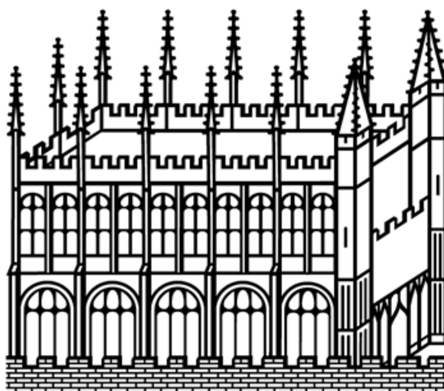

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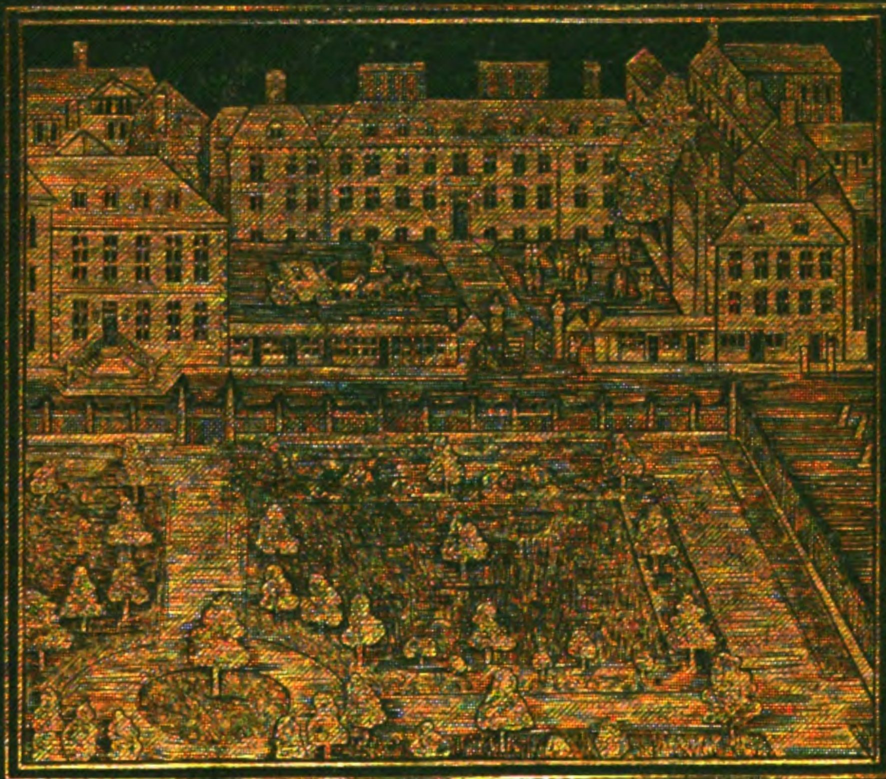
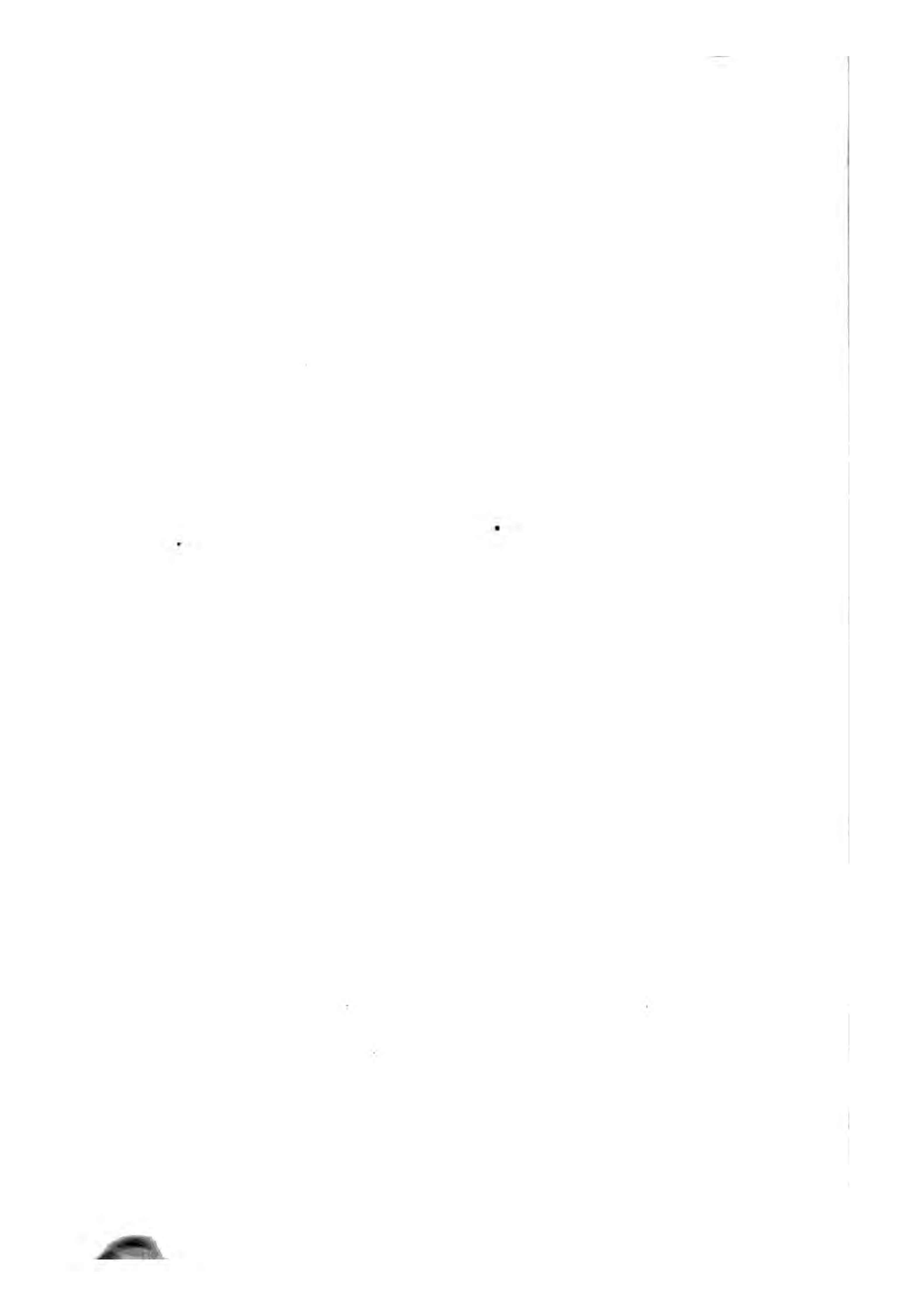
Leicester Square

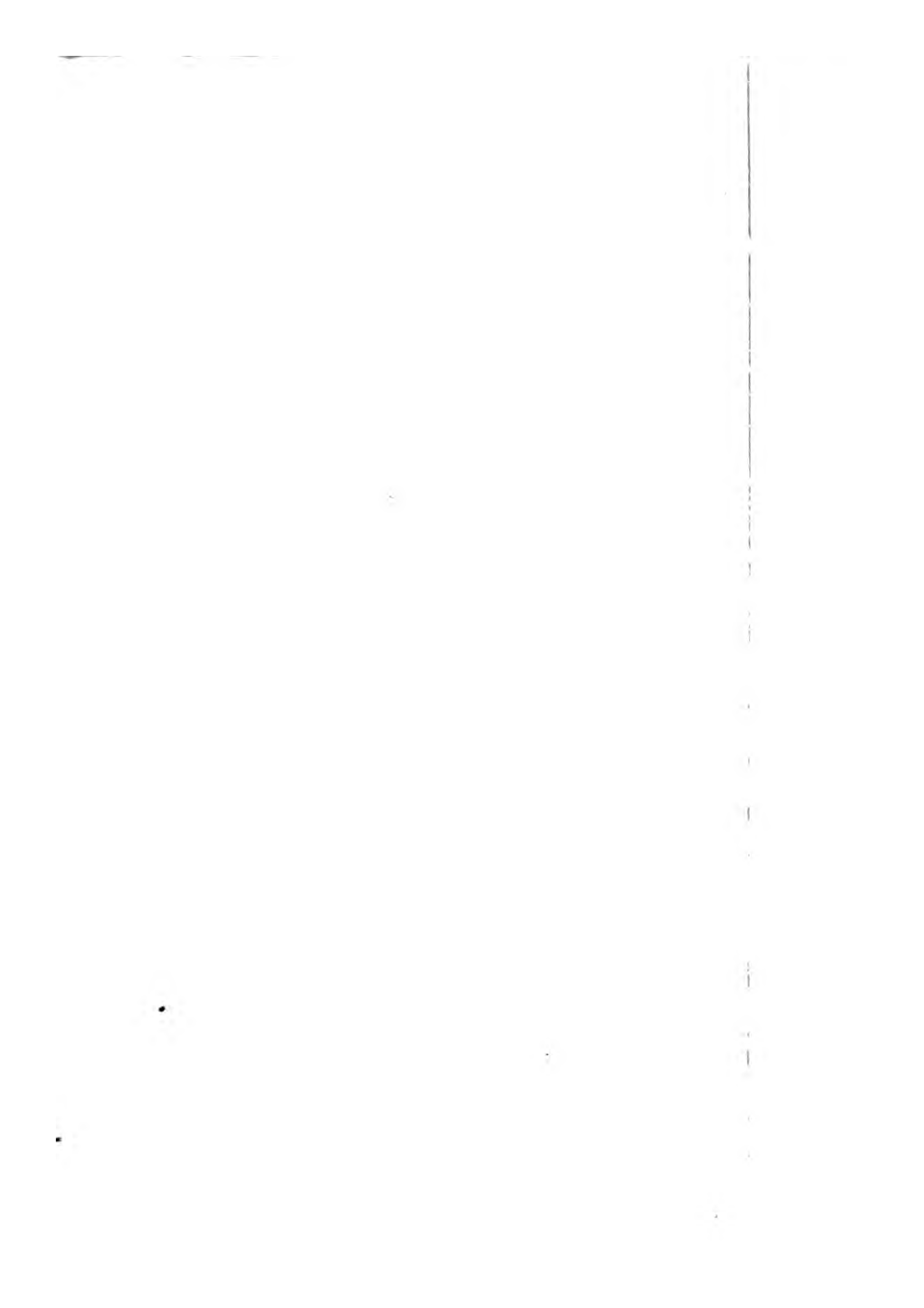


Its Associations and its Worthies

London 8°401

LEICESTER SQUARE.





LEICESTER SQUARE;

ITS ASSOCIATIONS AND ITS WORTHIES.

BY TOM TAYLOR.

WITH A SKETCH OF HUNTER'S SCIENTIFIC CHARACTER AND WORKS, BY RICHARD OWEN, F.R.S., D.C.L., ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

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PRELIMINARY.

THERE are few quarters of London richer in associations with great men departed than Leicester Square. The principal object of the following pages is to revive the memory of these men in connection with the Square, to which public attention has lately been called by the recent embellishment of its enclosure, and the dedication of it to the public.

I have to thank my friend Mr. W. B. Rye, keeper of the printed books, and Mr. Reed, keeper of the prints and drawings, at the British Museum; Lord De l'Isle; Mr. J. G. Gardiner, and Mr. Crace, for information and access to books and papers of which I have freely availed myself. I have also to thank my friend, the

Rev. W. Kingsley, for a valuable note on Newton's controversial relations with some contemporary mathematicians and observers. Above all, I am proud to acknowledge my grateful obligation to my illustrious friend Professor Owen, for his sketch of Hunter's scientific character and works, which gives a substantial value to my summary of the great surgeon's career.

TOM TAYLOR.

Lavender Sweep,
Wandsworth,
July 14, 1874.

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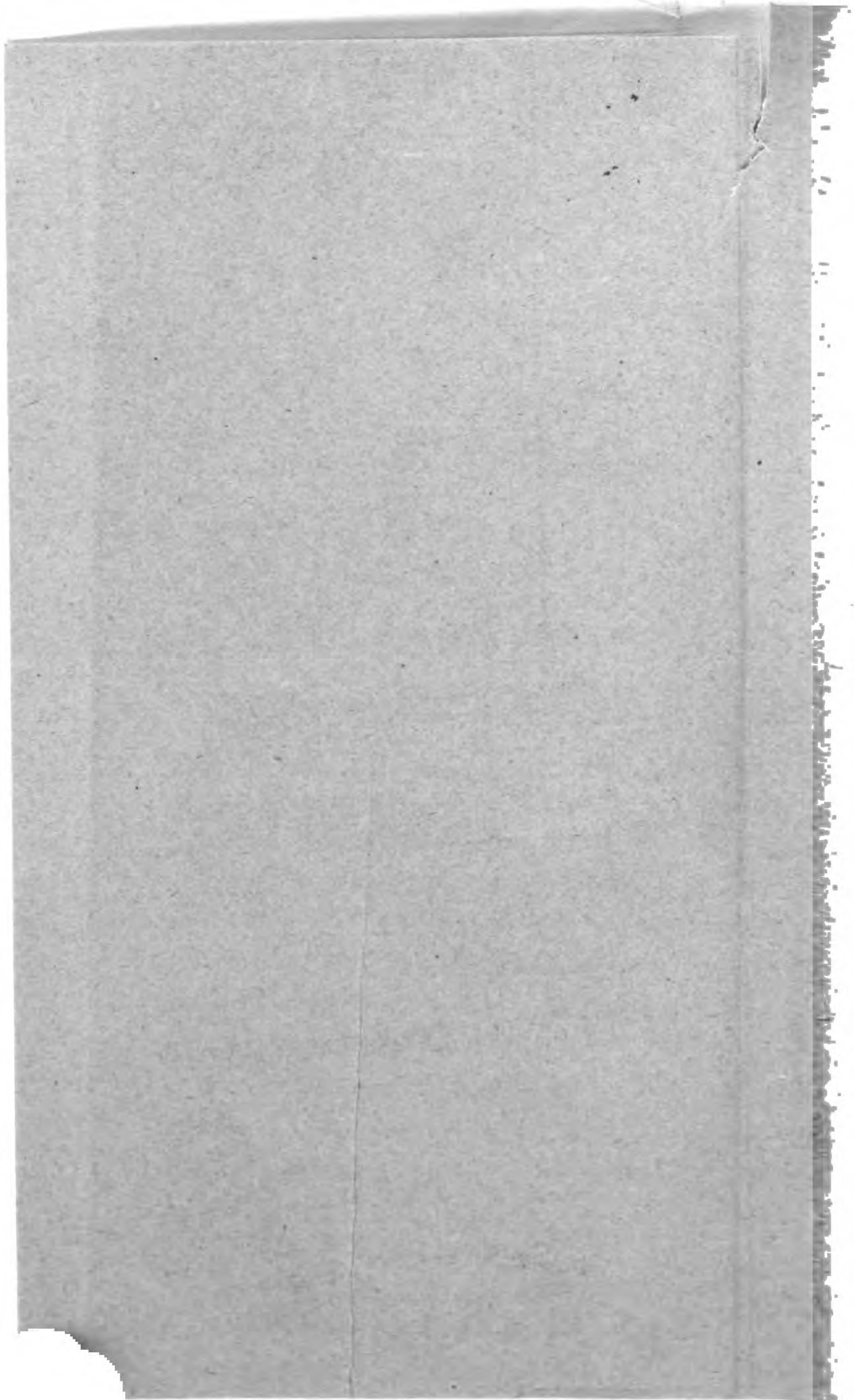

LEICESTER SQUARE.

CHAPTER I.

BEFORE THE HOUSES.

NO part of London has outlived a century without curious vicissitudes. The odder the vicissitudes, the richer the crop of memories. Leicester Square certainly yields to no rival of its own day and generation — Lincoln's Inn Fields, Covent Garden Piazza, Soho or Golden Square— in the strangeness of its changes and the variety of its associations. What a kaleidoscopic series of permutations and combinations does the Square present as we turn Time's glass,—whether in its residences, from the home of the Sidneys and the last resting-place of the Queen of Hearts,

the nursery and court of the first three Princes of Wales of the Hanoverian line, to the tavern and table haunts of republican refugees and out-at-elbows exiles; in its famous inhabitants, from the Sidneys and Sunderlands, Newton and Swift, the Marquis of Caermarthen and Speaker Onslow, Hogarth, Reynolds, and Sir George Savile, John Hunter, Cruikshank, and Charles Bell, Kosciusko and La Guiccioli, to Barber and Burford of the Panorama, and Dibdin of the Sea-Songs; in its architecture, from the stately Jacobean Leicester House of 1636, of the school, if not from the design, of Inigo Jones, to the bastard Byzantine of Wylde's Great Globe and the gingerbread Moresque of the Alhambra; in its social gatherings, from Sir Joshua's famous dinner-table, focus of all that was most distinguished for art and literature, wit and wisdom, science and social distinction, in the most brilliant circles of the most brilliant epoch of English society, to the cheap restaurants and subterranean "shades" of a later generation, haunts of the most questionable company, native and foreign, round repasts as questionable: its exhibitions, from Sir Ashton Lever's Holophusicon — no contemptible rival

of the British Museum—to the Invisible Girl and the Industrious Fleas: its metamorphoses, as of Hogarth's house, at the sign of the Golden Head, into Archbishop Tenison's schools; of John Hunter's mansion and museum into the dingy office of the "*International, Journal Quotidien Français,*" below, and the head-quarters of the First Middlesex Artillery Volunteers above; or of Sir Joshua's studio into Puttick and Simpson's sale-rooms: its failures, from the high-reaching educational aims of the Cosmos Institute, to the more frivolous but still ambitious project of the promoters of the Alexandra Theatre and Winter Garden, whose notice-board still impends the charred ruins of Savile House: its antiquities, from Miss Linwood's musty and mournful gallery, still remembered by survivors of the last generation, to that deplorable horse and his rider, whose long martyrdom of ridicule and insult has at length come to a close. . . . And all these changes and contrasts culminating in this last transformation of the seedy, shabby, dingy, and disreputable Leicester Square enclosure of recent recollection, into the trimly-turfed and gaily-flowered garden, with its seats and gravelled walks and marble

fountain, its central statue of Shakespeare and its commemorative busts of Newton and Hogarth, Reynolds and Hunter, so lately handed over to the Metropolitan Board of Works by Baron Albert Grant, M.P.

It is true that the vicissitudes of a London quarter usually follow a downward road. And the more easterly it lies, the more decidedly downwards its tendency. From being fashionable, it may become professional, and hold there, as Lincoln's Inn Fields does: or it may resign itself to come down from mansion houses to hotels, as Covent Garden Piazza has done: or may fall still lower, as Golden Square has fallen, to lodging and boarding-houses of the cheaper and more cosmospolitan kind: or may become frankly industrial, like Soho Square. Even if situated within the charmed circle of the West End the London square is not safe from vicissitude. Clubs and Institutions will gradually elbow out noblemen's residences; and this change, already consummated over more than half of St. James's Square, may in time spread to other and, as yet, unassailed centres of fashion further and further west, driving the upper ten, at last,

altogether into the outlying regions of Belgravia and Bromptonia, Kensingtonia and Tyburnia. In the downward tendency of its successive changes Leicester Square is in no way exceptional. The exception in its case is that as regards its central enclosure, at least, there has been vouchsafed to it a late revival; the usual motto of metropolitan neighbourhoods once on the decline being *vestigia nulla retrorsum.*

The march of London fashion and population, like that of empire according to the poet, has been westward. As the ocean of bricks and mortar has rolled from the East it has left its sea-marks behind it, telling of earlier stages of society, and other conditions of manners, as the real sea leaves its record of strata and fossils.

No portion of London shows these changes more strikingly than the part built between the Restoration and the Hanoverian succession, one of the periods of quickest expansion in our metropolitan history. This may be roughly described as the area bounded north by the line of Oxford Street and Holborn; south, by the Strand; east, by the line of Charcery Lane; and west, by that of Bond Street.

Before the time of Elizabeth, the life of London, including the splendour and strength of its nobility as well as the wealth and industry of its traders and toilers, had been concentrated mainly within the ancient city walls, running from Ludgate on the west along the Old Bailey northerly to Grey Friars, there turning sharply eastwards, and skirting the outworks of Smithfield and Little Britain, still extra-mural, to Cripple-gate; thence still eastwards, past Moor-gate and Bishops-gate, to Ald-gate, and there turning southwards, by a bastioned line of fortifications pierced by a single postern, to the north of Tower Hill, to the Tower, the key and close of the western defences of London. In the Z-shaped *enclave* between Grey Friars and Cripple-gate; in the space included between the Old Bailey (east), and Fetter Lane (west), the line of Holborn (north), and the Strand (south), and on both sides the estuary of Fleet Street and the Strand to Charing Cross, had gradually gathered a less dense population, which by the close of Elizabeth's reign had taken consistency enough to give to these quarters in the earliest

extant map or plan[1] of London, the character rather of city than country.

Luckily for those who nowadays wish to know what the London of Elizabeth was like, Aggas's great sheet is in some sense picture as well as plan. It gives us, by means of rough but spirited figures, glimpses of the life of London, as well as a view of its streets and public buildings.

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[1] The "Civitas Londinum" of Ralph Aggas, of which an accurate fac-simile by Edward J. Francis from the original in the Guildhall Library, recently published by Adams and Francis, Fleet Street, has replaced the inaccurate reproduction of Vertue, hitherto the only one attainable. Mr. Overall, Librarian to the Corporation, has accompanied this reprint with a most carefully compiled biographical account of Aggas, and a critical examination of his work, its date, and the so-called reproductions, but really alterations, of it, by Vertue and others. Mr. Overall shows conclusively that Aggas's plan, or, rather, bird's-eye view, of London, which was of later execution than his surveys of Oxford and Cambridge (of which the first only is known), was plotted, in all probability, about 1592, and that we have no conclusive proof of any publication of it earlier than 1603, the first year of the reign of James I.; though the map of London, published at Cologne in 1572-73 by Braun and Hogenberg in their "Civitates orbis Terrarum," shows the existence of an earlier map than Aggas's, of which no copy is known to have come down to us.

We see the water-carrier — Cobb,[1] perhaps, who knows ?—driving his horses, with their barrels slung across the saddle, to be filled from the Thames, at the stairs of the Steelyard or Tower Quay. There goes the Queen's barge, in all its state of streamers at bow and stern, and canopy embroidered with the royal arms, yeomen of the Guard and trumpeters, just as Raleigh saw it from his prison window, when he was fain to fling himself down for passionate thought of his royal mistress and anguish of his fall from her favour. And round the Virgin Queen's state-barge ply swarms of smaller craft—the private carriages, hackney-coaches, and chairs of the silent highway—wherries with their passengers ; lighters and coasters landing their freight of fish at Billingsgate ; and larger vessels in the Pool, carvels and carracks and galiots, bringing their cargoes of wine and other foreign wares to the staple-wharfs set apart for their special ladings, or the quays of the foreign-merchant-guilds to which they have been consigned. There are the pits, railed in and roofed round,

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[1] See Ben Jonson's "Every Man in His Humour."

for the bull and bear baiting, with the beasts of the game in their pens and dens,—that big bear may be Sackerson perhaps, in *propriâ personâ*, —and the bull-dogs and bear-hounds chained in their kennels round the "gardens." Here are the riding-hackneys, horses of draught and screws on sale at Smithfield; and among them the wrestling at the ring that enlivened market-days and holidays, in that "sporting" locality, when Falstaff bought his horse there for the Welsh wars. And here, among the windmills of Finsbury and Moorfields, we see the prentices and young citizens with their long bows practising at the butts; and the cows grazing, and the women laying out their clothes to dry, and a couple of servingmen with just such a buck-basket slung on its cowl-staff between them as Falstaff was fain to creep into. There is so much in the map that brings Shakespeare to mind, that one is surprised not to find the Globe and the Red Bull, the Fortune and the Curtain play-houses as conspicuous as the Bull and Bear Gardens.

Now in this very informing sheet of Aggas's—all the region to the north of Charing Cross and

the west of Chancery Lane is still entirely devoted to country life and uses. We see the cows grazing, and the women milking, and bleaching their linen, over all that is now the densely peopled quarter of Soho and the labyrinthine region of squalid streets about Leicester and Golden Squares. Covent Garden is still, what its name describes, the walled orchard of the Abbot of Westminster, and in the Elm-close behind it, where now stand the coach-makers' shops of Long-acre, a milkmaid is coming merrily along the footpath over the Lammas lands, with her pail on her head, her little boy in her hand, and their dog gambolling about them.

At the death of Queen Elizabeth, except the cluster of buildings connected with the Royal Mews, where the King's falcons had been kept since the time of Richard II., and his horses, since (in the reign of Henry VIII.) a fire had burnt down the royal stabling in Bloomsbury, there were no houses between the Cross at Charing and the open fields, now covered by the vast mass of buildings to the north and north-west of St. Martin's Church and Lane. These Lammas-fields had, between the reigns of

Henry I. and Henry VIII., belonged partly to the Abbey of Westminster and partly to the great Hospital for Lepers, founded by Maud, Queen of Henry I., and dedicated to Saint Giles, a Greek Saint to whose protection lepers were as specially consecrate as plague-smitten people to Saint Roch's. This hospital, and the cluster of houses inhabited by its dependents to the number of not more than one hundred souls, stood in the fields where Saint Giles's church now stands, and formed a little inhabited oasis in the waste of marsh-land, which, intersected by ditches, and grazed by cattle, and here and there broken by an inclosed field or orchard, or group of farm buildings, stretched away to the great wood of Marylebone, which covered the fields and hills to the north and north-west of London, sparingly intersected by tracks which scarce deserved the name of roads.

Of these tracks St. Martin's Lane was one, and the main, road from the causeway of the Strand, past the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, to St. Giles's Hospital and village, and thence to the northern wilds. From the Hospital the road to Uxbridge ran along the line of

Oxford Street; that to Reading followed the line of Piccadilly. Parallel to St. Martin's Lane, on the west side of the King's Mews, ran a narrow country lane with hedgerows on each side, thence called Hedge Lane, to the fields on the north. This Hedge Lane was, from the days of Elizabeth down to those of George III., a place of evil repute for thieves and rogues; and in Aggas's map he has indicated this by a group of a watchman armed with his bill bidding a false knave stand, as Dogberry warned his watch to be cautious of doing rashly. A little to the west of Hedge Lane ran a wider road, used by the carts bringing their loads of hay and straw from the fields to the north and west of London. At the Charing-Cross end of this road the carters were used to range their carts for sale of their loads, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. This was the Hay-market.

So long as the Hospital of St. Giles retained its property in the marsh lands between it and Charing, Lammas rights were no doubt restricted; at least, over the enclosed lands. These were of considerable extent, though the hospital itself had fallen from its high estate

by the middle of the fourteenth century. In 1354, it was reduced by a charter of King Edward III. to the condition of a cell to the great Hospital of Burton St. Lazar in Leicestershire, the master and brethren of which were invested with the custody of the Hospital of St. Giles. The brethren of St. Giles resisted, holding the hospital by force and arms against their visitor, the Archbishop of Canterbury, but the law and the king together were too powerful for them; and, in 1537, Thomas Ratcliffe, then master of Burton and warden of St. Giles, in consideration of receiving the manor of Burton St. Lazar, granted to the Crown the greater part of the hospital land in St. Giles's parish, including the fields on which Leicester Square now stands.[1]

The king kept the hospital lands six years in his own possession, during which the Lammas rights were probably given to the parishioners. In 1545 he granted them to Lord Lisle, who fitted up the principal part of the hospital for

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[1] See, for the whole history of the hospital and its estates, Parton's "History of the Parish of St. Giles."

his own mansion; but at the end of two years by royal licence conveyed the mansion and grounds adjacent to John Wymonde Carewe, Esq. The wall which surrounded the hospital precincts, gardens and orchard, was not demolished till 1639, shortly before which time Leicester House must have been built.[1]

The Lammas rights over these hospital lands were early matter of contest. In Stowe, we have an account, extracted from Lord Burleigh's Papers, of a complaint and petition to his Lordship, as High Steward of Westminster, in 1592,

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[1] Since this was written, I have found among the Domestic Papers for 1630 (calendared by the Record Office) the following, which must refer to the preparation of the ground for the building of Leicester House: "Henry Earl of Manchester, Lord Privy Seal, Thomas Earl of Arundel and Surrey, and Secy. Dorchester to the king, have viewed the place and heard the parties interested, and to accommodate the Earl of Leicester and benefit the parish of St. Martin's, have set down fit limits for the wall, and appointed a way across the fields, and set apart a portion thereof to be turned into walks and planted with trees, and spaces left for the inhabitants to dry their clothes. These alterations to be made at the earl's expense, besides which he is to pay to the parish in perpetuity £3 per annum in recompense of the Lammas common to which the parishioners were entitled."

"in that lands which should be laid open from Lammas-day had been unlawfully enclosed with gates and hedges; whereupon the lord gave order to Mr. Tenche his under-steward to impanel an inquest for inquiry thereof; which order the parishioners construing in their favour, assembled that Lammas-day (1st of August, 1592), with pick-axes and such like instruments, and pulled down the fences and brake the gates, having with them the bailiffs and constables to keep the peace."

Complaint was straightway made to my Lord by those who held of the Queen these lands which ran all the way from St. Giles's to Knightsbridge—in particular the tenants of Eubery Farm of 430 acres (whence the present Ebury Street); the Neat of 108 acres (whence the "Neat-houses," towards the river-side, Chelsea); St. James's Farm of 100 acres, and divers parcels of the possession of Burton St. John Lazarus of Jerusalem of 50 acres, which must have included the site of Leicester Square.

The records of the case give a very vivid picture of such an assertion of right in the time

of Elizabeth. Some forty of the best and ancientest of the parishes of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields and St. Margaret's Westminster, assembled between five and six in the afternoon of Lammas-day, with no weapons more formidable than shovels and pickaxes, and proceeding to certain fields, near to the City conduit-heads,[1] about half-a-mile westward from St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, began to break down the fences, to the great dismay of Peter Dod, a staid citizen and grocer of sixty-five years or thereabouts, then attending upon certain of the City's works. Peter, "seeing some of them to be men that carried a show of some countenance," went up and demanded whence they were; and one of them answering, that they were of St. Martin's parish and St. Margaret's Westminster,

Peter asked, "Why do ye this?"

"It is Lammas-tide," was the answer; "and we throw down for common. And if we take here any cattle of any other men's than theirs of

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[1] Whence were laid pipes for the City water supply, near which the Lord Mayor had a banqueting house, for certain yearly festivities connected with the charge of the City Waterworks.

St. Martin's and St. Margaret's, after this day, we will carry them to the pound."[1]

"I never saw the like of this!" quoth Peter Dod, aghast. "If you may do this by authority it is well; otherwise, it is not well."

It was answered, "We have here the bailiff of Westminster and the officers of St. Martin's, and we have an authority from the Queen's Majesty and the Council, granted by King Henry and confirmed by Her Majesty," and named the Lord Treasurer to be one from whom they had their authority. They added that the next day there would be two hundred there, and that they must break open up to Knightsbridge and Chelsea.

So they went on in defiance of Peter Dod's warning, demolishing fences, "abating" banks, pulling down rails, and breaking open gates, and causing their herdsmen to bring as many as thirty beasts into one of the closes held by the City, and to keep them there feeding. And when next morning Dod asked the herdsman "Who willed him to put the cattle in there?"

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[1] Which stood close to St. Giles's Church (near the gallows, before its removal to Tyburn), and was famous for its blackguard surroundings.

"That did Mr. Henry Wells, Bailiff of Westminster," he answered. "Mr. Coles, Burgess, and Mr. Peach and Mr. Racie, Bailiffs, and they will bear me out in it."

On the 2nd of August the mob had grown from forty to sixty, who went westwards breaking the fences; and by the time they had reached Eubery Farm, near Chelsea, they had grown to twice the number, with one Cole, High Constable of Westminster the year before, leading them from field to field, with a written roll in his hand, pointing out where they should break and abate, and "lay all common;" pleading generally my Lord Treasurer's warrant, and finding countenance in the presence of my lord's bailiff, "that keepeth Tibbalds," and many saying they had the Council's letter for what they were doing.

Under pressure of these high-handed proceedings Her Majesty's poor tenants and farmers plead to my Lord Burghley that "if these disturbers have indeed his honour's consent and warrant, they are utterly undone; they pray that it may stand with his honour's good liking to commit the rest to the Star Chamber, and in the meantime to have the question of title deter-

mined before his honour and the barons in the Exchequer Chamber." Then comes the plea of those that had made this abatement of fences, "that the tenants of Eubery Farm had for their private commodity enclosed and made pasture of arable land, thereby not only annoying Her Majesty in her walks and passages, but to the hindrance of her game and great injury to the common, which at Lammas was wont to be laid open for the most part, as by ancient precedents thereof made doth more particularly appear, both in the time of Henry VIII.,[1] Edward VI. and Queen Mary. And by the grant made from Her Majesty to her new tenants, it appeareth that they are to enjoy the same lands in such sort as their predecessors did, which was then always Lammas ground, and was enclosed about 20 years past." The same plea is pleaded as to the other lands entered upon; and of the 50 acres holden of Her Majesty by lease, "aforetime property of Burton St. John Lazarus of Jerusalem, which in time past hath been Lammas and

[1] It will be observed that there is no plea of Lammas rights earlier than Henry VIII.

arable, now divided, hedged, and ditched for meadow and pasture, and ought to be common at Lammas . . ." it is pleaded, "that at Her Majesty's last being at St. James's she greatly misliked, and said she had for them but 8*d.* an acre, and that the inhabitants abused her greatly therein. Whereupon she commanded some of the tenants to be by the Lord Chamberlain committed to the Marshalsea. Which was done, and yet they have proceeded to a further inclosure."

This is the first glimpse we get of dealings with the land which must have included the site on which Leicester House is soon to be built. For in the overseer's books of St. Martin's, in the time of Charles I., we find an entry of yearly payments by my Lord Leicester in lieu of Lammas rights "over the ground that adjoins to the military wall"—that is, the site of the garden behind Leicester House—"and other payments for the Lammas of the ground wherein his lordship's house and garden are, and the field that is before his house, near to Swan Close."[1]

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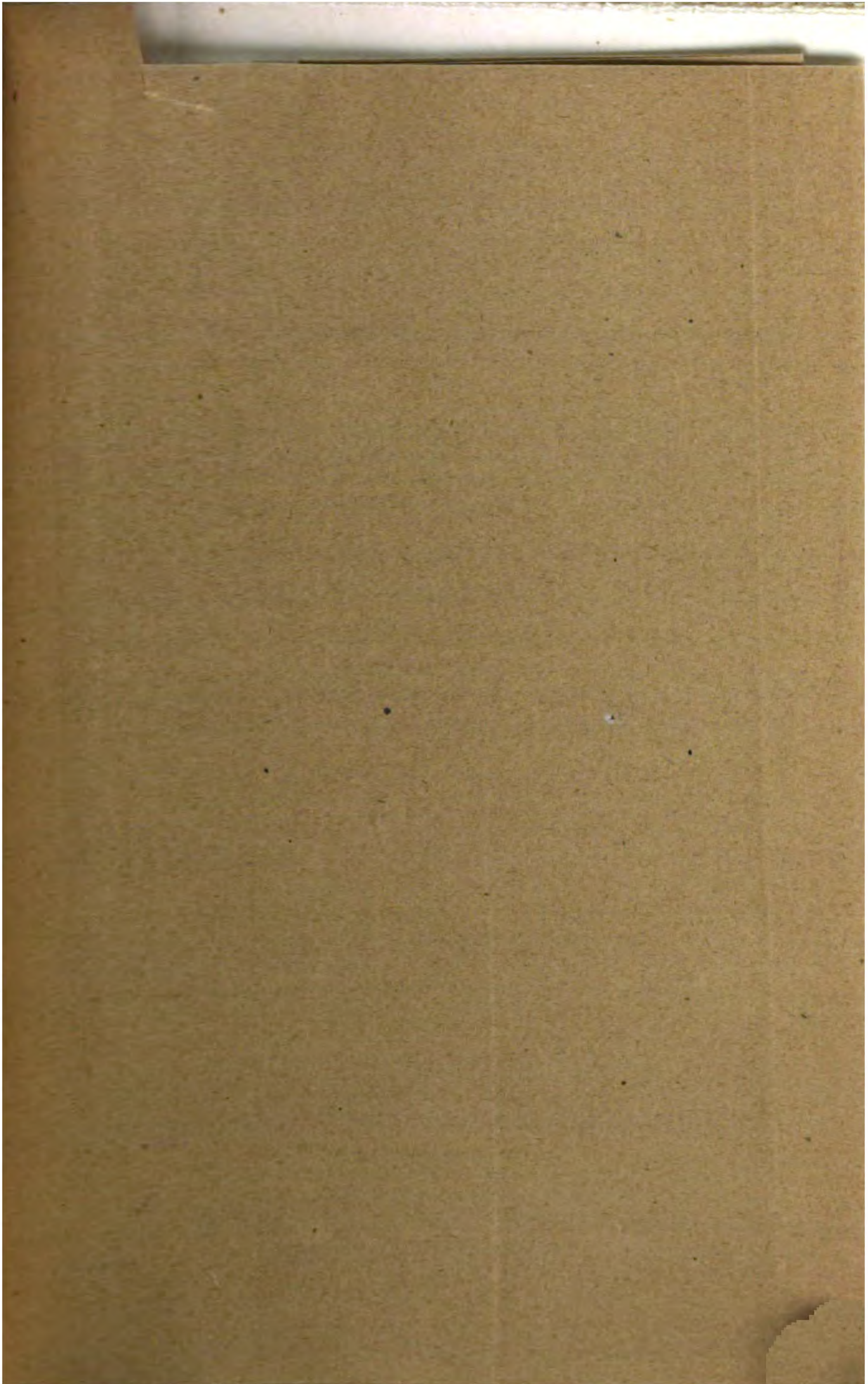
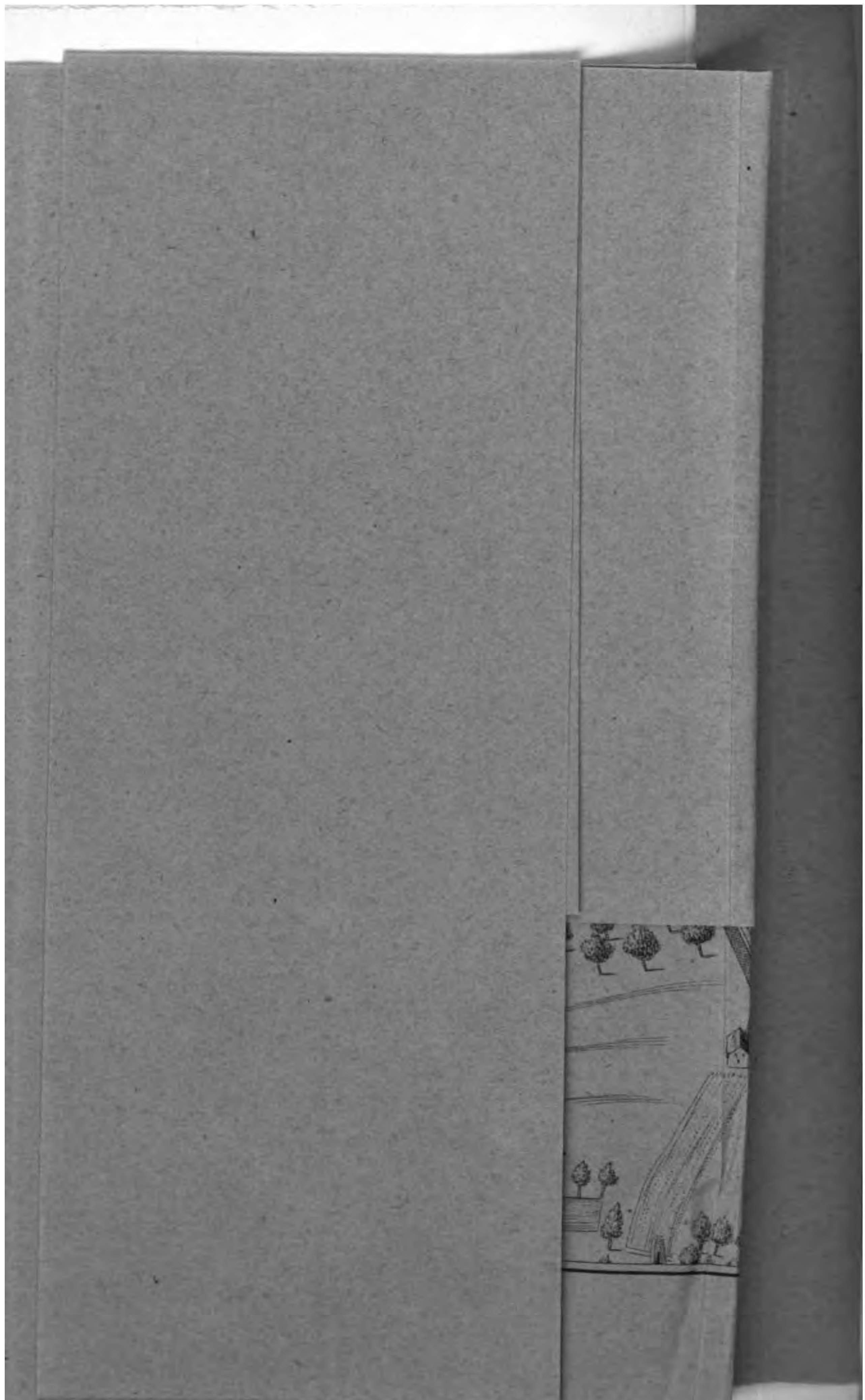
[1] Swan Close lay to the east of Leicester House, and included the site of Cranbourne Alley, so called from the second title of the Earl of Salisbury, to whom the ground belonged.





Chapter II.

THE FIRST HOUSE. THE SIDNEYS.

FAITHORNE'S map, as it is usually called, though it "was composed by a scale and ichnographically described by Richard Newcourt, of Somerton, in the county of Somerset, Gentleman," a London antiquarian of credit,[1] Faithorne being the engraver and publisher only, is the second great authority for London topography. It shows us the capital as it was in 1658, the year of Cromwell's death. Throughout the reigns of Elizabeth, James, Charles I., and the Protector, the authorities, local and central, had done their best to discourage building in and about London. The repeated attacks of plague, between 1590 and

[1] Author of the "Repertorium Ecclesiasticum Parochiale Londinense," 1708, 2 vols. folio.

the most famous outbreak of 1665,[1] were no doubt the chief reason for this desire to limit the natural increase of London.

Elizabeth's first proclamation against new building, dated 7th July, 1582,[2] assigns for reasons, "1st, the difficulty of governing a more extended multitude, without device of new jurisdiction and officers for the purpose; 2ndly, the improbability of supplying them with food, fuel, and other necessaries of life at a reasonable rate; and 3rdly, the danger of spreading plague and infections throughout the realm." But the proclamations for the same purpose, after the accession of James I., were more numerous and more stringent. There is a recorded saying of that sapient monarch, "that the growth of the capital resembled that of a rickety child's head, in which an excessive influx of humors drained

[1] Sir William Petty, in his "Essay on political arithmetic concerning the growth of the City of London," (published in 1682,) enumerates five such outbreaks in the century before he wrote, viz. in 1592, 1603, 1625, 1636 and 1665. Sir William took his figures for the earlier plague mortalities from Captain Graunt's "Natural and political obtion on the bills of mortality," published in 1662.

[2] There were others in 1593 and 1602.

and impoverished the extremities, and at the same time generated distemper in the overloaded part."[1] He would not allow his nobles to remain in London the year through without special licence, and, Lord Bacon tells us, would sometimes say to them, "Gentlemen, at London you are like ships in a sea which show like nothing; but in the country villages you are like ships on a river, which look like great things." An Act of 1657 shows that in this point Cromwell was not less disposed to believe in both the expediency and efficacy of restriction than his predecessors. The preamble recites that the excessive number of new buildings in the suburbs of the City, and parts adjoining, is very mischievous and inconvenient, and that "the said growing evil is of late so much multiplied and increased, that there is a necessity for some further and speedy course for the redress thereof." The statute imposed a fine of £100, and a continuing penalty of £20 a month, on every one building a house or cottage on a new foundation, in or within ten miles of the suburbs; and enacted that

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[1] Quoted from Brayley's "Londiniana," vol. iv. p. 311.

every building erected since 1620, and not having four acres of land attached to it, should pay a fine of one year's rent. This was in relief of offenders, for, under the existing law, such houses were liable to be pulled down. Exemptions from penalties to the amount of £7,000 under the Act were allowed to the Earl of Bedford and his brothers, in respect of the buildings in Covent Garden parish; and the builders of Lincoln's Inn Fields were exempted from forfeits in regard to new buildings erected on three sides of the square, before the 1st of October, 1659, provided they paid a fine of one full year's value for every house within a month of its erection, and conveyed the residue of the Fields to the Society of Lincoln's Inn, "for laying the same into walks for common use and business."[1]

In spite of this strenuous discouragement, London without the walls continued to grow. In Faithorne's map (1658), the quarter between Chancery Lane and the Haymarket, east and west, and Holborn and the Strand, north and south, which in Aggas's map (1592) was open fields,

[1] Dobie's "History of St. Giles's and St. George's," p. 31.

is seen covered for the most part with houses. Lincoln's Inn Fields and Covent Garden Piazza are complete, stately squares, planned and built from the designs of Inigo Jones. But St. Giles's Fields, now covered with the unsavoury streets that ramify from Seven Dials, are still an open space; and though a fringe of houses has been erected northward, along the western side of St. Martin's Lane, all is still a blank both to the north and west between that lane and the Haymarket, except that at the corner of what is to be Leicester Fields, stands Newport House and Gardens, built by the Earl of Newport,[1] probably about the same time as Leicester House, and occupying the present site of Newport Street and part of Newport Market.[2]

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[1] Montjoy Blount (created 1628, extinct 1681), natural son of Charles Blount Earl of Devonshire, and Lady Penelope Devereux, afterwards his countess, the divorced wife of Robert Lord Rich: created by James I., Lord Montjoy of Montjoy Fort in Ireland, by Charles I., Lord Montjoy of Thurveston in Derbyshire, and the year after, Earl of Newport in the isle of Wight.

[2] In Faithorne's map, which, like Aggas's, is a bird's-eye view, from which we may infer the character of the houses, the house looks almost like a fortalice, and it may have been

Separated from the curtilage of Newport House by a narrow lane, are the extensive gardens in which stands Leicester House, running back on the north to what is lettered on Faithorne's map, "the Military Yard"—a space first walled in and appropriated to military exercises by Prince Henry, the eldest son of James I.[1]—and afterwards used for the drill ground of the Westminster Trained-bands.[2] This yard occupied the present site of Gerard Street, Soho, and gave its name to the north of Leicester Fields; for in 1635 the Earls of Leicester and Newport are described in the rate-books of St. Martin's as living in Military Street.

On Faithorne's map Leicester House stands very considerably to the south of the line of

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the Castle from which Castle Street takes its name, as it must have run up to it. But this is purely a conjecture of mine.

[1] Bagford MSS. in the British Museum; but no house such as Bagford says the Prince caused to be built, appears on Faithorne's map. This house was afterwards Gerard House, Gerard Street, and belonged to Gerard, Earl of Macclesfield.

[2] "Survey of London," 1742, p. 11-75. "Porta Pietatis," by T. Heywood 1638, quoted in P. Cunningham's "Handbook of London."

Conduit Street, whereas its true site must have been to the north of that line. It must be borne in mind that the open space in which old Leicester House stands in Faithorne's map represents far more than the area of the present Leicester Square, particularly to the east and south, taking in on the east all and more than the space now occupied by Castle Street and its houses on both sides; and on the south reaching as far as or beyond the line of James Street and Hemmings Row, quite down to the back of the King's Mews. The curtilage of old Leicester House reaches, on Faithorne's map, almost as far as the centre of this space, and the site of the old House must, if the map be accurate, have been about the centre of the present square;[1] its gardens running back as far as Gerard Street, Soho.[2] From the character

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[1] That there were buildings here is proved by the discovery during the late alterations in the enclosure of extensive foundations, as I am informed by Mr. Knowles, the architect of the alterations.

[2] As we know from Dryden's dedication of his "Don Sebastian" to Lord Leicester, in which he describes himself as "a poor inhabitant of your lordship's suburb, whose best prospect is on the garden of Leicester-house." Now the poet in a letter to Elmes Steward, Esq. gives his address

of the house in Faithorne's map, it must have been a stately erection, built round a court, with a projecting centre, as unlike as possible to the plain, barn-like, two-storied erection, with ten windows in front, inhabited by the Princes of Wales, and shown in the view of the Square [1] prefixed to this volume.

The original Leicester House, with which the history of the Square begins, was a dwelling not unworthy of its founder, and his race.

That race was one of rare nobleness, both in blood and personal distinction. From Bryan de l'Isle, one of King John's evil councillors, had descended the title of De l'Isle, through the illustrious John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, and thence, in the female line, by the Greys of Groby and the Dudleys of evil memory, to John, Earl

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very minutely as in Gerard Street, the fifth door on the left hand coming from Newport Street; and in the early views of the square we see that the back-windows of the Gerard Street houses look right into Leicester House gardens.

[1] Vertue's original drawing of Leicester House is now in the extensive collection of topographical and social illustrations of London, belonging to Mr. J. G. Gardner of Park House, Park Place, St. John's Wood, to which I have had the freest and most courteous access.

of Northumberland, father of the ill-starred Lord Guildford Dudley, husband of Lady Jane Grey, and of Robert, the infamous favourite of Elizabeth, created by her Earl of Leicester. He died without acknowledged legitimate issue. The Earldom of Leicester was revived in the line of the Sidneys, the first of whom came with Henry II. from Anjou, and whose distinction, before their ennobling, had culminated in Sir William Sidney, a famous knight and commander under Henry VIII., and tutor, chamberlain, and steward of the household to Edward VI., from his birth to his coronation. His son, Henry Sidney, was brought up as the companion of the young king, who died in his arms. He was reputed, at the king's accession, for "his virtues, fine composition of body, gallantry and liveliness of spirit, the completest young gentleman of the Court." He married the Lady Mary Dudley, eldest daughter of John, Earl of Warwick, afterwards Earl of Northumberland.

But for all his services—and no statesman and soldier of the glorious reign of Elizabeth performed worthier for Queen and country—Sir

Henry Sidney, the greatest, wisest, and justest Lord-Deputy Ireland ever had, before or since, died a knight. His eldest son was that star of chivalry, that paragon of courtesy, and all virtues and accomplishments, Sir Philip Sidney, who, while serving under his unworthy uncle, the Queen's favourite, died of his wounds received in the battle of Zutphen, on the 16th October, 1586. The only daughter who survived him was Mary, married to Henry, Earl of Pembroke, to whom her brother dedicated his Arcadia, and on whom Ben Jonson wrote his famous epitaph.[1]

Sir Henry died in the same year as his most famous son Philip, on May 6th, 1586; and his wife, "of great nobility and a large ingenuous spirit," only survived him till the 11th of August following. On the death of father and brother the honours of Warwick and Leicester centred in Robert Sidney, Sir Henry's second son, and

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[1] Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death, ere thou hast killed another,
Fair and learn'd and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

worthy of such parentage. He fought in the battle in which his brother fell, and with such bravery that he was knighted on the field. He shared with Sir Francis Vere the glory of commanding the English auxiliaries sent, in 1597, to aid Prince Maurice of Nassau against the Spaniards. He was the close friend of the unfortunate Earl of Essex. During the reign of Elizabeth,—of all sovereigns the best served yet the most niggard of honours, except to her favourites, and of them the most profuse of favours to the most unworthy,—Sir Robert Sidney, like his father, never rose beyond knighthood. But after James's accession honours were showered upon him. He was created Baron Sidney of Penshurst, in May, 1603, Viscount de l'Isle three years later, Knight of the Garter in 1616, and two years after, Earl of Leicester.

This first Earl Robert married Barbara Gamage, heiress of John Gamage of Coitty, Rhogied and Llanvihangel in the County of Glamorgan, in whose veins met the blood of one of the Norman followers of the Conqueror and the Princes of Glamorgan. She was the mother of the builder of Leicester House in Leicester Fields.

Up to the reign of Elizabeth,[1] the Sidneys, like most of the nobility, had lived in the City. Sidney House was on the west side of the Old Bailey; but Sir Henry occupied[2] Baynard's Castle, where his first son died, and where Robert was born.[3] Robert Sidney approved himself worthy of a name, so singularly illustrious by the virtues

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[1] Strange whirligig of time; this house was afterwards (says Nightingale in his "London and Middlesex," vol. iii. page 619) the office of the famous thief, fence, and thief-catcher, Jonathan Wilde.

[2] This was by virtue of his office, as general surveyor of all the Queen's houses, castles, lordships, manors, woods, lands, &c., within the realm of England.

[3] Collins publishes, in his "Sydney Papers," vol. i. p. 121, an amusing letter from Rowland White to Sir Robert at Flushing, telling him how his lady was brought to bed of a goodly fat son, Monday, 1st of December, 1595, 9 o' the clock at night, and that three days before she was taken ill of the measles, was full of them, and had withal a great cough and gentle fever, and was much afflicted at his absence: that the child was also full of the measles, mostly in the face, yet sucked the nurse as well as any child could and cried as strongly, so that there was great hopes of his living. Another letter, a month later, tells of the child's christening on New Year's Eve, by the Lord Montjoy, the Lord Compton, and the Lady Rich: and how they had given three fair standing bowls, all of one fashion, worth £20 each.

and distinctions of those who have borne it. A student of exemplary diligence at Oxford, he was as exemplary a soldier, under his father, at Flushing. In 1616 he was made a Knight of the Bath, at the creation of Charles, Prince of Wales, and as Viscount Lisle sat in the Parliaments of the 18th and 21st years of James, as of the 1st year of Charles. In 1618 he married Dorothy Percy, eldest daughter of that eccentric but stately and studious Peer, Henry, Earl of Northumberland, who, during his fifteen years' confinement in the Tower, under James's groundless suspicion of his complicity in the Gunpowder Plot, shared the prison-studies of Raleigh, and of his friend and travelling companion, Harriot, the naturalist, and Hughes and Warner, the mathematicians, popularly known as the Duke's "three Magi," just as he was as "Henry the Wizard." He had been the fellow-soldier of Sir Robert and Philip Sidney in the Low Countries, and the union of his eldest daughter to a friend so noble and worthy, must have been as great a satisfaction to him as the secret marriage of his younger and lighter-minded Lucy, to James Hay, Lord Viscount Doncaster, afterwards Earl of Carlisle, one of James's

minions, though one of the least worthless, was a mortification.[1]

The sisters loved each other, though the Lady Dorothy was incomparably the nobler and purer of the two. But the sisters' husbands never were and never could have been friends. With his wife's brother Algernon, afterwards the tenth Earl of Northumberland, whom Clarendon calls the greatest and proudest peer of his time, Lord Leicester lived on terms of life-long intimacy and affection. Through the two troubled Parliaments of 1621 and 1624, wherein was foreshadowed the collision of Parliamentary power and Royal prerogative which in the next reign led to civil war and the scaffold of Whitehall, he steered that middle course which commended itself to his clear calm judgment. His temperament was cautious to a fault. Lord Clarendon, after admitting his great parts and his honour and fidelity to the King, represents him as rather a speculative

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[1] I have condensed in Appendix a most curious and characteristic account (first published in Collins's "Sydney Papers") by the Earl, of his quarrel with his brother-in-law, at Petworth; one of the most vivid glimpses I know into the life of two hundred and fifty years ago.

than a practical man, who expected a greater certitude in the consultation of business than the business of this world is capable of, and complains of the staggering and irresolution of his nature.

In truth his reason, like that of his brother-in-law, the Earl of Northumberland, was altogether on the side of Law—and Parliament, as the framer of law—against Prerogative and the King as its interpreter, though his aversion to extremes in men and measures, and his love of retirement and study, prevented him from asserting his principles with the same distinctness, or carrying them out in practice with the same determination, as Northumberland.

In 1632, Lord Leicester (who had succeeded to the title in 1620) was appointed Ambassador Extraordinary to the King of Denmark, in which mission James Howell[1] was his secretary. Its object was partly ceremonial, to condole with the King of Denmark and Princes of Holstein, on the death of Sophia, Queen Dowager of Denmark, and mother of Anne, Queen of James I.

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[1] Author of the interesting collection of letters, so often reprinted.

But the ambassador was charged besides to look after the interests of King Charles and his sister Elizabeth, wife of the Elector Palatine, in the Queen Dowager's dowry and accumulations, which were reputed to have made her, says Howell, the richest Queen in Christendom.[1] Lord Leicester was living at Baynard's Castle, when he sent for Howell to offer him the secretaryship of this embassy,[2] so that it is clear Leicester House was not built in May, 1632. His allowances, we learn from Howell, were £8 a day. He embarked at Margate, aboard one of His Majesty's ships commanded by Sir John Pennington, in the course of October, taking with him his two eldest boys, Philip and Algernon, lads of ten and twelve. His design was to train these boys early to the knowledge of men, of business and of foreign languages and countries. They had a quick passage, and found the King of Denmark at Rendsburg, in Holstein, holding a Parliament of his "Jonkers." The embassy made a gallant show (says Howell),[3]

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[1] Howell's "Familiar Letters," p. 216.

[2] Ibid.

[3] "Letters," p. 221.

"near upon a hundred all of one piece in mourning." After Howell had made Latin speeches to the King, his eldest son Christian V. King Elect, and Prince Frederick, Archbishop of Bremen, the King's third son, they fell to business, no doubt on the partition of the inheritance, which occupied them nearly a month. We are reminded of Hamlet's account of Danish habits by more than one passage in Howell's letters, as when he writes how "the king feasted my lord once, and it lasted from eleven of the clock towards the evening, during which time the King began thirty-five healths: the first to the Emperor, the second to his nephew of England, and so went over all the kings and queens of Christendom, but he never remembered the Prince Palsgrave's health or his niece's all the while.[1] The king was taken away at last in his chair, but my Lord of Leicester bore up stoutly all the while, so that when there came two of the King's guard to take him by the arms as he was going down the stairs, my lord shook them off and went alone."

[1] The King of Bohemia's and his Queen Elizabeth's.

From Rendsburg the embassy went to Gottorp in Schleswick, to the court of the Duke of Holstein, thence to Husum in Ditmarsh to that of the Duchess (Queen Anne's youngest sister), where Howell notes that when in his speech about her mother's death he named the Lady Sophia, the tears came down her cheeks. Thence they journeyed by way of Rendsburg to Hamburg to take ship for their return.

During this embassy Lord Leicester used his good offices to accommodate the differences between the free town of Hamburg and the King of Denmark, and made a gallant effort to obtain payment of the share of the Queen Dowager's estate due to the unfortunate Queen of Bohemia, whom he hoped to see at the Hague, pledging his honour and all his estate that this should no way prejudice his settlement of accounts with his Royal Master. The King of Denmark, while highly extolling the nobleness of the motion, protested that he had been so drained in the late war that his chests were yet empty. This is interesting in connection with the subsequent relations of the Earl of Leicester and the ill-starred Queen, for

whom he found a last home in Leicester House.

So the embassy departed. While waiting for a wind at Hamburg, on the voyage home, they were startled by the news of the death of Gustavus Adolphus[1] at the battle of Lützen, from one who said that he had been in the action. Yet the Exchange was full (says Howell) of people laying wagers against his death. He was killed the very day the English embassy set out from Hamburg. Howell notes the death, about the same time, of the unfortunate husband of the Lady Elizabeth (whom Howell calls the Prince Palatine and nowhere King of Bohemia), and refers it to the shock he received from the news of the death of Gustavus Adolphus, by whose aid he hoped to "enter into a re-possession of his country."

It seems to have been between the Earl's return from this embassy at the end of November, 1632, and his starting on a more important one to France in 1636, that Leicester House was built.

The choice of the site was no doubt mainly

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[1] Howell's "Familiar Letters," p. 229.

determined by the Earl's ownership of the lands of St. Giles's Hospital, derived through the grant of Henry VIII. to his ancestor John Dudley, Viscount Lisle. He had other associations with the neighbourhood, having been brought up with his brothers as the playmate of Prince Henry, and no doubt having often shared with the Prince the exercises of the Military Yard.

Another circumstance which may have had to do with the Earl's choice of site, was the nearness of Newport House. Its builder, when Lord Montjoy, had been his father's close friend, and had held the Earl himself at the font. As the Earl of Northumberland, in 1639, was in treaty for Newport House because of its nearness to the Earl's mansion,[1] the Earl may have been attracted by the neighbourhood of Lord Newport's. Or the sites of the two houses may have been determined at the same time, from the friendship of the two Lords.

Between 1632, when the Earl of Leicester's name first appears in the parish books with the Earl of Newport's as living in Military Street,

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[1] Collins, vol. ii. p. 622.

and 1636, Lord Leicester was at home, busy with his new house, but residing principally at Penshurst. These were eventful years, including the first efforts of the King to raise money and forces without the aid of Parliament, by the granting of monopolies, the resumption of the ancient forestal rights of the Crown, by new-fangled money licences for foreign travel, and writs of ship-money, the first of which was issued on the 10th of August, 1634, the day after the death of Attorney-General Noy, their unlucky draftsman. A little more than a year before, Charles had been crowned King of Scotland at Holyrood, and had alienated the sturdy Covenanting spirits of Scotland as hopelessly as he had irritated English Protestantism and Parliamentarism by the attempts of Laud to reduce the Church to a universal conformity more in the spirit of Rome than England, and by the extension of the writs of ship-money to the inland as well as to the maritime counties and towns.

Several proclamations commanding noblemen and gentlemen to reside on their estates were issued during these years, when there was indeed a constant effort to restrain resort to the

City of London, which was then held to impoverish the.country and increase the infections[1] in the City. An information was exhibited in the Star Chamber, Nov. 1, 1635, against seven lords, sixty baronets and knights, and above 800 gentlemen, for non-observance of one of these proclamations. The Earl of Leicester needed no such compulsion of law to keep him at Penshurst. He always loved that beautiful seat more than all the world beside.

The Earl's family by this time consisted of three sons, Philip (born 1619 or 1620), Algernon (born 1622), Robert (born 1626), and six daughters, Dorothy (born 1617), Lucy (born 1625), Anne (born 1627), Mary (born 1629), Frances (born 1630), and Isabella (born 1634). Handsome Henry was born in 1640, and two girls were born later, who died unnamed.

It is easy to imagine the sons and daughters of Earl Robert and Countess Dorothy growing up amid the Kentish shades of Penshurst, with occasional visits to London, now growing yearly more disaffected, while the new house was in progress,

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[1] Proclamation of Nov. 1, 1635.

and, till it was fit to receive them, living in Baynard's Castle, the old Thames-side palace, between Paul's Wharf and Blackfriars, facing the Globe Theatre and the Bear Garden on Bankside. The Earl, we may be sure, who took his two eldest sons with him on his Danish and French embassies, did not allow them to be separated from him in London, except for the most potent reasons.

In May, 1636, the Earl was sent Ambassador Extraordinary to France. His instructions[1] directed him to press the propositions made by Charles for a reciprocal restitution of the Palatinate and Lorraine, with a view to a general peace; the Emperor being prepared, it was hoped, on the restitution of Lorraine by France, to invest Charles's nephew, the Prince Palatine, with the dignities and estate of his father, the luckless husband of the Lady Elizabeth.

We need not follow here the progress of the Earl's negotiations during the four years his Embassy lasted. His allowance for ordinary entertainment and extraordinary charges was

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[1] Collins's "Sydney Papers," vol. ii. p. 375.

of £400 a month. His very full official correspondence, first with Mr. Secretary Coke, and then with Mr. Secretary Windebank, throws very valuable light, both on the international politics of the time, on the usages of diplomatic and Court life in France, including a great many squabbles about precedence of coaches and at audiences, and on the troubles of the Earl as Envoy Extraordinary with the regular English Ambassador, Lord Scudamore.

Constant complaints occur of the difficulty of getting his bills paid, and the emptiness of Charles the First's treasury stands as clearly revealed in this correspondence, as that of his son in the diplomatic journals of Henry Sidney, fifty years later.

The Earl's diplomatic intercourse was carried on mainly with de Bouillon, de Chavigny, and le Père Joseph, on behalf of Richelieu. The object of France was to involve England in a quarrel with the Emperor, then actually invading France; the object of England was to bring about a general peace, but on condition of restoration of the Prince Palatine to his dominions; but there was a natural reluctance to ex-

change alliance with the Emperor, an hereditary friend, for one with France, an hereditary foe.

Projects of a treaty were exchanged and discussed at Paris, commented upon and corrected in London, and submitted to Richelieu, but nothing effectual had been concluded, when Charles's diplomatic dealings were cut short by the sharp and rude edge of civil war.

Through all these years there is a close and affectionate correspondence between the Earl and his wife and some graceful little letters from his eldest daughter, full of that dutiful and almost abject submission which daughters used to their parents in those days, though pretty Dorothy was now growing to marriageable years.

The greater part of the Countess's time during her Lord's absence was spent at Penshurst with her children. But in March, 1636, she writes from Leicester House[1] a letter full of affection and motherly matrimonial projects; one, suggesting that their eldest son Philip might even aspire to the hand of Mademoiselle de Rohan (my Lady has heard that "she looked much at him, as

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[1] Collins, "Sydney Papers," vol. ii. p. 472.

if she liked him well"), which Lord Leicester had been instructed to solicit for Prince Rupert. Lady Leicester was the more inclined hereto as it might clear the way for a match between my Lord of Devonshire (whom his mother had thought of suggesting as an English husband for Mademoiselle de Rohan), and Dorothy Sidney. In an earlier letter from Penshurst (November 9) she had sent her blessing to Algernon, "whom I hear much commended by all that come from you, and Nic, who spake well of very few, said he had a huge deal of wit and much sweetness of nature." On April 20, 1637, she writes from Leicester House of money received for the payment of workmen, "who had already begun to finish the upper rooms." She adds, "the men do not work in the house and can bring no danger to us"—that is, I presume, of infection from plague, always present and always feared.

This shows that the internal fittings of the house had not been finished when the Earl left England. A proposal was made (on March 29, 1637) by the Earl of Danby to the Countess, then at Leicester House, for a match between

Lord Lovelace and the fair Dorothy. For land and wealth nothing could be better, but his breeding, my Lord Danby is forced to confess, "hath not been precisely of the best since his father's decease, yet being well inclined, beyond all doubt my Lord of Leicester's great wisdom and the good example of your sons will soon set him into those courses which are fittest for his quality." In mentioning the match to her Lord the Countess says she hears that the young man's estate would be £6,000 a-year, of which he now enters on £3,500, his mother having a life-interest in the rest; his person not to be disliked, and no want of wit, yet "he has kept extreme ill company, and will sometimes drink to distemper himself,"—"a foul fault," she adds, "and would keep me from thinking of him at all, did I not hope that good advice and good conversation would bring him from any such delight."

The courting commenced and went on languidly through the spring of 1637, when we may fancy the loose young gallant paying his visits at Leicester House to the fair Dorothy, under

the watchful eye of her notable mother,[1] till at length she finds him "so idle, so much addicted to mean company, and so easily drawn to debauchery, as it is now her study to break off with him, so that it may be said that we have refused him, not he jilted us." As the Lady Dorothy abhorred her suitor, we need not regret that this affair was broken off. My Lord of Devonshire, too, had waxed cold. On the Sunday before this letter is written (May 18) the Countess had been summoned to Court by the Queen, who with a cheerful countenance told her all was concluded in France, thanks to her Lord, who had sent one with the good news. With this tidings she comes back from Whitehall to Leicester House all joyful, in hopes of finding a letter of her Lord to confirm it, but finds none, and then learns that the report is owing to a stupid blunder of my Lord Holland's, against whom she cautions her husband, that he had better not write anything to him which he would not have him discourse of.

[1] Collins, vol. ii. pp. 492 and 495.

She has, soon after, a delicate commission from her Lord to buy the Queen of France a handsome present, and fixes upon bone lace, to the value of £120, "for these laces are extremely dear."[1] One can readily imagine the busy housewife leaving her superintendence of the workmen in Leicester House to go shopping in the City, and secure the best pennyworth she might for her lord's money. They were neither of them above a shrewd eye to the main chance.

[1] Collins, vol. ii. p. 494.

Chapter III.

LEICESTER HOUSE UNDER CHARLES AND CROMWELL.

IN March, 1639, Lord Leicester was summoned from France by the King, then at the beginning of his unhappy troubles with the Scots, and commanded to follow his Majesty to York, where however his advice to accommodate matters with the Scots "rather than to make war, when nothing was to be gained and much to be lost" was not listened to, and the Earl returned to Leicester House, where a marriage had been concluded between Dorothy and the Lord Spencer, which was consummated at Penshurst, July 20, 1639. This the Earl records, and goes on: "Being to return to France, as I did in August the same

year, I took my son Robert Sidney with me, who was then about thirteen years old. My wife was to follow me thither, which she did, with my new son-in-law and my daughter his wife, and arrived in Paris much about Michaelmas: her two eldest unmarried daughters, Lucy and Anne Sidney, also came thither with her, and the others were left at Penshurst, with a gentlewoman, their governess, sister to Sir Dodmore Cotton, being very young, the eldest about ten years old. In May, 1641,[1] I came into England by the King's special commandment, and the death of my Lord Strafford happening at that time, the King, to perform his promises often made unto me, to employ and advance me further in his affairs, declared me Governor of Ireland at the Council-table, and soon after gave me commission under the Great Seal of England to be Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland."

In the mean time he was ordered to return to Paris, finish his embassage there, and return to

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[1] This disposes, were it necessary, of a canard or flying sheet of the time which I give in Appendix B. as an illustration of the means taken at that time to inflame opinion against the Papists.

England towards the winter to meet the King in London, on his return from Scotland. All this the Earl did, arriving in London, with his wife and family, early in October, 1641, with tokens of the Court of France's favour in the shape of a jewel valued at £1,200, given him by the King, and one, valued at £600, given to the Countess by the Queen.

During the last two years momentous events had occurred. The King had raised his army for war upon the Scots, contrary to the advice of Leicester, the Earl of Northumberland, and all his wisest councillors. . The Scots had crossed the border in defiance; a truce had been concluded at Ripon, and the discussion of a more permanent settlement adjourned to London. The Long Parliament had met, had voted the levying of ship-money illegal; had impeached Laud and Sir Robert Berkeley, one of the judges who had given his opinion in favour of the legality of the writs for ship-money; and had not only impeached, but attainted and beheaded, Lord Strafford.

The Parliament which had done all this had only adjourned on September the 3rd, and when

the Earl and his family resumed their residence at Leicester House, early in October, its doings must have been in all mouths, and the fear or favour of it in all hearts.

We may imagine by the light of their subsequent careers, how Philip and Algernon Sidney, then accomplished young gentlemen of twenty-two and twenty, must have been affected by these events, so great in themselves, and so pregnant with even greater consequences. Philip, Viscount Lisle, was now with the army of the North. He had arrived in London from Paris in May, 1640, had been kindly welcomed by his uncle, the Earl of Northumberland, and at once despatched to take command of a troop of horse in the army raised for service against the Scots and commanded by his uncle. Within a month of Strafford's execution, the Earl of Leicester[1] had been formally appointed by the King—in succession to Strafford—his Lieutenant-General, Governor and Commander of the Forces in Ireland, then in bloody rebellion. After his final return from France, in October, we find

[1] On the 14th of June, 1641. Strafford was beheaded on the 12th of May.

the Earl in constant attendance on the King (who had come back from Scotland in November), daily expecting his despatch for Ireland, whither he had already sent his two eldest sons, Philip and Algernon, with commands of horse. But the sinews of war were wanting. It was the Earl's irksome task to solicit these from a House of Commons utterly and finally alienated from the King by his attempt (in January, 1642) to seize the five members. Through all that troublous autumn and winter, the Earl was a solicitor in London, and may have witnessed the swords drawn in Palace Yard in the scuffle between Lunsford and the citizens; the triumphant return to their seats of the five members, escorted by the sheriffs and the trainbands; and the reception of John Hampden, on landing from his barge at Westminster, by 4,000 mounted gentlemen and yeomen of Buckinghamshire.

It was on the 12th of that fatal January that the King left London for Hampton Court, not again to enter it but as a captive. With his departure the war between King and Parliament in effect began, though the Royal Standard was

not actually set up till the 22nd of August at Nottingham. Shortly before this, the Earl of Leicester, who had been promised by the Parliament £55,000 for his Irish service, had again been attending the King, following the Royal head-quarters from York to Nottingham and Stafford, and urgently soliciting his final despatch for Ireland. His sons were already serving there; his own servants, horses, and equipages were awaiting embarkation at Chester. But Parliament stopped the promised supplies, and the Earl had, perforce, to return to London and recommence his weary work of soliciting the House of Commons. At last, despairing of success with the Parliament, he determined, as he says, "rather to go empty than not at all," and had reached Chester with this intent, when he fell sick, and lay, unable to travel, through November and December. At last, though scarce restored for the voyage, he was on the point of starting, when he was summoned by repeated messages to the King, then at Oxford. Here he remained in fruitless attendance, the author of councils ever rejected, in vain urging his despatch to Ireland, from the beginning of January to the

end of November, 1643, when his Irish commission was cancelled. His charges already incurred in connection with this appointment, obliged him, he says, to sell land worth £1,000 a year, besides encumbering his estates, and spending some £3,000 in hard money to boot. The King expressed himself willing to defray the charges, incurred entirely in his service, but had not the means.

Parliament, of course, was unwilling to recoup one whom it regarded as a partizan of the King's. Indeed, it had sequestered his estates while he was with Charles at Oxford; and it required all the efforts of the Countess, aided by her brother, the Earl of Northumberland, to get the order discharged in October, 1643. The Earl of Leicester was the only Lord at Oxford who refused to sign the declaration of the Peers, disavowing and reprobating all the acts done by the pretended authority of Parliament, and exhorting the Scots Council to desert from their purpose of sending an army into England to co-operate with the Parliamentary forces. This refusal was given after the King had determined the Earl's Irish commission, and could not there-

fore have caused its determination. It is evident enough that, however loyally disposed, the Earl of Leicester was one of those more thoughtful and scrupulous Royalists who found it impossible to go along with the King, though unwilling to cast in their lot with the Parliament. He met with the usual fate of scrupulous men—the distrust and dislike of all parties. This disappointment of the Irish command, and the troubles of the time, put an end to the Earl's public life. From this time his sons become more conspicuous figures than their father. He lived for the rest of his life mainly at Penshurst, occupying Leicester House during his visits to London. It was also tenanted by any of his family who happened to be in town; by his elder son, Philip Lord Lisle, till his marriage; by Algernon, while attending Parliament; by Robert, in the brief interval between his being summoned from Paris, and his taking service in the United Provinces; and by Henry, who grew up into one of the gayest, handsomest, and most accomplished gentlemen of his time, his mother's darling and his sisters' favourite, who had the art of winning the confidence of men as well

as the love of women; and who, for all his proneness to pleasure, was the trusted confidant of William of Orange, and one of the far-sighted seven who signed the instrument inviting him to the throne of England.

At the opening of the Revolutionary struggle, we may people Leicester House at pleasure with *dramatis personæ* of the period, suitable to the different characters of the Sidney family party; the most grave, ardent, and scholarly of the republicans, Hazelrigg and Ludlow, Lambert and Henry Neville, Milton and Cyriac Skinner, Harrington and Selden, Vane and Bradshaw, Wildman and Marten—the *intransigentes,* in fact, of the Revolution—as the associates of Algernon; its more soldierly or politic, but less advanced and uncompromising adherents, for the comrades of Lord Lisle. Henry would have sought his companions among those brighter and blither members of a stern party, who, like Waller, managed to unite with the profession of Roundhead opinions, something of the grace and gaiety of the cavalier. But Henry was at this time still a child. With the variously endowed brothers, and their sagacious, widely-read, and much experi-

enced father, we may group, during her visits to London, their notable and high-spirited mother, in whom the pride of the Percys was coupled with a devotion to the interests of her husband and children that knew no bounds, and a rare energy in forwarding them; her more attractive, but less trustworthy sister Lucy, Countess of Carlisle, the impoverished widow of a husband who had squandered £400,000, and left scarce an acre behind him, restless, unscrupulous, fascinating, delighting to mix herself up in all intrigues and combinations, to win the confidence of all parties, and in turn bewitch and betray their leaders; and, by their side, the lovely daughters of the house, Dorothy and Lucy, the former now in the grief of early widowhood for her noble young husband, Henry Lord Spencer, created Earl of Sunderland on the 6th of June, 1643, and killed less than four months after at Newbury — "fighting for the King," says Clarendon, "under the obligation of honour, for he held no command,"—at three and twenty, and within less than four years of a marriage crowned with every joy of wedlock.[1] There are

[1] He left two orphans, a boy and girl, of whom the boy

few letters in the English language that inspire more regard and respect for the writer than Lord Spencer's to his young wife—she was just his own age—penned the year before his death, the last only four days before he received his fatal wound.[1] And one of the most touching letters of consolation I have ever read is her father's, written to console his Dorothy under her bereavement. It is clear, from Lord Spencer's letters, that he, like Falkland, and so many of the noblest spirits in the royal army, felt that the King was rushing to his doom. Like Falkland, who fell in the same battle, he sacrificed life to honour.[2] At the time of his elevation to the earldom, he was said to be connected with all the nobility

was Lord Sunderland, the able but unscrupulous minister of three sovereigns. Another son, Henry, his grandfather's darling, was born after his death.

[1] They will be found in Collins's "Sydney Papers," vol. ii. p. 667, *et seqq.*

[2] See his letter to his wife September 21, 1642. "How much I am unsatisfied with the proceedings here, I have at large expressed in several letters. Neither is there wanting handsome occasion to retire were it not for gaining honour. For let occasion be never so handsome—unless a man resolve to fight on the Parliament side, which for my part I had rather be hanged—it will be said a man is afraid

then at court except the Duke of Hamilton. Lady Dorothy, before her marriage, had rejected the suit of the poet Waller, who has dedicated a series of poems to her under the name of "Saccharissa." Her portrait still hangs at Penshurst. "Latent energy and royal temper," says its latest describer, "sleep in the large languishing eyes, and even in the softness of a luxurious person, a blonde complexion and sunny hair, there are unmistakeable suggestions of pride and haughty reserve."[1] If pride belonged to the race of Sidney,

> "It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace,
> A pride in honest fame by virtue gained,
> In sturdy sons, to virtuous labours trained;
> Pride in a life that slander's tongue defied,
> In fact a noble passion, misnamed pride."[2]

No family in the English peerage can boast such sons and daughters for all gifts and graces

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to fight. If there could be an expedient found to salve the punctilio of honour, I would not continue here an hour. The discontent that I and many other honest men receive daily is beyond expression."

[1] Robert Bell's preface to Waller's Poems in the annotated edition of the British Poets. Parker and Son, 1854.

[2] Crabbe," The Village." Isaac Ashford.

of mind and body, as the Sidneys of this and the preceding generation. Their glory is enough to consecrate the ground on which their London home once stood, through all the lower associations which its subsequent history has accumulated over the site of Leicester House.

When their father's Irish commission was cancelled, Philip, Viscount Lisle, and Algernon Sidney were fighting rebellion, in Ireland, as colonel and captain in the same regiment of horse. They obtained leave to return to England, under injunction to join the King at Oxford. Touching at Chester, some of Algernon's horses were pressed for the King's service, on which they protested and put to sea again, but on landing at Liverpool were detained by the Commissioners of the Parliament until further orders, and a letter of Sidney's to Orlando Bridgeman at Chester, claiming restitution of his horses that they might join the King at Oxford, led to their being sent prisoners to London, under safe convoy, by order of the Parliament. This arrest was attributed by those about the King to their own or their father's contrivance. This injurious suspicion completed what, no doubt, their father's

treatment and their own feelings had already paved the way for, the exchange of the King's service for that of the Parliament. On the 2nd of July, 1644, Algernon was at Marston Moor, leading the Earl of Manchester's regiment to the charge, and "coming off with much honour but many wounds."

"The Parliamentary Scout," No. 57, tells how "Colonel Sidney being dangerously wounded in the late fight, and within the enemy's power, one stepped out of Colonel Cromwell's regiment, and brought him off without any hurt to himself. The Colonel seeing his great love and courage, desired to know his name that he might reward him. He answered it was not that he did it for, and therefore for his name he desired to be excused, and so it remained unknown to any but himself who did it." Algernon was brought to Leicester House for the cure of his wounds. After his recovery, when the army was new-modelled under Sir Thomas Fairfax, he was promoted to a command of horse in Cromwell's division, when he took for his banner the motto, worthy of a Sidney, "*Sanctus amor patriæ dat animum.*" On the 10th of May he was appointed

Governor of Chichester. Within a few days of his appointment, Viscount Lisle married Lady Catherine, daughter of William Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, a new link in the Sidney chain of honours. From this time Lord Lisle's London life is connected with Salisbury House in the Strand, opposite Bedford House and Covent Garden, where the Earl's journal records the birth of his eldest son, on the 21st of January following the marriage.

In the preceding January Viscount Lisle had been appointed Governor-General of Ireland, though his commission was not signed till April, owing to delays contrived by Lord Inchiquin, President of Munster, a Royalist in disguise then holding supreme authority in Ireland. For the same reason he was unable to proceed to his government till nearly the close of the year for which he was appointed. Thus the brothers were together in London, though no longer in Leicester House, during the whole of 1645-46. Algernon had been appointed lieutenant-general of horse and governor of Dublin under his brother, and released by resolution from his attendance in Parliament. But it was not till the 1st of

February, 1646-7, a week after the christening of Viscount Lisle's firstborn, that the brothers left England. They landed at Monkstown, near Cork, on the 21st, having just had time before their departure to hear of the surrender of the King at Newcastle to the Commissioners of the Parliament by the Scots Commissioners, for £200,000.

The Earl, as we learn from his journal, was at Leicester House all the time that his son's Irish government was under discussion in the House of Commons. He had serious business of his own on hand. The House of Lords was now reduced to some twenty members by desertion of the King's friends. Chief among the peers who adhered to the Parliament were the Earl of Northumberland, Lord Leicester's brother-in-law, and the Earl of Salisbury, the father of his son's wife. Northumberland was employed by Lord Holland, a notorious turn-coat and time-server, to sound the Earl of Leicester as to his willingness to join him in a demand for readmission to the House of Lords. The Earl with characteristic caution declined so questionable an association, preferring to wait the course of events. The matter was in agitation all the spring, and there must have been

much going to and fro between Salisbury, Suffolk,[1] and Leicester Houses. The intrigues of Lord Inchiquin paralyzed the efforts of Lord Lisle to restore order and put down the rebellion in Ireland; and the Inchiquin party in the House of Commons procured his recall and the removal of Algernon from the governorship of Dublin in less than two months after their landing at Cork. They reached London on the 1st of May. Algernon was now again at Leicester House, in close Parliamentary attendance through the troubles fostered by the Royalists between City and Army, and Army and Parliament, in all of which Algernon Sidney was steady on the side of law and order.

On Friday, the 2nd of June, was great grief at Leicester House. Mary, the Earl's fourth living daughter, was dying there at nineteen. The Earl simply records the fact in his diary, with the sending of the body to Penshurst, and the burial on Sunday the 11th.

Kent was now in insurrection, and Penshurst was hardly a safe residence. The rebels under

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[1] Afterwards Northumberland House.

Goring had possessed themselves of Rochester, Canterbury and Maidstone, and had laid siege to Dover Castle. Lord Fairfax beat them out of Maidstone, pursued them through Rochester and Greenwich, and thence through Essex to Colchester, to which he laid siege. In July, the Earl of Holland drew to Banstead Downs, with the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Peterborough, Lord Francis Villars, and other noblemen and gentlemen, who were defeated with loss near Kingston. They kept up a running fight in Surrey for some days, and thence, retreating to Huntingdonshire, the Earl of Holland was taken prisoner at St. Neot's, and his force defeated by Colonel Scrope. This success, with the defeat of the Scotch army at Preston by Cromwell, that of the Earl of Traquair in Cheshire, and of the Duke of Hamilton and Sir Marmaduke Langdale in Staffordshire, and the taking of Colchester by Fairfax, on August 28, completed the discomfiture of the King's adherents. Lord Lisle and Algernon Sidney took part in the vote for a solemn thanksgiving by both Houses of Parliament, on the 7th of September, for God's wonderful mercy in the success bestowed upon the Parliament forces.

Within a week after, the Commissioners of the Lords and Commons were treating with the King at Newport, whither Charles was allowed to pass on his parole from Carisbrooke. Of the Peers' Commission the Earls of Northumberland and Salisbury were the leaders. The negotiations were prolonged till the end of November, but without effect; and when the commissioners left the King, and returned to London, they found Fairfax and his army, which had possessed itself of the King's person and carried him to Hurst Castle, quartered in Whitehall and the Mews.

In December, Algernon was appointed governor of Dover, so lately besieged by the Kentish rebels, and we have no direct evidence as to the part he took in the struggle between the Army and the Presbyterian majority in Parliament, which was summarily disposed of by "Pride's Purge."

I am not aware if Algernon was all this time in London, but the probability is, that if so, he took part with his old commander Fairfax, and the officers who were now urgent for the King's trial.

"On the 4th of January" (1648-49), writes the Earl in his journal, "the Commons finished their great order for the trial of the King, and

ordered it to be forthwith engaged; and then the House proceeded to a declaration concerning the legislative power, and how it is originally not in the King, nor Lords, but in the Commons. It is observed that on the 4th of May, 1641, the King came to the House of Commons to seize the five members of the House, Mr. Hollis, Sir Arthur Hazelrigge, Mr. Hampden, Mr. Pym, and Mr. Stroud. The Commissioners for this great business of the trial of the King being 150, named in the ordinance, 20 of them are to be a committee as of the quorum for the trial of him, and to give sentence against him." The Peers stood aloof, after rejecting the ordinance for trial of the King at their last sitting, on the 2nd of January, at which the Earl of Northumberland was present, with thirteen other Lords. The Earl of Leicester had left London for Penshurst some time before. On the 20th of January began this momentous trial. We have Algernon's own account, though given long after, of his conduct at this crisis.[1] He had been at Penshurst

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[1] See his letter to the Earl of Leicester from Rome, Nov. 19-29, 1660. Blencowe's "Sidney Papers," p. 237.

when the Act for the trial passed. Coming up to town on the 19th, he found that his name was included among the judges, then assembled in the Painted Chamber. He went thither at once, heard the Act read, and his name among the rest. A debate ensued as to the course of procedure. After listening for some time in silence, Colonel Sidney spoke in opposition to Cromwell, Bradshaw, and others, who would have had the trial go on, taking these two points,—first, that the King could be tried by no court; secondly, that no man could be tried by that court. His protest was over-ruled, Cromwell "using these formal words:" "I tell you we will cut off his head with the crown upon it." Colonel Sidney replied, "You may take your own course; I cannot stop you; but I will keep myself clean from having any hand in this business," immediately went out of the room, and never returned. Lord Lisle, who was also a Commissioner, joined his brother in opposition to the trial; and, after Algernon's protest, both left London for Penshurst, arriving (as the Earl notes in his journal) "unexpectedly on Monday the 22nd, and remaining till Monday the 29th,"

so that neither was present at the condemnation of the King, and Algernon was never in Westminster Hall during the trial.

Algernon Sidney was not more favourably disposed to the King than those who voted his death, but his scrupulously upright nature revolted from the high-handed defiance of constitutional law and right which had pronounced the Commons alone a competent court to try him. It is probable that he was of the party described by Clarendon as in favour of Charles's deposition, to be secured by banishment or imprisonment, with the concurrence of both Houses of Parliament. There is no evidence that any Sidney witnessed the King's execution, though the Earl's cousin, Lord Pembroke, and his son's father-in-law, Lord Salisbury, were looking on—to the Earl's grave disgust—from the lodgings of the former in the Cockpit part of Whitehall, as the King passed through the gallery of the Holbein gate on his way to the scaffold. From this moment, Algernon says, he considered Cromwell, Bradshaw, Harrison, and others of their party, as his enemies, though he continued to sit in

Parliament when, after the abolition of the House of Lords,[1] all power had been concentrated in its hands, peers being made eligible to it, and (among others) Lord Salisbury being returned for Lynn. Algernon served on several committees through the session, and must have been at Leicester House most part of the year, being elected in November a member of the Council of State, first appointed in February, of which Bradshaw was President, and Milton Secretary for Foreign Correspondence. Lord Lisle had been one of its original members. In March of this year there had been bitter mourning at Leicester House, for the death of Harry Spencer, the youngest son of Lady Sunderland, born after her husband's death. The Earl records in his Journal (p. 71), the death of the "sweet little boy, aged five years from October last." The day after, Colonel Harrison[2] appeared at Leicester House, sad in its new mourning, with a warrant for the arrest of

[1] On the 6th of February the motion was carried "that the House of Peers in Parliament is useless and dangerous, and ought to be abolished."

[2] The Earl's Journal, p. 71.

Lady Carlisle. She at first refused, but afterwards surrendered herself, without being permitted to exchange a farewell with the Countess her sister, and was at once carried before the Council of State at Whitehall, examined, sent to her own lodging under guard, and committed to the Tower next day. Her crime was complicity in Lord Holland's ill-planned attempt at a rising, for which Clarendon says she pawned a pearl necklace for £1,500.[1] All this, with Algernon's increasing alienation from the dominant party in Parliament, and the recent family sorrow, could not have tended to make Leicester House a cheerful home this year. But a striking tribute to the respect of the ruling powers for the Earl and Countess was given in June, when they were entrusted with the charge of the King's children, the Duke of Gloucester and Princess Elizabeth. They were at once sent down to Penshurst, where they remained, tenderly cared for, till the 9th of August, when they were removed to Carisbrooke Castle. In less than a month the poor young Princess was found

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[1] Vol. iii. p. 30, Oxford edition.

dead in her bed, with her cheek upon her Bible. The thread of her life had been snapped by the execution of her father. By her last wishes she left to the Earl and Countess a diamond jewel which she had placed for safe keeping in their hands; with a pearl necklace in trust to deliver to her brother, the Duke of Gloucester. She left some ornaments of smaller value in the hands of Lady Sunderland, gifts to her in case of her own death. No doubt the poor child felt the shadow of the grave upon her when she left the kindly hands of the Sidneys, and this last bequest showed how she loved and trusted them.

On the 18th of April, the Earl signed the engagement of fidelity to the Commonwealth as now established, without a King or a House of Lords. Without signing this he could neither have sued or been sued, or acted as guardian or trustee. Oliver Cromwell on June 1st returned triumphantly from Ireland, and in the course of the month was appointed in place of Lord Fairfax generalissimo of the Parliament's forces, to Algernon Sidney's small satisfaction, for he had long disliked the man, and distrusted his ambi-

tion. They were both too uncompromising and self-confident for friends.

On the 22nd of August there was a wedding at Penshurst, of Isabella, a beautiful girl of eighteen, to Philip Smythe, Lord Viscount Strangford. His father had married the Earl's sister, and the Earl was strongly opposed to the marriage of "so neare persons and cousins," and the union turned out unhappily, the young viscount being a profligate and a spendthrift, and Algernon having incurred heavy debts for him, besides risking his father's displeasure by interceding on his and his wife's behalf, in the family quarrels which came of the marriage. Scarcely was the wedding-feast cleared away at Penshurst, when Algernon was again in London, hearing Cromwell's report to Parliament of the crowning mercy of Dunbar. But at Penshurst sorrow had followed hard on the heels of feasting. Dorothy had left her old home at the end of September, to join her brother in London, before taking up her lonely life at Althorpe, leaving her sweet young sister, Elizabeth, in a decline. On the 3rd of October she died. "Not above half an hour before death," her father records in his journal, "she took her leave of the family, and

when I told her, 'Betty, I have prayed for you, I desire you to pray for me;' she, holding me by the hand, said, 'I do pray for you heartily; and God be with you;' which were the last words I heard her say. She had to the last the most angelical countenance and beauty, and the most heavenly disposition and temper of mind that, I think, hath been seen in so young a creature, being not eighteen years old."

On the 26th of December Algernon was in his place in Parliament, at the audience of the Spanish ambassador, whose credentials, subscribed Phillipus, were the first from a sovereign prince that acknowledged the republic. He was followed by the minister of the King of Portugal. In July, 1651, the Earl records that while he was on his way from Leicester House for Penshurst, he was hindered, on his way to Hartshorne Alley, where he was to take boat over the Thames, by the thousands thronging towards Tower Hill, to see the execution of Mr. Lowe, minister of St. Lawrence, Jewry, convicted of holding treasonable correspondence with the King and of conspiring against the republic.[1] And now (Sept. 3) came the

[1] He was reprieved, but executed on 22nd August, "with

news of the great mercy of Worcester Fight, on the same day twelvemonth as the crowning mercy of Dunbar, and another thanksgiving day (Friday, Oct. 6th) was appointed by Parliament.

It is interesting to find one of Algernon Sidney's first duties, as a member of the Council of State, was to examine the purposes and plans of his ingenious cousin, Edward, Earl of Worcester, for the water-supply of London, by the use of a machine which has been supposed to be neither more nor less than the steam-engine in its earliest conception. The Marquis writes (on January 5, 1652), praying that Bradshaw, as President of the Council, with his cousin Algernon Sidney, and Sir Thomas Mildmay, may be appointed a Committee of the Council to communicate with him. This was probably the same water-raising invention, the profits of which, by patent of 14 Charles II., afterwards surrendered, the Marquis got settled upon himself and his descendants for ninety-nine years, subject to a royalty of one-tenth to the King, with a penalty

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another minister Gibbons, both barking against the government." The execution was followed by confession and submission of their accomplices, most of them ministers.

of £5 an hour on all who might use it without license of the inventor or his assignee, and which has been thought to have been the rudiment of Newcomen's condensing machine.

In March, 1652, the Earl was at Leicester House, and notes the great eclipse of the sun, about which Lilly and the almanack-makers foretold terrible things. From 9 to 11 the streets were deserted, people keeping at home, says the Earl, "as the Egyptians did during their darkness."

In May, this year, the outbreak of war with the Dutch began with the fight, betwixt Dover and Folkestone, of the Dutch fleet of forty-two sail under Van Tromp, and the English of but fourteen under Blake. Algernon Sidney had now resigned the governorship of Dover, where he had got involved in a quarrel, now beyond explanation, with some of his officers, and could not have listened to those broadsides, though their echo seemed still in his heart, when he wrote that proud passage of his "Discourses:"[1]

"When Van Tromp set upon Blake in Folk-

[1] Algernon Sidney's "Discourses on Government," c. ii. p. 28.

stone Bay, the Parliament had not above ten ships against threescore, and not a man that had ever seen any other fight at sea than between a merchant ship and a pirate, to oppose the best captain in the world, attended with many others, in valour and experience not much inferior to him. Many other difficulties were observed in this unsettled state: few ships, want of money, several factions, and some who, to advance particular interests, betrayed our public. But such was the power of wisdom and integrity in those that sat at the helm, and their diligence in choosing men only for their merit was blessed with such success, that in two years our fleets grew to be as famous as our land-armies: the reputation and power of our nation rose to a greater height than when we possessed the better half of France, and her kings of France and Scotland were our prisoners. All the states, kings, and potentates of Europe, most respectfully, not to say submissively, sought our friendship; and Rome was more afraid of Blake and his fleet than they had been of the great King of Sweden, when he was ready to invade Italy with a hundred thousand men."

If he did not hear the guns of that battle, he had certainly sat as one of the full Parliament to give audience to the ambassadors of Spain and Portugal, and as one of a committee to receive the minor ministers of Hamburg and Sweden. Not unnatural was the pride of Algernon Sidney in the attitude of England at this moment, so completely, as it would seem from this passage, did his strong pride of Englishman and Sidney carry him above all petty feeling of antagonism to those by whom he was shortly to be thrust out of his seat in Parliament. The festering hostility of Presbyterians and Independents, of Army and Parliament, had gradually been growing to a head. About this time came those significant conferences between Whitelock and Cromwell, in which the latter put the significant question: "What if a man should take upon him to be king?" on which Whitelock advised rather the entering into negotiations with the "King of Scots," and found Cromwell less ready for conference from that time forth. That matters were growing to a dead-lock which must needs have some sharp solution, could be no secret to the most thoughtful men in the House,

though it may be doubted if Algernon Sidney was prepared for the blow which was to fall upon the Parliament from the hand of Cromwell.

Among the green groves of Penshurst, in his own family, in the January of 1652, there had been marrying and burying. Dorothy, the widowed Countess of Sunderland, whom we have seen not two years before leaving her father for a life of widowhood at Althorp, had changed her mind, and was married to Sir Robert Smythe, a relation of the Viscount Strangford, who had married the Lady Isabella Sidney two years before. The Earl was not at the wedding, being, as he tells us, in London, but his daughter Lucy [1] was there, with Isabella and her husband, Lord Strangford, Algernon, and Robert Sidney. On the 19th of August, the marriage bells were changed for funeral, for Lord Lisle's young wife had died at Northumberland House in child-

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[1] The wife of John Pelham, son and heir of Sir Thomas Pelham, by whom she had issue, Thomas Lord Pelham (father of the Duke of Newcastle, and Thomas Pelham, the ministers of George II.), and Elizabeth, married to the Hon. Edward Montagu, father of Charles Earl of Halifax.

birth, after seven years of wedded life, aged twenty-four. Algernon came with his afflicted brother to Penshurst the day after, when the Earl offered his orphans a home, and a grandmother's for a mother's care, at Petworth. The little ones were at once sent for, and came down with the body of their mother, which was privately and rather hastily buried in the family vault at Penshurst.

While the sea-war between the two republics was going on with various fortunes through this summer and spring (August, 1652, to July, 1653)—Van Tromp, after one victory, sailing in triumph through the Channel, with a broom at his masthead, to sweep the English away from the sea, and so provoking the English spirit, that a new fleet was equipped within two months, which, in a three days' fight off Portland, utterly defeated the Dutch—the masked war between Presbyterians and Independents, the army and the civil powers, Cromwell and the more fanatical republicans, had also been pressed to the issue. Algernon Sidney had definitely cast in his lot with the more thorough-going republicans, who were not prepared to accept a dictator in Crom-

well. At length the day came when the ill-humour on both sides came to a head, and the gathering sore burst. I extract the account, no doubt Algernon's own given to his father, from the journal of the latter for Wednesday, 20th April, 1693.

A bill was under discussion on that day fixing the constitution of the Parliament to follow upon the present one.

"The Parliament sitting as usual, and being upon debate upon the bill, with the amendments, which it was thought would have been passed that day, the Lord General Cromwell came into the house clad in plain black clothes, with gray worsted stockings, and sate down as he used to do, in an ordinary place. After a while he rose up, put off his hat, and spoke. At the first and for a good while he spoke to the commendation of the Parliament, for their pains and care for the public good; but afterwards he changed his style, told them of their injustice, delays of justice, self-interest, and other faults. Then he said: 'Perhaps you think this is not Parliamentary language. I confess it is not, neither are you to expect any such from me.'

Then he put on his hat, went out of his place, and walked up and down the stage or floor in the midst of the House, with his hat on his head, and chided them soundly, looking sometimes and pointing particularly upon some persons, as Sir R. Whitelock, one of the Commissioners for the Great Seal, Sir Henry Vane, to whom he gave very sharp language, though he named them not, but by his gestures it was well known that he meant them. After this he said to Colonel[1] Harrison, who was a member of the House, "Call them in." Then Harrison went out and presently brought in Lieutenant-Colonel Wortley (who commanded the General's own regiment of foot), with five or six files of musketeers, about twenty or thirty, with their muskets. Then the general, pointing to the speaker in his chair, said to Harrison, 'Fetch him down.' Harrison went to the speaker and spoke to him to come down, but the speaker sate still, and said nothing. 'Take him down,' said the general; then Harrison went and pulled

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[1] The Earl in his journal more often spells this word "Coronell," than "Colonell."

the speaker by the gown, and he came down. It happened that day that Algernon Sidney sate next to the speaker on his right hand. The general said to Harrison, 'Put him out.' Harrison spake to Sidney to go out, but he said he would not go out, and sat still. The general said again, 'Put him out.' Then Harrison and Wortley put their hands upon Sidney's shoulders as if they would force him to go out, when he rose and went towards the door. Then the general went to the table where the mace lay, which used to be carried before the speaker, and said, 'Take away these baubles;' so the soldiers took away the mace and all the House went out; and at the going out, they say, the general said to young Sir Henry Vane, calling him by his name, that he might have prevented this extraordinary course, but he was a juggler and had not so much as common honesty. All being gone out, the door of the House was locked, and the key with the mace was carried away, as I heard, by Colonel Otley." [1]

From this moment Algernon Sidney's career,

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[1] Is not this a misprint for Wortley?

while Cromwell lived, was at an end. He retired to Penshurst, and there occupied himself with that essay on "Love" still in MS. at Penshurst, in which he pays the highest tribute to woman—as an intellectual being capable of the highest education—that had been paid her up to that time; and those high-pitched speculations on the principles of government, from which, in his iniquitous trial for high treason in connection with the Ryehouse Plot, in 1683, evidence was extracted for his condemnation, contrary to all law as well as justice. Lord Lisle continued in high favour with Cromwell, was one of his new Parliament and Council of State, tendered him the oath at his investiture as Protector, when the Great Seal was put into his hands, stood on the steps of the chair with drawn sword at his first meeting with his Parliament, and, in short, showed himself as thoroughly Cromwell's ready and willing servant, as Algernon was his determined opponent. That this should have led to a division between the brothers is not to be wondered at; and matters were not improved when, in June, 1656, to occupy his enforced leisure at Penshurst, Algernon got up the play of "Julius Cæsar," himself enacting the part

of Brutus. The audience applied many passages in the part of Brutus to Colonel Sidney, and in that of Cæsar to Cromwell. Lord Lisle writes an indignant letter to his father, complaining of the affront thus put on the Protector. Lord Lisle had just before told Cromwell that his father had put Leicester House at his service. The Protector thanked him, but seems to have declined the offer. It seems as if Lord Lisle had supposed that Algernon had interfered against this offer, for he complains bitterly that the younger son should so domineer in the house, that not only in regard to this matter which he has spoken of (the offer of Leicester House to serve Cromwell's occasions), but at all times, writes his lordship, "I am uncertain whether I can have the liberty to look at it (the house) or not, for it seems it is not only his (Algernon's) chamber, but the great room of the house, and perhaps the whole that he commands; and upon this occasion I think I may most properly say it, that his extremest vanity and want of judgment are so well known that there will be some wonder at it."[1]

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[1] From the MS. at Penshurst, published in Blencowe's "Sydney Papers," p. 271.

This is disagreeably plain speaking, and shows no love lost between the brothers. Algernon returned for a brief while to Leicester House after the death of the Protector, when he resumed his place among his old associates of the Long Parliament, both in the House of Commons and the Council of State, and exerted himself to replace military by civil government. But he was soon called away to diplomatic employment, being appointed an envoy with Whitelock, Bulstrode and Honeywood, to mediate a peace between Sweden and Denmark. Whitelock declined the service, alleging old age and infirmity as a reason, but really (he says) "knowing well the overruling temper and height of Colonel Sydney." It is evident from all the evidence that Algernon was an "impracticable person."

Early in July, 1659, the commissioners left England for Elsinore. While Algernon was busy about his northern diplomacy, death was busy at Penshurst, where his mother died on the 20th of August. She blessed him on her death-bed.

"Between six and seven in the morning" (writes the Earl in his journal), "my wife sent

one of her women, who came in some haste to tell me that she desired to speak with me. I was not yet out of my bed, but I put on my clothes as fast as I could, and came and kneeled by her bed-side, where she had caused herself to be raised, and sat up, being staid by one of her women. I took her by the hand and kissed it; she inclined her face towards me to kiss me, and said, 'My dearest heart, I find that I must very quickly leave you, but before I die I desire to say a few words unto you, and many I cannot say. Love God above all; fear Him and serve Him. My love hath been great and constant to you;' then she wept gently, 'and, I beseech, pardon my anger, my angry words, my passions, and whatsoever wherein I have offended you, even all my faults and failings towards you. Pray for me in this my weak estate and near approach of death. Commend me to my dear boy' (Algernon), 'I should have been glad to see him before I die, but it is not God's will to have it so. I recommend him to God and you, and earnestly desire you to be careful of him. Keep all your promises, and trouble not yourself for me. I pray God that you may live happily

when I am gone, and that God will be pleased to take you at that time when he shall find it best for you. Fear God, love God, serve God; remember me and love my memory; think continually upon eternity. I can say no more: my dear lord, farewell.' Then inclining her face to mine as well as she could, and gently pressing my hand, she said, 'God bless you, and now lay me down to rise no more.'"

Algernon was deeply grieved at the news of his mother's death, and wrote, offering to come over to comfort and help his father, but the offer was not accepted. From this time till within a few months of his father's death, on the 2nd of November, 1677, Algernon Sidney was a wanderer over Europe: in Germany, the Low Countries, France, Italy, a proud, pure, uncompromising devotee of his political faith, which had now become not only discredited but dangerous. Though he had taken no part in the King's trial, he was not clearer of complicity in that act than others who suffered for it after the Restoration. He was poor, for his father had been estranged by his political obstinacy, his long absence, and his inconvenient as-

sertion of his opinions, and had stopped the supplies to his stiff-necked son; in danger, for his life was more than once attempted by assassination; alienated from his family, for his brothers were at variance with him, and his quarrel with Lord Strangford had cooled the affections of the sister he loved best. Eating his heart in the bitterness of exile, but ever unbending and uncompromising, calumniated, foiled in his hopes, at variance with those of his own blood, living poor and neglected, dying at last on the scaffold, after an iniquitous trial, and by an illegal as well as unjust sentence, he remains one of the noblest, if saddest, figures of his time.

There is an end of his connection with Leicester House henceforth. It became the property of his elder brother, at his father's death, within a few months of Algernon's return to England and political life; and when he was arrested in 1685, it was at his lodgings in Jermyn Street, or, as some say, at a hiding-place in Whetstone Park, and not at the family house in Leicester Fields.

The Restoration brought the old and now solitary Earl again to London, on the earnest

summons of his oldest and closest friend, Northumberland. "Indeed," writes the Earl, "our house stands in great need of some wise men to guide it." And once more there was stir, but not gladness, in Leicester House. It was no longer the home of a happy and united family. The busy, spirited mother was scarce nine months dead. The noblest son was an exile; the eldest estranged from his father by an ungovernable temper. The son-in-law of whom the Earl had been proudest and fondest had long since been taken from him; his other sons-in-law were but little comfort. His relations with the Court, though not hostile, were, at first, doubtful. The Earl records in his journal how he came to Whitehall with the rest, and kissed the King's hand: "but there was so great disorder and confusion that the King scarce knew or took particular notice of anybody." On Thursday, the 31st of May, there was a messenger early at Leicester House, to summon the Earl to Whitehall. Northumberland was also summoned. The friends went together, not knowing for what. After staying a while in the King's withdrawing-room, they were called to the council chamber, and

sworn privy councillors. The King was gracious and affable after his usual fashion. From that time till Parliament was adjourned for the year, the Earl attended in the House of Lords and the Privy Council. He had entrusted to Secretary Nicholas some large claims for still unsettled arrears on account of his employments in France and Ireland (1636-42), and met with the usual difficulties of all who tried to get money out of the impecunious treasury of Charles II. At last the Earl, no doubt feeling, like his friend Northumberland, "too old for the gallantries of a new Court," and conceiving he had put his business into a fair way for despatch, determined to escape to his beloved Penshurst. After the Council of Oct. 12, he went to the King and asked leave to go into the country for his health. The King, with a favourable and smiling countenance, said, "With all my heart; but how long will you stay?" "Sir," said I, "to myself I have prepared to stay a good while, unless your Majesty command the contrary." "Whither do you go?" said the King, still with a smiling countenance." "Sir," said I, "to my house in Kent." "Well," said

the King, "and when will you come again?" "Sir," said I, "it is for my health that I go; but if your Majesty's service require it, I shall not consider either my health or life itself, but will be where you please to command me!" "I thank you," said the King; "but for the present I have no occasion to stay you; I wish you a good journey." "I pray God to bless your Majesty," said I, "with health, long life, and all happiness." "I thank you," said the King again, with the same favourable countenance, and gave me his hand, which I, kneeling down, kissed and so came from him, who stayed, to let me say more if I would."

The King had found the Earl at all points a loyal subject. It was he who moved the taking of the oath of allegiance in the Lords, and he strenuously supported the vesting the power of the militia in the King. Had he sought employment in Charles's service it is likely enough he might have obtained it. Clarendon was his friend. Monk had been promoted to his first lieutenant-colonelcy on the Earl's Irish establishment, and had served under Lord Lisle. But the Earl's concern in public life was at an end. Leaving

his proxy with his wife's brother, Algernon Earl of Northumberland, united to him by the unbroken friendship of a life, he retired to Penshurst, and there spent the rest of his days. Leicester House was not shut up. It still served as the home of Lady Sunderland, or any of the family who happened to be in town, and when not so occupied was occasionally let to ambassadors. It was thus occupied by the ambassadors of the United Provinces, when, in 1662, the Earl was applied to on behalf of a more remarkable tenant.

Chapter IV.

THE END OF THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.

THERE are two figures in the foul and ignoble court of James the First, around which a light of romance will always linger,—the Lady Arabella Stuart, and the Lady Elizabeth, Princess Palatine and Queen of Bohemia. The early persecution, ill-starred love, and miserable death of the innocent descendant of Henry the Seventh, after years of captivity, in the dark walls of the Tower, and the still darker prison of a mind crazed by indescribable suffering, have made Arabella Stuart one of the saddest ladies of history. But the fate of the Princess Elizabeth, though less tragic, is hardly less pathetic. The brightness of her brief spring and summer of happiness

deepens the darkness of its long and clouded winter. Daughter of a royal house, endowed with all graces of mind and body, she had the strange fortune to win a husband, who, while crowning her life with the fullest fruition of wedded happiness, procured her the darkest experience of misfortune ever brought home to a princess. His nickname, "the snow king," well expressed the brief duration of that Bohemian royalty, for whose shadow he forfeited the substance of his noble domain of the Palatinate, a kingdom in all but name. His princess, "the snow-queen," as her husband's enemies called her—she had none of her own—the "Queen of Hearts,"—for such was the name given her by all who came within the influence of her beauty, her gracious sweetness, her wit, her spirit, her unselfishness and her misfortunes—won more homage, commanded more devotion, inspired more sacrifices, yet lived through a longer life of more hope deferred, bereavement and positive privation, than any heroine of romance or history. The mother of more lusty sons and beautiful daughters than were ever given by queen to king, she survived all but three of her boys, of whom

two were a grief to their mother; and left but one daughter to continue her race in the female line,—Sophia, Electress of Brunswick, hardly less loveable than her mother, through whom our present reigning house derives its title to the throne. One of the happiest of princesses, wives, and mothers for five years after her marriage, in that most beautiful of residences, Heidelberg, amongst a loyal people, in a fertile land mildly and tolerantly governed, she fired Frederick to set his all on the cast of the Bohemian crown. Not a year elapsed between her coronation and her flight for life from Prague, the wandering wife of an errant husband. From 1620 to 1632, she and her discrowned lord lived dependents on the chance bounty of kindly disposed sovereigns, till at last they found something like a settled asylum at the Hague. In 1632 she lost, first, her most potent champion Gustavus Adolphus, who had been a rival suitor for her hand with Frederick; but who, like every one who began by being her lover, ended by being her friend. Within less than a month, her beloved and loving husband followed the great King of Sweden to an early grave. From that time, through

her long widowhood of thirty years, she lived for her children and their rights: always poor, often in extremity of destitution, but still commanding more love and devotion from all who came near her than ever woman did except Mary Queen of Scots. But, in the case of Elizabeth, this irresistible influence over men seems to have been won and wielded without conscious coquetry, wanton artifice or selfish design. It was the involuntary tribute of chivalrous natures to all that is most winning and touching in the person, character, and suffering of woman, no matter the age or character of the man. The fiery young sworder, Duke Christian of Brunswick, the knightly and courtly Count of Thurm, the grizzled old *condottiere* Mansfeldt, the heroic, high-minded, and far-sighted Gustavus Adolphus, the impetuous Bernard of Weimar, the noble and generous Lord Craven, all were alike her devoted servants, all equally ready to sacrifice, as more than one of them did sacrifice, life and limb, to say nothing of time, toil, and money in her service; and yet she lived almost a beggar, and died dependent on the kindness of one of her latest but truest friends for a bed on which to close her eyes, a

weary and worn-out woman of sixty-five, but still commanding devoted service—a Queen of Hearts to the last.

At the time of Elizabeth's marriage at Whitehall, on St. Valentine's Day, 1613, amidst such splendour of pageantry and vehemence of popular rejoicing as had never before attended the bestowal in marriage of an English princess, the Earl of Leicester's father, then Viscount Lisle, was governor of Flushing, one of the towns of the States of Holland, held in security for debts to England. He was appointed one of the English commissioners to accompany the young couple to the Prince Palatine's town of Bacharach. He made great preparations for their landing at Flushing, and the Elector was so taken with his gallant behaviour and deportment, that he invited him to accompany them as far as Heidelberg. It was probably at this time that young Robert Sidney, then commanding under his father a regiment in the garrison of Flushing, first saw the Princess Palatine, in the spring of her beauty and all the radiance of a happy bride, before whom all bowed in homage, whose way was beset with honours and

enlivened with gaieties, pageants, and amusements.

His first diplomatic service in 1632 had been to solicit the settlement of the Princess's claims through her mother on the inheritance of the dowager Queen of Denmark, and he had then shown the same zeal in her behalf as all good men always did. On his return from that embassy, he might have seen her at the Hague, in the first grief of her widowhood.

In his second mission to France, the restitution of her eldest son to the throne of the Palatinate was the main object of his negotiations. He had to receive into his house Prince Charles Lewis, afterwards the unnatural son of a most devoted mother, on his release from custody after his arrest by Richelieu's orders at Moulins on his way to put himself at the head of the army left without a captain by the death of Duke Bernard of Weimar. He was charged to negotiate a marriage between Prince Rupert and Mademoiselle de Rohan. He had to keep a friendly eye on the three other sons of the princess, then under surveillance at the French court, on pretext of education. Here one

of them, Prince Edward, to his mother's infinite grief, left, in 1646, the Protestant faith for the Church of Rome, under the attraction of the bright eyes of Anne de Gonzaga, a princess of the house of Nevers. All these things must have established very friendly relations between the Earl and the poor Queen of Hearts, both in her brighter and darker days. In 1648, her eldest son, Charles Lewis, had been restored to the throne of the Lower Palatinate, but this partial restoration of the family fortunes had brought no joy to the poor mother, who had striven so hard and hoped so long. Her first-born turned out a profligate and an ingrate, and refused his mother a helping hand and a home, after rendering his own palace such a place of scandal that she could not take up her abode there, as he affected to wish she should.

Her truest friend, since her widowhood, had been William, first Earl Craven, the eldest son of a rich citizen of London, Lord Mayor in 1611, of whom the story ran that he had been sent up to the mercer's to whom he was apprenticed, in the carrier's waggon, from his birthplace, Apple-tree-wick, in the parish of Burnsall in Craven.

William, first Earl Craven, was not the only, though he was the earliest peer of his family. His second brother, John, was also created Lord Craven of Ryton, by Charles, at Oxford, in 1642. Of his two sisters, one married Lord Coventry, the other Lord Powis. William Lord Craven was a soldier from his boyhood. He had won his spurs under Henry, Prince of Orange, in the Thirty Years' War, fighting on the side of the Elector Palatine, and was raised to the peerage by Charles at Newmarket, on the 12th of March, 1636, probably by the influence of Elizabeth with her brother. He raised a regiment in 1631 for the service of the King, or rather Queen of Bohemia, for he was *her* knight more than her husband's. When, before Lützen, Gustavus Adolphus marched with the Elector Palatine to the storm of Kreutznach, Lord Craven carried the breach by an assault so desperate as to stir even the coolness of Gustavus Adolphus to the remark that he was giving too good a chance to the heir of the title. As lavish of his blood as of his money for the lady of his romantic devotion, he fought for her and spent for her as long as her husband lived, and afterwards stood

as stoutly by her son, mortgaging and selling his land, to raise, equip, and pay soldiers, and purchase and fortify strong places for him; exposing his life to save the young Elector's; being taken prisoner with him, when he might have escaped, and refusing to leave him when offered his liberty by the Emperor. Through the civil wars he remained in the Low Countries, devoting all his means and energies to the service of Elizabeth, regulating her household, conducting her negotiations, drawing up her memorials; being at once her steward, major-domo, treasurer, councillor, and privy purse; not only controlling, but finding the money for, her expenses; and often relieving the necessities of Charles II. in his exile. In 1651 his estates were sequestered and sold by the Parliament on a forged charge that he had promoted a petition at Breda, from partizans of Charles II. desirous to serve against the Parliament, whose members were described in the petition as "barbarous and inhuman rebels." This was about the most iniquitous act of spoliation with which the Parliament was chargeable, and the act of sequestration was only carried by a majority of twenty-three to twenty; nine

of the majority after the Restoration appearing as purchasers of £5,000 a year of the property.

But, in spite of sequestration, the Earl had always a purse for the service of his Queen and lady. He had followed Charles to London, and was unwearied in urging the necessities and claims of Elizabeth upon the treasury and the Parliament. His devotion has led to the notion, often asserted as a fact, that he had been secretly married to the Queen. But there is not a tittle of evidence in support of this explanation. Another rumour was current at the time that Lord Craven was a suitor for the hand of Elizabeth's eldest daughter, the accomplished Princess Elizabeth, who was only seven years younger. She was superior of the Protestant sisterhood of Hervorden, the correspondent of Descartes, and reputed the most intellectual woman of her time.

After the Restoration Elizabeth from the Hague had kept up a constant correspondence with London, Lord Craven acting as her principal purveyor of news. But no invitation came from Charles II., nor was progress making in settling the pressing matter of her allowance. At last she determined to take her friend's

advice and come over without invitation, Lord Craven putting his house in Drury Lane at her disposal.[1] Her hungry creditors at the Hague did not oppose her departure. They felt sure she would pay them when she could, and probably thought their best chance lay in her personal appeal to the Treasury. For Parliament had voted her £20,000. The difficulty was to get the money. In spite of official letters from England, remonstrating against her voyage as contrary to the King's wishes, she embarked on board a Dutch man-of-war at Helvoetsluys, and on Thursday, the 16th of May, 1661, landed at Gravesend, after forty-eight years' absence from England. No preparation was made for her reception. She came into

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[1] Formerly Drury House, at the site of the Olympic Theatre and Craven Buildings. Craven House was pulled down in 1809. On the wall at the bottom of Craven Buildings was to be seen, down to the end of last century, a *fresco* painting of the Earl of Craven on his white charger, in armour, with a truncheon in his hand. Brayley ("Londiniana," vol. iv. 298) says it was twice or thrice repainted in oil, the last time by Edward Edwards, Esq., A.R.A., author of a "Treatise on Perspective, and Anecdotes of Oil Painters."

London without cannon, bells, music, or marks of civic rejoicing—a strange contrast to the signs of popular love which had bade her farewell. A news-writer records on May 26, "Her Majesty is coming contrary to the will of the King, for which reason she will not reside at Whitehall nor Somerset House, but at my Lord Craven's, and I do not think that her stay there will be of long duration." When searching after Craven House in 1789, Pennant found the Queen of Bohemia's head still hanging as the sign of a public house on part of the site of Craven House, if not part of the original building. When he wrote, the fresco portrait of the Earl was still in good preservation. On the 28th of January, 1662,[1] the King sent Dr. Fraser, the Queen's physician, to Penshurst, to ask a courtesy of the Earl on behalf of the Queen of Bohemia, that he would let her Leicester House. On the 30th of January, the Earl answers the King, putting his poor house, himself and all that he calls his at his Majesty's service, and, on the 4th of February, he dispatches his steward to Dr.

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[1] Collins' "Sydney Papers," vol. i. p. 141.

Fraser, to receive the commands of the Queen concerning his house.

"Before your coming hither," he goes on, "I had no desire nor intention to let my house,[1] for, as old as I am, I do a little consider my innocent pleasure, and I think that a pretty pleasant place. I consider my health and the air of the house. I consider my little private business, and the convenient situation of the house for it. I consider the honour of waiting on the King sometimes, when his Majesty will give me leave, and the nearness of the house to the King's palace. But above all I consider my duty and obedience to the King's commandment; and next to that I consider the opportunity of contributing somewhat to the service of the Queen of Bohemia, whose humble servant I am and have been these many years. And I shall think it a great happiness to me if the air of my house may contribute to the recovery of her health, or that I myself may be any way serviceable to her Majesty. And I heartily wish

[1] This is difficult to reconcile with the news-writer's statement that it was then occupied by the Dutch ambassadors.

that your art and care may be so directed and assisted, by the blessing of God, as to restore her Majesty to her perfect health again."

The next letter (of the 8th of February) is from the Earl of Craven.

"My Lord,—In pursuit of your respect to the King's desires and your complaisance to the Queen of Bohemia, whom his Majesty has professed always so much to honour, she enjoys at present the benefit of Leicester House; and that your Lordship should not believe that there is less entertainment on her Majesty's part, or by those who are entrusted to serve her, the £200 which was required by Mr. Spencer, as advanced for three months' lonage,[1] has been paid him. The which I hope will induce your Lordship to add to your former orders, for the better convenience of the Queen's ladies, some rooms that may be spared from the necessary putting aside of your goods. Your Lordship is of a race to have a greater regard to the accommodation

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[1] This word is new to me; I thought at first it might be a misprint for "louage," but one can see a meaning in "lonage," the payment for *lending* the house.

of the sex; and I am confident when you are informed that as yet they have none at all, not so much as to lodge them with any reasonable fittingness, becoming either their persons or conditions—your Lordship will give command for that which may put an obligation upon them and the Queen their mistress, without any inconveniencing the property of these goods you reserve apart. There are some other things which Mr. Spencer and I have discovered; which, according as your Lordship shall relish, I should be glad to receive your reply unto, to the intent that I may be just to all. And your Lordship may be confident that what agreement soever may be made, there shall be ever a like punctuality in me to perform it. And as the Queen has commanded me to assure your Lordship of her continued affection towards you, so you may be confident that she will never proceed otherways than in that way, for aught she may stand in need of your kindness to her. And your Lordship may please to rely upon me, to serve you according as you shall please to let me know what may be most agreeable to your mind, either concerning your house or aught else. For

truly, my Lord, I have a great deference for you, and I shall ever approve myself to be, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most faithful,
Affectionate humble servant."

The Earl answers promptly.

"My Lord,—I am obliged to your Lordship for your good opinion of me and I verily believe that I shall not forfeit it for want of reverence to the Queen of Bohemia, or of civility to her ladies. And if it had been known that the uppermost rooms or garrets could have been useful to them, my servant Spencer would not have proposed the reservation of them for any use of mine. But they were thought unserviceable to persons of that condition and fit only to keep such pictures, furniture, &c. as were not worthy to be left in the Queen's sight, nor their use offered to her Majesty's service. But now I hope the ladies are as well accommodated as they can be in that little house, which was not built for a Levée, but only for a private family. I appointed Gilbert Spencer to return unto your Lordship the reply which you required of me, concerning some other

particularities. And I was persuaded that your Lordship hath received it as reasonable, and therefore agreeable to your judgment; and if your Lordship be pleased to direct me how I may in any other thing render me acceptable to the Queen you will do me a great favour; as also wherein I may better than in words, give you real testimonies of my being

Your Lordship's most humble
and affectionate servant."

The dying Queen wrote over to the Hague and her hunting box at Rhenen for the portable goods she had left behind. Her graceless son, the Elector, was charged with putting obstacles in the way of executing this order, and was even said to have suggested to his mother's creditors the unadvisedness of letting their only security out of their hands. The Queen complained of his conduct before the Brandenburg ambassador; but whatever impatience might prompt, she had learnt by this time that remonstrance would be useless. She contented herself with asking the King, her nephew, to intercede with the Elector's English agents, to procure a larger portion of her

dower revenues, and a more regular payment of them. This he did, without effect, and so granted his aunt a pension of £12,000, probably as difficult to get out of his treasury as her dower revenues out of her son's. While her health permitted, she was seen frequently at public places, in the park and at the opera with Lord Craven, and was always on those occasions recognized by the people, in whom her age had not destroyed the affection which had so long clung about the Queen of Hearts. The Genoese ambassador, the Marchese Durazzo, describes an interview he had with her at Craven House, a few months before her removal to Lord Leicester's. Her attendants receive him as he alights at the principal entrance of Craven House, inside the great gates of the front court. At the head of the stairs stands Lord Craven, "proprietor of the house where she lives, and principal director of her court." He is conducted by the Master of the Ceremonies (Sir Charles Cottrel) to her cabinet, where he finds her surrounded by her ladies. She converses with him with familiar courtesy on the state of the most serene republic, and other matters. "This princess," continues

the ambassador, "has learned from nature, and continued through the changes of her fortune, an incomparable goodness; and as people ever turn away from her with profit and applause, she has thus often, by this capital alone, sustained in a most depressed estate the respect due to her rank. Now brought back to the possession of her appanages, while her son enjoys that of his states, she is restored to some authority, and thus is heightened the lustre of that affable manner with which she wonderfully conciliates the esteem and love of the Court."

But after her removal to Leicester House, there were no more such receptions for poor Elizabeth. Her illness was evidently serious from the first. Hæmorrhage from the lungs was accompanied by symptoms of dropsy. The King, ashamed too late that this venerable and long-suffering aunt —who had been so full of kindness to him in his exile—should die in a hired house, proposed her removal to Whitehall, but it was too late. Summoning the King and the Duke of York to her side, with the Lord Chancellor Hyde, she made it her dying prayer, that her pension might be continued to her executors long enough to pay

her patient creditors at the Hague. This promise given, she made her brief testamentary disposition of the few poor jewels, family portraits and pictures she had saved from the wreck of her splendour. The jewels, after mementoes sent to each of her children, were given to Prince Rupert, the most affectionate and noblest of her sons. Her papers and portraits she bequeathed to Lord Craven, that *preux des preux*, who deposited them in Combe Abbey,[1] the scene of her happy girlhood with the Harringtons. The Earl had bought the house, probably in the hope that she would one day go back thither to close the quiet evening of her stormy life, whose morning had opened there so bright with promise of sunshine. In that grey old manorial hall those pictures and portraits are still treasured, a monument of unshaken fidelity, and of a friendship such as has rarely hallowed the relations of servant and mistress.

Her short simple wishes expressed, she received the sacrament and died, calmly seated

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[1] A few miles from Coventry; an old Cistercian abbey, afterwards turned into a manor house.

in her chair, early in the morning of February 13, retaining her courage and her clearness of mind to the last. It was the eve of Saint Valentine's, her wedding day. She was sixty-five; and had been a wife for nineteen years, a widow for thirty, and an exile for forty-eight.[1]

The Earl of Leicester sent a formal and rather affected letter of condolence to the Earl of Craven, and one in a less grave style to Northumberland. "My royal tenant is departed. It seems fate did not think it fit I should have the honour, which indeed I never much desired, to be the landlord of a Queen. It is a pity that she lived not a few hours more to die upon her wedding day, and that there is not as good a poet to make her epitaph as Dr. Donne, who wrote her epithalamium upon that day unto St. Valentine."

Lord Craven long survived his beloved lady;

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[1] There is a full and carefully written life of the Princess Elizabeth, in Mrs. Everett Green's "Lives of the Princesses of England," vols. v. and vi., in which excellent use has been made of the original materials in the State Paper Office, as well as all the printed information. See also Collins's "Sydney Papers," vol. i. p. 141, and ii. p. 723.

was made colonel of the Coldstreams on the death of Monk, a master of the Trinity House, high-steward of the University of Cambridge, a deputy-governor of the Corporation for the Royal Fishing,[1] governor of the Charter House, one of the lords-proprietors of the Province of Carolina, and remained till his death a conspicuous figure in London. In default of other enemies, he liked to measure himself with fire and death. His famous white horse, it was said, smelt fire, so sure was my Lord Craven to be on the spot and at work when the flames broke out, as they were so often doing in those days. Pepys describes him,[2] in Lincoln's Inn Fields, in command of the Guards, on occasion of some disturbances from prentices pulling down disorderly houses, "riding up and down like a madman." All through the great plague he remained in London, directing measures of relief and precaution, seeing to the burial of the dead, and providing beds and attendance for poor

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[1] Which had the sole power of licensing lotteries. Pepys, ii. 105.

[2] Diary, March 24, 1668.

homeless wretches. He gave a field, called "The Pest-house field," on the site of Carnaby Market, and built in it a house for such cases. Pepys speaks of seeing at Sir Robert Viner's two or three great silver flagons with inscriptions as gifts of the king "to such persons of quality as did stay in London during the late great plague for the keeping things in order in the town." [1]

In King James's time they talked of his resigning his colonelcy of the Coldstreams. "As good take away my life," said the old soldier, "as my regiment. What else have I to divert myself with?" He lived to be nearly eighty-nine, and died in 1697, at his house in Drury Lane, a conspicuous example, in a shallow and self-seeking time, of courage, unselfishness, and devotion to duty. One is glad to have such a figure to associate with the Leicester House of the Sidneys, if only in the last hours of the lady of his chivalric service.

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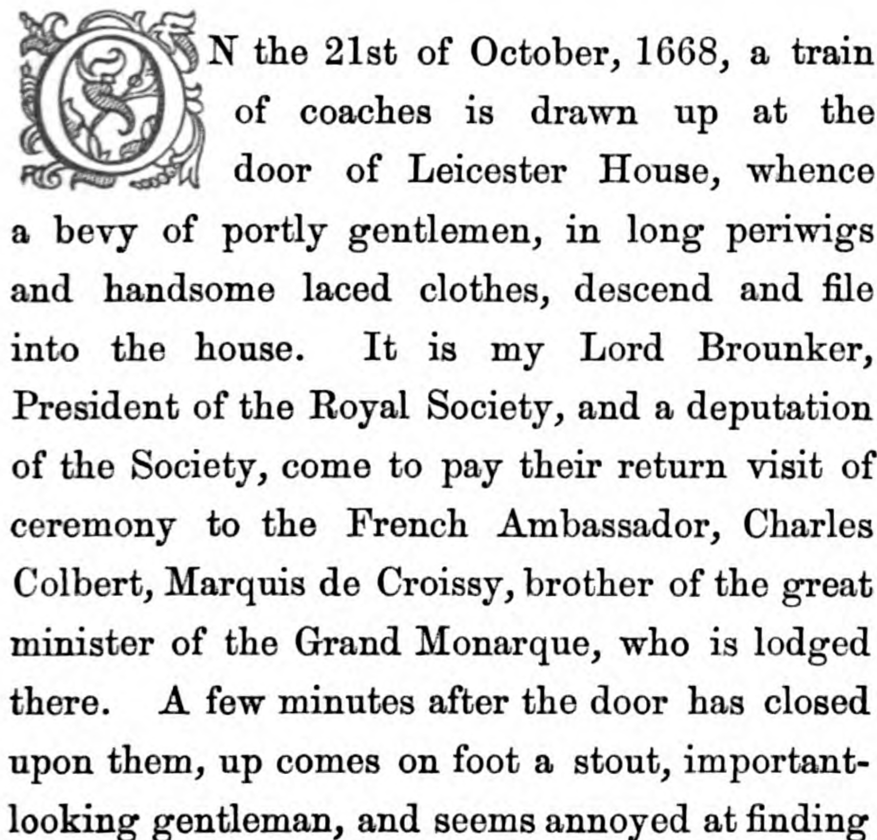
[1] Diary, May 1, 1667.

Chapter V.

GLIMPSES OF LEICESTER HOUSE AND LEICESTER FIELDS TO THE END OF THE CENTURY.



ON the 21st of October, 1668, a train of coaches is drawn up at the door of Leicester House, whence a bevy of portly gentlemen, in long periwigs and handsome laced clothes, descend and file into the house. It is my Lord Brounker, President of the Royal Society, and a deputation of the Society, come to pay their return visit of ceremony to the French Ambassador, Charles Colbert, Marquis de Croissy, brother of the great minister of the Grand Monarque, who is lodged there. A few minutes after the door has closed upon them, up comes on foot a stout, important-looking gentleman, and seems annoyed at finding

the deputation beforehand with him. This is Mr. Samuel Pepys, clerk of the Acts of the Navy, who has hurried away to attend the deputation from a pleasant dinner at the house-warming of Mr. Batelier, a mercer of the Exchange, husband of a pretty, modest, fair French milliner, one of Samuel's many flames. But finding they are in and up before him, he makes the best of a bad bargain, and bustles away for a lounge in the new Exchange (at the end of Salisbury Street, in the Strand), to await his wife, for whom he has a surprise in store—no less than their first coach! To the coach-maker in Cow Lane Samuel conveys the handsome Mrs. Pepys, and shows her the coach he has pitched upon. Whereat his wife is out of herself for joy, almost, but the coach-maker not being within they do nothing more just then towards an agreement. But if bargaining can avail, Samuel means to have that coach for £50; and gets it, too.

Robert, Earl of Sunderland, the famous minister of Charles, James and William, son of Earl Henry, killed, as we have seen, at Newbury, was only a year younger than his handsome uncle, Harry

Sidney, who at twenty-five was Groom of the Bed-chamber in the household of the Duke of York, to whose duchess the town gave him for a lover.[1] He was so general a favourite with the sex, that it is hard to say whether the warm feeling for him in the letters of his nephew's wife can be safely interpreted as Platonic. The second Earl of Sunderland, a year after the death of the Queen of Bohemia, had married Lady Anne Digby, second daughter of the Earl of Bristol, a lovely blonde of nineteen. Anne, Countess of Sunderland, was a clever, fascinating woman, and all her life through a puzzling mixture of grave and gay in her friendships and her correspondence. She falls as naturally into the key of the decorous and demure John Evelyn, as of the handsome, light and free Harry Sidney; and has been variously judged as a model wife and woman, and as a *grande coquette*, who prayed with grave

[1] Pepys, 17th November, 1665, "As an infinite secret, my Lord Sandwich tells me the factions are high between the King and the Duke, and the Court in an uproar with their loose amours, the Duke of York being in love desperately with Mrs. Stewart; and that the Duchess herself is fallen desperately in love with the new master of the horse, one Harry Sidney, and another, Harry Saville."

and godly men, as a cover for her gallantries with gay ones.[1] Her husband began his public service as ambassador to Spain, in 1671. His mission was unsuccessful, and on his return from it he was appointed Ambassador Extraordinary to the French Court, whither young Lady Sunderland was preparing to follow him, and living in the mean time at Leicester House. Evelyn records in his diary (October 8th, 1672): "I took leave of my Lady Sunderland, who was going to Paris to my lord, now ambassador there. She made me stay dinner at Leicester House, and afterwards sent for Richardson, the famous fire-eater. He devoured brimstone in glowing coals before us, chewing and swallowing them; he melted a beer glass and ate 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

[1] Queen Anne writes of her to the Princess of Orange:—"Lady Sunderland plays the hypocrite more than ever. . . . She runs from church to church after the famousest preachers, and keeps such a clatter with her devotions, that it really turns one's stomach. Sure never was there a couple so well matched as she and her good husband; for as she is the greatest jade that ever was, so is he the subtillest, workingest villain that is on the face of the earth."

and sparkled in his mouth, and so remained till the oyster gaped and was 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 iron-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 other prodigious feats."

On the death of the Earl of Leicester in 1677, Viscount Lisle succeeded to the possession of Leicester House and Penshurst.[1] He never ac-

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[1] His mother, by her will, made 10th July, 1659, had left to her favourite Henry all she had the power to leave, by liberty of her lord, specifying "the French plate, the Mortlake hangings, all my pictures, my black cabinets, my looking-glasses, my porcelain, books at Leicester House and Penshurst, or whatever have been bought with my own, except such things as may be useful to my lord; and in respect of chairs, wrought beds, gilt leather hangings, and several other things which have been provided by me, I

cepted any public employment, though Collins says he has been informed by those who knew that he was privately consulted by Charles II. on affairs of state.

During his father's lifetime he had lived at Shene, "where he entertained himself," says Collins, "with some of the greatest wits of the age." Sir William Temple—a hereditary friend of the family—was among his correspondents, and Collins says he set apart one day in the week for entertainment of men of letters.

The Leicester Fields estate was heavily charged for the benefit of Henry Sidney, who was a favourite of his father, as well as of his mother and sister. The third Earl died at Leicester House, after a long life of retirement, on the 6th of March, 1676, at more than eighty years old.

His successors—Robert (succeeded 1697, and died in 1702), Philip (succeeded 1702, and died

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desire that if it should be with my lord's liking he will appoint these things to him after his own decease, or that he may take in lieu of them £500 in money, and because it will be very convenient to my son Henry Sidney's concernments to use what moneys may be gotten between this and Michaelmas, I desire that Smith and Higgins may be employed to sell these several things to the best advantage."

1705)—ended their days at Penshurst. At times they occupied, at times they let Leicester House. Thus, in 1708, it was tenanted by the Imperial ambassador, who, in 1711, here received Prince Eugene as his guest. John, heir of the Earl of Romney, a distinguished soldier under Marlborough, made Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports and Governor of Dover Castle in 1717, in that year let Leicester House to the Prince of Wales, who removed to it in January, 1718; and it continued to be the Prince of Wales's town house and the headquarters of opposition, as will be told in more detail hereafter, till the accession of George the Third. But it was not till near the close of last century that the Sidney property in Leicester Fields passed from the line, being sold to the first proprietor of the Tulk family for £90,000, to pay off the encumbrances on Penshurst.

Before tracing the growth of building in and immediately round about the Fields, between the erection of Leicester House and the end of the reign of Anne, I must not omit some incidents of interest in the criminal history of the seventeenth century connected with the neighbourhood.

Chapter VI.

A NIGHT HUE AND CRY IN THE FIELDS.

ABOUT six in the morning of Monday, the 13th February, 1682, Leicester Fields was astir with flambeaux and coaches. Lords in rumpled clothes and crumpled periwigs were moving about with armed servants, king's messengers, and an unusual muster of the watch. The crowd was thickest round the door of the house where lodged one Harder, a Swedish doctor. Foul murder had been done, and this was the hue and cry for the assassins.

In the troubled times of the Exclusion Bill and the Papist Plot, between 1680 and 1682, one of the richest heiresses in England was Elizabeth, daughter of the eleventh Earl of Northumberland. She had been married while still a child, after the fashion of those days, to a great lord,

Henry Cavendish, Earl of Ogle, son and heir of Henry Duke of Newcastle, by whom, in 1680, she was left a widow of thirteen, in charge of her grandmother, the old Duchess of Northumberland. Looking round for a match suitable in fortune to her wealthy virgin-widow, the Duchess, a keen old worldling, had fixed on Thomas Thynne, commonly called "Tom of Ten Thousand," from the fortunes that had flowed together into his hands. He had inherited, besides other wealth, the splendid palace and estate of Longleate, had sat for Wiltshire in four Parliaments, had been employed on various missions, was an accomplished courtier if not a very wise or worthy man, and a special friend of the Earl of Monmouth, whom he often entertained at Longleate in the princely state he affected.

But the young widow did not fancy Tom of Ten Thousand. Her grandmother had insisted on a year's interval between the marriage and its consummation; and before the year had expired, the lady, to escape her bridegroom, had fled to Holland. Shortly before her flight, she had encountered at Court a remarkable adventurer, Charles John, Count Königsmarck, nephew of

the governor of Pomerania, a soldier of fortune (elder brother of the famous Aurora, afterwards mistress of Augustus of Saxony, and mother of Marshal Maurice de Saxe), possessing his family gifts of beauty, courage, and strength. In anticipation of service to be opened to him by the alliance of England with Sweden and the Low Countries against France, he had come over to this country with special recommendations to the King about eight months before this time. He had in the interval done good service as a volunteer at Tangiers. His reckless courage shown against the Turks on sea and shore, and in Spain against the bulls in the arena, had made a lion of him. His reputation as soldier and gallant, and his fine face and figure, may well have made an impression on young Lady Ogle, and perhaps have heightened, if not inspired, her aversion to Tom of Ten Thousand. Königsmarck determined to win her and her fortune, a magnificent one in the eyes of an adventurer of even his quality. But the lady was wedded, though not bedded, and it was necessary to get Thynne out of the way. About ten o'clock on the night of Sunday, the 12th of February, 1682, came to the

King's couchée the startling news that Tom Thynne had been shot in his coach in Pall Mall, on his way home from Lady Northumberland's in St. James's Street, close to his own door at the end of St. Alban's Street.[1] The attack was a deliberate one. As the coach came slowly along, with two footmen bearing flambeaux before it, three mounted men met it on the right hand; one stopped and bade the footmen stand, the second rode past, and, at the same moment, the third fired a musketoon into the coach window. The three then put spurs to their horses, turned, and rode away up the Haymarket, outstripping one of the footmen, who ran after them till he was exhausted. The Duke of Monmouth had been with Thynne in the coach about an hour before. The first thought was that the bullet had been meant for Monmouth, then the popular Protestant hero of the mob. Among the circle at the couchée was Sir John Reresby, a Yorkshire baronet, a zealous partizan of the Court, and an unwearied pusher of his own fortunes with the King

[1] Almost in the line of Waterloo Place and Regent Street.

and the Court party, in and out of Parliament. He was a Middlesex magistrate, and known as a man of energy and activity. As he was getting into his bed, under all the excitement of the night's news, came a gentleman of Mr. Thynne's, praying Sir John to grant him a hue and cry. At his heels followed a page of the Duke of Monmouth's, with a coach, to carry Sir John to Mr. Thynne's lodgings. Here he found the dying man with five bullet holes in his body, with Mr. Hobbes a surgeon in attendance, surrounded by the Duke of Monmouth, Lord Mordaunt, and others of his friends.

Suspicion seems at once to have attached to Königsmarck. His recent, probably his present visit to England, and his pretensions to the Lady Ogle, were no secret. Waylaying, cudgelling, nose-slitting, and even assassination, were at that time not uncommon ways for men of quality to settle their secret quarrels and vengeances. Among the Count's retainers was one Captain Vratz, who had been heard to threaten Thynne. A chairman was ere long found, who had carried one of the captain's associates, a Swedish lieutenant, John Stern, from his lodgings in West-

minster to the Black Bull in Holborn, about one that Sunday afternoon, where the tavern folks said he had taken horse after nightfall and ridden out with two others. By means of a woman who used to visit Stern, a Swedish servant of his was found, who told how he had often heard from Captain Vratz of a quarrel he had had with Mr. Thynne, and how he had been ordered by the captain to watch Mr. Thynne's coach, and give Vratz news of his movements. The same servant gave a clue to the whereabouts of the captain and his companions. Sir John, with the Duke of Monmouth, Lord Mordaunt and others, left Mr. Thynne then sinking, and were all night on the search. They heard of Vratz having been in company of one Doctor Harder, a Swede, who had been in attendance on the Count de Königsmarck as late as that Sunday morning. The captain's bed at the count's lodging in St. Martin's Lane was empty. They determined to search the doctor's lodging in Leicester Fields. At this time the whole quarter was much peopled by foreigners, artists, restaurateurs, milliners, toysellers, quacks and mountebanks, drawn thither principally, no

doubt, by the neighbourhood of the Court and the West End, as it then was. This doctor's practice seems to have been of a questionable kind. Sir John Reresby, with Lord Mordaunt, made their way upstairs, and there in bed, with his sword on the table at some distance, found the captain. His sword was at once secured, and he was given in charge, without resistance, to two constables, Sir John wondering at the tameness of his submission, for he was a man of courage, and long experience in the wars; and had, not long before, shown desperate daring in command of the forlorn hope at the siege of Mons, when, out of fifty, but two besides himself had come off alive. He had been made a lieutenant of horse for his gallantry by the Prince of Orange, and a captain by the King of Sweden. He seems to have been taken by surprise, perhaps asleep, for he was the man to sleep after even such an overnight's work. In the course of the next day the Swedish lieutenant Stern, and the Pole Boroski, were also run down and in custody. Before Sir John could finish their examination, he was summoned to the King in Council, with the prisoners and papers.

His Majesty was full of interest in the affair. He examined the prisoners in person, and gave directions to Sir John Reresby for putting their examinations into writing and in form against the trial. At the next meeting of the Council, one Hansen, governor of the Count Königsmarck's younger brother Philip, was examined. Philip, then a beautiful boy in his teens, had been for some time a pupil at the famous Academy of Major Faubert, a French master of the manége, fencing and other accomplishments of a gentleman, who, at this time, had his establishment in part of the Military Yard,[1] and who the year before this had been seeking subscriptions for a school of military

[1] He afterwards had his academy near Carnaby Street, approached by the passage out of Regent Street into King Street, still called after him Foubert's Passage. I do not know which place it was that Evelyn visited on Dec. 16, 1684, when he describes a party of young noblemen, the Dukes of Northumberland and Norfolk, Lord Newburgh, and a nephew of the Earl of Faversham (Duras), at their exercises of—1. Running at the ring. 2. Flinging a javelin at a man's head. 3. Discharging a pistol at a mark. 4. Taking up a gauntlet on the point of a sword, all at full speed; with the Prince of Denmark and the Lord Lansdowne, son of the Earl of Bath, in the field looking on.

exercises for young gentlemen of quality, with the Royal Society as trustees and visitors. Hansen confessed that the Count had arrived in London incognito some ten days before the murder; had twice changed his lodgings; had kept his chamber under medical treatment, and had directed him to question the Swedish envoy how far, if he called Thynne to account for some words reflecting upon him, the laws of England would stand in the way of any pretensions he might have to the Lady Ogle. He was obliged to confess, moreover, that Captain Vratz was an old retainer of the Count: that he had lodged in his house till the Sunday of the murder; and that the Pole Boroski, the Friday before, had come to him (Hansen) at the Academy, as newly landed, to be carried to the count; that he had taken Boroski to the Count's lodging, and by the Count's directions bought him clothes and a sword, which had been delivered the day before the murder. It was proved, too, that the Count had sent the Polander to Vratz. All this pointed clearly to the Count as the instigator and real author of the murder, and Sir John Reresby, by the King's order, went at once

to his lodgings. But the Count had disappeared the morning after the deed. He had sent away his portmanteaux by the father of his foot-boy to be put into the coach at Charing Cross, as my lord was going to Windsor. The portmanteaux were taken from the man by the Count's Swedish servant, at Charing Cross, on the plea of a quarrel with the coachman to whom they were first consigned. Instead of appearing at Windsor, the Count arrived that afternoon at the house of a Swede, Derrick Raynes, at Rotherhithe, stayed there, keeping the house close, till Thursday, then took oars to Deptford, thence to Greenwich, and thence to Gravesend, intending to embark there for Sweden. But two smart queen's messengers, Kid and Gibbons, were beforehand with him. As he stepped on shore at the Red Lion stairs, Gravesend, on the Sunday night, just a week after the assassination, he was clapped on the shoulder by the officers. We must let Kid tell his own story: "As soon as he was laid hold of, I came to him; said I, 'Your Lordship shall not want for anything that is convenient.' He desired to know whether I knew him. I told him 'Yes,

and that his name was Count Königsmarck.' 'That is my name,' says he, 'I do not deny it.' So the Mayor came; and the Custom-House officers searched him, and found nothing at all of any arms about him. He desired he might be used as a gentleman, and so he was; for there was no abuse given to him as I know of. Coming up the river, the most of my discourse was about material affairs. A sergeant that had the command of a file of musketeers, which the Deputy-Governor sent to guard the Count to Whitehall,—a gentleman [1] sitting then by me,—was asking me concerning Mr. Thynne's murder. I told him that I was at Newgate on Friday, and there I saw those who had done that barbarous fact. With that my Lord asked what lodgings there were at Newgate? and whether the captain had a good lodging? I told him a very good one. He asked me whether he confessed anything. I told him he had confessed some particulars; 'and,' said I, 'it is the most barbarous thing that ever was done.' 'Certainly,' says my Lord, 'this Mr. Thynne must have correspondence

[1] The guards were all "gentlemen."

and commerce with some lady that this captain knew, that belonged to the Court, or he would never have done it.' As for the Polander, I told him that he had confessed, and had wept mightily. With that my Lord seemed very much concerned, and took up his clothes and bit them, and sat awhile up, but was very much discomposed, and then desired to lie down."

When the Count heard that Gibbons belonged to the Duke of Monmouth, said he, "He has no command now. How could you come upon his order?" "I do not come upon his command," said Gibbons; "but you have killed a very good friend of mine, and a countryman; and if Providence had not ordered it otherwise, you would have killed a more particular friend of mine, and a master that I had served for many years." The Count said he did not think they would have done the Duke of Monmouth any injury; and added, "'tis a stain upon my blood; but one good action in the wars, or a lodging upon a counterscarp will wash away all that."

Within a few hours of the prisoner's arrival in London, a special council was summoned for his examination, at which the King was present, and

took a lively interest in the proceedings. Sir John Reresby, who was present, "observed that the Count appeared before the King with all the assurance imaginable. He was a fine person of a man, and I think his hair was the longest I ever saw. He was very quick of parts; but his examination was very superficial, for which reason he was by the King and Council ordered to be the same day examined by the Lord Chief Justice, the Attorney-General (Sir F. Winnington) and myself; but he confessed nothing of the murder, pretending the reason why he lay at the time concealed to be that he was under cure for a certain disease, and did not care to appear in public till the course of his prescription was over; and that his going away in disguise after the fact was committed was by the advice of friends, who told him it would reflect on him should it be known he was in England, when an intimate of his committed so black a deed; and that he endeavoured to make his escape, not knowing how far the laws of the land might, for that reason, involve him in guilt.

"A few days afterwards Monsieur Faubert, who kept the academy in London, came and

desired me to put him in a way how to save Count Königsmarck's life, insinuating to me that as he was a man of vast fortune he could not make a better use of it than to support his own innocence, and shield himself from the edge of the law in a strange country. I told him that if the Count was really innocent the law would naturally acquit him, as much though a foreigner as if he was a native; but that he ought to be cautious how he made any offers to pervert justice; for that were to make all men of honour his enemies, instead of gaining them to be his friends. This was one of the first bribes of value ever offered to me, which I might have accepted without any danger of discovery, and without doing much for it. But my opinion has always been that what is so acquired is no addition to our store, but rather the cause of its waste, according to the saying, '*male parta, male dilabuntur.*'[1] I therefore rejected this now, as I had done others before, and as I hope I shall always do for the time to come."

Three weeks after the assassination, Vratz, Stern and Boroski were tried at the Old Bailey

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[1] "Ill got, ill gone."

as principals in the murder, and Count Königsmarck as an accessory before the fact. Lord C. J. North, who had the conduct of the trial, showed a palpable bias in favour of the Count, refusing to allow the examinations of the prisoners to be read in Court, for fear of their bearing against Königsmarck. Now what the Polander or Stern might have confessed before the Council, was, it is true, no legal evidence against the Count; but the judge had no right to forbid the reading of the examinations after a proper caution to the jury.

The Pole confessed that he fired the musketoon, which was given to him loaded by the captain, by his order. Stern admitted that he was present and taking part in the attack at the request of Captain Vratz; that he and the captain loaded the gun together; that the captain told him he had a quarrel with Mr. Thynne, who had refused him satisfaction, and desired him to go along with him as his second, but chiefly to keep off the people, in case there should be a crowd about them when they were fighting; that before the Pole came over, Vratz had desired him to find an Italian to stab Mr. Thynne; but this he denied at the trial. The captain confessed

that he was there with the intention of forcing Mr. Thynne to fight with him, as he had several times refused to do so; that he had taken Stern and Boroski with him—as Mr. Thynne had always a great many servants about him—that if he should fail in his revenge, or be assaulted or pursued by the attendants they might cover his flight; and that his order to the Pole to fire was only in case he should be attacked by his servants, or hindered from fighting or making his escape.

None of the prisoners at the trial directly implicated the Count; and the Lord Chief Justice was studious to exclude everything which bore against him. Still the circumstantial evidence against him was damning. But this was not much in those days.

After a trial that lasted from nine in the morning to five in the afternoon, and a very vigorous prosecution on the part of Mr. Thynne's relations, the three were brought in guilty as principals and the Count acquitted as not accessory. "I was the first" (says Sir John) "that carried the news of this to the King, who seemed to be not at all displeased at it; but the Duke of Monmouth's party, who all appeared to

add weight to the prosecution, were extremely dissatisfied that the Count had so escaped."

And no wonder, for anything more infamously unfair than the Judge's summing up never came from the Bench, even of that day, to say nothing of his palpable animus all through the trial.

While the prisoners were in Newgate, both before and after the trial, Dr. (afterwards Bishop) Burnet was desired to visit them. He took with him Dr. Horneck (minister of the German Chapel in the Savoy) as Boroski spoke no language but German, except his native Polish. Stern was thoroughly, almost abjectly, penitent, and added to his confession, particulars both directly and indirectly implicating Königsmarck; declaring that the Count had told him of his design to be revenged on a gentleman (he did not name Mr. Thynne) who had insulted him, refused him satisfaction, and set assassins on him; that Vratz had proposed to him to hire Italian assassins for the purpose; had discussed weapons and plans and shown him a letter of the Count promising a large reward for the deed. He even became edifying in his penitence, turning the left cheek when Vratz buffeted him on the right, and leaving a paper of penitential

meditations and exhortations behind him addressed to all ranks and classes. Poor Boroski told the truth very simply, contending that he had but obeyed his master, which with him was the beginning and end of duty; there is something quite touching in the simple naïveté of his confession. But the captain was as hard as flint. He was bitterly contemptuous to Stern, calling him a poor creature who had been induced to false confessions by promises of indulgence, such as a decent burial. He had nothing more to confess, he said, than he had stated before the Council, that he was sorry Mr. Thynne was dead, and how could he do more? It was enough for him to be humble to God; but he knew of no humility he owed to men; *and God, he believed, had a greater favour for gentlemen, than to require all these punctilios at their hands: and that it was absurd to think that so many thousand gentlemen abroad in this world, that stood upon their honour and reputation as much as he, should be damned or for ever miserable, because they cannot stoop to things which will prejudice and spoil the figure they make in the world."* Another time he told the dismayed doctor that he feared no hell. The doctor answered, possibly

he might believe none; or if he did, it might be a very easy one of his own making. He said he was not such a fool as to believe that souls would fry in material fire, or be roasted as meat at a great hearth, or in a kitchen, pointing to the chimney. His belief was that the punishment of the damned consisted "in a deprivation of the gracious and beatific presence of God, upon which deprivation there arose a terror and anguish in their souls, because they had missed so great a happiness." At the same time he disclaimed atheism. This was on the 8th of March, only two days before his execution. When the lieutenant was introduced to his room, in the hope that Vratz would confirm his confession implicating the Count, the captain gave him the lie direct, which the poor lieutenant took with edifying patience.

Vratz was impatient, and not without reason, at the pressure put upon him to confess. It is evident that the employment of Dr. Burnet and Dr. Horneck for this purpose was quite out of the ordinary practice, and was, no doubt, due to the influence of the Duke of Monmouth. What a sensation the murder of Mr. Thynne produced is shown by the bas-relief on his monument in

Westminster Abbey, to which honour, but for his assassination, he had small claims. The inscription originally written for the tomb was not carved, owing to an allusion in it implicating the Count in the murder.

On the 10th of March, the assassins were hung in Pall Mall, in the place of their crime. Stern and Boroski died becomingly penitent, without any signs of cowardice. Vratz showed wonderful resolution. "Seeing me in my coach," says Reresby, "as he passed by in his cart, he made a bow to me with the most steady countenance, as he did to several of the spectators he knew before he was turned off."

Burnet has left his account, showing the same intrepidity, and the faith it rested on. "When he saw me at the place of execution he smiled at me, and whereas I had sometimes warned him of the danger of affecting to be a 'faux brave,' he said to me, before I spoke to him, 'That I should see it was not a false bravery, but that he was fearless to the last.' I wished him to consider well upon what he grounded his confidence: he said he was sure now to be received into heaven, and that his sins

were forgiven him. I asked him if he had anything to say to the people, he said no. After he had whispered a short time to a gentleman, he was willing the rope should be tied to the gibbet. He called for the German minister, but the crowd was such that it was not possible for him to come near, so he desired me to pray with him in French, but I told him I could not venture to pray in that language, but since he understood English I would pray in English. I observed he had some touches in his mind, when I offered up that petition, that for the sake of the blood of Christ, the innocent blood shed in that place might be forgiven; and that the cry of the one for mercy might prevail over the other for justice. At these words he looked up to heaven with the greatest sense I had at any time observed in him. After I had prayed he said nothing, but that he was now soon to be happy with God, so I left him. He continued in his undaunted manner, looking up often to heaven, and sometimes round about him to the spectators. After they had stood about a quarter of an hour under the gibbet, they were asked when they would give the signal for their being turned off. They answered that they were ready, and that the cart might be

driven away when it pleased the sheriff to order it: so a little while after it was driven away, and thus they all ended their lives."

Captain Vratz's body was given up for burial; but Stern and Boroski were hung in chains.

I can remember no better illustration of the power of the conventional notions of a time and class over conscience, remorse and natural fear of ignominious death, than this end of Captain Vratz. Very remarkable, too, is the tribute paid by the authorities to these notions in the respect shown to the captain's body, over those of his humbler, but far less truculent associates. But perhaps the most remarkable point in the whole case is the iniquitous failure of justice in the escape of Königsmarck. Besides the leaning of the judge, induced by the Court, there may have been bribery of the jury, who were half foreigners.

Count Königsmarck after his acquittal went to France, where he commanded a regiment. It is commonly reported that he was challenged by William Lord Cavendish,[1] a bosom friend of

[1] The same, who the year after, offered to exchange clothes with Lord William Russell, when he lay under sentence in Newgate, and to take his place in the cell.

Thynne's, to meet him on the sands of Calais, but the Count did not keep his rendezvous. His future life was that of a soldier of fortune. He distinguished himself in the Spanish war of 1683. In 1686, by permission of the French king, he accompanied his uncle Otto William, who that year gave up his governorship of Pomerania to take second command, under Morosini, of the forces of Venice, then fighting the Turks in the Morea, bore gallant part in the sieges of Navarino and Modon, and fell in beating back a sally of the garrison of Argos, in August of the same year. He was only twenty-seven when he closed his stormy life.

The news of her husband's murder was at once sent to Lady Ogle, then living in Amsterdam. The "Domestic Intelligencer" of the 23rd of March reports her arrival, and the rush of persons of quality to visit her. She seemed very much dejected; but on the 30th of May she was married to Charles, the proud Duke of Somerset, not yet sixteen. The Duke has been immortalized for his pride. It is reported that he never spoke to a servant but by signs: that in his afternoon nap he used to keep a daughter

standing on each side of his chair; and that once waking suddenly and finding that one had sat down, he gave orders she should not be spoken to for a year, and at his death left her £20,000 less than her sister. But for one thing he better deserves a niche in history. It was his sudden appearance with the Duke of Argyll, in the Council Chamber at Kensington, when Queen Anne lay dying in the next room, which secured the Lord Treasurer's White Staff for the Duke of Shrewsbury, baffled the designs of Bolingbroke upon the Lord Treasurership, and prevented the proclamation of the Pretender. The Duchess of Somerset became one of the leading political women of her time. On the change of parties in 1710 she succeeded the Duchess of Marlborough as Mistress of the Robes, and was soon Queen Anne's most influential favourite. She was Swift's pet horror, and it was the resentment inspired in the Duchess by his allusions to her in his "Windsor Prophecy,"[1] which is said to have

[1] These were doggrel lines purporting to have been found in a grave at Windsor. To explain the allusions, it should be said that the Duchess had red hair, and that Mrs. Masham (originally Miss Hill) was the rival favourite

closed against him for ever the road to the Bench.

The Duchess died on November 22nd, 1724, after bearing her proud Lord thirteen children, of whom the third son, Algernon, succeeded to the dukedom. He was created Earl of Northumberland, with remainder to Sir Hugh Smithson the husband of his daughter, Lady Elizabeth Seymour. It was for Sir Hugh that the dukedom of Northumberland was created in 1766, and in his line has since been transmitted.

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at Kensington and the mainstay of the Tory intriguers. The offensive passage ran thus—

> "And dear England, if aught I understand,
> Beware of *carrots* from *Northumberland:*
> Carrots sown *Thynne* a deep root may get
> If so they be in *Somer set.*
> Their *Conyngs mark* thou, for I have been told
> They assassine when young, and poison when old:
> Root out those *carrots*, oh thou whose name
> Is backwards and forwards always the same.[1]
> And keep close to thee always that name
> Which backwards and forwards is almost the same.[2]
> And England, wouldst thou be happy still?
> Bury the *carrots* under a *Hill.*"[3]

[1] Anna. [2] Masham.
[3] Mrs. Masham's maiden name.

CHAPTER VII.

A DUEL IN LEICESTER FIELDS.

BETWEEN the Restoration and the Revolution, Castle Street, Newport Street, Cranborn Alley, and Bear Lane had been built; the square had been surrounded by houses, and had assumed its present dimensions. The buildings on the south side were finished in 1671, the north and east having been built before, and including the best houses. The ground in the centre of the square was railed round before the end of the century, and served for duels, like other open spaces in those days of swords and sudden quarrels. There is a record of one such encounter there preserved in the "State Trials;"[1] two of the parties implicated having been peers—the Earl of Warwick

[1] Vol. xiii. p. 939, Howell's ed. 1812.

(who died two years after, leaving a widow, whom Addison married in 1716), and Charles, Lord Mohun, who had stood at the bar of the House of Lords on a charge of murder seven years before, when William Mountford, the handsomest actor of his time, was run through the body in a night scuffle, by a Captain Hill, a boon companion of Mohun's, who had attempted to carry off, with Mohun's assistance, Mrs. Ann Bracegirdle, the most popular actress of the day. Mohun, Baron Okehampton, the fifth and last Lord of his line, was a thorough scamp, ruffler, and rake-hell, whose name has survived in connection with his affairs of the sword, the murder of Mountford in 1693,[1] this duel of 1699, and the duel with the Duke of Hamilton in 1712, in which both combatants fell.[2]

Among the famous taverns, between the Restoration and the reign of Queen Anne,

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[1] For his share in which he was acquitted by sixty-nine peers to fourteen, one of the majority observing, "After all the fellow was but a player, and players are rogues."

[2] My readers need hardly be reminded of the prominent figure played by Lord Mohun in Thackeray's "Esmond," and the way this duel is woven into the story.

Locket's, at Charing Cross,[1] was one of the most frequented by men of quality and pleasure.

Here, late on Saturday, the 29th of October, 1699, were met over their bottle Lords Warwick and Mohun, and Captains French, Dockwra, James, and Coote, a cadet of the Irish family of Mountrath.

Lord Warwick and Coote were boon companions: when they had been late on the rounds the captain was always welcome to a bed at my Lord's lodgings; when the captain was arrested by his tailor, Lord Warwick found the money to pay the bill; when the captain's father stopped the supplies, and the captain wanted 100 guineas to make up the price of a step, Lord Warwick was ready with an order on his steward.

Locket's was one of the daily haunts of Lord Warwick, Captain Coote and their set; and on this Saturday night Lord Mohun came in before midnight, when all was good temper. But Coote, whose humour it was sometimes to be quarrelsome, sneering at Captain French, the latter in heat called for his reckoning. Lord

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[1] It stood near the site of George III.'s statue.

Warwick, seeing a storm brewing, proposed to send three bottles of wine to his lodging, and carry Coote thither to finish the night. It was now about one. Reckonings were called and paid, and the party broke up, but stopped in the bar while coaches or chairs were being fetched. All of a sudden Coote was called to account by French for smiling. "I'll smile when I like, and frown when I like, G—d d—m me," was the hot rejoinder. In a moment all swords were out; but Lord Mohun, who seems to have played the peacemaker all through, declared he would have no fighting, that he and Lord Warwick would send for the musketeers sooner; he even got his hand cut in interposing between the swords. Lord Warwick swore he would take Captain Coote home with him, and three chairs just then coming up, Captain Coote, still chafing and quarrelsome, got into the first, Lord Warwick into the second; but before they could give their directions to the chairmen, Lord Mohun called them back into the tavern, for a last attempt at accommodation. But the attempt at reconciliation only made matters worse. Coote got into his chair again, and gave the word

"to Leicester Fields." The two Lords hurried their chairs after his, calling out again and again whither he was going? "To Leicester Fields!" was the answer. "Pray do not," said Lord Warwick; "but come along with us, and let it alone till to-morrow." By this time they had turned up St. Martin's Lane, and were got as far as the Cross Keys Tavern. "Stop!" called my Lord Mohun; so the three chairs were set down abreast, while both remonstrated with the heated captain, begging him to go home to their lodgings; he, flushed and furious, swearing he would make an end of it that night. At this moment came up the three other chairs on the other side of the way.

"Whereupon," says Thomas Browne, forechairman (in his excellent evidence at the trial), "Mr. Coote bid us take up and make all haste we could before those other three into Leicester Fields; so taking up the chair again, Mr. Coote bid us make haste, and if we could go no faster, he swore, 'd—n him,' he would run his sword in one of our bodies. There were two chairs before me, and my Lord Mohun and my Lord Warwick followed in two chairs after me, and when we

came to the corner of Leicester Fields at Green Street[1] end, all the three chairs were set down abreast again, and Mr. Coote put his hand in his pocket and took out half a guinea to pay, and said he had no silver; and my Lord of Warwick spoke to my Lord Mohun, who took three shillings out of his pocket and said, 'There was for my Lord Warwick, Captain Coote and himself.' And when they were gone, I took my box and my pipe, and filled my pipe, and took the lanthorn and lighted it, and by the time I had lighted my pipe, I heard a calling out, 'Chair, chair, chair,'[2] again towards the upper end of the square. So I took my chair, and there was one of the chairs that was not gone, and so we came up to the upper end of the Fields, and they called us to bring the chairs over the rails. We told them we did not know how to do that, for we should not be able to get them back again. At last we did get over the rails, and made up close to the place where we heard the noise, for we could see nothing, it being a very dark night,

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[1] They must have come along Hemming's Row from St. Martin's Lane.

[2] It was in rather less than a quarter of an hour.

and when we came up close to them, I saw by my lanthorn two gentlemen holding up Mr. Coote under the arms, and crying out, 'My dear Coote! my dear Coote!'

"*Attorney-General.* Pray who were these gentlemen?

"*Browne.* I did not know them; one was in red clothes and the other had gold lace, and they would have had me take Mr. Coote into my chair, but seeing him bloody, and not able to help himself, I said I would not spoil my chair, and so would not meddle with him; but they said they would make any satisfaction for my chair, and desired me to take him in; but he gave himself a spring from them, and we found he was too heavy for us to lift over the rails, and all we could do we could not make him sit in the chair, but the chair was broken with endeavouring to place him there; and they said if we could carry him to a surgeon's, they would give us £100 security, but we finding it impossible the watch was called for,[1] but nobody would

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[1] As another witness explains, to help to put the wounded man into the chair.

come near, for they saw it was out of their ward,[1] and so they would not come anigh me; and I staid about half-an-hour with my chair broken, and afterwards I was laid hold on, both I and my partner, and we were kept till next night, eleven o'clock; and that is all the satisfaction that I have had for my chair and everything."

Crippes, the hind-chairman of the same chair, bore out his fellow Browne in every particular.

The chairmen who carried Lord Warwick from Locket's, after the bloody end of poor Captain Coote, carried Lord Warwick to the Bagnio[2] in Long Acre, and noticed that his hand was bleeding. Captain French had already been carried wounded to the same house. One of the chairmen gives evidence, how when he and his partner had got their chair to the corner of the Fields,

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[1] The dividing line of the parishes of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields and St. Anne's, Soho, runs diagonally across the Square, and they must have been the watch of the wrong half.

[2] It was also called the Queen's, and stood on the south side of Long Acre, between Conduit Court and Leg Alley. Lord Mohun left the Bagnio in a hackney-coach for his fatal duel with the Duke of Hamilton. — Cunningham's "Hand-book of London."

"Captain French bid us open our chairs and let him in, for he did believe he was a dead man; and upon that we did take him in, and he bid us carry him, with all the speed we could, to the Bagnio in Long Acre; and when we came to the door of the Bagnio, and Captain French came out of the chair, he was so weak that he fell down upon his knees; and when he came out, I asked who should pay me, and desired to be discharged, and the Earl of Warwick said, 'D—n ye, call for your money to-morrow;' so they both went in at the Bagnio door together." To give the devil his due, the same man gave strong evidence of the strenuous efforts of Lord Mohun to keep the peace—"I did hear him beg heartily of Captain Coote to go home, and let the business alone till another time; and, indeed, I think I never heard a man beg more heartily for alms at a door, than he did that they might not go into the Fields then."

The scene now changes—from the dark Fields, with the dead man on the soaked grass, and two or three dimly-seen figures busy about him—to the Bagnio, between two and three on that chill February Sunday morning; the half-

dressed attendant roused from sleep by the knocking; in parley with him Lord Warwick, with his sword drawn and bloody, in a bleeding hand; Captain French helped into the house by the chairmen, faint from loss of blood, but still holding his sword; the servants hastily summoned; the French doctor Amy fetched out of his bed, and looking to the wounded gentlemen; and in half an hour after, another knocking —this time from James and Dockwra, who are let in after Lord Warwick has heard who they are. They bring news of Coote's death, and there is hasty discourse about going into the country.

While the Bagnio is thus busy, poor Coote is lying stiff and stark in St. Martin's Round House, whither the St. Martin's watch, who have come up and found him dead, have carried the body.

The story among the gentlemen in the Bagnio is that Captain French engaged Coote, who had for friends Lord Warwick and Lord Mohun, and that as it was often the usage at that day for seconds to fight as well as principals, Captain James had fought with Lord Warwick, and given him the wound in his hand.

Captains French, Dockwra, and James were tried at the Old Bailey and found guilty of manslaughter, but allowed their clergy, and so let off with their lives.

Lord Warwick's case gave rise to a grave legal argument whether Captain French, who had been convicted of felony, but not burnt in the hand nor pardoned, could legally be a witness. It was held he could not. Lord Warwick also raised the question, whether a second in a duel could be chargeable with the death of his principal? Lord Somers ruled that the fact of acting as second was not proved, and therefore the question did not arise. But there can be no doubt, according to recent cases, as to the liability of all concerned in a duel on both sides to the charge of murder. The conduct of Lord Warwick, in leaving Coote dead on the ground, and looking after Captain French, is certainly hard to explain; but, on the whole, it seems clear that he was Coote's not French's second, and that the justice of the case was satisfied by the sentence of guilty of Manslaughter, passed unanimously.

There is no evidence that Lord Mohun

was present at all during the fatal encounter, and his Lordship at the trial declared that all his efforts were directed to prevent the duel. His character was against him, but no one swore to his presence on the field after the fighting began, so that he was unanimously pronounced not guilty. Before leaving the bar, he assured the Court he would endeavour to avoid giving their Lordships any trouble of this nature in future. Considering that he had once already been tried for his life at the same bar, he might have been expected to take the experience to heart. But the duel, in which he and the Duke of Hamilton, his brother-in-law, both fell,[1] was a deed far more atrocious than either of those for which he had been indicted of murder.

This is, as far as I know, the most memorable duel recorded in Leicester Fields.

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[1] When Lord Mohun was killed, he was living in Gerard House, Gerard Street, Soho, so called from Gerard, Lord Macclesfield, with whose family he and the Duke of Hamilton had both intermarried. A dispute about this Gerard Street property was the cause of their fatal quarrel.

Chapter VIII.

DISTINGUISHED LODGERS AND VISITORS.—PETER THE GREAT, SWIFT, AND PRINCE EUGENE.

IMMEDIATELY to the west of Leicester House stood a house belonging to the Marquis of Ailesbury, but in 1698 occupied by the Marquis of Caermarthen, the eccentric son of Thomas Osborne, Duke of Leeds, who, when Lord Danby, was go-between in the infamous money-dealings between the French King and Charles II., and for his part in that treason had lain five years a prisoner in the Tower, till 1684. After sagaciously keeping aloof during the brief and troubled reign of James, Danby had thrown himself zealously into the cause of William. He had been rewarded in 1689

with the Lord Presidentship of the Council, and the marquisate of Caermarthen, and in 1694 with the dukedom of Leeds. He was never trusted in Parliament or out. But just when he had sunk to his lowest point of unpopularity, his credit had been suddenly restored by his services in detecting the Jacobite plot of 1690, and in taking Lord Preston, its most active agent, with his papers, while making the best of his way down the Thames to St. Germain's. In this exploit he had been materially assisted by his son Peregrine, who had had a passion for the sea, and whose yacht, on his own rig and model, called after himself the "Peregrine," was the fastest craft afloat in that day. It was thanks to her sailing qualities that Preston and his confederates had been overtaken and captured. The Duke had now retired from public life, but his wild son still served the King. With the rank of Rear-Admiral, he had accompanied the expedition of the allied English and Dutch fleets to the ill-managed attack on Brest (in 1694), when the plans of the Allies were betrayed to the enemy, through the treachery of Marlborough, and the attempt to land under Talmash was

repulsed with heavy loss. The "Peregrine" and her commander, with whom were serving Lord Cutts, the fiercest of Irish soldiers, and mad Lord Mohun, who was then trying to wipe out the stain left on his name by the murder of Mountford, sailed boldly into the bay under the enemies' batteries to reconnoitre the defences, drew the fire of the French guns, and only by a miracle came out afloat. When at the beginning of 1698 Peter the First, Czar of Muscovy, announced himself as a visitor to England, the King, a good judge of character, chose the very best man in Court for his cicerone, guide, and master of the ceremonies, in the Marquis of Caermarthen, as keen a sailor, as enthusiastic a ship-builder, almost as hard a drinker, and as bluff, blunt, and impatient of ceremony, as Peter himself.

The Czar came hither—a magnificent young despot of six-and-twenty, untamed, untaught, a unique combination of practical sagacity, profound purpose and comprehensive intelligence, with the habits of a sot, and the manners of a savage—not, as has sometimes been represented, to learn the handling of shipwright's tools and the

framing of ships' timbers. These he had already mastered at Zaandam. Nor was it only to study the theory of shipbuilding, and the mode of making draughts and laying them off in the mould-loft. He wished, besides, to study the work of our astronomical and nautical instrument-makers, to examine the apparatus in our observatories under the guidance of the observers, to make the acquaintance of our mechanics at their lathes, our surgeons in their operating rooms, and our chemists in their laboratories.

No sovereign has ever shown a curiosity at once so insatiate, and so well-directed. It seems as if in his own person he had wished to compress the work of years into days, as he was determined that his country should accomplish in years the progress of centuries. He had created the germ of an army as a boy, in his attacks on a toy-citadel with mock soldiers; and had gradually formed the force with which he resisted his sister's Strelitzes, and cleared his own way to the throne. It was only eight years before his visit to England that he had first seen an English shallop, had found a Dutch pilot to refit and rig

her, and had at last learnt to steer and handle her. From a shallop to a frigate, from a frigate to a fleet, were natural steps for Peter's far-reaching mind. He drew together shipbuilders, gunners, pilots and sailors from Holland and the Baltic, built and equipped the best fleet he could, and after one signal repulse, took Azoff from the Turks in an assault, in which his ships bore an effective part. After crushing a formidable conspiracy of the Strelitzes—into whose conclave he broke with a single attendant, and by the mere terror of his presence enforced them to bind each other hand and foot,[1]—sensible of the defects of his education, and full of vast designs, he started on his travels through the civilized world, of which he had seen nothing, with a suite as rude and new to civilization as himself. As Peter's combinations included the conquest of the Turks, the first condition of which was the command of the Black Sea, the possession of a powerful fleet was the *sine quâ non* of his schemes. "He therefore intended," says Burnet, "to see the fleets of Holland and England, and to make him-

[1] Burnet, "History of His Own Times."

self as much master of that matter as his genius could rise up to. He sent an embassy to Holland to regulate some matters of commerce and to see if they would assist him in the war he was designing against the Turks. When the ambassadors were set out, he settled his affairs in such hands as he trusted most to, and with a small retinue of two or three servants secretly followed his ambassadors and quickly overtook them. He discovered himself first to the Elector of Brandenburg, who was then in Prussia, looking at the dispute that was likely to arise in Poland, in which, if a war should follow, he might be forced to have a share." From Prussia the Czar went into Holland. Here after a short survey of Amsterdam, he entered himself, at first really unknown, in the dockyard books at Zaandam; dressed, lived, and earned his day's wages by his day's work, like a common dockyard artizan; assisted in the building of a ship of his own, the "Saint Peter," and saw her sail for Archangel, and all the while issued his orders for his home government, carried on his diplomatic correspondence, and did all he could to induce the Dutch to lend him a fleet and sailors. This

failing, he turned to this country. Here William received him cordially, though incognito, as he wished, and had a house taken for him in Norfolk Street,[1] Strand, overlooking the river, the owner of which, on his departure, found it sadly abused by its Russian tenants. During the month that the Czar remained in London, the Marquis of Caermarthen was his constant companion. Peter hated courts and courtly crowds, would only go to Kensington without equipages or servants, and insisted on the King visiting him as unceremoniously. He was once present at the revels in the Middle Temple, which may have had a smack of barbarism that pleased him. But he was never happy under the gaze of the crowd, high or low. At the theatre, when he found himself the cynosure of all eyes, he drew to the back of the box, and thrust forward the marquis to the public. Rather than stand the well-bred stare of the House of Lords, he climbed up to the leads and peeped down through an upper window on the sitting.[2]

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[1] Some accounts say in York Buildings, but erroneously.

[2] Jesse ("Memorials of London," vol. i. p. 371) prints a story how, when he visited Westminster Hall in full

At the one ball he was induced to attend at St. James's he insisted on being put into a little side-room, whence he could see without being seen. His real pleasure was to sail all day with Caermarthen in his yacht, and to drink with him all night in Norfolk Street or Leicester Fields. The tradition is that their favourite tipple was brandy spiced with pepper. Before his solitary visit to the play to see the "Rival Queens," it is recorded that besides a pint of brandy and a bottle of sherry by way of "morning," the Czar floored eight bottles of sack after dinner. But the most awful evidence of the powers of eating and drinking of Peter and his suite, is extant in the Bodleian Library in a genuine inn-bill from Godalming, where the party—twenty-one in all—stopped to bait on their way from Portsmouth, where towards the end of Peter's visit the King provided a sham-fight for his entertainment. This was an idea

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term, he asked who were all those men in wigs and gowns? On Lord Caermarthen's telling him they were lawyers,—"Lawyers!" he exclaimed, "why I have only two in all my dominions, and I believe I shall hang one of *them* the moment I get back." *Se non è vero è ben trovato.*

worthy of Caermarthen, and sure to send Peter away in good humour, as it did. The consumption at these two Godalming meals looks like good health as well as high spirits. The bill includes: at breakfast,—half a sheep, a quarter of lamb, ten pullets, twelve chickens, three quarts of brandy, six quarts of mulled wine, seven dozens of eggs, with salad in proportion; and at dinner,—five ribs of beef, weighing three stone, one sheep, 56 lbs., three quarters of lamb, a shoulder and loin of veal boiled, eight rabbits, two dozen and a half of sack, and one dozen of claret. Let us hope the landlord had cold meat for many a long day after. Peter was fond of roving the streets with the Marquis of Caermarthen, though he had an imperial impatience of being elbowed. Once, a porter, with a load on his shoulder, jostled him and drove him into the road; when in his rage he was about to knock the man down, the Marquis of Caermarthen, interfered to save the offender, telling him at the same time the gentleman he had run against was the Czar. "Czar!" said the porter, turning round with a grin, "we are all Czars here!"

According to the newspapers of the day, the marquis gave the Czar at least one grand evening reception in Leicester Fields. That singular presence certainly enriches the associations of the square. The Czar's happiest time was probably at Deptford, where, at the end of January, Sayes Court, Evelyn's pretty house at Deptford, was taken for him. The house, newly furnished for the new lodger by the King, was so close to the dockyard, that a doorway was broken through between the house and yard. The Czar was anything but a desirable tenant. Evelyn's servant writes to him: "There is a house full of people and right nasty. The Czar lies next your library, and dines in the parlour next your study. He dines at ten o'clock, and six at night; is very seldom at home a whole day, very often in the King's Yard, or by water, dressed in several dresses. The King is expected here this day. The best parlour is pretty clean for him to be entertained in. The King pays for all he has." One can easily picture those dinners, their loads of meat washed down by oceans of brandy, the dwarf at Peter's right hand, and the monkey on the back of his chair, the bones flung

about, and liquors spilt, the filth, the practical joking, and the brutal horse-play. It is to be feared the £150 paid to Evelyn by the King after the Czar's departure was but inadequate to cover the dirt and dilapidation indoors and out, including the damage to Evelyn's pet holly hedges, which the Czar ruined by driving a wheelbarrow through them for an appetite of a morning. Altogether, Evelyn must have been very thankful, when, on the 21st of April, he could record in his diary, "The Czar went from my house to return home."

During his visits to Greenwich the Czar took both Halley and Flamsteed into council, having a turn for instruments and observations. He bought a famous geographical clock at Carte's, the sign of the Dial and Sun, near Essex Street, in the Strand. The King put no obstacles in the way of his engaging English artificers, as the States-General had done; and when he went hence he carried with him near 500 persons—captains, pilots, surgeons, gunners, mast-makers, boat-builders, sail-makers, compass-makers, carvers, anchor-smiths and copper-smiths. His last act was to present the King with a ruby valued

at £10,000, which he brought out of his pocket wrapped in a piece of brown paper. He was made supremely happy by the present of a yacht, the "Royal Transport," with leave to try all experiments he liked in the way of change of trim and rig. His delight was to sail her, in company with Caermarthen and the principal members of his suite, Menzikoff at their head, whom he was bent on making as accomplished sailors and shipbuilders as himself. Often, after a day on the river, under sail or oars, the party would put in at Tower Stairs, to smoke and drink at a sailors' public-house, which bore the sign of the Czar's Head till 1808, and still keeps the name, though the sign is no more. Tobacco was under ban in Russia, and as popular as things under ban usually are. Caermarthen had influence to induce the Czar to grant a concession for its importation to a deputation of English merchants; when they hinted at the religious difficulty, they were reassured, says Macaulay, "by the air with which he told them, that he knew how to keep priests in order."

Peter could scarcely have been as much at home with Bishop Burnet, who evidently took

a very imperfect measure of him, as with the Marquis of Caermarthen. "I waited often on him," says the Bishop, in his History of his own times, "to offer him such information on our religion and constitution as he was willing to receive. I had good interpreters, so I had much free discourse with him. He is a man of very hot tempers, soon inflamed, and very brutal in his passion; he raises his natural heat by drinking much brandy, which he rectifies himself with great application; he is subject to convulsive motions all over his body, and his head seems to be affected with these; he wants not capacity, and has a larger measure of knowledge than might be expected from his education, which was very indifferent; a want of judgment with an irritability of temper appear in him too often and too evidently. He is mechanically turned, and seems designed rather to be a ship-carpenter than a great prince; this was his chief study and exercise while he stayed here. He wrought much with his own hands, and made all about him work at the models of ships; he told me he designed a great fleet at Azoff, and with it to attack the Turkish Empire; but he did not seem

capable of conducting so great a design, though his conduct in the wars since then has discovered a greater genius in him than appeared at that time. He was desirous to understand our doctrine; but he did not seem disposed to mend matters in Muscovy; he was indeed resolved to encourage learning, and to polish his people by sending some of them to travel in other countries, and to draw strangers to come and live among them. He seemed apprehensive still of his sister's intrigues.[1] There was a mixture both of passion and severity in his temper. He is resolute, but understands little of war, and seemed not at all inquisitive that way. After I had seen him often, and conversed much with him, I could not but adore the depth of the providence of God that had raised up such a furious man to so absolute an authority over so great a part of the world."

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[1] The Princess Sophia, who, when Peter's elder brother, Ivan, was driven from the throne by the nobles to set the boy Peter in his place, raised the Strelitzes against him, and cleverly drew all power into her own hands, under show of an authority shared between her and her two brothers. Peter deposed her and imprisoned her for life in a monastery.

On the 4th of January, 1712, just as the last three weeks' hard frost was passing into "slabbery"[1] thaw, a huzzaing crowd is gathered round a string of muddy coaches drawn up in front of Leicester House, from one of which a little ugly, yellow, wizened man, with one shoulder higher than the other, in a furred *houppelande* over a blue and silver uniform, has just passed rapidly into the house, conducted by M. Hoffman, the Imperial Ambassador. It is Prince Eugene, the great captain, only second, if second indeed, to Marlborough himself, with whose name his is always coupled in the common mouth. He has just arrived to do what he can to stay the movement for peace, now becoming irresistible, and is the guest of His Excellency the Imperial Resident.

England had been burdened with the wars arising out of the Spanish Succession, since the death of Charles II. of Spain in the first year of the century.

Provoked by the diplomatic appropriation of his dominions, made by the Partition Treaties,[2]

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[1] Swift's word for the weather.

[2] The first of which, Aug. 19, 1698, between France, England and Holland, had declared Ferdinand, Electoral

Charles, by his will, left his crown to Philip, Duke of Anjou, second son of the Dauphin. Louis XIV. accepted the bequest, and on the 16th of November, 1700, declared Philip King of Spain, without any regard to the Partition Treaties. England, the Empire, and the States-General formed the Grand Alliance to resist this. Hence the wars, which, down to the peace of Utrecht, drained the resources of England, France, Spain, the Empire, and the Low Countries, laid waste great tracts of Europe, inflicted indescribable misery upon honest, hard-working people, the peasantry in particular, increased the public debts, crippled the prosperity and stayed the progress of all the countries engaged, and, as a set-off, made magnificent reputations for such great captains as Marlborough and Eugene, Villeroy and Vendôme.

It is startling for one who brings to the subject the notions of our own time, to study the history of those days, when the balance of power was regarded as a kind of sacred Palladium, when,

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Prince of Bavaria, heir to the crown of Spain; and the second, occasioned by his death, gave the crown of Spain to the Archduke Charles, with an apportionment of the other possessions of the Spanish monarchy.

year after year, England sent out a great army to take its part in a bloody continental campaign on the Rhine or the Danube, in the Low Countries, or in Spain.

But Prince Eugene was a popular hero by virtue of his grand exploits in war, and the halo of his battles hung about him now that he had come to do all he could to keep war going. It may be doubtful if peace was more popular with the English crowd then than it has ever been. And Prince Eugene was a model hero, modest, simple and religious, whose fame was stained with no cruelty or self-seeking, whose name rose to the lips with Marlborough's when people looked up to the tattered colours of Blenheim at Westminster or the trophies of Ramillies in the Guildhall. Marlborough was just now the mark of Parliamentary hostility, charged as an intriguer and a cheat; and all his victories were not enough to save him from disgrace and downfall. But no portion of his discredit attached to Prince Eugene. He was not bespattered with the dirt of the party intrigues of Whig and Tory, or implicated in the feuds and faction fights of Harley and Godolphin, Swift and Steele, Mrs. Masham and Duchess Sarah.

The Tories had carried the day at the general election of 1710, and the Tories were now the party of peace. A Tory ministry had then been installed, including Rochester, St. John and Harley. The Duke of Marlborough had been the only Whig allowed to retain his appointments; and his Duchess had surrendered all her places at Court, including the command of the Queen's ear, to Mrs. Masham. In the course of 1711, Harley had been made Earl of Oxford, and Lord High Treasurer. Proposals of peace had been submitted on the part of France, and communicated to the allies. At the opening of Parliament, the Queen had informed her Lords and Commons that, "notwithstanding the acts of those that delight in war, both time and place were appointed for negotiating a general peace." Marlborough, on his return from this year's campaign, notwithstanding his masterly turning the French lines at Arleux and the taking of Bouchain, had been deprived of all his offices, said to bring in, with those of the Duchess, the enormous yearly amount of £62,525, exclusive of perquisites and pickings.

This had been the last Act of Parliament on

the last day of 1711. And five days after, Prince Eugene had arrived, to press, on behalf of the Emperor, the abandonment of all that had been done in the direction of peace, and to make proposals for a more vigorous prosecution of the war. In Leicester Fields he never went out without the crowd huzzaing at his heels: at Court it was almost impossible to approach him, so thick was the crowd where he moved. He was fêted, dined, and lionized by the Court and the City; but his mission was a failure. The negotiations for peace progressed, and within four days of his installation at Leicester House the plenipotentiaries for France, the States-General, and England, were discussing preliminaries at Utrecht. No man had had more to do with bringing about the abandonment of the war, and discrediting its chiefs and supporters than Swift, now the right-hand man of Oxford, St. John, and Mrs. Masham, and the most powerful pen in support of the Tory government, pouring forth a ceaseless flood of argument and satire, pamphlet, lampoon, and epigram in their defence, and to the damage of their opponents. It is interesting to find that he was at this time lodging in Leicester

Fields,[1] principally that he might be near his attractive friend Mrs. Catherine Barton, Newton's niece and housekeeper, lately removed with her illustrious uncle to their new home in St. Martin's Street. From his lodgings Swift could hear the huzzas of the crowd as Prince Eugene went in and out of Leicester House. On the 6th May he writes : "I went to Court, which I found very full, in expectation of seeing Prince Eugene, who landed last night,[2] and lies at Leicester House. He was not to see the Queen till six this evening, I hope and believe he comes too late to do the Whigs any good. I refused dining with the secretary [St. John]. I went at six to see the Prince at Court, but he was gone in to the Queen; and when he came out, Mr. Secretary, who introduced him, walked so near him, that he quite screened me from him with his great periwig. I'll tell you a good passage : as Prince Eugene was going with Mr. Secretary to Court, he told the Secretary 'that Hoffman, the Emperor's Resident, said to his

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[1] "Journal to Stella," Nov. 28, 1711.

[2] "Journal to Stella." It was on the 4th he landed.

Highness, that it was not proper to go to Court without a long wig, and his was a tied-up one. 'Now,' says the Prince, 'I know not what to do, for I never had a long periwig in my life; and I have sent to all my valets and footmen, to see whether any of them have one, that I might borrow it, but none of them have any'—was not this spoken very greatly, with some sort of contempt? But the Secretary said it was a thing of no consequence, and only observed by gentlemen-ushers. I supped with Lord Masham, [husband of the favourite] when Lord Treasurer [Oxford] and Mr. Secretary, supped with us, the first left us at twelve, but the rest did not part till two."

And the day after we read: "I was this morning to give the Duke of Ormond[1] notice of the honour done him to make him one of our society,[2]

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[1] He had just been appointed, in Marlborough's place, Captain-General of all Her Majesty's forces in Great Britain, and Colonel of the First Troop of Guards.

[2] The Brothers' Club; a society devised to bring the literary and political notabilities of the Tory party into confidential communication, of which Swift was the master-spirit and dictator. We owe to this club and the Scriblerus Club, its continuation, some of the happiest *jeux-d'esprit* in the language.

and to invite him on Thursday next to the Thatched House: he has accepted it with the gratitude and humility such a preferment deserves, but cannot come till the next meeting, because the Prince Eugene is to dine with him that day, which I allowed for a good excuse, and will report accordingly." And on the 8th, "the Duke of Marlborough says: 'There is nothing he now desires so much as to contrive some way to soften Doctor Swift'"—Captain Sword lowering his blade to Captain Pen. "He is mistaken; for those things that have been hardest against him have not been written by me. Mr. Secretary told me this from a friend of the Duke's; and I am sure now he is down I shall not trample on him; although I love him not, I dislike his being out. Prince Eugene did not dine with the Duke of Marlborough on Sunday, but was last night at Lady Betty Germaine's assemblée, and a vast number of ladies to see him."

On the 9th, there is an attempt made to rob the Dean's lodgings. The thieves climbed on some sheds, for the Dean's rooms were on a first floor, and the sheds were almost on a level with the windows. "They attacked others in the neigh-

bourhood about the same time, and actually robbed a house in Suffolk Street, which is the next street but one to us.[1] It is said they are seamen, discharged from service. I went up to call my man and found his bed empty. It seems he often lies abroad. I challenged him this morning as one of the robbers. He is a sad dog, and the minute I come to Ireland I will discard him. I have this day got double iron bars to every window in my dining room and bed chamber, and I hide my purse in my thread stocking between my bedstead and the wainscoat."

On the 20th: "There was a world of people to day at Court to see Prince Eugene, but all bit, for he did not come . . . . . The Duke of Beaufort has a mighty mind to come into our society. Shall we let him? I spoke to the Duke of Ormond about it, and he doubts a little whether to let him in or no. They say the Duke of Somerset is advised by his friends to let his wife[2] stay with

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[1] Whitcomb Street, a continuation of Hedge Lane, a notorious rookery of thieves and vagabonds, was between the Fields and Suffolk Street.

[2] This was the Lady Ogle of the Königsmarck assassination affair, Swift's bitterest enemy.

the Queen. I am sorry for it. I dined with the Secretary to day with mixed company. I don't love it. Our society will not meet till Friday, because Thursday will be a busy day in the House of Commons, for then the Duke of Marlborough's bribery is to be examined into about the pension paid him[1] by those that furnished bread for the army."

What must Prince Eugene have felt as he watched from day to day this fierce Parliamentary attack on the great captain by whose side he had won so much honour? Burnet[2] tells us: "At this time Prince Eugene was sent by the Emperor to England to try if it was possible to engage our court to go on with the war, offering a new scheme by which he took a much larger share of it on himself than the late Emperor

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[1] The Duke had been in the habit of receiving £5,000 a year from Sir Solomon Medina, a Jew army contractor for bread.

[2] A most determined Whig, and root and branch opponent of the peace; telling the Queen that if it was made, she was betrayed; that in less than three years' time we should be all ruined, and the fires would be again raised in Smithfield. "I pursued this long," adds the Bishop, "till I saw she grew uneasy," and no wonder, poor lady!

would bear. That prince's character is so justly high, that all people for some weeks pressed about the places where he was to be seen, to look at him. I had the honour to be admitted at several times to much discourse with him; his character is so universally known, that I will say nothing of him, but from what appeared to myself. He has a most unaffected modesty, and does scarcely bear the acknowledgment that all the world pay him. He descends to an easy equality with them with whom he converses; and seems to assume nothing to himself, while he reasons with others. He was treated with great respect by both parties; but he put a distinguished respect on the Duke of Marlborough with whom he passed most of his time. The Queen used him civilly, but not with the distinction that was due to his high merit; nor did he gain much ground with the ministers." Burnet describes Marlborough as bearing the fierce storm which now beat on him, "in silence and patience, with an exterior that seemed always calm and cheerful, and though he prepared a full vindication of himself, yet he delayed publishing it until the nation should return to its senses, and be capable of examining these matters in a more

impartial manner." Speaking of his assailants, from whom one is pleased to be able to distinguish Swift, he says: "They compared him to Catiline, to Crassus, and to Antony; and studied to represent him as a robber of the nation, and as a public enemy. This gave an indignation to all who had a sense of gratitude or a regard to justice. In one of these scurrilous papers, written on design to raise the rabble against him, one of the periods began thus: 'He was perhaps once fortunate.' I took occasion to let Prince Eugene see the spite of these writers, and mentioned this passage, upon which he made this pleasant reflection: 'That it was the greatest commendation could be given him, since he was always successful,' so this implied that in one single instance he might be fortunate, but that all his other successes were owing to his conduct. I upon that said, that single instance must be his escaping out of the hands of the party that took him[1] when he was sailing down the river Maes in his boat."

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[1] When the Duke escaped by showing a pass belonging to his brother, General Churchill, then by accident in his possession.

On the 27th of January Swift writes to Stella: "I could not see Prince Eugene at Court to-day, the crowd was so great. The Whigs continue to have a crowd always about him, and employ the rabble to give the word when he sets out from any place." The day after he tells Stella that "the sixth edition of 3,000 of 'The Conduct of the Allies'[1] is sold, and the printer talks of a seventh. 11,000 of them have been sold, which is a prodigious run. The little twopenny 'Letter of Advice to the October Club'[2] does not sell. I know not the reason, for it is finely written, I assure you; and like a true author, I grow fond of it because it does not sell. You know that it is usual to writers to condemn the judgment of the world. If I had hinted it to be mine, every body would have bought it, but it is a great secret." On the 3rd of February he writes: "We are all preparing against the birthday. I think it is Wednesday next. If the Queen's gout

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[1] The pamphlet which had done more than any other publication to turn the tide against the war and the Whigs.

[2] A well-meant attempt to moderate the extreme Tory party; but, like most attempts at moderation, not strikingly successful.

increases it will spoil sport. Prince Eugene has two fine suits made against it; and the Queen is to give him a sword worth £4,000, the diamonds set transparent." On the 6th, the birthday: "I went to dine at Lord Masham's at three, and met all the company just coming out of Court; a mighty crowd; they stayed long for their coaches. I had an opportunity of seeing several lords and ladies of my acquaintance in their fineries. Lady Ashburnham looked the best in my eyes. They say the Court was never fuller nor finer. Lord Treasurer, his lady and two daughters, and Mrs. Hill, dined with Lord and Lady Masham; the five ladies were monstrous fine. The Queen gave Prince Eugene the diamond sword to-day; but nobody was by when she gave it except my Lord Chamberlain. There was an entertainment of opera songs at night, and the Queen was at all the entertainment, and is very well after it. I saw Lady Wharton [a Whig] as ugly as the devil, coming out in the crowd, all in an undress; she has been with the Marlborough daughters, and Lady Bridgewater in St. James's, looking out of the window[1] to see

[1] Of Marlborough House.

the sight. I do not hear that one Whig lady was there, except those of the bed chamber. Nothing has made so great a noise as Dr. Kelson's chariot, that cost £930, the finest that was ever seen. The rabble huzzaed him as much as they did Prince Eugene."

About this time there was a serious hitch in the progress of the negotiation for peace (13th February): "Our news from Holland is not good. The French raise difficulties and make such offers to the allies as cannot be accepted; and the Dutch are uneasy that we are likely to get anything for ourselves; and the Whigs are glad at all this. I came home early, and have been very busy three or four hours." The Doctor was now hard at work on his remarks on the Barrier treaty. On the 17th he writes: "The Court was mighty full to-day and has been these many Sundays; but the Queen was not at chapel. She has got a little fit of gout in her foot. The good of going to Court is that one sees all one's acquaintances, whom otherwise I should hardly meet twice a year. Prince Eugene dines with the Secretary to-day, with about seven or eight general officers and foreign ministers

They will be all drunk I am sure. I never was in company with the Prince. I have proposed to some lords that we should have a sober meal with him but I can never compass it."

On the 14th of March the Prince left London, having received much honour, but having perfectly failed in his mission; so he and Swift never met at that sober meal.

This March brought the Mohocks, a race of rakes (writes Swift to Stella), "that play the devil about the town every night, slit people's noses, &c.; young Davenant was telling us at Court how he was set upon by them, and how they ran his chair through with a sword. It is not safe being in the streets at night for them. The Bishop of Salisbury's[1] son is said to be of the gang. They are all Whigs; and a great lady sent to me to speak to her father and to Lord Treasurer to have a care of them, and to be careful of myself, for she heard they had malicious intentions against the ministers and their friends. I know not whether

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[1] Burnet. It is evident Swift really thought that there might be some political object at the bottom of this savage practical joking, and that he went in especial danger.

there be anything in this, though others are of the same opinion."

At this time appeared "The History of John Bull," in which Swift took a part with a hand scarcely inferior to himself at such work, Dr. Arbuthnot. If prominence in the Tory party guided the Mohocks' swords, they could have found no better mark than Swift at this moment. He was at his zenith, both of literary production and political influence; and Leicester Fields may be proud of the chance which sent him thither for lodgings in 1712, the year of his most incessant and jubilant activity.

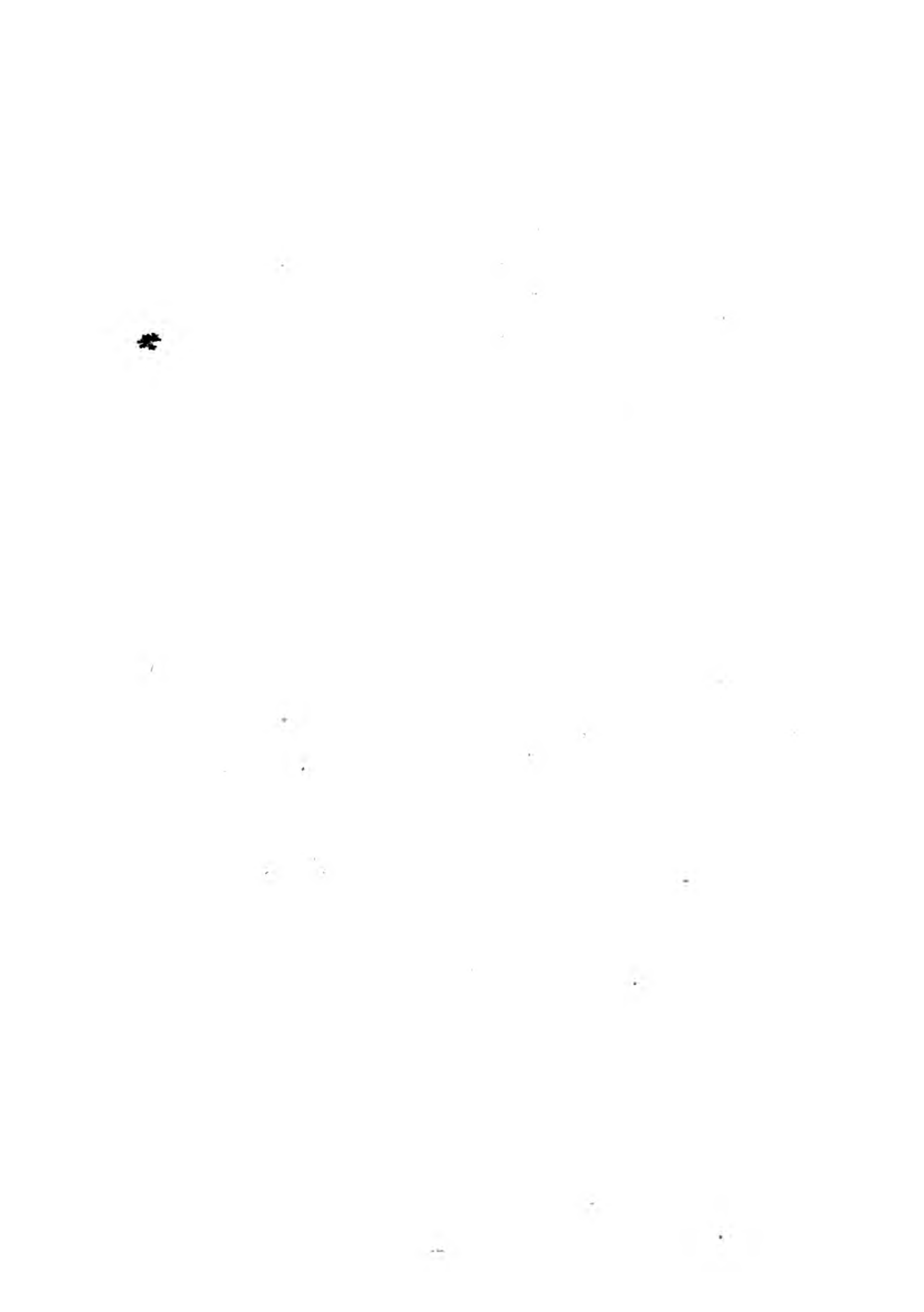
Chapter IX.

NEWTON AND MRS. CATHERINE BARTON IN ST. MARTIN'S STREET.

BETWEEN 1680 and 1700 were opened the few streets which let light and air upon the labyrinth of courts and stable and inn-yards which had gradually filled the once open space between the Royal Mews and Leicester Fields. In Ogilvy's map of 1680 the area between St. Martin's Lane and Whitcomb Street, east and west, and the line of Hemming's Row, Green Street, the Fields, and Spur Street, north, and Pall Mall and Cockspur Street, south, is unpierced by a single thoroughfare. The eastern half of this insulated area is filled by the chain made by the Royal Mews, the Green Mews, and the Duke of Monmouth's stables; the western half by the Dunghill or

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

BY VANDERBANK.



Back Mews to the south, and to the north by various yards and courts, opening out of Hedge Lane, and required for the accommodation of the horses and carriages of the nobility and gentry living in the Fields, most of which still exist very much in their primitive intricacy and closeness. It was between 1684 and '86 that the parishes of St. Anne's and St. James's were carved out of St. Martin's in the Fields, as St. Paul's Covent Garden had been in 1638, and as St. George's Hanover Square was in 1724. A dividing line ran diagonally across Leicester Square, of which the south and east sides were in St. Martin's, the north and west in St. Anne's. Between the date of this division of the parishes and 1700, the streets between the south of Leicester Fields and the Mews—St. Martin's Street from north to south, and Blue Cross Street and Orange Street from east to west—were opened. Strype (1720) describes St. Martin's Street as "fronting upon Leicester Fields, and falling into Hedge Lane; a handsome open place, with very good buildings for the generality, and well inhabited. At the upper end is Chapel Court, which hath a small passage

through an entry into Green Street, against Leicester Fields." One great reason, I believe, for the opening of these and other new streets in St. Giles's and Soho, about this time, was the influx of foreigners caused by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685.[1] The bulk of this foreign immigration which did not establish itself in Spitalfields gravitated to St. Martin's and St. Anne's. Leicester Fields had even before this been in great measure a foreign quarter, and the new comers were attracted to the same centre. Strype speaks of "the chapels in these parts for the use of the French nation,[2] where our Liturgy, turned into French,

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[1] In the year 1687 no fewer than 13,509 of these refugees were sheltered in London alone, of whom there were about 500 families of the nobility, lawyers, divines, physicians and merchants, and the rest artizans and husbandmen. £40,000 were collected for them in one year; they received special privileges, as of entering British ports without paying duty on their goods and chattels, being naturalized without charge, and with all the rights of British citizens.

[2] It was from the French chapel in Hog Lane, now Crown Street, St. Giles's, that Hogarth got the French congregation of his "Noon." M. Jouneau, Chesterfield's first master in languages and history, was one of these French refugee ministers; his chapel was in Berwick Street, Soho.

NEWTON'S HOUSE IN ST. MARTIN'S STREET,
LEICESTER SQUARE.
(Before the removal of the Observatory.)

is used, French ministers that are refugees, episcopally ordained, officiating, several whereof are hereabouts seen walking in the canonical habit of the English clergy. Abundance of French people, many whereof are voluntary exiles for their religion, in these streets and lanes following honest trades; and some gentry of the same nation." So of Newport Alley, he says, "It is for the generality inhabited by the French, as are indeed most of these streets and alleys, which are ordinarily built, and the rents cheap." And Compton Street he describes as "of no great account for its inhabitants, which are chiefly French."

In one of the most substantial red-brick[1] houses on the east side of St. Martin's Street, between Long's Court and the Chapel, originally Huguenot but now Independent, lived, in 1709, M. Bothmar, the Envoy of Denmark. The quarter was one much resorted to at that time by foreign diplomatists. In September, 1710, the house received a more distinguished tenant, Sir Isaac Newton, Master of the Mint, and President of

[1] Its brick front was stuccoed in 1849. Toplady preached in the chapel.

the Royal Society, then best known, except in the world of science, by these his official titles, now standing out as the greatest of all names in the records of natural philosophy. The closing passage of Halley's noble lines prefixed to the "Principia" seems hardly hyperbole, as applied to that mighty mind—

> "Cui pectore puro
> Phœbus adest, totoque incessit numine mentem;
> Nec fas est propius mortali attingere Divos."

Now that the connection of Newton with Leicester Fields has been commemorated by the erection of his bust, the fact of his having spent the last sixteen years of his life in a house[1]

[1] A wooden room on the roof of Newton's house was, many years ago, fitted up with instruments by a Frenchman and shown for money as Newton's observatory. It was purchased and removed a few years ago. He had as little to do, in all probability, with the observatory as with the instruments. Newton was not an observer, and when he came to St. Martin's Street was nearly seventy. The house has been a handsome one—rooms and staircase panelled throughout. A friend who went over it in 1846 tells me there were then painted figures on the staircase. There are none now. The lower floor is a school-house for poor French children one part of the week, and for the poor children of the neighbourhood another. The rest is occupied

immediately adjacent to the Square has a better chance of being borne in mind by those who pass through the now dingy purlieus of St. Martin's Street. In 1710 the region was good enough for envoys and high official personages. And to this house not only did Newton draw, between 1710 and 1727, all that London contained of residents or visitors most distinguished for knowledge or love of science, both by his world-wide fame and his position as President of the Royal Society, but thither his charming niece, Catherine Barton,[1] who kept house for him through those years, attracted all the famous wits of the age of Anne and the first George—dull sovereigns of a brilliant time—and the women whom their admiration has immortalized.

Hither came for scientific converse or official counsel Mead and Arbuthnot, Halley and Gregory, Wren and De Moivre, Bentley and Whiston, Sloane and Clarke, Butler and Burnet; but hither also Halifax and Harley, Swift and

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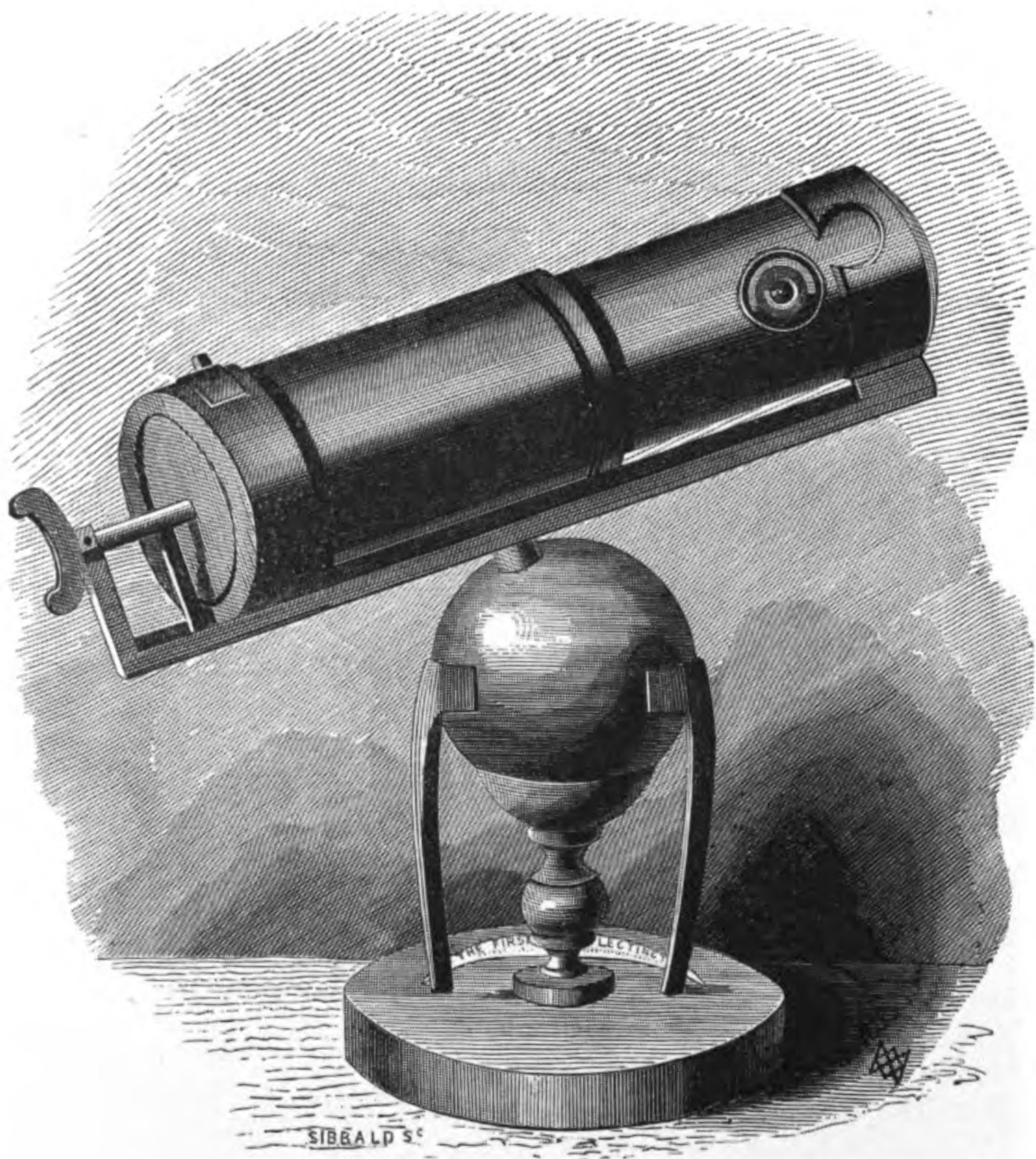
as ware and work-rooms by Messrs. Halling, Pearce, and Stone, of Waterloo House, Conduit Street.

[1] The daughter of Robert Barton, Esq., of Brigstock, in Northamptonshire, and Hannah Smith, Newton's half-sister.

St. John, Addison and Prior, Gay and Congreve, Bathurst and Chesterfield, Lady Betty Germaine and the Duchess of Queensbury, drawn by the bright eyes and brilliant wit of Catherine Barton. Here, after 1717, the beautiful bevy of maids of honour from neighbouring Leicester House, Lepel and Bellenden, Selwyn and Howard, may have cultivated the society of the niece, as their mistress Caroline sought the conversation of the uncle.

Newton's scientific life as a discoverer was lived before his official life began. His history falls naturally into three divisions, the first from his birth in the humble Woolthorpe Manor-house, in 1642, to his appointment, in 1669, to the Lucasian Professorship, at the age of twenty-seven, which he held with his Fellowship of Trinity. This was his period of germination, when the seeds of his great discoveries were slowly reaching maturity in his deep-pondering mind.

The second period extends from the entry on his professorship to his appointment as Warden of the Mint in 1695. During these twenty-six years, except for his thirteen months of Parliamentary work, he was seldom out of Cambridge more than three or four times in any



NEWTON'S TELESCOPE.

one year ; and his life was one of such close and continued mental application as has hardly a parallel in its intensity, any more than in its results. This was his fruiting-time, in which were given to the world, as far as Newton ever did give to the world, his discoveries, mathematical, optical, and dynamical, including the method of fluxions, the laws of light, and his improvements of the reflecting telescope—the first-fruit of which, the instrument constructed with his own hands, was presented to the Royal Society immediately after his election as a fellow, on January 11, 1671-2, and was followed by the account of his pregnant researches into the decomposition of light, and his crowning discovery, the law of universal gravitation.

The germs of all these solutions of Nature's mysteries seem to have shaped themselves during that memorable year when, driven by the plague from Cambridge, he retreated to the quiet seclusion of Woolthorpe. Here it was that to the new-made Bachelor of Arts, sitting in the orchard in the autumn of 1665, was revealed, in musing on the fall of the apple, the conception of the force that keeps the planets in their orbits. Here

it was that, the same year, in using the prism—the purchase of which is recorded in one of his little books of expenses for 1664—he penetrated to his first apprehension—still imperfect—of the laws of light and the nature of colours. It was here that he applied himself to the grinding of optic glasses, and wrought out his method of fluxions; his work on which, in his quiet rooms at Trinity, had been interrupted by the outbreak of the plague. And even by this time he may have turned his mind to the more darkling regions of inquiry and experiment which form the debatable ground between chemistry and alchemy, in which he was so deeply absorbed at several later periods of his life.

But it is in his middle age, between thirty and fifty, that we see Newton as the revealer of Nature's laws; using the Royal Society as his medium, but slow to utter himself, and never committing his discoveries to paper in a form intelligible to others except on compulsion, and then so impatient of controversy, and averse to personal discussion, that he seems to regret that ever he had been induced to break the silence of his thought, and carry the light beyond his solitary

WOOLTHORPE MANOR HOUSE.

(The Birthplace of Newton.)

study. To this time belong those most interesting letters of Humphrey Newton, his amanuensis from 1683 to 1689, which remain our best helps to a vivid conception of the living Newton.[1]

"In the last years of King Charles II.," writes Humphrey Newton to Mr. Conduitt, the husband of Catherine Barton, who was compiling materials for Sir Isaac's life, "Sir Isaac was pleased, through the mediation of Mr. Walker (then schoolmaster at Grantham), to send for me up to Cambridge, on whom I had the opportunity as well as the honour to wait for about five years. In such time he wrote his 'Principia Mathematica,' which stupendous work by his order I copied before it went to the press. After the printing, Sir Isaac was pleased to send me with several of them as presents to some of the heads of colleges and others of his acquaintance, some of whom (particularly Dr. Babington of Trinity) said that they might study seven years before they understood any thing of it. His carriage then was very meek, sedate and humble, never seemingly angry, of profound thought; his countenance mild, pleasant, and comely. I cannot say I ever saw him laugh but once, which was at that passage which Dr. Stukeley mentioned in his letter to your Honour.[2] He always kept close to his studies, very rarely went a visiting, and had as few visitors, excepting two or three persons, Mr. Ellis, Mr.

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[1] Quoted in Sir D. Brewster's "Life of Newton," vol. ii. p. 50.

[2] This solitary laugh of Newton's was upon occasion of asking a friend to whom he had lent Euclid to read what progress he had made in that author, and how he liked him.

Laughton, of Trinity, and Mr. Vigani,[1] a chemist, in whose company he took much delight and pleasure of an evening, when he came to wait upon him. I never knew him to take any recreation or pastime, either in riding out to take the air, walking, bowling, or any other exercise whatever, thinking all hours lost that were not spent in his studies, to which he kept so close that he seldom left his chamber except at term time when he read in the schools, as being Lucasianus professor; when so few went to hear him, and fewer that understood him, that ofttimes he did, in a manner, for want of hearers read to the walls. Foreigners he received with a great deal of freedom, candour and respect. When invited to a treat, which was very seldom, he used to return it very handsomely, and with much satisfaction to himself. So intent, so serious upon his studies, that he ate very sparingly, nay, ofttimes he has forgot to eat at all, so that going into his chamber I have found his mess untouched, of which when I have reminded him, he would reply, 'Have I?' and then, making to the table, would eat a bit or two standing, for I cannot say I ever saw him sit at table by himself.[2] At some seldom enter-

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"He answered by desiring to know what use and benefit in life that study would be to him? Upon which Sir Isaac was very merry." ("Dr. Stukeley's Letter to Conduitt.")

[1] A Veronese, made professor of chemistry at Cambridge, after having taught for twenty years; for whom Bentley fitted up an old lumber house in Trinity as a laboratory and lecture room. Catherine Barton has recorded that upon Vigani's telling her uncle a loose story of a nun, he broke off all acquaintance with him.

[2] Dr. Stukeley says,—"When he had friends to entertain, if he went into his study to fetch a bottle of wine, there

tainments, the masters of colleges were chiefly his guests. He very rarely went to bed till *two* or *three* of the clock,[1] sometimes not till *five* or *six*, lying about four or five hours, especially at spring and fall of the leaf, at which times he used to employ about six weeks in his elaboratory, the fire scarcely going out either night or day, he sitting up one night and I another, till he had finished his chemical experiments, in the performance of which he was the most accurate, strict, exact. What his aim might be I was not able to penetrate into, but his pains, his diligence, at these set times made me think he aimed at something beyond the reach of human art and industry. I cannot say I ever saw him drink either wine, ale, or beer, excepting at meals, and then very sparingly. He very rarely went to dine in the hall, except on some public days, and then, if he has not been minded, would go very carelessly, with shoes down at heels, stockings untied, surplice on, and his head scarcely combed.

"As for his optics being burned, I knew nothing of it but as I had heard from others, that accident happening before he wrote his 'Principia.' He was very curious in his garden, which was never out of order, in which he would

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was danger of his forgetting them. When he was going home to Coltersworth from Grantham, he once led his horse up Spittlegate Hill, at the town end. When he designed to remount, his horse had slipped the bridle and gone away without his perceiving it, and he had only the bridle in his hand all the while!"—Dr. Stukeley to Conduitt, "Newton's Life" by Brewster, vol. ii. p. 52.

[1] Stukeley says he afterwards got into better habits, by experience of the mischief of late watching, and did not sit up after twelve.

at some seldom times take a short walk or two, not enduring to see a weed in it. At the left end of the garden was his elaboratory, near the east end of the chapel, in which he at these set times employed himself with a great deal of satisfaction and delight. Nothing extraordinary, as I can remember, happened in making his experiments; which, if there did, he was of so sedate and even temper that I could not in the least discover it. He very seldom went to the chapel, that being the time he chiefly took his repose; and as for the afternoon, his earnest and indefatigable studies retained him, so that he scarcely knew the hour of prayer. Very frequently on Sundays he went to St. Mary's Church, especially in the forenoon. I know nothing of the writings [1] which your Honour sent, only that it is his own hand I am very certain of, believing he might write them at some leisure hours before he set upon his more serious and weighty matters. Sir Isaac at that time had no pupils nor any chamber-fellow; for that, I would presume to think, would not have been agreeable to his studies. He was only once disordered with pains in the stomach, which confined him for some days to his bed, which he bore with a great deal of patience and magnanimity, seemingly indifferent either to live or die. He, seeing me much concerned at his illness, bid me not to trouble myself. 'For if,' said he, 'I die, I shall leave you an estate,' which he then mentioned."

A month after, Humphrey Newton thus eked out his recollections:

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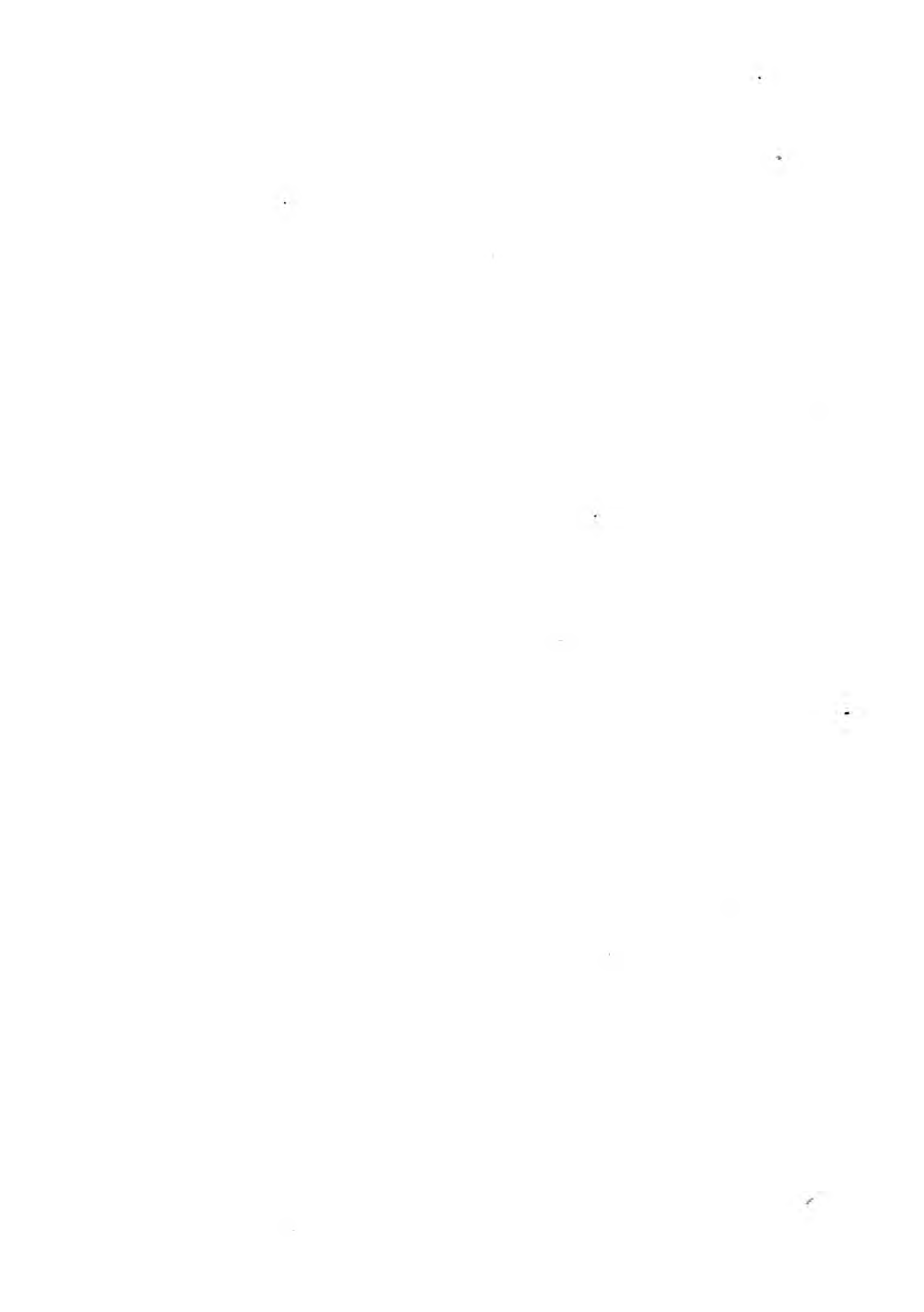
[1] Sir David Brewster thinks these may have been some of his theological writings, as his *Eirenaica*, "Doctrines tending to Peace," an attempt at inducing more toleration than was then tolerated.



NEWTON'S QUARTERS AT TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

"I have bethought myself about Sir Isaac's life as much as I possibly can. About six weeks in the spring and six in the fall, the fire in the elaboratory scarcely went out, which was well furnished with chemical materials, as bodies, receivers, heads, crucibles, which were made very little use of, the crucibles excepted in which he fused his metals. He would sometimes, though but very seldom, look into an old mouldy book which lay in his elaboratory, I think it was titled *Agricola de Metallis*, the transmuting of metals being his chief design, for which purpose antimony was a great ingredient. Near his elaboratory was his garden, which was kept in order by a gardener. I scarcely ever saw him do anything, as pruning, &c. at it himself. When he has sometimes taken a turn or two, he has made a sudden stand, turn'd himself about, ran up the stairs like another Archimedes with an *εὕρηκα*, fall to write on his desk standing, without giving himself the leisure to draw a chair to sit down on. At some seldom times, when he designed to dine in the hall, would turn to the left hand and go out into the street, when making a stop when he found his mistake, would hastily turn back, and then sometimes, instead of going into the hall, would return to his chamber again. When he read in the schools he usually staid about half an hour; when he had no auditors he commonly returned in a fourth part of that time or less. Mr. Laughton, who was then the library-keeper of Trinity College, resorted much to his chamber. His telescope, which at that time, as near as I could guess, was near five feet long, he placed at the head of the stairs going down into the garden, pointing towards the east. What observations he might make I know not, but several of his observations about comets and the planets may be found scattered here and there in a book entitled

'The Elements of Astronomy,' by Dr. David Gregory. He would with great acuteness answer a question, but would very seldom start one. Dr. Boerhaave (I think it is) Prof. Lugd.,[1] in some of his writings, speaking of Sir Is., 'that man,' says he, 'comprehends as much as all mankind besides.' In his chamber he walked so very much that you might have thought him to be educated at Athens among the Aristotelian sect. His brick furnaces, *pro re natâ*, he made and altered himself without troubling a bricklayer. He very seldom sat by the fire in his chamber, excepting that long frosty winter,[2] which made him creep to it against his will. I can't say I ever saw him wear a night gown, but his wearing-clothes that he put off at night—'at night,' do I say, yea, rather towards the morning—he put on again at his rising. He never slept in the day time that I ever perceived; I believe he grudged the short time he spent in eating and sleeping. Ἀνέχου καὶ ἀπέχου may well and truly be said of him: he always thinking with Bishop Sanderson, temperance to be the best physic. In a morning he seemed to be as much refreshed with his few hours sleep as though he had taken a whole night's rest. He kept neither dog nor cat in his chamber,[3] which made well for the old woman his bedmaker, she faring much the better for it, for on a morning she has sometimes found both dinner and supper scarcely tasted of, which the old woman has very pleasantly and mumpingly gone away with. As for his private prayers, I can say nothing of them; I am apt to believe his

[1] Leyden Professor.

[2] 1683-1684, when the frost began early in December, and lasted unbroken till February.

[3] This disposes of the story of Diamond.

intense studies deprived him of the better part. His behaviour was mild and meek, without anger, peevishness or passion, so free from that, that you might take him for a Stoic. I have seen a small paste-board box in his study set against the open window, and no less, as one might suppose, than 1000 guineas in it crowded edgeways; whether this was suspicion or carelessness I cannot say; perhaps to try the fidelity of those about him. In winter time he was a lover of apples, and sometimes at a night would eat a small roasted quince. *His thoughts were his books; though he had a large study, he seldom consulted with them.* When he was about thirty years of age his grey hair was very comely, and his smiling countenance made him so much the more graceful. He was very charitable; few went empty-handed from him. Mr. Pilkinton, who lived at Market Overton, died in a mean condition, though formerly he had a plentiful estate, whose widow, with five or six children, Sir Is. maintained several years together. He commonly gave his poor relations—for no family so rich but there is some poor among them—when they applied themselves to him no less than five guineas, as they themselves have told me. He has given the porters many a shilling, not for letting him in at the gates at unreasonable hours, for that he abhorred, I never knowing him out of his chamber at such times. No way litigious, not given to law or vexatious suits, taking patience to be the best law, and a good conscience the best divinity."

We have to thank simple Humphrey Newton for invaluable help in forming some notion of what manner of man his great namesake was in common eyes. I know no perfecter picture

of the pure philosopher, living all for thought. It seems to me that the idea called up by Humphrey Newton's reminiscences helps us to understand the one point, on which there is a conflict about Newton,—what is called his impatience of controversy and horror of opposition—that feeling which seems to me the key to all the passages of his life in any way open to question, as his disputes with Leibnitz on the exact dates and relations of their respective steps to discovery in the one's method of fluxions, and the other's differential calculus, and Flamsteed's quarrel with him about the publication of his Greenwich observations. I cannot but think that in all this there was neither jealousy nor suspicion. It seems rather the impatience of a thinker at being called away, when absorbed in his thought, to explain and defend, answer ignorant objections and assert claims. All personal matter must have seemed so small to that high-reaching mind, concentrated upon thoughts so impersonal, so difficult to reach, and so hard to keep in the mental grasp. And yet this profoundly abstracted thinker was the man chosen by his brother graduates as the representative of the University, in the excep-

tionally important Convention Parliament, in whose labours he took serious part for thirteen months from January, 1689, till February, 1690; when he made the acquaintance of Locke and Huygens, at the house of his and their friend Lord Pembroke.

It was during this time that Newton lost his admirable and devoted mother. He was deep in his alchemical studies all through 1692. He was now also giving Wallis his first account of his new calculus published by himself, and composing his four famous letters to Bentley on the evidences of a Divine Providençe in the constitution of the universe.

Between the autumns of 1692 and 1693, whether from the disturbance of habits caused by his parliamentary duties, or from over-tension of thought upon the irregularities of lunar action, which he afterwards told Halley, "made his head ache, and had kept him awake so often, he would think of it no more," he fell into what he himself[1] calls "an embroilment," complaining "that for a twelvemonth past" he had neither

[1] In his letter to Pepys of Sept. 13, 1693.

eat nor slept well, nor "had his former consistency of mind." He had been much discomposed, once before, by the burning of some valuable papers, but this was between 1677 and 1683.[1]

But his discomposure was not enough to reach the springs of thought in that marvellous mind, which was never more active than at this period of irritation. He was soon taken away from this perilous sphere of too intense contemplation, to easier, if humbler labour, in superintending, with the appointment of Warden of the Mint, under the auspices of his friend, Charles Montague,—afterwards Lord Halifax,—the new coinage which was to replace the debased currency.

With this employment, we enter on the third section of Newton's life, from 1695 to 1727, his season of ease and honour. Charles Montague had taken the measure of the great, calm, pure mind, when he was yet a boy fellow-commoner at Trinity, where Newton had already assumed the throne of philosophic thought, in 1681.

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[1] See the extract from De la Pryme's Diary, Brewster's "Life," vol. ii. p. 90.

They co-operated in the establishment of a Philosophical Society in the University. They corresponded while the bright young poetaster and politician of twenty-five was beginning to attract the notice of statesmen in office, and Newton was completing the "Principia;" they sat together in the Convention Parliament, in which Montague's powers of business and speech combined won him a Commissionership of the Treasury, a Privy Counsellorship, and by 1694 had made him, not yet thirty-two, Chancellor of the Exchequer. He was about the same time chosen President of the Royal Society. He showed his right estimation of men by his choice of Newton, with the approval of Locke and Halley, for the difficult work of the recoinage. He made him Warden of the Mint, a place of five or six hundred a year. When some one grumbled that Montague had employed Newton before he either wanted it or wished it, his answer was: "I will not suffer the lamp, which gives so much light, to want oil." He declared he could not have carried out the recoinage without Newton's assistance. In this employment all the philosopher's knowledge of chemistry and

powers of calculation were called into play, and it was found that the most abstracted of thinkers could at need be the most practical of workmen. In 1699, when Montague was made First Lord of the Treasury, he promoted Newton to the mastership of the mint, a place of between twelve and fifteen hundred a year, which he held to the end of his life. His temper, no doubt, was often tried in it as well as his honesty. Talking once to Catherine Barton's husband, Mr. Conduitt, of the inconvenience caused by the delays in the coinage of copper owing to petitions of persons of quality, he related how he had been offered £6,000 as a bribe, and refusing, was told he knew not his own interest. To which Sir Isaac said he knew his duty, and that no bribes should corrupt him. Upon which the agent said he came from a great duchess, and pleaded her quality and interest. Whereupon Sir Isaac roughly told him, "I desire you to tell the lady that if she was here herself, and had made me this offer, I would have desired her to go out of my house, and so I desire you, or you shall be turned out."

Newton was named one of the eight foreign

associates of the French Académie des Sciences, with Leibnitz and the two Bernouillis, when it was remodelled with new honour in 1699. In 1703 he was elected President of the Royal Society, and held the office, by annual re-election, for the rest of his life. When Queen Anne visited Cambridge in 1705, she knighted Newton in a Court held at the Lodge of Trinity, while Bentley looked on rejoicing in the honour done to his illustrious friend.

To the same year belongs Sir Isaac's solitary love letter, written at sixty, a proposal of marriage—though rather an indirect one—to the widow of an ex-fellow of Trinity, Sir William Norris, Bart., who had been Minister at the Porte, and ambassador to the Great Mogul at Delhi, and who had died in 1702 at sea, on his voyage home from India. We know nothing of the lady, but that she had been twice married before she became Lady Norris, and that she did not become Lady Newton.

She could never have been such a head of Sir Isaac's household as he had in charming Catherine Barton, the object of Lord Halifax's sole regard, after the loss of his wife.

He left her a handsome fortune by his will, "as a small token of the sincere love, affection, and esteem I have long had for her person, and as a small recompense for the pleasure and happiness I have had in her conversation."

There have been scandals[1] breathed against Catherine Barton on the strength of this bequest; but, for my own part, I am too happy to feel assured, with Sir David Brewster, that there is no foundation for them. Her family was good; she lived with her uncle, the purest of men.[2] She was the friend of the most irreproachable women of her time; and it was only two years after the death of Lord Halifax that she married John Conduitt, Esq., M.P., of Cranbury, Hampshire, an independent gentleman of honour, credit, and position.[3]

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[1] See Professor De Morgan's contention in his article on Newton in the "British Worthies," and in "Notes and Queries," No. 210, Nov. 5, 1853.

[2] "The *whitest soul*," so Burnet described him, "I have ever known."

[3] Their only daughter married, in 1740, the Hon. John Wallop, afterwards Lord Lymington, by whom, dying in 1750, at thirty-two, she left one daughter and four sons, from the eldest of whom is descended the family of Lord Portsmouth.

It was a sneer worthy of Voltaire[1]—

> "J'avais cru dans ma jeunesse que Newton avait fait sa fortune par son extrême mérite. Je m'étais imaginé que la cour et la ville de Londres l'avait nommé par acclamation grand maître des monnaies du royaume. Point du tout. Isaac Newton avait une nièce assez aimable, nommée Madame Conduitt: elle plut beaucoup au grand trésorier Halifax. Le calcul infinitésimal et la gravitation ne lui auraient servi de rien sans une jolie nièce."

But no shadow from any substantial cloud rests on the fair fame of Catherine Barton, the friend of Swift, Gay, and Addison, the beloved of Charles Montague, the tender nurse of the declining years of Isaac Newton.

Princess Caroline venerated him and loved to have him to discourse with her. She made Newton's acquaintance soon after he came to live in St. Martin's Street. It is pleasant to think of the venerable sage carried in his chair across the Fields to Leicester House for one of the Princess's philosophic gatherings with Dr. Clarke and the Abbé Conti, Berkeley and Butler. They were hardly orthodox enough for Sherlock to have chosen to be of the party. She used

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[1] "Dict. Philos.," tom. iv. p. 61.

to consult Newton about the education of her children, and it was for her use that he put into form his Short Chronicle from the first memory of things in Europe to the Conquest of Persia by Alexander the Great, which he had first thrown together when relieving himself with such light work from the strain of severer studies in his garden-room at Trinity.

A third edition of the "Principia" was passing through the press in 1723-24-25, and Sir Isaac was in active communication with Dr. Pemberton, a young and accomplished physician, who undertook the work of editor, which Cotes had so well performed for the second edition in 1713. Newton, though in his eighty-fourth year when the edition was completed, retained his clearness of head and his power of reasoning, though his memory began to fail him. But he was subject to that painful disease, the stone, and only by great care was able to resist its attacks. Yet he still received visitors,—foreigners as well as English,—and presided at the Royal Society. He had got his duties at the Mint transferred to Mr. Conduitt, who, with his wife, was with him for the last

years of his life. At eighty-five he still read manuscript without spectacles. In the winter of 1725, after suffering much from cough and inflammation of the lungs, he was persuaded to leave St. Martin's Street for Kensington; and here it was, at Orbell's now Pott's Buildings, that he drew near to his end. His decline was gradual and serene, and ennobled by a grand dignity and calm. It was at this time that, looking back on his long life, he spoke the memorable words: "I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble and a prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

He read much. The book which was most commonly lying before him, and which he read in oftenest at last, was a duodecimo Bible.

He went into London, and presided at the Royal Society for the last time on the 2nd of March, 1727. The fatigue brought on a paroxysm of his complaint. He lingered in much pain, affectionately tended by his beloved niece

and her husband, and by Dr. Mead and Mr. Cheselden, till the morning of Monday, the 20th, when he died, in the eighty-fifth year of his age, the highest of all human intelligences till now.

His body was borne to the Jerusalem Chamber and thence to the Abbey. The Lord High Chancellor, the Dukes of Montrose and Roxburghe, and the Earls of Pembroke, Sussex, and Macclesfield, fellows of the Royal Society, bearing the pall.

"The mind of Newton, as a philosopher," says one[1] capable as few have been both to form a judgment of such a man and to express it, "is to this day, and to the most dispassionate readers of his works the object of the same sort of wonder with which it was regarded by his contemporaries. We can compare it with nothing which the popular reader can understand, except the idea of a person who is supposed to surpass others in every kind of athletic exercise; who can outrun his competitors with a greater weight than any one of them can lift standing. There is a union in excessive quantity of different kinds of force: a combination of the greatest mathematician with the greatest thinker upon experimental truths; of the most sagacious observer with the deepest reflector. Not infallible, but committing, after the greatest deliberation, a mistake in a simple point of mathematics, such as might have happened to any one,

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[1] The late Professor De Morgan.

yet so happy in his conjectures as to seem to know more than he could possibly have had any means of proving. Carrying his method to such a point that his immediate successors could not clear any step in advance of him, till they had given the weapons, with which himself and Leibnitz had furnished them, a completely new edge; yet apparently solicitous to hide his use of the most efficient of these weapons, and to give his researches the appearance of having been produced by something as much as possible resembling older methods. With few advantages as a writer or a teacher, he wraps himself in an almost impenetrable veil of obscurity, so as to require a comment many times the length of the text before he is accessible to the moderately well-informed mathematician. He seems to think he has done enough when he has secured a possibility of finding one reader who can understand him with any amount of pains; as if, seeing Halley to be of all men he knew next to himself in force, he had determined that none but Halley at his utmost stretch of thought should follow him. Accordingly one to whom in his later years he used to send inquirers, saying, 'Go to Mr. De Moivre, he knows these things better than I do,' avowed that when he saw the 'Principia' first, it was as much as he could do to follow the reasoning. It would be difficult to name a dozen men in Europe of whom, at the appearance of the 'Principia,' it can be proved that they both read and understood the work."

Considering how much of Newton's life was given to official labour in London, that the second and third editions of the "Principia" were completed while he lived in St. Martin's Street, and

that his London life embraces the whole term of his long Presidency of the Royal Society, it was well that this bust of him should be set up within sight of the house in which for fifteen years he upheld the dignity of science.

NEWTON AS A CONTROVERSIALIST.

The following note has been supplied me by a friend thoroughly qualified to form a sound judgment upon the subject:—

The personal horror of controversy felt by Newton in his later days, in all likelihood arose from his early experience of public philosophical disputes derived from his communication to the Royal Society of his discovery of the prismatic spectrum. Oldenburg, the Secretary of the Society, seems to have been glad to get papers for the "Transactions," and to have encouraged attacks on Newton's paper. The first of these was made by Pardies, and was absolutely childish, yet Newton completely answered his objections in two letters in which he tried to put the matter into a simpler and more popular form. Pardies expressed himself as grateful to Newton and as convinced. Newton then seems to have allowed Oldenburg to publish a sort of challenge on the truth of his New Theory of Light and Colours. This led to an attack by Francis Linus, of Liège, in which he attested that Newton must have been misled by experimenting when the sun was behind a cloud, and that he had not used sufficient care or industry.

At first Newton refused to reply to this as it was a personal attack, and only a simple experiment was required to verify his statement; he consented, however, to Oldenburg sending Linus his replies to Pardies. Linus wrote again in a tone expressing more than doubt of Newton's assertions of matters of fact which, as Newton said, only required the evidence of a competent witness. At last, however, Newton was induced to write a formal reply, which was clear, full, and perfectly free from all personal feeling. Linus died just at this time, and a pupil of his, Gascoigne, entered the lists in his place. His letter, however, was that of a man seeking for information, and expressing his belief that he and Linus had not got sufficient information to enable them to repeat Newton's experiment. Newton at once replied in the most generous and patient spirit, and gave Gascoigne not only full instructions for repeating the experiment, but investigated for him all possible sources of error. Gascoigne had not the means of repeating the experiment, simple as it was, and had recourse to Lucas, the successor of Linus in the mathematical chair at Liège. The controversy between Newton and Lucas now took a different form, neither one nor the other suspecting the true cause of their difference; and so the dispute ended, perfectly barren of results, at the very time when it all but opened Newton's eyes to a truth he only failed to discover through a mischance. Ever after, however, Newton seems to have avoided all controversy as so much loss of time. And when he wrote the "Principia," he did not write it in the form in which he himself had made his discoveries, but in one that he expected to be intelligible to the mathematicians of the day, and in accordance with the style of the time. He knew as well as any one now knows the absolute truth of the discoveries

he had made, and also their vast importance; so that, when the "Principia" was attacked by men like Leibnitz, he must have almost despaired of being understood at all.

Leibnitz began his attacks in a manner most discreditable to him both as a mathematician and as a man; and I cannot but think that Newton acted wisely in avoiding all controversy as far as he possibly could.

It was nearly twenty years before the publication of the "Principia" that he first seriously examined the law of gravitation, and was only deterred from pursuing the investigation because he could not reconcile his computation of the earth's attraction on the moon with facts; his adoption of the measure of the earth's radius then believed to be correct caused the error in his calculation; a better measure some years after giving a good result. Surely, after such a lesson as this, it was but natural that Newton should be most anxious to have, in future, observations that he could depend upon; and this seems to account for the quarrel between him and Flamsteed. Newton knew that he had solved the problem of the motions of the solar system only in a general way, and that he had not carried out completely his own principle of gravitation—that every particle of matter in the universe attracted every other inversely as the square of the distance—but that the true orbits of the planets would differ from those computed on the assumption of their having no action on each other. He was most anxious to get many and accurate observations of them, and especially of the moon, for the problem of the longitude was then a most important one, and lunar observations seemed to offer the best means of solving it. Flamsteed, however, did not appreciate Newton's wants, nor the greatness of the results depending upon an early publication of his observations, and was thinking of being properly repaid; whilst Newton

was only looking to the discoveries that hung upon the observations, though not likely to be made in his own lifetime.

No man seems to have had less personal feeling of pride in his discoveries than Newton; he looked, like a child, simply to the facts made known to him, and seems to have carried his analytical processes only so far as he needed them for immediate research, leaving it to others to make tools fitted for their own work. Leibnitz, on the contrary, cared more for purely analytical processes than for the results to be obtained by their application; and so, unfortunately, these great men looked at philosophy with very different eyes.

It was no impatience, in the ordinary meaning of the term, that led Newton to abhor controversy, or to urge on the publication of Flamsteed's observations.

Newton's house had at least one eminent occupant in the same century, Dr. Martin Burney, a skilful organist, sound teacher of music, and a genial, busy, and intelligent man, the author of an "Italian Tour," a "History of Music," and a "Life of Metastasio;" but best known, probably, as the father of a more famous daughter, Fanny, authoress of "Evelina," the petted friend of all the blues and wits of her generation, and the authoress of a Diary second only to Boswell's "Life of Johnson" for its vivid

pictures of the men, women, and manners of the time, and the interior of the Court of George III. "Evelina" was written in St. Martin's Street. When published, in 1778, it excited an immense sensation, all the more when it was discovered to be the maiden work of a girl of twenty-five, popularly supposed to be six years younger. Dr. Burney lived here between 1770 and 1789, when he removed to Chelsea Hospital, on his appointment as organist there, an appointment which he owed to his friend Burke.

CHAPTER X.

THE POUTING-PLACE OF PRINCES.

THIS designation of Pennant's for Leicester House during the first half of last century is appropriate as well as alliterative. For most of the time between 1717 and 1760, Leicester House was the town residence of the Princes of Wales, when a Prince of Wales was always at deadly feud with the head of his house. In those days of personal rule and personal politics, it was natural that, as the King was the centre of Government, the heir-apparent should be the centre of Opposition. Every little root of bitterness between King and Prince was carefully cultivated, every mole-hill built up into a mountain, every pin-prick rubbed into a sore, by gossiping women, mischief-mak-

ing courtiers, or place-hunting politicians. Plots of the Palace and of Parliament, intrigues of the back-stairs, the boudoir and the office run into each other till the tangled web defies unravelling. Shown in the fierce light that beats upon a throne, the life of trivial occupation, small struggles, sordid selfishnesses, petty plots, and dirty dexterities, recorded in such memoirs as Hervey's, or such a diary as Bubb Dodington's, seems about the most uninviting that can occupy the mind of an historian. One is apt to think that never was a King so dull, selfish, and sordid as George I.; so ill-tempered, ill-mannered, and altogether ill-conditioned as George II.—never courts at once so dull and so indecorous, never lives so profligate, yet so wanting in all grace, colour, and spice, even of sin, as those of these officers of the household, these ladies of the bedchamber, these maids of honour—never family quarrels at once so unnatural and unmeaning as those of the Kings, Queens and Princes of the first two generations of the House of Hanover. But we forget the fulness, as well as fierceness, of the light in which these lives are shown—that it is the Court chronicle of times when Kings, Queens

and Princes had no homes in which the public and political relations of subject and sovereign, king and courtier could awhile be put aside for the pure and wholesome intercourse of husband and wife, parent and child. Of all the blessings for which English sovereigns have to be grateful, there is none greater than the change of personal rule for Parliamentary, which has rendered home life with its affections, occupations and duties possible for royal families now, as it was not possible for those whose history connects itself with Leicester House.

That history has been told in all its unattractive detail, and with wonderful vividness, conscious or unconscious, by actors in it as conspicuous as Hervey and Chesterfield, Bubb Dodington and Walpole, Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, Mrs. Howard and her correspondents, by Pope, Swift, Gay, and their circle of literary lords and wits, poetasters and pamphleteers; in the abundant sketches of manners by the contemporary essayists; in the pictures of Hogarth and the portraits of Reynolds,—to say nothing of such later masters as Thackeray. There is no period, indeed, more

completely illustrated both with pen and pencil. I here confine myself to the points by which it is specially associated with Leicester House while occupied by Prince George Augustus and Prince Frederick of Wales.

Prince George's feud with his father had its deepest root in his sympathy with his hapless mother, Sophia Dorothea, doomed to life-long imprisonment, sequestration of royal rights, and separation from her children, on a charge of criminal intrigue with Philip Count Königsmarck, who was a pupil in Major Faubert's Academy when his elder brother was acquitted of complicity in the murder of Tom of Ten Thousand. He had been a page at the Court of Zelle, and a playmate of Sophia Dorothea's, its young Princess. And when, some years after her marriage with the dour, dull, unfaithful, and unlovable Electoral Prince of Hanover, Philip Count Königsmarck appeared at the little Hanoverian Court in all the *éclat* of his youth, beauty, and gallantry, no wonder he should have found a warm welcome [1]

[1] I share Dr. Doran's belief, which Thackeray thinks so extravagant, in the innocence of the Princess's relations with Königsmarck.

from his old playmate the Princess, now a neglected wife.

It is in the highest degree probable that outraged by the open infidelities and ill-treatment of her husband she had determined to fly from Hanover; that Königsmarck was the confidant, contriver and agent of her escape, for which all was prepared, the Princess's clothes and jewels packed, the carriage and horses ready, on that fatal night of August, 1694, and that Königsmarck's visit to her apartment was to take her final directions for flight. The assignation was betrayed to the ruthless old Countess von Platen, whose passion for Königsmarck had been turned to hate by jealousy of the Princess, and who was determined to destroy at one blow the man she could not win as a lover, and the woman she detested as a rival. She obtained authority from the Elector,—the Electoral Prince was not then in Hanover,—to have Königsmarck arrested. She knew that he was certain to meet force with force. She posted a party of guards in the Rittersaal through which he must pass on his way from the Princess's apartment. At midnight the Count came through the dark hall.

The guards were posted in the shadow of the huge stove. As the Count passed they seized him from behind. He drew his sword to defend himself. They struck at him with their partisans. He fell mortally wounded, and the story goes, that as he lay gasping out with his last breath, "Spare the innocent Princess!" the Countess von Platen, who had been on the watch for the catastrophe, stamped the words back upon his dying lips.[1] The body was thrust hurriedly under the flooring of the Princess's dressing-room, with quick lime, but not enough; for thirty-five years later, on King George the Second's first visit to Hanover, some of the bones were found, in the course of repairs ordered by him in the palace. The Princess was soon after sent a prisoner to the castle of Ahlden, where she dragged out two-and-thirty years of living death, separated from the two children she had dearly loved—George Augustus, afterwards the first Prince of Wales, and Sophia, afterwards wife of the Elector of Brandenburg,

[1] I have made up my narrative from the various accounts, as far as consistent with each other.

who crowned himself in 1701, King of Prussia at Königsberg, by whom she was mother of Frederick the Great. Sophia Dorothea was as a prisoner, what she had been as a princess, gentle, religious and resigned. She took the sacrament weekly, and always with a solemn attestation to God of her innocence. When pressed to make some movement to reconciliation with her husband, she always declined with the same words, "If I am guilty, I am not worthy to be his wife; if innocent, he is not worthy to be my husband." Her son, all honour to him for it, believed firmly in his mother's innocence. Once when out hunting in the neighbourhood of Ahlden, he broke away from the field with the intention of forcing his way to her, and had almost reached the castle when he was overtaken and forced to turn. He never had the chance of seeing his mother after his father's accession to the English throne. But it is a pathetic proof how much his mother was in his heart, that the first change Mrs. Howard noted in his apartments after his accession, was the appearance of two portraits of his mother, a full length and a half length, which he had kept

hidden till then. I do not see why we need seek any other reason than this family tragedy for the inveterate hostility of father and son.

The Prince had married Caroline, daughter of the Markgraf of Anspach, in 1705, the year in which was passed the Act of Settlement which secured the succession of the English crown to the descendants of the Electress Sophia. Caroline had been excellently brought up at Berlin, by Sophia Charlotte, wife of the King, and sister of the Prince. She was handsome, intelligent, full of womanly tact, and educated beyond the measure of her time, for she could enjoy the company of such men as Leibnitz in Hanover, and Newton in England. Our generation probably knows more of her than her own; for Lord Hervey's Memoirs, first published in 1848, show the Court and the Queen as in a glass. They reveal the marvellous patience and dexterity with which Caroline managed her obstinate and ill-tempered husband, who united more mean and evil qualities than at first seem compatible with his two great virtues of courage and truth. His best point, after his truth and courage, was his appreciation of the wife to whom he was habitually unfaithful, and whom he hardly let a

day pass without insulting. Two daughters, Anne and Amelia, and a son, Frederick, were born in Hanover. The son was left there when the Prince and Princess accompanied George I. to England, in 1714. In November, 1717, a son, George William, was born in St. James's, at whose christening the smouldering ill-will between father and son burst into flame. The King, against the Prince's expressed wish, had named the Duke of Newcastle—then one of the Secretaries of State—one of the godfathers. The Prince detested the Duke—one of the most odious and ridiculous of men—and showed it by shaking his fist in his face and calling him rascal, at the bedside of the Princess. The King professed to fear a challenge, and to prevent it put the Prince under arrest, and the same day (November 21) ordered him to quit St. James's with the Princess. They sought a temporary shelter at Lord Grantham's (the Princess's chamberlain), in Albemarle Street. But a permanent home had to be found. In the course of January the Prince had viewed and taken[1] Savile House,

[1] The newspapers of the time say "bought," but in fact he leased it. It belonged to the Aylesbury family, through whom it came to the Saviles.

immediately to the west of Leicester House, lately inhabited by Seymour Portman, Esq., and in which the Marquis of Caermarthen had formerly received Peter the Great. Hither the Prince's effects were moved from St. James's, where his children remained for the time; and the Prince and Princess were installed here on January 18, 1718. Leicester House was then occupied by Lord Gower, who consented to go out at Lady-Day, and the Prince took it at £500 a year rent, and established a communication between it and Savile House.

Savile House was chiefly appropriated to the children born after 1717, their attendants, and governors. Leicester House, till the Prince's accession to the throne in 1727, was the town residence of the Prince and Princess. It stood a good way back from the square, occupying nearly the western half of its breadth, with gardens behind it, running back as far as Lisle Street. It showed two stories, and attics above, with a range of ten windows in front, but no longer presented the handsome appearance which it had in 1640. The front towards the square, with the projecting central loggia, had been

removed, and the court was divided from the square by a low range of sheds or shops, with a gateway in the centre.[1] In the summer the Prince's "family" removed to Richmond Lodge.

The little Court in town was at first very gay. "The elder Whig politicians,"[2] says Walpole, "became ministers to the King. The most promising of the young lords and gentlemen and that party, and the prettiest and liveliest of the young ladies, formed the new Court of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The apartment of the bed-chamber-woman in waiting became the fashionable evening rendezvous of the most distinguished wits and beauties. Lord Chesterfield (then Lord Stanhope), Lord Scarborough, Carr Lord Harvey, elder brother of the more known John Lord Harvey,[3] and reckoned to have superior parts, General (at that time only Colonel)

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[1] See the frontispiece, showing the Square about 1700.

[2] "Reminiscences of the Courts of George I. and II., written for the Miss Berrys.

[3] Author of the "Memoirs." Pope's "Sporus," and "Lord Fanny;" a man of effeminate exterior, but penetrating wit, the ally of Walpole, and the most trusted friend of Queen Caroline.

Charles Churchill[1] and others, not necessary to rehearse, were constant attendants: Miss Lepel, afterwards (1720) Lady Hervey; Lady Walpole; Mrs. Selwyn, mother of the famous George, and herself of much vivacity, and pretty; Mrs. Howard, and, above all for universal admiration, Miss Bellenden, one of the maids of honour. Her face and person were charming; lively she was almost to *étourderie*, and so agreeable, that I never heard her mentioned afterwards by one of her contemporaries, who did not prefer her as one of the most perfect creatures they ever knew. The Prince frequented the waiting-room, and soon felt a stronger inclination for her than he ever entertained but for his Princess. Miss Bellenden by no means felt a reciprocal passion. The Prince's gallantry was anything but delicate, and his avarice disgusted her. One evening, sitting by her, he took out his purse and counted his

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[1] A natural son of a brother of the great Duke of Marlborough. *His* natural son by Mrs. Oldfield, the famous actress, married Sir Robert Walpole's natural daughter by Miss Skerrett, who received the rank of an Earl's daughter on her father's elevation to the peerage as Lord Oxford in 1742.

money. He repeated the numeration. The giddy Bellenden lost her patience, and cried out, "Sir, I cannot bear it! if you count your money any more, I will go out of the room." The chink of the gold did not tempt her more than the person of his Royal Highness. In fact, her heart was engaged, and so the Prince, finding his love fruitless, suspected. He was even so generous as to promise her that if she would discover the object of her choice, and would engage not to marry without his privity, he would consent to the match, and would be kind to her husband. She gave him the promise he exacted, but without acknowledging the person: and then, lest his Highness should throw any obstacle in the way, married without his knowledge, Colonel Campbell, one of the grooms of his bed-chamber; and who long afterwards (1761) succeeded to the title of Argyll, at the death of Duke Archibald. The Prince never forgave this, and whenever she went to the drawing-room, as, from her husband's situation she was sometimes obliged to do, though trembling at what she knew she was to undergo, the Prince always stepped up to her, and whispered some very harsh

reproach in her ear. Mrs. Howard was the intimate friend of Miss Bellenden; had been the confidante of the Prince's passion; and on Mrs. Campbell's eclipse, succeeded to her friend's post of favourite,—but not to her resistance."

But if town life went merrily at first in Leicester House, thanks mainly to that charming trio, Howard, Bellenden and Lepel, the summer times at Richmond Lodge were hard and helter-skelter enough. "I went by water," writes Pope, "to Hampton Court, unattended by all but my own virtues, which were not of so modest a nature as to keep themselves or me concealed; for I met the Prince, with all his ladies on horseback, coming from hunting. Miss Bellenden and Miss Lepel took me into their protection (contrary to the laws against harbouring Papists), and gave me a dinner with something I liked better: an opportunity of conversation with Mrs. Howard. We all agreed that the life of maid of honour was of all things the most miserable; and wished that every woman who envied it had a specimen of it. To eat Westphalia ham on a morning, ride over hedges and ditches on borrowed hacks; come home in the heat of the day with a fever, and

(what is worse a hundred times) with a red mark on the forehead from an uneasy hat—all this may qualify them to make excellent wives for foxhunters, and bear abundance of ruddily-complexioned children. As soon as they can wipe off the sweat of the day, they must simper an hour, and catch cold in the Princess's apartments; from thence, as Shakspere has it, 'to dinner with what appetite they may;' and after that, till midnight, work, walk, or think, which they please. I can easily believe no lone house in Wales with a mountain and a rookery, is more contemplative than this Court; and as a proof of it I need only tell you that Miss Lepel walked with me three or four hours by moonlight, and we met no creature of any quality but the King, who gave audience to the vice-chamberlain, all alone, under the garden wall." Gay has embalmed the enchanting character of Mary Lepel's beauty in one beautiful line—

"Youth's youngest daughter, sweet Lepel."

Even after her marriage with Lord Hervey (in 1720) she had the rare tribute of two English quatrains from Voltaire,

"Hervey, would you know the passion
You have kindled in my breast?
Trifling is the inclination
That by words can be expressed.

In my *silence* see the lover,
True love is by silence shown:
In *my* eyes you'll best discover
All the power of your own." [1]

Mary Lepel made a devoted wife, as, to their credit be it spoken, did most of these rather fast maids of honour of the Prince's Court, and none of them a better than mad Mary Bellenden, the frolic favourite of Gay, who couples her with Mary Lepel in his "Damon and Cupid:"—

"So well 'tis known at Court,
None ask where Cupid dwells,
But readily resort
To Bellenden's and Lepel's."

And, in his "Welcome to Pope from Greece," pairs her with her sister, in the couplet,

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[1] The verses in her honour, from the hands of Lord Chesterfield and Lord Bath, each stanza ending with Molly Lepel coupled with an epithet of admiration, have often been printed. Her correspondence in her widowhood, after she was forty-two, with the Rev. C. Morris, is full almost to dulness of scholarship and sage reflection.

> "Madge Bellenden, the tallest in the land,
> And smiling Mary, soft and fair as down."

She died,[1] still young, in 1736, as good and true a wife as she had been a fascinating maiden.

Life at Leicester House and Richmond Lodge did not get livelier as the Prince grew older, and by the time he succeeded to the throne in 1727, his Court seems to have been well-nigh deserted. One of Lord Hervey's most striking pictures is that of the contrast of Leicester House in the latter days of the Prince and the first of the new King.

The first council of George II.'s reign was held at Leicester House on June the 14th, 1727. "The square was thronged with multitudes of the meaner sort, and resounded with huzzas and acclamations, whilst every room in the house was filled with people of higher rank, crowding to kiss hands, and to make the earliest and warmest professions of zeal for the new King's service; but the common face of a court at this time was quite

[1] In the modest sinecure post of housekeeper at Somerset House, leaving several sons, one of whom was afterwards Duke of Argyll, and three daughters, of whom one was Countess of Aylesbury, and afterwards wife of Walpole's friend, Seymour Conway.

reversed, for as there was not a creature in office, excepting those who were in his service as Prince, who had not the most sorrowful and dejected countenance of distress and disappointment, so there was not one out of employment, who did not already exult with all the insolence of the most absolute power and settled prosperity."

The new King stayed four days in town, "during which time," says Lord Hervey, "Leicester House, which used to be a desert, was thronged from morning to night, like the 'Change at noon. But Sir Robert Walpole, the old King's minister," whose favour in the new Queen's eyes was still a secret out of doors, "walked through these rooms as if they had still been empty; his presence, that used to make a crowd wherever he appeared now emptied every corner he turned to, and the same people, who were officious a week ago clearing the way to flatter his prosperity, were now getting out of it to avoid sharing his disgrace." "My mother," says Horace Walpole describing the same scene, "could not make her way between the scornful backs and elbows of her late devotees, nor could approach nearer to the Queen than the third or fourth row; but no sooner was she

descried by her majesty, than she cried aloud, 'There I am sure I see a friend.' The torrent divided and shrunk to either side, 'And as I came away,' said my mother, 'I might have walked over their heads, if I had pleased.'"

George II. was forty-four years old when he succeeded to the throne. His eldest son, Frederick Louis, had been born in Hanover (on January 31, 1707) and left behind there. When he arrived in this country on December 24, 1728, he doubtless found that long separation had chilled affection on both sides, and that the first place in his parents' hearts was occupied by William Augustus, afterwards better known by the Whigs as the Hero of Culloden, and by the Jacobites as Billy the Butcher, who had been born at Leicester House on April 15, 1721. Frederick, impulsive, expensive and frivolous, quick to resent dictation, and impatient of control, soon became the pivot of opposition, as George had been in his father's life-time; the same half tragic, half-burlesque drama was played over again, and, at last, on the same stage, when in 1743 Leicester House became the town residence of Frederick, as it had been of George Augustus.

There were several standing causes of ill-feeling between father and son always at work. The King loved money, and hated nothing so much as paying it away. He had a civil list settled, in which an allowance of £100,000 a year was calculated for the Prince. But this he never could be induced to settle on him, paying him an allowance of not more than a quarter the amount, keeping him without residence or household, within the not very endurable "whiff and word" of his own ill-temper when he was in England, and, during his frequent absences in Hanover, under the thumb of his managing mother, who was accustomed to make all the pieces about her move as she pleased, and had no notion of being thwarted by her eldest son. The King was eminently unpopular, thanks, chiefly, to his constant absence in Hanover, and the feeling that English money was spent on foreign wars and foreign mistresses. The unpopularity of the King translated itself, or was translated, into the popularity of the Prince. The Queen professed to fear a design on his part of supplanting his father. There was even an opposition at the Opera, where the Prince headed the party organized against Handel, the

favourite composer and *impresario* of the King and Princesses. Every discarded minister, every disappointed placeman sought the Prince, and made of him a weapon to wound the King. Matters were not improved by the Prince's marriage in 1736 with the Princess Augusta of Saxe-Gotha, a girl of seventeen, who showed good feeling and shrewd judgment under very difficult circumstances. From the first the settlement of the Prince's *ménage* led to much irritation between him and his parents, on such points as allowance, separate residence, and the dependence in which the Prince and his wife were kept. All these culminated in an open act of revolt, when on the 31st of July, 1737, the Prince, against the King's wishes and orders, carried off his Princess, on the point of her first lying-in, from Kew, at ten o'clock at night, to St. James's, where nothing was prepared for the occasion. This led to a total breach between the King and the Prince, and a formal order from father to the son to remove with all his family from St. James's as soon as the safety of the Princess would permit. All peers, peeresses and privy-councillors were informed

in writing and by notice in the "Gazette," that whoever went to the Prince's Court should not be admitted to the King's presence.

On Monday, September the 12th, the Prince and Princess, with their whole family, removed from St. James's to Kew,[1] where Lord Carteret, Sir William Wickham, and Mr. Pulteney joined them. On Thursday, the 22nd of September, the Prince's establishment moved to Carlton House, which the Prince had bought in 1732. The Prince afterwards, during some repairs at Carlton House, took the Duke of Norfolk's mansion in St. James's Square for his town house, and Cliveden for his country residence.

All these agitations had a disastrous effect on the failing health of the Queen. On the 9th of November her strong will gave way, and the body it had so long supported succumbed to the

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[1] In 1717 it had fallen to the lot of Addison, as Foreign Secretary, to communicate to English ministers in foreign Courts the official account of the quarrel between George I. and his son, which had led to the latter's being ordered to quit St. James's. And all the correspondence on that occasion was now printed *à propos* of the present quarrel, to which it afforded in so many respects such a striking parallel.

fatal illness,[1] which carried her off on the night of Sunday, the 20th, to the intense grief of the King, whose affection for her had remained so strangely persistent through all his harshness and all his infidelities.

On the 4th of June, next year, a prince,[2] afterwards George III., was born, in Norfolk House, St. James's Square. The Prince's party was now in the full tide of opposition; Pulteney, Lord Carteret, the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Falmouth and the Duke of Argyll acting as its heads, and Walpole, in spite of the King's continued favour, had begun to totter under the unpopularity of the excise laws. He tried to conciliate the Prince by his offer to pay his debts and add £50,000 a year to his income; but the

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[1] An internal rupture, concealed with a Spartan heroism, in the fear of losing her influence over her husband.

[2] As the infant Princes and Princesses—there were now four of them—were being carried to Cliveden on June the 16th, 1741, their coach was stopped on Hounslow Heath by two highwaymen. On being informed whose children they were, they cried, "God bless them!" and rode off. But soon after, meeting the second coach with the nurses and attendants, they rewarded loyalty by easing them of a considerable booty.

Prince, conscious of his own strength and the minister's weakness, declined.

The downfall of Walpole in 1742, and the changes of administration which followed, brought several of the Prince's friends into power, and compelled a distant approach to reconciliation between St. James's and Leicester House, of which the Prince had become tenant within a year after Walpole's downfall. He still continued to see company at Carlton House, and probably found both houses necessary for his increasing family, and his large household. Whether Leicester House was taken in the first instance to complete the parallel which his friends had begun, by printing the correspondence on the family quarrel of 1717, when George I. turned Prince George Augustus out of St. James's, I do not know.[1]

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[1] The first mention I find of the Prince's receptions having been transferred to Leicester House is in a letter of Walpole's of April 25, 1743, when he tells the story of the Lady Augusta (the same who had been so hurried into the world at St. James's on that July night, in 1737), mistaking Sir Robert Rich for Sir Robert Walpole, and asking him what had become of his blue string and his fat

The King owed a temporary flush of popularity to his personal courage—always a passport to the favour of an English crowd—at the battle of Dettingen, and what that battle begun the Jacobite rising of 1745 carried still farther. The rebels had no doubt built much of their hope upon the exceeding unpopularity of the King, and the divided allegiance between him and the Prince. But they reckoned without their host. Horror of Popery and hate of the French together did more to clench the bond between the throne and the nation than all the King's ungraciousness, and his devotion to Hanover and Hanoverian mistresses, had done to divide them. And the new popularity of the father was strengthened by that of his favourite son William, whose successes against the Jacobites transformed him for a time into a hero and idol of the mob.

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belly. Sir Blue String was Walpole's cant name in the pasquinades of the time, and his big belly was as invariable a point in the lampoons of that generation, as Lord Brougham's check trousers, or the Duke of Wellington's nose in ours. On December 15th the same year Walpole speaks of himself "as going to Leicester House, where the Princess sees company from seven to nine, on her lying-in."

The Prince of Wales's popularity suffered a corresponding eclipse. The crowd did not like his foreign tastes, his masques and private theatricals, his love of French fiddlers and players. Desnoyers, the dancing master, was one of the intimates of Leicester House, and the Prince had a troop of French actors down to Cliveden. One of them was impertinent to a countryman, who thrashed him. When the Prince sent angrily to know the cause, the fellow replied, "He thought to have pleased his Highness, by beating one of them who had tried to kill his father and had wounded his brother." The town was at this time full of gaiety—masquerades, ridottos, Ranelagh in full swing, and the Prince a prominent figure at all, for he loved all sorts of diversion, from the gipsies at Norwood, the conjurors and fortune-tellers in the bye-streets about Leicester Fields, and the bull-baits at Hockley-in-the-Hole, to Amorevoli at the Opera, and the Faussans in the ballet. When the news came of the Duke of Cumberland having lost the battle of Fontenoy in May, 1745, the Prince was deep in preparation for a performance at Leicester House of Congreve's

masque of "The Judgment of Paris," in which he played Paris. He wrote a French song for the part, addressed to the three rival goddesses, acted by Lady Catherine Hanmer, Lady Fauconberg, and Lady Middlesex, the *dame régnante* of the time. It is in the high Regency vein—

> " Venez, mes chères Déesses,
> Venez calmer mon chagrin;
> Aidez, mes belles Princesses,
> A le noyer dans le vin.
> Poussons cette douce ivresse
> Jusqu'au milieu de la nuit,
> Et n'écoutons que la tendresse
> D'un charmant vis-à-vis.
>
> Que m'importe que l'Europe
> Ait un ou plusieurs tyrans?
> Prions seulement Calliope
> Qu'elle inspire nos vers, nos chants:
> Laissons Mars et toute sa gloire,
> Livrons-nous tous à l'Amour;
> Que Bacchus nous donne à boire;
> A ces deux faisons la cour!"

And so on for five verses in the same Epicurean strain. Such doings were not likely to win him favour out of doors, while his brother William was winning laurels against Marshal Saxe and the Duc d'Harcourt. But besides its masques and plays and *vers de société*, and its gay supper-

parties, at which citadels in sugar were bombarded with bonbons, and champagne flowed till five in the morning, Leicester House had its domestic dramas, of which such maids of honour as the famous Miss Chudleigh, such women of the bed-chamber as Lady Middlesex, were the heroines, and such courtiers and councillors as Bubb Dodington, the *intrigants*. The Prince was superstitious, too, and was greatly interested by the most imposing figure in the charlatanry of the time. This was St. Germain, the predecessor of Cagliostro, who managed to provoke curiosity wherever he went. Always splendidly dressed and sumptuously appointed, with an apparently inexhaustible purse, and magnificent jewels in profusion, he spoke all languages, and would talk with negligent familiarity of all the famous personages of the past, every now and then, as if unconsciously, dropping into the tone of an actor in the scene he was describing. No wonder he imposed on that credulous generation. He was the Wandering Jew, the possessor of the Great Elixir, the discoverer of the Philosopher's Stone.

Walpole's description of him, when he was arrested as a Jacobite spy, shows what a riddle he

was to the town. "He is an old man," he says, "who goes by the name of Count St. Germain. He has been here these two years and will not tell who he is and whence, but professes that he does not go by his right name. He sings, plays on the violin wonderfully, composes, is mad, and not very sensible. He is called an Italian, a Spaniard, a Pole; a somebody that married a great fortune in Mexico, and run away with her jewels to Constantinople; a priest, a fiddler, a vast nobleman. The Prince of Wales has had considerable curiosity about him, but in vain. However nothing has been discovered yet against him; he is released, and what convinces me that he is not a gentleman, stays here, and talks of his being taken up for a spy." He went subsequently to Germany, where he made the acquaintance of Marshal De Belleisle, who brought him to Paris, and in the salons of De Choiseul and De Pompadour, and even in the King's closet at Versailles, gave him a stage really worthy his great talents, for great talents he must have had, to have held his own with all from highest to lowest, and to have got together without visible means his cabinet of precious pictures, his boxes full

of the finest precious stones, and the money for his lavish expenditure. De Choiseul used to say he was the son of a Portuguese Jew, and Voltaire explains the mystery of his resources by his services as a political spy at all the Courts of Europe.[1] Leicester House had its tragic dramas, too. When the rebel Lords were condemned in 1746, no case excited more pity than that of Lord Cromartie, who had been taken prisoner with his son Lord Macleod. Lady Cromartie, the mother of five children, after in vain petitioning the King, appealed to the Princess of Wales at Leicester House. She had four of her children with her. The Princess heard her prayer and made no other answer than by bringing in her own children and placing them by her. Walpole says the Prince asked for Cromartie's pardon. The Princess, we know, made great intercession, and her intercession was successful. We read of Leicester House at this time as the constant resort of foreigners, both diplomatists and artists. The

[1] St. Germain spent the later years of his life at Hamburg and the Court of Hesse-Cassel, and died in Schleswig in 1784. The mystery of his means and really wonderful accomplishments has never been explained.

Venetian Ambassador, who had a pretty wife, was a favourite *habitué*. Walpole gives us a brilliant glimpse of the Prince and his company at Twickenham, when on his way home from Vauxhall. "I was overtaken by a great light and retired under the trees to see what it could be. There came a long procession of Prince Lobkowitz's footmen in very rich new liveries, the two last bearing torches, and after them the Prince himself in a new sky-blue watered tabby coat, with gold button holes, and a magnificent gold waistcoat fringed, leading Madame l'Ambassadrice de Venise in a green sacque with a straw hat, attended by my Lady Tyrawley, Wall the private Spanish agent, the Misses Molyneux and some other men. They went into one of the Prince of Wales' barges, had another barge filled with violins and hautboys and an open boat with drums and trumpets. This was one of the *fêtes d'adieu.*"

During 1749 the Prince's opposition in Parliament was very active under the conduct of Lord Egmont, a bitter opponent of the Pelhams, a man of resolution and knowledge, and a speaker at once fiery and methodical. Dodington, too.

had given up the Treasurership of the Navy to join the Prince's "family," a sure sign that in his opinion it was the winning side. Unluckily he was so universally distrusted and despised, that he found his advance in the Prince's service seriously hampered. The issue of Lord Egmont's negotiations was a union between the Prince's party and the Jacobites, forming a very formidable coalition of a hundred and twenty Lords and Commoners. Dodington in his Diary records his frequent conferences with Lord Egmont; their chief business just now was to settle the steps to be taken by the party upon the demise of the King, so little did they anticipate his outliving the Prince. The last few months of Prince Frederick's life show a great activity both in Parliamentary tactics, and in pleasure.

It was a shock and surprise to all when, after a few days' illness, he died on the 20th of March, 1751, in the presence of the Princess and his surgeon, according to Walpole: according to Wraxall, in the arms of Desnoyers, who was playing the violin at his bedside, as the cough came on which suffocated him by bursting an

abscess in his throat. It had been caused by the blow of a cricket-ball at Cliveden.[1]

The King never visited Leicester House during his son's illness. He was at cards (with La Walmoden) at St. James's when the news was brought by Lord North, then one of the Prince's family. There is no good evidence of any display of unnatural feeling by him on the occasion.[2]

While the Prince lay dead at Leicester House[3]

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[1] The game of cricket came into vogue about this time.

[2] The "*Fritz ist todt*," and his paleness are more consistent with emotion than insensibility, or still more pleasure, at the news, into which they have been interpreted. His conduct to the Princess and her children was kind and considerate. The first visit he paid to Leicester House, a month after her son's death, he declined the chair of state which had been set for him, and seating himself on a sofa by the Princess, kissed her and wept with her. When his eldest grandchild, the Princess Augusta, offered to kiss his hand, he kissed her cheek, and placing her hand in that of one of her brothers, told them "they must be brave boys, obedient to their mother, and worthy of the fortune to which they were born." He appointed the Princess the guardian of her eldest son, whom he, the following month, created Prince of Wales, and ordered that she should receive the same honours that had been paid to the late Queen.

[3] Walpole records a conversation of two working men overheard in Leicester Fields while the hatchment was

between the 20th of March and the 12th of April—when his corpse was carried at midnight to the House of Lords, thence the night after to Westminster Abbey at half-past eight, through a pouring rain, and (according to Dodington) with but maimed rites,—his widow remained secluded in deep and sincere affliction, with the five sons (the eldest in his eleventh year,) and three daughters, of whom her husband had left her guardian under very difficult conditions. His sudden death had thrown his party into confusion. This was deepened by the King's friendly advances to the Princess, whom he visited at Leicester House on the 28th of April, and by her steady discouragement of any renewal of opposition to St. James's from Leicester House. On this Bubb Dodington, finding his occupation gone, records in his diary, with great gravity (May 11): "I communicated to Mr. Ralph my present resolution of no more meddling with public affairs till some party worth appearing with shall unite in the service of the country." Within a year

putting up over the gateway: "He has left a great many small children." "Aye! and what is worse, they belong to our parish!"

we find him as earnest a solicitor for place from Mr. Pelham as if he had never been in opposition.

There was a vigorous attempt to re-open the old struggle when by the Bill appointing the Council of Regency, rendered necessary by the King's frequent visits to Hanover, the Princess was appointed Regent, with a council of the chief officers of state. She justified the selection by her good sense and systematic discouragement of factious intrigues. But in spite of all her prudence she was soon involved in a conflict between the governor and tutor of the young prince, Lord Harcourt, and Hayter Bishop of Norwich, two pompous and empty persons, and the sub-governor and tutor, Scott and Stone, backed by Cresset, the treasurer of the Prince's household. Scott and Stone were accused, but on no solid ground, of poisoning the Prince's mind with Jacobitism, in the hope, as the Princess thought, of rekindling the old ill-will between St. James's and Leicester House, and making the Prince the tool of an opposition who would use him as they had used his father. This manœuvre was baffled by the Princess's temper and good sense.

The resignations of Lord Harcourt and Bishop Hayter were accepted, and in their places Lord Waldegrave was appointed governor, and Thomas, Bishop of Peterborough preceptor, both changes for the better, while the Princess continued in charge of the Prince and her other children, at Saville and Leicester House in town, and at Kew in the country, till her son's accession to the throne in 1760.

Bubb Dodington's Diary gives a most curious picture of the constant attempts of which Leicester House was the theatre during the first half of this decade, to draw the Princess of Wales into the party warfare of the time. In these the chief actor was that pompous arch-intriguer himself, till he obtained his great object, a good place—the very treasurership of the navy which he gave up, when in 1749 he was ill-advised enough to leave the King's service for the Prince's, and which he was now glad to resume under the Duke of Newcastle, for whom he had been professing the utmost hatred and contempt throughout his administration.

Bubb's negotiations for the sale of himself to Mr. Pelham form a wonderful chapter of political

history. One regrets to find that among the first acts of George III. was the elevation of this unctuous scoundrel to the peerage as Lord Melcombe. His Diary is as perfect a picture of the intrigues of Opposition for the time it covers,[1] as Harvey's Memoirs of the inner life of the court of George II. It is hard to say which of the revelations is most repulsive. But for its absolute lack of the sense of shame, the author's utter unconsciousness that he is writing himself down trickster and venal rogue in every page, Bubb Dodington's Diary deserves a place on the same shelf with the remarkable self-delineations of the world, alongside the Diary of Samuel Pepys, the Autobiography of Cellini, and the Confessions of Rousseau.

Leicester Fields have seen no such state ceremonial as when at noon on the 26th of October, 1760, George III. was proclaimed King before Savile House in the presence of the great officers of state, representatives of the nobility, and privy councillors in all their insignia, with

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[1] 1749 to 1761, with some gaps; and a narrative of what passed in 1736-7 relative to the Prince's demand of an allowance.

the officers of arms in their tabards. The proclamation made, the heralds mounted their horses, and in stately procession wended their way to Charing Cross.

Farriers of the Horse Grenadier Guards, with axes erect.
French horns of the troop.
Troop of Horse Grenadier Guards.
Two Knight Marshal's officers.
Knight Marshal and his men.
Household drums, kettle drums, and trumpets.
Pursuivants and heralds.
King-at-arms, supported by two serjeants-at-arms with their maces.
Archbishop of Canterbury in his coach.
Lord Viscount Falmouth.
Troop of Horse Guards.

Here, after flourish of trumpets and roll of drums, the proclamation was repeated. Thence the array passed on to Temple Bar, Chancery Lane, the end of Wood Street, Cheapside, and lastly, to the steps of the Royal Exchange, where the ceremony ended, amid the firing of the Park and Tower guns, the ringing of bells, and, at night, the blazing of bonfires.

Again, on the 29th, the Fields were filled with a huzzaing mob, collected to look on at the courtly crowd thronging to Leicester House, to kiss the hand of the new Sovereign.

Walpole praises the young King's grace and dignity:—"He gives all the indications possible of amiability, his countenance bland and good-natured; his manner graceful and obliging; he expresses no warmth nor resentment against anybody, at most coldness. To the Duke of Cumberland he has shown even a delicacy of attention. He told him he intended to introduce a new custom into his family, that of living well with all his family. I saw him again yesterday, and was surprised to find the levée-room had so entirely lost the air of the lion's den. The Sovereign don't stand in one spot, with his eyes fixed on the ground, dropping bits of German news; he walks about and speaks to everybody. I saw him afterwards on the throne, and there he is graceful and genteel, sits with dignity, and reads his answers to addresses well."

In his first speech to Parliament, the King was enabled to say what none of his predecessors of the House of Hanover could have said, "Born and educated in this country, I glory in the name of Briton." His marriage to Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg, on the 8th of September, in-

augurated a domestic life not less in contrast with that of his predecessors. Under George III. the home of the sovereign was a scene of private virtue and domestic duty. Whatever might be the faults of the Third George as king, as husband and father he was without reproach. The Dowager Princess continued to reside at Leicester House till 1766, when she removed to Carlton House, where she died in 1772.

After witnessing many of the riots, burnings in effigy, processions of gigantic *boots* hung from gibbets, and other mob-manifestations of hatred of Lord Bute, who from the Princess's most influential adviser had become the most unpopular prime minister in English history, on January 20, 1764, the very day that Wilkes was expelled the House of Commons for writing the "North Briton," and within a month of the riots over the burning of that popular print by the common hangman, Leicester Fields rang with rejoicings of the mob round the civic deputations to welcome the popular Hereditary Prince of Brunswick, the bridegroom of that Princess Augusta who was ushered so unceremoniously into the world at St. James's, on 31st July, 1737. They

had been married a few days before in the great drawing-room of Leicester House, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, with little ceremony. The deputation filled sixty coaches and chariots. They were introduced by Lord Boston, and the Recorder read the address, the Princess of Brunswick, the Princesses Anne, Louisa and Matilda standing on their mother's left hand. Her Royal Highness, after the Common Council had severally kissed her hand, conversed affably with the Lord Mayor and several of the aldermen. The chronicler is careful to inform his readers "that there were in one of the ante-chambers of Leicester House French rolls, Old Hock, Madeira, Burgundy, Claret and Champagne, for the refreshment of such persons as chose it."

From Leicester House the deputation passed to Savile House next door, where the address was read to the Prince of Brunswick, and thence returned to Leicester House, to read and present the address to the bride.

The Prince was an amazing favourite, for his gallant services in the Seven Years' War, as a good ally, who had led English troops, and led them bravely, was sure to be. At Chelmsford, on his

way to town, a Quaker walked into the room where he was, pulled off his hat to him, and said, "Friend, my religion forbids me to fight, but I love those that fight well."

As he went to St. James's, he spied one of Elliott's light-horse in the crowd, and kissed his hand to him. "What," said the crowd, "does he know you?" "Yes," replied the soldier, "he once led me into a scrape which nothing but himself could have brought me out of again." Then he was very gallant, and full of admiration for his bride; thin and genteel—the ladies said—and agreeably weatherworn. When he went to the play at Covent Garden, people stood for five hours outside the doors, too close packed to raise a hand. In the theatre he was greeted with roars and rounds of applause. He sat behind the Princess and her brothers. The galleries called him to the front of the box. In the middle of the play he went out to be elected a member of the Royal Society, and when he returned to the theatre the applause was renewed. People present noticed this the more, as no applause was given to the young King and Queen. George III. was then under the cloud

of the Bute administration, that ill-advised attempt at personal rule with which he began his reign. His struggle to maintain it for a while threatened to be fatal to the popularity even of a sovereign who had such a hold on the hearts of his people as George III., despite his narrowness and obstinacy, kept for so much of his reign.

The King did not like the popularity of the Prince of Brunswick, and was glad when after a fortnight's stay, filled with balls, plays, operas, dinners and concerts, he left London, heartily sorry to leave everything but St. James's and Leicester House, where the crowd saw the fine dresses of at least one drawing-room, if they did not hear the fiddles of a single ball. There is a pretty story in one of the newspapers of the time, how, on the day of her departure, the Princess of Brunswick spent the morning at Leicester House, taking leave of her intimates, and in the intervals was frequently at one of the windows, where she breakfasted, that the people might have an opportunity of seeing her as much as possible before she was separated from them. Her Highness opened the window more than once

to take leave of some ladies who were at the windows of Savile House, to whom she very tenderly called out "Good bye," as she kissed her hand to them for the last time.

The latest incident connected with Royalty in Leicester Fields is the death on December 29, 1765, at Savile House, of Prince Frederick William, youngest brother of the King, a youth of amiability and promise, at the age of sixteen.

Chapter XI.

THE GOLDEN HORSE AND ITS RIDER.

IT was in 1737, when the quarrel between George II. and Frederick, Prince of Wales, was at its fiercest, the year in which the Prince was turned out of St. James's, and revenged himself by making his formal demand in Parliament, through Lord Carteret and Mr. Pulteney, for a settled allowance of £100,000 a year, that Leicester Fields, the central enclosure of which had been allowed to fall into neglect, was rearranged in what the newspapers of the day call "a very elegant manner," a new dwarf wall topped with iron rails erected all round, and in the centre a handsome basin.[1] It was planned for a *jet d'eau*,

[1] The architect's sketch of this part of the project is in the King's papers relating to London in the British Museum.

which I am afraid never spouted. But it was in 1748,[1] when Lord Bute was at the head

[1] Mr. J. T. Smith (author of "The Streets of London") gives a description of Leicester Fields, about this time, from the reminiscences, in 1825, of an old gentleman of eighty-seven, a Mr. Packer. "He said it was a dirty place, where ragged boys assembled to play *chuck.* In the *King's Mews*, adjoining, was a cistern, where the horses were watered, behind which was a horse-pond, where pickpockets caught in the neighbourhood were taken and ducked. This old gentleman remembered better than anything else the marriage of the Honble. John Spencer, ancestor of the present Earl Spencer, with Miss Poyntz. This was in 1755. They paid their first visit to Leicester House on a Sunday, after the morning service, in two carriages and a chair. In the first carriage were Lord Cowper and the bridegroom, with three footmen behind; the bride followed in a new sedan chair, lined with white satin, a black page walking before, and three footmen behind, all in the most superb liveries. The diamonds worn by the newly married pair were presented to Mr. Spencer by the Duchess of Marlborough, and were worth £100,000. The shoebuckles of the bridegroom alone were worth £30,000. Mr. Packer added, that the streets were so thinly built upon in this neighbourhood about this time, that when the heads of two Jacobites were set on Temple Bar, a man stood in Leicester Fields with a telescope to give the boys a sight of them for a halfpenny a piece." (This last reminiscence is quite incredible to me.) But it is in Leicester Fields that the man stood with the telescope to give a peep of

of the pleasures of Frederick's little idle dissipated court, the intendant of its balls, the coryphæus of its plays, that the square received instead of the basin the choicer ornament of a statue. On the Prince's birthday, November 19, 1748, besides the crowds huzzaing under the windows of Leicester House—for Prince Frederick was popular after a fashion—there was what the Court newsman calls a very splendid appearance of the nobility and gentry, in the state drawing rooms, to kiss hands and wish happy returns of the day. There was a bid for popularity here. "His Royal Highness observing some of the Lords to wear French stuffs immediately ordered the Duke of Chandos, his groom of the stole, to acquaint them and his servants in general, that, after that day he should be greatly displeased to see them appear in any French manufacture. The same notice was given to the ladies." Independently of the good will this was likely to win the Prince out of doors, he had really interested himself in the Spitalfields silk manufacture ; used frequently to take the Princess and their children thither to

the moon and stars for a penny, whom Wordsworth has immortalized.

see the processes, gave large orders, and did all he could to bring the Spitalfields silks and velvets into fashion. The English silk weavers, it must be remembered, were then little more than half a century removed from their brethren in France, whence their fathers had fled after the revocation of the edict of Nantes.

It was on occasion of this birth-day reception, as we learn from the court newsman, that "the fine statue of George I. in the centre of the Fields was uncovered." Henry Brydges, the second Duke of Chandos, as we have seen, was then groom of the stole in the little Leicester House Court. One may wonder what he felt on that birthday, looking out upon the crowd gathered to witness the uncovering of the statue, then in all the glory of its still fresh gilding.[1] It had been brought from his own stately seat of Canons, near Edgeware, which, after many ineffectual

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[1] The "Golden Horse and Man," as the Leicester Fields statue was called in the time of our grandfathers, used to be a regular "sight" for country-folks visiting London. Boys coming up to push their fortunes in the great metropolis looked with awe at what they believed to be a supreme wonder of that magic which paved London streets with gold.

attempts to sell it as it stood, had the year before been demolished, and sold piecemeal under the hammer. It was his father James Brydges, the first Duke of Chandos, surnamed The Magnificent, who, out of the huge fortune he had accumulated as paymaster of the Forces under Queen Anne, had built the fatiguingly fine house and gardens, the object of Pope's ridicule—or so the town persisted in thinking—in his famous description of Timon's Villa.[1] The Duke had not long before presented the poet with a thousand pounds as a mark of his admiration, and even "the wasp of Twickenham," after the passing away of the fit of ill-humour which set him stinging, might well be anxious to disclaim such a base return for kindness, as he did repeatedly, and clenched his disclaimers by introducing in his first epistle the line,

> "Thus gracious Chandos is beloved at sight."

And yet it was hard to believe that the picture

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[1] In the Epistle on Taste, afterwards re-christened as "False Taste," and finally incorporated with the Moral Essays as the "IV. Epistle on the Use of Riches." Dedicated to Richard Boyle, Lord Burlington.

was not meant for the place to which most of its touches applied so exactly, and Pope's denials were not taken for gospel by those who knew him. But now the building that was a town, the pond that was an ocean, the pasture that was a down, the gardens where grove nodded to grove, the "trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees," the summerhouses without shade and the fountains without water, were all pulled down, filled up, and demolished. The library with its books,

> "These Aldus printed, those Du Sueil has bound;"

the chapel with its silver bell and Father Smith's organ, at which Pepusch officiated as organist, and for which Handel composed anthems by the score; the ceilings "where sprawl the saints of Verrio and Laguerre," the marble dining halls and long-drawn colonnades were levelled with the dust, and all of them that could be detached knocked down to the highest bidder and carted off. Chesterfield House had the grand stair-case; and now here was George I., one of the Canons troop of equestrian statues, being set up, under the Duke of Chandos's own eyes, in Leicester Fields. Statues in lead or mixed metal,

after the Dutch taste, were all the rage then, and the makers of these works of art—often clever designers—drove a roaring trade. Piccadilly was full of their yards. The Canons statues had been turned out by Van Ost, and his pupil, Charpentière, who both afterwards kept famous manufactures of these metal decorations on the site of Cambridge House and Hertford House, in Piccadilly (where such establishments abounded last century, as the stone-cutters along the New Road in this). The horse of George I. was modelled after that of Le Sueur at Charing Cross. It was not in lead, but mixed metal, and richly gilt. I daresay many of the crowd in the Fields took it for real gold, as it shone in the winter sunshine, if, by a happy chance, the sun looked out that 19th of November. Looking on from a first-floor window of the last house but two on the east of the Fields, I have no doubt was Hogarth. His first very successful work, sixteen years before, had been a satirical print called "The Taste of the Times," in which Pope had been introduced as a whitewasher on a scaffold before Burlington Gate, bespattering the Magnificent Duke of Chandos,

as he passed in his chariot below, in allusion to that very attack of the poet's on Timon's villa, dedicated to Lord Burlington. Hogarth may well have thought of the revenges of time, now that, already, in twelve years, almost before Peer and Poet were cold in their graves,[1] was coming to fulfilment the poet's prophesy,

> " Another age shall see the golden ear
> Embrace the slope and nod on the parterre,
> Deep harvests bury all his pride has planned,
> And laughing Ceres reassume the land."

How the statue came to be set up in Leicester Fields I have no information, beyond the contemporary statement that it was bought by the inhabitants. The Marquis of Aylesbury, who was one of the trustees under the Chandos settlements, as the owner of Savile House, may have had some connection with the purchase. The Duke of Chandos is not likely to have had anything to say or do with the setting up in front of Leicester House so conspicuous a *memento mori* of Canons. But considering the relations between father and son in the royal

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[1] They both died in 1744.

" THE LAST OF THE OLD HORSE."
(*From the picture by J. O'Connor in the Royal Academy*, 1874.)

family of Hanover, it is not impossible that the erection of George I. before Leicester House, might have been meant to annoy George II.

Our own generation has just seen the last of the Canons horse and rider. After more than a quarter of a century of humiliations : after serving as a standing butt for Punch and his imitators: after being painted in divers unheraldic colours, and even spotted like the pard, black on a white ground, after appearing one morning with a paper fool's-cap over his leaden laurels, and his truncheon replaced by a Turk's-head besom: after losing his limbs one by one, and at last his head, till he lay a mere battered trunk under the belly of his steed, propped up by a broom-stick, and with a great hole yawning in its back, where once the royal rider was riveted to his saddle, the last stage of degradation was reached, as here depicted.[1]

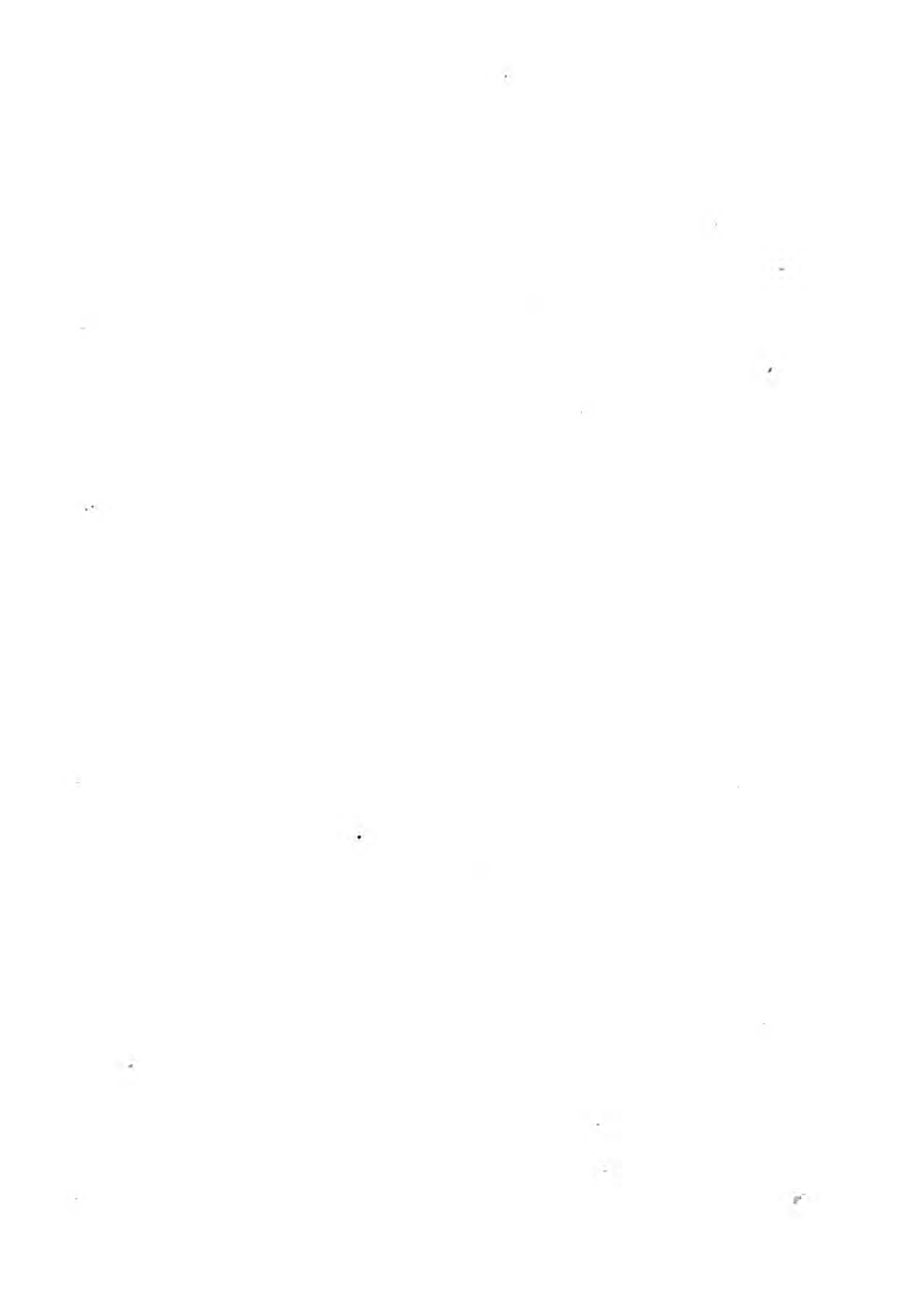
Such was the beginning, on November 19, 1748, and such the end on February 24, 1874,

[1] From a sketch made last year by Mr. O'Connor, from his studio in Sir Joshua's old house. The room was Sir Joshua's drawing-room, and seems a very humble one for such distinguished assemblages as were often gathered there.

of the Leicester Square statue, on which have been hung as many lampoons as on any statue in the world, except Pasquino. We may well say that George I. has now given place to a better man.

It is amusing to read how within a few days of the statue being uncovered, the princely children and their young companions took part in a performance at Leicester House. The play was "Cato," of all plays in the world. "Cato!" Think of creatures between eleven and six, in the Roman stage costume of that time, doling out Addison's pompous and platitudinous blank verse. Little Prince George, afterwards George III., was Portius, and spoke a prologue, which made some noise at the time; Princess Augusta and Prince Edward shared the honours of the epilogue. In Prince George's prologue the applause, indoors and out, was loudest at—

> "Patriots indeed! Worthy that honest name,
> Through every time and station still the same!
> Should this superior to my years be thought,
> Know 'tis the first great lesson I was taught:
> What though 'a boy'—it may with pride be said,
> A boy in England born, in England bred!"



Chapter XII.

HOGARTH AT THE GOLDEN HEAD.

THE life of him who best deserves the title of the founder of the English school of painting, and the most national of English painters, has Leicester Fields for its centre. It was in Cranbourne Alley, probably between 1712 and 1719, that William Hogarth served his apprenticeship to Ellis Gamble, silversmith. It was in Leicester Fields, under the sign of the Golden Head, made of pieces of cork, cut, glued together, and gilded by Hogarth himself, in the last house but two on the east side, afterwards the northern half of the Sablonière Hôtel, and now replaced by the lately rebuilt Tenison Schools, that in 1733, the same year in which his old master be-

came bankrupt,[1] Hogarth established himself with the young wife whom he had carried off from the house of her father Sir James Thornhill, three years before. It is in or close to Leicester Square that we get our few personal glimpses of the man; first in his apprentice days, sauntering round the Fields with his master's sickly child hanging its head over his shoulder.[2] Then in his later manhood, as Barry saw him, in Castle Street, "a little man in a sky-blue coat" patting one of two fighting boys on the back and steadfastly watching the expression in his face with a, "D—n him, if I would take of him; at him again!"—or, as old inhabitants of the Square, who lived till near the close of the century, remembered him, walking round the enclosure of an evening, in his scarlet roquelaure and cocked hat.

What Hogarth wrote of himself within little more than a year of his end, remains, after all the volumes piled up about and over him, the best

[1] See in the list of bankrupts in the "London Magazine" for February, 1739 (p. 99), "Ellis Gamble, Cranbourne Alley, next Leicester Fields, goldsmith."

[2] Smith's "Nollekens and his Times," vol. i. pp. 46-7.

that has been said on the subject, and what I have to say of him will be founded on it.

Born in 1697 in a poor lodging in Ship Court, off the Old Bailey, son of a poorly-paid bookseller's hack and corrector for the press, who had made his way in search of fortune from Westmoreland to London, trusting to the scholarship that barely found his wife and little ones[1] in bread, William Hogarth, with an unconquerable bent for drawing, and his father's miserable struggle for subsistence before his eyes, had early decided on the pencil rather than the pen[2] as the tool for carving his way in the world. But the education of a painter was difficult, and the nearest road for him to a livelihood by art lay through apprenticeship to a silversmith. The silversmith of the last century was always an engraver also, and often designed his own engravings. Family plate, watches, and shop plates were all elaborately ornamented with

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[1] There were, besides William, two daughters, Mary, born May 10th, 1699, and Anne, born the same month, 1701.

[2] See Hogarth's Autobiography in Nichols' "Anecdotes of Hogarth," ed. 1833.

arms and devices, which gave opportunities to the designer, just as the shop-signs did to the painter, who then found sign-painting one of his chief resources. The first list of Royal Academians included a chaser and enameller (Moser), and professed sign and coach painters (Wale and Catton), among its original members. Thus the distance between the silversmith's shop and the painter's studio was not nearly so great then as now. But Hogarth was destined for higher things than engraving coats of arms for punch bowls and salvers, or arabesques and emblems on shop-bill plates.[1]

"The paintings of St. Paul's Cathedral and Greenwich Hospital," he tells us, "which were at that time going on, ran in my head, and I determined that silver plate engraving should be followed no longer than necessity obliged me to it. Engraving on copper was at twenty

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[1] Ellis Gamble's shop-bill, supposed to have been designed by Hogarth, is extant, having an angel in a border of foliage, and this inscription—"Ellis Gamble, goldsmith in Cranbourne Street, Leicester Fields. Maker, buyer, and seller of all sorts of plate, rings, jewels, &c." There is his own shop-bill with the date 1720, and another for Mary and Anne Hogarth at the King's Arms, joining to the Little Britain Gate, where his sisters had a seamstress's shop.

years of age my utmost ambition. To attain this it was necessary I should learn to draw objects something like nature instead of the monsters of heraldry; and the common methods of study were much too tedious for one who loved his pleasure, and came so late to it."

So he had to look out for a short cut to his art. His first studies were probably in the drawing school founded in 1711, at the head of which was Sir Godfrey Kneller, and which preceded the school opened in 1724, by Sir James Thornhill, behind his house in Covent Garden. But it may well have been in Thornhill's academy that Hogarth's principal technical teaching was got; and if so, one can understand that his ability should have soon attracted Thornhill's notice. Though one of the most conventional painters of a conventional time, Thornhill was a good sound workman, and what Hogarth learnt of him was the foundation of the safe and simple technical methods, to which his pictures owe their excellent preservation.[1] But the ability to copy, and even to put on colours, was not what

[1] Except where darkened by varnish or dirt, as in the pictures in the Soane Museum; the "March to Finchley" and "The Marriage à la Mode" are as fresh in colour and as sound in surface as when first painted.

Hogarth wanted. He felt an irresistible impulse to represent the life about him. The shortest path to this, he concluded, was, to use his own words—

" To fix form and characters in my mind, and instead of copying the lines, to try to read the language, and, if possible, find the grammar of the art by bringing into one focus the different observations I had made, and then trying by my power on the canvas how far my plan enabled me to continue and apply them to practice."

To this end he hit upon the plan which he found most suitable to what he with *naïve* self-depreciation calls his "idle disposition," meaning, no doubt, his love of seeing and studying life elsewhere than in the studio.

" This was the exercise of a sort of technical memory, which enabled me first to repeat in my own mind the parts of which objects were composed, and by degrees to combine and put them down with my pencil."

In fact, he converted his brain by the continued practice of systematic observation into a mental daguerreotyping apparatus, which he carried about with him into all the scenes of the strongly marked London life of his time, of which his own pictures are the most living record. He nowhere mentions that he worked under Sir James Thornhill on his decorative paintings.

Indeed he says he "had not had a stroke of this grand business" before he set about his pictures at St. Bartholomew's in 1736; but I feel strongly inclined to think that he means he had not had commissions for such work, and that he may have worked as an assistant under Sir James, and may thus have acquired such skill of the more formal and conventional kind as he showed in the "Pool of Bethesda" and the "Good Samaritan" on the staircase of Bartholomew's Hospital. They can hardly be literally first attempts. There must, I cannot help thinking, have been something beyond the distant relation of high-placed teacher and humble pupil to account for his having, (by 1729,) wooed and won Jane, Thornhill's only daughter, a match immeasurably above Hogarth's pretensions at this time. He was not then in flourishing circumstances. Owing to the poor pay of the publishers, the plunder of the pirates, who brought out half-price copies of his most successful hits at the follies of the time,[1] and (though he modestly

[1] He particularizes "The Taste of the Town" as having been thus pirated.

suppresses this) his support of his poor old father till his death in 1721, and the help given to his two sisters, till he was nearly thirty, he could do little more, he says, than maintain himself; but even then he adds, with characteristic emphasis on the *bourgeois* virtue, "I was a punctual paymaster."

On the 23rd of March, 1729, the young engraver and designer quietly carried Jane Thornhill from the paternal mansion, whether at 104, St. Martin's Lane, as I think, or at 75, Dean Street, Soho, as the tradition goes, to the old church at Paddington, then in the green fields, and married her, as may be verified by the church register to this day.

He had already made his mark as a satirist of the passing follies of the day,[1] and as a designer and engraver of book illustrations,[2] frontispieces,

[1] In such elaborate designs as "The South Sea Prints," "The Lottery," the "Masquerades and Operas" (1725) (afterwards, 1732, altered to "The Man of Taste"), and "The Pantomime-Makers" (1726).

[2] See his cuts to "De la Mottraye's Travels" (1723); the designs (1721) for "The Metamorphoses of Apuleius" (1724); "Beavor's Roman Military Punishments" (1725); the two large and seventeen small illustrations to "Hudi-

shop-bills, masquerade and benefit tickets, and similar odd jobs. It was evident already that young Will Hogarth, with all his self-assertion, was willing to turn his hand to anything for a honest livelihood, and could turn his hand to many things. But to think of this young hand-to-mouth struggler marrying the daughter of the member for Weymouth, rich, honoured, Sergeant painter and History painter to the King!

Sir James was naturally indignant, and for a while the paternal heart and house were shut against the runaway. But not for long. The story is that Sir James Thornhill was reconciled to his daughter's marriage by his wife's placing one of the pictures of "The Harlot's Progress" in the knight's way on his coming down to breakfast. On hearing the painter's name, he said, "the man who can paint like this, is able to maintain a wife," and straightway re-admitted his daughter

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bras" (1726); the frontispieces to Miller's comedy of "The Humours of Oxford" (1729); Lockman's translation of "John Gulliver's Travels" (1730); Moliere's "L'Avare" and "Le Cocu Imaginaire," Fielding's "Tom Thumb," &c., the opera of the "Highland Fair," &c. &c.

and her husband to his favour. Sir James accompanied Hogarth to the cell of Sarah Malcolm in March, 1732, when his son-in-law painted the portrait of that famous murderess,[1] then awaiting execution; but the pictures of the Harlot's Progress must have been painted before that time; so there is nothing in this irreconcileable with the often-repeated story.

After his marriage Hogarth tells us,

"I commenced painter of small conversation pieces from twelve to fifteen inches high. This having novelty succeeded for a few years, but though it gave somewhat more scope for the fancy, it was still but a less kind of drudgery; and as I could not bring myself to act like some of my brethren, and make it a sort of manufactory, to be carried on by the help of background and drapery painters, it was not sufficiently profitable to pay the expenses my family required. I therefore turned my thoughts to a still more novel mode, *viz.* painting and engraving modern moral subjects, a field not broken up in any country or any age.

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[1] A Temple laundress of three-and-twenty, who cut the throats of her mistress, Mrs. Duncombe, her companion, and maid, in chambers in the Inner Temple. The horror of the crime drew crowds to her cell, where she was allowed to receive company, and sat for her picture, after the fashion of those days. She dressed in red, it is said, for the painter, two days before she was hung in Fleet Street, opposite Mitre Court. The picture was Horace Walpole's.

The reasons which induced me to adopt this mode of designing were, that I thought both writers and painters had in the historical style totally overlooked that intermediate species of subjects which may be placed between the sublime and grotesque. I therefore wished to compose pictures on canvass, similar to representations on the stage; and further hope that they will be tried by the same test and criticized by the same criterion. Let it be observed, that I mean to speak only of those scenes where the human species[1] are actors, and these I think have not often been delineated in a way of which they are worthy and capable.

"In these compositions those subjects that will both entertain and improve the mind bid fair to be of the greatest public utility, and must therefore be entitled to rank in the highest class. If the execution is difficult (though that is but a secondary merit), the author has claim to a higher degree of praise. If this be admitted, comedy in painting, as well as writing, ought to be allotted the first place, as most capable of all these perfections,[2] though the *sublime*, as it is called, has been opposed to it. Ocular demonstration will carry more conviction to the mind of a sensible man than all he would find in a thousand volumes, and this has been attempted in the prints I have com-

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[1] I suppose he means by this dramas of real life, excluding operatic and similar non-human beings, as gods, demi-gods, and heroes; or perhaps there is a satirical hit at the introduction on the stage of quadrupeds, seen in Hogarth's time and since.

[2] Capable, I suppose he means, of entertaining and improving the mind, exercising powers of execution, and embodying a moral in an impressive form.

posed. Let the decision be left to every unprejudiced eye; *let the figures in either picture or print be considered as players, dressed either for the sublime,*[1] *for genteel comedy or farce, for high or low life. I have endeavoured to treat my subjects as a dramatic writer. My picture is my stage, and men and women my players, who, by means of certain actions and gesture, are to exhibit a dumb show.*"

This is Hogarth's own account of his aim, and his claim for his work. It is full of matter for reflection. In the first place let us recall to ourselves how absolutely original the idea of painting such pictures was, when he conceived it. There were then no novels of contemporary life worth speaking of. Defoe's were out of date; Richardson's, Fielding, and Smollett's were not yet written. It may be doubted how far these stories were inspired by Hogarth's painted dramas, or whether something in the influence of the times determined both the most original pencil and pens of that day to the same kind of work. This kind of design had as little precedent on the stage as in literature. The domestic drama, to which Hogarth's stories, told in a series of prints, exactly correspond, was then

[1] Here Hogarth uses "the sublime" as equivalent to tragedy.

unknown. The theatre had tragedy and comedy, but nothing in which the pathos and terror of the one are clothed in the forms of the other.

Next, it is worth noting how completely Hogarth himself subordinates the pictorial quality of his work to the moral and dramatic, though he was angry when the town did so; and how thoroughly he achieved the purposes he proposed to himself.

He speaks of his attempts in the grand style as having come between his conversation pieces, and his essays in the new style. But this is not quite exact. The pictures on St. Bartholomew's staircase were painted and presented to the hospital, according to the contemporary inscription, in 1736. "The Harlot's Progress," the first of those series which have made Hogarth immortal, appeared three years before.

This is not the place to tell the story or dilate on the merits of those domestic dramas, comedies, or comic scenes which the pencil and graver of Hogarth set in action before a world-wide[1] audience, between 1732 and 1764. But it

[1] He has had both French and German commentators, Rouquet and Lichtenberg. The last has written the wittiest

may be useful to bring the order of their succession and date of their production before the reader, that he may be able to judge of Hogarth's prodigious fertility of invention, and unresting industry, always remembering that all his life was an endless study of human character in London life. Beyond occasional summer excursions, of which one round the Isle of Sheppy has been recorded for us[1] by the pencils of the two painters of the party, Hogarth and Scott, and the pen of Forrest, a third of the five jolly companions in that summer frolic, and a journey to Paris about 1748 (on his way home from which he was arrested for sketching the Gate of Calais), his life was spent between his house in London and summer residences in the suburbs, as at Isleworth and Lambeth, at first temporary, but after

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and most meaning commentary on his prints, which accompanied excellent reproductions of them by Riepenhausen.

[1] "The Five Days' Peregrination Around the Isle of Sheppey of William Hogarth and his fellow-pilgrims, Scott, Tothall, Thornhill, and Forrest," first published in 1782 by Livesay, reprinted, and included in the works of Hogarth, by Nicholls and Steevens, and recently reprinted by Hotton, with execrably bad woodcuts that sadly disfigure the book. The original MS. and drawings are in the British Museum.

1748 at Chiswick, where that year he bought a villa after his return from his single venture across the Channel.

Here is the chronological list of his works, after he took his own line :—

1733 and 1734. Southwark Fair; The Harlot's Progress, in six plates. 1735. The Rake's Progress, in eight plates. 1736. Before and After; The Sleeping Congregation; The Distressed Poet. 1738. The Four Parts of the Day; Strolling Actresses Dressing in a Barn. 1741. The Enraged Musician. 1742. Portrait of Martin Folkes, R.S.; Taste in High Life. 1743. The Portraits of Bishop Hoadley and Captain Coram; Character and Caricature (receipt ticket for Marriage à la mode). 1745. Marriage à la Mode, in six plates. The Battle of the Pictures (ticket to admit to the sale of his works by auction). 1746. Portrait of Simon Frazer Lord Lovat, and Garrick in Richard III. 1747. The Country Inn Yard; Industry and Idleness, in twelve plates. 1749. The Gate of Calais, and his own Portrait, life size. 1750. The March to Finchley. 1751. Beer Street and Gin Lane; The Four Stages of Cruelty. 1752. Paul before Felix (Lincoln's Inn); and

Moses Brought to Pharaoh's Daughter (Foundling Hospital). 1753. The Analysis of Beauty. 1754. The Election, in four plates. 1756. France and England. 1758. The Bench. 1759. The Cockpit. 1761. The Lady's Last Stake; Time Smoking a Picture (receipt ticket for print of Sigismunda); Credulity, Superstition, and Fanaticism. 1762. The Times, in two plates. 1763. Portrait of Wilkes and "The Bruiser" Churchill as a Bear. 1764. The Bathos—the painter's "Finis."

This would be indeed a wonderful life's work, were it not that no fertility of production is wonderful in a really great imaginative inventor. No part of all this enormous mass of invention but is shaped by the working of a mind that put meaning into everything; compelled, yet without violence, the most trifling accessories into the service of his story; conveyed satirical or thoughtful import, by receipts and cards of admission; and left for all posterity a reflection of the most significant features of the painter's time, its private and public vices in high and low and their retribution, its political profligacy, its foolish fashions, its pleasures and its prejudices, its fops and fools,

its pretenders, its criminals, and its benefactors. To us, with our more outwardly refined habits, and more squeamish notions, much of the record may be such as nice minds may turn away from. At no time was the work meant *virginibus puerisque.* But of Hogarth, if of any satirist, I believe it may be truly said, that no prurient intention ever perverted his pencil, no sympathy with the sin he was scourging ever turned aside his lash; that no more wholesome, cleanly and right-minded man ever undertook, with a better purpose, the delineation of vice and sin, public and private, at a time when both displayed themselves unblushingly in their coarsest forms.

To the rightness of his ethical purpose, Lamb[1] has done justice, when, commenting on Barry's attack on Hogarth's method of exposing meanness, deformity and vice, by paddling in whatever is ridiculous, faulty and vicious, he says:

"A person unacquainted with the works thus satirized would be apt to imagine that in Hogarth there was nothing else to be found, but subjects of the coarsest and

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[1] In his admirable essay on "The Genius and Character of Hogarth."

most repulsive nature, that his imagination was naturally unsweet, and that he delighted in rolling in every species of moral filth; that he preyed upon sore places only, and took a pleasure in exposing the unsound and rotten parts of human nature—whereas, with the exception of some of the plates of the 'Harlot's Progress,' which are harder in their character than any of the rest of his productions (the 'Stages of Cruelty' I omit as mere worthless caricatures, foreign to his general habits, the offspring of his fancy in some wayward humour) [1] there is scarce one of his pieces in which vice is most strongly satirized in which some figure is not introduced upon which the moral eye may rest satisfied, a face that indicates goodness, or perhaps mere good-humouredness and carelessness of mind (negatives of evil) only, yet enough to give a relaxation to the louring brow of satire and keep the general air from tainting. Take the mild supplicating features of the poor woman persuading the pawnbroker to accept her clothes in pledge, in the plate of 'Gin Lane,' for instance. A little does it: a little of the good nature overpowers a world of bad. One cordial honest laugh of Tom Jones absolutely clears the atmosphere that was reeking with the black putrefying breathings of a hypocrite Blifil. One homely expostulating shrug from Strap warms the whole air which the suggestions of a gentlemanly ingratitude

[1] I cannot agree in either of these dicta. I find no hardness in the "Harlot's Progress" not inherent in the subject; and the "Stages of Cruelty" was prompted by a mind that hated cruelty to dumb creatures and children, and traced the links between it and the crime that brings to the gallows, in a repulsive form, it may be, but with an earnest and humane purpose.

from his friend Random had begun to freeze. One 'Lord bless us!' of Parson Adams upon the wickedness of the times exorcises and purges off the mass of iniquity which the world-knowledge of even a Fielding could cull out and rake together. But of the severe class of Hogarth's performances enough, I trust, has been said to show that they do not merely shock and repulse, that there is in them the 'scorn of vice' and the 'pity' too; something to touch the heart and keep alive the sense of moral beauty; the '*lacrymæ rerum*,' and the sorrowing by which the world is made better. If they be bad things, then is satire and tragedy a bad thing; let us proclaim at once an age of gold, and sink the existence of vice and misery in our speculations; let us

> 'Wink and shut our apprehensions up
> From common sense of what men were and are.'

Let us *make believe* with the children that everybody is good and happy, and, with Dr. Swift, write panegyrics upon the world."

This much for the morality of Hogarth. His power of telling his story has never been disputed. But it was long the fashion to undervalue his art. Walpole, praising him with thorough appreciation as a writer of comedy with the pencil, says, that "as a painter he had slender merit." If he had qualified this by confining his remark to his attempts in what was then called "history," or "the grand style," it would be

true enough. Sir Joshua Reynolds does so.[1] After praising Gainsborough for not attempting that style of painting, for which his studies had not prepared him, he goes on,—

> "Our excellent Hogarth, with all his extraordinary talents, was not blessed with this knowledge of his own deficiency, or of the bounds which were set to the extent of his own powers. After this admirable artist had spent the greater part of his life in an active, busy, and we may add successful attention to the ridicule of life; after he had invented a new species of dramatic painting, in which probably he never will be equalled, and had stored his mind with infinite materials to explain and illustrate the familiar scenes of common life, which were generally thought to have been always the subjects of his pencil, he very imprudently, or rather presumptuously, attempted the great historical style, for which his habits had by no means qualified him: he was, indeed, so entirely unacquainted with the principles of this style that he was not even aware that any artificial preparation was at all necessary. It is to be regretted that any part of the life of such a genius should be fruitlessly employed."

Granted; but what then are we to say to the part of Sir Joshua's own life wasted on attempts at history in the grand style—to his "Hercules," his "Macbeth," his "Cardinal Beaufort," even his "Ugolino"? Did he, or did any painter of

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[1] In his 14th "Discourse on Gainsborough."

that time, show a much worthier conception of the grand style, or give a much greater proof of having profited by the needful discipline for it, than Hogarth himself?

And as to his waste of time, Hogarth's attempts at the grand style were confined to the two pictures at St. Bartholomew's, attempted before he had fairly settled down to follow his true vocation; the "Paul before Felix" in Lincoln's Inn (1749), the "Pharaoh's Daughter" for the Foundling (1750), and the Bristol altarpieces (1755). All his work of this kind could not have occupied two years out of the thirty in which he was producing the pictures he was really fitted for. The truth is, that Sir Joshua believed, erroneously, that all men could by study be qualified "for the grand style." He ignored bent and vocation in his theory, though in his practice he gave such a brilliant demonstration of their supremacy. And Walpole, like Barry and others, was not able to recognize how much technical excellence could be put into a work of cabinet size and on unheroic subjects. Gilpin, who criticizes Hogarth's artistic demerits in detail, was not a competent judge.

Of his artistic qualities it is enough to say that the accomplished C. S. Leslie, R. A., selects Hogarth as a leading example of almost every technical merit. "In invention and expression,"[1] he says, "the only master whose works, taken altogether, I would compare with Raphael, is Hogarth." I venture to think he establishes his position. He appeals to the exhibition of Hogarth's collected works in the British Gallery in 1814:—

"as showing how great a master he was in all respects; how completely he bent the art to his will; and though alive to all the beauties of painting, and rarely neglecting them, yet how steadily he kept in view the true end of art —in no case ever permitting a minor excellence in any way to interfere with his story or expression. The purity of his colour was then acknowledged as well as that zest of execution which tells us that painting was far more a pleasure than a labour to him. It is only in the later pictures of Jan Steen that I have seen faces so full of life and expression and yet so slightly touched[2] as are many of Hogarth's."

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[1] "Handbook for Young Painters," section x.

[2] It is true his work is of very unequal finish, and very various in method. Sometimes his handling is of the swiftest and slightest, the colour laid on thin, with loaded lights, and the ground shown elsewhere. Sometimes, as in the "Marriage à la Mode," his painting is solid and

Among all the professors of the Academy who have given their opinion to the world in lectures, Leslie deserves the credit of having formed at once the highest and justest estimate of Hogarth as a painter, and has, of all his critics, been the most instrumental in rectifying the unjust and shallow judgment of the last century on this point.

It should not be forgotten that to the efforts of Hogarth, with Vertue, Price and others, in 1735, we owe the first Act to secure property in design. It is to the credit of our legislators that after Hogarth's death they extended the duration of his copyrights, for the benefit of his widow.

It was to his prints that he owed his gains as well as his popularity. Of "The Harlot's Progress" 1,200 copies were subscribed for as soon as it appeared. And the sale of the other series, in particular "The Idle and Industrious Apprentice,"—which always went off most briskly at Christmas, being a sort of City Bible, hung up in the office at Guildhall where apprentices were

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opaque. A very competent judge who has studied his *technique*, tells me that, to his thinking, Hogarth's best painting is to be found in his portraits.

sworn and in many school-rooms and City counting-houses—was even larger. The prints were sold at Leicester Fields during the painter's life,[1] and after his death their sale became his widow's chief source of income.

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[1] A list at the end of the "Analysis of Beauty" gives the original prices of all published down to the end of 1753 :—

	£	s.	d.
Marriage à la Mode, in six prints . . .	1	11	6
Harlot's Progress, in six prints . . .	1	1	0
Rake's Progress, in eight prints . . .	2	2	0
Four Times of the Day, in four prints . .	1	0	0
Strolling Actresses Dressing in a Barn . .	0	5	0
Midnight Conversation	0	5	0
Southwark Fair	0	5	0
Bishop of Winchester	0	3	0
Calais; or the Roast Beef of Old England .	0	5	0
Before and After, two prints	0	5	0
Distressed Poet	0	3	0
Enraged Musician	0	3	0
Various Characters of Heads, in Five Groups .	0	2	6
Beer Street and Gin Lane. Two prints .	0	3	0
Four Stages of Cruelty. Four prints . .	0	6	0
Moses brought before Pharaoh's Daughter .	0	7	6
Paul before Felix	0	7	6
Paul before Felix in the manner of Rembrandt [1]	0	0	0
The Effect of Idleness and Industry, exemplified in the conduct of two Fellow-prentices. In twelve prints	0	12	0

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[1] Intended to show his contempt for the Dutch style.

In Leicester Fields,[1] or in his suburban summer quarters, the painter wrought unweariedly, employing a large staff of engravers, most of them French—Ravenet, Scotin, Baron, Grignion, Aveline, Le Cave—but with them clever Englishmen, like Luke Sullivan and others, superintending and retouching their work, and so, like Turner, helping to create a school of engravers, as well as painters.[2] In the taverns in or near Leicester Fields—"The Feathers," in

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	£	s.	d.
Lord Lovat	0	1	0
Country Inn-yard	0	1	0
Sleeping Congregation	0	1	0
March to Finchley	0	10	6
Mr. Garrick in the character of King Richard the Third	0	7	6
Columbus breaking the Egg (receipt for the "Analysis of Beauty")	0	1	0
Frontispiece	0	3	0

N.B.—If anyone purchases the whole together, they will have them delivered bound at the price of ten guineas, and a sufficient margin will be left for framing.

[1] He built a painting-room behind the house, which was afterwards the billiard-room of the Sablonière.

[2] Though not very delicate in his work, for life and spirit there is no engraving like Hogarth's own. It has all the fresh, direct vigour of good etching.

the east corner, where Dibdin's Sans Souci Theatre afterwards stood, at "Old Slaughter's," in St. Martin's Lane, and "the Bedford Arms," in Covent Garden,—were held jovial clubs of artists, actors, and tradesmen, of which Hogarth was a leading member, with Rich, the manager of Covent Garden; Roubiliac, the sculptor; Vivarès and Strange, the engravers; Pyne, the original of the Fat Friar in the "Gate of Calais," and the companion of Hogarth's trip to Paris, with Hayman; Captain Marcellus Laroon, Hayman and Highmore, the painters; Scott, Lambert, Allan Ramsay; Grose, the antiquary; Bullock, Quin, Woodward, the actors; Churchill, the satirist; and others.[1]

It was out of a sudden whim at such a meeting at the Bedford Arms, near the end of May, 1732, that the trip to Sheppy grew. Hogarth and his companions only have to send home for a spare shirt apiece, stow it in their capacious pockets, and start, after the night's bouse, for Billingsgate, there to take boat for Gravesend.

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[1] For the tragic story of Theodore Gardelle, one of the members of the "Old Slaughter's" *symposia*, see Appendix C.

Forrest's record of the journey was produced, written out, bound, and gilt-edged, two nights afterwards, triumphantly at a gathering of the club, with Tothall's, the treasurer's, bill of disbursements amounting for the five to £6 6*s*. It was at one of these suppers that Benjamin Wilson, the portrait painter, and Hogarth, planned their hoax on Hudson, when Wilson had taken him in with his forgery of a Rembrandt etching, which Hudson, who claimed to be an infallible judge of such work, declared to be genuine, and the finest thing in his fine collections. When told of this, " D—n it," said Hogarth, " let us expose the fat-headed fellow!" The party was invited: Hogarth, the chief hoaxer, Lambert (the Covent Garden scene-painter and founder of the Beef-steak Club), Scott (the marine painter), Kirby (the writer on perspective), and others. Before the cold sirloin was carried in, Wilson and Hogarth stuck it full of skewers, charged with impressions of the forged etching, while Hudson stared discomfited. " A sail! a sail!" sang out Scott, as the sirloin came in with its streamers flying. " And what did Hogarth say, sir?" asked West of Wilson when

he told him the story. " He, an impudent dog! he did nothing but laugh with Kirby the whole evening. Hudson never forgave them for it."

But with all this jollity, Hogarth must have had very bitter moments. Two of the saddest memories of his Leicester Fields' studio for me are of those two days, when Hogarth put to painful proof the town's estimate of his pictures. On the 25th of January, 1745, he put up for auction, on a plan of his own, the fourteen pictures of the "Harlot's" and "Rake's Progress," with the "Four Times of the Day," and the "Strolling Actresses," all which, in spite of the wonderful popularity of the prints, had remained in his hands. A book was opened for a month. Intending purchasers entered their names and addresses, sum offered and name of picture. On the last day a clock striking every five minutes was placed in the studio. At five minutes after twelve the first picture was deemed to be sold to the highest bidder booked; at ten minutes after twelve the second, and so on. Only the bidders in this book were admitted. The whole nineteen fetched only £427 7*s.*; each of the "Harlot's Progress" series sold for fourteen

guineas; of the "Rake's" for £22; the "Four Times of the Day" for between £20 and £26; the "Strolling Actresses" for £27 6*s*., which price Francis Beckford, the purchaser, on reflection, thought too high, and returned the picture to the painter, who disposed of it for the same money to the ancestor of the present possessor, Mr. Wood of Littleton.

But miserable as were such prices, the novelty of the sale had at least drawn a crowd. Not so the sale of the "Marriage à la Mode" pictures on June 6, 1750. Mr. Lane, the buyer of the pictures, has left a description of the scene. On entering the studio some time before twelve, he found only Hogarth and his friend Dr. Parsons, Secretary to the Royal Society. Hogarth, in his best wig, fretted, fumed and paced the room. "No picture dealer," he swore, "should be allowed to bid." Mr. Lane had bid £110. No other bidder had appeared. Ten minutes before twelve Mr. Lane said he would make the pounds guineas. The clock struck. Hogarth wished Mr. Lane joy of his purchase. Dr. Parsons was very much disturbed, and attributed the failure of the sale to the early hour. Mr. Lane offered

Hogarth till three o'clock to find a better bidder. This was accepted, and Dr. Parsons proposed to make it public, to which Mr. Lane objected. At one o'clock Hogarth said, "I will no longer trespass on your generosity. You are the proprietor, and if you are pleased with the purchase, I am abundantly so with the purchaser." The frames were worth four guineas each. In 1797 Colonel Cawthorne, who had inherited them from Mr. Lane, sold them to Mr. Angerstein for £1381; and to this purchase the country owes the possession of these inimitable examples of the master-hand, among the most prized treasures of the National Gallery.

It is pleasanter to think of him in 1747 selling at a shilling apiece, faster than the rolling press could work them off, impressions of his wonderful full-length of that villainous old fox, Lord Lovat, sketched on a panel of deal boards hastily glued together by the carpenter nearest the inn of St. Alban's, where the rebel was allowed to rest on the plea of illness, and whither Hogarth hurried to take his likeness, with his usual keen eye to the market.

The publication of the "Analysis of Beauty,"

in 1753, drew down upon Hogarth a perfect hail of the most venomous and foul lampoons, in pen and pencil, principally by Paul Sandby. I subjoin, in a note, a sample of this filth.[1] The object of the book is to determine the natural principle of grace or beauty, which Hogarth resolves into the double curve, or serpentine line which he had first inscribed on the palette under his own portrait. The principle is sound as far as it goes, but it only explains one element of that beauty which includes so many. The book was translated into German by Mylius

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[1] "A new Dunciad: done with a view of fixing the fluctuating ideas of Taste, &c. By Paul Sandby." "A mountebank painter demonstrating to his admirers and subscribers that crookedness is the most beautiful: with his trumpeter, his fool, his puff and his fiddler." "The author run mad by his own folly, struck with lunacy 1754." "The Analyst b——d in his own Taste;" "Pugg's Graces, etched from his original daubing;" "The Temple of Ephesus in Flames, inscribed to a self-conceited, arrogant dauber, grovelling in vain to undermine the ever-sacred monument of the best painters, sculptors, architects, &c.," and a dozen more too filthy even for reproduction of the titles. Mr. Gardner has a very complete set. When asked why he did not publish a retort, Hogarth said none of the attacks would live long enough to give him time to engrave a plate.

and Vok, and into Italian. The vehement wrath it provoked in the artists who spoke through the foul mouth of Paul Sandby, is only to be explained by their indignation at the presumption of a "little, strutting, consequential puppy," as they called Hogarth, who was always depreciating the grand style, running down the fashionable portrait painters of the day, and ridiculing the idea of an Academy of Arts, daring to set up as a theorist about beauty—a fellow whose ideas and works they considered a perpetual defiance and negation of all safe and settled notions on the subject.

In explanation of his feud with the portrait-painters Hogarth says:—

"I laughed at the pretensions of these quacks in colouring, ridiculed their productions as feeble and contemptible, and asserted that it required neither taste nor talents to excel their most popular performances. This interference excited much enmity, because, as my opponents told me, my studies were in another way. 'You talk,' added they, 'with ineffable contempt of portrait-painting; if it is so easy a task, why do you not convince the world by painting a portrait yourself?' Provoked at this language, I one day at the Academy[1] in St. Martin's Lane put the follow-

[1] In Peter's Court, founded in 1739, under Moser, behind Sir James Thornhill's house, at No. 104, formerly Roubiliac's studio.

ing question, 'Supposing any man at this time were to paint a portrait as well as Vandyke, would it be seen or acknowledged, and could the artist enjoy the benefit, or acquire the reputation, due to his performance?'

"They asked me in reply, if I could paint one as well? I frankly answered, 'I believed I could.' My query as to the credit I should obtain if I did, was replied to by Mr. Ramsay and confirmed by the President and about twenty members present. 'Our opinion must be consulted, and *we* will never allow it.' Piqued at this cavalier treatment, I resolved to try my own powers, and if I did what I attempted, determined to affirm that I *had* done it. In this decided manner I had a habit of speaking, and if I only did myself justice to have adopted half-words would have been affectation. Vanity, as I understand it, consists in affirming you have done that which you have not done—not in frankly asserting what you are convinced is truth. . . . . . so I determined to have a brush at it. I had occasionally painted portraits, but as they required constant practice to take a likeness with facility, and the life must not be rigidly followed, my portraitures met with a fate somewhat similar to those of Rembrandt. By some they were said to be nature itself, by others declared most execrable; so that time only can decide whether I was the best or the worst face-painter of my day, for a medium was never so much as suggested."

The portrait of Captain Coram, painted in 1739, the year of the granting of a Charter to the Foundling Hospital, established by that worthy old sea-captain's strenuous humanity, is selected by Hogarth as the one he painted with

most pleasure, and in which he most wished to excel, though one of the first life-size portraits painted by him. For truth of character and straightforward vigour of painting, it ranks him among the best face-painters of his day. He speaks with justifiable pride of it as triumphantly standing the test of twenty years' competition with the pictures of the best portrait-painters of the time, who all worked for the Foundling,[1] as it still does. It was admirably engraved by M'Ardell. Hogarth refers also with pride to his having received £200 for his portrait of Garrick in "Richard III.," a picture in every respect inferior to his Captain Coram. Hogarth was not the man to paint an actor. He wanted the stimulus of a strong sympathy with a real subject, such as Coram inspired. He loved the old man and his work, gave to the Hospital the 167 spare tickets that remained unsold of the 2,000 to which the impression of the print from his "March to Finchley" was limited; and usually had some of the sickly little foundlings boarding

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[1] The admission of the public to see these pictures gave the first idea of an annual exhibition.

at Chiswick, where he and his wife looked after them.

"Notwithstanding all this," he says, "the current remark was that portraits were not my province; and I was tempted to abandon the only lucrative branch of my art, for the practice brought the whole nest of phizmongers on my back, where they buzzed like so many hornets. All these people have their friends, whom they incessantly teach to call my women harlots, my 'Essay on Beauty' borrowed, and my composition and engraving contemptible. This so much disgusted me that I sometimes declared I would never paint another portrait, and frequently refused when applied to; for I found by mortifying experience that whoever would succeed in this branch must adopt the mode recommended in one of Gay's fables, and make divinities of all who sit to him."

Another source of quarrel with his brethren of the brush was Hogarth's contemptuous discouragement of their schemes for the foundation of an Academy, which were not realized in a complete and thus far permanent form till four years after his death. He was willing enough to help the establishment of a drawing-school, and lent the artists, who, in 1739, combined to hire a room in Peter's Court, St. Martin's Lane, the apparatus—casts, stools, drawing-boards, lamps, &c.—which came to him by inheritance from Sir James Thornhill.

"But as to electing presidents, directors, professors, &c., I considered it," he says, "as a ridiculous imitation of the foolish parade of the French Academy, by the establishment of which Louis XIV. got a large amount of fame and flattery on very easy terms. Not approving of this plan I opposed it; and having refused to assign to the Society the property which I had before lent them, I am accused of acrimony, ill-nature and spleen, and held forth as an enemy to the art and artists. How far their mighty project will succeed I neither know nor care: certain I am it deserves to be laughed at, and laughed at it has been. The business rests in the breast of His Majesty, and the simple question now is whether he will do what Sir James Thornhill did before him, *i.e.*, establish an Academy, with the little addition of a royal name and salaries for those professors who can make most interest and obtain the greatest patronage. As His Majesty's beneficence to the Arts will unquestionably induce him to do that which he thinks most likely to promote them, would it not be more useful if he were to furnish his own gallery with a picture of each of the most eminent painters among his own subjects. This might possibly set an example to a few of the opulent nobility; but even then it is to be feared that there never can be a market in this country for the great number of works which, by encouraging parents to place their children in this line, it would probably cause to be painted. The world is already glutted with these commodities, which do not perish fast enough to want such a supply."

He then goes on to state his reasons for believing that the arts can never flourish in England now, as in Greece and Rome of

old, and in Italy and France. He points out how—

"In Greece the arts were associated with the commemorations of great deeds, and with worship; how Rome plundered Greece of her art and imitated it, and modern Italy, out of old and new arts together forming a sort of ornamental fringe to her religion, made Rome a kind of puppetshow to the rest of Europe; whence the arts are much indebted to Popery, and religion owes much of its universality to the arts. France ever aping the magnificence of other nations, has in its turn assumed a foppish kind of splendour, sufficient to dazzle the eyes of neighbouring states, and draw vast sums of money from this country. We cannot vie with these Italian and Gallic theatres of art. We are a commercial people and can purchase these curiosities ready made, as in fact we do, and thereby prevent their thriving in a native clime.

"In Holland selfishness is the ruling passion; in England vanity is united with it. Hence the success of portrait-painting; for which the demand will be as constant as new faces arise. We must put up with this. No Royal Academies can change it; the artist and the age are fitted for each other. If hereafter the times alter, the arts, like water, will find their level.

"Then there is our religion prohibiting images as objects of worship, or pictures as sources of enthusiasm. Paintings are furniture and the market is overstocked, whether it be to our honour or disgrace Hogarth will not presume to say, but the fact is indisputable that the public encourage trade and mechanics rather than painting and sculpture. Is it then reasonable to think that the artist, who to attain essential excellence in his profession should have the talents of

a Shakespeare, a Milton, or a Swift, will follow this tedious and laborious study merely for fame, when his next-door neighbour, perhaps merely a porter brewer, or a haberdasher of small wares, can without any genius accumulate an enormous fortune in a few years, become a Lord Mayor or a Member of Parliament, and purchase a title for his heir."

Hogarth believed as little in Societies of Arts as in Academies. He denied that any immense improvement was to take place in our manufactures from boys of every profession being taught to draw.

He concludes bitterly,—

"Why should we tempt multitudes to embark in a profession by which they can never be supported? For historical pictures there never can be a demand—our churches reject them—the nobility prefer foreign productions—and the generality of our apartments are too small to contain them. A certain number of portrait painters, if they can get patronized by men of rank, may find employment; but the majority even of these must either shift how they can amongst their acquaintances, or live by travelling from town to town like gipsies. Yet as many will be allured by flattering appearances, and form vague hopes of success, some of the candidates must be unsuccessful; and men will be rendered miserable who might have lived comfortably enough by almost any manufactory, and will wish that they had been taught to make a shoe, rather than thus devoted to the polite arts. When I once stated something like this to the Society, a member hu-

manely remarked that 'the poorer we kept our artists, the cheaper we might purchase their works.'"

In reading all this, we must remember what those times were for artists, and how Hogarth himself had suffered from the contempt of contemporary art which he describes. But for the great public who bought his prints, he would have starved as Wilson did; or like the large majority of artists, at that time, with difficulty managed by his art to eke out a poor and precarious existence.

For his pictures, then in a style entirely new, and which therefore was not recognized by the connoisseurship of the time, Hogarth, we know, found no market, except at prices which, compared with their merits and the labour they had cost, were contemptible. This must have stung him to the quick. Gall and bitterness inspire all he says of the state and prospects of the art in England.

He closes with the reservation—if the times change, the chances of the arts may change too. Happily the times *have* changed. Art is no longer a refuge for the destitute or the desperate. Hogarth might have found much to

protest against or to satirize in the art-patronage of our day, but he would not have written what we have read. Written of his time, it is full of wholesome, if humiliating, truth, which must have stung those who found their account in shutting their eyes to facts, or were too wide awake to their own interests to offend patrons by uncomplimentary candour.

In 1757 Hogarth lost his mother-in-law, and his friend John Thornhill, Sir James's illegitimate son. He had held the post of Sergeant painter to the King, in which Hogarth succeeded him. Disgusted with what he calls the idle quackery of criticism, and easy in his circumstances from the sale of his prints and the proceeds of his office, which brought him about £200 a year, he determined to quit the pencil for the graver.

But an unlucky accident intervened to prevent his carrying out this determination. A "Sigismunda," really by Furini, but ascribed to Correggio, was bought by Sir Thomas Sebright, at Sir Luke Schaub's sale, in 1758, for £400. The price was thought monstrous. Hogarth set himself to rival this so-called Correggio.

He painted the picture as a commission for Sir Richard Grosvenor, who had seen the "Lady's Last Stake," on which Hogarth was then working for Lord Charlemont. When Hogarth sent home the "Sigismunda," at the price of £400, instead of such a picture as the one for which Lord Charlemont had paid but a fourth as much, Sir R. Grosvenor declined the offer. The picture came back to Leicester Fields, and remained there till his wife's death in 1789. Hogarth let his irritation be seen: the correspondence about the picture and a poetical epistle he was imprudent enough to add to it, got about. The picture was harshly criticized even by those who called themselves his friends, Walpole at their head.[1] The painter's

[1] The true frantic *æstus*," writes Walpole to Montague (May 5, 1761), "resides at present with Mr. Hogarth. I went this morning to see a portrait he is painting of Mr. Fox. Hogarth told me he had promised, if Mr. Fox would sit as he liked, to make as good a picture as Vandyke or Rubens should. I was silent. 'Why now,' said he, 'you think this very vain, but why should not one speak the truth?' The 'truth' was uttered in the face of his own 'Sigismunda. She has her father's picture in a bracelet on her arm, and her fingers are bloody with the heart, as if she had just bought a sheep's heart in St. James's Market."

old assailants were soon in full cry, and down came the storm of foul caricatures and lampoons.

"All this coming," he says, "at a time when nature demands quiet, and something besides exercise to cheer it, added to my long sedentary life, brought on an illness which continued twelve months; but when I got well enough to ride on horseback, I soon recovered.

"This being a period (1772) when war abroad and contention[1] at home engrossed every one's mind, prints were thrown into the background; and the stagnation rendered it necessary I should do some timed thing to recover my lost time, and stop a gap in my income. This drew forth my print of 'The Times,'[2] a subject which tended to the restoration of peace and unanimity, and put the opposers of these objects in a light which gave great offence to those who were trying to foment disaffection in the minds of the populace. One of the most notorious among them,[3]

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[1] It was in the height of the Bute and Wilkes faction fights, and Hogarth espoused the anti-popular side.

[2] Europe on Fire. Pitt, on the stilts of popular favour, blowing the flames. Lord Bute trying to put out the fire, but prevented by Lord Temple, who from a barrow-full of "Monitors" and "North Britons" is feeding the flames. Aldermen worshipping Pitt; Fox looking on and awaiting the issue to choose his side, &c., &c.

[3] Wilkes, who devoted No. 16 of the "North Briton" (for Saturday, May 21st, 1762), to a fierce attack upon the painter. Here is the opening passage:—

> "Its proper power to hurt each creature feels,
> Bulls aim their horns, and asses lift their heels."

till now rather my friend and flatterer,[1] attacked me in a 'North Briton' in so infamous and malign a style, that he himself when pushed by his best friends, was driven to so poor an excuse as to say he was drunk when he wrote it. Being at that time very weak, and in a kind of slow fever,

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"The humorous Mr. Hogarth, the *supposed* author of the 'Analysis of Beauty,' has at last entered the list of politicians, and given us a print of 'The Times.' *Words are man's province*, says Pope, but they are not Mr. Hogarth's province. We all titter the instant he takes up a pen, but we tremble when we see the pencil in his hand. I will do him the justice to say that he possesses the rare talent of gibbeting in colours, and that in most of his works he has been a very good moral satirist. His forte is there, and he should have kept to it. When he has at any time deviated from his own peculiar walk he has never failed to make himself perfectly ridiculous. I need only make my appeal to any one of his historical or portrait pieces, which are now considered as almost beneath all criticism. The favourite Sigismunda, the labour of so many years, the boasted effort of his art, was not human. If the figure had a resemblance of anything ever on earth, or had the least pretence to meaning or expression, it was what he had seen, or perhaps made, in real life, his own wife in an agony of passion . . . but what passion no connoisseur could guess." The man who wrote this knew that the picture was said to have been studied from Mrs. Hogarth, weeping over the body of her mother.

[1] They had been fellow members of the Beefsteak Club, and guests together of Sir Francis Dashwood, in the rampant conclave of the Franciscans of Medmenham Abbey.

it could not but seize on a feeling mind. . . My great object was to return the compliment and turn it to some advantage."

The result was the scathing portrait of Wilkes, carrying a pole surmounted by the Cap of Liberty, said to have been sketched in Westminster Hall, when Wilkes was brought thither for the second time from the Tower. The blow went home, and Churchill, Wilkes's hench-man, took up the pen on his patron's behalf, and in July, 1763, brought out his "Epistle to Hogarth," a reproduction in bitter and turgid verse of Wilkes's article. Like him he accuses Hogarth of rooted egotism, envy, malignant hatred of success, and blindness to all merit but his own. He fastens savagely on the Sigismunda, and the painter's mistaken estimate of it. He laughs at his attempts at the grand style, charges him with systematic depreciation of his contemporaries, and opposition to all schemes for their advancement. There is a profusion of such lines as,—

> "He had desert, and Hogarth was his foe."

> "Genius and merit are a sure offence,
> And thy soul sickens at the name of sense."

His spleen not satisfied with its prey among

the painters, Hogarth must seek a victim in Wilkes, the purest of patriots, the martyr of Liberty.

"Malice," he says,

> "Had killed thee, tottering on life's utmost verge,
> Had Wilkes and Liberty escaped thy scourge."

Churchill's abuse of Hogarth is as extravagant and misdirected as his praise of Wilkes. But worse than the misdirection of the attack is its unmanly brutality. He gloats over Hogarth's age and physical infirmities, and winds up one such apostrophe with

> "Hence, dotard, to thy closet; shut thee in;
> With deep repentance wash away thy sin,
> From haunts of men to shame and sorrow fly,
> And on the verge of death, learn how to die."

Yet the savage Churchill does justice to the genius of him he assails—

> "In walks of Humour, in that cast of style,
> Which probing to the quick, yet makes us smile;
> In Comedy, his natural road to fame,
> Nor let me call it by a meaner name,
> Where a beginning, middle, and an end
> Are aptly join'd; where parts on parts depend,
> Each made for each, as bodies for their soul,
> So as to form one true and perfect whole;

> Where a plain story to the eye is told,
> Which we conceive the moment we behold,
> Hogarth unrivall'd stands, and shall engage
> Unrivall'd praise to the most distant age."

After implying that Hogarth has sunk to drivelling imbecility, he points out that it is but the common lot at the close of life, and concludes—

> "The greatest genius to his fate may bow;
> Reynolds, in time, may be like Hogarth now."

This was a well-directed last stab, for Churchill knew that to Hogarth, Reynold's wealth and fame acquired by portrait painting, with all the aids which Hogarth held adventitious, fashion, fortune, assistants, drapery-men, and so forth, were gall and bitterness. Garrick, from Chatsworth, wrote to Colman of the "Epistle," as the most bloody performance that had been published in his time. He professes himself as really "very, very much hurt at it," and calls its description of the painter's age and infirmities, "surely too shocking and barbarous!" "Is Hogarth really ill," he asks, "or does he meditate revenge?"

He did in very characteristic fashion:—

"Having an old plate by me with some parts ready, such as the background and a dog, I began to consider

how I could turn so much work laid aside to some account, and so patched up a print of Master Churchill in the character of a bear."

In less than a month after the attack, the result was amusing the town, in the shape of a bear in torn clerical band and ruffles, a pot of porter in his right paw, and, hugged under his left, a club labelled "Lies" and "North Britons." It was inscribed,—

"The Bruiser C. Churchill (once the Rev.) in the character of a Roman Hercules, regaling himself after killing the monster Caricatura, that so severely galled his virtuous friend, the heaven-born Wilkes."

In a second edition Hogarth put in himself as the bear-leader, making bear and monkey (Wilkes) dance under the whip.

"The pleasure and pecuniary advantage," says Hogarth, "which I derived from these two engravings, together with occasionally riding on horseback, restored me to as much health as can be expected at my time of life." (He was now sixty-six.)

Hogarth's record of himself must have been written just after this, for it concludes:—

"Thus have I gone through the principal circumstances of a life which has till lately past pretty much to my own satisfaction, and I hope in no respect injurious to any other

man. This I can safely assert, I have invariably endeavoured to make those about me tolerably happy, and my greatest enemy cannot say I ever did an intentional injury; though, without ostentation, I could produce many instances of men that have been essentially benefited by me. What may follow God knows."

Death followed within a twelvemonth. The rides on horseback, to which he ascribes so much good to his health, were taken about the pretty neighbourhood of Chiswick, where he had spent his summers since 1748. His house still stands, but sadly degraded within the last few years. It is a snug red-brick villa of the Queen Anne style, with a garden before it of about a quarter of an acre. An old mulberry is the only tree in the neglected garden that may have borne fruit for Hogarth. There is down stairs a good panelled sitting room with three windows, a small panelled hall, and a kitchen built on to the house; above, two stories of three rooms each, with attics over. The principal room on the first floor has a projecting bow-window of three lights, quite in the style of Hogarth's time, and was no doubt an addition of his. The painting room was over the stable at the bottom of the garden. Stable and room have

HOGARTH'S HOUSE AT CHISWICK.

fallen down, but parts of the walls are still standing. The tablets to the memory of pet birds and dogs, formerly let into the garden wall[1] have disappeared.

Here Hogarth was used to spend the summers of his later life, enjoying the fresh air and green fields, which are still delightful, for Chiswick has been less overbuilt than most of the London suburbs, and still retains much of its old-world character, and look of Hogarthian times. Besides his favourite amusement of riding, he used to occupy himself in painting and superintending the engravers whom he often had down from London. And to his Chiswick cottage he now came, after his bitter bout with Wilkes and Churchill, bringing some plates for retouching. He was cheerful but weak, and must have felt the end was not far off, when in February, 1764, he put the last touches to his "Bathos." His

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[1] One inscribed "Poor Dick, aged Eleven," bearing the date 1760, marked the resting-place of a pet bullfinch; the other had the inscription, "Life to the last enjoyed, here lies Pompey, 1790;" a parody and misquotation of a line of Churchill's, and the date a year after Mrs. Hogarth's death.

prints now filled a large volume, and as the story goes, he was talking at one of the last dinners he gave of a final addition to them. "What is to be the subject?" asked one of the guests. "The end of all things." "In that case, your business will be finished, for there will be an end of the painter." "There will so," he said with a sigh, "and therefore the sooner my work is done the better." Next day, it is said, he set to work on the plate, and never left off till it was finished. It is such an allegory of the end as only Hogarth could have put together. Time, with half-moulted wings, broken scythe, and shattered hour-glass has fallen back—dying—against a broken column. One failing hand drops a shivered pipe whose last puff labelled "Finis" issues from his mouth; the other holds the scroll bequeathing the atoms of the universe to Chaos his sole executor. The scene of the death of Time is a churchyard. Behind the column he leans on is a tombstone with its death's head and a ruined church-tower, the hands fallen from the dial-plate of its clock. In the corner lies Nature's schedule of bankruptcy upon an open book, in which you read "*Exeunt omnes;*" and near it an empty purse. In the right middle

distance, balancing the church tower, stands a ruined and roofless cottage, a leafless tree and a sign post, tumbled awry, and for its sign a globe in flames, with the inscription "The World's End." At its foot, Hogarth's print of "The Times" is catching fire from an inch of candle that burns to its end; near it lies his palette, with a crack across the line of beauty; a whip handle without a lash; a gun-stock without a barrel, a cracked bell, a worn-out besom, a broken bottle, a bow shattered and unstrung, a fragment of a crown, an old rasp, and a shoemaker's last, with a wax-end wound round it. The painter's vocation—to teach and to scourge, to rouse and to refresh, to rasp the evil and crown the good, to sweep away the world's filth, to shoot folly as it flies—is at an end. On the sea that closes the horizon a ship goes down, and full in the wan light over the waters, a gibbet bears its ghastly burden. Overhead the moon is darkened, and the sun's car reels from the sky in a last burst of splendour. He flanked this grotesque yet ghastly invention with his favourite symbols of beauty, a cone, with a spiral wound round it, and the serpentine line, in both of which forms Venus was worshipped in Cyprus,

and entitled the whole "The Bathos, a manner of sinking in sublime paintings, inscribed to the dealers in dark pictures." It was, indeed, the painter's sinking sun-burst—the lightening before death.

On October the 25th, he ordered his coach,—the last coach but one,—and left Chiswick, where the autumn leaves were falling fast, for the old home in Leicester Fields. Here he found his faithful friend and housekeeper, Mary Lewis,[1] who looked after the sale of his prints, and probably was left at Leicester Fields for that purpose, when the painter and his wife removed to Chiswick. The journey fatigued him, but he was cheerful. He found a letter from Dr. Franklin, and wrote the draft of an answer. This exhausted him, and he retired to bed. Soon after, Mary Lewis heard a violent ringing of his bell, ran to his room, found him in a paroxysm of *angina pectoris*, and supported him in her arms till he died, after two hours' struggle.

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[1] She was the daughter of George II.'s harper, and niece to Mrs. Hogarth, with whom she lived after the painter's death, and whose grave she shares.

He was buried in the quiet churchyard of Chiswick, where may still be seen the square marble tomb, surmounted by an urn, erected, in 1771, by the subscriptions of his friends, headed by Garrick, who wrote the well-known inscription:[1]

> "Farewell, great painter of mankind!
> Who reach'd the noblest point of art;
> Whose pictured morals charm the eye,
> And through the eye correct the heart!
>
> If genius fire thee, reader, stay:
> If nature touch thee, drop a tear;
> If neither move thee, turn away,
> For Hogarth's honour'd dust lies here."

Above the inscription is a trophy of laurel wreath, palette, maul-stick, a brush, and a book, inscribed "Analysis of Beauty," and a portfolio, decorated with oak leaves and acorns; there are besides the arms of Thornhill, an invented coat, a rising sun, for Hogarth, and a third coat impaling these arms.

By Hogarth's side lie his wife, who survived

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[1] Johnson fixed the form of it. It was originally in five stanzas. See Johnson's letter of Dec. 12, 1771, in the "Garrick Correspondence."

him till 13th November, 1789, dying at eighty; her mother, Dame Judith Thornhill, who died November 12, 1757, at the age of eighty-four; his sister Anne, who died April 13, 1771, aged seventy; and Mary Lewis, spinster, his and his wife's faithful friend and servant, who survived till March 20, 1808, dying at eighty-eight.

The tomb, which had become dilapidated, was restored, in 1856, by Mr. David Hogarth, of Aberdeen, whether an offshoot of the Scotch root to which the Westmoreland Hogarths are said to have traced back, I know not. The monument is now what the record should be of the grave in which William Hogarth sleeps by the side of those for whom he did his duty so well, as husband, brother, son-in-law, friend and master.

There is no honester, robuster, manlier figure in the English gallery of painters. More aggressive and out-spoken, no doubt, than was for his own interest, or to the taste of the times, which estimating him aright as an inventor and story-teller through his prints, altogether undervalued him as a painter, and so pushed him to a self-assertion which, had his pictures been more fairly appreciated, he would have had no need for.

He has left us five portraits of himself, at least; the two best are the property of the nation—the bust, with his pug, Trump, and the palette inscribed with the line of beauty, in the National Gallery, and the small full-length of him painting The Comic Muse, in the National Portrait Gallery—both equally admirable as pictures, and for the force and character of the physiognomies. Allan Cunningham's pen-portrait of him seems to me life-like and true. "Below the middle size, his eye peculiarly bright and piercing; his look shrewd, sarcastic, and intelligent; his forehead high and round. An accident in his youth had left a scar on his brow, and he liked to wear his hat raised so as to display it. He was active in person, bustling in manner, and fond of affecting a little state and importance; of a temper cheerful, joyous, and companionable; fond of mirth and good-fellowship; desirous of saying strong and pointed things; ardent in friendship and in resentment. His lively conversation, his knowledge of character, his readiness of speech and quickness of retort, made many covet his company who were sometimes the objects of his satire, but he

employed his wit on those who were present, and spared or defended the absent. His personal spirit was equal to his satiric talents; he provoked with his pencil the temper of those it was not prudent to offend. With him no vice nor folly found shelter behind rank, or wealth, or power. As to the licence of his tongue, he himself often said that he never uttered that sentence about a living man which he would not repeat gladly to his face. As to his works, he always felt conscious of their merit, and predicted with equal openness that his name would descend with no decrease of honour to posterity. He loved state in his dress, good order in his household; and the success of his works enabled him to indulge in the luxuries of a good table and pleasant guests."

In his relations of husband, brother, friend and master, says Ireland, "he was kind, generous, sincere and indulgent." By his will (dated Aug. 16, 1764), he left his sister Mary an annuity of £80 a year out of the profits of his copperplates, which formed the best part of the property left to his widow. Mary Lewis, too, had a legacy of £100.

Sir Richard Phillips, who was educated at Chiswick, has recorded his recollection of the widow Hogarth and her maiden relative Mary Lewis [1] walking up the aisle of the old-fashioned church, in their black silken sacques, with their raised head-dresses, black calashes, laced ruffles, and crutch-handled canes, preceded by their aged servant Samuel, who, after he had wheeled his mistress to church in her Bath-chair, carried the prayer-books up the aisle, and opened and shut the pew-door. Though the property in Hogarth's plates was extended by Parliament to twenty years from death, his widow outlived even the extended grant by five years. She is said to have been at last in straitened circumstances; and in 1786, the King used his influence with the Royal Academy to obtain her an annuity of £40, which she lived but two years to enjoy. But she died in possession of the copyhold at Chiswick, and £500 in stock. The house in Leicester Fields she rented, and used to take in lodgers, usually artists. Runciman, the Scotch painter [2]—an ambitious man, of high classical

[1] Sir Richard calls her Richardson.

[2] He decorated the "Hall of Fingal" at Sir T. Clerk's

aims in his art—was her tenant in 1772, and we find Mons. Daran, a French surgeon, in 1771, giving his address at the Golden Head. She wrote to Lord Charlemont in 1781, to ask that a young engraver, then living in her house, might be entrusted with the engraving[1] of the "Lady's Last Stake."

A rumour, spread in 1783, that the plates were worn out, and had been unskilfully retouched, led to an examination of them, at Mrs. Hogarth's request, by Bartolozzi, Woollett and Ryland, who reported that there had been no retouching. Mrs. Hogarth was faithful to the memory of her husband. She never parted with his Sigismunda, which was bought for fifty-six guineas by Boydell, at the sale after her death in 1789.[2]

Seat of Pennicuik, with designs from Ossian: preceded David Allen as Master of the Scottish Academy, and left some well-known etchings.

[1] It was engraved by Cheeseman in 1825.

[2] In July, 1807, it was sold by Messrs. Christie for 400 guineas to J. N. Anderton, Esq., by whom it was exhibited at the British Gallery in 1814 and at the Royal Academy in 1870. Its demerits in no way justify the contemporary attacks upon it. It has great power of expression, and is quite unconventional, if somewhat *bourgeoise*.

She left a life-interest in all her property to Mary Lewis, with reversion to Richard Loveday, of Hammersmith, the surgeon who had attended her husband, and was one of the witnesses of his will. Mary Lewis sold her interest in the plates to Messrs. Boydell for a life annuity.

Hogarth's house was afterwards the northern half of the Sablonière or Jacquier's Hôtel, which retained its name down to the erection of the Tenison Schools on its site.

There was a sale of pictures and prints, the property of Mrs. Hogarth, at the Golden Head, Leicester Square, Saturday, April 24, 1790, by Mr. Greenwood. It included the following pictures, &c.

Lot 41. Two Portraits of Ann and Mary Hogarth.

42. A Daughter of Mr. Rich the Comedian, finely coloured.

43. The original Portrait of Sir James Thornhill.

44. The Heads of Six Servants of the Hogarth family.

45. His own Portrait, a Head.

46. A ditto, a whole length Painting.

47. A ditto, "Kit-Kat," with his favourite dog.

48. Two Portraits of Lady Thornhill and Mrs. Hogarth, exceedingly fine.

49. The First Sketch of the "Rake's Progress."

50. A ditto of the Altar of Bristol Church.

51. The Shrimp Girl, a Sketch.

52. Sigismunda.

53. An Historical Sketch, by Sir James Thornhill.

54. Two Sketches of Lady Pembroke and Mr. John Thornhill.

55. Three Old Pictures.

56. The Bust of Sir Isaac Newton.

57. Ditto of Mr. Hogarth, by Roubiliac.

58. Ditto of the Favourite Dog and Cast of Mr. Hogarth's Hand.[1]

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[1] The Royal Academy has a palette of Hogarth's. His maul-stick came into the hands of Sir George Beaumont, who gave it to Wilkie, after seeing his "Village Politicians."

Chapter XIII.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS AT No. 47.

IT may be said with but little exaggeration, that the spring-heads of two of the main streams of English art, domestic incident and portrait painting, rise in Leicester Fields, in the painting-rooms of Hogarth and Reynolds, as three of the chief sources of English philosophy and physiology in those great scientific celebrities of the same region, Newton, Hunter, and Charles Bell.

Reynolds, not yet Sir Joshua, was in the thirty-seventh year of his age, and in the full tide of his popularity as a portrait painter, when, in the summer of 1760, he removed from No. 5, Great Newport Street to No. 47, Leicester Fields. He had been working in London only seven years,

but had already established himself as beyond all rivalry the reigning portrait-painter. He had indeed given quite a new life to portraiture, which he may be said to have found wooden and left of flesh and blood. His first labours under Hudson from 1740 to 1743, and again from 1744 to 1745, had taught him all that he could learn from the practice of the best London hands; and his well-directed study in Italy from 1749 to 1752, had opened his eyes to the poverty of resource, and the lifelessness of most that then passed for portrait painting in England. Hogarth's portraits, it is true, had life and character, but he was not the fashion, and had no turn for fashionable subjects and people. In his handling he was often heavy; in his temper hot, heady, intractable and self-assertive, the worst qualities for the success of a face-painter. Above all he had an imperfect appreciation of the more delicate qualities of high-bred womanly beauty. Sir Joshua brought to his work a sympathetic insight into character, a keen eye for loveliness, an inimitable felicity in seizing happy aspects and accidents of pose, light and shade, arrangement of dress and action. He managed to

combine in his pictures, in a way then as new as it was delightful, the points at once most characteristic of his subject, and best calculated for pictorial effect. It must be remembered that many of what are now conventionalities of portrait painting were inventions of Sir Joshua's; and though he was the freest of borrowers from his predecessors, he made all he borrowed his own by the happiness of his adaptation. Though the evanescence of his colouring was soon discovered, and made the ground of severe attacks, it did not affect the charm of his pictures when painted, indeed it proceeded, in a great measure, from practices adopted to enhance immediate effect.

It is interesting, with reference to the prices now obtained by fashionable painters, to know that when Sir Joshua established himself in London after his return from Italy, his terms, which he had even then raised to a level with Hudson's, were twelve guineas for a head, twenty-four for a half-length, and forty-eight for a full-length, soon after raised by both to fifteen, thirty and sixty. By the time he removed to Leicester Fields he had increased his prices to twenty-five,

fifty, and one hundred guineas. In 1766, they were again raised to thirty, fifty, seventy, and one hundred and fifty guineas, at which they continued for the rest of his professional life.

Sir Joshua's qualities as a man helped to insure the popularity which he at first owed to his new and fascinating merits as a painter. In spite of his deafness, which he used to say was often convenient, as it helped him to bear with bores, and not to hear the disagreeable truths of d—d good-natured friends, he was the most genial and intelligent of companions. His good temper was imperturbable. Northcote used to say of him, "If the devil was on his back, no one would learn it from his face." His house was the place of reconciliation for all the quarrels among members of his singularly various society. He was the confidant of all their troubles, the contriver of all manner of happy accidents to bring estranged acquaintance together, the explainer away of misunderstandings, the discreet adviser to whom all carried their troubles, and who never abused a confidence, broke a promise, or was false to a friend.

There is no more lovable man in all that

large circle so minutely painted for us by two of the best recorders that ever put pen to paper—Boswell and Miss Burney. Dictatorial Johnson, the Ursa Major of that heaven, waxed placable and playful in the panelled parlour of Leicester Fields; touchy, fussy Oliver Goldsmith found comfort in Reynolds's hearty appreciation and good-natured sympathy, under the douches of ridicule he was perpetually bringing down upon his head by his restless vanity. He even made up the quarrels of authors and managers. Men of fashion and men of wit, painters and players, physicians and divines, lords and literateurs, soldiers and statesmen, blue-stockings and beauties, encountered in the Leicester Fields drawing-room as on a neutral ground, where all could exchange their social wares freely, and with the certainty of getting an equivalent, just as they thronged the Leicester Fields painting-room, with the assurance of being put upon canvas in their best looks, most becoming modes, and most fascinating airs. We never open Boswell or Miss Burney for a description of a party at Sir Joshua's but it is a pleasant one—with remarkable people at their best and at their ease, and the master of the

house always putting in his word in the right place and the right spirit, protecting the shyness of some literary *débutante*, like Fanny Burney, hardly able to bear up under the blushing honours of Evelina, or quietly encouraging the timid young Suffolk medical student,[1] rescued from destitution by Mr. Burke, who has brought "The Library" in his pocket to read to the distinguished circle in Leicester Fields; or smoothing the ruffled dignity of some guest, after a hugging from the Great Bear; or exciting some brilliant converser; or making up a party to support a new comedy of Goldy's, or to fill the boxes for Mrs. Abingdon's benefit. It is always some office of kindliness in which we find Sir Joshua engaged in his house at Leicester Fields . . . that house, whose dinners have become almost as historical as its pictures; round whose hospitable table have met all the men who make the society of that time the most interesting to us of all bygone generations, thanks mainly to Boswell's Life of Johnson and Reynolds's pictures;

[1] See the touching story of Crabbe's delivery from despair by Burke, in 1781, told in the memoirs of the poet by his son.

in whose painting-room have sat the statesmen and soldiers, the lights of letters and science, the great bankers and fashionable beaux, the men of money and the men of mind, the lords of the stage, and the leaders of fashion, the brides and the beauties, the great ladies and the light ladies of that wild and whirling time, which began with the Bute and Wilkes riots round the throne of young George III., and ended in the cataclysm of the French Revolution. Of all the leading personages of London life of all classes and both sexes, in that eventful forty years, both in politics and pleasure, in arts and arms, in letters and science, Reynolds knew more than any man of his generation; and the walls of 47, Leicester Fields—if walls had tongues as well as ears—could tell more than any walls now standing in London. I hope I may be excused for quoting here a passage of my own from the Life of the painter, in which I was the collaborator of Charles Robert Leslie, so well qualified both as man and artist to appreciate Reynolds—a passage descriptive of one of the most troubled years of the new reign (1764) :—

"The year of the great Wilkes agitation, and the famous

debate on the legality of general warrants, when the House sat on successive nights eleven hours, thirteen hours, seventeen hours, when 'votes were brought down in flannels and blankets, till the floor of the House looked like the pool of Bethesda,' when the patriotesses of the anti-Bute party and the great ladies of the Court faction sat out their protracted fights till the March daylight peeped in at the windows; or when, coming in such shoals that admission to the pigeon-holes was denied them, they established themselves in one of the Speaker's rooms, dined and stayed there till twelve 'playing loo, while their dear country was at stake.' We find the leaders of these Amazonian cohorts, both on the Opposition and the Court side, among Reynolds's sitters for this year or the year immediately preceeding—the Duchess of Richmond, Lady Sandys, Lady Rockingham, and Mrs. Fitzroy, on the side of the Opposition; Lady Mary Coke and Lady Pembroke on that of the Court. So with the leading men of the time. The Leicester Fields painting-room was neutral ground, where as yet all parties might meet. If Reynolds had planned his list of sitters for 1764 to illustrate the catholicity of his own popularity, he could hardly have chosen them better. To his arm-chair came the minister who granted the general warrant, and the Chief Justice who received the freedom of the City as a tribute of grateful respect for his judgment declaring general warrants illegal, unconstitutional, and altogether void; George Grenville, Lord Bute's Chancellor of the Exchequer, crosses Sir W. Baker, the stout alderman and member for Sir Reynolds's native town of Plympton, who, as Walpole describes it, 'drove the Chancellor of the Exchequer from his entrenchments;' witty and versatile Charles Townshend brings his last *bon-mot* on the stout heiress, Miss Draycott, who has just left the painting-chair;

Lord Granby, gallant, frank and fearless, half-ashamed of serving with an administration which takes away their regiment from his best friends for a vote, may break his griefs to the Keppels, promoted to general and admiral since their exploits at the Havannah, notwithstanding their sturdiness in opposition; Shelburne, still holding office, but chafing against the collar, may here take counsel about the policy of resigning, with Lord Holland, cynical but always good-tempered; young Charles James Fox, just entered at Oxford, can find time to sit to Reynolds between play and politics, which already divide the empire of his vigorous and versatile mind with art and letters. Here, too, classes and callings cross each other as oddly as opinions. The Archbishops of York and Canterbury take the chair just vacated by Kitty Fisher or Nelly O'Brien, and Mrs. Abingdon, fresh from tormenting Garrick and charming the public at Drury Lane, makes her saucy curtsey to the painter as the august Chief Justice bars himself in."[1]

I have chosen this year, not only because it was one of great stir in the political world and of constant employment for the painter, but because it was the year when the blinds were drawn down at the Golden Head over the way, where Hogarth, that October, lay dead, awaiting the modest hearse and coaches for his last journey to

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[1] This is no fancy grouping of contrasted figures, but an enumeration based on the entries of sitters in the painter's pocket-book for 1764.

Chiswick churchyard. It does not seem that these two painters of such great but different powers ever saw much of each other in the intimacy of private life. But Sir Joshua must have come into frequent contact with the sturdy, vivacious, disputatious little man, at the drawing school in Peter's Court, behind Reynolds's first London lodging, and Sir James Thornhill's old house, 104, St. Martin's Lane. There may have been frequent arguments between them, for and against academies, and the good of royal patronage, and the chance of fairer and wider appreciation of English art in England. And, no doubt, Hogarth had been often stung by Reynolds's ever-growing popularity, by the coaches and chairs always taking up and setting down at 47, over the way, in sight of his own windows, whose door so seldom saw anything but the hackney-coach of some purchaser of a set of prints, unless it was the chariot of Mr. Horace Walpole, or the sleekly-horsed episcopal equipage of Bishop Hoadley.

We may well believe he had not been sparing of his sarcasm on the popular face-painter in the jolly club meetings at the "Feathers" in the

Fields hard by, or at "Old Slaughter's" in St. Martin's Lane, with Oram, of the Board of Works, and "Athenian" Stuart, who had risen from poverty through fan-painting under Goupy, to become famous as archæological and architectural antiquarian at Rome and Athens, and who now had his house on the south side of the Fields; clever, bright, reckless Luke Sullivan, the engraver of the "March to Finchley," whom Hogarth had to lock into his house, and find bed as well as board and cellar for, when he wanted a plate of his finished; Captain Grose, the fat and merry antiquarian; Henderson the actor; John Ireland, then a watchmaker in Maiden Lane, but afterwards to become more famous as editor with Nicholls of an edition of Hogarth's works; and a crowd of other artists and tradesmen of an artistic turn. Such was Hogarth's society in his idle moments. What a contrast with that of Reynolds—Burke, and Johnson with his faithful Boswell; languid Bennett Langton, and brilliant Topham Beauclerk; Dean Barnard, Dr. Percy, and Dr. Burney; Goldsmith, Gibbon, and Garrick; Lord Palmerston and Lord Mulgrave, and the other wits

and fine gentlemen of the Dilettanti; Mrs. Cholmondeley, and Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Ord and Mrs. Vesey, and all the train of the blue-stockings; or the Hornecks, beautiful mother and beautiful daughters. Not that Reynolds altogether stood aloof in his earlier days from the more free and easy society in which Hogarth was all his life most at home. I find in Sir Joshua's pocket-books, between 1755 and 1762, records of parties at "Old Slaughter's," of dinners with the Beefsteak Club, which from George Lambert's painting-rooms at Covent Garden had crept down to a dining-room erected for it by Rich, the manager; engagements with Rysbrack the sculptor, and Hayman the painter, and occasionally even in more questionable, if more fashionable, company at Miss Nelly O'Brien's, in Pall Mall, "next door this side the Star and Garter."

For Reynolds, too, had something of Hogarth's relish of "life," and could take his part in the follies of the town, though he sought his usual entertainment in different scenes and other company; at the Ranelagh ridottos, the Sunday dinners of the Dilettanti, or the masquerades at Mrs. Cornely's and the Pantheon. We should

not expect to find him "beating the rounds" with Captain Laroon and Frank Hayman,

> "Catching the manners living as they rise,"

after a night of it at Tom King's, as the winter sun rose in Covent Garden, or making thumb-nail sketches round a match at the Cock-pit. It was scarcely likely that the two men should be friends, the one, with all his genius, smarting under the sense that he was hardly considered as a painter at all, obliged to resort to auctions and raffles to get his pictures off his hands, and then disposing of them for a trifle: the other fêted and fashionable, with the day too short for the sitters who crowded into his studio, and himself as high in social consideration as his pictures in popularity. As Mr. Forster says in his "Life of Goldsmith:"— "The difficult temper of Hogarth himself cannot be kept out of view. His very virtues had a stubbornness and dogmatism that repelled. What Reynolds most desired, to bring men of their common calling together, and by concert and union, by study and co-operation, establish claims to respect and continuance, Hogarth had all his life been opposing. 'Study the great

works of the great masters for ever,' said Reynolds. 'There is only one school,' cried Hogarth, 'and that is kept by Nature.' What was uttered on one side of Leicester Square was pretty sure to be contradicted on the other; and neither would make the advance that might have reconciled the views of both. Be it remembered at the same time that Hogarth in the daring confidence of his more astonishing genius, kept himself at the farthest extreme." Leslie has pointed out that in spite of Hogarth's opposition to Academies he was suggester of the Foundling Hospital exhibitions, and so the main, if indirect, agent in founding the Society of United Artists, whose quarrels led to the establishment of the Royal Academy. So he bids us notice that the two great painters agree in practice, if not in theory. Reynolds never neglected the school of Nature for that of Art, as his pictures show. Hogarth, for all his insistance upon Nature as the artist's sole mistress, studied Art not less closely than Nature, as his own great technical excellence proves; to say nothing of his "Analysis of Beauty," which displays as much acquaintance with Art as with Nature.

When Sir Joshua took his house on a forty-seven years' lease, he gave £1,650 for it, and spent almost as much in adding a gallery and painting rooms for himself and his pupils, copyists, and drapery-men, for he kept a staff of them at work from a very early period in his career. Northcote, who was for many years his inmate, first as pupil, afterwards as journeyman, copying, serving occasionally as a model, putting in draperies and backgrounds, in every way making himself useful to Reynolds, and learning enough to take high rank himself afterwards among English portrait painters, has left us a description of the painting room at 47, Leicester Fields. It was octagonal, 20 ft. by 16 ft. in its greatest and least measurement. The one window was square, not much larger than half the size of an ordinary window, its lower part 9 ft. 4 in. from the floor. The sitter's chair was on a stand 18 in. from the floor, and turned on casters. Reynolds's palettes were held by a handle; the handles of his pencils about 19 inches. He painted near the window, and never sat down to his work. The painting-room was furnished with sofas. The gallery leading to it, which still

remains, was adorned with the most important pictures he had in hand, and in winter made cheerful with a blazing fire. It is recorded that he celebrated his house-warming with a grand ball, for which he already commanded the best company. Northcote, in his unpublished biography, describes the carriage which he set up at the same time, with the four seasons curiously painted on the panels by Catton, the first coach-painter of the time, and one of the original members of the Royal Academy. The wheels were ornamented with carved foliage and gilding. His servants wore silver-laced liveries. Northcote tells us that having no time to drive himself, he insisted on his sister's parading in it, sorely against her will, for she was a plain lady of homely habits. She complained of this herself to Northcote, who seems to have at once taken it for granted that Sir Joshua looked on his carriage as an "advertising medium." When Miss Reynolds found fault with the carriage as too fine, "What," he said, "would you have it like an apothecary's carriage?" He allowed his coachman to show it. Northcote, an inveterate *screw* himself, gravely adds, "I have been told that it

was an old chariot of a Sheriff of London, newly done up." Among Sir Joshua's first guests and sitters in his new studio, was Sterne, then a lion in full roar, with his head turned topsy-turvey by the success of the first instalment of "Tristram Shandy." Sir Joshua made of him one of those wonderful portraits which seem to reveal the very heart of the sitter. It is thanks to Reynolds that we know Sterne, as we know Johnson, Goldsmith, Gibbon, Warton, Boswell, Mason, Burney, Foote, Colman, in fact, all the leading literary men of that time, whose living images it is such a pleasure to have before us as we read our Boswell. By his help we are enabled to people the well-furnished stage of that generation; to call up the flexible features and luminous eyes of Garrick, as he turns from Tragedy, with an apologetic shrug, to follow her more winning sister; the brassy swagger of Woodward; the rapt and majestic beauty of Siddons, the impersonation of the tragic muse; the archness of Mrs. Abingdon, the idyllic beauty of Mrs. Robinson, the pathetic charm of Mrs. Hartley. The famous men of the Senate and the Bar are as much indebted to him as those of the Stage. But for him,

what should we know of the outward man of Burke and Fox, Townshend and Barré, Windham and Sheridan, Erskine and Pratt, Loughborough, Dunning and Thurloe; the divines of the Bench, as Robinson and Newton, Thomas and Markham; the heroes of earlier Indian conquest and administration, Clive, and Hastings, and Lawrence; or our chiefs by sea and land of wars nearer home, William of Culloden, Ligonier and Granby, Lippe-Schaumburg and Heathfield, Keppel and Rodney; or those for whose perpetuation the painter's aid was even more in demand, the beauties of his time—from the galaxy who shone as he was rising—the pretty Keppels and their stately mother, the Gunnings, who drew crowds to stare at them whenever they walked the Mall, brilliant Anne Pitt, and gentle Lady Pembroke, witty Ethelreda Townshend, and wanton Chudleigh,—to the more beautiful daughters of beautiful mothers, the graces of a later generation, such triads as the sister Waldegraves and Montgomerys, the fascinating Crewe and Bouverie, and the conquering Devonshire; or those Phrynes of their time, with their "little names," of a half endearing, half contemptuous

familiarity, Kitty Fisher and Nelly O'Brien, Polly Kennedy and Emma Harte, afterwards better known as Lady Hamilton, the Omphale of our Sea-Hercules.

Never was a generation so immortalized in all of it that deserved recording. Sir Joshua's colours may have faded, but his work had qualities that outlast colour: sometimes their very fading seems to have imparted a tenderer interest to his pictures of women. The admirable engravers whom his works stimulated and his counsels guided to their unequalled excellence, have brought the best beauties of his pictures within the reach of thousands to whom the pictures themselves are unknown. Then the unsullied *goodness* that dignifies Reynolds's art increases its value. Nobody has ever embodied the pure ecstasy of maternal love, and the innocent beauty of childhood, like Reynolds. Bachelor as he was, he seems to have felt a peculiar delight in the painting of young mothers with their children, as if he could enter into their hearts. This sympathy goes along with all that we gather from other indications of the purity of his mind, and the lovingness and lovableness of his cha-

racter. Two things met in him to account for his unequalled eminence as a portrait painter, a most vivid sense of what was pictorial, and a most keen feeling of what was *distinctively* human in his sitter, whether man, woman, or child—in other words, an appreciation of both the inward and outward characteristics of the subjects with which he had to deal.

It was not till eight years after his installation in Leicester Fields, that the Royal Academy was founded, with Reynolds as its first President. His prestige, and the rapid incorporation in the ranks of the Academy of all the rising talents of the time, effectually extinguished the competition of rival associations which distracted the artist world, between the first exhibition in the rooms of the Society of Arts in 1760, which grew out of the admission of the public to see the pictures painted for the Foundling Hospital, most actively promoted by Hogarth, the sworn foe of academies, and the granting of a charter to the Royal Academy in December, 1768.

The social and artistic distinction of Reynolds, thenceforth Sir Joshua, his constant and liberal contributions to the exhibitions of the Society,

and the series of discourses which added so much to its reputation, the *éclat* he gave to its dinners by the guests he invited, and to its honorary professorships by the men he induced to fill them, united to invest the Academy with an influence which time seems only to have strengthened, and which, so long as the Academy shows a readiness to accommodate itself to the changes of the times, there seems no reason why it should not retain. Reynolds himself would have been the first to recognize the wisdom of such adaptation. It was the oft-recurring indication of a disposition to resist this, and to resent what the less worthy members of the Academy called dictation on his part, but what was really the natural influence of a superior mind, that turned the close of Sir Joshua's presidency into a battle.

Technically, Sir Joshua's work is open to large exception. His knowledge of the figure was never thorough; and his acquaintance with the chemistry of colours was even more imperfect. He felt, he said, that all the painters of his time had to find a new road for themselves; and was so quick to see where effect was wanting, in his own work as well as other men's, that he

was not always careful enough about the means he took to obtain it. In the earlier part of his practice he used fugitive colours for the carnations of flesh, but modelled carefully, and painted thinly. In a later stage, after 1770, he trusted more and more, sometimes to excessive impasto, sometimes to injudicious glazing, and often used in the same picture colours of unequal rates of drying, and mutually destructive media. It must be owned, he was often reckless in his use of these dangerous means and methods; but never for any unworthier object than some really desirable pictorial result, for he seems to have been as single-minded in his love and respect for his art as Hogarth himself. He wanted the effect he sought for its own sake, not from any thought of the popularity or patronage it would bring him. His slightness of workmanship and his love of effect were copied by his inferiors, and his example has, in these respects, proved injurious. Certainly, English portrait-painting has declined from his time and that of his great contemporary, Gainsborough; owing doubtless to its being more easy to copy the faults and shortcomings of a great but imperfect master, than

to reproduce his excellences, for which the first requirement is a sentiment of art as keen and cultivated as his own, combined with an equal feeling for character and beauty. This combination Reynolds possessed in a degree unsurpassed, as it seems to me, by any master that ever lived. Had it been backed by an equal mastery of artistic means, he would have taken rank with the greatest Italian and Flemish masters, below whom we must, as it is, be content to place him. But his greatness was, essentially, as a portrait painter. His ideal pictures, except those of them which are really portraits with fancy titles, might perish to the great advantage of his reputation. They are seldom more than sketches, and our sense of their flimsiness is provokingly enhanced by their size and their pretensions. His age was not favourable to such work. The best it has left us in that kind, for seriousness of purpose and sincere self-devotion of the artist, is Barry's series of pictures in the great room of the Society of Arts. No critic or connoisseur is now likely to accept even these as satisfactory decorative art. Except, indeed, in the two lines

in which Hogarth and Reynolds led the way, domestic incident and portrait painting, England has yet to show that her authorities, imperial or municipal, are anxious to find opportunities for serious commemorative or decorative art, or that her artists could use them if found. Reynolds made a spirited attempt (in 1773) to get something of the kind set on foot in St. Paul's. It is as well, probably, that the attempt was unsuccessful: and that the problem of the decoration of our great metropolitan cathedral is still unsolved. Better it should remain so, than an attempt be made to solve it prematurely.

With the exception of occasional visits to great houses, among them Belvoir, Wynnstay, Nuneham, Blenheim, Port Eliot, Saltram and Farming Woods, and some vacation trips to his native West, as the one with Johnson in 1762, or the one at the election of 1772, in which he had to take part as mayor of his birth-place, Plympton; to the naval review at Spithead in 1773, and, in the same year, to Oxford, to receive the honorary degree of LL. D.; two journeys to Paris in 1768 and 1771; a tour through the Low Countries in 1781; and, after his purchase of his villa

on Richmond Hill, his summer excursions thither, seldom for more than a few days at a time, Sir Joshua's life was divided between society in London and his painting room, in which he rarely spent less than six well-employed hours daily, receiving sitter after sitter, usually for an hour at a time. His dinners were famous. The best description of them[1] shows them to have been the least ceremonious gatherings conceivable—scrambles, in fact. He asked pleasant or interesting persons as he came across them, so that the table prepared for seven or eight was often made to hold twice that number. When the guests were at last packed, the deficiency of knives, forks, plates and glasses made itself felt. Everyone called for what he wanted, and lustily, or there was little chance of being served. This, I must remind my readers, was after the days of Miss Reynolds' sedulous housekeeping. The wine, cookery, and dishes (says Courtenay) were but little attended to, nor was the fish or venison ever talked of or re-

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[1] Given by John Courtenay, member for Tamworth in 1780, to Sir James Macintosh.

commended. Amidst the animated convivial bustle of his guests, Sir Joshua sat composed—protected partly by his deafness, partly by his equanimity; always attentive to what was going on within range of his trumpet, and leaving every one at liberty to look out for himself. Peers, temporal and spiritual, statesmen, physicians, lawyers, actors, men of letters, painters, musicians made up the motley society, and played their parts (says Courtenay) "without dissonance or discord." Dinner was served punctually at five, whether all the party had arrived or not. Sir Joshua never kept his guests waiting for any one, whatever his rank or consequence. "His friends," Courtenay concludes, "will ever love his memory, and will long regret those social hours, and the cheerfulness of that irregular, convivial table, which no one else has attempted to revive or imitate, or was indeed qualified to supply."

Sir Joshua loved dining out as well as giving dinners. He was a very regular guest at the Sunday table of the Dilettanti Club, and the most unfailing member of the more famous Literary Club, founded in 1764, at his

suggestion. Its number was originally twelve, who met first at the Turk's Head in Gerard Street, Soho (where Burke then lived), for supper on Sunday evenings. In 1775 they changed their weekly suppers for fortnightly dinners during the sitting of Parliament, and the number of members gradually grew to forty. The Club still survives; and few names of the highest distinction in art and letters but have been included in it, from that day to this. Reynolds, Johnson, Burke, Dr. Nugent (his father-in-law), Topham Beauclerk, Lord Charlemont, Goldsmith, Anthony Chamier, and Hawkins were the original members. Garrick was not elected till 1773.

The year 1780 was a very memorable one in the history of both London and Leicester Fields. For a terrible week, between Friday the 2nd and Friday the 9th of June, the capital was in possession of Lord George Gordon's "No Popery" mob, and the horrors of 1666 seemed again to impend over the metropolis. Sir Joshua had more than common reasons for anxiety and alarm. The vengeance of the mob was specially vowed against his intimate friends, the leaders of Opposition, more particularly

Sir George Savile, Dunning and Burke, the two former the introducer and seconder, the latter the active supporter of the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, for repealing the most odious of all the penal laws that passed for "preventing the growth of Popery" in 1779. This was the statute which doomed Roman Catholic teachers to perpetual imprisonment, prohibited Roman Catholics from inheriting or bequeathing lands, and gave their estates to their next of kin, being Protestant; with other monstrous provisions of the same cast. The bill for repealing that iniquitous statute passed without a dissenting voice. But out of doors the frenzy of fanaticism fastened upon it, and led to the formation of Protestant Associations in England and Scotland. Lord George Gordon put himself at their head. The meeting of associators in St. George's Fields, to the number, it was said, of 60,000, to escort an anti-popery petition to the House of Commons, led to the "No Popery" riots, which placed London for a week at the mercy of a desperate mob.

Besides the "No-Popery" fanatics, it included all the floating ruffianism of the capital, with the

means of fire and pillage on a sudden at their command, and authority for a moment paralyzed by the suddenness and strangeness of the outbreak. The riots began among the mob who thronged the approaches to the Houses of Parliament on Friday, the 2nd of June. Lord Richard Cavendish was sitting to Sir Joshua on the morning of Saturday. From him or from Dunning, with whom he dined the same day, Sir Joshua must have heard how the mob had the day before beset Westminster Hall, smashed the coach windows of the peers, torn off the Archbishop of York's wig, compelled the Bishop of Lincoln to make his escape over the tiles of the house in which he sought refuge, hustled, beat and unwigged obnoxious peers and commoners, demolished the chariots of Sir George Savile and Charles Turner, the Whig members for Yorkshire, actually invaded the lobby of the House of Commons, and howled for blood like tigers as Lord George Gordon, from the staircase communicating with the lobby, denounced to them by name the supporters of toleration and opponents of the measures prayed in the petition.

But it was worse on Monday, when the rioters were at Sir Joshua's own door.

From his windows he must have seen the gutting by the howling mob, now maddened with two days' unchecked licence, of Savile House, then occupied by Sir George Savile,[1] and the blaze of the bonfires in front of it, fed by his furniture flung from the windows. The railings torn down from the front of Savile House served as tools for further destruction. Burke's house in Charles Street, St. James's Square, Lord Rockingham's mansion and Devonshire House were doomed to destruction, and had to be garrisoned with soldiers, as was Savile House, after it was wrecked and gutted. On Black Wednesday—the worst day in a week of terror, when the

[1] Of Rufford, Vice-President of the Society of Arts and M.P. for the county of York, one of the staunchest of the Rockingham Whigs, and Burke's close friend, an honest man and consistent politician. He died in 1784, never, it is said, having recovered the shock of the riots. Savile House had, I presume, been brought into that family by the marriage of the Earl of Ailesbury, its owner, with Lady Anne Savile, daughter of the second Marquis of Halifax, the famous head of the "Trimmers," of the first Savile line of Charles II.'s creation.

blaze of six-and-thirty great fires lit up the night, their crackling interspersed with the roaring of the mob, and the fire from the platoons dispersing the rioters in Southwark, guarding the bridges, or repelling the attacks on the Bank, for ministers had had the courage to call out the soldiers at last, —Sir Joshua's pocket-book shows that he was at the Academy by ten in the morning. Somerset House was one of the buildings marked for attack that day, with the royal residences, public offices, and Inns of Court. Luckily the firmness of the King in at once acting on Wedderburn's opinion, that it was lawful to employ soldiers to disperse such mobs as then held London, without previous reading of the Riot Act, and the prompt execution of the royal order by Lord Amherst, had by this time checked the progress of outrage. Before the week was out fashionable London was buzzing about the ruins of Mr. Langdale's distillery on Holborn Hill, and the Fleet-Market; prying among the charred beams of Lord Mansfield's house in Bloomsbury Square, or the blackened remains of Newgate; visiting the cavalry pickets in the squares—Leicester Fields among them—and the camp in St. James's, whose tents

bordered the ornamental water from the Queen's House to the Horse Guards.

During that week of terror, Sir Joshua had sittings fixed for Mr. Strahan, the publisher, for Lady Betty Delme (sister to Lord Carlisle), Lady Laura Waldegrave (one of the lovely daughters of his old sitter and friend, now Duchess of Gloucester), and Mrs. Campbell. No wonder the appointments between Monday and Thursday have a pen drawn through them. However absorbed in his painting Sir Joshua might be, it is hard to suppose him at his easel during those days, and yet it would be hardly safe to conclude so much with confidence. Walpole tells us that Lady Aylesbury was at the Haymarket, and the Duke of Gloucester and his beautiful step-daughter (then sitting to Sir Joshua for the picture now at Strawberry Hill) at Ranelagh, on the night of Black Wednesday. Sir N. Wraxall and a friend, who had ventured out to see the destruction, standing under the wall of St. Andrew's Church, Holborn, while the great distillery of Mr. Langdale was blazing fiercely, noticed the watchman walk by at his usual pace, quietly calling the hour! Burke

tells in one of his letters how he saw a party of children on the top of a penthouse, tearing off the shingles, and flinging them down to other children below, who piled them into bonfires. Demolition and arson had in these few days grown familiar enough to be child's-play.

Lady Laura's sittings were resumed on Wednesday, when the town was comparatively calm. She must have had much to tell Sir Joshua, how she had mounted to the top of Gloucester House, with her mamma and sisters and uncle Horace, on Wednesday night, and seen the great fires blazing over Lambeth; and how the same night the Duke, her step-father, having gone out in a hackney-coach to see the fires, had been stopped by the mob in Fleet Street and obliged to give them his purse; and how Lady Albemarle had been robbed at her aunt Keppel's very door by a highwayman, perhaps one of the convicts under sentence of death let loose when Newgate was burnt.

Burke was among the friends of Sir George Savile who assisted to garrison Savile House after the mob had left it gutted.

At the Old Bailey Sessions, between June 28

and July 5, eighty-five persons were tried for participation in the riots, of whom thirty-five were convicted and sentenced to death, and nineteen hung, three women among them. One of the late Mr. Rogers's early recollections was of seeing the cart pass that carried some of the condemned to execution, and he always remembered the young women in the ghastly load.

Sir Joshua was sensible in his sixty-sixth year (1789) of a failure of sight in his left eye, while painting, on the 26th of July. Within ten weeks the sight of the eye was entirely gone.

He still enjoyed company in a quiet way, and loved a game at cards as well as ever. But he never painted again.[1] He loved birds, and often introduced them into his pictures of children. In his enforced idleness he tamed a canary bird to perch on his finger, and would talk to it as if it understood him. One morning it flew out of the open window, and old inhabitants of the Fields remembered Sir Joshua, with his green shade over his eyes, pacing the enclosure for

[1] Except when, in 1790, he painted, at the request of two schoolboys, the royal arms on a flag for the breaking up of King's Academy, Chapel Street, Soho.

hours in the hope of reclaiming his pet. One is glad to connect the last memories of the famous painter with Leicester Fields, by this touching little incident.

It was as the first fear of blindness fell upon Reynolds, that the storm of the French Revolution burst over Europe. Indeed, it was on the very day before the fall of the Bastile that he laid down the pencil for the last time. Ozias Humphry used to read the newspapers to him. He sought distraction in change of scene; in visits to Brighton, to his Richmond villa, to the house of his lifelong friend Burke, at Beaconsfield. The last non-academical business he was engaged in was the erection of a monument to Johnson in Westminster Abbey. Still he attended the meetings of the Council. It is sad to think that the last two years of his life were embittered by the quarrel headed and fomented by Chambers, which led to his resignation of the Presidency on February 27th, 1790.[1] The King wrote to ask him to retract his resignation, but

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[1] The quarrel was connected with the election to an Associateship, as between Bonomi and Edwards.

in vain. It was only in deference to very strong resolutions of the Council that he resumed the chair on the 16th of March, after the King had again conveyed to him his earnest wish that he should do so.

On the 10th of December, 1790, he delivered his fifteenth and last discourse, a modest justification of his attempts at guidance of the students. His lectures remain, and seem likely to remain, the most widely read literary introduction of the artist to his art. They form at least a dignified one. His teaching, whatever exception may be taken to parts of it, always tends upwards, to the noblest view of the art and its functions, and the largest conception of it as a civilizing, idealizing, and ennobling influence.

He ended his fifteenth and last discourse with the memorable words:—"I should desire that the last words I should pronounce in this Academy and from this place should be the name of Michael Angelo!" As Reynolds left the chair, Burke stepped forward and taking him by the hand, recited with his sonorous voice and impassioned elocution:—

> "The angel ended, and in Adam's ear
> So charming left his voice, that he awhile
> Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear '

Mr. Rogers, who was present, preserved the memory of this incident. "Nobody but Burke," he said, "could have done such a thing without its appearing formal and theatrical. But from him it seemed spontaneous and irresistible." In 1791, Sir Joshua offered his fine collection of the Old Masters to the Academy at a low price, on condition of their erecting a room to show them in, but the offer was declined. He then had them exhibited temporarily in the Haymarket, for the benefit of his old servant, Ralph Kirkley. In May, 1791, he sat for his portrait for the last time, to Breda, a Swedish artist, at the request of the Royal Academy of Sweden. He was formally re-elected President on the 10th December, 1791, but never afterwards performed any of the duties of the office. On Thursday, July 23rd, 1792, he died calmly and without pain, from extensive disease of the liver. Burke's obituary notice was penned within a few hours of his death, in the house where his body was lying, probably in the room which he had so

often enlivened by his genial hospitality. The MS., still preserved, is blotted with the writer's tears. The notice has been often reprinted, but I cannot refrain from adding it to this brief record of the great painter in connection with the house in which he died, and in which it was written:—

"Last night, in the sixty-ninth year of his age, died, at his house in Leicester Fields, Sir Joshua Reynolds. His illness was long, but borne with a mild and cheerful fortitude, without the least mixture of anything irritable or querulous, agreeably to the placid and even tenor of his whole life. He had from the beginning of his malady a distinct view of his dissolution, and he contemplated it with that entire composure which nothing but the innocence, integrity and usefulness of his life, and an unaffected submission to the will of Providence could bestow. In this situation he had every consolation from family tenderness, which his own kindness had, indeed, well deserved.

"Sir Joshua Reynolds was on very many accounts one of the most memorable men of his time. He was the first Englishman who added the praise of the elegant arts to the other glories of his country. In taste, in grace, in facility, in happy invention, and in the richness and harmony of colouring, he was equal to the great masters of the renowned ages. In portrait he went beyond them; for he communicated to that description of the art, in which English artists are the most engaged, a variety, a fancy, and a dignity derived from the higher branches, which even those who professed them in a superior manner, did not always preserve when they delineated individual nature.

His portraits remind the spectator of the invention of history and the amenity of landscape. In painting portraits he appeared not to be raised upon that platform, but to descend to it from a higher sphere. His paintings illustrate his lessons, and his lessons seem to be derived from his paintings.

"He possessed the theory as perfectly as the practice of his art. To be such a painter he was a profound and penetrating philosopher. In full affluence of foreign and domestic fame, admired by the expert in art and by the learned in science, courted by the great, caressed by sovereign powers, and celebrated by distinguished poets, his native humility, modesty, and candour never forsook him, even on surprise or provocation; nor was the least degree of arrogance or assumption visible to the most scrutinizing eye in any part of his conduct or discourse.

"His talents of every kind, powerful from nature and not meanly cultivated by letters, his social virtues in all the relations and all the habitudes of life, rendered him the centre of a very great and unparalleled variety of agreeable societies which will be dissipated by his death. He had too much merit not to excite some jealousy, too much innocence to provoke any enmity. The loss of no man of his time can be felt with more sincere and unmixed sorrow. HAIL AND FAREWELL!"

His executors—Burke, Malone, and Metcalfe (Sir Joshua's companion in his Flemish tour)—communicated to the Academy the wish of the family that the body should be conveyed to Somerset House, there to lie in state before being borne to St. Paul's. Sir W. Chambers, whose

miserable jealousy had not been appeased even by the death of its object, raised difficulties about this mark of honour, but they were removed by the direct expression of the King's will that it should be paid. On the 29th of February the body was removed from Leicester Fields[1] to Somerset House, whence, on Saturday, the 3rd of March, it was borne to St. Paul's, the first carriage reaching the Cathedral before the last had defiled from the Academy. Ten peers, friends and associates of the dead, bore the pall, and the bier was followed to its resting place in the crypt close to the tomb of Wren, by all the most distinguished in the senate and in science, in arts and letters—a funeral procession worthy of the man who has left a name still the highest in English art.

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[1] Sir Joshua's house was afterwards the Western Literary and Scientific Institution, when a lecture theatre, designed by George Godwin, F.R.S., was added to it. It is now Puttick and Simpson's Book Auction Rooms. The corridor to the painting-room and the staircase remain as in Sir Joshua's time, the balustrades are rounded out to admit the passage of the ladies' *paniers*. The dwelling-house is but little altered; but of the painting-room, and the rest of Sir Joshua's erections in connection with it, no trace remains.

Chapter XIV.

JOHN HUNTER.

IT was in 1783 that John Hunter became owner of the house No. 28, on the east side of Leicester Fields, and of the ground behind it as far as a house in Castle Street, which he bought at the same time. Between 1783 and 1785 he was busy building on the ground between the two houses the premises for the reception of his Museum of Comparative and Pathological Anatomy, and removing it thither from Jermyn Street. In 1785 the museum was placed in its new home—a hall 52 ft. long by 28 ft. wide, lighted from the top, with a gallery all round; under it was a lecture theatre and a room which served for the meetings of the Lycæum Medicum, a society for the promotion

of medical and surgical science, founded a few years after this time by Hunter and Fordyce.[1] In the Castle Street house the different departments of human and comparative anatomy were carried on. When he bought the Leicester Fields house, Hunter was in his fifty-fifth year, in the full vigour of his powers both as surgeon, anatomist, and observer, in the first rank of his profession and the full tide of practice, earning an income which at its highest reached £6000 a year, every penny of which, beyond the expenses of his establishment in Leicester Fields and his house and grounds at Earl's Court, was absorbed by his museum.

Hunter was now living that life of intense scientific labour of which both the course and the results have been described by Professor Owen in the addition he has so kindly made to this

[1] The premises were afterwards successively a Gallery for the exhibition and sale of pictures, and a Museum of the Mechanical Arts and National Manufactures, and are now the head-quarters, with drill-shed, club-room, armoury and accoutrement-store, of the Middlesex Volunteer Artillery. All Hunter's additions are still standing, though with considerable internal alterations.

memoir. He stands as complete a type of the scientific surgeon, as Newton of the serene philosopher; the one investigating the laws of animal life and structure with as single-minded and intense an application, as the other the wider laws of light, matter, and motion.

It was now thirty-five years since John Hunter had come up to London (1748), after an idle boyhood, from the family home at Long Calderwood in Lanarkshire,[1] to join his brother William, who seven years before had settled in London, and had already established himself as the first anatomical lecturer and teacher of his time.

A turn for anatomy seems to have run in the family. Besides William, the eldest brother, James, left law for anatomical study, and would, William thought, have attained the highest rank both as anatomist and physician, had he not been

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[1] About eight miles from Glasgow, in the parish of Kilbride East. His father was a yeoman, living on a small ancestral estate, dating back to Robert the Second. John was the youngest of ten children, left at the age of ten (1738) to the sole care of an indulgent mother, and allowed to grow up with a minimum of book-learning or school discipline.

prematurely cut off by consumption. Like James, John went up to join his brother, without any known preparation of medical study, from his desultory home-life at Calderwood, after a short sojourn in Glasgow with a jovial brother-in-law, who in a few years tippled and sang away a good cabinet-making business. When John Hunter, a keen, shrewd, rough Lowland lad of twenty, rode up to London in September, 1748, the road to his profession was not the beaten track it is now. We hear of the youngster—who might have had a cabinet-maker's tool in hand, but is not known ever to have handled a scalpel—being set to prepare for his brother's lecture a dissection of the muscles of the arm. Had James's instruments and books remained after his early death in the farmhouse at Long Calderwood, and had John taken these up, in the interval between his short sojourn in Glasgow and his joining William in London? Or had he followed his bent, and attended anatomical lectures in Glasgow? It is difficult to believe he could have at once entered William's dissecting-room and made himself useful, as his biographers describe, without some previous preparation.

In the first session after his coming, he is said to have directed the pupils in their dissections. William entered John at Chelsea Hospital as a pupil of Cheselden, the first surgeon of the day. He attended his lectures and operations in the summer months of 1749, '50, giving the winter to his brother's dissecting room. Cheselden's retirement—owing to a stroke of paralysis—in 1751, put an end to his studies under that able master. It is interesting to know that up to this time Hunter was "Jack Hunter," with his associates, a rough, jovial, pleasure-loving young fellow, but with a smack of humorous intellectual character in his pleasures,[1] fond of seeing life in queer, low places. He was even a favourite with the "resurrection-men," whom the anatomists had then to look to for subjects, and

[1] He was a great haunter of the shilling gallery of the playhouse, and there noted for his vigour in "damning," then a salutary usage. He was as fond of pictures as of plays; a frequenter perhaps of Old Slaughter's, for he was always a particular friend of the engravers, Vivarès, Woollett (who lived at 11, Green Street, close by, where he used to fire a *patteraro* from the house-top on finishing a plate) and Pine, who used to meet there. At this time he may have often rubbed shoulders with Hogarth, to whom he seems to me to bear a considerable resemblance in character.

to whom William Hunter must have been the best of customers. But besides this rough side of London life John Hunter saw its more refined face at his brother's house. For William kept much good society, and entertained not only the most considerable men in his own calling, but the best of the painters.[1] Art always had a place with anatomy in John Hunter's love.

After Cheselden's death John Hunter became surgeon's pupil under Pott at St. Bartholomew's. Pott was the first who recognized the *vis medicatrix naturæ* as an element in the treatment of surgical cases, and was scoffed at for his distrust of the actual cautery, and the farrago of dressings and ointments, then relied on for effecting those changes which nature was causing in spite of them. In Pott and Cheselden, Hunter had the advantage of the best surgical teachers of his time. Carrying on his dissections in his brother's school, while attending them, he was

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[1] William was the first professor of anatomy at the Royal Academy, and is the central figure in Zoffany's well-known picture of the Academicians gathered about the model in the Life School at Somerset House, exhibited in 1772.

laying the foundations of that revolution in surgical science which England owes to his enlarged observation of nature both in the living subject and the dead, and his sound induction based on the exactest and widest study not only of human but all animal anatomy.

In 1753 he was induced to enter as a gentleman commoner at St. Mary's Hall, Oxford. His brother's wish was to make him a physician, with a view probably to assist him in his practice as an accoucheur, in which branch William stood unrivalled. Years afterwards John Hunter, speaking of this time of his life to Carlisle, then a student, said: "They wanted to make an old woman of me; that I should stuff Latin and Greek at the University; but," he added, in his rough fashion, pressing his thumb-nail on the table, "those schemes I cracked, like so many vermin."

He had already determined on securing a place as surgeon of one of the great London Hospitals, for study and practice, as well as professional advancement. He only valued practice as a means of enlarging his knowledge. "Now I must leave this," he would say as he turned from some inter-

esting dissection or preparation, "to earn that d——d guinea." Among other roughnesses, partly of the man, partly of the time, that always clung to John Hunter, was an inveterate habit of swearing.

St. George's gave the best opening for his honourable ambition. Here he entered in 1754, and became house-surgeon in 1756. At the same time he became his brother's partner in his anatomical school, where he undertook a regular portion of the lecturing. Unrivalled in the dissecting-room, or in clinical observations, he was an awkward and clumsy, though most painstaking, lecturer. The matter was invaluable, but the manner embarrassed and involved. He had always to take a dose of laudanum before he began. William, on the other hand, was noted for his fluency and grace as a lecturer. In 1759 over-work brought on symptoms in John of the lung disease which had carried off his eldest brother. He had already begun to carry his investigations of structure and function beyond the limits of human into the wide domain of comparative anatomy. He saw an opportunity of combining residence in a southern climate with

the work of his life, by obtaining employment as a staff-surgeon in the armament which sailed in 1761, under General Hodgson and Commodore Keppel, to besiege Belleisle, an island off the western coast of France. The siege, though short, was bloody, and Hunter had ample opportunity of studying gunshot wounds, and laying the ground of those views on inflammation which he published in his great work on the subject, published the year after his death.

Next year England was at war with Spain. Hunter served with the English force sent to protect the frontier of Portugal. Here he employed himself in physiological researches, in studying the structure and vital phenomena of snakes and lizards, and in examining the geological features of the country. Professor Owen was the first to call attention to the geological work done by John Hunter, and his anticipation of many of the latest conclusions of palæontological science.

When in 1763 Hunter returned to London from his military service abroad, he found his place in his brother's school filled up. There had, even before this, been jealousies and rivalries

which would have rendered it difficult for them to work together as cordially as of old. And John Hunter's own views were enlarging to the survey of a wider anatomical field than could be embraced by his brother's courses of lectures.

Hunter's study was henceforth to know no limits less than those of life. He was poor, and must look to practice to bring within his reach the means for his wider investigations. He had none of the arts that smooth the practitioner's way to success. He was rough and unceremonious; quick of temper and blunt of speech; infinitely contemptuous of flattery, flummery, and humbug of all kinds; one who called a spade a spade always; and liked to shock daintiness and snub pretension. His readiest and indeed only road to the reputation which was to bring practice was through lectures to private classes in anatomy and operative surgery. These he continued for years, and had never more than twenty pupils, but they included, as his attendants at his hospital lectures at St. George's afterwards did, the students who were afterwards the best surgeons of their time. He plunged deeper and deeper into comparative anatomy.

Every penny he could command went in the purchase of specimens. He had the refusal of the wild animals that died in the Tower, and in the travelling wild-beast shows. His friends, as they came to know what he was about, sent him presents of specimens. When he had no money to buy, he borrowed. He was intimate with G. Nicol, the King's bookseller. Striding into his shop one day, he asked him, "Have you any money in your pocket?" "Yes." "Have you got five guineas? Because if you have, and will lend it me, you shall go halves." "Halves in what?" "Why, halves in a magnificent tiger now dying in Castle Street."[1]

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[1] Nicol, a Scotchman like Hunter, was one of the "hardening" fathers, more common then than now, but not yet extinct. His wife was a sister of Cruikshank, the famous surgeon, who lived in Leicester Fields next door to Reynolds. They had lost five children, thanks to Nicol's "hardening" theories. As Mrs. Nicol was about to be delivered of her sixth child, Hunter one day abruptly asked Nicol if he meant to kill that like the rest? Nicol asked what he meant. "Why," said Hunter, "do you know what is the temperature of a hen with her chicks? Because if you don't, I'll tell you." He then explained to Nicol the necessity of warmth to young animals, and so convinced and corrected him of the murderous folly of his practice of "inuring" his children to cold and rough usage.

Now it was that Hunter laid the foundations of a sound scientific surgery, by showing that to rightly understand the aberrations from healthy action which constitute disease, but are themselves allied to natural processes, it is necessary to understand the laws of vital action and function not only in man, but in the whole animal kingdom. For this he required not only dead but live objects of study. His museum, daily increasing, furnished the first; for the second, he bought a cottage and ground at Earl's Court, and here he kept all sorts of animals, hyænas, wolves, jackals, leopards; smaller wild creatures, as racoons, badgers, ferrets, hedgehogs and so forth; to say nothing of domestic animals of all varieties, birds, and insects. Here he carried on those investigations into the incubation and embryology of birds, into vital heat, into the structure and habits of bees, wasps, hornets, &c., which formed the subjects of many of the papers published in the "Transactions of the Royal Society," of which he was elected a fellow in 1767, ten years before his brother William. When he could not watch the working of his broods or swarms himself, he would set on his

wife, or a pupil or visitor, or in default of such volunteers, the gardener or coachman, to do so in his stead. His delight was in summer and autumn, after the day's practice, to get down to Earl's Court, and to spend the evenings in studying his live-stock, wild and tame. He would play with them, tame the tameable, and so far defy the wildest, that his biographer tells how one evening going out to learn the cause of a great barking in one of the yards, he found two leopards, that had broken their chains, in a fierce encounter with the dogs. He rushed into the *mêlée,* seized a leopard in either hand, dragged them back to their out-house, shut the door, and then fainted under the reaction of the danger he had defied without thinking. Another time, wrestling with a young bull given him by the Queen, he was thrown down and only saved from being gored by the gardener.

His habits of observation were now so confirmed that every occasion was put to profit. Thus, about this time breaking his *tendon Achillis* by over-exertion in dancing, he studied the subject of such lesions while his accident was in process of cure, and discovered the laws

which govern the union of divided tendons by experimenting on dogs, as well as observing the action of his own ruptured ligature.

In 1768 he was elected one of the surgeons of St. George's, and commenced taking private pupils[1] in his house.

In 1770 his brother removed from Jermyn Street to Windmill Street, in which he had built a museum for his own collections, after in vain urging the Ministry to grant a site in the Mews at Charing Cross for a public anatomical theatre, to the building of which he offered to contribute £7,000, besides endowing a Professorship of Anatomy. He transferred the lease of the premises in Jermyn Street to his brother John. Among John's private pupils were Jenner, Guy of Chichester, Kingston, and Dr. Physick of Philadelphia, who carried the seeds of Hunter's scientific surgery to the New World. Everard Home, Lynn, and Carlisle, though not house-pupils, were constant assistants in the lecture-room and museum. Through these men and his pupils at St. George's, including Cline,

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[1] For five years, with a fee of 500 guineas.

Abernethy, James Earle, and Astley Cooper, scientific surgery has come down from Hunter to the great surgeons of our own day, and has indeed now impregnated the profession.

Jenner was twenty-one when, in 1770, he became the house-pupil of Hunter, then just twice his age. They were united by the fullest mutual appreciation. Hunter corresponded with no one so much as Jenner after his return to Gloucester. To Jenner, Hunter was "the dear man." The master was constantly setting his pupil tasks of observation; had questions to ask that required study of the habits of cuckoos, toads, beetles, hedgehogs; or wanted specimens, living and dead, for experiment or for the museum; advises him about interesting cases; picks up for him now and then a good picture, when he can find one cheap. It was not till three years after Hunter's death that Jenner tried the *experimentum crucis* of actual inoculation with vaccine lymph, though it is certain that he had had some communication with Hunter on the subject, as a rough sketch of the vaccine pustule occurs on the envelope of an undated letter from Jenner found among Hunter's papers.

In May, 1771, Hunter published his first work, a treatise on the teeth. It came out only two months before his marriage with Miss Home, sister of his house-pupil Everard Home, and daughter of Mr. Home, surgeon to Burgoyne's regiment of light-horse. He had been engaged to her for some years, but had to wait till the increase of his practice to £1,000 a year justified marriage in the judgment of his father-in-law. His wife was a beautiful, refined and accomplished woman, something of a blue, and fond of musical and artistic society. Papa Haydn was a frequent visitor in Leicester Fields; and with Sir Joshua on the opposite side of the Square, there was a visiting as well as a professional acquaintance. In 1776, Hunter delivered his first course of surgical lectures at St. George's. The sense of his deficiencies as a speaker led him to read his lectures. He seldom looked up from his book; and his written style was not happy. His doctrines were new, and their obscurity and difficulty was little relieved by his exposition. He used to compare the preparation of a lecture to a tradesman's taking stock. His sole object was truth. He was pitiless in demolishing fallacies or

exposing errors, even his own. To Astley Cooper, asking if he had not put forward a different opinion on some point in a previous lecture, he answered, "Very likely I did: I hope I grow wiser every year;" and to Professor Coleman, inquiring whether he had not written so and so, "Never ask me what I have said or what I have written; but if you will ask me what my present opinions are, I will tell you." He would sometimes stop note-taking on a point he felt doubtful about, with "you had better not take that down: very likely I shall think differently next year." And, once, after getting into an *impasse*, he said, raising his spectacles, "Gentlemen, I think you had better omit what I have been saying. The fact is, I had an idea when I wrote down this, but I have lost the train of thought connected with it, and cannot now recall it." This candour, combined with his other peculiarities, was not calculated to win popularity. His hospital class never exceeded thirty. Yet these lectures, even more than his writings, revolutionized surgery.

All this time the Museum was growing, and Hunter, finding that drawings were as necessary as preparations, took into his house a young

artist of ability, Mr. Bell, who worked with him for fourteen years, and became an accomplished anatomist as well as an unequalled anatomical draughtsman. Like all brought into intimate relation with Hunter, he learnt to love and respect him, in spite of quick temper, rough tongue, always ready to rap out an oath, unceremonious manners, and constant preoccupation. Hunter rose before six, worked in his dissecting room till his breakfast hour, nine, saw patients till twelve, and then started on his round of visits; insisting on absolute punctuality to appointments, and getting into towering passions when this was broken in upon. He dined at four; ate little, drank one glass of wine, but when he had friends liked to see them push the bottle: slept an hour after dinner; and then resumed work, in preparing lectures or dictating his records of cases or investigations to an amanuensis till one or two in the morning. In the summer and autumn while at Earl's Court he gave his evening hours to his animals, birds, and insects.

In 1775 he thought of opening a school of natural history and offered Jenner the place of assistant. But the scheme was dropped. The

sense of his own ignorance was ever growing with the scope of his inquiries, and he was not more eager in his pursuit of truth than cautious of premature proclamation of it. A few years after, when a pupil was talking of his intention to give a course of lectures on comparative anatomy, he said drily, "Oh! that is a large undertaking. I had once thoughts myself of doing the same thing; but the difficulties and necessary qualifications were so great that I did not think myself competent to the task; but you, I dare say, may feel yourself quite equal to it." In 1776, he was made Surgeon Extraordinary to the King, his first and last piece of Court favour; and contributed to the "Transactions of the Royal Society" a paper on the recovery of persons apparently drowned, at the request of the Humane Society then newly established. His researches into vital heat and the state of the vital functions and organs of hibernating animals, belong to this time.[1]

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[1] One of the kindred speculations which occupied him for years was on the possibility of freezing human beings and restoring them to life two or three centuries after, which has been made the foundation of an amusing romance, *L'homme à l'oreille cassée*, by Edmond About, who was educated as a surgeon.

In 1777, a severe attack of vertigo, accompanied with distressing symptoms indicating disease of the heart, led to his giving up work for a while, and visiting Bath. Idleness was intolerable to him, and it was with difficulty that he could be restrained from returning to his labours for the three months he was induced to give to rest and restoration. A letter to Jenner (written near the end of 1778), in answer to one pathetically describing a disappointment in a love affair, deals thus unceremoniously with his friend's wound of the heart:

"I can easily conceive how you must feel, for you have two passions to cope with ; viz., that of being disappointed in love, and that of being defeated ; but both will wear out, perhaps the first soonest. I own I was glad when I heard you was married to a woman of fortune ; but let her go, never mind her. I shall employ you with hedge-hogs. I do not know how far I may trust mine. I want you to get a hedge-hog in the beginning of winter and weigh him, put him in the garden and let him have some leaves, hay, or straw, to cover himself with, which he will do: then weigh him in the spring and see what he has lost," &c.

In 1780 a quarrel between William and John Hunter, which was never healed till William was on his deathbed, grew out of the claim made by John Hunter, in a paper read to the Royal Society, to

the discovery of the connection and circulation between the *fœtus in utero* and the mother, which William Hunter had always till then claimed as his own. It is probable that the first discovery grew out of the dissections of John, but that William's attention had been called to the appearances and that the explanation had been wrought out by the brothers together. But this unfortunate breach continued unclosed till William's death three years after, and though he saw his brother on his death-bed, he never altered the will leaving the patrimonial estate to his nephew, Dr. Baillie. Mr. Ottley Drewry,[1] John Hunter's best biographer, says that Dr. Baillie ceded the estate to John Hunter as soon as the will was proved.

In 1781 Hunter took part as witness in one of the *causes célèbres* of the time, the trial of Captain Donellan for the murder of his brother-in-law, Sir Theodosius Boughton, by laurel water, administered in a purgative draught. Ten days after death the body was disinterred, but neither

[1] In the preface to Palmer's four volume edition of John Hunter's Works. (Longmans, 1835.)

brain nor stomach were examined. Lady Boughton, his mother, gave evidence that on smelling the draught she was sensible of an odour as of bitter almonds. Captain Donellan was in the habit of using a still. Great part of the deceased's fortune came to his sister, Captain Donellan's wife. The captain rinsed out the bottles after the death of his brother-in-law. John Hunter was examined for the defence, and gave evidence that the symptoms attending the death were consistent with apoplexy or epilepsy, that the examination of the body proved nothing, and that the brain, in which appearances would have been conclusive, had not been examined. He therefore very properly declined, from symptoms and dissection alone, to give any decided opinion as to the cause of death. Justice Buller lost his temper at this refusal of Hunter's, and in his summing up was sarcastic on the guarded terms of his evidence. Donellan was found guilty, really, on the circumstantial evidence against him. The medical evidence was what Hunter with characteristic caution called it, inconclusive.

In 1782 he completed for the Royal Society a course of six Croonian lectures on muscular motion,

and its machinery in animals and vegetables, but withdrew them from publication in the Transactions as not complete enough for his fine, and on such points fastidious, judgment. Rough of speech as he was, and inapt in style, he was most careful to give nothing to the world without the utmost precision of expression and fullness of knowledge that he could give it.

And now we reach 1783, when the lease of his brother's house in Jermyn Street expired; and he secured the premises at 28, Leicester Square. Home, Bell and André assisted in superintending the transfer of the museum, a delicate work, in which Hunter, now engaged by the demands of a large practice, could only give occasional help. John Hunter was now consulted, if not employed, in all critical operations. He was a cautious rather than a brilliant operator, and never used the knife, when he could avoid it; holding that "to perform an operation is to mutilate a patient we cannot cure; and so an acknowledgment of the imperfection of our art."

It was in June of the year he began to shift into Leicester Fields that Charles Byrne or

O'Brien, the Irish giant, died. His skeleton, 8 ft. high, is still one of the most conspicuous objects in the Hunterian Museum. The story of how Hunter came by it, as told by Mr. Clift, John Hunter's amanuensis for many years, and the first curator of the Museum after its illustrious collector's death, and repeated to me by Professor Owen, Mr. Clift's son-in-law, differs considerably from the account in Mr. Ottley's "Life of Hunter."

As O'Brien lay dying of consumption that June at 23, Cockspur Street—hastening his death, it is said, by drink, under the irritation caused by loss of a bank-note for £700—the poor young giant knew that Hunter wished to get possession of his body; and as he had a horror of dissection, he left a sum of money for hire of an Irish body-guard to carry his remains to the Nore, and sink them in the sea at such a distance from land as to put dredging them up again out of the question. Hunter found out the undertaker, and informed him that a round sum would be paid him on delivery of O'Brien's body in Castle Street by a certain day. Hunter was known for a good paymaster. The undertaker had agreed to accom-

pany the body from London with the paraphernalia for the sea-burial. The road was long, the weather hot, the coffin heavy, the bearers and escort Irish. They kept up a kind of walking wake as they went along, stopping to liquor up at convenient distances as hostelries occurred. At last they came to one whose door was too narrow to take in the coffin. What was to be done? To leave it outside would be both unsafe and indecorous. The undertaker suggested that it might be locked in a barn which adjoined the house, while the *cortège* refreshed themselves. The idea was unanimously approved. The coffin was locked up in the barn, the door locked, and the key handed over to the captain of the escort. The house had been fixed on beforehand by the undertaker, who had men and tools hidden behind the straw in the barn. In ten minutes the coffin was unscrewed, the body taken out, hidden under the straw, and replaced by paving stones to the required weight, previously provided. The escort, refreshed, took up their load, and went on their way. Within a short stage the undertaker turned back for something he had left at the last halting-place, arranged with the

landlord, who had been paid to keep his eyes and mouth shut, for the hire of a spring-cart, in which the body, properly packed, was stowed, and poor O'Brien's mortal remains were duly delivered at Castle Street before daybreak. The neighbours were used to the consignment of strange loads to those dark doors, and asked no questions. That morning, when Hunter started on his rounds, the giant's body was his companion in his chariot. He knew that if O'Brien's Irish friends came to the knowledge of his appropriation of their countryman, his premises would not be safe. He therefore determined to keep the preparation of the skeleton a secret; so drove with it at once to Earl's Court, there consigned the body, scientifically dismembered, to a huge copper, separated the flesh from the bones by boiling, and himself articulated the magnificent skeleton, the brown colour of which still testifies to the unusual treatment it has been subjected to. But it was not till four years later that he ventured to speak to any one of his "tall man," and the first written allusion to him I find in 1787, when he writes to Sir Joseph Banks—"I lately got a *tall man*, but at the time could make

no particular observations. I hope next summer to be able to show you him."

In 1785 Hunter was subjected to a distressing return of the attack, to which he was subject for most of his life, and which finally carried him off. Spasm of the heart, followed by syncope, was brought on by any violent exertion or excitement. He used to say that his life was at the mercy of any rascal who chose to irritate him; and as usual in such cases his irritability was in proportion to danger from it. Anxiety about the hiving of a swarm of bees would cause an attack. The present illness enforced a holiday at Bath for a few weeks; his brother-in-law, Everard Home, took charge of his patients. Yet it was in December of this year that he carried out his famous operation for the cure of aneurism, by tying the artery at a distance from the tumour, and between it and the heart. In this year also he published two of his most important medical treatises, on the "Venereal Disease," and on the "Animal Œconomy," including his most important papers contributed to the Philosophical Transactions, and other memoirs containing original researches and sound conclu-

sions on some of the most important questions in general physiology.[1] He was now also in the fullest activity of his researches into animal physiology, as illustrated by the dead and living subject; he even fitted out a surgeon for a trip to the Greenland fishery, to make observations and preparations of the whale. He had his reward in the Copley gold medal, awarded him by the Royal Society.

It was in the May of this year that he sat to Sir Joshua for the picture,[2] now in the College of Surgeons. His friends had often urged this, but he had declined, not wishing others to pay, and thinking the price of 100 guineas too much to give out of his own pocket. At last, anxious to oblige Sharp the engraver, for whose works he

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[1] Like Hogarth, Hunter liked to have his works printed and produced under his own eyes, and had a press on his own premises for the purpose. His reason was to outwit the then common practice of Dublin piracy: cheap Irish editions were hastily got up and sent over here to forestall a second edition. But as this offended the publishers and booksellers, who were, many of them, his old friends, he gave the publication of his second editions to Nicol of Pall Mall and Johnson of St. Paul's Churchyard.

[2] Admirably restored by the late Mr. H. Farrar.

had a great admiration, he consented to sit as he could find time. But, preoccupied as he was, and distracted by constant calls on his attention, Sir Joshua found him a bad sitter, and could make no satisfactory progress. Still he pottered on, hoping for a better mood and moment. At last it came. Hunter fell into a reverie, on one of those trains of physiological induction of which the great anatomist had so many in his head. Sir Joshua rivetted by the expression—the abstracted eyes, the uplifted head, as if the brain were following out some chain of thought closely linked and reaching far, till it could be fixed by the pen held in the relaxed hand—promptly turned the canvas, on which the head was already laid in, and commenced a new head at the other end of the reversed canvas. The original head is still traceable under the colour, between the legs of the figure as painted. For expression and character this is one of Reynolds's best pictures, and belongs to the same year as his portrait of Joseph Sharpe, the honest lawyer, which it resembles in style, and which is comparable with it for excellence.[1] The accessories

[1] The trustees of the National Portrait Gallery have

introduced into the picture, no doubt by Hunter's directions, include the lower limbs of O'Brien's skeleton (not yet shown to the public), a wet preparation of the blood-vessels of the heart, having relation to his famous operation for aneurism; and the ten folio volumes of his MSS. on comparative anatomy, whose abstraction from his Museum by Sir Everard Home many years afterwards was one of the greatest sins against science recorded in the history of philosophy, as well as an act of the grossest ingratitude to one to whom Home owed all he was and all he knew.[1] During the latter years of Hunter's life the attacks of spasm of the heart had become more frequent. He knew their danger, and had good cause to husband his life, for he had put all his earnings

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Jackson's excellent copy, which belonged to Sir Charles Bell and was purchased from his widow. It is perfectly preserved, and, till Mr. Farrar restored the sadly neglected and grievously cracked original, was, with Sharpe's admirable engraving, our best aid in appreciating the merits of the picture.

[1] It is supposed that Home desired to conceal his debt to these MSS. for his own very numerous contributions to the Philosophical Transactions.

into his Museum, that wonderful illustration of the laws of life by systematized examples, but the value of which, except to its collector, must depend mainly on the catalogue, the materials for which had yet to be reduced to order. Hence his natural absorption in his work, which made him impatient of any interruption. He is even recorded to have expressed his impatience with characteristic roughness, when called to take part in the public funeral of his illustrious friend Reynolds, to whom he had been called in, though too late, in his last illness, and whose body he examined after death, with Sir G. Baker and E. Home. In 1792, the year of Sir Joshua's death, Hunter contributed to the Royal Society his last paper, on the natural history of the common bee, founded on twenty years' observation. In the same year he resigned his surgical lectures to Mr. Home, and passed to him his MSS., which have most of them, with most culpable carelessness, been lost or destroyed. He wished to devote himself to the cataloguing of his Museum, and his great work on Inflammation and Gunshot Wounds. His mind was in full vigour, and but for the ever-present danger from the heart, he

might be said to be as likely to live as for many years past. He had long been in unpleasant relations with his brother surgeons Gunning, Walker and Keate, at St. George's. His clinical lectures were naturally the most numerously attended, and no representation on his part could induce his fellow-surgeons to give more attention to this part of their duties. At last he took the strong step of declaring that he would no longer permit the fees of all students entering at the hospital to be paid into a common fund, but that he meant to retain the money paid by those who entered as his pupils. The matter was brought before the Governors at a special Court in March, 1793. The Governors decided against Hunter. A committee was appointed to draw up rules for regulating the admission and instruction of pupils, and a scheme was submitted to this committee and agreed to, without any consultation with Hunter. Among these rules was one to admit no student in future without certificates showing that he had received a regular medical education. This was directed against the young Scotchmen who came up recommended to Hunter, as he had himself come

up, without previous training. It was at a board meeting of the Hospital, on the 16th of October, at which he had agreed to urge the admission of two such young men, who had come to town ignorant of the new rule, that Hunter appeared for the last time to support the prayer of his young compatriots. Mr. Clift remembered his leaving the house that morning in high spirits, whistling a Scotch air. As he spoke, one of his colleagues flatly contradicted him. Hunter ceased speaking; the struggle to suppress his passion brought on one of the terrible spasms of the heart. He was just able to reach an adjoining room, followed by his nephew Dr. Baillie, when with a groan he fell into the arms of Dr. Robertson, one of the physicians of the hospital, dead. His body was placed in a chair, and carried home to his house in Leicester Square, followed by his empty chariot.

He died in his sixty-fifth year, without an equal in his combined character of surgeon and naturalist.

He was buried in St. Martin's Church. His widow would have gladly raised a monument to him in Westminster Abbey, and assuredly he

deserved the honour; but he died poor, except in his work, and she was unable to pay the fees demanded for a place in the National Walhalla. Hunter's place there is still empty. It is something that a bust of him now stands in the Square where the last, and not least well-employed, years of his useful and laborious life were spent.

What he looked like in his abstracted moods Sir Joshua's speaking portrait shows us. In person he was about the middle height; vigorous and robust of build, but rather high-shouldered; his features large and marked, his eyebrows prominent, his eyes light blue or grey, his cheeks high, and his mouth underhung; altogether an intensely characteristic Lowland Scottish face. He dressed plainly, and wore his reddish-yellow hair curling behind. Immense vigour in labour, keenness in research, and breadth in conception, but ever based upon induction and tempered with caution, were the leading characteristics of his mind. In character he was liberal, unworldly, of strict honesty and love of truth, humane and generous, a warm friend, and a good husband and father; but fierce of mood, quick of speech, and careless of giving offence in his con-

viction of right purpose, and his scorn of falseness, baseness, or humbug. The estimate of him as a naturalist which I have the privilege of appending, comes from one who thoroughly knows the value of his labours, and has laboured among the foremost to carry them forward in his great master's spirit.

His property, setting apart the Museum, barely sufficed to pay his debts. He had left instructions that his collection should be sold to the Government; but their attention was then engrossed by the Revolutionary War. "Buy preparations," said Pitt, when urged on the subject, "why, I have not money enough to buy gunpowder!" It was three years before Parliament would even inquire into the value of the Museum for national purposes. Mrs. Hunter and her two children had to depend for these three years on the royal bounty. Their household treasures of art and *virtù* had to be sold,[1] to pay the current expenses

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[1] Mr. Ottley tells us how, when in the sale Christie came to a mask Hunter had used, to keep his face from stings in his observations of his bees, he was fairly posed, and, after turning the "lot" round and round, came out with—"A most interesting and curious article . . . . a

of the Museum. At last, in 1796, Lord Auckland seriously stirred the Government. The learned bodies got a Committee appointed, who reported in favour of the purchase at the price of £15,000, which was voted June 13, 1799. Hunter had spent £70,000 on the collection.

It was first offered by the Government to the College of Physicians and declined; the Council demurred to the cost of keeping up such a collection without an adequate endowment. There was then a thought of making it part of the British Museum; but on December 23rd, the Council of the College of Surgeons, bolder than the Physicians, came to a unanimous vote to accept the trust on the terms proposed—

1. Of preserving the collection in the best possible order.
2. Of giving proper access to the collection, both to the profession and the public, properly introduced.
3. Of cataloguing and appointing a curator.

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covering for the face, used by the South Sea Islanders when travelling, to protect their faces from the snow storms!" Truly a "happy thought" of the great auctioneer.

4. Of delivering an annual course of lectures on comparative anatomy.

The means of meeting the great cost of the collection was raised by fees on diplomas, under the charter obtained in 1800.

A Board of Curators was appointed by the College in July, 1800, to regulate the management of the Museum, and superintend the preparation of catalogues. For six years the collection remained in its old quarters. In 1806, when the lease expired, it was transferred to temporary quarters in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and in 1813, on the completion of the College building, to its present home.[1] Since 1807, two annual courses of fifteen lectures each—one on anatomy, the other on surgery—have been delivered and since 1813, an annual oration, on Hunter's birthday, February 14. Constant additions have since been made to the Museum, which now stands unrivalled of its kind—a noble monument of its great conceiver and collector. But Hunter, when cut off, contemplated a still greater work, no less than a com-

[1] Since rebuilt by Barry in 1835-7.

plete scheme of animal life, of which his Museum was, as it were, but the table of contents.

"The main object," says the author of the excellent article on Hunter in the "Penny Cyclopædia," "which he had in view in forming his museum, was to illustrate as far as possible the whole subject of life, by preparations of the bodies in which its phenomena are presented. The physiological series includes dissections of the organs of plants and animals, classed according to their vital functions, and in each class passing from the most simple to the most complex. They were disposed in two main divisions: the first illustrative of the functions which minister to the necessities of the individual; the second, which provide for the continuance of the species. The first division commenced with a few examples of the component parts of organic bodies, as sap, blood, &c. Then were exhibited the organs of support and motion; those of digestion, nutrition, circulation, respiration, &c. Then came the organs which place beings in relation with the external world, as the nervous system, organs of sense, external covering.

"The other chief division of the physiological part of the collection contained the organs of reproduction of plants and animals, the preparations illustrative of the gradual development of the young, and the organs temporarily subservient to their preservation before and after birth.

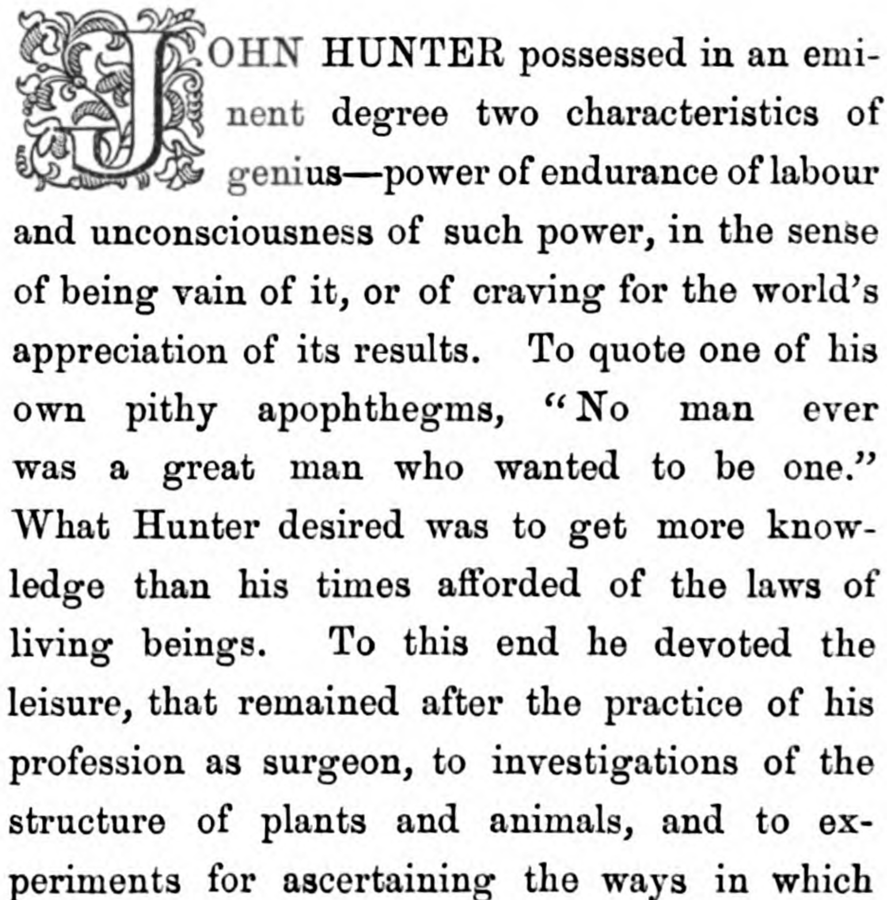
"Parts of the same general collection, though separately arranged, were nearly 1,000 skeletons, nearly 3,000 minerals and plants preserved in spirits, upwards of 1,200 fossils, and a large collection of monsters.

"The pathological part of the museum contained about 2,500 specimens, in three great departments: the first illustrating the processes of common diseases, and the actions of

restoration; the second, the effects of specific diseases; and the third, the effects of various diseases, arranged according to their locality in the body. This included a collection of about 700 calculi, and other inorganic concretions. These few words may give some idea of Hunter's prodigious labour and industry as a collector; but his museum contains sufficient proof that he was no mere collector. It was formed with a design the most admirable, and arranged in a manner the most philosophic; and when it is remembered that it was all the work of one man, labouring under every disadvantage of deficient education, and of limited and often embarrassed means, it affords, perhaps, better evidence of the strength and originality of Hunter's mind than any of his written books, when he speaks by facts that in his Museum are ready to speak for themselves."

But besides his merits in the collection of his great and ordered Museum, let it not be forgotten that in John Hunter we are bound to reverence also the father of scientific surgery, on the grounds laid by a master hand in the sketch which follows.

SKETCH OF HUNTER'S SCIENTIFIC CHARACTER AND WORKS.



JOHN HUNTER possessed in an eminent degree two characteristics of genius—power of endurance of labour and unconsciousness of such power, in the sense of being vain of it, or of craving for the world's appreciation of its results. To quote one of his own pithy apophthegms, "No man ever was a great man who wanted to be one." What Hunter desired was to get more knowledge than his times afforded of the laws of living beings. To this end he devoted the leisure, that remained after the practice of his profession as surgeon, to investigations of the structure of plants and animals, and to experiments for ascertaining the ways in which

such structures worked. In reference to his experimental work, Hunter remarks: "In pursuing any subject, most things come to light as it were by accident, that is, many things arise out of investigation that were not at first conceived; and even misfortunes in experiments have brought things to our knowledge that were not and probably could not have been previously conceived. On the other hand, I have often devised experiments by the fireside, or in my carriage, and have also conceived the result; but when I tried the experiment, the result was different, or I found that the experiment could not be attended with all the circumstances that were suggested."[1]

His investigations into the "Power of Animals to Produce Heat," "Absorption by Veins," "The Growth of Bone," &c., necessarily required, as did Harvey's on the "Circulation of the Blood," and Bell's on the "Sensory and Motory Nerves," vivisections, at a time when anæsthetic agents were unknown. But Hunter laid it down as an

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[1] "Observations on Bees." — *Philosophical Transactions*, vol. lxxxii. (1792).

axiom that "experiments should not be repeated which merely tend to establish a principle already known and admitted." The violation of this axiom by teachers exhibiting to a class experiments on living animals and their results, which had already been gained by the physiological discoverer in the advancement of his science, is the abuse of vivisection, which merits denunciation, and against which the humanitarian or philozoist may legitimately protest.[1]

The results of Hunter's anatomical researches were carefully recorded. The last of his house-apprentices, the late Mr. William Clift, F.R.S., states that amongst his duties was "writing from dictation, from 7 to 11 p.m., and sometimes an hour or two later."[2] Thus was kept an account of the dissections of the various animals that

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[1] Sir Charles Bell was equally opposed to vivisection wherever it could be avoided, and no physiologist ever made such great discoveries at the cost of so little suffering to living beings as Bell, one of the gentlest of men.

[2] "Essays and Observations on Natural History, Anatomy, Physiology, Psychology and Geology, by John Hunter, F. R. S., being his posthumous papers on those subjects, revised and edited by Richard Owen, F. R. S." 2 vols. 8vo. 1861. Vol. ii. p. 497.

came under his inspection; and "whenever he re-examined an animal, he overlooked his previous account, and corrected and added to it."[1]

Some of these records Hunter published in his lifetime. He was too much concerned in acquiring further knowledge to do more in that way; but he developed a new mode of communicating his anatomical discoveries by preparations of the parts and organs of the animals dissected, of the clearest and most exquisite kinds. These constitute the chief and most characteristic part of his well-known Museum.

Hunter had passed his thirtieth year before he could call any preparation his own. All that he made before that time were added to his brother's (Dr. William Hunter) collection, which is now in the University of Glasgow.

In commencing his independent labours, he conceived the idea of an anatomical Museum, in which the illustrations of the human structures should be subordinated as part of a general display of all the modifications of such structures throughout the animal kingdom; and, practically,

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[1] *Ibid.*

he was the first to reduce the scattered facts of comparative anatomy to a connected system. When his Museum had been brought to an approximate degree of perfection (in the year 1787), Hunter set apart certain days in which he exhibited and explained to some chosen minds his great scheme, embracing the demonstration of all the leading modifications of every organ of the animal frame, and of the different stages which each organ undergoes in its development, partly by stages in embryo, chiefly by series, from the least to the most complex kinds of developed organisms.

Amongst the distinguished foreigners who resorted to Leicester Square to enjoy the inestimable advantage of listening to the explanations which the founder of the collection gave of his own labours, were Camper, Scarpa, Poli, and Blumenbach. But besides his collections of comparative anatomy and embryology, Hunter had accumulated the most considerable series of fossil organic remains that had been made in the last century. He was far beyond his contemporaries in his appreciation of the teachings of these "medals of creation." A remarkable revelation of this

knowledge was made by him in a Paper communicated to the Royal Society in 1793, "On the Fossil Bones presented to that Society by His Most Serene Highness the Margrave of Anspach," and a fuller exposition of his philosophical reflections and convictions, based upon his own more extensive collection of fossils, was subsequently submitted to the Royal Society.

The attention, however, of the officers and council of the Society had been called by some of the fellows to the expression in the first Paper, on the "thousands of years" required for certain of the phenomena described. In the second Paper Hunter submitted a chronology of the Earth greatly in excess of the accepted one, and moreover called in question the adequacy of the chief or sole geological dynamic, at that time recognized, viz., the Mosaic deluge, to account for the presence of marine fossils on land and allied phenomena of the science which is now termed "Palæontology," or the "Doctrine of Ancient Beings." Major Rennell—author of papers in the "Philosophical Transactions" on "Tides and Currents" and kindred subjects,—undertook the delicate task of submitting to

Hunter the misgivings of the authorities mainly responsible for the publications of the Royal Society. He did it in these words:—"This leads me to remark that in page 3 you have used the term, 'many thousand centuries,' which brings us almost to the *yogues* of the Hindoos. Now, although I have no quarrel with any opinions relating to the antiquity of the globe, yet there are a description of persons very numerous and very respectable, in every point but their pardonable superstitions, who will dislike any mention of a specific period that ascends beyond 6,000 years. I would, therefore, with submission, qualify the expression by 'thousand years,' instead of 'centuries.'" Hunter, who had used the milder term in reference to the more recent cave-fossils described in his first Paper, would not modify his statements based upon grander series he had traced through older formations, and he withdrew the Paper.

His contemporaries had no conception of his advance in branches of biological science outside those of anatomy, physiology, and their applications to the improvement of surgery. Not until the publication of the Paper in question—"On

Extraneous Fossils,"—with all the other recoverable manuscripts of John Hunter, in the year 1861,[1] could the extent, variety, and accuracy of the scientific knowledge of this extraordinary man be truly estimated.

The main end and aim of the proportion of his researches which he lived to see through the press, though not its issue,[2] was the advancement of surgery by establishing its applications on a truly scientific basis.

Operations had been multiplied and improved by Pott and other eminent contemporaries of Hunter, but the principles lacked the physiological foundations which Hunter's labours and discoveries supplied. These "Principles," condensed and embodied in his posthumous work he had, however, communicated to the profession in courses of lectures delivered during the latter years of his life. They were exemplified in the practice of Cline, Abernethy, Astley Cooper, who had all sat at Hunter's feet. Their great

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[1] "Essays and Observations on Natural History," &c., vol. i. pp. 296-333.

[2] The work "On the Blood and Inflammation" was brought out in 1794, the year after the author's death.

master had raised the art of surgery to the rank of a science. Its principles were applicable to all "the ills that flesh is heir to," to "internal," or medical, as well as to "external" or surgical cases. It was in vain for Abernethy to protest against the logical consequence. The most successful applier of Hunterian doctrine could not drive away from the surgeon's door the physician's cases admitting of the Hunterian treatment with such happy results to the afflicted.

And what was the leisure left to Hunter for all these researches after the professional labours of the day? His private practice was at least equal to that of his most renowned contemporaries. He was surgeon to a great London hospital, St. George's; here he was distinguished by the pains he took to explain to the students the character and symptoms of the cases and the "rationale" of his treatment. They followed Hunter through the wards in crowds. The other surgeons were comparatively deserted. Circumstances that thereupon arose, led to the sudden death of the great man.[1]

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[1] See "Life" prefixed to the work "On the Blood and Inflammation." 4to. 1874, p. lxi.

Hunter, moreover, who had commenced his professional career in the army, became at the latter and most active period of his life its Surgeon General, and he was also Inspector-General of Hospitals. He allowed himself four hours' sleep by night, and a short nap after dinner. He rose early to his dissections, experiments, and preparation-making, and was so busied for a couple of hours, or more, prior to commencing the routine work of the day by the reception of his patients at half-past eight. His evenings were devoted to recording the thoughts and expanding the brief notes of the day.

The social obligations which Hunter's high position involved were mainly fulfilled, and admirably, by his accomplished wife, whose words are wedded to the music of the immortal canzonets of Haydn, the great composer of the period. The four-windowed drawing-room which still looks upon the renovated square was crowded weekly by the beauty, rank and fashion of the season.

My father-in-law has described to me the scene he often stayed to witness with sleep-laden eyes, when the master could no longer dictate, and issued from his study on the ground floor to

seek his much needed repose, on one of Mrs. Hunter's reception nights. With difficulty stemming the social stream on the staircase he would stop to give a kindly greeting to the beauty of the year, had a smart reply to the passing joke of the man of fashion, or a more serious response to the question of an administrator, all hurrying away to some later gathering westward, while the weary philosopher sought to lay his head upon the pillow.

Many readers of my friend's account of the classic locality may yet wish to know, more definitely, in what way they and their fellow men have been or may be directly benefited by the labours of such a life. To give an instance from the many for which surgeons and anatomists revere the memory of John Hunter, I select one which exemplifies the unlooked-for application of his seemingly out-of-the-way researches.

"Aneurism" is the name given to a painful and dangerous malady, which consists in the dilatation or giving way of the coats of an artery, producing a pulsating tumour. A common seat

of this tumour is in the ham, when it is called "popliteal aneurism." Death so frequently followed the old remedy, excision of the tumour, that Pott, surgeon to St. Bartholemew's Hospital, recommended amputation of the thigh, and the surgical world acknowledged the improvement due to Potts' great experience and sagacity.

Hunter, in the course of observations and experiments on the growth and shedding of the horns of deer had noted the capacity or property of arteries to enlarge as well as contract permanently, or for a long period, according to what he termed the "stimulus of necessity." To put a ligature round the great artery of the limb which, by its diseased state in the ham, produced the aneurismal tumour, might have occurred to other surgeons, besides Hunter, as one way of preventing the blood getting into the pulsating tumour. But then the cutting off the supply of blood to the whole limb presented itself to their minds as an insuperable objection: mortification would surely follow. So complete an anatomist as Hunter knew that there were minute anastomosing arteries forming a bye-

course of communication from the part of the femoral artery above the tumor to the continuation of the artery below it. Supposing that the small intercommunicating channels should dilate and permanently enlarge, then they might be able to convey the requisite supply for the nourishment of the limb which the ligature round the trunk of the femoral artery would cut off.

Hunter explained the predicament to an hospital patient with popliteal aneurism, who had to choose between excision of the tumour with most probable death, amputation of the limb, or a possible cure by a new operatión of much less pain, followed, in that issue, by neither loss of life or limb. The man consented : the operation was successful : warmth returned to the leg within forty-eight hours of the arrest of the blood's flow through the main artery. The tumour in the ham at once collapsed, and ultimately was reduced to a small elongate mass of firmly coagulated blood. Hunter's patient walked out of the hospital cured.

The reputation of Abernethy and Astley Cooper was based upon the daring and success-

ful operations on other and larger arteries which they were emboldened to perform in the manner and on the principle suggested by their great master in surgery.

RICHARD OWEN.

Chapter XV.

OTHER FAMOUS SURGEONS IN THE SQUARE: CRUIKSHANK AND CHARLES BELL.

HUNTER was not the only famous surgeon of his time in Leicester Square. A contemporary, who succeeded him as lecturer on anatomy, and after Hewson, as partner in the school of his brother, Dr. Hunter, in Windmill Street, was William Cruikshank, born in Edinburgh in 1748, and who died here in 1800. He shared with John Hunter the reputation of being one of the profoundest anatomists of his generation, but his work shows no indication of the same far-reaching view over the common ground of medical and surgical science. His connection with Dr. Hunter brought him into friendly relations with Sir Joshua's circle. He was, besides, Sir Joshua's next-door neighbour, and had his warm support

in 1783 as a candidate for the Professorship of Anatomy to the Academy on Dr. Hunter's death, when Mr. Sheldon was elected. He attended both Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua through their last illnesses. Johnson's life could not have been prolonged by medical aid; but Malone seems to have had good reason for his suspicion that Sir Joshua might have been saved to his friends for some years by more skilful treatment. Cruikshank, who was his surgeon, treated the eye in which blindness first showed itself with local remedies; leeched, purged, and blistered his patient repeatedly and all in vain, for the pain and swelling in that part remained to the day of his death. Meanwhile, the depression, loss of appetite and strength, due to unsuspected disease of the liver, were not attended to, and must have been aggravated by this treatment. For three critical months no attempt was made to investigate the source of Sir Joshua's disease, or set on foot a thorough surgical examination of the patient. Dr. Blagden, secretary of the Royal Society, who had studied physic, was the only one conversant with the case who saw that some of the principal viscera were affected. At a

consultation, only a fortnight before Sir Joshua's death, the two physicians, who had uniformly declared that he had no organic ailment, agreed with Dr. Heberden and Dr. Carmichael Smith, that his liver was affected. The discovery came too late. I cannot help thinking that had John Hunter been called in earlier, the revelation of the mischief would not have been so long delayed. Cruikshank, little inferior to John Hunter as an operating surgeon or even as an anatomist, so far as the human body was concerned, had not the power of sagacious induction founded on Hunter's well extended knowledge of the nature of life, health and disease, which would have enabled him to read Sir Joshua's symptoms aright.

The reversion of Dr. Hunter's museum was left to Mr. Cruikshank after the death of Dr. Baillie, for thirty years, when it was to pass to the University of Glasgow, with a large fund for its endowment. It was in the end transferred to Glasgow before that time; and the school in Windmill Street was carried on by Dr. Wilson, till in 1812 it was transferred to Charles Bell, the real successor of the Hunters.

Bell might well have supplied the subject of another bust, as an illustrious inhabitant of Leicester Square. There is no more interesting or lovable personality among the British men of science, than that of the famous discoverer of the pregnant, and till his time unsuspected, distinction of the nerves of sensation and motion, a discovery deserving to be classed, in the opinion of Müller, the famous German physiologist, with Harvey's of the circulation of the blood.

One of the most animated pictures of the struggle of a sanguine, high-spirited aspirant for distinction and fame—distinction to be won by good service to science and fame to be honourably deserved—is to be found in the early letters of Charles Bell to his brother. They reveal a loving, ardent, and imaginative temperament, in vivid contrast with the somewhat saturnine roughness of Hunter, though the two men are so like in their single-minded devotion to their work, and their scorn of all base arts of popularity, and low roads to success. Charles Bell united the artist and poet with the philosopher and surgeon. In Hunter the germs only of the

former character existed, but the germs, I think, were there.

Charles Bell was one of three remarkable brothers; John, the eldest, almost, if not quite, as entitled to be called the father of scientific surgery in Edinburgh, as Hunter in London; and George, an advocate and Professor of Law in Edinburgh University, author of the best books on the Law of Scotland yet written. Charles had been from an early age associated with his brother John as lecturer. It was the assurance of power, thus tested, in his friends' conviction as well as his own, that urged him in 1804 to throw himself on the great world of London, without means, friends, or interest. The first house he ventured to take, after an interval of life in lodgings, was on the west side of Leicester Street, Leicester Square, two doors from Lisle Street. It was of this bold venture he wrote:[1]—

"Coming to London with the resolution to fix myself here was certainly a desperate measure, for I had formed no friends, and absolutely did not know a human creature. When I consider the few introductions I had, to men who

[1] On the margin of Pettigrew's memoir of him.

could be of no assistance to me, I look back with something like a renewal of the despair I then felt. My first object was to introduce myself to the several schools, with the expectation of being taken as assistant by one or other of the chief teachers. Cline and Cooper[1] were lecturing in the Borough, Abernethy, with his assistant, Macartney, in St. Bartholomew's, Sir W. Blizard and Mr. Headington in the London Hospital, and Mr. Wilson in Windmill Street in the school of the Hunters.

"I could see a great deal was to be done, but where to find a resting-place? How show my capacity for teaching or illustrating my profession? These days of unhappiness and suffering tended greatly to fortify me, so that nothing afterwards could come amiss, nothing but death could bring me to a condition of suffering such as I then endured. There was a little romance with it too. I found myself so cut off from the society I should have wished to cultivate, and which I thought I deserved, and so alone in the world, that I entertained myself with fancies as to what set of people, and what family, and what place it was likely Providence was to unite me to.

"In short, I believe I was as romantic as any young man could be, though the prevailing cast of my mind was to gain better celebrity and independence by science. And perhaps this was the most extravagant fancy of all. I never thoroughly hated London while I could love myself in it. I had a pleasure in wandering through streets I did

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[1] It is noteworthy how entirely, by this time, the pupils of John Hunter had come to the front, and were controlling the whole surgical teaching of the capital. These men were all regular attendants on his lectures at St. George's.

not know; but at last it appeared to me to consist of insignificant parts almost indefinitely multiplied.

"I was not idle, however, all this time. I had a subject of study always with me. I was preparing my anatomy of expression, and made some anatomical studies in the Westminster Hospital.

"I could not help regretting the noble fields that were everywhere around me for exertion in my profession, and which I found closed against me. One night I resolved to return to Edinburgh. I went to the opera, to leave the last pleasant impression of London. I could dwell upon my feelings of that night, but few could sympathize with them, and next morning I resolved to remain in London. I took a large ruinous house in Leicester Square, formerly inhabited by Speaker Onslow.[1] When I went with my surveyor to examine it, I was somewhat appalled by his account. He was a great John Bull, rough fellow. Leaning out of the window, and observing the walls out of their perpendicular, he said, in a coarse, familiar manner, 'Sir, you had better have nine bastard children than this house over your head!'

"In taking this step, I was conscious I must withdraw myself from such society as I could have loved; and here I gave myself up exclusively to the teaching of anatomy.

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[1] Onslow occupied the chair of the House of Commons for thirty-three years, from 1727 to 1760, with a reputation for ability, impartiality and integrity surpassed by none of his many distinguished predecessors or successors in that high office. Respecters of the decency and dignity of parliamentary debate should revere the memory of Arthur Onslow.

Such were my miscalculations that my expectations of a large class were sadly disappointed—it was years before I had forty pupils to lecture to.

"When I got into this house, the first night I slept in it, I had put out the candle and was leaping into bed, when the floor gave way under my feet, and I found I had displaced the board. On examining this in the morning, I discovered a tube under the loose board—it was the house where the invisible girl exhibited.[1]

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[1] Here is one of her original bills :—

"The Invisible Lady,
or
Delphic Oracle,
is now open,
No. 1. Leicester Square,

Where in a small Temple, impossible for human being to enter, and unconnected with any surrounding object, will proceed a voice, supposed to be manner in which

The Ancients Communicated with their Gods.

And which will even describe the dress, nation, or any particular, and so completely deceiving the senses as to appear the Effect of Magic.

And there will also be produced, as if by Enchantment,

Music

From the softest to the highest note, close to the Ear, in this philosophical and highly pleasing Exhibition. Admittance one shilling.

Open from Ten in the Morning till Nine in the Evening, Sundays excepted."

(From a copy in Gardner's collection).

"A man brought up as I had been in Scotland has certain notions of respectability, which are very strong and very peculiar. I don't know that at any time I was more depressed than when I found the sort of house I had got

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The voice was produced by an ingenious arrangement of tubes carried from a girl in another room to the light pillars and canopy of the so-called "temple." The simple trick had an immense success.

The house seems to have been used for such exhibitions. Here "the much admired Chinese jugglers from the Court of Pekin" performed "for the first time" feats then quite new, now very, very stale, as may be seen from their bill, as follows :—

1st. Throwing about three gilt balls in various directions, with amazing velocity, making them form circles of every denomination round the head, neck, legs, arms, &c. horizontal, perpendicular, elliptic, &c. which to the eye appears a perfect ring.

2nd. Tossing up a large china basin to the ceiling, and catching it sideways upon the flat of the hand, then turning it upside down in various ways, making it appear to the beholder as if glued to the hand. A very wonderful feat!

3rd. The magical china cups. This is a feat entirely of sleight of hand, which creates great wonder and amusement.

4th. From under a green carpet, on which the performers walk, and where it appears impossible that anything can be concealed, an immense flowerpot is produced, and afterwards a large basin is exhibited (as if by magic) full of water. This is a feat that has puzzled first-rate magicians to account for, and none could ever yet discover the means by which it is accomplished.

possession of; but it was one of those absurd errors into which a stranger in London falls. Before taking it, I had been provoked with the opinion of everybody I consulted about my plans, their lowest estimate being that of £10,000 to set me going. Even yet I am not rich enough to boast of my poverty."

5th. Several very curious and diverting evolutions are performed with three small sticks, which are well worth the closest attention.

6th. Upon an empty china plate a shower of nuts is made to fall from an empty handkerchief!

7th. With eight solid brass rings, in none of which can any break be discovered, one of the artists performs several very curious tricks, namely, separating them, and exhibiting, nay, handing them about singly for inspection among the visitors, and then at one touch linking them together in various forms, sometimes like a chain, a pair of spectacles, a globe, &c. &c.; then, with talismanic influence, shaking them asunder on the floor.

8th. A large china bowl is thrown aloft and caught in its descent bottom downwards, on the point of a small stick, where it is spun and tossed about with great velocity, to all appearance with a certainty of destruction.

9th. Several astonishing feats are performed with three large knives, which are flung about with equal velocity with the balls, and caught in such a way as to require great steadiness of nerve to behold, without apprehension for the safety of the performer.

10th. At each end of a long cord or bowstring is attached a large brass ball: with this cord and ball they perform the most extraordinary activity and management that can be conceived. He makes these balls fly round in

And all this time his letters to his brother put the best and bravest face on things. All that looked so black and sad in his retrospect of that solitary struggle, is painted to his beloved George with a pencil dipped in *couleur de rose.* In this tumble-down house, Charles Bell commenced his lectures, set up his museum, received his first pupils, and only left it in 1811, for his happy married home, at 34, Soho Square. It was in the Leicester Square house that he gave to the world the first edition of his "Anatomy of Expression," and delivered his first lectures to

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every opposite direction, each forming a separate and distinct circle, he himself holding the cord in only one hand at the middle. This display is very extraordinary and surprising.

11th. One of the performers eats a quantity of cut paper, blazing on fire, which he afterwards, apparently with great pain, discharges from his mouth and nostrils in smoke and real flames. He then draws from his mouth at least one hundred yards of white riband, and afterwards as many more yards of red riband. This is a very wonderful feat.

12th. A great quantity of the shreds of white paper is cut small, and put in a basin of water covered up, which on removing the cover is discovered to be a perfect string of red paper of nearly a hundred yards.

(Bill in Gardner's collection.)

artists on the connection of art with anatomy, which with his book ought to have secured for him the Anatomical Chair of the Academy on the death of Sheldon in 1808, when Carlile was elected, to the misfortune, if not discredit, of the Academy. There has been no man before or since so qualified for this particular chair by his combination of artistic feeling and anatomical knowledge, as Charles Bell. It was here, that on the 10th of March, 1810, he writes to tell his brother that he "really thinks he is going to establish his anatomy of the brain, on facts the most important that have been discovered in the history of the science;" and goes on to set forth, briefly but distinctly, the central idea of his great discovery of the distinction of function in the posterior and anterior sets of nerves, which was first publicly formulated in print in his papers read before the Royal Society in 1821. It was in 1811, the year of his happy marriage with his devoted wife, who still survives, that Charles Bell became the head of the school of Dr. Hunter in Windmill Street, thus uniting our two greatest names in anatomical and physiological science. Bell's discovery in the

mysterious field of nervous action entitles him to as high a place among the scientific worthies of Leicester Square as John Hunter himself. He died of the same disease as John Hunter, *angina pectoris,* on the 27th of April, 1842.

Chapter XVI.

THE SHOWS OF THE SQUARE.

THE most remarkable of these dates back to 1771, in which year Mr. (afterwards Sir) Ashton Lever, of Alkrington, near Manchester, removed from his country seat there, to Leicester House, his large and really curious museum, which was exhibited there till its removal, shortly before his death, in 1788. He called his collection the "Holophusikon," as embracing the whole of nature. It included quadrupeds, birds, fishes, shells, corals, fossils, implements, arms and dresses of savage nations, antiquities, and other curiosities of every conceivable kind. Nothing seems to have come amiss to this most indefatigable and miscellaneous of collectors. His life is a curious illustration of

the collecting mania. The fullest biography[1] of him I have been able to find, tells us that—

"He was the eldest son of Sir Darcey Lever, knight, of old family. His father dying when he was twelve, left him to the care of an excellent mother. From his school-days, his passion for excelling was shown. He always had the greatest quantity of marbles, the largest top, and the highest pair of stilts. As he grew older, his horses were the best managed, his dogs the best taught, and his horsemanship not to be excelled. At Oxford he is still remembered for his horsemanship, as well amongst the gentlemen of the university as the several persons who obtain their livelihood by letting out these animals.

"Leaving Oxford for his paternal seat, the turn for natural history began to show itself by his collecting live birds. At one time he had nearly 4,000; and we are informed he frequently rode from London to Alkrington, with cages full of birds, which he brought safe by holding them with a full-stretched arm, and galloping till the arm was tired, and then stopping to change hands. He had, at the same time, the best trained pack of beagles in his neighbourhood, and pointers in such perfection, that he is known to have had fifteen in the field all making a point at the same instant. He had frequently five or six hunters at the same time, all lying down and rising at the word of command, fetching, carrying, opening and shutting doors, and many other tricks. He was equally successful with the feathered tribe. He has taught a bullfinch to fly from its cage and light upon the hand of its master, sing one of its tunes at the word of command, and fly back to its cage as

[1] In the "European Magazine" for August, 1784.

directed; a goose, who has been managed in such a manner as to perform, in part, the office of a servant, and wait behind his chair at table, with a napkin under its wing. He always allowed his grooms to teach his method of managing his horses to any one who desired to see and learn it.

About 1760, Sir Ashton, being at Margate, was in the habit of picking up curious shells, which a gentleman observing, informed him of a quantity of curious foreign shells to be sold at Dunkirk. He immediately hired a boat, and sailed to France, where he purchased the whole cargo, consisting of several hogsheads, which he sent down into the country. With these he commenced his grand pursuits. Fossils, both native and extraneous, together with shells, took up for some time his whole attention. Many of his rare birds he gave to his friends, and made a kind of gaol delivery of the rest. At this period, stuffed birds had not been objects of his notice; but on viewing the collection exhibited in Spring Gardens, he determined to rival and exceed that in as high a degree as he had already obtained the superiority over any other museum [in shells and fossils, presumably].

All these pursuits, thus far, were entirely for his own amusement. But the celebrity of his collection began to draw after it a large expense. Parties from all quarters came to visit it; and such was his natural disposition to give pleasure, that he admitted not only his particular friends, but their acquaintances, both to the sight of his museum and the entertainment of his table. The great crowds which daily flocked to his house obliged him, at last, to fix upon one day in the week only for the entertainment of the public at large; and some thousands, we are told, have been gratified on those days. At length, he found it necessary to contract the number of his visitors

still more, and exclude those who should come on foot. This he notified in the Manchester newspapers. Soon after this regulation, a party came, who, according to the rules laid down, could not be admitted; but one of the gentlemen, in order to obviate the objection, mounted a cow in a neighbouring lane, and rode back to the house, where he soon procured admission for himself and his friends. Among his visitors were many of the first nobility, who frequently recommended him not to bury his collection in an obscure corner of the kingdom, and pressed him to remove it to London, in order that it might be of public utility. Some of them promised him patronage in the strongest terms. (Too credulous Sir Ashton!) He at length acceded to their proposals, contrary to the opinion of his relatives, and particularly of his mother, who, we are informed, never could be brought to approve the plan. Had he been encouraged in the manner he had every reason to expect, it is probable he would have been able to collect every bird and quadruped in the known world, as all gentlemen who came to see him, and had any connection in foreign countries, wished to contribute something to his collection."

So poor Ashton Lever, who seems to have had no other design in his collection than to outstrip all collections on record, hired Leicester House, in 1771, and opened it to the public at 5*s*. 3*d*. a head (afterwards reduced to half-a-crown); with annual tickets at two guineas, and family tickets at five. Alas, he soon found, like all exhibitors who attempt to blend instruction with amusement, that the day-visitors were few, and the

annual ticket-holders still fewer.[1] After keeping the exhibition open and liberally advertising it, he found himself compelled, in 1784, to apply to Parliament for permission to dispose of it by lottery. He estimated his expenditure on it at £50,000, and was empowered to issue 36,000 guinea tickets, of which one was to entitle the winner to the museum *en bloc*, the other subscribers receiving each four admissions.[2] I do not find that any famous scientific man gave evidence as to the value of the Museum before the committee; the best known witnesses are Sir William Hamilton and Baron Dimsdale, who having seen all the most famous collections in the European capitals put Sir Ashton's at their head.

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[1] Some wicked wit of the time parodied the Leverian Museum (in May, 1772) in what was advertised, at the Great Room in Prince's Street, as "The Drol-o-phusikon, a whimsical and original exhibition of sign-painting, designed by a well-known Dilettante, and executed by some of the first daubers in their way in the Kingdom." This was a burlesque of the Academy's exhibition, as well as Sir Ashton's Museum.

[2] In one of the final advertisements of his lottery Sir Ashton says that it had produced £1,833 admission money on the average of the last three years.

Dr. Johnson also, as we learn from Boswell, was in favour of its acquisition by the nation.

It seems to have been really a wonderful collection, to have been got together by one man in a few years. Among other treasures, Sir Ashton obtained in 1781 the bulk of the curiosities brought home from Cook's voyages; and perhaps many of those now in the British Museum may have been purchased at the final dispersion of his museum in 1806. It included above 26,000 objects, and filled sixteen rooms in Leicester House, besides the staircases.[1]

Only 8,000 tickets out of 36,000 issued under

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[1] This was its distribution:—1. The staircase: weapons of war of different nations, horns, bones, teeth and heads of animals, &c. 2. Native fossils, &c., birds (5,000 in number). 3. Extraneous fossils and birds. 4. Shells and birds. 5. Birds, beasts, and marbles. 6. Beasts, including hippopotamus, rhinoceros, and great ant-eater, with cases of insects. 7. Antiquities. 8. Birds, including the great bustard, penguin, birds of paradise, &c. 9. Birds of China and India. 10. Reptiles. 11. Fishes and corals. 12. Monkeys. 13. Ostriches and miscellanea. 14. Dresses of various nations. 15. Otaheite room. 16. Club room: warlike weapons of savage tribes. 17. The Sandwich Islands room, a continuation of Otaheite room; besides an out-house with the elephant and zebra, which when alive belonged to Her Majesty.

the Act were taken. The lottery was drawn in March, 1786. The winner was a Mr. Parkin son, who built the Rotunda[1] in Albion Place, at the southern end of Blackfriars Bridge—containing sixteen rooms—for its reception, to which he removed the contents of Leicester House at the end of 1787, some two months before the death of poor Sir Ashton—beggared, I fear, by his enterprise. The title was changed from the Holophusikon to the Museum Leverianum, under which name Dr. Shaw, the naturalist, published prints of some of its con, tents, in parts, and delivered lectures on natural history in the building. The price of admission was subsequently reduced to a shilling, but all in vain. The proprietors, in 1806, were compelled to announce that their long-continued efforts for the preservation of the museum must cease, and the collection[2] was dispersed in a sale

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[1] The colossal statue of the King, executed by Mrs. Damer for the Register House, Edinburgh, was exhibited here in 1793, "with the superb addition of a crown and sceptre of exquisite workmanship, the performance of Mr. Vulliamy."

[2] Of which Pennant made extensive use for his "History of Quadrupeds and Birds."

which lasted sixty-five days from May 5.[1] Sixteen years before this, in 1790, Leicester House had been pulled down, after it had passed away from the Sidneys, in 1789, by the sale, under direction of Chancery, which transferred it to the Tulk family. Some six years after Leicester place was erected on its site.

Sir Ashton seems to have been a thoroughly kind-hearted and simple-minded man. In one of his advertisements he says of himself, "The pleasure of pleasing is the only true pleasure I ever knew, nor would everything the world would produce give me delight without sharers in my enjoyment." He was knighted, I presume by way of recompense for the sacrifice of his fortune in forming his collection; and whatever may have

[1] The Rotunda, after the sale of the museum, was occupied for many years by the library, apparatus, &c., of the Surrey Institution. In 1826 it was the "Rotunda Wine-rooms, with professional singing and music in the Rotunda every Tuesday and Thursday evening." In 1832 I find the advertisement of "A course of Moral and Philosophical Lectures by a Lady from the Country." A licence as a concert room was refused in 1836. It came down at last to something very much like a penny gaff, in which lowest phase of degradation I remember it. No trace of it now remains.

been his weaknesses, his sheet of directions, issued for the use of all who were willing to add to his collection, as travellers, sailors, soldiers on foreign service, residents abroad, &c., must have been useful in adding to the stock of current information in natural science.

It would be interesting to know how far the *disjecta membra* of Sir Ashton's Holophusikon have helped to complete and enrich more systematic and scientific museums at home and abroad.

One kind and patriotic act of Sir Ashton's deserves to be preserved from oblivion—his suggestion to the gentlemen concerned in raising the Royal Manchester Volunteers to send a sloop loaded with potatoes to accompany the fleet dispatched to the relief of Gibraltar, for distribution among the troops who had held the rock through Eliott's memorable defence.

> "This would convince our brave fellows," writes Sir Ashton, "that they are not entirely forgot by those who had a hand in bringing them into their present situation, in which they have behaved with so much credit to themselves and honour to their country."

Sir Ashton subscribed as well as suggested,

and the subscription list was filled up and the sloop loaded and dispatched at once.

Nearly on the site of the "Feathers" Public-House,—one of Hogarth's favourite houses of call,—at Nos. 2 and 3 on the east side Leicester Place, Charles Dibdin, in 1796, built in twelve weeks a little theatre for the entertainments which he was then giving singlehanded, calling it the "Sans Souci," a title borrowed from the room which he had previously occupied in the Strand, near Exeter Change. Dibdin was at this time sixty-three years old, and had been before the town as actor, dramatist, song-writer, composer, and entertainer for nearly thirty years. His performance of Mungo in the "Padlock" had first made him the rage in 1768. He had since then worked indefatigably at first as actor, afterwards as dramatist and composer under Rich's management at Covent Garden, Garrick's at Drury Lane, and Harris's at Covent Garden again.[1] He had then started and carried on successfully for a few years the Circus (on the site of the Surrey Theatre), as a house for spectacle and ballet,

[1] The "Waterman" and the "Quaker" are good examples of his clever and amusing operettas.

combined with equestrian performances. Since 1789, he had been entertaining the town with a performance entirely of his own, both in design and execution, a medley of anecdote and song, woven together by the slightest thread, something like Mathews's "At Homes," without the changes of costume. In these entertainments,[1] or in his operettas, were given to the town, from time to time, those sea songs, which have immortalized their author. Charles Dibdin really found a voice for the British sailor; doing something more like the work of a Tyrtæus for our tars than any lyrist since the days of the Spartan bard. Of the more famous of Dibdin's sea-songs, the only one I find produced in the course of his Leicester Place entertainments is "My Name, d'ye see's Tom Tough."[2]

Attached to the theatre was a music-shop, where Dibdin sold his own songs, the profits of

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[1] Given, in 1789, at a room in King Street, Covent Garden; thence removed, in 1791, to Exeter Place, Strand; and finally, in 1796, to Leicester Fields.

[2] "Tom Bowling," "Grog," "Poor Jack," "Saturday Night at Sea," "Heaving the Lead," and a host of others now less known, were then part of every tenor singer's *répertoire*.

which had been originally absorbed by the music-sellers. But the proceeds of his entertainments and his songs together were barely enough to keep the wolf from the door; and in 1805, when he closed his theatre, he was glad to accept a Government pension,—and surely never was one more fairly earned—of £200. One is ashamed to find that this was stopped for a while under the Grenville administration, but restored in 1807 by the Duke of Portland. Dibdin died in 1813. He seems to have been a touchy, improvident man, always in quarrels and difficulties; but he had great inventiveness for stage purposes, and genuine inspiration as a song-writer and composer. The words of 600 songs are published in the four volumes of his "Professional Life" (1803), and they are only a selection. His airs are original, melodious, and pathetic. Of no British song-writer, except Moore and Burns, have so many songs survived, or are worthy of surviving. He created the British Sailor of Song, as T. P. Cooke was his creator on the stage. For this, if for nothing else, he well deserves a place of honour among the worthies of Leicester Square.

After the Holophusikon, the most memorable exhibition of last generation in Leicester Fields was Miss Linwood's gallery of pictures in needle-work, first opened at the Pantheon in 1787, transferred to the Hanover Square Rooms in March, 1798; . . . and removed thence to Savile House on February 14, 1806, where it finally came to the hammer on April 23, 1846. Perhaps Madame Tussaud's Waxworks promise to be as long-lived, but with that exception, what metropolitan exhibition has lasted forty-seven years, and only ended with the death of the exhibitor at ninety? These copies were sixty-four in number, of celebrated pictures of modern and ancient masters, executed in coloured worsteds upon linen. The artist had completed two or three of them before she was twenty, and finished the last at seventy-five.

She was a Leicestershire lady of good family and some fortune, who from her girlhood had employed herself in copying pictures with the needle. Her copies attracted great admiration when first exhibited and were duly patronized by royalty and aristocracy; but I find that before 1806, when they were removed to Leicester Square, the collection

was burdened with a debt of nearly £600, which gave the poor lady much trouble. In 1806 she contrived to buy or lease a wing of Savile House, adding the two large rooms which contained the principal part of her collection, and thereby giving rise to the celebrated Chancery suit of Page[1] *v.* Linwood, which lasted forty years. I have still a dim and somewhat awe-stricken remembrance of this exhibition, which had about it a relish of venerable antiquity very impressive to the youthful mind. In the long gallery hung with scarlet and approached by an imposing flight of steps, you saw Jephthah's Rash Vow, and Eloisa, after Opie; The Fox stealing from Shelter, an original; A Stable: Pigs and Dogs at Play, after Morland; St. Peter, after Guido; The Gleaner, after Westall; Virgil's Tomb, Mount Vesuvius, and the Cottage in Flames, after Wright; Sir Joshua's King Lear, Laughing Girl, and Girl and Kitten; Gainsborough's Shepherd in a Storm and Cottage Children with an Ass; Carlo Dolci's David, and Lawrence Smith's Litter of Foxes at Play. Then came a mysterious

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[1] Mr. Page was the architect of the altered Savile House.

and darkling passage, like a corridor in the Castle of Otranto, with entrances to prison cells, where you peeped in at Northcote's Hubert and Arthur, and Lady Jane Grey visited by Abbot Feckenham and the Lieutenant of the Tower. Then, by way of contrast, you looked in through a cottage window at Gainsborough's Children Warming themselves at the Fire. A recess hard by showed Westall's Gleaner and Child and Gainsborough's Woodman, both sheltering from the storm. Next yawned a gloomy cavern with a terrible Tigress and a Lion and Lioness after Stubbs; while through another opening of the same cave you saw a bright sea breaking on a rocky shore. From this succession of sensations the youthful visitor was thankful to emerge on "the Scriptural Room"—part of the original Savile House, —where were copies of the Salvator Mundi of Carlo Dolci; the Madonna della Seggiola, Raphael; and the Dead Christ with the Two Maries, after Ludovico Caracci. I have often wondered how this ancient exhibition held on as if linked by some spell to the life of its venerable mistress. Within thirteen months after she died, the collection came to the hammer of Christie and Manson (on April

23rd, 1846) in sixty-one lots, bought chiefly by dealers,[1] and Linwood's Gallery closed for ever.

The premises were soon refitted and opened for all sorts of exhibitions.[2]

First, under the title of "Walhalla," came Madame Warton's "Unequalled Tableaux Vivants" and "Poses Plastiques" (between 1846-8), with a great parade of art in the bills, and a studious avoidance of all indecency of phrase. Next to her bills, in Mr. Gardner's Collections, I find appended, as if by way of moral, the application for protection to the Bankruptcy Commissioners of Joseph Warton, describing himself as an artist's model and proprietor of the Walhalla for the exhibition of Poses Plastiques; Risley's Panorama of the Mississippi and Gompertz's Panorama of the

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[1] Jephthah's Rash Vow fetched 16 guineas; The Shepherd Boy, £17 6*s.* 6*d.*; The Ass and Children, £23 2*s.*; Morland's Stable, £32 11*s.*; Miss Linwood's portrait, after Russell, 18 guineas; The Judgment on Cain, £64 1*s.*; Gainsborough's Woodman in a Storm, £31 1*s.* 6*d.*; his Cottage Children, £15 15*s.*; Hubert and Arthur, £36 15*s.* (the original was last sold for less than £2 more); Barker's Woodman, £29 8*s.*; Sir Joshua's Girl and Kitten, £10 15*s.*; Northcott's Lady Jane Grey, £24 13*s.*; Ruysdael's Waterfall, £47 3*s.*; Carlo Maratti's Nativity, £21; The Dead Christ, £14; The Madonna della Seggiola, bought in at £38 17*s.*; the whole produced less than £1,000. Miss Linwood's copies were performances of rare excellence, and, as the last elaborate examples of needlework by a gentlewoman, deserve this farewell notice.

[2] Gardner's Collection gives a very full set of their bills, to which I am indebted for my list.

Arctic Regions (1849); Cambon's grand moving panorama of Paris, Versailles, and St. Cloud, and Charles Marshall's "Grand Tour of Europe" (1851), precede "The Lapland Giantess, 7 feet 2 inches in height, and her companion, dressed in the picturesque costume of their country (1851);" "Joseph Gantonio, the young Italian giant, 7 feet 7 inches high, 5 feet 5 inches round the waist, can span 14¾ inches, and cover a crown piece with his thumb;" black opera bouffe, by real negroes direct from the cotton fields of America (1851); Collection of Greek and Etruscan Antiquities" (1852); May, 1852, Madame Fortunne and her child, "a bearded lady, native of Geneva, and has received a most brilliant education. The beard is jet black, reaching from one ear to the other, yet without impairing her beauty. She will approach all who honour her with their company, and give an account of her birth and the motives which have induced her to quit her country."

Cantelo's egg-hatching apparatus was a fixture here from 1849 to 1852, and in the latter year came out Mons. Auguste Reinham's "Industrious Fleas, whose extraordinary performances have received the distinguished patronage of the continental sovereigns. These surprising little creatures consist of a troupe of one hundred, who, after the most unwearied perseverance, have been taught to go through a variety of performances truly wonderful, of which the following form the principal features:—

1. The Ball Room, in which two ladies and two gentlemen dance a polka. The orchestra is composed of fifteen musicians, playing on different instruments of proportionate size. Four having a game at whist. A little brunette on a sofa is flirting with a fashionable beau, while her mamma's mind is intensely engaged in the politics of a newspaper.

The saloon is lighted by three elegant chandeliers. The performers in this as in all the following pieces are fleas, dressed and instructed according to their respective tasks, &c., &c., &c." [An excellent specimen of show-bill literature.]

A really fine collection of arms and armour of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, principally Italian, including a russet and gold suit of Galeazzo Visconti, sold here by Christie and Manson, May 13, 1852; Brees's colonial panorama of New Zealand; living marionette theatre (1853); German troupe of antique athletic sports, headed by Professor Krosso, the strongest man in the world; Reimer's anatomical and ethnological museum (several hundred preparations in wax, so arranged as to impart a clear view of the delicate construction of the human body), the predecessor of Kahn's museum, perhaps the same collection under another name; George Payne's "Nights in the Land of Gold" (1854); Montanari's royal exhibition of waxwork models (1855).

I find among these exhibitions, but without a date to fix the year, one, that must have been really interesting, of Louis David's pictures, including Mars Disarmed by Venus and the Graces, Andromache Lamenting the Death of Hector, Napoleon Crossing Mont St. Bernard, The Death of Marat, Stabbed by Charlotte Corday,[1] Napoleon in his Coronation Robes; with drawings of The Oath of the *Jeu de Paume;* portrait of Marat in pen and ink; Napoleon's Arrival at the Hôtel de Ville, and His Distribution of Eagles to the Army; and two large books of sketches in Indian ink.

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[1] Exhibited not long ago in the French Gallery in Bond Street.

Besides Miss Linwood's gallery, Savile House for most of this century was the home of a constant succession of other shows, many of them more modern successors of De Loutherbourg's ingenious Eidophusikon, in which natural phenomena of light, and changes of weather, storm, calm, thunder and lightning, &c., were imitated on a small scale, but with wonderful effect. De Loutherbourg was the father of modern scenic illusion, and used to try in his little Eidophusikon show-box in Panton Street, the stage machinery afterwards employed for Drury Lane. I find even the name borrowed for later exhibitions of the same character. I can myself remember, as a boy, one of these "Theatres of Art," as they were called in the provinces. Théodon was the name of the proprietor. I suppose these shows pass from hand to hand, either bodily or by transfer of the secrets of their machinery through the workmen and attendants employed to make or "work" it. I find in all these Leicester Square bills exactly the incidents which delighted my youthful mind in M. Théodon's "Theatre of Arts" some fifty years ago. There is—

The Island of St. Helena, with a Revenue cutter chasing a smuggler. Arrival of the British fleet. Carts loaded for market. The City of Naples, with Mount Vesuvius. Swans in the Bay. Climbing a "mât de cocagne." Napoleon and his staff on horseback. Huntsman shooting a hare. Buonaparte with his army crossing the Alps. The whole concluding with the storm at sea, and the rescue of the drowning mariners.

Sometimes Naples becomes Constantinople, and Napoleon and his staff gives place to the Sultan and his suite; but the foreground incidents remain unchanged—the donkey still throws his rider, the sportsman still brings down his game, and the thrilling storm at sea still makes the climax of the show. One bill announces a most elaborate representation of the escape of Queen Mary from Lochleven, quite worthy of De Loutherbourg:—

"The scene opens on a summer's afternoon, with fishing boats on the lake. Peasants passing to and from Kinross. The abbot, disguised as a soldier, making signals for a boat to take him to the castle. Then come the travelling tinker, swan, sportsman, stock interludes, with low comedy business, good for a laugh, but having nothing to do with Lochleven. Then evening and night, with gradations of light and effects. Moonlight. Signal lights at the Castle, answered from the cottage on the shore. Firing from the now alarmed garrison. The boat carrying the Queen to the landing place. And, finally, the Queen on horseback, escaping from the scene of her confinement."

All this reads like one of those scenes of De Loutherbourg's invention, on which Gainsborough looked with delight, and did not scorn occasionally to paint for.

But the really historical show of Leicester Square, after Miss Linwood's, was Burford's Panorama, now also numbered with things of the past, and to my mind a real loss, ill-supplied by the ever-increasing swarm of picture exhibitions. The premises were at the north-east corner of the Square, near the end of Cranbourne Street, erected in 1793 by subscription. But this was four years after the panorama had been invented and exhibited by its ingenious painter, Robert Barker, who hit upon the thought while sketching Edinburgh from the Calton Hill. Putting up his sketching umbrella, and looking at the beautiful view around, the thought occurred to him of treating the spectator as the centre of a circle, and painting the picture round him on a curved surface, with appropriate treatment of the perspective. The first advertisement is dated March 9, 1789; the place, No. 28, Haymarket; the subject,

"Edinburgh, with the whole adjacent and surrounding country. The exhibition affords the spectator a complete prospect of the whole horizon as appearing from the top of the observatory on the Calton Hill, comprehending a circle of several hundred miles. The idea of this view is perfectly original (for which a patent is taken out), and the effect singular, original, and pleasing."

The picture had already been exhibited in Edinburgh. Its success in London, which Sir Joshua Reynolds had doubted, was immediate.

This ingenious exhibition deserved to become the rage, for it was founded on a really new idea. In 1791 the panorama of Edinburgh was succeeded by one of "London and Westminster, comprehending the three bridges, from the top of the late Albion Mill," and the place of exhibition was removed to 28, Castle Street.

"In June, 1793, the new building in Leicester Square which had three circles, the largest ninety feet in diameter and forty in height, opened with a view of the Grand Fleet moored off Spithead in the year 1791, with Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, and the sea. The exhibition of London at 28, Castle Street, continued open at the same time."

"In 1794 the subject was the 'Glorious First of June,' with a representation of every ship in the British and French fleets, as they appeared at one o'clock P.M. on that day. Captain Barlow, of the Pegasus, Lord Howe's repeating frigate, and Captain Seymour, who was signal officer with Captain Barlow at that time, having obligingly furnished Mr. Barker with a correct plan of the situations of every ship, taken the first moment they could be discovered from smoke, when the French fleet had fled from the English, and forming on the starboard tack, had commenced as they passed a heavy fire upon the Queen from nine sail of their line."

Since then, every war by sea and land, every

scene of interesting incident or discovery, every locality of special natural beauty, every great public ceremonial, has been illustrated in this vivid and ingenious pictorial invention, till the other day, when the Panorama buildings disappeared in the architectural changes of the neighbourhood. Its site is now occupied by a French chapel and schools.

Here have passed in succession before the eyes of the public, for more than seventy years, well painted and well composed pictures of the leading scenes of the earlier Eastern war, in which Wellington won his first laurels; all the great actions of Europe's conflict with Napoleon, closing with Waterloo; Lord Exmouth's bombardment of Algiers, the battle of Navarino, the siege of Antwerp, the final attack on Sebastopol, the siege of Delhi; and the wars in China. Here London was enabled to visit every scene made interesting by the discoverer, for all these years, from the Arctic regions penetrated by Franklin and Parry, to the mounds of Nineveh opened by Layard.[1]

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[1] I copy from Mr. Timbs's "Curiosities of London," this list of subjects exhibited since 1823:—

I am astonished at the activity and felicity in choice, not less than at the artistic ability which must have been expended on those exhibitions during the seventy years they continued to attract the town. I wonder they should ever

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1823. Coronation of George IV. Lausanne, Pompeii. 1824. Pompeii (second view). 1825. Edinburgh, Mexico. 1826. Madrid. 1827. Rio de Janeiro, Geneva. 1828. Navarino, Genoa. 1829. Sydney, Pandemonium, Constantinople. 1830. Calcutta, Amsterdam, Quebec. 1831. Hobart Town, Bombay, Florence. 1832. Milan, Stirling. 1833. Siege of Antwerp, Falls of Niagara. 1834. Boothia (North Pole), New York, Père la Chaise. 1835. Jerusalem, Thebes. 1836. Lima, Lago Maggiore. 1837. Mont Blanc, Dublin. 1838. New Zealand, Canton. 1839. Rome, the Coliseum, Malta. 1840. Versailles, Benares, Macao. 1841. Damascus, St. Jean d'Acre, Jerusalem. 1842. Battle of Waterloo, Cabul. 1843. Edinburgh, Baden-Baden, Coblentz, Treport. 1844. Hong-Kong, Baalbec, Naples. 1845. Nankin, Athens, Rouen. 1846. Constantinople, Sobraon. 1847. Cairo, Himalayas. 1848. Vienna, Paris. 1849. Pompeii, Switzerland from the Righi, Cashmere. 1850. Arctic Regions, Killarney, Lucerne. 1851. Niagara, Jerusalem, Lucerne. 1852. Salzburg, Battle of Waterloo. 1853. Granada, Mexico, The Bernese Alps, Constantinople. 1854. Berlin, Constantinople, with the combined Fleets, the Alps. 1855. The Battle of the Alma, with Berlin and the Bernese Alps. 1856. Sebastopol, at the moment of final attack, St. Petersburg. 1856-57-58. Delhi and Sierra Leone.

have ceased, for there is nothing to supply their place, unless it be the records of the illustrated papers, and they seem to me quite insufficient. I feel bound to express my own obligations to the Messrs. Burford, for much delight and many vivid impressions. Robert Barker, the inventor of the panorama, was succeeded by his son, Henry Aston Barker; on his retirement, John Burford, his pupil, became painter and proprietor, who was succeeded by his son, Robert Burford, the last proprietor.

But it seemed as if the climax in the way of exhibition had been reached, when, in 1851, Mr. Wylde, the geographer, conceived the idea of erecting in the garden of the square a great globe of 60 feet in diameter, occupying the central dome of a building which almost filled the whole enclosure,[1] leaving four large rooms for other exhibitions. The world was figured in relief on

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[1] Mr. Abrahams was the architect, Mr. Myers the builder. Mr. Wylde meant to buy, and bought, as he thought, the fee simple of the garden, but had afterwards to enter into an agreement to make over the ground to the Tulks on certain terms, if they exercised the option of re-purchase, and, in any case, to take down his buildings and restore the railings at the end of the ten years.

the inside of the globe, and viewed from galleries, at different elevations; from hour to hour a descriptive lecture was delivered. The Great Globe stood for ten years, and during this time became the centre of a swarm of historical and more or less ethnographical exhibitions. There was a diorama of the gold-fields, with casts of monster nuggets, and collections of Australian gold and minerals; a model of Sebastopol, on a scale of 9 in. to the mile; a diorama illustrative of the Indian Rebellion, showing the seat of war, in twenty-nine tableaux from Upper India, Lucknow, and Delhi; a moving diorama of Russia, including a tour of the Baltic and Black Seas, and panoramas of St. Petersburg and Moscow; a moving diorama of the tour from Blackwall to Balaklava, in forty-nine tableaux, by Mr. Charles Marshall; a museum of the people of the East, from Bulgaria to Affghanistan; models of Sebastopol, Cronstadt, Sveaborg, and the Baltic; a collection of Russian trophies taken during the war; and a military museum of all the armies of Europe. All this was accompanied with explanatory lectures, so that it is hardly to be wondered at if some enthusiastic individuals conceived the

idea of grafting on the Great Globe what they called a "Cosmos Institute," or universal ethnological museum and centre of instruction and intercommunication for all classes and races. But this great idea came to nothing, as ideas, great or small, without real roots, are sure to do; and Mr. Wylde, in 1861, took down his Great Globe, in pursuance of his agreement with the Tulks, one of whom had, in 1854, exercised his option of purchasing one half of the enclosure, so as to have the fee-simple divided between him and Wylde. This was the state of things when, in 1865, the garden being in a neglected state, the Metropolitan Board of Works took possession of it under 26 Vict. cap. 13.[1]

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[1] Which enacts, that when in any city or borough any enclosed garden or ornamental ground has been set apart, otherwise than by the revocable permission of the owner thereof, in any public square, &c., for the use and enjoyment of the inhabitants thereof, and where the trustees, or other body appointed for the care of the same, have neglected to keep it in proper order, or where such ground has not been vested or placed under the management of trustees, &c., for the care of the same, and, from want of such care or any other cause, has been neglected, the Metropolitan Board of Works, when, &c. . . shall take charge of the same. . . .

The representatives of the Tulk family brought an action against the Board as trespassers, when it was held by the Court that the garden had never been set apart for the use or enjoyment of the inhabitants otherwise than by the revocable permission of the owner, and that therefore the Act did not apply, and the Board were trespassers. Out of the case so decided on November 15, 1867, have grown the subsequent dealings with the enclosure, which have ended in its purchase by Baron Albert Grant, M.P., and his handing it over, put in order and decorated at his expense, to the Board of Works, as the representatives of the metropolitan public.

But before coming to this point, the Square had to pass through its baptism of fire, on Tuesday, March 1, 1865. About five minutes past six p.m., an explosion of gas was heard in Savile House, and smoke was seen pouring from its basement. The alarm of fire was at once given, the engines were quickly on the spot, but within half an hour, Savile House, then the El Dorado Music Hall and Café Chantant, was wrapped in flames from area to attic. About seven, the whole front of Ward's furniture manufactory, next

door, was blown bodily out into the Square, and it was feared that the fire must spread to Stagg and Mantles' large drapery warehouse. The Prince of Wales was soon on the spot, and equipped in a fireman's helmet viewed the fire from front and rear, under the conduct of Captain Shaw. The explosion which caused the fire arose from the application of a candle to an escape of gas in the Wine Shades under Savile House. The building entirely covered a large extent of ground stretching some 300 feet to the back of premises in Lisle Street. It included two large concert rooms, besides a small theatre and other exhibition rooms where I remember to have seen among other exhibitions "The Zulu Kaffres," and the "Paradise of Mahomet."

The blackened gap left by the fire still stands open; shareholders have not yet come forward to take up the shares in "The Denmark Theatre and Winter Garden"—a Company (Limited), for the erection of an elegant theatre (with an auditorium for 6000, a stage 10 feet deeper than Drury Lane, and provision for the grandest musical and spectacular effects yet produced), and with it a winter-garden, bazaar, first-class Café and Res-

taurant, and a Mercantile Subscription Club! Let us hope, as *ce qui est différé n'est pas perdu*, that this comprehensive conception may yet be realized, and that the north of the Square, by the execution of this or some equally bold and ornamental scheme, may be brought into harmony with its renovated garden.

THOMAS'S

Chapter XVII.

RENOVATION AND DEDICATION.

AND now, for the

"Last change of all,
That ends this strange eventful history."

In January, 1873, an aquarium company offered £50,000 for the enclosure, then in the lowest depths of degradation and neglect. As the first step towards possession a hoarding had been already erected, when a meeting of the householders in the Square was convened, a Defence Committee formed, and Mr. Henry Bickers, jun., chosen chairman. A Bill was at once filed in Chancery, through Mr. Webb, one of the freeholders, to compel the removal of

the hoarding, and to restrain any erection on the enclosed ground. The injunction was granted as prayed for. A deputation of the inhabitants then waited on the Board of Works, urging the Board to apply for Parliamentary powers to purchase the square, with all the existing rights. A Bill was introduced by the Board, the standing orders were suspended in its favour, and it became law in due course.

In the mean time, Baron Albert Grant had been applied to for his aid in raising the capital of the company created for purchase of the enclosure. This first called his attention to the place. When the company's operations were arrested by injunction, the ground was offered to him as a building speculation. He found, on taking legal opinion, that it was unavailable for building purposes, and then conceived the idea, now so happily carried into effect, of buying out the shareholders who claimed rights in that ill-used quarter of an acre, converting the space into an ornamental garden, and handing it over to the Metropolitan Board of Works for the enjoyment of the public. The interests were bought out for £13,000, eight of the four-

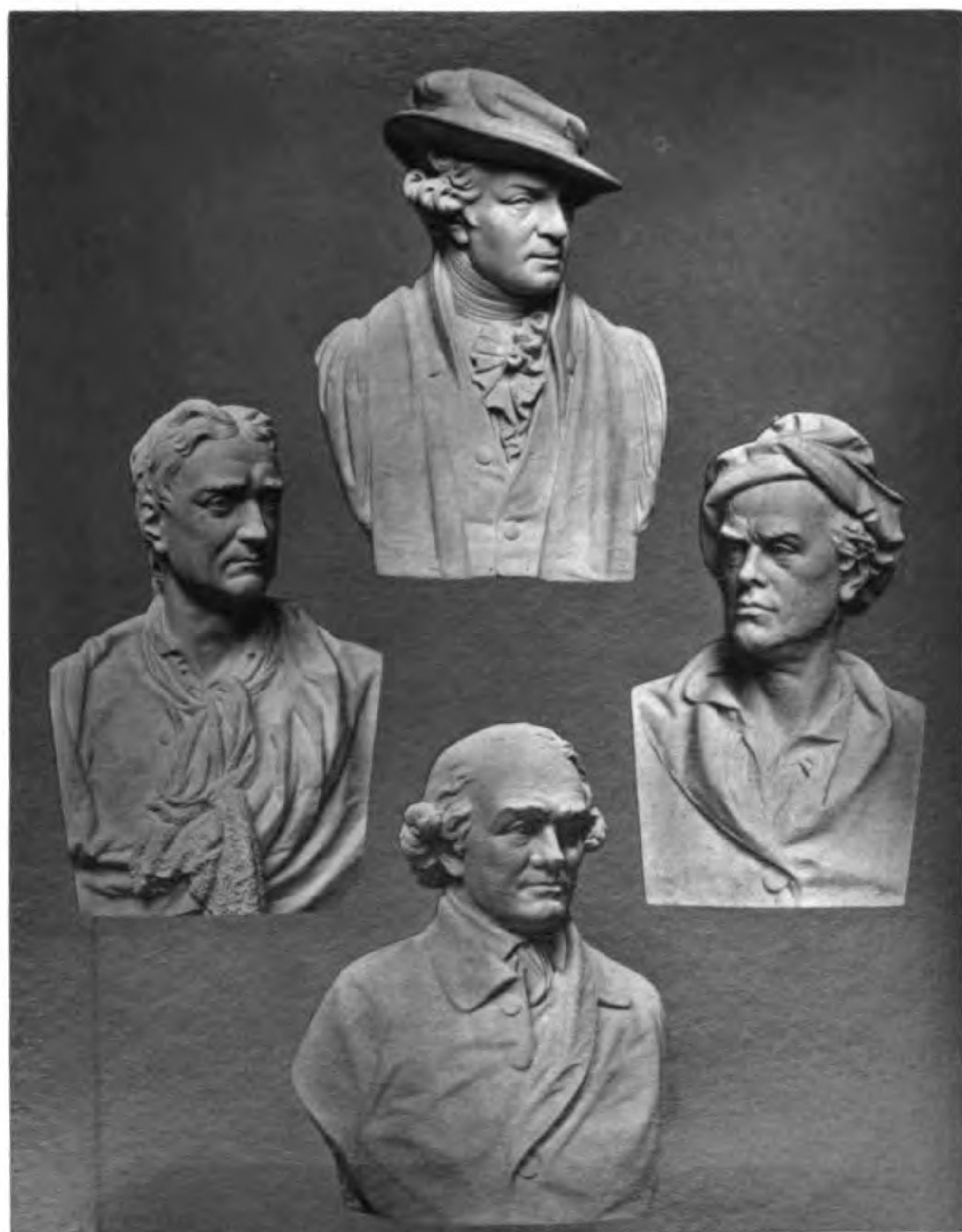
teen shares, held by the representatives of the Tulks, easily, the other six after long and troublesome negotiation. The last was purchased from an owner, whose agent arrived from New Zealand only a few days before the completion of the works.

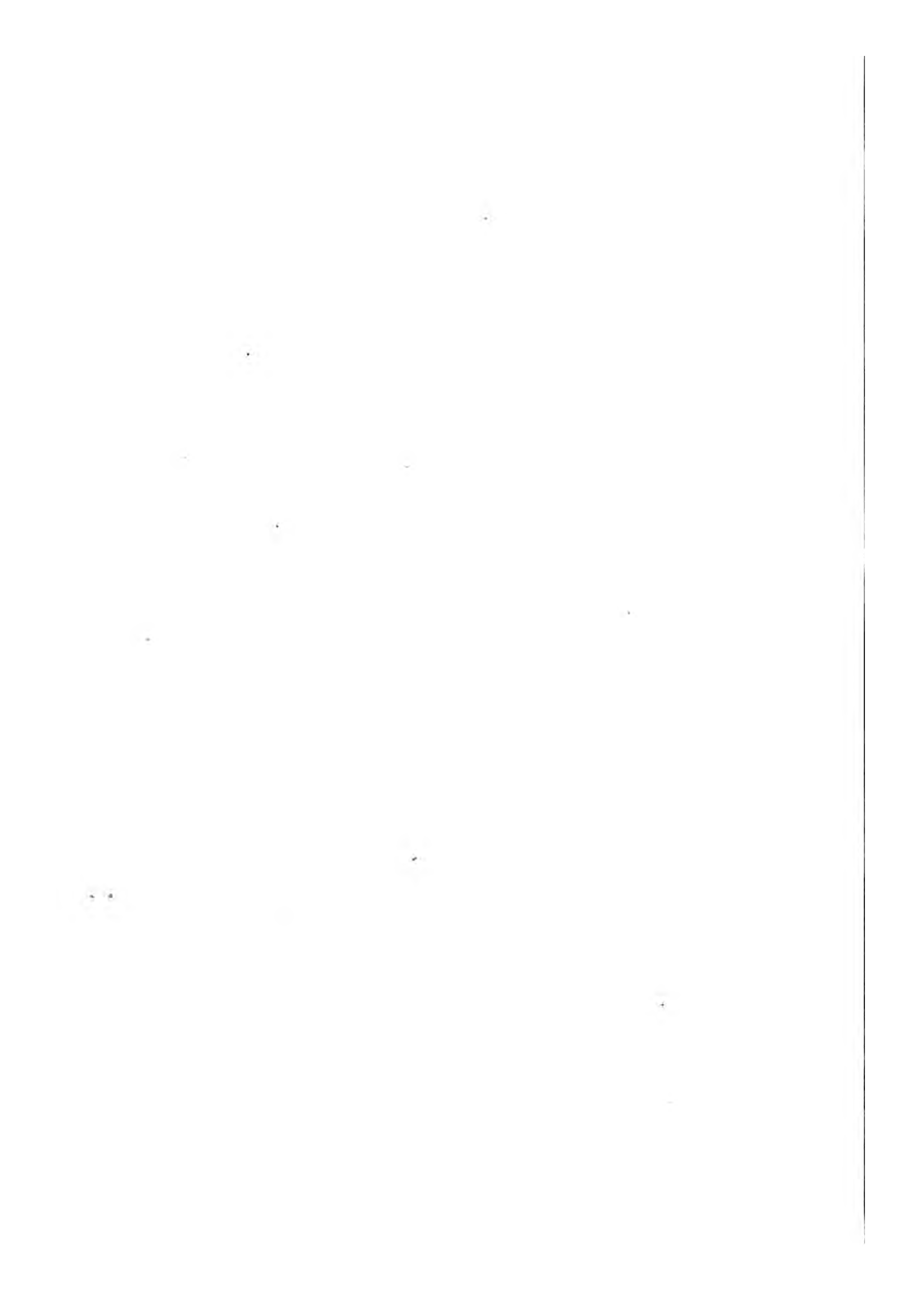
Baron Grant employed Mr. James Knowles as his architect. The laying out of the garden was entrusted to Mr. John Gibson, jun., to whom with his father the public is indebted for the tasteful planting and arrangement of Battersea Park.

The principal ornament of the new Square is a white marble fountain, surmounted by a statue of Shakespeare, also in white marble, the figure being an exact reproduction, by Signor Fontana, of the statue (designed by Kent and executed by Scheemacker), on the Westminster Abbey cenotaph. The water spouts from jets round the pedestal, and from the heads of dolphins at each of its corners, into a marble basin. Flower beds surround this central mass, and the enclosure, so long a squalid and sordid waste, is now a gay and graceful garden of flowering shrubs, green plots, inlaid with bright flower-beds, and broad, gravelled paths. The iron railing outside is

waist high, elaborately designed, and executed by the Coalbrooke-dale Company. In each angle of the garden is a bust of white marble on a granite pedestal. To the south-east, stands Hogarth, by Durham; to the south-west, Newton, by Weekes; to the north-east, John Hunter, by Woolner; to the north-west, Reynolds, by Marshall. Only Hogarth and Reynolds could be placed in juxtaposition to their houses in the Square.

The idea which the designer of the central fountain wished to convey (I use his own words) was of the Poet, standing isolated and colossal, cut off from the rest of the world by the quasi Castalian spring, which rises at his feet, but brought close to all men in his works, symbolized by the grass and flowers which spring round the margin of the fountain, and which its water bedews and nourishes. The dolphins playing close below him imply his Arion-like attraction for the "sane and simple" animal part of us, and those memorable words to which his finger points—"*There is no darkness but ignorance*"—his deep, sympathetic insight into our brighter nature and its needs.





The modified repetition of the figure in the Abbey was chosen for the statue, partly because it has become the traditional figure of Shakespeare in this country, and is recognizable by everybody at a glance; partly because, if not a great, it is certainly not a mean work of art; and partly because the difficulties of selection would have made the production of an original work impossible in the time at command.

On Thursday, the 2nd of July, 1874, the garden was formally handed over by the donor to the Metropolitan Board.

A brilliant day, and the interest of the occasion, combined to attract a great crowd. Spectators filled the open windows, and fringed the roofs wherever there was a balustrade to secure them. Within the hoarding pavilions were arranged round for the accommodation and refreshment of more than 2000 invited visitors, and the shelter, meant as a protection against showers, was available against sunshine.

At three o'clock the transfer of the garden took place, after Baron Grant had told the story of his purchase, had thanked the Leicester Square Defence Committee for the local influence they

had exerted on their recalcitrant neighbours, and had explained the considerations which had influenced him in choosing Shakespeare for the central figure of the Square, and in deciding on the claims to pedestals at its angles. He apologized to Dr. Johnson for disappointing him at the last moment. The marble which was now the famous Anatomist had been meant for the great Moralist. The whole cost of the gift, purchase of the ground and collateral expenses, legal, architectural, horticultural, and artistic, was stated by the donor to have been £28,000. Baron Grant then signed the deed of conveyance which transferred the garden formally to the Metropolitan Board of Works. In the involuntary absence of the Chairman, the Board was represented by Mr. Richardson, who thanked Baron Grant for his gift in the name of the Board and of the public of the metropolis, and exchanged a deed of acceptance for the deed of transfer.

Mr. Bickers presented this address to Baron Grant from the Defence Committee :—

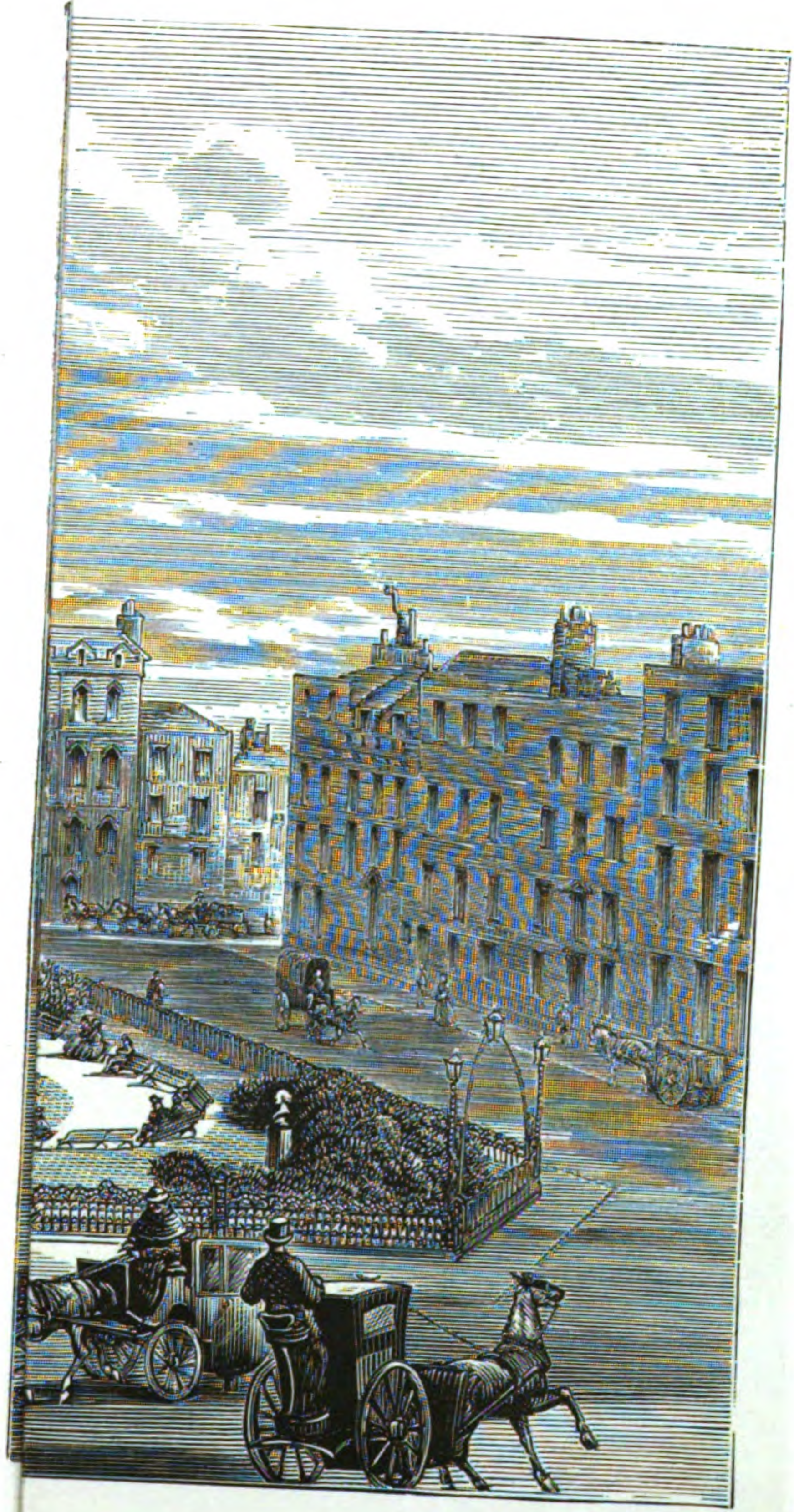
"SIR,—We, the members of the Leicester Square Defence Committee, and the inhabitants

generally, desire to offer you this expression of our sincere and heartfelt thanks for the munificent gift which has this day been inaugurated. We feel, sir, that in this matter you have not merely conferred on us a great local boon, but at the same time have wiped out a very serious blot on our municipal management, and one that almost reached the proportions of a national disgrace. We have long felt that the late condition of the Square was not only a very serious detriment to its immediate neighbourhood, but was such as to make it a laughing-stock to our neighbours; and yet so much difficulty surrounded the case that for a considerable time it seemed impossible to mend matters. You, sir, by a great act of generosity, have surmounted these obstacles, and have converted that which was a filthy wilderness into a blooming garden and a thing of beauty. We trust, sir, that you may be long spared to see how your gift is appreciated; and, moreover, that you may see your example followed, and many of our squares, which are unsightly and useless, converted into charming gardens, decorated by works of art, and thus made to minister to the health and to the elevation of the tastes of the people."

(Signed by the Committee, and dated "Leicester Square, July 2, 1874.")

Mr. Richardson then proceeded to unveil the central statue and set the fountains playing. After making the tour of the gardens and successively uncovering the busts at the four corners, Baron Grant and the members of the Board returned to the central pavilion, where Mr. Richardson formally declared the gardens open, thenceforward and for ever, as a pleasure ground for the people.

Esto Perpetua.



APPENDIX A.

A Difficulty in 1620: *being Viscount Lisle's difference with Lord Doncaster, afterwards Earl of Carlisle.*

HE (Lord Lisle) had noticed for some time a coldness in Lord Doncaster towards him, of which he could get no explanation. In August, 1620, he was at Petworth to meet the Earl of Northumberland and the Earl of Pembroke. Here he finds Lord Doncaster, and goes up to his chamber, unarmed, with the desire, "if it had been possible to make a quiet end between us; and yet resolved, though it were in his own chamber and amongst his men, I would neither patiently receive ill-language nor any other injuries. He was sitting in his withdrawing chamber within the parlour, in the window, where the table is, and his men putting on his breeches and stockings, being sewed together. I came gently into the chamber, and made a reverence unto him; he stood up upon one leg, and saluted me only with a strange look, as wondering to see me there. I told him I desired to speak two or three words unto him, but that I would attend until he were at leisure, if then he

were not. Then he presently said, 'My Lord, I have got but one stocking to put on,' and so he sate down again in his chair; and I walked up and down the chamber a pretty while, and sometimes looked upon a map that hung there. At the last he rose, and came unto me, and we went into another window on the other side of the chamber; his men staid where they were, and might see what was done, but I think could not hear any words that were spoken. . . . So thus I began, he standing with his back to the window, and I stood before him, and both bare headed. 'My Lord, there hath been a little business between your Lordship and me, to which I wish there were some end put;' (to this he answered nothing, so I proceeded,) 'and, to that purpose, I come now to wait upon you; having lately received a letter from your Lordship, wherein I find some things that I think strange.' Then he said, 'What are those?' I answered, 'Why, your Lordship writes that that was an unjust imagination of my own brain. Now I beseech your Lordship to consider that it was not so, for many others have observed the same that I have.' Then he said, 'My Lord, I do not understand what you mean by that Not so.' Then I (perceiving his heart was not inclined to concord with me) answered, 'My Lord, it is a thing that is only in me, and no man but myself can tell how it is, and therefore I must say, that it is not so.' Then he, 'By God, I say that it is so.' Then I, 'Truly, but I must say still it is not so.' Then he, 'Then I must say, you say untrue.' Then I, 'My Lord, it is false.' Then he, 'You lie.' Upon that I gave him a blow on the face, and let my hat fall to have both my hands free, and so we shuffled a little; I had his head up against the window, and held him by the face till his men came in. Then they pulled away my cloak from me, and afterwards pulled me

from him, but struck me not. He stood still with his back to the window, and came not near me; and one of his men, in pulling me from him, said, 'God's wounds, my Lord, what do you mean to do?' I answered, 'What's that to you? He hath given me ill language in his own chamber, and that hath made me do as I have done.' So I went towards the door, but most part backward, because I durst not well trust them, for they might have done me some mischief behind. When I came to the door, I turned to go out, and one of his men caught me by the breeches, and would have pulled me back; but I gave him a blow backward with my elbow, and went out; and as soon as ever both my feet were over the threshold, the door was locked; then I missed my hat, but, because the door was locked, I couldn't go to fetch it."

Outside the scene of the scuffle Lord Lisle meets my Lord Percy's man, and tells what had passed to him first, and afterwards to his lord, "assuring myself (I protest to God) that I was much beforehand with him, for I knew I strooke first, and had him at disadvantage enough, till his men parted us, and that therefore perhaps he might send unto me."

Lord Percy tells his father. The Earl sends for Lord Lisle to his bed-side, and tells him of his wish to reconcile his sons-in-law. The quarrel would be a grief to their wives, and put himself and his son into an awkward predicament between the two husbands. Lord Lisle puts himself into the Earl's hands. The Earl sees Lord Doncaster, who with a favourite's insolence declares he will not stand between the Earl and Lord Lisle, "for that he knew I was in a state that did more require his Lordship's assistance than that wherein he was. Whereat I said, 'that if Lord Doncaster wants nothing of me, I had done as much

or more to him than he to me, and therefore I desired nothing of him'"—meaning satisfaction. Lisle follows the Earl towards the garden, but the Earl, suddenly turning and motioning him back, bade him stay within. Lord Lisle infers he has seen Lord Doncaster in the garden, as indeed he has, going toward the bowling green. The Earl's desire is to prevent a meeting. Lord Lisle, chafing, obeys the Earl's order by staying where he is, but sends James, my Lord Percy's barber, to bid his Lord to him. To him he tells his predicament, Lord Percy goes to his father, and swiftly returns with a request to Lord Lisle not to come into the bowling green, but to walk with him in the birch walk. There the Earl joins them, angry with Lord Doncaster, whom he has found impracticable. When the Earl, after a conference with Lord Percy, leaves them much perplexed, Lord Lisle insists on going to the bowling green. But before they get to the garden where the roses are, all the lords were gone in; as they follow them, they are met by Sir Edward Francis with a request that Lord Lisle will not come up with his sword on. Lord Lisle unbuckles and gives his sword to Lord Percy. They then go up to the dining rooms, where they find all the lords, and my Lord Doncaster, expecting the coming of my Lord and Lady of Buckingham, my Lord Treasurer,[1] and other company. No word passes between the brothers-in-law. Lord Lisle gives his version of the affair to Lord Pembroke, who approves of what he has done, and they go to dinner; and Lord Lisle observes that Sir George Young looks strangely upon him, whereby he imagines that he has heard of the business, and to his disadvantage. He ob-

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[1] Was this Montague, afterwards Earl of Manchester, or Lionel Cranfield, Earl of Middlesex?

serves Lord Doncaster in a corner in whispered conversation with Sir George and Sir Henry Rich. He is giving *his* account of the affair. At dinner the brothers-in-law front each other, but neither takes notice of the other.

After dinner, the company go down to bowls. But there is no bowling; the Lords break into knots, conversing—it seemed they had our business in consideration; for sometimes my Lord Marquis (Buckingham) and my Lord Chamberlain (Pembroke) were together alone, sometimes the Earl (Northumberland) with them, sometimes my Lord Doncaster, and my Lord Montgomery, and my Lord Treasurer; and these changed, and went up and down from one to another for half an hour. All this while, Lord Lisle stands with Lord Percy and a knot of gentlemen near the place where the bowls were kept, talking of nothing but bowling and making matches. "At last, up comes my Lord Montgomery, and said to me, 'Faith, I would there were an end of this business.' 'Why, my Lord,' said I, 'there is an end of it already, I think.' 'No,' said he, 'but this is not enough, and *you* need not be unwilling, for you are very well.' 'But,' said I, 'my Lord, he goes up and down yonder among you, and tells you what he lost, and I have not told it to any but you.' 'Pish,' said he, 'never fear that; for, by God! the more he speaks of it, the worse it is for him.' Then comes my Lord Chamberlain, and speaks to the same effect. Lord Lisle puts himself into his hands. 'Why,' said he, '*you* are very well, what would you have more? You have stricken a privy-councillor—how the king will take that, by God, I cannot tell! and therefore I think it will be best for you there be an end of the business made now.' Buckingham and Pembroke then draw off my Lord Doncaster—Montgomery and Northumberland take Lord Lisle in hand. The two

are brought face to face. My Lord of Buckingham makes a fine speech on the blessings of concord among brethren—prays that there may be an end of the business, and no speech of 'being beforehand.' 'Why,' said my Lord of Doncaster; 'doth any one say he hath been beforehand?' I said nothing; but my Lord Chamberlain answers slightly, 'No, my Lord, I hear no one say so.' After a little more parley, says Lord Doncaster, 'I am so much this noble Lord's (Buckingham's) servant, that I will perform whatsoever he commands me, and therefore am like enough to esteem my Lord Lisle as a friend.' After professing equal readiness to put himself in Buckingham's hands, Lord Lisle turns to Lord Doncaster: 'Like enough, my Lord; what do you mean by that? If you bring but "like enough" to me, I have but "like enough" for you.' 'Nay,' said he, 'I say "like enough," because it hath not been so before.' (This Lord Lisle declares he did not understand when it was spoken, or since.) 'Why, then,' said I, 'like enough be it,' and so they separate; and as they come away, said Lord Lisle to Lord Pembroke, 'Look, my Lord, I knew this would be all, for he will never love me again, and comes with his "like enough."' 'Why, it is no matter,' said he, 'a man cannot tell what time may do; but you answered him with "like enough," too, and so all is well . . . and this is all.'" This elaborate account, written to silence false reports of what had passed, thus closes:—"They are villains and liars whosoever invented them, and so I will prove them. They say that as he gave me the lie, he flirted up the sleeve of his gown to my face, but I swear, to my knowledge, he stirred it not. I see they would fain say he struck me first; but that is so false, as they have not impudence enough to say it; and sure, if a man had a mind to strike, he would rather do it with his fist than a velvet sleeve,

for so was his. Some, as I hear, do add 'villain' to the lie, but that is false too. That which is most against me is 'that I left my cloak and hat behind me' . . . but they cannot say I run from them, for I went almost all the way backward; and, besides, while we two were alone, I am sure I made very little show of desire to leave him, or of fear of him. If he had made me go away, I protest to God I should curse the day of my birth. . . . . The last thing is that I had a knock, and the print of a knuckle on my forehead; I am sure he had a sound one on his cheek, as many can witness; and I protest I never saw any on my face."

APPENDIX B.

"*A true Relation of a treacherous plot practised by a French Cooke, for the poisoning of foure noble men of this Land, at the Earle of Leicester's house in St. Martins lane,* 11. *Janu.*"

THE Earle of Leicester having invited foure Honourable Lords, and Peers of this Kingdome, with some other great Personages, to a Supper, which was performed at his house in St. Martins Lane neere the Strand on Tuesday,[1] Janu 11, 1641.

And being all set at Supper, there came in a Hellish bloody minded fellow, a French-man, (and is conceived) backed unto that wicked intention by some of the Popish faction, which may well bee conjectured by the sequel which followeth.

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[1] We have it, under the Earl's own hand, that he was not in England till May of this year.

This French-man being come into place where these Noble Peers did sup that night, hee privately whispered with the Cooke of the Earle of Leicester, who also was a French-man, and could not speake a word of English, and told him in his owne Language, that if he would undertake to poyson the second course that was to bee set before those worthy and Honourable Personages, hee would for his reward and secrecy therein, give him 3000 pound in ready gold; The Cooke perciving this his wicked and bloody intentions, told him that if it might gain him 1000 worlds, he would not attempt an Act so wicked, and withall told him that his Treacherous Designes hee would immediately discover, the which the French-man perceiving (when he saw his opportunity) stole out of doores, for no man there present could understand French, and this French Cooke understanding no English, whereby to discover this advice of his Countreyman, was the reason why he did escape, who if he had beene as avaricious of lucre as the other of blood, they had dispached out of this world these Noble Pillars of our Realm. This was not discovered till after Supper, the Cooke meeting one of the Earle of Leicester's Chaplains which understood French, who told him the manner and forme of it as is before related, yet was this French Cooke apprehended and sent for to be examined before the Lords in Parliament and as yet not acquitted.

Let every Christian Reader judge what Diabolicall and unparallel'd intentions are continually practised by the Papists in England, against the Pillars of our Church and Commonwealth.

[Published in the same sheet of "The Publike News" with the five articles against Mr. Herbert (the Attorney-General at the time of the arrest of the five members). Copy in British Museum, and in Gardner's Collection.]

APPENDIX C.

Theodore Gardelle. See p. 306. William Wynne Ryland, p. 338.

AMONG the members of the club at Old Slaughter's was Theodore Gardelle, a French miniature painter of considerable repute. He lodged with Mrs. King, a showy woman of bad reputation, who added, by the gains of gallantry, to the income derived from letting furnished apartments at her house, No. 37, on the south side of Leicester Fields. He had only worked a few years in this country, when, in 1761, he won notoriety, beyond any his painting had procured him, by the murder of his landlady, but still more by the horror of the fashion in which he attempted to dispose of the body. For this he shares with Catherine Hayes the infamy of having been the forerunner of Greenacre; and when the murder and dismemberment of Sarah Gale by the latter was the town's talk, I remember the story of Theodore Gardelle was revived. It belongs to the less agreeable associations of Leicester Fields, but deserves a place among them, because the perpetrator was a club-companion of Hogarth, may well have had a hand-shaking acquaintance with Reynolds, and because his case is one of many illustrations that the most hideous incidents of murder often occur in cases where the homicide is perpetrated without premeditation, by persons most unlikely to commit it, and whose horror at their deed and terror of its discovery lead them into dealings with the dead from which the most criminal ruffian would recoil.

Gardelle was gaining his livelihood as a hard-working

miniature-painter, when, being left on the morning of Thursday, February 19, 1761, in the front parlour to answer the door, while the maid went out to post some letters for him and buy him a pennyworth of snuff, he got into an altercation (according to his own confession) with Mrs. King, who was in bed in the back parlour, and who had risen on hearing him in the front room. As he pushed her violently from him in the quarrel, she struck her head against the edge of the bed, and began to vomit blood, at the same time charging him vehemently with being the death of her. In his bewilderment, he seized a tail-comb from the toilet-table, struck her with it to silence her, and, to his horror, found he had killed her. This was his own story. The resemblance to that told by Greenacre is striking. It is, at least, probable, from all we know of the man, that the act was unpremeditated. When he found what he had done (he said), he fell down in a swoon by the body. When he recovered, he covered it with the bed-clothes as it lay, and locked the door. In the course of the day he discharged the servant-girl, telling her Mrs. King had bid him do so, and told the man-servant of a Mr. Wright, who lodged on the first floor, that she was gone to Bath. His friends, seeing him melancholy, attributed it to Mrs. King's absence, and brought him a female companion out of the Haymarket on Saturday. Till then he declared he had not touched the body, nor entered the room where it lay. The woman was in the house till the following Thursday. In the meantime, the wretched man was employing his nights between Sunday and Thursday in dismembering the body, and carrying the fragments up to a garret, where he burnt some of the larger limbs, and scattered the flesh about in small pieces, which he hoped would dry without causing any suspicious smell. The bloody linen he hid under the bed in

his room. The bloody bed-clothes he had put, on the evening of Sunday, into the water-tub in the back kitchen. Here they were discovered on the Thursday by a charwoman, who had been hired on the Sunday before to do the house work. Suspicion, already awakened by Mrs. King's continued absence, was strengthened. The discovery, by a friend of Gardelle, in a box he had deposited with him, of a watch, bracelet, &c., belonging to the missing woman, aggravated the suspicion. Gardelle was taken into custody on a warrant granted by Justice Fielding. The house was searched; the bloody marks, the bloody bed-clothes and linen, the half-charred bones, the half-dried remains were found, and the deed at last confessed by its miserable perpetrator.

The story presents curious parallels, in several points both of the murder and attempted concealment of the victim, to cases which have excited the town in very recent times. The horror it caused led to the criminal being executed in the Haymarket, opposite the end of Panton Street, and afterwards hung in chains on Hounslow Heath. A head in a white cap, published among the doubtful plates in Ireland's Graphic Illustrations of Hogarth, is called "Theodore Gardelle." Hogarth *may* have painted him as he did other sensational criminals, such as Sarah Malcolm and Lord Lovat, and it is said Miss Blaney and Jack Sheppard.

W. W. Ryland, engraver to the King, who worked under Reynolds, and was one of the experts who certified (February 21, 1773) to the state of Hogarth's plates for his widow (see p. 338), also came to a bad end, being executed, in 1783, for forgery of acceptances on two bills of exchange for £7114, with intent to defraud the East India Company.

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