

view in this room, when I behaved so rudely—so unkindly. For that fault I ought to have apologised ere now. But I was surprised, and I—I—”

He hesitated as though he knew not how to proceed; but Mary had now found words.

“You saw the locket you had lost in my possession,” she murmured, still almost inaudibly. Then, gathering courage, she went on. “I—I had not then even heard of your loss; and Henry—oh, sir, it is strange, very strange; but if—if you had known my poor brother, as I have known him from his childhood, you—”

“Would believe him incapable of crime,” he kindly interrupted, “as *you* do, and as *I* do. Yes, my dear Mary, I will not, cannot think evil of—of him whose memory is dear to us both, and who is not here to vindicate himself, and prove his innocence. I will, I *do* believe that there is some strange mystery connected with this matter, which will in due time be revealed.”

“It will, it *will*,” murmured Mary. “Oh, thank you, thank you, uncle, for those kind, generous words. Henry *is* guiltless of this crime. I feel it *here*,” and she placed her hand on her heart.

“I can speak of the locket now,” she continued, after a brief pause. “Uncle, I will bring it here,” and, rising from her seat, she brought forth the trinket from her writing-desk and placed it in Mr. Aston’s hand.

“It is more fitting that the trinket should remain in your possession, my dear Mary,” replied her uncle.

“It once belonged to your grandmother, and afterwards to your mother, my love. Your dear mother gave it to me to keep for her sake, when she was a little girl, and I was but a few years older than she, as the most valuable of her treasures. Little did either of us think at that moment that we were about to part for ever in this world.

“It is a family heirloom, and I have treasured it carefully amid all the vicissitudes of my life; now it is but right that it should descend to you.”

He then proceeded to point out to her the coat of arms and the motto beneath; but though he meant kindly, Mary keenly felt that he had destroyed the hope that had lightened her heart when the thought had first struck her, that, since Mr. Aston’s crest and her own grandfather’s were so similar, it was reasonable to suppose that there might have been two lockets in existence, each engraved with a similar crest and motto.

He did not destroy her firm belief in her brother’s innocence, but he rendered one reasonable explanation of the manner in which the trinket came into her brother’s possession untenable, and deepened the mystery that surrounded the affair.

She, however, candidly related, word for word, as nearly as her memory served her, all that had passed between herself and Henry on the evening of his return from London.

“None of his actions betrayed a consciousness of guilt,” she said at last, “and, strange as things appear, I am as satisfied of poor Henry’s innocence in this matter, uncle, as I am conscious of my own.”

“We will never allude to the matter again, my dear,” replied Mr. Aston, “until the mystery, in which I am sure it is involved, is revealed. That, some day, it will be revealed, we will both hope—not only for poor Henry’s sake, but for our own satisfaction.

“Now, my dear, put the locket aside. Treasure it as a *souvenir* of your brother, and as an heirloom that has descended to you from your grandmother, till the day shall arrive when we can examine it again together.”

Mr. Aston then related to his niece the story of his early

career; told how he had been shipwrecked ere he had been forty-eight hours from home; how he had been confined for many months in a French prison at Montaubin, from whence he had escaped and made his way on foot through France, and got on board a vessel bound to Portugal, whence he had sailed to India, and subsequently wandered over half the world, ever intending to return to England; how, in course of time, his desire to return grew weaker and weaker, till he finally resolved that he would never return, unless as a rich man, though he had always retained a fond recollection of his sister Mary, her mother. Then he told how he had come to settle down in the Far West of America, and had married and become the father of a family, and had gradually increased in wealth, until he became rich even beyond his hopes and expectations. He spoke of his son and daughter, still living in America, though his wife and four of his children were dead; and told how, at length, he had yearned so strongly to return to his home and friends, that he at last embarked for England from New York, and had been shipwrecked on the coast—a second time—in the bay near by; and how grievously disappointed he had been when he discovered that his brothers were dead, and that his sister had gone away from her native village, none knew whither; and how, after searching for months, in vain, for tidings of his sister, he had come again to St. David, as if directed by the finger of Providence, to find his sister’s child.

Many things he left to be told on future occasions; but as Mary listened with interest to his eventful story, and with especial interest to his description of his far-distant American home, and of the cousins still living there, of whom she had never heard until now, she felt herself beguiled from her grief, and when at length he parted from her for the night, he left her with a lighter heart than, but a few hours before, she had thought she would ever again bear in her bosom.

CURIOSITIES OF LAMBETH.

BY JOHN TIMBS.

I.

THE large parish of Lambeth, nearly eighteen miles in circumference, has in its history many strange things worthy of note. Its ancient archiepiscopal palace is a museum of antiquities in itself; while every portion of the parish abounds with that nook-and-corner interest which yields a plentiful crop of curiosities. Yet, change has been busy in this suburban district. Lambeth was anciently a village of Surrey; and, two centuries ago, it retained much of its rural character in its arable, pasture, and meadow lands, and its osier, garden-ground, and wood. It ranges along the south bank of the Thames from Vauxhall towards Southwark, and extends to Norwood, Streatham, and Croydon; it also included part of the Forest of Oak, called Norwood, belonging to the See of Canterbury, wherein was the Vicar’s Oak (cut down in 1679), at which point four parishes meet. This famous oak bore mistletoe, which some persons cut for the gain of selling it to the apothecaries of London, leaving a branch to sprout out; but some proved unfortunate after it, for one of them fell lame, another lost an eye! At length, in the year 1678, a certain man, notwithstanding he was warned against it upon account of what others had suffered, adventured to cut the tree down, and he soon after broke his leg; all which disasters are recorded in the “Magna Britannia,” of Lysons.

The name of Lambeth has been variously written at different times. The earliest mention of it is in a charter

of King Edward the Confessor, dated 1062, confirming several grants to the Abbey of Waltham, in Essex. There it is written *Lambe-lithe*. Most etymologists trace the name to *lam*, dirt, and *hythe*, a haven. Dr. Ducarel derives it from *lamb*, a lamb, and *hythe*, a haven; but that eminent antiquary, Dr. Gale, derives it from its contiguity to a Roman road, or *leaman*, which is generally supposed to have terminated at the river at Stangate, whence there was a passage over the Thames. Here the foundations are completed of St. Thomas's Hospital, which, it will be recollected, is to be built on the ground reclaimed by the southern embankment of the Thames.

In the earliest historic times the greater part of modern Lambeth must have been a swamp, overflowed by every tide, and forming a vast lake at high water. The Romans embanked the Thames on the south side, and did something towards draining the marsh. Roman remains have been discovered in St. George's Fields and at Kennington; and some antiquaries have thought that it was among the Lambeth Marshes that Plautus got entangled after his victory over the Britons, and that he retired thence to the strong entrenchment still to be traced near Bromley. The great Roman road from the south coast at Newhaven, through East Grinstead to London, entered Lambeth at Brixton, crossed Kennington to Newington, and there divided; the eastern branch going to Southwark, and the western across St. George's Fields to Stangate Ferry. The first of these roads is preserved to this day in Newington Causeway. In 1016, Canute laid siege to London, and, finding the east side of the bridge impregnable, conveyed his ships through a channel (Canute's Trench) dug in the marshes south of the Thames, so as to attack it from the west. Maitland, in 1739, imagined he had succeeded in tracing this canal; and in 1823, in excavations between the Fishmongers' Almshouses and Newington Church, some piles and posts were discovered with rings for mooring barges; also a pot of coins of Charles II and William III. A parishioner, aged 109 years, who died early in the present century, remembered when boats came up the "river," as far as the church at Newington.

A few years later, in 1041, Hardicanute, the last of the Danish Kings of England, died suddenly at Lambeth; though others place it at Clapham, which may then have formed part of Lambeth. It was the seat of Osgod Clapa, a Danish nobleman, at the marriage feast of whose daughter, Gytha or Goda, with Tovi Prudham, another noble Dane, Hardicanute was a guest; and, says the "Saxon Chronicle," expired with a tremendous struggle, as he stood drinking—not without suspicion of poison. A popular holiday commemorated this event for many generations, by a feast called Hock Tide, and the churchwardens' accounts at Lambeth show entries, till 1566, of sums gathered at these festivals, and applied to the repairs of the church. The Germans, to this day, call a wedding feast *hochzeit*, hock tide; and hock tide sports are still kept up in parts of Wiltshire and Berkshire.

According to William of Malmesbury, after the death of King Edward, Harold, the son of Earl Godwin, placed the crown on his head with his own hands, at Lambhythe.

In Domesday there are mentioned for Lambeth twelve villans, twenty-seven bordars, a church, and nineteen burghesses in London, and wood for three hogs; and the value of the manor is stated at £11. It passed, after sundry changes, to Bishop Gundulph, of Rochester, who taxed it with an annual supply of 900 lampreys, and his

successor demanded, in addition, a yearly salmon to be caught, of course off the Thames boundary; just as offerings of salmon from the Thames were anciently made upon the high altar of St. Peter's at Westminster.

In 1197, the manor of Lambeth came by exchange into the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury, with whom it has remained ever since, except from the deposition of Laud, in 1640, till the Restoration of Charles II, in 1660. The present palace is the manor-house and, with the gardens and ground, forms an extra-parochial district. Its history has already been narrated in this journal, together with its curiosities. Archbishop Howley expended some £60,000 in restoring the fine old place. As Archbishop, he crowned three sovereigns, George IV, William IV, and Queen Victoria, and his consecration was witnessed by Queen Charlotte, when her Majesty was seventy years of age.

The Lollards' Tower and the Gate House are the oldest portions of the palace. At the gate, the *dole*, immemorably given to the poor by the Archbishops of Canterbury, is distributed. It consists of fifteen quarter loaves, nine stone of beef, and five shillings worth of halfpence, divided into three equal portions, and distributed every Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday, among thirty poor parishioners of Lambeth; the beef being made into soup, and served in pitchers. Among the treasures of the palace are—the library, left to Lambeth for "the service of God and his Church, and of the kings and commonwealth of this realm;" the MSS. (some exquisitely illuminated), and the records and letters of undying interest; the gloomy prison-tower, and the noble two-storied hall *louvre*; the armorial glass; the pictures, not forgetting the Archbishops' portraits, and their chronological wigs; the priests' ancient habit; the Coronation Service-book, and Aggas's rare View of London in Queen Elizabeth's reign; the descendants of Pole's fig-tree; the shell of Laud's aged tortoise; and the solemnity of the palace gardens.

Near the palace gate was the Ferry, granted by patent to the Archbishop of Canterbury, it seems in 1750, when Westminster Bridge was opened.

St. Mary's (the mother church) has a perpendicular tower, with a beacon turret. Here sleep many archbishops beneath stately tombs. Thirleby, the first and only Bishop of Westminster, died a prisoner in the palace, and was buried here; his body was discovered wrapped in fine linen, the face perfect, the beard long and white, the linen and woollen garments well preserved, with the cap of silk and point-lace, slouched hat, cassock, and pieces of garments like a pilgrim's habit. Here lies Ashmole, the antiquary; and in the churchyard, the Tradescants, father and son,

"Those famous antiquarians, that had been
Both gardeners to the Rose and Lily Queen,"

beneath an emblematic tomb, sculptured with palm-trees, hydra and scull, obelisk and pyramid, and Grecian ruins, crocodile, and shells. In one of the church windows, the Pedlar, with his pack and dogs, is said to represent the person who bequeathed "Pedlar's Acre" to the parish; but it is rather thought to be a *rebus* on the name of Chapman, and to have nothing to do with the bequest. Beneath the church walls, Mary, Queen of James II, found shelter with her infant son, after she had crossed the river by the Horseferry from Westminster; here the Queen remained a whole hour on the night of December 9th, 1688, until a coach arrived to convey her to Gravesend, whence she sailed for France. Among the notabilities in the old burial-ground, near the High Street, was the Countess de la Motte, who figured in the mysterious story of the Diamond Necklace, and

the Queen of France, before the French Revolution. And in the parish register is recorded the interment of the venerable Dr. Andrew Perne, who is reported to have changed his religion four times within twelve years. Dr. Perne was Deau of Ely; he resided at Stockwell, a village of Lambeth. The neighbourhood was celebrated for game of all sorts, and Queen Elizabeth granted to Dr. Perne a license "to appoint one of his servants, by special name, to shoot with any cross-bow, hand-gonne, hasquedent, or demy-hack, at all manner of dead-marks, at all manner of crows, rooks, cormorants, kytes, puttocks, and such like bustards, wyld swans, barnacles, and all manner of sea-fowls, fen-fowls, wild doves, small birds, teals, coots, ducks, and all manner of deare, red, fallow, and roo."

Lambeth had formerly some noble mansions, as Norfolk House, where lived the Earl of Norfolk, in the time of Edward I; and where resided the celebrated Earl of Surrey, when under the tuition of Leland the antiquary. The site and ground are now occupied by Norfolk Row and Hodges' Distillery, removed here from the site of the Millbank Penitentiary, in 1812. Here are stills, varying from 500 to 3,000 gallons; a steam-engine of twenty horse-power, to work the machinery; and large glass air-tight cisterns, to receive the produce of the distillation; and here is an iron cistern to hold many thousand gallons. The Dukes of Norfolk had also in Lambeth, on the banks of the Thames, a garden, let to one Cuper, who decorated it with fragments of the Arundelian Marbles, given to him by his former master, the Earl of Arundel, whose gardener Cuper had been. These sculptures were afterwards buried in a piece of ground adjoining, along with rubbish from the ruins of St. Paul's Cathedral, then rebuilding by Wren; but the sculptures were disinterred, and the site let to Messrs. Beaufoy, for their vinegar works, which, on the building of Waterloo Bridge, were removed to South Lambeth, the site of the mansion and deer-park of Sir Noel Caron. Here, among Beaufoy's works, we read of a vessel of sweet wine, containing 59,109 gallons, and another of vinegar, of 56,799 gallons, the lesser of which exceeds the famous Heidelberg Tun; yet English tourists gaze at the tun, ignorant that they have a greater wonder at home. Mr. Beaufoy was an eminent mathematician; with his wealth he built and endowed schools for the poor, and presented to the Corporation of London a valuable collection of Tradesmen's Tavern Tokens, to be seen in the library at the Guildhall.

Another noted Lambeth mansion was Carlisle House, the palace of the Bishops of Rochester, until it was granted by Henry VIII to the See of Carlisle. Here, in 1531, Richard Rose, or Rose, a cook, poisoned seventeen persons by throwing some poison into a vessel of yeast; for this he was attainted of treason, and boiled to death in Smithfield, by an *ex post facto* law passed for the purpose, but repealed in the next reign. Carlisle House was not taken down until the year 1827.

Belvedere House was a noted pleasure-haunt, and upon part of the site and gardens were established, in 1785, the Lambeth Waterworks, first taking their waters from the borders of the Thames; then from its centre, near Hungerford Bridge, by a cast-iron conduit pipe forty-two inches in diameter; whence, in 1852, the works were removed to Seething Wells, Ditton, twenty-three miles by the river-course from London Bridge. Thence the water is supplied by the Company's reservoirs at Brixton, ten $\frac{3}{4}$ -miles distance, by steam-pumping engines, at the rate of 10,000,000 gallons daily. From these reservoirs, 100 feet above the Thames, the water

flows by its own gravity through the mains; but at Norwood it is lifted by steam-power, 350 feet, or the height of St. Paul's Cathedral, above the supplying river. ("Curiosities of London," new edit. 1868.) In Belvedere Road, named from the old mansion, is the Lion Ale Brewery, built in 1836: the upper floor is an immense tank for water, supplying the floor below, where the boiled liquor is cooled; it then descends into fermenting-tuns, in the storey beneath, next to the floor for fining; and, lastly, to the cellar or store-vats. Belvedere Gardens adjoined Cuper's Gardens; and upon the site of the former was a saw-mill erected in the time of Cromwell, and which he protected by Act of Parliament from the violence of those who dreaded the invention. Curiously enough, almost upon this very spot are now erected some of the largest saw-mills in this country.

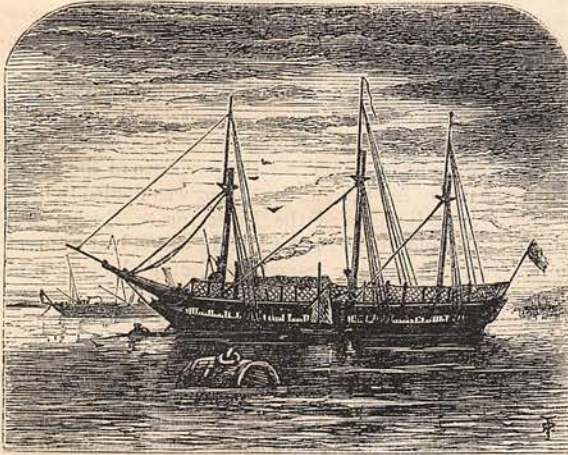
In Lambeth Marsh, or near to it, resided one Thomas Bushell, a man of scientific attainments, and a friend of Lord Chancellor Bacon. He obtained from Charles I a grant to coin silver money, for the purposes of the King, when the use of his mint at the Tower was denied to him. When Cromwell assumed the Protectorate, Bushell hid himself in an old house in the Marsh, which had a turret to it. Here in a large garret, extending the length of the premises, Bushell lay concealed upwards of a year; he hung the apartment with black; at one end of it was a skeleton extended on a mattress, and at the other was a low bed, on which Bushell slept; while on the dismal hangings on the wall were depicted several emblems of mortality. After the Restoration, Charles II supported Bushell in his inventive dreams; he died in 1664, aged eighty, and was buried in the little cloisters of Westminster Abbey.

At Vauxhall formerly stood Copt Hall, a house of historic interest. In 1615 it was built by Sir Thomas Parry, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, to whose close custody in this house was committed Lady Arabella Stuart, on account of having married privately William Seymour, grandson of the Earl of Hertford. This lady was the only child of the fifth Earl of Lennox, uncle to King James I, and great grandson of King Henry VII. Her double relationship to royalty was obnoxious to the jealousy of Queen Elizabeth and the timidity of James I, who equally dreaded her having legitimate issue, and prevented her from marrying in a suitable manner. The lady was kept in custody at Copt Hall, and Seymour was sent to the Tower. They both escaped the same day, 3rd of June, 1611. He got to Flanders, but she was taken in Calais Roads, and committed a close prisoner to the Tower, where she became a lunatic, and died in the Tower, 27th September, 1615 (Tanswell's "History of Lambeth.") Copt Hall was surrendered to Charles I, and was subsequently described as Vaux Hall: it contained "modes and utensils for practical inventions;" and after the Restoration there was allowed to settle here one Jasper Calthoff, a Dutchman, who was employed in making guns and other warlike instruments for his Majesty's service; shortly after, part of the premises was occupied by a sugar-baker; and next a large distillery was built here. There was a tradition that this house, or the neighbouring one of Vauxhall, was the residence of Guy Fawkes; but there is no mention of him as an under-tenant on the records. A family named Vause, or Vaux, had been inhabitants of Lambeth for nearly a hundred years; but, had Guy been their relation, and known to them (as he must have been had he inhabited a capital house at Vauxhall), he could never have thought of passing for a servant to Percy, who lived at Lambeth (as did John Wright, one

of the conspirators), and from whose house some of the combustibles were conveyed across the Thames to the Horseferry, and placed under the Parliament House, Westminster. The house in which the conspirators stored their combustibles was certainly at Lambeth, and near the river side; it was merely hired for this purpose in 1604, and was probably occupied by Catesby and Percy; it was "burnt to the ground by powder in 1635."

THE QUEEN'S JOURNAL.*

I.



ROYAL GEORGE SAILING YACHT.

In due time we hope to see a "People's Edition of the Queen's Book." Reviews and newspaper extracts have made the general contents pretty widely known; but the present price limits the possession of the volume to comparatively few. We should like to see a copy in every English home; for it is a book worthy of higher use than satisfying the curiosity of the idle and affording pleasure to the wealthy. We want it as a help to the education of the people—their education in what is true and good in life, and in what is beautiful in nature and art. Above all, it is a book the influence of which will be felt in fostering the love of hearth and home, and in strengthening those domestic and social ties that form the true defence and glory of our native land.

In this view the keynote to the work is struck in the brief and touching dedication, "To the dear memory of him who made the life of the writer bright and happy." With no ambition of authorship, and no display of royal state, the pages of this book are really what they call themselves, "Leaves from the Diary" of a happy wife and fond mother.

Under ordinary circumstances this private journal might never have gone beyond the circle of the writer's home; but happily it has been otherwise ordered. The Queen has been pleased to tell to the great body of her subjects the story of her domestic life, writing simply and freely of her joys and sorrows, her tastes and occupations, her feelings and sympathies. The people now know the truth about many things of which they had

* "Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands from 1848 to 1861, with Extracts giving Account of Earlier Visits to Scotland and Towns in England and Ireland." Smith, Elder, and Co. Our illustrations of the Athole country are from sketches by Robert Taylor Pritchett, made during visits to Blair Castle, and now reproduced with the sanction of the Duchess of Athole. In some of the other pictures (to appear in our next part), Mr. Pritchett has found assistance in photographs taken by Wilson, of Aberdeen.

before only vague though generally correct surmises. And this confidence on the part of the Queen has been met by a love and loyalty which will be increased the more the book is known.

The volume is divided into three parts:—"Earlier Visits to Scotland," "Life in the Highlands from 1848 to 1861," and "Tours in England and Ireland, and Yachting Excursions." They possess different degrees of interest. To many the first will appear the most charming, since it takes us back to the younger days, to the married girlhood of Queen Victoria, when, released for a while from the ceremonies and adulations of the capital, she went to Scotland to catch a first glimpse of its wild and brilliant landscape, of its ancient and lofty cities, of its population, aglow with loyalty, hospitality, gaiety, and independence. This was in the autumn of 1842—six-and-twenty years ago—a distance of time often touchingly referred to in later pages.

The journey was made from Windsor to London by rail, and by road to Woolwich, where the youthful sovereign embarked with her husband on board the Royal George, with a magnificent squadron as escort. The royal yacht was a very different ship from the Victoria and Albert of later years. The voyage was tedious, but thoroughly enjoyed by the Queen. "I saw Fern Island," she writes, "with Grace Darling's lighthouse on it." Singularly enough, that very morning Grace Darling lay dead in her cabin on the Northumbrian coast. The people at sea and ashore were giving merry and distant welcomes to the lady of the land just then passing, "fancy free," through their waters, dancing and piping in their boats, and kindling bonfires



SANDY M'ARA AND THE DUKE OF ATHOLE.

on their hills; and the seamen tripped it upon deck, eliciting from her Majesty one of many amiable compliments to the naval service of her kingdom, "They are so handy and well conducted."

The Queen, from the outset, was enchanted with Scot-

200,000lb. of grass. Some of this comes from the neighbouring valley of Mai Mena. Westward there are long, deep, and very picturesque gorges, with perennial streams of delicious water forming deep pools among the giant boulders of sandstone. This difference may have been caused by increasing rainfall as the party advanced westward. One feature of the ravines is the river beds, which carry off the drainage. The deepest and grandest gorge is that of the Hamas, to the west of Senafé. Sandstone cliffs overlie the schistose rock, which is cut up by deep watercourses filled with gigantic masses of sandstone hurled from the cliffs above. These boulders form deep caves, the lurking places of panthers and hyenas.

A most interesting point of observation in this Alpine region is the character of the vegetation with reference to the zones of elevation. On the summit and slopes of Sowayra (9,100ft.) the flora is of a thoroughly temperate and even English character. The only tree is the juniper, while the most common plants are lavender, wild thyme, dog roses, clematis, violets, and cowslips.

The sandstone plateaux have the same flora; but the highland slopes of the hills bounding the valleys are enriched by many trees and shrubs of a warmer climate. In the lovely gorge of Baraka, rendered sacred by the shrine and church of the Abyssinian saint, Romanos, and his fellow martyrs, masses of maidenhair fern droop over the clear pools of water, and the undergrowth consists of a myrsine, a large lobelia, and solanum. At this elevation vegetation akin to that of the Bombay ghauts commences. Huge and venerable dahio trees (the representatives of the Indian banyan) grow near the villages and afford shelter for flocks of pigeons. Tamarinds, mimosæ, jubul, and oleander trees appear in the ravines. But the English types around Mount Sowayra do not descend lower than Rara Guddy, 6,000 feet above the sea, and they disappear altogether in the Hamas gorge, where there is nothing but acacias and mimosæ. Thus the temperate flora may be said to extend over a zone from 9,000 to 6,000 feet above the sea; the subtropical from 6,000 to 3,000 feet; and the dry tropical coast vegetation from 3,000 feet above the sea. The open elevated valleys are, as a rule, bare of trees. The dahios and acacias only occur in sheltered places near the villages, although the loftier plateaux are pretty thickly covered with low juniper trees, overgrown with clematis.

CURIOSITIES OF LAMBETH.

II.

LAMBETH has for two centuries been noted for its places of public amusement. Vauxhall, the early "Spring Garden," was named, from its site in the manor of "La Sale Fawkes," Fawkeshall, from its possessor, an obscure Norman adventurer in the reign of King John. The estate was laid out as a garden about 1661, in squares, "enclosed with hedges of gooseberries, within which were roses, beans, and asparagus." Sir Samuel Morland took a lease of the place in 1665, and added fountains and a sumptuously furnished room for the reception of Charles II and his court; and a plan, dated 1681, shows the gardens planted with trees, and laid out in walks, and a circle of trees or shrubs. They were frequented by Evelyn and Pepys; and Addison, in the "Spectator," 1712, takes Sir Roger de Coverley there. In 1728, the gardens were leased to Jonathan Tyers, who converted the house into a tavern, decorated the grounds with paintings, erected an orchestra and alcoves, and set up an organ. Hogarth and Hayman

painted the pavilions and supper-boxes, and vocal and instrumental music were added. Horace Walpole and Fielding visited the gardens, which were then illuminated with 1,000 lamps; and Oliver Goldsmith and Miss Burney describe the Vauxhall of their time. The gardens were open from 1732 to 1840; they were reopened in 1841, and finally closed in 1859, when the theatre, orchestra, firework gallery, fountains, statues, etc., were sold; with a few mechanical models, such as Sir Samuel Morland, "Master of Mechanics to Charles II," had set up here nearly two centuries previously. The site was then cleared, and a church, vaulted throughout, was built upon a portion of the ground, besides a School of Arts, etc. Westward of Vauxhall were the Cumberland Tea Gardens, named after the great Duke; the site is now crossed by Vauxhall Bridge Road. An earlier garden was the Dog and Duck, dated from 1617, the year upon the sign-stone preserved in the garden-wall of Bethlehem Hospital, built upon the site. At the Dog and Duck, Mrs. Hannah More lays a scene in her excellent tract, "The Cheapside Apprentice." At Lambeth, also, were the Hercules Inn and Gardens, the Apollo Gardens, the Temple of Flora, etc. A century earlier, here were Lambeth Wells, the mineral water of which was sold at a penny a quart. About 1750, a musical society was held here, and lectures were given by Erasmus King, who had been coachman to Dr. Desaguliers, the first that introduced the reading of lectures to the public on natural and experimental philosophy: he several times read before George II and royal family.

It will be sufficient to name Astley's Amphitheatre, burnt in 1794, 1803, and 1841; near the site of the first theatre, the ground landlord had a preserve or breed of pheasants. The Surrey Theatre, in St. George's Fields, has been twice burnt. The Victoria Theatre was founded in 1817, with the stone materials of the old Savoy Palace, Strand, then being cleared away.

Some public institutions in Lambeth are entitled to special mention. Here was the Asylum for Female Orphans, established chiefly through Sir John Fielding, the police magistrate, whose portrait Hogarth painted; the premises have been rebuilt at Beddington. Next is the Magdalen Hospital, which dates from 1758, patronised by Queen Charlotte fifty-six years, and by Queen Victoria since 1841. Bethlehem Hospital was rebuilt here in 1814, when the old hospital in Moorfields was taken down; adjoining is the House of Occupation, built upon the demolition of Bridewell Hospital. Hard by is the School for the Indigent Blind, originally established in the Dog and Duck premises, but rebuilt in the Tudor style in 1834.

A street in Lambeth was the scene of a strange event in our criminal history. In Oakley Street, at a low tavern, in November, 1802, Colonel Despard, with thirty-two other persons, were apprehended on a charge of high treason; and Despard and seven associates being tried by special commission, and found guilty, were executed on the top of Horsemonger Lane gaol.

Lambeth was long noted as the abode of astrologers. In the house of the Tradescants, in South Lambeth Road, lived Elias Ashmole, who won Aubrey over to astrology. Simon Forman's burial is entered in the Lambeth parish register; he died on the day he had prognosticated. Captain Bubb, contemporary with Forman, dwelt in Lambeth Marsh, and "resolved horary questions astrologically," a ladder which raised him to the pillory. In Calcot Alley lived Francis Moore, astrologer, physician, and schoolmaster, who concocted "Moore's Almanack." Next to Tradescant's House, "The Ark," lived the learned

Dr. Ducarel, one of the earliest Fellows of the Society of Antiquaries. Tradescant's garden was well stored with rare and curious plants, collected in his travels. He was "King's Gardener" to Charles I, and, with his son, assembled at Lambeth the rarities which became the nucleus of the Ashmolean Museum, now in the University Museum of Oxford.

At Narrow Wall, one of the embankments across the swampy fields, flourished for nearly fifty years Coade's manufactory of burnt artificial stone (a revival of *terra cotta*), invented by the elder Bacon, the sculptor, and first established by Mrs. Coade, from Lyme Regis. Of this material is the bas-relief at Greenwich Hospital, of the death of Nelson, designed by West. The Vauxhall Pottery, established two centuries since, by two Dutchmen, for the manufacture of Delft ware, is, probably, the origin of all our existing potteries; two other potteries at Lambeth were commenced in 1730 and 1741; the potters procure the clay from Devon and Dorset, and the ground flint from Staffordshire. Salt-glazed stone ware is made in Lambeth, of the yearly value of £100,000, of which more than half is paid for labour. In chemical works here, are combined the crushing of bones and the grinding of mustard, with the manufacture of soap and colours, and bone brushes; and stearine, glue, hartshorn, and phosphate of lime, are obtained by steam-power from the refuse of slaughtered cattle. The London Gas Company's Works at Vauxhall are stated to be the most powerful and complete in the world: their mains pass across Vauxhall Bridge to western London, and by Westminster and Waterloo Bridges, to Hampstead and Highgate, seven miles distant, where they supply gas with the same precision and abundance as at Vauxhall. Hawes's Soap and Candle Works, at the Old Royal Barge House, have existed for more than a century. Above Vauxhall Bridge are Price's Works, established 1842: here candles are made from coco-nut oil brought from the company's plantations in Ceylon, and palm-oil from the coast of Africa, landed from barges at the wharf at Vauxhall. The oil being converted, by chemical processes, into stearine, is freed from oleic acid by enormous pressure; is liquefied by steam, and then conveyed into the moulding machinery, by which 800 miles of wicks are continually being converted into candles. The buildings are of corrugated iron, and the furnaces consume their own smoke. Shot is made in the lofty towers immediately above and below Waterloo Bridge. The quadrangular tower is 150 feet high; in the upper storey the alloy of arsenic and lead is melted by a furnace, and is then ladled into a kind of cullender, through the holes of which it falls *like rain*, for about 130 feet, into water in the lower floor of the building. The circular shot tower, 100 feet high, is strikingly beautiful, rivalling Wren's London Monument. Plate-glass, for mirrors and coach-windows, was first made at Vauxhall by Venetian artists, under the patronage of the second Duke of Buckingham, in 1670. The establishment, which stood on the site of Vauxhall Square, was broken up in 1780. The finest Vauxhall plates we remember are those in the Speaker's State Coach. The Falcon Glasshouse, which has existed a century, in Holland Street (the site of Holland's Leaguer, the old moated Manor House of Paris Garden) occupies the site of the tide-mill, and is named from the Bankside Tavern, which is said to have been frequented by Shakespeare. The late proprietor of the Falcon Glass-works, Mr. Apsley Pellatt, wrote a small quarto, entitled "Curiosities of Glassmaking," published in 1848, now scarce.

In Stamford Street, Blackfriars Road, are Clowes's Printing Works and Foundry, stated to be the largest

in the world: they were commenced by Augustus Applegath, the eminent engineer, and a great improver of steam-printing machinery. The works of Maudsley and Field, in the Westminster Road, commenced in 1810, employ from 1300 to 1400 workmen, besides steam-power. Here are fashioned immense metal screws, like the double tail of a whale; parts of engines several tons weight are lifted by cranes to be adjusted and joined together; cylinders are bored of such diameter that a man might almost walk upright through them; engines cut and shave hard iron as if it were soft wax; cutting instruments have a force of thirty tons; and steam hammers are of thirty cwt.

The district which we have here traversed with our mind's eye, and traced from a swampy suburb to a vast hive of industry, has a strange history. Its population has increased from 27,985, in 1801, to 139,240, in 1851; and 162,008, in 1861. Nearly to the present century, St. George's Fields lay waste, and were the scene of brutalising sports, political meetings, and low places of entertainment. In their water-ditches Gerarde found water-violets; William Curtis, the celebrated botanist, in Lambeth Marsh assembled the finest and most complete arrangement of British plants ever before collected; and scores of gardens existed here to our times. But the life of the place was wasteful and recreant, to which the King's Bench Prison contributed. Here a riot was raised by the mobs, who went to visit Wilkes, one of the earliest inmates of the prison; here Lord George Gordon's Rioters met, June 2nd 1780; and on the 7th the 700 prisoners in the King's Bench were liberated, and the building set on fire by the mob. Lambeth, a few years since a feverish marsh, has been greatly improved by drainage, Maudsley's Foundry was raised on pillars from the swamp, where at times a boat might have floated; it is now, by drainage, firm and dry at all seasons. Lett's timber-wharf, from the time of Queen Elizabeth until the beginning of this century, amidst pools and marsh-streams, is now dry and healthy. The building of Waterloo Bridge, and the raised roadway above the Marsh and the Acre, was the first great improvement in the surface of the district, which still is low in the scale of mortality. Next was the extension of the South-Western Railway—from Nine Elms to Waterloo Road, two miles fifty yards—at a cost of £800,000, though it crosses the most grimy portion of Lambeth. Along the river bank, anaconda-like, upon arches, trends another railway extension from London Bridge, across the Thames, below the new bridge at Blackfriars.

Kennington, a manor of Lambeth, named from Saxon words, signifying the place or town of the King, had its royal palace eight centuries since. Here, in 1231, King Henry III held his court, and passed a solemn and stately Christmas; hither came a deputation of the chiefest citizens to Richard II, June 21st, 1377, "before the old King was departed." Here resided Henry IV and VI, and Henry VII shortly before his coronation; Katherine of Arragon was here for a few days; Edward III was here in 1379, from a document tested by the Black Prince, then only ten years of age. James I settled the manor, with other estates, on his eldest son, Henry, Prince of Wales; after his decease, on Prince Charles, afterwards Charles I, and they have ever since been held as part of the estate of the Prince of Wales, as Duke of Cornwall. Charles was the last tenant of the palace, which was then taken down, and there was erected on the site a manor house, described in 1656, as an old, low, timber building. The palace stood within the triangular plot of ground near Ken-

nington Cross. Kennington Common (about twenty acres), was the place of execution for Surrey until the erection of the county gaol, Horsemonger Lane. On Kennington Common, in 1745, was hanged, with other rebels, "Jemmy Dawson," the hero of Shenstone's touching ballad, and of another ditty, set to music by Dr. Arne, and sung about the streets. On the common preached, as we learn from his Diary, George Whitfield, to audiences of ten, twenty, and thirty thousand persons. The evening before he embarked for America, he preached here to 20,000 persons, on St. Paul's parting speech to the elders of Ephesus; the people were exceedingly affected; many tears were shed at parting, and Whitfield could scarce get to the coach for the people thronging him to take him by the hand and give him a parting blessing. In 1852, the common, with the site of the Pound, was granted by Act of Parliament, on behalf of the Prince of Wales, as part of the Duchy of Cornwall estate, to be enclosed and laid out as "pleasure grounds for the recreation of the public; but if it cease to be so maintained, it shall revert to the duchy." This has been done, and at the main entrance have been reconstructed the model lodging-houses, originally erected at the expense of Prince Albert the Good, for the great Exhibition of 1851; the walls are built with hollow and glazed bricks, and the floors are brick and stucco, the whole being fire-proof.

PEEPS THROUGH LOOPHOLES AT MEN, MANNERS, AND CUSTOMS.

BY CUTHBERT BEDE.

"'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd."

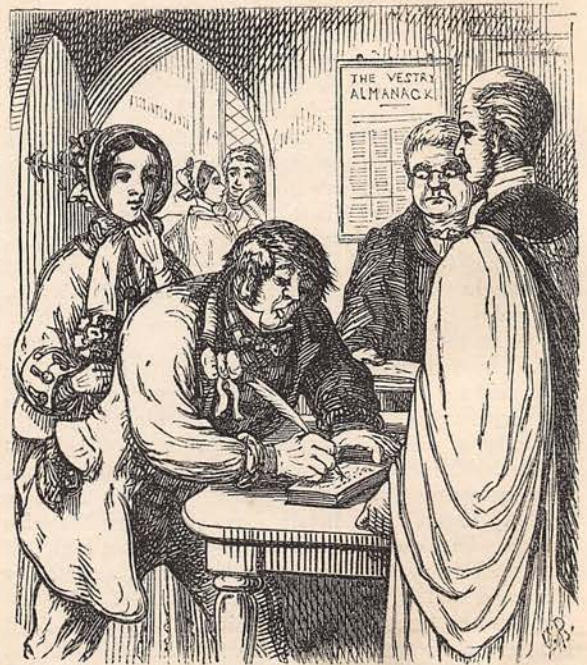
COWPER.

IV.—MARKS AND CROSSES.

THE other day, while taking some of my loophole-peeps, as I strolled through our little village of Minima Parva I had stopped at a thatched cottage to speak with Mrs. Giles, whose husband was a drainer. Her daughter Martha stood by; and, as this young woman was being "asked out in church"—as we, in the vernacular of Minima Parva, term the publication of banns of marriage—I took the liberty to say that I hoped, when her wedding day came, that even if John Jinks (the expectant bridegroom) did not write his name in the marriage-register, yet that she at least would do so. Martha blushed and simpered, and murmured something about not being much of a scholar, but could not deny that she had not forgotten her excellent copy-book performances at the village school, or that she was the scribe to half the people in the parish whenever the tremendous event of getting a letter written had to be performed. But my wish was futile, for, as I afterwards discovered, Martha Giles made "her mark" in the marriage-register, and thus, she and her husband, John Jinks, began their wedded life with "crosses." *Absit omen!*

This is a matter worth noting, because "the mark of Martha Giles" would be considered (and naturally so) a sufficient proof that the said Martha was so deficient in education as to be unable to pen her name. And yet this conclusion, although perfectly natural, would be utterly erroneous. It is said that statistics may be made to prove anything, when dexterously manipulated. But the statistics of marriage "marks and crosses," although involving a considerable amount of truth, certainly go beyond and outside of the real facts. National education is defective enough; but in this particular it is not quite

so black as it is painted. Yet it was upon the carefully-prepared statistics of marriage marks and crosses that Earl Russell, following many precedents, based a portion of the argument contained in his important speech on Education, made in the House of Lords, December 1st, 1867. "I may state," he said, "that there are in existence statistics showing the number of persons who could not write their names when they are married." These were unevenly distributed; but "the proportion generally, over England and Wales, may be taken at about 30 per cent.;" and this state of things, he thought, "justifies some proceedings of a very wide and comprehensive nature, to carry the blessings of education still further" than they have yet been carried. As to the main point, the desirableness of extending education so as to make those write who never wrote before, we are all agreed; but I certainly cannot place implicit reliance on the perfect accuracy of the statistics relating to marriage marks and crosses, as I know, from repeated evidence, that their appearance in the register-book is not to be accepted as an infallible sign that the persons who made them were unable to write their names. Quite the contrary. There are many Martha Giles in the world who possess scriptorial powers, which, for various reasons, they do not care to display



A MAN OF MARK.

on particular occasions. There is what the Irishman calls the sheepishness of the bovine race, the rustic bashfulness of our indigenous Arcadians, at writing before witnesses, especially in a church and in the presence of a parson. There are the hot hands, and the inability to draw from them the unaccustomed Berlin gloves, and there is the very pardonable agitation of the bride and bridegroom, which is sympathetically shared by the bridesmaid and best-man. These, and other causes, influence the contribution of marks and crosses to the marriage-register. There is sure to be a trembling of the hand, even though that trembling is merely the result of nervousness, and not caused by the vicious plan of "keeping spirits up by pouring spirits down," which, as the clergymen of seaport-