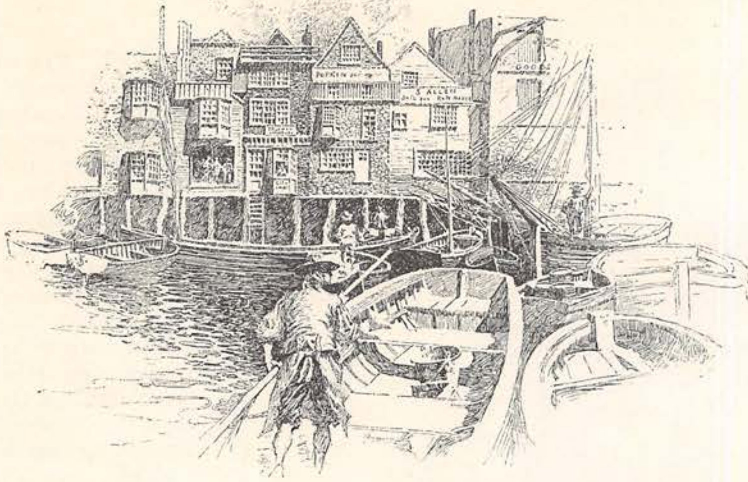
LONDON OF GEORGE THE SECOND.

BY WALTER BESANT.

FROM the accession of the First to the death of the Fourth George very little change took place in the outward appearance or the customs of London and its people. Not that the kings had anything to do with the manners or the changes of the city. These Germans at first understood not their chief town, and had neither love nor fear for the citizens, such as possessed the Plantagenets, the Tudors, and the Stuarts. There was little change because the forces that produce change were working slowly. Ideas, for instance, were changing, but the English people are slow to catch new ideas. The new ideas produced the French Revolution. On this account they were suppressed in England, only to grow and spread more rapidly underground, and to produce changes of a more stable kind than the effervescence of the First Republic.

One important change may, however, be noted. The city during the eighteenth century ceased altogether to attract the younger sons of the country gentry; the old connection, therefore, between London and the counties was severed. The chief reason was that the continual wars of the century found employment and a career for all the younger sons in the services, and that the value of land went up enormously. Trade was no longer recruited from the better sort. Class distinctions were deepened and more sharply defined; a barrister looked down upon a merchant, and a simple clergyman would not associate with a man in business. Sydney Smith, for instance, refused to stay a night at a country house because its owner was "a banker and a tradesman." The extent of the breach was illustrated when the city entertained the Queen on her accession at Guildhall, when the Lord Mayor and the corporation, the *givers of the feast*, were actually set down at a lower table separate from the Queen.

London in 1750 was spreading, but not yet rapidly. East and west, not north and south. Eastward the city had thrown out a long arm by the river-side. St. Katherine's Precinct was crowded; streets, two or three deep, stretched along the river-bank as far as Limehouse, but no farther. These were inhabited by the people who made their living on the river. Immediately north of these streets stretched a great expanse of market gardens and fields. Whitechapel was a crowded suburb, filled with working-men. This was one of the places where the London mob was born and bred. Clerkenwell, with the parts about Smithfield, was another district dear to thieves, pickpockets, and rowdies. Within its boundaries the city was well and carefully ordered. Unfor-



HOUSES IN ST. KATHERINE'S—PULLED DOWN IN 1827.

tunately this order did not extend beyond the walls. Outside there were no companies, no small parishes, no rich merchants, no charities, schools, or endowments, and practically there were no churches.

On the north side, Moorfields still remained an open space; beyond lay Hoxton Fields, White Conduit Fields, Lamb's Conduit Fields, and Marylebone Fields. The suburb of Bloomsbury was beginning. A crowded suburb had sprung up north of the Strand. Westminster was a great city by itself. Southwark, now a borough with half a million people, as great as Liverpool, occupied then a little strip of marshy land not half a mile broad at its widest. East and west, to Lambeth on the one side and to Redriff on the other, was a narrow strip of riverside, dotted with houses and hamlets.

The walls of the city were never formally pulled down. They disappeared bit by bit. Houses were built close to them and upon them; they were covered up. Excavators constantly bring to light some of the foundations. When a churchyard was placed against the wall, as at St. Giles's, Cripplegate, and St. Alphege, London Wall, some portions of the old wall remain. The course of the wall is, in fact, perfectly well known, and has often been mapped. It is strange, however, that the corporation should have been so careless as to make no attempt at all to preserve more of this most interesting monument.

The gates stood, and were closed at sunset, until the year 1760. Then they were all pulled down, and the materials sold. Temple Bar, which was never a city gate, properly speaking, remained until the other day. The gates were, I suppose, an obstruction to traffic. Yet one regrets their disappearance. They were not old, but they had a character of their own, and they preserved the memory of ancient sites. I wish they could have been preserved to this day. A statue of Queen Elizabeth, which formerly stood on the west front of Lud Gate, is, I believe, the only part of a city gate not destroyed. It is now placed on the south wall of St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street, where thousands pass daily, regardless of this relic of London before the Fire!

If you were to ask any person specially interested in the Church of England —not necessarily a clergyman of that Church—which was the deadest and lowest and feeblest period of the Church's existence, he would without the least hesitation reply that the reign of George the Second covered that period. This is universally accepted. I think, however, that one may show, without much trouble, that this belief is not based upon inquiry into the facts of the time. It is certain that the churches were what is commonly called "ugly," that is to say,

they were built by Wren, or were imitations of his style, and had nothing to do with Early English, or Decorated, or even Perpendicular. Also, it is certain that the congregations sat in pews, each family by itself; that there were some few pews of greater dignity than others, where sat my Lord Mayor, or the aldermen, or the sheriffs, or the masters of city companies. It is also certain that all the churches had galleries, that the services were performed from a "three-decker," that the sermon was preached in a black gown, and that the clergyman called himself a minister, and not a priest. All these things are abominations to the latter half of the nineteenth century. There were also pluralists; the poor were left very much to themselves, and the parish was not worked according to modern ideas. But was it quite a dead time? Let us see.

There were a hundred and nine parish churches in London and Westminster. At forty-four of these there was daily service—surely a recognized indication of religious activity. At one of these there were three daily services; at all of them —the whole hundred and nine—there were services every Wednesday and Friday, and on all holy days and saints' days. There were endowments for occasional sermons in nearly every church. So much of the Puritan spirit remained that the sermon was still considered the most important part of church service; in other words, sound doctrine being held to be essential to salvation, instruction in doctrine was considered of far greater importance than prayer or praise—a fact which quite sufficiently accounts for the slovenly character of church services down to thirty or forty years ago. The singing was deplorable, but the sermons were sound.

SOUTHEAST PROSPECT OF CHURCH OF ST. DUNSTAN IN THE WEST.

Let us walk abroad and view the streets. They are changed indeed since Stow led us from St. Andrew Undershaft to St. Paul's. The old gabled houses are all gone, except in the narrow limits of the part spared by the fire; in their places are tall houses with large sash windows and flat façade. Within they are wainscoted, the fashion of tapestry having completely gone out. Foot-passengers are protected by rows of posts at intervals of four or five feet. Flat paving-stones are not in general use, and those that have been laid down are small and insecure. The shops are small, and there

is little pretence at displaying the goods; they have now, however, all got windows in front. A single candle, or two at the

LUD GATE.

most, illuminate the wares in the evening or the short afternoons of winter. A sign hangs out over every door. The drawing of St. Dunstan's in the West shows that part of Fleet Street before the paving-stones were laid down. The only pavement, both for the road and the footway, consisted of large round pebbles, over which the rolling of the vehicles made the most dreadful noise. In the year 1762, however, an improvement was introduced in Westminster, followed by the city of London in 1766. The roads were paved with squares of Scotch granite laid in gravel; the posts were removed; a kerb was laid down, gutters provided, and the footway paved with flat stones. About the same time the corporation took down the overhanging signs, removed the city gates, covered over Fleet Ditch, and broadened numerous narrow passages. The drawing here given of the Monument and the beginning of London Bridge dates between 1757 and 1766; for the houses are already down on the bridge—this was done in 1757—and the posts and signs are not yet removed from the street. The view gives a good idea of a London street of that time. The posts were by no means all removed. The drawing of Temple Bar from Butcher Row, taken as late as 1796, in which they are still standing, shows this. It also shows the kind of houses in the lower streets. Butcher Row, though it stood in the Strand at the back of St. Clement's Church, a highly respectable quarter, was one of the most disreputable places in the whole of London—given over to crimps, flash lodging-houses, and people of the baser sort.

There were certain dangers and inconveniences walking along the streets. The finest dress might be ruined by the carelessness of a dustman or a chimney-sweep; the custom of exposing meat on open bulkheads led to many an irreparable stain of grease. Bullies pushed the peaceful passenger into the gutter—it was a great time for street swagger; barbers blew the flour into wigs at open doorways, causing violent wrath among those outside; mad bulls careered up and down the streets; men quarrelled, made a ring, and fought it out before the traffic could go on; pickpockets were both numerous and dexterous; footpads abounded in the

MONUMENT TO COMMEMORATE THE FIRE OF 1666.

open squares of Lincoln's Inn, Bloomsbury, and Portman; highwaymen swarmed on all the roads; men-servants were insolent and rascally; the noise in the leading streets was deafening; in a shower the way became impassable from the rain-spouts in the roofs, which discharged their contents upon the streets below.

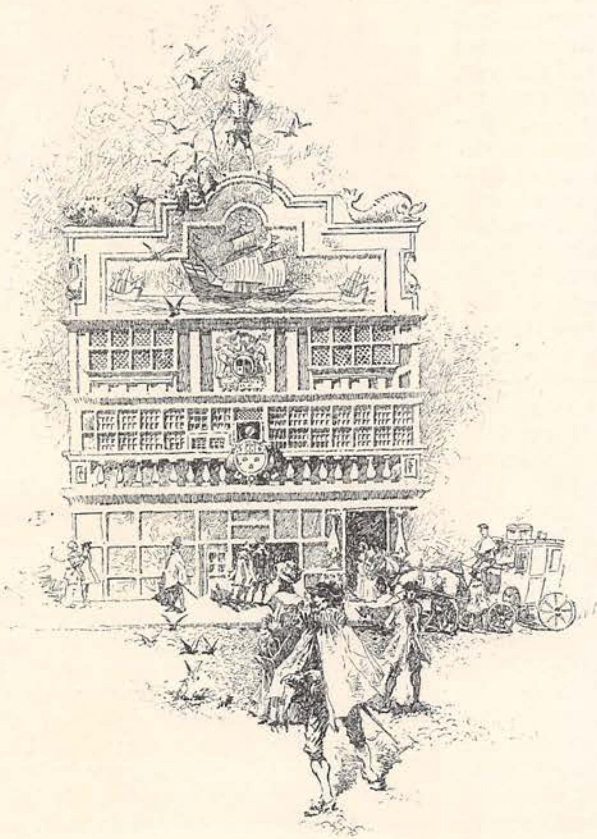
We who now object to the noise of a barrel-organ in the street, or a cry of milk, or a distant German band, would be driven mad by a single day of George the Second's London streets. Hogarth has touched the subject, but only touched it. No one could do more in a picture than indicate the mere fringe of this vast subject. Even on the printed page we can do little more than the painter. For instance, the following were some of the more common and every-day and all-day-long noises. Many of the shopkeepers still kept up the custom of having a prentice outside bawling an invitation to buy! buy! buy! To this day butchers in Clare Market cry out at their stalls all day long: "Rally up, ladies! Rally up! Buy! Buy! Buy!" In the streets of private houses there passed a never-ending procession of those who bawled things for sale. Here are a few of the things they bawled—I am conscious that it is a very imperfect list. There were those who offered to do things—mend chairs, grind knives, solder pots and pans, buy rags or kitchen stuff, rabbit-skins, hair, or rusty swords, exchange old clothes and wigs, mend old china, cut wires—this excruciating, rasping operation was apparently done in the open—or cooper casks. There was, next, the multitude of those who carried wares to sell—as things to eat and drink—saloop, barley broth, rice and milk furmety, Shrewsbury cakes, eggs, butter, lily-white vinegar, hot peascods, rabbits, birds, pullets, gingerbread, oysters, honey, cherry ripe, Chaney oranges, hot codlins, pippins, fruit of all kinds, fish, taffety tarts, fresh water, tripe, tansy, greens, mustard, salt, gray pease, water-cresses, shrimps, rosemary, lavender, milk, elder buds; or things of domestic use—lace, ribbons, almanacs, ink, small coal, sealing-wax, wood to cleave, earthenware, spigots, combs, buckles, lanterns, pewter pots, brooms in exchange for old shoes, things of horns, Holland socks, woollen socks and wrappers, brimstone matches, flint and steel, shoe-laces, scissors and tools, straps, and the thousand

PUBLIC OFFICE, BOW STREET—A PRISONER UNDER EXAMINATION.

and one things which are now sold in shops. The bear-ward came along with his animal and his dogs and his drum, the sweep shouted from the house-top, the ballad-singer bawled in the road, the tumbler and the dancing-girl set up their pitch with fife and drum. Nobody minded how much noise was made. In the smaller streets the good wives sat with open doors, running in and out, gossiping over their work; they liked the noise; they liked this perambulating market—it made the street lively, it brought the neighbors out to talk, and it pleased the baby. Then the wagons went ponderously grinding over the round stones of the road, the carts rumbled, the brewers' sledges growled, the chariot rattled, the drivers quarrelled, cursed, and fought. The late Mr. Lowell spoke of the continual murmur of London as of Niagara afar off. A hundred years ago he would have spoken of the continual roar.

Never before had the city been so wealthy. Despite the continual wars of the eighteenth century, the prosperity of the country advanced by leaps and

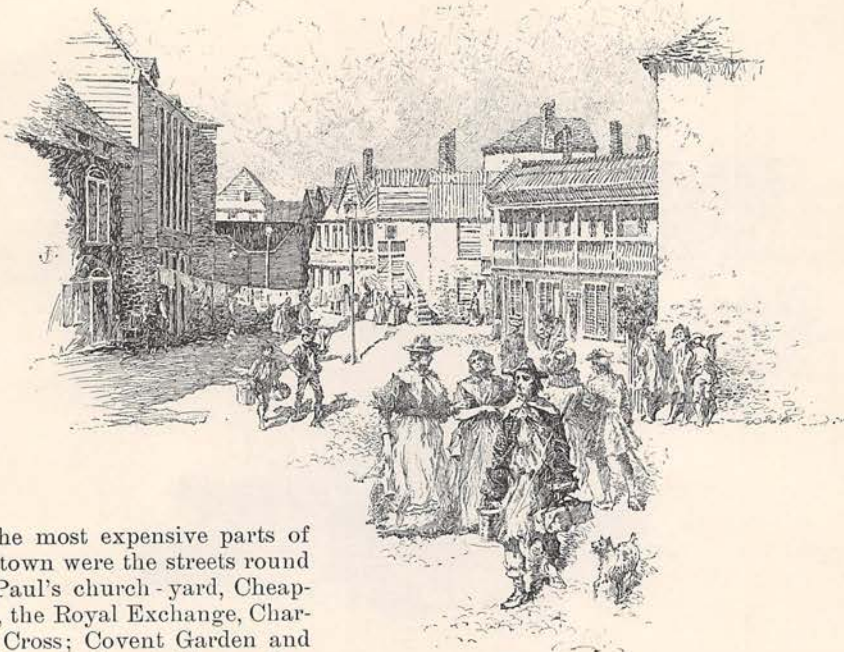
bounds. French privateers scoured the ocean in chase of our merchantmen; every East-Indiaman had to run the gauntlet all the way from Madeira to Plymouth. The supremacy of the sea was obstinately disputed by France, yet more ships escaped than were taken. Our Indiamen fought the privateer and sank him; our fleets retaliated; our frigates protected the merchantmen; and when, as happened sometimes, we had the pleasure of fighting Spain as well as France, the balance of captures was greatly in our favor. "Sir," said Lord Nelson to the King, when Spain declared war against us, "this makes all the difference. It promised to be a poor war; it will now be a rich war." And it was.



OLD EAST INDIA HOUSE, LEADENHALL STREET, 1648-1726.

It was the dream of every tradesman in fulness of time to retire from his shop and to have his own country house; or, if that could not be compassed, to have a box three or four miles from town, at Stockwell, Clapham, Hoxton, or Bow, or Islington, whither he might drive on Saturday or other days in a four-wheeled chaise. He loved to add a bow-window to the front, at which he would sit and watch the people pass, his wine before him, for the admiration and envy of all who beheld. The garden at the back, thirty feet long by twenty broad, he laid out with great elegance. There was a gravel-walk at each end, a pasteboard grenadier set up in one walk, and a sun-dial in the other. In the middle there was a basin with two artificial swans, over which he moralized: "Sir, I bought those fowls seven years ago. They were then as white as could be made. Now they are black. Let us learn that the strongest things decay, and consider the flight of time." He put weather-cocks on his house-top, and when they pointed different ways, he reflected that there is no station so exalted as to be free from the inconsistencies and wants of life.

His wife, of course, was a notable housekeeper. It is recorded of her that she would never employ a man unless he could whistle. So that when he was sent to draw beer, or to bottle wine, or to pick cherries, or to gather strawberries, by whistling all the time he proved that his mouth was empty; because you cannot whistle with anything in your mouth. She made her husband take off his shoes before going up stairs. She lamented the gigantic appetites of the journeymen whom they had to keep "peck and perch" all the year round; she loved a pink sash and a pink ribbon, and when she went abroad she was genteelly "fetched" by an apprentice or one of the journeymen with candle and lanthorn.



NORTH VIEW OF THE MARSHALSEA, SOUTHWARK.

The most expensive parts of the town were the streets round St. Paul's church-yard, Cheapside, the Royal Exchange, Charing Cross; Covent Garden and St. James's lie outside our limits. Here the rent of a moderate house was from a hundred to a hundred and fifty guineas a year. In less central places the rents were not more than half as much. There were six or seven fire-insurance offices. The premium for insurance on houses and goods not called hazardous was generally two shillings per cent. on any sum under £1000, half a crown on all sums between £1000 and £2000, and three and sixpence on all sums over £3000, so that a man insuring his house and furniture for £2500 would pay an annual premium of £4 7*s*. 6*d*.

The common practice of bakers and milkmen was to keep a tally on the door-post with chalk. The advantage of this method was that a mark might be added when the maid was not looking. The price of meat was about a third of the present prices, beef being fourpence a pound, mutton fourpence halfpenny, and veal sixpence. Chickens were commonly sold at two and sixpence the pair; eggs were sometimes three and sometimes eight for fourpence, according to the time of year. Coals seem to have cost about forty shillings a ton, but this is uncertain. Candles were eight and fourpence a dozen for "dips," and nine and fourpence a dozen for "moulds"; wax candles were two and tenpence a pound. For out-door lamps train-oil was used, and for in-doors sperm oil. For the daily dressing of the hair, hair-dressers were engaged at seven shillings to a guinea a month. Servants were hired at register offices, but they were often of very bad character, with forged papers. The wages given were, to women cooks, £12 a year; ladies'-maids, £12 to £20; housemaids, from £7 to £9; footmen, £14 and a livery. Servants found their own tea and sugar. Board wages were ten and sixpence a week to an upper servant; seven shillings to an under servant. Every householder was liable to serve as church-warden, overseer for the poor, constable—but he could serve by deputy—and juryman. Peers, clergymen, lawyers, members of Parliament, physicians, and surgeons were exempted.

The principle of life-assurance was already well established, but not yet in general use. There seem to have been no more than four companies for life-assurance.

There were nine morning papers, of which the *Morning Post* still survives. They were all published at three pence. There were eight evening papers, which came out three times a week. And there

SOUTHWEST PROSPECT OF LONDON, 1760.

were three or four weekly papers, intended chiefly for the country.

The stamps which had to be bought with anything were a grievous burden. A pair of gloves worth ten pence—stamp of one penny; worth one and fourpence—stamp of two pence; above one and fourpence—stamp of four pence. Penalty for selling without a stamp, £5. Hats were taxed in like manner. Inventories and catalogues were stamped; an apprentice's indentures were stamped; notes and bills of exchange were stamped; every newspaper paid a stamp of three halfpence. In the year 1753 there were seven millions and a half of stamps issued to the journals.

We have seen what it cost a respectable householder to pay his way in the time of Charles the Second. The following shows the cost of living a hundred years later. The house is supposed to consist of husband and wife, four children, and two maids.

Food, coals, candles, small-beer (of which 12 gallons are allowed, that is, 48 quarts, or an average of one quart a day per head), soap, starch, and all kinds of odds and ends are reckoned at £3 12*s.* 5*d.* a week, or £188 5*s.* 8*d.* a year; clothes, including hair-dressing, £64; pocket expenses, £15 12*s.*; occasional illness, £11; schooling, £8; wages, £14 10*s.*; rent and taxes, £66; entertainments, wine, etc., £30 19*s.*—making a total of £400 a year.

If we take the same family with the same scale of living at the present day, we shall arrive at the difference in the cost of things:

	1890.	1760.
Food, coals, and ale, etc.	£420	£190
Clothes	120	64
Pocket expenses	45	15
School	143	8
Illness	42	11
Wages of two maids	42	14
Rent and taxes (not counting income-tax)	150	66
Travelling	150	nil
Books	90	nil
Wine	84	31
On furniture and the house	103	nil

A comparison of the figures shows a very considerable raising of the standard as regards comfort, and even necessaries. It is true that the modern figures have been taken from the accounts of a family which spends every year from £1200 to £1600.

In the evening every man had his club or coffee-house. We know that Dr. Johnson was unhappy unless he had a

club for the evening. There were clubs for every class. They met at taverns. They gradually superseded the coffee-houses for evening purposes. The city coffee-houses, however, became places where a great deal of business was carried on. Thus at the Baltic was a subscription-room for merchants and brokers engaged in the Russia trade; the Chapter of Paternoster Row was the resort of booksellers; the Jamaica was a house for West Indian trade; Garraway's, Robins's, Jonathan's, the Jerusalem, Lloyd's, were all city coffee-houses turned into rendezvouses for merchants. The clubs of the last century deserve a separate paper for themselves. The London citizen went to his club every evening. He there solemnly discussed the news of the day, smoked his pipe of tobacco, drank his glass of punch, and went home by ten o'clock. The club was the social life of the city. For the ladies there was their own social life. Women lived much more with other women; they had their visits and society among themselves in the daytime. While the men worked at their shops and offices, the women gadded about; in the evening they sat at home while the men went out. In one family of my acquaintance there is a tradition belonging to the end of the last century that when the then head of the house came home at ten, the girls hurried off to bed, the reason being that the good man's temper at the late hour, what with the fatigues of the day and the punch of the evening, was anything but uncertain. A manuscript diary of a middle-class family belonging to the time of George the First shows anything but a stay-at-home life. The ladies were always going about. But they staid at home in the evenings. There was a very good reason why the women should stay at home. The streets were infested with prowling thieves and with dangerous bullies; no woman could go out after dark in the city without an armed escort of her father's apprentices or his men-servants. The occupations of a young lady—not a lady of the highest fashion—of this time are given by a contemporary writer. He says that she makes tippets, works handkerchiefs in catgut, collects shells, makes grottoes, copies music, paints, cuts out figures and landscapes, and makes screens. She dances a minuet or cotillon, and she can

TEMPLE BAR, FROM BUTCHER ROW.

LONDON BRIDGE, 1757.

play ombre, lansquenet, quadrille, and Pope Joan. These are frivolous accomplishments, but the writer says nothing of the morning's work—the distilling of creams, the confecting of cakes and puddings and sauces, the needle-work, and all the useful things.

They did not always stay at home. In the summer they sometimes went to Vauxhall, where the girls enjoyed the sight of the wicked world as much as they liked the singing and the supper and the punch that followed.

We have quite lost the mughouse. This was a kind of music hall, a large room where only men were admitted, and where ale or stout was the only drink consumed. Every man had his pipe; there was a president. A harp played at one end of the room, and out of the company present one after the other stood up to sing. Between the songs there were toasts and speeches, sometimes of a political kind, and the people drank to each other from table to table.

It was a great fighting time. Every man who went abroad knew that he might have to fight to defend himself against footpad or bully. Most men carried a stout stick. When Dr. Johnson heard that a man had threatened to horsewhip him, he ordered a thick cudgel, and was easy in his mind. There was no police, and therefore a man had to fight. It cannot be doubted that the martial spirit of the country, which was extraordinary, was greatly sustained by the practice of fighting, which prevailed alike in all ranks. Too much order is not all pure gain. If we have got rid of the Mohocks and street-scourers, we have lost a good deal of that readiness to fight which formerly met those Mohocks and made them fly.

Here are one or two notes of domestic interest. The washing of the house was always done at home. The washer-woman began her work at midnight. Why this was so ordered I know not; there must have been some reason. During the many wars of the century wheat went up to an incredible price. One year it was 104*s.* a quarter, so that bread was three times as dear as it is at present. Housewives in those times cut their bread with their own hands, and kept it till it was stale. If you wanted a place under government, you could buy one; the sum of £500 would get you a comfortable berth in the victualling office, for instance, where the perquisites, pickings, and bribes for contracts made the service worth having. Members of Parliament who had

the privilege of franking letters sometimes sold the right for £300 a year. Alehouses were marked by chequers on the door-post: to this day the chequers is a common tavern sign. Bakers had a lattice at their doors. All tradesmen—not servants only, but master-tradesmen—asked for Christmas-boxes. The Fleet weddings went on merrily. There was great feasting on the occasion of a wedding duly conducted in the parish church. On the day of the wedding the bridegroom himself waited on bride and guests.

REVIEW OF SOLDIERS, ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

There were also great expense and ostentation observed at funerals; every little shopkeeper, it was observed, must have a hearse and half a dozen mourning coaches to be carried a hundred yards to the parish church-yard. They were often conducted at night, in order to set off the ceremony by hired mourners bearing flambeaux.

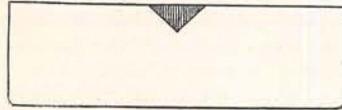
The flogging in the army and navy is appalling to think of. That carried on ashore is a subject of some obscurity. The punishment of whipping has never been taken out of our laws. Garroters and robbers who are violent are still flogged, and boys are birched. I know not when they ceased to flog men through the streets at the cart tail, nor when they left off flogging women. The practice certainly continued well into the century. In the prisons it was a common thing to flog the men. As for the severity of the laws protecting property, one illustration will suffice. What can be thought of laws which allowed the hanging of two children for stealing a purse with two shillings and a brass counter in it? Something, however, may be said for Father Stick. He ordered everything, directed everything, superintended everything. Without him nothing was ever done, nothing could be done. Men were flogged into drill and discipline, they were flogged into courage, they were flogged into obedience; boys were flogged into learning; prentices were flogged into diligence; women were flogged into virtue. Father Stick has still his disciples, but in the last century he was king.

We have spoken of station and order. It must be remembered that there was then no pretence of a clerk, or any one of that kind, calling himself a gentleman. Not at all; he was a servant, the servant of his master, and a very faithful servant too, for the most part. His services were rewarded at a rate of pay varying from twenty to a hundred pounds a year. A clerk in a government office seldom got

more than fifty pounds, but some of them had chances of a kind which we now call dishonest. In other words, they were bribed.

Let me conclude this account, too scanty and meagre, of London in the last century by a brief narrative—borrowed, not invented—of a Sunday holiday. It has been seen that the city was careful about the church-going of the citizens. But laws were forgotten, manners relaxed; outside the city no such discipline was possible, nor was any attempted. And to the people within the walls, as well as to all without, Sunday gradually became a day of holiday and pleasure. You shall see what a day was made of a certain Sunday in the summer of 17— by a pair of citizens whose names have perished.

The holiday-makers slept at the Marlborough Head, in Bishopsgate Street, whence they sallied forth at four in the morning. Early as it was, the gates of the inn yards were thronged with young people gayly dressed, waiting for the horses, chaises, and carriages which were



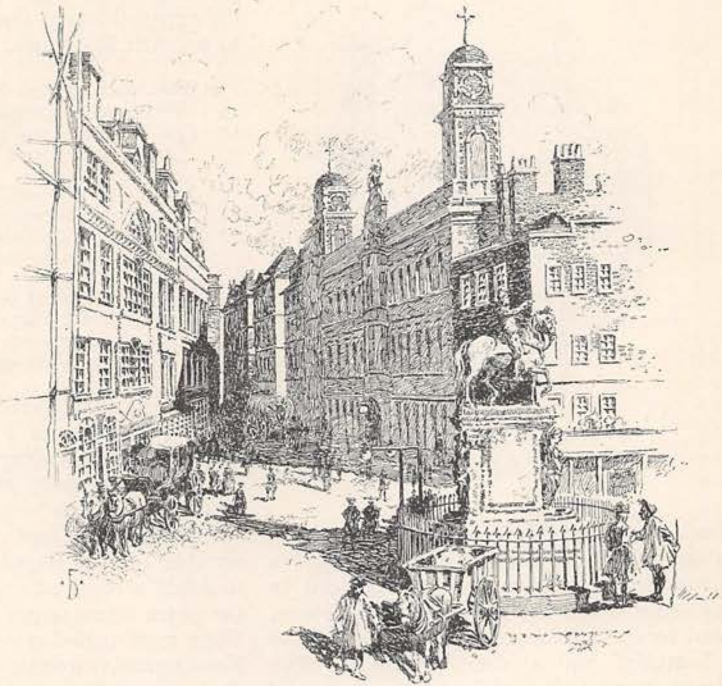
VISITING-CARD OF 1750.

to carry them to Windsor, Hampton Court, Richmond, etc., for the day. They were mostly journeymen or apprentices, and the ladies with them were young milliners and mantua-makers. They first walked westward, making for the Foundling Hospital, on their way passing a rabble rout drinking saloop and fighting. Arrived at the fields lying south of that institution, they met with a company of servants, men and girls, who had stolen some of their masters' wine, and were out in the fields to drink it. They shared in the drink, but deplored the crime. It will be observed as we go along that a very creditable amount of drink accompanied this holiday. Then they continued walking across the fields till they came to Tottenham Court Road, where the Wesleyans, in their tabernacle, were holding an early service. Outside the chapel a prize fight was going on, with a crowd of ruffians and betting-men. It was, however, fought on the cross.

They next retraced their steps across the fields, and arrived at Bagnigge Wells, which lay at the east of the Gray's Inn Road, nearly opposite what is now Meck-

INTERIOR OF ST. STEPHEN, WALBROOK.

lenburgh Square, and northeast of the St. Andrew's burying-ground. Early as it was, the place already contained several hundreds of people. The Wells included a great room for concerts and entertainments, a garden planted with trees, shrubs, and flowers, and provided with walks, a fountain, a rustic bridge, rural cottages, a fish-pond, and seats. The admission was three pence. They had appointed to breakfast at the Bank Coffee-house, therefore they could not wait longer here. On the way to the city they stopped at the Thatched House and took a gill of red port.



CHARING CROSS, LOOKING UP THE STRAND.

The Bank Coffee-house was filled with people taking breakfast and discussing politics or trade. It is not stated what they had for breakfast, but as one of the company is spoken of as finishing his dish of chocolate, it may be imagined that this was the usual drink. A lovely barmaid smiled farewell when they left the place. From this coffee-house they went to church at St. Mary le Strand, where a bishop preached a charity sermon. At the close of the service the charity children were placed at the doors, loudly imploring the benefactions of the people. After church they naturally wanted a little refreshment; they therefore went to a house near St. Paul's, where the landlord provided them a cold collation with a pint of Lisbon.

The day being fine, they agreed to walk to Highgate and dine at the ordinary there. On the way they were beset by beggars in immense numbers. They arrived at Highgate just in time for the dinner—probably at two o'clock. The company consisted principally of reputable tradesmen and their families. There was an Italian musician, a gallery reporter—that is, a man who attended the House, and wrote down the debates from memory—and a lawyer's clerk. The ordinary offered two or three dishes at a shilling each. They had a bottle of wine, and sat till three o'clock, when they left the tavern and walked to Primrose Hill. Here they met an acquaintance in the shape of an Eastcheap cheese-monger, who was dragging his children in a four-wheel chaise up the hill, while his wife carried the good man's wig and hat on the point of his walking-stick. The hill was crowded with people of all kinds.

When they had seen enough, they came away and walked to the top of Hampstead Hill. Here, at the famous Spaniard's, they rested and took a bottle of port.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon when they left Hampstead and made for Islington, intending to see the White Conduit House on their way to the Surrey side.

All these gardens—to leave these travellers for a moment—Ranelagh, Vaux-

VAUXHALL ADMISSION TICKET.
Medallion in lead of Handel.
From the statue.

hall, Bagnigge Wells, and the rest, were alike. They contained a concert and a promenade room, a garden laid out in pleasing walks, a fish-pond with arbors, and rooms for suppers, a fountain, a band of music, and a dancing-floor. The amusements of Ranelagh are described by a visitor who ran into verse:

"To Ranelagh, once in my life,
By good-natured force I was driven;
The nations had ceased from their strife,
And Peace beamed her radiance from heaven."

I apologize for these two lines; but everybody knows that *strife* and *heaven* are very neat rhymes to *life* and *driven*. Otherwise I admit that they have nothing to do with Ranelagh.

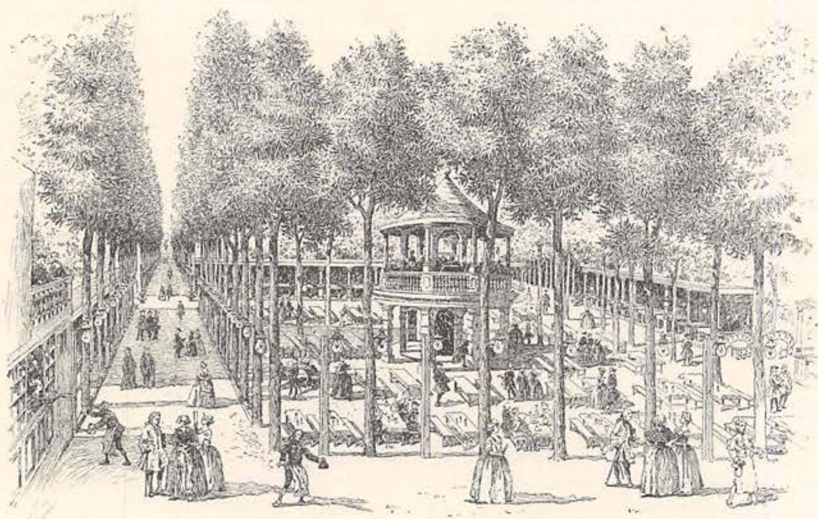
"What wonders were here to be found
That a clown might enjoy or disdain?
First we traced the gay circle around,
And then we went around it again.

"A thousand feet rustled on mats—
A carpet that once had been green;
Men bowed with their outlandish hats,
With women so fearfully keen.

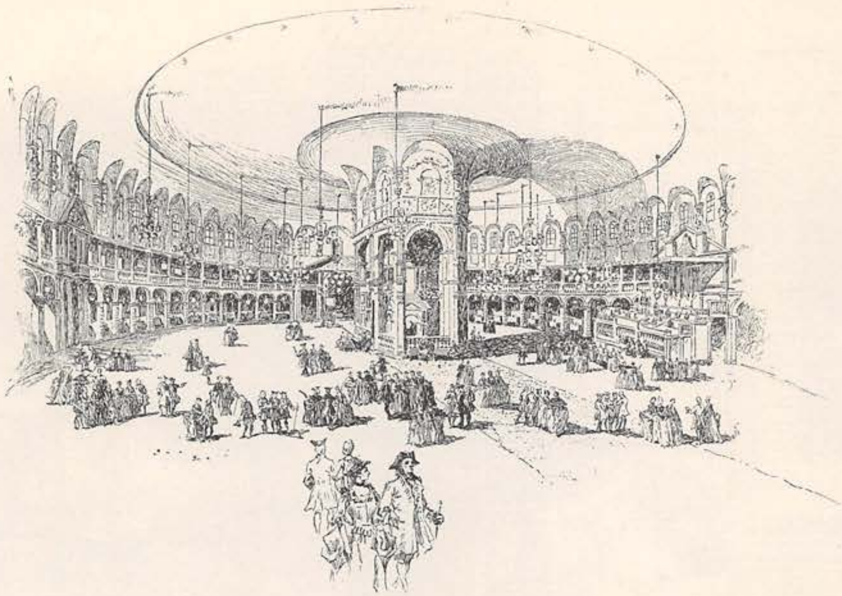
"Fair maids, who at home, in their haste,
Had left all their clothes but a train,
Swept the floor clean as they passed,
Then—walked round and swept it again."

At these gardens this Sunday afternoon there were several hundreds of people, not of the more distinguished kind. They found a very pretty girl here, who was so condescending as to take tea with them.

Leaving the Conduit House, they paid another visit to Bagnigge Wells, in order to drink a bowl of negus. By this time the place was a scene of open profligacy. They next called a coach, and drove to Kensington Gardens, where they walked about for an hour seeing the great people. Among others they had the happiness of beholding the D—— of Gr–ft–n, accompanied by Miss P——, and L—d H—y with the famous Mrs. W——. Feeling the want of a little refreshment, they sought a tea garden in Brompton known as Cromwell's Gardens, or Floride Gardens, where they



VAUXHALL SPRING GARDENS.



VIEW OF ROTUNDA, RANELAGH GARDENS.

drank coffee, and contemplated the beauty of many lovely creatures.

It was now nine o'clock in the evening. In the neighborhood of the Mall they saw a great block of carriages on their way to Lady H—'s Sunday rout. The explorers then visited certain houses frequented by the baser sort, and were rewarded in the manner that might have been expected, namely, with ribaldry and blasphemy. As the clock struck ten they arrived at the Dog and Duck, St. George's Fields. From the Dog and Duck they repaired to the Temple of Flora, a place of the same description as Bagnigge Wells. Here, as the magistrates had refused a wine license, they kept a citizen and vintner on the premises. He, by virtue of his company, had the right to sell wine without a license. Our friends took a bottle here. The Apollo Gardens, the Thatched House, the Flora Tea Garden, were also places of resort of the same kind, all with a garden, tea and music rooms, and a company of doubtful morals. They drove next to the Bermondsey Spa Gardens, described as an elegant place of entertainment, two miles from London Bridge, with a walk hung with colored lamps not inferior to that of Vauxhall. There was also a lovely pasteboard castle and a museum of curiosities. They had another bottle here and a comfortable glass of cherry brandy before getting into the carriage. Finally they reached the place whence they started at midnight, and after a bumper of red port retired to rest. A noble Sunday, lasting from four o'clock in the morning till midnight. They walked twenty miles at least; they drank all day long, port, Lisbon, chocolate, negus, tea, coffee, and cherry brandy, besides their beer at dinner. On nine different occasions they called for a pint or a bottle. A truly wonderful Sunday.

We have seen London from age to age. It has changed indeed. Yet in one thing it has shown no change. London has always been a city looking forwards, pressing forwards, fighting for the future, using up the present ruthlessly for the sake of the future, trampling on the past. As it has been, so it is. The city may have reached its highest point; it may be about to decline; as yet it shows no sign; it has sounded no note of decay or of decline or of growing age. The city which began with the East Saxon settlement among the forsaken streets thirteen hundred years ago is in the full strength and lustihood of manhood—perhaps as yet only early manhood. For which, as in private duty bound, let us praise and magnify the providence which has so guided the steps of the citizens, and so filled their hearts with the spirit of self-reliance, hope, and courage.