was the father of the great family of coats; and as to other "indispensable appendages," Mr. Planché assures us, on good authority doubtless, that, in 1679, a complete suit of one material, was worn "under the familiar designation of coat, waistcoat, and breeches." At this time, he adds, a yard and a-half of lutestring was allowed for a pair of pantaloons. Malcolm

instances a writer of this period, who "wonders that people should be so foolish as to believe they can speak *sense, without wearing pantaloons.*"*

This opinion must surely be formed on the same principle as those of the good old fashioned advocates of the birch who, in direct opposition to the principles and practice of this age of enlightenment, maintain, that if the seat of learning be not in the nether end, certainly the sure ground-work of future scholarship lies there.

In this reign too neckcloths, of Brussels and Flanders lace, for a long time an article of such *recherché* expense and luxury, were first adopted; and to accommodate itself to the "fleece of perriwig" underneath, the heretofore broad falling brim of the hat was cocked. These cocks were of great variety, military, political, fierce, or fanciful. The price of a good beaver, we learn from Mr. Pepys, was 4*l.* 5*s.* What gloves the gentlemen wore in this decided adoption of civil and peaceful costume we do not find recorded; but the most delicate digital disguises for ladies, were made by a Parisian glover named Martial. De Grammont, the glass of fashion of his day, particularly records them, and Moliere makes one of his ladies happily ask

"Est-ce que Martial fait les epigrammes aussi bien que les gants?"

From the same depôt of grace and elegance, Paris, came the only shoes that a fashionable lady could

* Malcolm's Anecdotes to the year 1700.

wear. Georget was the name of this paragon of a shoemaker. Then as now, the minute proportions of the shoe—often to the outrage of nature and the destruction of comfort—seem to have been a chief desideratum. Mde. de Sevigné says—“Mdlle. de Méri vous envoie les plus jolis souliers du monde; j'en ai remarqué surtout une pair, qui me paroît si mignonne, que je la crois propre à garder le lit.”

If the prevailing costume of the ladies of that day be taken from Lely's portraits, it was indelicate enough: but as it seems hardly possible that any garment could remain on the person at all in the form in which he pourtrays them, we may hope that he exaggerates for the sake of effect, and that the Court ladies of those days had some regard to decency of appearance, if they had little to purity of conduct. Rich satins, cut very low, with long trains and loose sleeves, seem to have been the prevailing attire. And it may be agreeable to some of our inquisitive readers to know, that the less exposed garments of fashionable ladies bore—as is not invariably the case—a fitting analogy in quality to their outward attire. “1662, May 21. My wife and I,” says worthy Mr. Pepys, “to my lord's lodging; where she and I staid walking in White Hall Garden. And in the Privy Garden saw the finest smocks and linnen petticoats of my Lady Castlemaine's, laced with rich lace at the bottom, that ever I saw; and *did me good to look at them.*”

Plumes, red or yellow, were worn in their riding-hats:* their riding-habits (now first introduced) were "coats and doublets with deep skirts, just for all the world like mine, (says Mr. Pepys,) and buttoned their doublets up the breast, with perriwigs and with hats; so that, only for a long petticoat dragging under their men's coats, nobody could take them for women in any point whatever."

These unbecoming habits continued to be the fashion for a very long time, as we may learn from various notices and reprehensions by Addison and later writers. Princess Anne, afterwards Queen, is recorded in 1682, with other ladies, as riding on horseback, "attired very rich in close-bodied coats, hats, and feathers, with short perukes." She must have been, at this time, in her very pride of youth and beauty; and surely there cannot be a more convincing proof of the omnipotence of fashion than the circumstance of her leading a young and handsome girl—of whatever rank—to wear a peruke.

At this time, ladies of character and virtue began to visit the Theatre in vizards or masks: they hid the whole face and thus enabled women of virtue to see plays which otherwise they *could* not have attended—a salient proof of the temper of the times.

* Yellow seems to have been a fashionable colour. Lady Castlemaine wore a yellow plume—at another time a yellow gown—"a yellow satin and a pinner." Mr. Pepys buys for his wife "a yellow birdseye hood, as the fashion is now."

Assured of their propriety by seeing Lady Falconbridge (Cromwell's daughter) at the Theatre in one of these masks, Pepys goes forthwith to the New Exchange and buys a vizard for his wife.

Painting the face, a fashion which had declined in England, was gradually being resumed during the last years of the Commonwealth. Evelyn observes it so early as 1654. In France, to paint her face, was as necessary to a lady, as to wash her hands. They hesitated not to apply the rouge before any company. How common it was we may infer from one remark of Mde. de Sevigné on her daughter-in-law :

“Ma belle fille n'a que des momens de gaieté, car elle est tout accablée de vapeurs ; elle change cent fois le jour de visage, sans en trouver un bon.”

“27 Sep., 1684,”

In England, Lord Sandwich thought it a point for commendation in the new Queen (Catherine of Braganza), that “she paints well.”

A grave writer of that day, thus declaims on a fashionable woman's toilette:—

“What ado is there to spruce up many a woman either for streets or market, bankets or temples ! She is not fit to be seen unless she doth appear half-naked, unless she hath her distinguishing patches upon her ; she goeth not abroad till she be feathered like a popinjay, and doth shine like ala-

baster; it is a hard thing to draw her out of bed, and a harder thing to draw her from her looking-glass; it is the great work of the family to dress her; much chafing and fuming there is before she can be thoroughly tired; her spungings and perfumings, lacings and lickings, clippings and strippings, dentifricings and dawblings, the setting of every hair methodically, and the placing every beauty spot topically, are so tedious, that it is a wonder that the mistress can sit, or the waiting-maid stand, till all the scenes of this fantastic comedy be acted through. Oh, these birds of Paradise are bought at a dear rate! the keeping of these lannerets is very chargeable!"

Patches—hereafter of such important political signification, seem now to have been first adopted as adjuncts to beauty—or, at most, as a slight surgical application. We have frequent references to them in Mr. Pepys's Diary. He says, "My wife seemed very pretty to-day, it being the first time I had given her leave to wear a black patch;" and, on another occasion, "My wife standing near her (the Princess Henrietta) with two or three black patches on, and well dressed, did seem to me much handsomer than she."

The following is exquisite.

"May 5.—To the Duke of York's Playhouse:—One thing of familiarity I observed in my Lady Castlemaine: she called to one of her women for a little patch off her face, and put it into her

mouth and wetted it, and so clapped it upon her own by the side of her mouth, I suppose, *she feeling a pimple rising there.*"

With the following rich *morceau* we conclude this chapter: trusting earnestly, that our fair readers will lay the lesson it contains to heart; and meekly bear the imputation of vanity on a 12*l.* note, while their husbands solace their manliness on 55*l.*:

"To my great sorrow, find myself 43*l.* worse than I was the last month, which was then 760*l.*, and now it is but 717*l.* But it hath chiefly arisen from my layings out in clothes for myself and wife; viz., for her about 12*l.*, and for myself 55*l.* or thereabouts; having made myself a velvet cloak, two new cloth skirts, black, plain both; a new shag gown trimmed with gold buttons and twist, with a new hat, and silk tops for my legs, and many other things, being resolved henceforward, to go like myself. And also two perriwiggs, one whereof costs me 3*l.*, and the other 40*s.* I have worn neither yet, but will begin next week, God willing."*

* Pepys.

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