# The First Year of a Silken Reign

" . . . proudly arched neck advancing . . . uncurbed, with silken rein unfelt."
*Anon.*

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*Victoria R*

# THE FIRST YEAR OF A SILKEN REIGN

(1837-8)

BY

*Andrew W. Tuer*

AND

*Chs. E. Fagan*

WITH TEN ILLUSTRATIONS
FROM CONTEMPORARY ORIGINAL PLATES

" . . . proudly arched neck advancing . . . uncurbed, with silken rein unfelt."—*Anon.*

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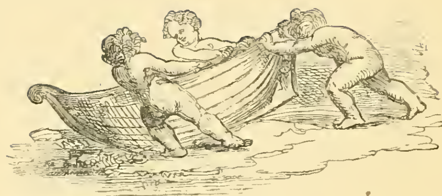

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" . . . . . —in a palace in a garden, meet scene for youth, and innocence, and beauty—came the voice that told the maiden she must ascend her throne."—*Lord Beaconsfield.*

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# INTRODUCTION.

**Fifty years** *have passed since* QUEEN VICTORIA *ascended the throne of these realms. Three other monarchs only of the thirty-five who have ruled England since the Norman Conquest completed the fiftieth year of their reign.*

*But the half-century of* QUEEN VICTORIA'S *sovereignty, which has witnessed the development of railways and of steamships, of the electric telegraph and the electric light, of the penny post, and above all of cheap literature, forms a period of progress without parallel in the history of this country or indeed of the world. Art decays and Science keeps her secrets when the great political and social forces are thrown*

*into*

*into disorder. To the personal qualities of the QUEEN, which have so largely contributed to maintain peace with foreign powers and a stable government at home, England, therefore, indirectly owes not only her social and intellectual progress, but those great scientific achievements which mark the period of Her Majesty's rule.*

*A year so signal as that which witnessed the QUEEN'S accession stands out in the history of England, and seems at this time especially to justify a record of the kind now offered. The compilers have had recourse to contemporary chronicles alone—to the records of eye-witnesses of the scenes and pageants depicted; and they offer this volume as a Memorial of the Jubilee of the beneficent reign of VICTORIA, our good and well-loved QUEEN-EMPRESS.*

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE ACCESSION.

The twentieth of June—The announcement at Kensington Palace—The first Privy Council—Declaration of allegiance—The declaration to the Council—Demeanour of the young Queen—Official blunders—Contemporaries—Proclamation—At Temple Bar—In the City.

SHORTLY after two o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, the 20th of June, 1837, Dr. Howley, Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Marquis of Conyngham (Lord Chamberlain) drove away post-haste from Windsor Castle for Kensington Palace, where the Princess Victoria* and her mother, the Duchess of

* But one Queen of this name has preceded her present Majesty, and she, sovereign of a great portion of the western division of the Roman Empire, is thus spoken of by Gibbon: "After the murder of so many valiant princes, it is somewhat remarkable that a female for a long time controlled the fierce legions of Gaul. The arts and treasures of Victoria enabled

Kent, were residing, to announce the death of King William IV. They arrived at the palace at a few minutes before five o'clock in the morning. The incidents of that first audience have often been minutely described. In his "Memoirs" Mr. Charles Greville says—

"On the morning of the King's death the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham arrived at Kensington at five o'clock, and immediately desired to see 'the Queen.' They were ushered into an apartment, and in a few minutes the door opened and she came in, wrapped in a dressing-gown and with slippers on her naked feet. Conyngham in a few words told her their errand, and as soon as he uttered the words, 'Your Majesty,' she instantly put out her hand to him, intimating that he was to kiss hands before he proceeded. He dropped on one knee, kissed her hand, and then went on to tell her of the late King's death. She presented her hand

her to place successively Marius and Tetricus on the throne, and to reign with a manly vigour under the name of those dependent Emperors. Money of copper, of silver, and of gold was coined in her name. She assumed the title of Augusta, and Mother of the Camps. Her power ended only with her life: but her life was, perhaps, shortened by the ingratitude of Tetricus."

to

to the Archbishop, who likewise kissed it, and when he had done so, addressed to her a sort of pastoral charge, which she received graciously and then retired."

At nine o'clock Lord Melbourne arrived, and had an interview with Her Majesty,* which lasted upwards of half an hour. Immediately afterwards summonses for a meeting were sent to the members of his late Majesty's Privy Council in the following form:—

"COUNCIL CHAMBER,
"*Tuesday morning, June* 20, 1837.

"Let the messenger acquaint the Lords and others of his late Majesty's Hon. Privy Council, that a Council will be held at Kensington Palace this morning at eleven o'clock."

Shortly after eleven o'clock a great number of

* It is noteworthy that on Queen Victoria's accession, the sceptres of Great Britain, Spain, and Portugal were held by female hands. The age of the Queen of England was eighteen; the Queen of Portugal was a month older; the Queen of Spain was not quite seven, and the regent, her mother, was about thirty-one.

of Privy Councillors, amongst whom were all the Cabinet Ministers, the great officers of State and Household, together with the Lord Mayor, and other members of the Corporation of the City of London, arrived at Kensington Palace, and were ushered into the State apartments. The young Queen, accompanied by the Duchess of Kent and the officers of her Household, soon afterwards entered the Council Chamber, and the Queen took her seat on a throne which had been erected for the occasion.

The Lord Chancellor then administered to the Sovereign the usual oaths, that she would govern the kingdom according to its laws and customs, afford security to the Church of Scotland, etc., and the Archbishop of Canterbury administered the oaths to maintain the Protestant religion. The Cabinet Ministers advanced to the throne, and, kneeling, took the oaths of allegiance and supremacy — a ceremony afterwards performed by the other Privy Councillors present. On the Duke of

Sussex,

Sussex, the Queen's favourite uncle, presenting himself, and preparing to kneel to kiss Her Majesty's hand, she gracefully prevented him and bestowed an affectionate kiss on his cheek.

The declaration of allegiance, signed by every member of the Privy Council present —the first name on the list being that of Ernest, King of Hanover *—was as follows :—

"Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to call to His mercy our late Sovereign Lord King William IV., of blessed and glorious memory, by whose decease the Imperial Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is solely and rightfully come to the high and mighty Princess Alexandrina Victoria, saving the rights of any issue of his late Majesty King William IV. which may be born of his late Majesty's consort; we, therefore, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal of this realm, being here assisted by these of his late Majesty's Privy Council, with numbers of others, principally gentlemen of quality, with the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and

* One effect of the descent of the crown of England to a female was the separation of the crown of Hanover, which, in accordance with the Salic law, descended to Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, brother of the late King William IV.

citizens

citizens of London, do now hereby, with one voice and consent of tongue and heart, publish and proclaim that the high and mighty Princess Alexandrina Victoria is now, by the death of our late Sovereign, of happy memory, become our only lawful and rightful liege Lady Victoria, by the grace of God, Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, saving as aforesaid. To whom, saving as aforesaid, we do acknowledge all faith and constant obedience with all hearty and humble affection, beseeching God, by whom kings and queens do reign, to bless the Royal Princess Victoria, with long and happy years to reign over us. Given at the Court of Kensington, this 20th day of June, 1837. God save the Queen."

Then follow the signatures. When the ceremony of signing the act of allegiance had been performed, the Queen made the following declaration to the Council :—

" The severe and afflicting loss which the nation has sustained by the death of His Majesty, my beloved uncle, has devolved upon me the duty of administering the government of this empire. This awful responsibility is imposed upon me so suddenly, and at so early a period of my life, that I should feel myself utterly oppressed by the burden were

I

I not sustained by the hope that Divine Providence, which has called me to this work, will give me strength for the performance of it, and that I shall find in the purity of my intentions, and in my zeal for the public welfare, that support and those resources which usually belong to a more mature age and to longer experience. I place my firm reliance upon the wisdom of Parliament, and upon the loyalty and affection of my people. I esteem it also a peculiar advantage that I succeed to a sovereign whose constant regards for the rights and liberties of his subjects, and whose desire to promote the amelioration of the laws and institutions of the country, have rendered his name the object of general attachment and veneration. Educated in England, under the tender and enlightened care of a most affectionate mother, I have learnt from my infancy to respect and love the constitution of my native country. It will be my unceasing study to maintain the reformed religion as by law established, securing at the same time to all the full enjoyment of religious liberty; and I shall steadily protect the rights, and promote to the utmost of my power the happiness and welfare, of all classes of my subjects."

The security of the Church of Scotland, moreover, was then guaranteed by Her Majesty. We are told—

"Understanding

"Understanding that the law requires that she should at her accession to the crown take and subscribe the oath relating to the security of the Church of Scotland, she was now ready to do it this first opportunity, according to the forms used by the law of Scotland, and she subscribed two instruments thereof, in the presence of the Lords of the Council, who witnessed the same."

The Cabinet Ministers then tendered to the Queen the seals of their respective offices, which Her Majesty returned, and they severally kissed hands on their re-appointment. Most of the Privy Councillors were also re-sworn.

The stamps to be affixed to official documents were ordered to be altered, and also the form of prayer used in the Church service. The Queen appointed the next day for the public proclamation, and the Great Seal, which had been delivered up to Her Majesty, and had been returned to the Lord Chancellor, was affixed to the official proclamation. A document, officially declaring the accession of Queen Alexandrina Victoria, was signed by

all

all the Privy Councillors present, and afterwards by a great number of the nobility and others.

And so ended the first meeting of Queen Victoria's Privy Council.

As to the demeanour of the young Queen, an extract from a letter written by one who was present states—

"I have just returned from the Privy Council which assembled at Kensington at eleven. Nothing could be more graceful or in better taste than the manner and action of the young Queen. Her voice and delivery are particularly good, which gave great effect to the declaration, which I think is remarkably well composed. It was altogether a most touching and affecting, as well as interesting sight, and we were all afraid that the Queen might be overcome on so sudden and trying an occasion, until we saw that she could command herself, and that she was able to go through all the duties of the day with self-possession and calmness."

On the tables of both Houses were placed the printed forms of oaths, describing Her Majesty as Queen "Alexandrina Victoria;"

but

but at the Privy Council Her Majesty had signed "Victoria" only. This difference in the signature created no ordinary bustle, and it became necessary to alter the forms by striking out the name "Alexandrina." In the House of Lords the difficulty thus created was somewhat formidable, as the Parliamentary roll had been prepared for the signatures of Peers who had taken the oaths of fidelity and allegiance to Her Majesty Queen "Alexandrina Victoria," and new parchments for an amended description had to be procured. Another alteration, or rather precaution, necessary for the sake of *pro formâ* accuracy, may be noticed—that of taking the oaths without prejudice to any issue of King William IV. that might hereafter appear.

The accession of a young maiden to the throne of this country was an event unprecedented in the history of the kingdom. Indeed, without regard to sex, the youthful Princess assumed the full regal power at an earlier age

than

than did any of her predecessors. Henry VI., Edward V., and Edward VI. were minors, and a regency had been required under each.

The following is a list of sovereigns who were reigning in Europe on the accession of Queen Victoria:—

Great Britain—Alexandrina Victoria, born May 24, 1819.
Holland—William Frederick, born August 24, 1772.
Belgium—Leopold I., born December 16, 1790.
Austria—Ferdinand I., born April 19, 1793.
Prussia—Frederick William III., born August 3, 1770.
France—Louis Philippe, born October 6, 1773.
Spain—Isabella II., born October 10, 1830.
Portugal—Maria II., born April 14, 1819.
Denmark—Frederick VI., born January 28, 1768.
Sweden—Charles Bernadotte, born January 26, 1764.
Russia—Nicholas I., born July 6, 1796.
Turkey—Mahmoud II., born July 20, 1785.
Greece—Otho I., born June 1, 1815.

It is remarkable that the three youngest of these contemporary sovereigns were females. But with the exception of Isabella II. of Spain, who abdicated in 1870 in favour of her son Alfonso, Queen Victoria is the only surviving

monarch;

monarch; and she has seen a successor or successors to the throne of each country.

On the day following, the 21st of June, the Queen was publicly proclaimed. Accompanied by her mother, she left Kensington Palace for St. James's Palace at a few minutes before ten, escorted by detachments of Life Guards and Royal Horse Guards. The procession, which passed down Constitution Hill, and entered the palace through the gardens opening into the Park, consisted only of three carriages. In the first were the Earl of Jersey, the Lord Chamberlain, and the Master of the Horse; the private State carriage contained Her Majesty, the Duchess of Kent, and Lady Conroy; and in the third were Sir John Conroy and Lady Flora Hastings.

Long before ten o'clock all the avenues leading to St. James's Palace were crowded, and every balcony and window filled. In the palace itself were assembled the various members of the Royal Family, the officers of the

Household,

ST JAME

ST JAME

Household, the Ministers of State, and others. At ten o'clock the near approach of the Queen was made known to the several officers of State and the members of the Administration just as they assembled in the window of the Tapestry Room, and these instantly went down to receive their Sovereign. At the same moment the band struck up, and the Park and Tower guns fired a double royal salute, at the conclusion of which the Queen, led by the Marquis of Lansdowne, the President of the Council, came forward to the opened window of the Presence Chamber. Her Majesty was dressed in black, with white tippet, white cuffs, and a border of white lace under a "small" black bonnet (small for the period, but everything is comparative), which was worn far back, showing the fair hair in front, so that the young Queen's face might be well seen by the people.

The Queen's appearance was the signal for acclamations of joy from the vast crowd assembled. Mr. O'Connell, M.P., "the Liberator,"

rator," in the front line of the crowd in the courtyard of the palace, made himself conspicuous by waving his hat and cheering vociferously. Apparently completely overcome by the novelty of the situation and the tension resulting from the important events of the last few days, the Queen burst into tears the instant she heard the cheering.

The heralds, accompanied by the Duke of Norfolk, had meanwhile taken up their station in the courtyard immediately beneath the window where the Queen was standing, and upon silence being obtained, Clarencieux King-at-Arms, in the absence of Sir Ralph Bigland, Garter King-at-Arms, read the proclamation, which consisted of the declaration of allegiance, given and signed at the Privy Council on the previous day.

A flourish of trumpets followed, and the Park and Tower guns again fired a salute, in token that the ceremony of proclaiming "Alexandrina Victoria" Queen of these realms had been accomplished.

The Queen, at once proceeding to the

Council

Council Chamber, gave audiences to Lord Hill (Commanding-in-Chief), who laid before Her Majesty papers connected with the army; the Earl of Minto, the Lord Chancellor, and other of the great officers of State. At noon a Council was held. All the Cabinet Ministers were present, as well as the Duke of Norfolk, as hereditary Earl Marshal of England, and several members of Her Majesty's Privy Council. The Duke of Norfolk took the oaths prescribed by the Act of Parliament for the Emancipation of Her Majesty's Catholic subjects. An Order in Council was then agreed upon, directing the Earl Marshal to order all classes to appear in the deepest mourning for his late Majesty on the day of the funeral. Her Majesty, accompanied by the Duchess of Kent, quitted St. James's Palace for Kensington at a quarter past one o'clock.

After the proclamation had been made at St. James's Palace, the heralds set out to make it again at the other appointed places. The procession was formed in Pall Mall. A

detachment

detachment of Life Guards and the High Constable of Westminster, with a strong body of Metropolitan Police, Bow Street officers, and other constables, led the way. Then followed:

Two vedettes of the 1st Life Guards.

One ditto.

The veterinary surgeon of ditto.

Four pioneers, with their axes in the rest.

The beadles of St. James's and St. Martin's parishes, in full dresses, with their staves of office.

Band of the Royal Horse Guards, in State uniforms.

Eight marshals on foot.

The Knight Marshal and his attendants.

The Household Troops.

State band, kettle-drums, and trumpets.

Six pursuivants-at-arms, on horseback.

The heralds, mounted.

Garter King-at-Arms, in his splendid surcoat, supported by his sergeants-at-arms, with their maces.

A troop of Life Guards.

In

In front of the eastern entrance to Trafalgar Square the cavalcade halted, and the proclamation was again read. The crowd was immense; vehicles of every kind that could be hired lined both sides of the way. At Temple Bar the cavalcade found the gates of that ancient civic barrier closed against them. Rouge Croix Pursuivant-at-Arms advanced between two trumpeters, and the trumpets having "sounded thrice" he knocked at the gate; whereupon the senior City marshal rode up, and asked, according to ancient custom and privilege, "Who comes there?" To this came the reply, "The officer-at-arms who demands entrance into the City to proclaim Her Royal Majesty Alexandrina Victoria Queen of the United Kingdom." The City marshals immediately rode up, with their hats off, to the carriage of the Lord Mayor, which stood opposite to Chancery Lane, and informed him that the herald was at the gates, and desired admission to proclaim the Queen. His Lordship ordered that the gates should be opened; the heralds

 and

and the rest of the procession passed through; and a pursuivant and the York Herald-at-Arms approached the Lord Mayor and presented to him the Order of Council requiring them to proclaim Her Majesty. The Lord Mayor, addressing himself to the York Herald-at-Arms, said, "I am aware of the contents of this paper, having been apprised of the ceremony appointed to take place yesterday, and I have attended to perform my duty in accordance with the ancient usages and customs of the City of London." Accordingly at the corner of Chancery Lane the proclamation was read a third time, again followed by a flourish of trumpets, the herald crying aloud, "God save the Queen," amid great applause and shouts of "Long live Queen Victoria!"

Joined by the Lord Mayor and the City authorities, the procession halted again at the end of Wood Street to make the proclamation a fourth time. Here the procession was further swelled by several of the City companies; and it then moved on to the Royal Exchange,

change,

change, where the proclamation was once more read.

At each point the band played the National Anthem, which was heartily cheered by the crowd. The City had not seen for many years so large an assemblage of loyal subjects. Even on the roofs of the Bank and the Royal Exchange multitudes assembled to witness the brief parade, and when, at the conclusion of the proclamation, the herald cried, "God save the Queen," cheers came from every throat, and there were loud and heartfelt cries of "God bless Her Majesty! A happy and a peaceful reign to her."

At twenty minutes after twelve the ceremony was at an end and the procession separated. Thus was inaugurated Her Majesty's glorious and happy reign.

CHAPTER

## CHAPTER II.

### REMINISCENCES.

The Queen's childhood—Ramsgate incidents—Confirmation of the Queen in 1835—Funeral of William IV.—Reminiscences of William IV.

WHEN the young Queen was Queen indeed, beyond question or accident, many were the reminiscences told and printed about her childhood.

For years a home in the Isle of Thanet (generally Albion House, Ramsgate) had been the favourite autumnal retreat of the Duchess of Kent and her little daughter. Thither they went, accompanied by a very small retinue. Throwing aside the formal restraints of royalty, they had free intercourse with the families of the neighbourhood, and were constantly to be seen in the streets and on the piers, where

the

the shipping was a special attraction to the child. Opportunities were thus afforded the visitors and residents of acquiring a personal knowledge of the manners and dispositions of the Princess and her mother. It was in 1824 that the Duchess of Kent, accompanied by the Princess, then in her fifth year, paid her first visit to Ramsgate, where they stayed the greater part of the season. The sea-breezes were found so good for the Princess, and the Duchess was so much pleased with the attention showed to her and to her child, that on leaving she expressed her intention of returning often to that part of the coast.

Many kindnesses were done by the mother and child during their visits to the island. During the sojourn of 1835, the case of a poor old woman was brought under their notice by some of her friends. Sir John Conroy, commissioned to make inquiries, reported favourably. The needy woman had in early life been on the stage, but ill health had compelled her to retire. Asked what she most desired,

she

she pronounced for a special providence of tea and sugar. Accordingly a stock was sent to her for the winter; and on the return of their Royal Highnesses in 1836, a second winter's supply was sent to her. Of course such a story is worth telling only as an indication of character, and on the supposition that hundreds, and even thousands, of similar stories could be told, were the Recording Angel to place his manuscript at our disposal.

Admiral Codrington, in conversation with the Duchess of Kent, once expressed his surprise that so much of her time had been passed on the sea-coast, and that she should so frequently have made excursions in yachts, while it was generally understood that she had no love for the sea. The Duchess admitted she had none, but said she had conquered her own repugnance for the sake of the Princess, who ought to have some general knowledge of the importance of the shipping interest to the commercial greatness of England. The admiral understood that the preceptors of the

Princess

Princess had specially directed the studies of their illustrious pupil to matters of naval history.

Great punctuality was required by the Duchess in all domestic affairs, and rules as to hours were enforced even in travelling. In her dealings with tradespeople at Thanet she distributed her patronage as evenly as possible; and many an obscure tradesman was made happy by finding himself the recipient of a royal order. The Princess herself in her rural walks was wont to enter into conversation with other young children she met. If they were poor, they sometimes found a fairy godmother in the future Queen.

The following address was presented in September, 1835, to the Duchess and her daughter by the inhabitants and visitors of Ramsgate:—

"May it please Your Royal Highnesses, we, the inhabitants and visitors of Ramsgate and its vicinity, beg leave most respectfully to approach Your Royal Highnesses with sentiments expressive of gratitude

for

for the honour conferred on this town by Your Royal Highnesses' renewed visit. In thus approaching Your Royal Highnesses, whilst we earnestly hope that through Divine Providence you will long enjoy prosperity, health, and happiness, we cannot refrain from expressing, with gratitude undissembled, our full assurance that the maternal care which has so anxiously watched over the earlier years of the heiress presumptive of these realms will be repaid by the formation of such a character as will adorn a British crown, and entwine itself around the hearts of a British people."

To this the Duchess of Kent made the following reply :—

"Gentlemen,—I am sure you will easily believe that I passed through the town of Ramsgate yesterday with many gratified feelings. The Princess and myself have the most agreeable recollections of the many happy days we have spent here, and our hearts gratefully responded to the cordial welcome which all classes gave us yesterday. My maternal feelings, and those I owe the King and the country, lead me to share with you in the hopes you express relative to the Princess. It is the object of my life to render her deserving of the affectionate solicitude she so universally inspires, and to make her worthy of the attachment and respect of a free and loyal people."

In

In October, 1836, an address, containing similar allusions to the education of the Princess, was presented by the inhabitants of Ramsgate and St. Lawrence. In the course of the summer of that year their Royal Highnesses returned to the Isle, living at East Cliffe, St. Lawrence, where they stayed until the 29th of November,—a day to be remembered on account of a tremendous hurricane that the Royal party encountered in their land journey towards London. Arriving at Rochester, they found that its bridge had been partly wrecked by the storm, and they had to halt in the town until the next morning.

A lady who was present at the confirmation of the Princess Victoria, on the 30th of August, 1835, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishop of London, thus describes the ceremony :—

"I witnessed a beautifully touching scene the day before yesterday at the Chapel Royal, St. James's—the confirmation of the Princess Victoria by the

Archbishop

Archbishop of Canterbury—the ceremony was very affecting—the beautiful, pathetic, and parental exhortation of the archbishop on the duties she was called on to fulfil, 'the great responsibility that her high station placed her in, the struggle she must prepare for between the allurements of the world and the dictates and claims of religion and justice, the necessity of her looking up to her Maker in all the trying scenes that awaited her,' etc. She was led up by the King, and knelt before the altar. Her mother stood by her side, weeping audibly, as did the Queen and the other ladies. The old King frequently shed tears, nodding his head at each impressive part of the discourse. The little Princess was drowned in tears and frightened to death. The ceremony over, the King led her up to salute the Queen and the royal duchesses present. I was much pleased with the old King, he showed so much good feeling and attention."

William IV. was buried on Saturday, the 8th of July, 1837, with solemn ceremonial, in the royal vault in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, Queen Adelaide being present in the royal closet of the chapel. On the Monday following the funeral, Colonel Wood, one of the executors of the late King, waited on the

young

young Queen, relative to the disposal of some of his late Majesty's property, when, on his pressing the Queen for her instructions, she replied with firmness, "I would rather think about it first; I shall let you know my decision to-morrow." Colonel Wood then said that the Queen Dowager had a great affection for a few articles of furniture which had been favourites with her husband, but which she did not wish to remove from the Castle without leave; to which Her Majesty immediately replied, "Oh, my dear colonel, let the dear Queen have them by all means, and anything else in the Castle which she may desire." Soon afterwards the Queen Dowager left Windsor Castle, where she had spent seven happy years, for Bushy. Marlborough House was afterwards placed at her disposal as a town residence, and here she passed the greater part of every year until her death.

William IV., whatever his detractors might say, was undoubtedly a kindly and popular

King.

King. Mr. Greville, who was by no means given to passing favourable judgments on men or things in general, and monarchs in particular, speaks of King William as being, though sometimes weak and sometimes obstinate, manly, sincere, and straightforward. Perhaps the very fits of abstraction into which he fell, even when in company, had a method and purpose in them, for they at least gave him a chance of expressing frankly the feelings and prejudices of his heart. For instance, at the time Talleyrand first came over as ambassador, he was one day dining at St. James's with most of his brother ambassadors. News had been received that Casimir Perier was lying dangerously ill with the cholera. The first words the King said at table were to ask Talleyrand the last news of the sufferer. "He is dying, if not dead, Your Majesty," was the answer in a sepulchral voice. The King sighed heavily, and remained silent at first; but presently he began saying to himself, "What a pity, what a pity! the only truly honest statesman in France dead,—the

only

only man capable of ruling such a pack of sanguinary rogues. Is it not so?" added the King, suddenly turning to his nearest neighbour, a prominent diplomatist. The latter, much embarrassed, looked unutterable things and muttered unintelligible ones. The whole *corps diplomatique* gazed down on their plates, bursting with scarcely repressed laughter, and Talleyrand's spoon worked from his soup-plate to his mouth as rapidly as the paddle of a high-pressure steamboat.

## CHAPTER III.

### EARLY DAYS OF THE NEW REIGN.

Felicitations—The City of London—Queen's scholars—A narrow escape—Good-bye to Kensington—The Garter—The first prorogation—The first speech—The Queen's looks—The first levée and drawing-room—Courts of Queens—Eccentricities of subjects—Little charities—Music—Park gates—No horse, no review.

ADDRESSES of congratulation on her accession were of course presented *ad nauseam* to the Queen from the Universities, mayors and corporations, societies, sects, chapters, and schools. On the 14th and 21st of July, Her Majesty held courts at St. James's Palace for the reception of many of these documents—deputations presenting themselves from the Church of Scotland, from the general body of Dissenting ministers, from the ministers of the Presbyterian Denomination, from the

National

National Scottish Church in Rotterdam, and from the Society of Friends (Quakers), who were uncovered, according to custom, by the Yeoman of the Guard. Grace Greenwood, in her biography of Queen Victoria, referring to this last-named deputation, says, "Joseph Sturge, the eminent and most lovable philanthropist of Birmingham, waited on Her Majesty, as one of a delegation of the Society of Friends. Some years after, he related the circumstances to me, and simply described her to me as a 'nice, pleasant, modest young woman, graceful, though a little shy, and, on the whole, comely.' 'Did you kiss her hand?' I asked. 'Oh yes, and found that act of homage no hardship, I assure thee. It was a fair, soft, delicate little hand.'" The *Times* comments thus on the vocabulary of the Quaker address: "The simplicity and piety of its tone are in a certain sense as conventional as the more gaudy language of other addresses; but when plain sense appears clothed in plain words,

we

we do not ask what are the motives of the speakers, but are at once struck with the superiority of unadorned truth to the verbiage of courtly rhetoric."

On the 12th of July, the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and councillors went in state from Guildhall to St. James's to present addresses from the civic bodies. The address from the Court of Aldermen, read by the Recorder, ran as follows :—

"Most Gracious Sovereign,—We, your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the City of London, most humbly approach Your Majesty for the purpose of giving expression to our feelings on the occasion of the demise of our late Most Gracious Sovereign, and of the accession of Your Majesty to the throne. Long and justly as the House of Brunswick has been endeared to this nation, we deem it a privilege to be permitted to sympathize in your afflictions ; and we most sincerely condole with Your Majesty, the widowed Queen, and the Royal Family, under the bereavement by which an All-wise Providence has been pleased to remove from this transitory state a sovereign who lived and reigned in the affections of his family and people.

" While

"While with feelings of the deepest and most affectionate interest we contemplate Your Majesty thus early called to wield the sceptre of this mighty empire, we rejoice that Your Majesty is no stranger to your people, nor to their institutions. 'Born and bred a Briton,' Your Majesty has been trained to admire and venerate our glorious constitution in Church and State, while Your Majesty's former associations with those who are now Your Majesty's liege subjects must have convinced Your Majesty of their devoted loyalty to Your Majesty's illustrious house, and their no less devoted attachment to the institutions of the country, both sacred and civil.

"We pray Your Majesty to be assured that our supplications will ascend to that gracious Being by whom 'kings reign and princes decree justice,' that wisdom profitable to direct may be imparted to Your Majesty in the performance of the duties of your exalted station; that Your Majesty's reign may be long and prosperous; that it may be eminently distinguished by a zealous defence on the part of Your Majesty of that Reformed Church of which Your Majesty is under God the head, and by the continuance to all classes and denominations of Your Majesty's subjects of that protection in the exercise of the rights of conscience, which has so long and happily prevailed in this highly favoured land; and further, that a wise, a just, and merciful administration, by Your Majesty, of the laws, may be met

 by

by affectionate and loyal obedience on the part of a free, a happy, and a grateful people.

"By order of the Court.

"HENRY WOODTHORPE."

To which Her Majesty replied :—

"I receive with much satisfaction this loyal and dutiful address. I partake in the sorrow which you feel for the loss the nation has sustained by the death of His late Majesty. In the congratulation which you offer to me upon my accession, you estimate justly my love for my people, and my reverence for the constitution of my country. I fervently join in the prayers which you offer up for the prosperity of my reign, and for the welfare of my subjects; and you may securely rely upon my determination to maintain the Reformed Church, to protect the rights of conscience, and to administer the law in justice and mercy."

The address of the Common Council was, as may be supposed, in much the same style.

An additional week's holiday was granted, by command of the Queen, to all the public schools in celebration of her accession.

On the 13th of July, the Queen and her

mother

mother quitted Kensington Palace, so endeared to the heart of Her Majesty from many happy memories of her childhood, and took up their residence at Buckingham Palace. A great crowd of the inhabitants of Kensington witnessed their departure.* On the following day, the 14th, a chapter of the Order of the Garter was held, at which Her Majesty bestowed the vacant ribbon on her half-brother, the Prince of Leiningen. The Queen, as Sovereign of the Order, followed the example of her last female predecessor, Queen Anne, by wearing the Garter on her left arm.

Intense interest was excited by the announcement that the Queen would prorogue Parliament in person on Monday, the 17th of July. Before eleven o'clock that morning, St.

* On the Queen taking up her residence in Buckingham Palace, a wag sent the following conundrum to the *Times*:— "Query: Why is Buckingham Palace the cheapest that was ever built? Answer: Because it was built for one sovereign and furnished for another." That this was printed by Mr. Walter is a sign of the fatuity which comes of a national enthusiasm.

James's

James's Park and every avenue between Buckingham Palace and the House of Lords was thronged with an immense concourse of people to witness the spectacle. The House of Lords was crowded, and every seat in the galleries occupied by ladies anxious to obtain a glimpse of the Maiden Monarch. All present were of course attired in deep mourning for the late King. The initials "W.R." behind the throne had remained unaltered.

At twenty minutes to three, Her Majesty, preceded by the heralds and lords in waiting and attended by all the great officers of State—the Marquis of Winchester carrying the cap of maintenance, the Duke of Somerset bearing the crown on a cushion, and Lord Melbourne holding the sword of state—entered the House. All the peers and peeresses present, who had risen at the flourish of trumpets, remained standing. Her Majesty was attired in her royal mantle of State, of crimson velvet, entirely lined with ermine, and with an ermine cape. The opening of this robe showed a

white

white satin petticoat in front, worked in gold. She wore a tiara and a stomacher of diamonds, and brilliant bracelets on both arms; the ribbon of the Garter crossed her shoulder, and on the left arm was an armlet, with the motto of the Order. Her Majesty ascended the throne with a composed step, and continued standing for a few moments; then bowing, and with an easy gesture of the hand, she said in a low tone, "My lords, be seated." Then in a firm voice and with a dignified manner she read her first speech. It touched on the usual topics treated in such documents, but it also made the following solemn assertion:—

"I ascend the throne with a deep sense of the responsibility which is imposed upon me, but I am supported by the consciousness of my own right intentions, and by my dependence upon the protection of Almighty God. It will be my care to strengthen our institutions, civil and ecclesiastical, by discreet improvement, wherever improvement is required, and to do all in my power to compose and allay animosity and discord."

Fanny Kemble, who was present at this

scene,

scene, says, "The Queen's voice was exquisite. . . . The enunciation was as perfect as the intonation was melodious, and I think it is impossible to hear a more excellent utterance than that of the Queen's English by the English Queen." Charles Sumner, too, in his letters, says, "Her voice was sweet and finely modulated. . . . I think I have never heard anything better read in my life than her speech."

Of the young Sovereign's personal appearance at this time, a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* gives a good description: "She is winning golden opinions from all sorts of people by her affability, the grace of her manners, and her prettiness. She is excessively like the Brunswicks, and not like the Coburgs. She is low of stature, but well formed, her hair the darkest shade of flaxen, and her eyes large and light blue." Miss Martineau says, "In the upper part of the face she is really pretty, and with an ingenuous, sincere air which seems full of promise."

On

On Wednesday, the 19th, the Queen held her first levee at St. James's Palace. The attendance was almost unprecedented—upwards of two thousand persons. The rush and crush in the corridors equalled what may be witnessed at the pit door of a favourite London theatre. Some dignity was lost in the extraordinary pressure, when, for instance, the wig of a gentleman was whisked off, and was tossed to and fro, amid laughter, before it was restored to its discomfited owner. On the following day the first drawing-room was held, also at St. James's Palace. On this occasion the elements were not propitious, for the rain descended in torrents during the whole of the afternoon. The attendance was, nevertheless, greater than for many years past.

The ceremonial to be observed at the Queen of England's Court was a subject of some research and discussion among the Court officials. A maiden Queen of eighteen, surrounded by crowds of flattering admirers, required

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quired to be more strictly fenced round by the *chevaux de frise* of ceremony than a king.* A writer of the day says—

"Queen Elizabeth, a woman of masculine character, and but twenty-five years of age when she succeeded to the throne, was constantly assailed by the gallantries of her subjects. But this was far from distasteful to her, and there can be little doubt that, statesman as he was, Sir Walter Raleigh owed his rise more to the cloak he threw across the puddle in her path than to his abilities. That dignified sovereign, Queen Anne, of whom Dr. Johnson had only a shadowy recollection as of a stately lady in black, adorned with diamonds, had great trouble to keep her admiring subjects tranquil, although she ascended the throne at the age of thirty-eight. She complained bitterly, for instance, that Harley, Earl of Oxford, whom she so long endured as Prime Minister, used to come to her 'sometimes drunk, confused, and insolent.' In seeking for precedents to establish the ceremonial of our present youthful Sovereign's Court, the Augustan

* At public dinners, after "The health of Her Majesty Queen Victoria," the second toast given was, "Queen Adelaide and the rest of the Royal Family;" and the National Anthem began thus:

> "God save our gracious Queen,
> Victoria, England's Queen.
> God save the Queen."

age

age of Anne has naturally been referred to. Much difficulty has been experienced in this research—amidst musty records, some mislaid, some nearly worn out, others altogether lost. Amongst them precedents have been found which it would puzzle one very much to put in practice with propriety, on account of the number of offices properly belonging to men then filled by women. For example, it was found that when a foreign allied prince came to England, on his way to wage war upon another country, two duchesses were sent to his *rencontre* to compliment him and keep him company. In the mean time preliminary rules have been adopted altogether new to the Court of St. James. At the present Queen's first concert all the men remained standing, not excepting the Duke of Sussex. All the ladies, except those of the Queen's household, had chairs. This arrangement, however, was far less severe than that formerly existing at the French Court, where duchesses alone were entitled to a *tabouret* (stool). Still this was a distinction for which the ladies of Louis XIV.'s time pulled caps, and their husbands waged war. It is now said to be in contemplation to have two tables at the Court of Buckingham Palace, that foreign princes, ambassadors, peers of the realm, Ministers, and Privy Councillors shall alone dine at the Queen's table, whilst the remainder of the visitors and attendants of the Court shall be seated at the Mareschal of the Court or Chamberlain's table. There

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is, however, a solution to be expected to these courtly problems. Her Majesty's family allies, country, and perhaps Her Majesty's own feelings, may induce her to select a consort. Whether the happy *mari* will be a foreign prince, a relative, or a subject, is a matter for speculation to the whole political world. The aspirants to the hand of the fair virgin throned in the west more particularly spoken of are—the Prince George of Cambridge, the young Prince of Orange, and the handsome scions of the houses of Coburg and of Holstein Glücksburg, to whom rumour has added a young nobleman now in the East, who probably never contemplated such an event in the most Oriental of his dreams."

There were not wanting, however, suitors for Her Majesty's hand at this period—suitors of a class that it seems to be the fate of most royal ladies to attract,—half-witted gentlemen, labouring under the hallucination that they are destined to possess the royal heart and hand. Queen Victoria was not exempt from this persecution. One person in particular was pertinacious—a Mr. Hunnings, a man of considerable property in the neighbourhood of Tunbridge Wells. When Princess Victoria had been in the

the habit of walking with her mother in Kensington Gardens, he was regular in his attendance near the door of the palace, and would salute her in his most graceful manner. After she turned at an angle of the gardens or park, he would run at full speed until he got in front, and would again salute her; a manœuvre he repeated during the whole of her walk. On Sunday, Mr. Hunnings attended the Chapel Royal in Kensington Palace, taking his seat near the stove, from whence he could obtain a view of the royal pew. He remained till the sacrament, and deposited half a sovereign in the plate. Mr. Hunnings, later on, for the purpose of following the object of his adoration when she drove, sported a barouche resembling the Duchess of Kent's, and was attended by a servant in royal undress livery, a dark pepper-and-salt coat and glazed hat, with broad purple velvet band. In speaking to the garden-keepers, Mr. Hunnings, who was about forty years of age, always styled Her Majesty his "little Princess," and lamented that she should

be

be kept from him. He complained much of the police watching him, and used to say it was most degrading to be followed about; at times, however, he would speak to the constables most familiarly, and on one occasion he showed them a letter which some wag had written as a hoax, purporting to come from the (then) Princess, breathing the most ardent vows of attachment towards him, and requesting him to deposit an answer under a certain tree, as she was prevented from conversing with him. On Her Majesty's eighteenth birthday, Mr. Hunnings illuminated his house, and during the day he distributed eighteen gallons of ale among any passers-by who would drink her health. In the course of the evening, however, the crowd became so intoxicated that the police were compelled to interfere to put a stop to his loyal liberality. On that occasion also a licensed cab, named "Victoria," was decorated with ribbons at his expense; and at night he wished the proprietor to allow it to be illuminated with lamps. Later on in the year, Mr. Hunnings

went

went to Lincoln, where, at a fancy bazaar, he purchased some little things worked by the Queen; but, alas! he was shortly after consigned to durance vile for insulting the worthy Mayor and Town Clerk in the street.

At this period Her Majesty frequently took long drives in the afternoons to Chiswick, Wimbledon, Clapham, and other suburbs.* On one of these occasions, in the month of July, as the Queen was returning to town, she stopped at the cottage of an old woman, who resided about half a mile from the new Hammersmith Bridge, on the Surrey side of the river, and whom the Queen had observed to be

* During one of the Queen's afternoon rides with her mother about this time, the horses took fright and dashed along with disarranged harness at terrific pace, when fortunately a publican named Turner, with courage and skill, stopped them just at the rise of Highgate Hill. The royal party took refuge in Turner's wayside inn, while another carriage was prepared. A few days after, Turner was sent for to Kensington, and when asked if he had any request to make, requested permission to bear the Queen's arms, in the place of his original sign. The favour was of course granted, and a more substantial token of the Queen's gratitude in the shape of a well-filled pocket-book was also placed in Turner's hands.

very

very decrepit, and requested that she would give her a nosegay from her garden. The old woman plucked her best roses and hobbled with them to the carriage door, where the Queen received them, and gave her a sovereign. Another poor woman, who had a cottage opposite, picked some strawberries in a cabbage leaf, and presented them to the Queen, who received them, and thinking the donor appeared ill, questioned her. The woman, in homely phrase, told Her Majesty that she was as "ladies wish to be who love their lords," and the Queen immediately gave her a handsome donation in aid of the comforts of her expected subject.

One day, early in August, as Her Majesty, accompanied by her mother, was leaving Buckingham Palace to take her usual evening airing, a respectably dressed middle-aged man was observed to throw something into the carriage. He was immediately seized by two of the sentinels on duty at the palace, and given over to the custody of the police. He gave his

name

name as Count Dernski, and upon him was found a petition in French addressed to Her Majesty, stating that he had served in the French army under Napoleon Bonaparte, and that he was now in a state of destitution. Returning to the palace, Her Majesty immediately ordered the man to be set at liberty, until inquiry could be made into his case.

The Queen gave a grand concert at Buckingham Palace on the birthday of her royal mother, the 17th of August, the Court going out of mourning for the day. The vocalists were Madame Grisi and Madame Albertazzi, Signor Lablache, and Signor Tamburini, all of Her Majesty's Italian Opera. Signor Costa was at the piano. During this season, Her Majesty was a regular visitor to the Italian Opera, but her musical taste did not altogether incline to the melodious operas of the Italian composers, then prevalent in England; for, soon after her accession, Thalberg was invited to perform at the palace. In complimenting

him

him on his great talent, the Queen expressed her regret that she had not heard him before, but promised herself a frequent repetition of the pleasure. About a fortnight before Thalberg's departure for the provinces, he was again summoned to a private party at the palace, when he was the sole performer, and was given five subjects to work upon. Her Majesty, who was blessed with a good ear and an agreeable voice, had the advantage of lessons from Lablache. Lablache, who was a thorough artist, gave great credit to Mr. Sale, the Queen's former musical instructor.

On the 21st of August, the Queen, opened the new gate in Hyde Park, close to the gate leading into Kensington Gardens, on the Bayswater side, now called "The Victoria Gate."

A projected grand review in the Park during the same month, at which the Queen was to have been present, was abandoned. Her Majesty had expressed her intention of inspecting the ranks on horseback, accompanied

panied by the Duke of Wellington and Lord Hill; but this, according to the Opposition journals of the day, did not suit the views of Lord Melbourne, the Prime Minister, who represented to the Queen that an open carriage would be the more convenient method of seeing her soldiers. "Very well," she replied, "very well, my lord; but remember—no horse, no review."

## CHAPTER IV.

### FESTIVITIES AND PUBLIC APPEARANCES.

Curious present to the Queen—To Windsor—Royal visitors—A review—The Queen at dinner—A decided preference—To Brighton—At the Pavilion—The City banquet—Civic decorations—The guests—The *menu*—The show of plate—The show of beauty—The medal—The illuminations—The Queen opens her first Parliament—The close of the year.

AS the year of the accession wore on, the young Queen continued to be the object of attentions of every description. Towards the end of July, for instance, she was the recipient of a somewhat curious gift. A Mr. Hamilton, of Annandale Cottage, Dublin, presented Her Majesty with an olive tree from Jerusalem. The tree was planted in a box of clay from the Holy City, and had a dozen healthy branches, all of which had burst from one

one small spot, about the size of a shilling, just as Her Majesty had attained her eighteenth year. Accompanying the little gift was the following letter :—

"May He, for whose sole honour I assume the motto on my seal, and for years have used the golden pen which was conferred on me by some approving fellow-citizens, bless with a favourable issue my appeal to that young Queen, who is beloved and reverenced by me, my household, and my nation. I humbly pray you, Royal Lady, to accept an olive stem which came to me from the holy city of Jerusalem, through the British Consuls resident at Jaffa and Beyrout. It springs from soils and stones on which some precious blood or tears may possibly have fallen, and is the emblem of that 'permanent and universal peace' which you, my liege, have now the power to promote between nations, parties, sects, and individuals. The plant was so very old when it was taken up, so long exposed to the Eastern summer's heat, and to the briny surges of the ocean on the deck of the ship *Eleanor Gordon*, bound to London from Beyrout, that it was replanted in the box which now contains it, with but little prospect of its growth ; yet it put forth a dozen clustered buds, which now are vigorous and leafy, when you were qualified by law to govern many nations and to

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possess great influence on all. Let Israel's olive find protection near your throne, for the sake of Him who will yet make 'queens the nursing mothers of His people;' let the stones of Sion be as pleasing objects in your sight; let your compassion be excited always by 'the earth thereof;' and may you, illustrious Lady, be as 'a verdant olive-tree' in the house of that great King who has promised in due time 'to raise up a profitable ruler.' With the humble expression of my duty, I have the honour to be, august and gracious Sovereign, Your Majesty's most faithful, affectionate, and respectful subject servant,

"JOSEPH HAMILTON."

On the 22nd of August, the Queen, with her Court, bade her first adieu to her metropolis, leaving London for Windsor Castle, the home of her ancestors. The journey had, of course, to be performed by road, and advantage was taken of it by the inhabitants along the line of route to keep the day as a general holiday, and to show their loyalty.

At Kensington, a meeting of the principal inhabitants was held at the Grapes Tavern in the High Street, when it was determined that a triumphal arch, with a span of thirty feet, should

should be erected at the entrance of that suburb. A second was erected nearly in the centre of the town. The High Street was lined by the children of the various parochial schools. The Queen, accompanied by the Duchess of Kent, Lady Charlotte Copley, and Lady Flora Hastings, was in an open phaeton, drawn by four horses, the escort being a detachment of Lancers. She was received with acclamation all along the route through Hammersmith, Turnham Green, Brentford, Hounslow, and Colnbrook. At Windsor multitudes congregated in the Long Walk, the carriages in some places being five or six deep. The inevitable address from the mayor and corporation was duly presented, the general tenor being shown by the following extract :—

"The noble terrace and the stately avenues which adorn this royal castle remind us of the majesty of Elizabeth and the victories of Anne, and while we review their reigns with admiration, we entertain the well-supported hope that Your Majesty's regal sway will be distinguished by a still brighter lustre in the annals of our country."

An

An interesting feature in the day's celebration was the dinner given to about four thousand poor persons in the Long Walk. There were seventy-two tables, each thirteen yards long, arranged on the road towards the equestrian statue of George III. Unfortunately, just as the guests were about to sit down, a tremendous shower came on, and all the good things had to be hidden under a long line of umbrellas. Despite all such accidents, the rejoicings were kept up during the week.

The Queen remained at Windsor Castle until the 4th of October. In the afternoons she usually took exercise on horseback, accompanied by the Duchess of Kent, and frequently by Lords Melbourne and Palmerston, a numerous suite always following.

In September the young Queen had the pleasure of receiving her maternal uncle, the King of the Belgians, with his wife, as her guests at Windsor Castle, where they remained for nearly three weeks.

On the 28th of the same month the Queen

reviewed,

reviewed, in the Home Park, the Guards in garrison at Windsor. About this time Her Majesty's medical attendant expressed a fear that she was exposed to too much excitement, and that it might be injurious. "Dismiss your fears, my dear doctor," was the Queen's reply; "you use a wrong expression. Say too much amusement, rather than excitement. I know not what may come, but I have met with so much affection, so much respect, and every act of sovereignty has been made so light, that I have not yet felt the weight of the crown." On the doctor remarking upon her large dinner parties, "Oh," the Queen exclaimed, "they amuse me. If I had a small party, I should then be called upon to exert myself to entertain my guests; but with a large one they are called upon to amuse me, and then I become personally acquainted with those who are to surround the throne." At these dinners no distinction of party was shown; all Her Majesty's old acquaintances were invited, besides the Ministers and Court officials.

officials. Lord Melbourne once told the Queen he felt it his duty to ask whether there was any individual for whom she entertained a preference. The Queen was a little surprised at the question, and requested to know if it were as a matter of State policy that he made the inquiry; for, if it were, she would endeavour to give him an answer. His lordship replied that under no other circumstance would he have presumed to put such a question. "Then," said the Queen, "there is but one person for whom I entertain a decided preference, and that is the Duke of Wellington."

The Queen's next move was to Brighton. This visit was eagerly anticipated by the inhabitants, and extraordinary were the preparations they made for her reception. The journey from Windsor was made amid continual acclamations, the greatest enthusiasm being shown at every place on the road. On reaching Patcham, the two royal carriages were met by a large number of the yeomen of the

county

[illegible], FROM THE CHAIN PIER.

county on horseback, by whom Her Majesty was preceded until the arrival at Brighton, where they were superseded by a detachment of Dragoon Guards, and where, passing through living avenues, the Queen arrived at the Pavilion. Thousands of bouquets, principally of dahlias, then a fashionable and costly flower, were used in the decoration of the balconies of the houses. In the evening the town was one blaze of light.

During the Queen's residence at Brighton several entertainments and musical soirées were given at the Pavilion, and she frequently gratified her guests by taking part in the performances. On one of these occasions the Queen sang the "Preghiera" from Costa's opera of "Malek Adel"—her voice at that period being described as a pure soprano of considerable power, sweetness, and extent. She was particularly fond of joining in four-part singing. The days were passed chiefly in rides and drives in the neighbourhood, the royal riding habit being of a dark green mate-

rial,

rial, and the hat a black beaver without veil or trimming. A formal visit was paid to the Chain Pier by the royal party, who were received by the designer of the structure, Captain Samuel Brown, R.N., the borough members, and Mr. Joseph Hume, M.P. The visit to Brighton terminated on November the 4th, the journey to town occupying, in those days, six hours.

But perhaps the most imposing pageant of the year was the young monarch's visit to the City on November 9th, 1837. The day was observed as a general holiday; decorations had been everywhere made by the inhabitants of the houses along the line of route from St. James's Palace, by way of the Strand, to Guildhall. Fabulous prices were paid for windows, many untenanted houses being let for the day at prices equal to a half-year's rent. The roof of every house was covered with human beings. The gravel walk in the Mall was thronged with block-supported

chairs,

chairs, tables, forms, and planks, let out to the curious by private adventurers. "So late as two o'clock, when the Queen had already entered the State carriage, and the royal cavalcade had commenced its route, a whole regiment of chairs and tables was proceeding in quick march from the direction of Storey's Gate towards the centre of curiosity, and as it was impossible to distinguish the legs of their bearers, they very oddly seemed to move by their own volition." Every lamp-post, every tree had its full burden of enthusiastic sight-seers.

At a quarter to two o'clock the Duchess of Kent, with her attendants, set out from Buckingham Palace, followed by the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, and the Duke of Sussex, in carriages drawn by six horses; then came six carriages of Her Majesty, also drawn by six horses, followed by the State coach drawn by eight cream-coloured horses, conveying the Queen, attended by the Duchess of Sutherland,

land,

land, Mistress of the Robes, and the Earl of Albemarle, Master of the Horse. Her Majesty, who wore a pink satin robe, shot with silver, and a magnificent diamond tiara, was received with the most enthusiastic cheers during the whole progress of the procession, which consisted of fifty-eight carriages, many of these belonging to the foreign ambassadors and celebrities invited to the banquet, the most popular among them being the Duke of Wellington.

At Temple Bar the procession was joined by the Lord Mayor, aldermen, Common Councilmen and other civic authorities, who, while awaiting the Queen's arrival, had been afforded accommodation in the old banking house of Child & Co.; their steeds, which had been borrowed from the artillery barracks at Woolwich, were stationed in Middle Temple Lane. The soldier to which each horse belonged attended as squire, holding the bridle rein of each equestrian alderman. A contemporary account says—

"How

"How the respected fathers of the City performed the exploit of mounting is perhaps not exactly matter of history. However, with much care and pains bestowed by the troopers, their assistant squires, they were at last placed on horseback, and formed into procession. We believe only one fell off, and that accident happened through a laudable desire to perform an obeisance to a lady fair at a window. The worthy alderman fell flat upon the ground, and his horse walked over him. Since the days of John Gilpin no feat of a citizen of London on horseback has excited so much masculine laughter and feminine sympathy."

Several brother aldermen rushed to the assistance of the fallen cavalier, who was hoisted into his saddle amidst general cheers and laughter.

In St. Paul's Churchyard a pavilion had been erected for the accommodation of seven hundred and thirty boys from Christ's Hospital. By ancient custom Bluecoats possess the privilege of addressing the Sovereign on the occasion of his or her coming into the City as a guest of the Corporation, and in this instance the privilege was claimed. The

senior

senior scholar, Frederick Giffard Nash, advanced to the door of Her Majesty's carriage, and delivered a congratulatory address. The National Anthem was sung by the scholars and a great part of the multitude.

At the Guildhall, a guard of honour and the Lady Mayoress and others were in waiting to receive the Queen. The Lord Mayor assisted Her Majesty to alight, and then, preceded by her hosts, and by the aldermen and sheriffs, the Queen passed to the Council-chamber, wherein were assembled the royal dukes, the Ministers of State, and other distinguished persons. Here the Recorder read an address of congratulation, to which Her Majesty replied, and she also ordered letters patent to be made out conferring a baronetcy on the Lord Mayor (Sir John Cowan) and a knighthood on the two sheriffs (Sir George Carroll and Sir Moses Montefiore). The latter was the first Jew to receive such an honour from a British Sovereign.

The interior of the grand old hall pre-

sented

sented a spectacle which for brilliancy and magnificence has probably seldom been surpassed. At the east end, on a raised platform, was erected a gorgeous throne. In front of the throne was the royal table, covered with a cloth of damask, gold-fringed, and extending the whole width of the ermine-and-gold carpeted platform, the sides and front of which were decked with flowers. Four other tables extended nearly half-way down the hall, where the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress presided over foreign ambassadors and other distinguished guests; and in the body of the hall were four centre tables and seven side tables for the general company. Very large mirrors had been fixed in various parts of the hall, and Gog and Magog, in new and glorious attire, looked down from either corner of the western end on the festive scene. Over the porch entrance was the orchestra, presided over by Sir George Smart.

The dinner was provided from the "London

Tavern"

Tavern" at a cost of £1400, in addition to which £571 17*s.* 6*d.* was paid for wine, exclusive of that used at the royal table, which was presented.*

The royal *menu*, embroidered on white satin, was worded as follows :—

"La Table Royale.

"3 *Potages*—Potage de tortue à l'Anglaise; consommé de volaille; potage à la Brunoise.

"3 *Plats de Poisson*—Turbot bouilli, garni aux merlans frits; rougets farcis à la Villeroi; saumon bouilli, garni aux éperlans.

"3 *Relevés*—Poulets bouillis aux langues de veau glacées, garnis de croustade à la macédoine; noix de veau en daube, décorée à la Bohémienne; filet de bœuf à la sanglier en chasse.

"8 *Entrées*—Ris d'agneau piqués à la Turque aux petits pois; sauté de filets de faisans aux truffes; pâté chaud aux bécassines à l'Italienne;

* The admission ticket for the City festival was a rich embossment from a specially cut die in the old French style of Louis XIV.; the national and civic emblems being judiciously introduced. On either side were the Royal and City arms, with their supporters fully displayed, while surmounting the centre was the royal crown, with the Union badge, rose, thistle, and shamrock, and at foot appeared the cap of maintenance, with the sword of state and civic mace.

casserole

casserole de pieds d'agneau aux champignons; sultanne de filets de soles à la Hollandaise, garnis aux écrevisses; timbale de volaille à la Dauphine; filets de lièvre confis aux tomates; côtelettes de perdreaux au suprême.

"BUFFET.

"Potage à la Turque; hochepot de faisan; tranches de cabillaud; éperlans frits; langue de bœuf; jambon à la jardiniere; bœuf rôti; mouton rôti; agneau rôti; agneau bouilli; hanche de venaison; pierre grillé au vin de champagne; petits pâtés aux huîtres.

"*Croquettes*—Côtelettes d'agneau aux concombres; dindon rôti aux truffes à l'Espagnole.

"SECOND SERVICE.

"3 *Plats de Rôti*—Faisans; bécasses; cercelles.

"3 *Relevés*—Soufflet de vanille; pommes à la Portugaise; gaufres à la Flamande.

"4 *Pâtisseries montées*—Vase en croquante, garni de pâtisserie aux confitures; fontaine Grecque, garnie aux petits-choux; vase de beurre frais aux crevettes; fontaine royale, garnie de pâtisserie à la Genévoise.

"12 *Entremêts*—Crême d'anana garnie; gelée au vin de champagne, garnie aux fruits; homards à la rémoulade; mayonnaise de poulet à l'aspic; fanchonettes d'orange, garnies aux pistaches; compote de péches, en petits panniers; tartelettes au



cerises

cerises en nougat; petites coupes d'amarinds à la Chantilly; culs d'artichauts en mayonnaise ; anguilles au beurre de Montpellier; gelée au marasquin, decorée; gâteaux de pommes en mosaique à la crême d'abricots.

"BUFFET.

"Poulets rôtis ; bécassines rôties ; canards sauvages rôtis ; tourte aux pommes ; tourte aux cerises ; beignets de pommes ; fondu de parmesan ; trifle à la crême ; plum-pudding ; mince-pies."

The general bill of fare was in English, and was of a Titanic character :—

"DINNER.

"220 tureens of turtle ; 200 bottles of sherbet ; 50 boiled turkeys and oysters ; 50 pullets ; 50 dishes of fowls ; 40 roast capons ; 45 French pies ; 60 pigeon-pies ; 45 hams ornamented ; 40 tongues ; 2 barons of beef ; 4 stewed rumps of beef ; 10 sirloins, rumps, and ribs of beef ; 45 dishes of shell-fish ; 60 dishes of mashed and other potatoes ; 50 salads ; 140 jellies ; 50 blanc-manges ; 40 dishes of tarts creamed ; 30 dishes of orange and other tarts ; 60 dishes of mince-pies ; 20 Chantilly baskets.

"*Removes*—60 roast turkeys ; 10 leverets ; 80 pheasants ; 40 dishes of partridges ; 20 dishes of wild fowl ; 20 peafowls.

"*Dessert*—

"*Dessert*—100 pine-apples, from 2 lbs. to 3 lbs. each; 200 dishes of hothouse grapes; 200 ice creams; 50 dishes of pippins; 80 dishes of pears; 60 ornamented Savoy cakes; 80 dishes of dried fruit; 50 dishes of preserved ginger; 60 dishes of rout cakes; 30 dishes of brandy cherries; 20 dishes of olives.

"WINES AND LIQUEURS FOR THE ROYAL TABLE.

"East India Malmsey Madeira.
"Haut Sauterne.
"Frontignac.
"Hermitage.
"Blanc-tinto Madeira.
"Malvasia.
"Sillery champagne.
"Tokay and Paxaretta.

"WINES, ALL OF THE FINEST QUALITY.

"35 dozen champagne; 15 dozen hock; 20 dozen claret; 10 dozen Burgundy; 10 dozen Madeira; 30 dozen port; 8 dozen pale sherry; 8 dozen brown sherry."

Sherry one hundred and ten years old was presented to the Corporation expressly for the Queen's use, by a Mr. William Lawson. The Queen drank to the Lord Mayor, and to four-

teen

teen other persons; at least raising the glass to her lips.

After dinner, *Non nobis Domine* was sung. The only toasts given were—"Queen Victoria," by the Lord Mayor; "Prosperity to the City of London," by Her Majesty, as announced by the common crier; and "The Royal Family," by the Lord Mayor. At eight o'clock the Queen rose to retire, saying, "I assure you, my Lord Mayor, I have been most highly gratified."

Some idea of the splendour and magnificence with which the citizens of London entertained their Sovereign on the 9th of November, 1837, may be gathered from the following memoranda of some of the more remarkable plate displayed:—

The plate in the hall (all at the Queen's table being gold) was estimated to be worth nearly £400,000. The Queen's dessert service comprised twenty-three gold dishes, the centre-piece being a bouquet of fruits in a gold basket. Rose-water was presented to her Majesty in

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an antique cup which had belonged to King James I., and this was borne on a gold salver from the board of George I., whose arms were engraved thereon. The tea and coffee service were of gold plate, the handles of the cups being composed of lapis lazuli; and a chandelier of solid chased gold, lent to the Corporation by the Goldsmiths' Company, weighed one thousand ounces.

The Lady Mayoress was dressed in green velvet, lined with white satin, trimmed with gold fringe and a border of Brussels lace. Her petticoat was of llama and gold, and her stomacher was of large opals and diamonds. On her neck was an Elizabethan ruff, and on her head a plume of feathers. We can well believe that every one was struck with the appearance of so gorgeous a creature. Another lady who by her beauty and elegance attracted universal admiration was a Mrs. Magee, the only American lady in the assembly.

A medal, commemorative of the event, was, by order of the Corporation, struck by

Mr.

Mr. William Wyon. On the obverse is Her Majesty's head with a tiara and the words *Victoria Regina*, and on the reverse a representation of the front of the Guildhall, with the royal standard, and the words, "In honour of Her Majesty's visit to the Corporation of London, 9th November, 1837."

In the evening the principal streets of London were illuminated, though for the most part more loyalty was apparent than good taste. Gas mottoes and so-called portraits of the youthful Queen predominated. One firm displayed the words in variegated lamps, "May the blossom of promise ripen into the fruit of performance!" Another motto, simple and hearty, was "Welcome, bonnie lassie!" Old Northumberland House, too, was all ablaze and a centre of attraction.

The remaining portion of the year was passed by the Queen at Buckingham Palace. On the 20th of November she opened her first Parliament, delivering the speech in a clear and impressive manner.

Dinner-

Dinner-parties, occasional drives in the parks, and frequent visits to the theatres gave Londoners and country cousins up for the holidays plenty of opportunities of seeing the young Queen. Christmas was passed in London; and, the day following, the Court returned to Royal Windsor to see the old year out and the new year in.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE LONDON OF THE PERIOD.

The renascence of Pimlico—The finest site in Europe—The Nelson Column—Before the School Boards—The last of the running dustmen—The debtors—A Thames-side fire—The great frost—Wonders of the weather—Burning of the Royal Exchange—The building—The last chimes—Relics and salvage—Fatal riot—Gas in Parliament.

HAVING thus far recorded Her Majesty's movements during the first year of her reign, let us recall a few of the social events of the time.

One consequence of the Queen's taking up her residence at Buckingham Palace was the sudden awakening and brightening-up of sleepy, dull Pimlico and neighbourhood. No sooner had she begun her abode at the New Palace, as it was then generally called, than equipages of all sorts, from the ambassador's carriage to that

of

of the knife-grinder, were all day careering over the once sandy waste in front. From eight in the morning till eight at night the British public assembled there were convinced that the Queen was every minute going to appear among them. If a carriage entered the forecourt, no one entertained a doubt but that Her Majesty was about to take an airing; if a servant crossed it, the matter was beyond question. If Her Majesty did not appear one minute, she might the next; and there was always a good audience in waiting on the chance. Nursery-maids no longer took their little charges into any other part of the Park, and the seats at that end were always crowded. It became the favourite promenade of all classes and ages. Hoops were trundled backwards and forwards; elderly gentlemen tumbled over poodles and little boys; young ladies walked sedately, and men were there to admire. Even the sentries' faces brightened up, and the sandy desert became a rendezvous for sight-seers and merrymakers.

Pimlico,

Pimlico, the most desolate suburb of the metropolis, suddenly emerged from its caterpillar condition. At the period of the Queen's accession, the pedestrian turned out of Buckingham Gate into a badly formed, dirty highroad, surrounded on all sides by squalid alleys and courts, and girt with tumble-down and ill-kept houses. Every second parlour-window declared its ability to afford furnished lodgings. Inefficient, ugly, and hungry, Pimlico was almost as miserable to look at as it was to live in; but there was a sudden transformation. Hovels disappeared, and business began to look up. The proprietors of barbers' shops, where a penny shave had been the staple trade, burst forth as fashionable perfumers, and tobacconists repainted their wooden Highlanders.

Another transformation scene, or "metropolitan improvement," was enacted not a great way off—the formation or laying-out of "the finest site in Europe," Trafalgar Square, fronting the then recently erected National Gallery. But alas! what has become of the original

plans?

plans? Where are the promised shrubberies, the beautiful gravel walks amongst grassy slopes, about which we read in the journals of the day? The square was promised to be "the most elegant in the metropolis."

And, while speaking of Trafalgar Square, mention may be made of the general meeting held at Freemasons' Hall on the 16th of June, 1838, of the subscribers to the fund for erecting a monument to Lord Nelson. The Duke of Buccleuch was in the chair, and a report was read stating that the present exertions of the committee were to increase a fund raised for a similar purpose in 1805, which then amounted to £1330, and, with dividends, had since increased to £5545 19*s.* It was stated that Her Majesty the Queen had subscribed £525, and the Queen Dowager £200, which, with other subscriptions, presented an additional £5000. The Duke of Wellington proposed a resolution —"That the meeting highly approve of the situation selected for the intended monument in Trafalgar Square, and they derive the greatest satisfaction

satisfaction from the ready compliance with which Her Majesty's Ministers had appropriated so eligible a site." His Grace said it was a matter of astonishment that the subject under consideration had not been carried into execution at an earlier period. It was to be hoped that on the present occasion every obstacle would be removed. The Queen had set them all a bright example, the Queen Dowager had nobly followed the Sovereign, the Government had done everything that could be expected in order to enable them to carry their design into execution in a befitting manner, and it now only remained for the meeting and the public to do their duty. The list of subscribers contains the names of the Duke of Wellington for £200, the Duke of Buccleuch for £200, the Marquis of Anglesey for £105.

At a time when School Boards were undreamt of, certain folk were not so particular as their descendants are in the matter of orthography, and tradesmen not infrequently put

forth

forth curiously worded notices. Upon the door of a house in Old Street Road occupied by a father and son, the former a blacksmith and publican, the latter a barber, there appeared a board with the following inscription:—"J. Barrack and Son; blacksmith's and barber's work done hear, horse shoeing and shaving; locks mended and hair curled; bleeding, teeth drawing, and all other farriery work. All sorts of spiratus and malt lickers akordin to the late kemical act, and incensed to be drunk in the premises. N.B.—Tak notice my wife keeps school and takes in needlework and the polite arts, also washing; teaches reading and riting and other langwitches and has assistunts if rekwired to learn horritory, sowing, the matthewmattics and all other fashionable diversions." This sounds rather too good to be true, but the evidence is contemporary.

In a window in Little Coram Street, Russell Square, a placard was exhibited on which was written, "Wanted a respectble yung femel to the abberdashery, on applications, perticklers

will

will be ansered." In the same street a window "sported" two bills: one, "Cubass siggars, memmurandum books, one penney and toopence a piece;" the other, "A pursun gows out two washin and cleenin and logins for a singull women at No. 3, Abbey Place."

In a print-shop of note in Cheapside appeared an announcement to the effect that in consequence of the many thefts that daily occurred there, "An invisible watch is kept on pickpockets and bad characters who frequent this window. They will be known in an instant."

Here is another "picking by the way" from the streets of London in 1837, which may be recorded as it relates to the last of a certain race of men, the "running dustmen," who will be best described in their own lingo:—

"At Marlborough Street * one day early in November, 1837, two of the once celebrated fraternity

* In 1837 the police courts of London were those held at the Mansion House, Thames Police-office, Guildhall, Bow Street, Marlborough Street, Marylebone, Queen Square, Lambeth Street, Worship Street, Hatton Garden, and Union Hall.

known

known as 'flying dustmen' were charged with having emptied a dusthole in Frith Street, without leave or licence of the contractor. The worthies, apparently the last of the race, were not unknown in Old Bailey annals, and in the palmy days of dust-prigging fearlessly encountered the perils of Tothill Fields and the treadmill in pursuit of their unlawful vocation. But the days of 'dusting on the sly' seem to be rapidly passing away. The transportation of the renowned Bob Bonner, first of dust-prigs, added to the great fall in breeze, have caused this consummation; and a 'flying dustman' in a short time bids fair to be as great a rarity as a Red Indian. The pair gave the names of William Neale and Edward Jones, but in the scene of their glory, Duck Lane, they are only known as 'Pug-nosed Billy' and 'Ugly Ned,' sobriquets which a single peep at their faces proclaims at once to be remarkably appropriate. The shovel, sackful of dust, and the policeman's statement formed irresistible evidence against the culprits.

"Magistrate: 'Well, can you give an account of the dust found in your possession?'

"Ugly Ned: 'Yes, yer Vorships, and a werry good un; sitch a vun as vill clear our caricters in the hies of every gemman of independent mind. Me and my pal vas valking along Frith Street, he vith his dusty shovel, and me vith my sack, quite permixuous, ven a lady comes out of her house in a similar haccident vay, and says she to me, "Dust-man,"

man," says she, "vill you grant me von pertickler favour?" "Vy yes, ma'am," says I; "it's unpossible to refuse vun of the soft sex, so I'll consent, pervising as you doesn't ask me to do nuffin but vot's upright and downright straight." "I wish I may go to blazes," says the lady, "if it ain't as right as a trivet. Our dusthole ain't been hemptied this week, so all the stuff is running into the sile, and stopping up the shore; and, dustman," says the lady, "it's gallus hard times as we should be hobbligated to have sitch a muck." "Vell, ma'am," says I, "jest to hoblege you, out of ginoine good nater, ve'll clean away the mess, in case you stands a tanner, or a drain of short, to both on us." This here, your Vorships, is the identical facts, and if you vants any hevidence on it, here's my pal Bill will take his sacrament hoath on it, von't you, Bill?'

"Pug-nosed Billy: 'Blow'd if I don't!'

"Notwithstanding this very satisfactory evidence, both prisoners were adjudged to be guilty. The Bench inflicted the lowest fine of £10, or lowest term, one month with hard labour.

"Magistrate: 'Have you £10 each?'

"'Me got £10?' said Pug-nosed Billy, holding up his leg, and displaying a large hole in his breeches. 'D'yer think, if I'd ten bob, let alone suffrins, 'at I vouldn't precious soon mend these here kicksies vith a pair of new uns?'

"'Bill,' said the other, as he left the bar, 'there's

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a screw loose somewhere, vich vonts wote by ballot and hannival sufferage, or summat of the sort, to set right. Vy, prigging dust ain't half the crime as it vonce vos, 'cause the stuff von't fetch half as much now as it vould afore. As for hard labour, that's nuffin, for it's hard labour every day vith sitch as us, but then the willinous fine is vot I looks at.'

"The offenders were in the end locked up."

A curious custom prevailed in respect to a class of prisoners of whom a good deal was heard at this time—the debtors. On Christmas Day of the year we are chronicling, the inmates of the prison in Whitecross Street were each provided by the sheriffs of the City of London with one pound of beef for roasting, which, however, the benevolence of wealthy citizens increased to an average of about three pounds, accompanied by a pint of beer. The meat was served out uncooked, and the mode of distribution was as follows:—The entire quantity was cut up into portions for four or six persons, and then given to the stewards of the different wards, and the choice of pieces was determined by an exciting ballot

on Christmas Eve. How heavily the law then bore on this class of unfortunates may be gathered from the fact that, at the beginning of the year 1838, there were six debtors in the Nottingham county gaol whose united debts did not exceed £35, and who had been in gaol thirty-five months.

Three days after Christmas Day, on the 28th of December, a great fire occurred at Davis's Wharf, Tooley Street, where a large quantity of oil was stored. The oil floated into the Thames, and offered a rich booty to a number of the river-men, who were busy all day scooping it into their crazy old boats from the surface of the water. A ready sale was obtained for the oil thus saved at one shilling per gallon, and one industrious river-man is said to have secured over seventy pailfuls.

A Christmas of unusually mild temperature was followed by weather of extraordinary severity. The frost commenced on Sunday,

the

the 7th of January, 1838. On the 12th the thermometer registered thirteen degrees of frost, and this intense cold continued almost without intermission for some time. On Sunday, the 20th of January, there were twenty-one degrees of frost. Mr. P. Murphy obtained a considerable amount of popularity for his "Weather Almanac" by having correctly foretold that the 20th of January would be the day of the greatest degree of cold, and that the 21st, 22nd, and 23rd would be "changeable." These prophecies having then been correct for nearly three weeks together, his credit rose to a very high point, and the booksellers could not provide copies of the almanack in sufficient numbers. The Thames was frozen over as low down as Chelsea, and a singular feat was performed in the latter part of January by a young man named Sowerby, who for a wager succeeded in walking on the frozen surface of the river from Windsor to Chelsea. Above Hammersmith Bridge, and especially between Twickenham and Richmond, the river was thronged

thronged with skaters. The ornamental waters of the various London parks were, of course, similarly crowded, Regent's Park being favourite with the "fashionables."

One would hardly include cricket among the amusements of an unusually severe winter —the game *par excellence* of hot weather and cool cup. This year, however, it was shown that, where a sufficient surface of ice offered itself as a substitute, the "village green" could be dispensed with. On the 18th of January the lake at Gosfield, the seat of Mr. E. G. Barnard, M.P., near Halstead, Essex, was the scene of an exciting match, witnessed by a great crowd of people of the county. Wickets were pitched at the orthodox hour of eleven a.m. The game was closely contested, the scores being forty for the losers, and forty-seven for the victors.

During the winter, sledges *à la Russe* were for the first time introduced at Brighton, Colonel Webster and Captain Beresford considerably astonishing the natives by the skill

they

they displayed in driving their winter vehicles round the enclosure of the Old Steine.

A Berkshire paper vouches for the fact that, in fulfilling an order for a quantity of milk one day during this spell of frost, the vendor forwarded, a distance of five miles, half a gallon in a frozen state, tied up in a newspaper. The *Yorkshire Gazette* records that "in a field near Darlington a sparrow was taken hanging to the branch of a tree. It was discovered to be frozen to the twig on which it had perched, and could not disentangle itself."

It was during this winter, at a time when the cold was most intense, that an event occurred which was regarded as almost a national calamity,—the total destruction by fire, on Wednesday, the 10th of January, 1838, of the Royal Exchange. This magnificent building had been opened in 1669, three years after the Great Fire of London had levelled to the ground the Exchange erected in 1557 by Sir Thomas Gresham; the rebuilding by the

Mercers'

Mercers' Company had cost £58,962. The stone buildings formed a spacious quadrangle with two principal fronts, north and south. The south front, in Cornhill, was the more imposing, and had, besides its piazza, a high tower, rising from an arched gateway, and two wings. The statues of Charles I. and Charles II., albeit much begrimed by smoke, ornamented the entrances, and that of Sir Thomas Gresham was placed over the entrance arch. In the centre of each front was a lofty gate, leading into a noble area, with a fine piazza entirely round it, and seats along the walls. Statues of many of the sovereigns of England from the time of Edward I. stood within niches, that of Charles II. being in the centre. In this quadrangle the merchants had their various walks. There were the Irish walk, the Scottish walk, the East India walk, the Brokers' walk, the Silkmen's walk, and many others. In 1767 the building was repaired, and the west side rebuilt, for which Parliament granted £10,000.

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The fire broke out a little after ten o'clock at night in Lloyd's Coffee-house,* which occupied the north-east corner, and, notwithstanding the almost superhuman efforts of the firemen and of a large body of soldiers, summoned by the Lord Mayor from the Tower, soon obtained a complete mastery of the building, which by five o'clock was reduced to a heap of ruins. The difficulties under which the men worked were unusually great; before any water could be drawn it was necessary to thaw the hose and works of the engines, and so intense was the frost, the firemen's coats were covered with ice.

* Lloyd's Coffee-house had long been the head-quarters of the commercial world, and its members were distinguished for their liberality and public spirit. Their names figured at the head of every public subscription. After the battle of the Nile, in 1798, the subscription received at Lloyd's for the benefit of the widows and the wounded seamen amounted to £32,423 19*s.* 9*d.*; and Lord Howe's victory, on the 1st of June, 1794, was succeeded by a subscription of £21,281 19*s.* 11*d.* In 1803 Lloyd's started "The Patriotic Fund" by voting £20,000 Three per cent. Consols from their general fund, individual members contributing liberally besides: another sum of £5000 was voted in 1809, and a third of £10,000 in 1812. The total subscriptions to "The Patriotic Fund" from all sources amounted to £430,000.

As

As the splendid tower, nearly one hundred and fifty feet in height, was destroyed, the musical peal of eight bells, with a tenor of about eighteen hundredweight, fell one after the other, carrying away everything in their progress towards the pavement. A singular coincidence is related. At twelve o'clock, when the flames had just reached the north-west angle of the building, the chimes struck up as usual the old tune, "There's nae luck about the house." The effect was extraordinary, and the tune was distinctly heard for fully five minutes for the last time.

The books and papers connected with Lloyd's, the Royal Exchange Assurance, and other companies were, with few exceptions, destroyed. The merchants and traders, deprived for a time of their old meeting-place, found a temporary "Exchange" in the Guildhall, which was placed at their disposal by the Lord Mayor. A day or two afterwards, in searching the ruins under the Lord Mayor's Court-office, the great City seal was picked up,

with

with two bags containing £200 in gold, uninjured—a discovery that brought much comfort to the uneasy minds of aldermen, perturbed by a rumour that the Corporation would lose its charter by the loss of the seal. In the early part of April a sale of the charred materials took place, and there was a keen competition among curio-collectors. The porter's large handbell (rung every day at half-past four p.m. to warn the merchants and others that 'Change ought to be closed) with the handle consumed, valued at 10*s.*, was sold for £3 3*s.*; the two carved griffins, holding shields of the City arms, next Cornhill, fetched £30; the two carved griffins, holding shields of the City arms, facing the quadrangle, £35; the two busts of Queen Elizabeth on the north and south sides, £18; the two busts of Queen Elizabeth on the east and west sides, £10 15*s.*; the copper grasshopper vane, with the iron upright, was reserved by the committee; the alto-relievo, in artificial stone, representing Queen Elizabeth proclaiming the Royal Exchange, £21; the cor-

responding

responding alto-relievo, representing Britannia seated amidst the emblems of Commerce, accompanied by Science, Agriculture, Manufactures, etc., £36; the carved emblematical figures of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, £110. Among the relics which appeared in the shop-windows were some card-cases made from the oak timbers of the burnt buildings. They bore on the top a small silver scutcheon with an inscription, stating their origin and the date of the fire.

In the provinces one of the most startling events of the year was a riot of a calamitous and very extraordinary character, in the neighbourhood of Canterbury, in the latter part of May, 1838. It was caused by a madman, calling himself Sir William Courtenay, Knight of Malta, whose real name was John Nicholl Thom. He had some years before rendered himself notorious in connection with a smuggling trial, and had been temporarily confined in a lunatic asylum. He was a man of herculean strength, handsome presence,

with

with a long flowing beard and foreign appearance. Styling himself the Saviour of the world, he acquired an extraordinary influence over the humble country folks and farm labourers around Canterbury. Believing in Sir William's divine mission, they left their work and gathered in a frenzy of religious excitement and in ever-increasing numbers around the "reformer." On an attempt to apprehend one of his followers, Courtenay drew a pistol and shot the constable dead. The country was in a state of great alarm and excitement, and the military from Canterbury had to be sent for. Courtenay and his party had retired to Bleanwood, about four miles from Canterbury, where, on perceiving the soldiers, he excited his adherents to desperate fury, having persuaded them that they could not be shot; he himself advanced with the greatest *sang froid* and deliberately shot Lieutenant Bennett, of the 45th Regiment, who fell dead on the spot. The soldiers retaliated; Courtenay was one of the first killed, and it was not till twelve

lives

lives had been sacrificed that the deluded peasantry gave way and dispersed.*

It may be mentioned here that while a London street had been experimentally lighted by gas some thirty years earlier, from which time the new illuminant had gradually crept into favour, it was not tried in the House of Commons until February, 1838. The effect was considered at the time to be extremely brilliant and agreeable; but, gas being too expensive, wax candles were afterwards reverted to.

* Harrison Ainsworth made Courtenay the original of the gipsy character called the "Ruffler," in his novel of "Rookwood."

CHAPTER

# CHAPTER VI.

## SOCIETY OF THE PERIOD.

Society and letters — Holland House—Lady Holland — An audacity — Prince Louis Napoleon — Lady Blessington—The greatest and last of the dandies—Fashions—Rivals—Duels—Duelling grounds—Gretna Green—An incident of the laws of debt—Almack's—The Cambrian and Highland balls—Diamonds—Political exiles—Masquerades ; a survival from the last century—Teetotalism—Actress and duchess—The great Coutts marriage—A generous will—Duchess of St. Albans—Another generous will—Lord Eldon—The Park—The Zoo—Breakfasts—A great dinner to a great duke—The Goldsmiths' Company's plate—A Waterloo hero.

ONE of the freest and brightest houses where assembled politicians, wits, and writers, was Holland House—the "proof house" of the literature of the day—swayed by its clever and somewhat imperious hostess, Lady Holland. At her table were to be found Lords Brougham,

Brougham, Lyndhurst, John Russell, Macaulay, Lansdowne, and the witty Alvanley; Washington Irving, Monckton Milnes (afterwards Lord Houghton), Rogers the banker-poet, Sir Henry Taylor, Luttrell, and Sydney Smith, whose spontaneous wit was there, as always, inexhaustible. Tradition says that the nurse who tended that famous parson in his last illness confessed to having given him a dose of ink instead of a dose of physic, and was told in reply, "Then bring me all the blotting paper there is in the house." Even Macaulay, who could ill brook interruption in his conversation, was docile at Holland House, when, in the middle of one of his anecdotes, Lady Holland tapped on the table with her fan and said, "Now, Macaulay, we have had enough of this, give us something else." Another frequent visitor was Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, who, after spending some time in America as a consequence of his unfortunate enterprise at Strasbourg, arrived in London in July, 1837, by the packet *George Washington*, from

New

New York. He had hastened his return to Europe on receiving the news of the dangerous illness of his mother, the ex-Queen Hortense, Duchess of St. Leu, whose death occurred on the 5th of October, 1837.

The famous French diplomatist, Prince Talleyrand, had also been a constant guest at Holland House, but his Embassy at the Court of St. James's ended in 1834: he died on the 17th of May, 1838.

Much has been written of Gore House and its clever hostess, "Miladi Blessington," who "wrote too much." Her name was continually before the world in booksellers' advertisements, and her *salon* attracted the famous *literati* and men of fashion of the day. She waged war to the knife against the conventional society of the period, and a book she published in this year contained scathing attacks on the contemporary woman of fashion. An account describing Gore House at this time says :—

"In a long library lined alternately with splendidly bound books and mirrors, and with a deep window

of

of the breadth of the room, opening on Hyde Park, the countess appears alone. The picture to the eye, as the door opens, is a very lovely one—a woman of remarkable beauty, half buried in a *fauteuil* of yellow satin, reading by a magnificent lamp suspended from the centre of the arched ceiling; sofas, couches, ottomans, and busts arranged in rather a crowded sumptuousness through the room; enamel tables covered with expensive and elegant trifles in every corner; and a delicate white hand relieved on the back of a book, to which the eye is attracted by the blaze of its diamond rings. The picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence, taken at the age of eighteen, is more like her than that in the 'Book of Beauty.' She is no longer *dans sa première jeunesse;* she looks more than thirty. Her person is full, but with an admirable shape; she has a fair skin, with dark hair and eyebrows; her dress is cut low, and folded across her bosom so as to display the curve and whiteness of her shoulders; her hair is dressed close to her head, and parted on her forehead by a *feronière* of turquoises. Her features are regular and her voice musical."

Lady Blessington was a hostess who enjoyed the smart sayings of dandies and of authors at the expense of the average woman of the time; and consequently her house was a haunt of men rather than of women. The

most

*Walking Dress*

most frequent *habitué* was Count D'Orsay, who was then by repute the first dandy of London, but whose taste in dress was questionable. He was picturesque, and looked his best at a distance, as, for instance, when seen from the stalls or pit in the countess's box at the Opera.

> "Patting the crest of his well-manag'd steed,
> Proud of his action, D'Orsay vaunts the breed;
> A coat of chocolate, a vest of snow,
> Well brush'd his whiskers, as his boots below;
> A short-napp'd beaver, prodigal in brim,
> With trousers tighten'd to a well-turn'd limb."

And here something may be said about costume. A very fair idea of ladies' dress may be gained from the accompanying plates, which helped to adorn one of the fashionable magazines of 1837, and the numerous figures in the print of Brighton * may be studied for costume in vogue at the seaside. In regard to the husbands of the ladies so prettily depicted in the pair of illustrations, they were a little bit undecided whether to wear coats with tails or skirts continued all round, or gilt-buttoned cut-

* See page 56.

aways of the shape now only worn for evening dress. The coat—well padded when nature had been any way unkind—fitted tight to the figure; the collar was prodigiously large and heavy, and exquisites would sometimes carry a small roll of lead sewed inside each pocket, so as to keep the garment well down and free from creases. Trousers were worn tight, while waistcoats were of satin, silk, velvet, or other rich material, sprigged, shot, or gaudily patterned in endless variety. The neck was swathed in a huge stock, cravat, or neckcloth. The hair, worn longer than at present, was often curled, and nearly always liberally supplied with scented oil or pomatum thoroughly well rubbed in. Whiskers were of the order known as the "mutton chop," and a civilian bold enough to wear a moustache would have been debarred from respectable society as a hopeless reprobate.

Tom Duncombe, who ran D'Orsay close for the honour of being the best-dressed man in London, had a melancholy air which detracted

*Evening Dress*

tracted from his tailor's happiest efforts. Other beaux were Reynolds, who prided himself on wearing perfectly fitting clothes, and Lords Ranelagh, Chesterfield, and Castlereagh.

Lord Edward Thynne, once the boon-companion of Duncombe, was remarkable for the richness and the harmony of his costume. He had, besides, another claim to notoriety at this time; for he fought a duel in Battersea Fields, his opponent being a Mr. Passmore, and the fair cause of quarrel, a young lady. After exchanging three shots each without effect, the principals separated—a termination which drew from a wag the *bon mot* that "six *misses* were employed to avenge the cause of one." At another duel of the day the combatants were Lord Castlereagh and M. Gerard de Melcy, one of the husbands of Madame Grisi; and the encounter took place early in the morning at Wormwood Scrubbs, in June, 1838. Pistols were used, and Lord Castlereagh was hit, the ball passing through the right forearm. He was attended by Dr. Forbes, an old and ex-

perienced

perienced Peninsular surgeon, who was present on the field.

"Affairs of honour" were by no means uncommon in England during the year of Her Majesty's accession. The spots around London chiefly resorted to by duellers were Battersea Fields, near the Red House, then the haunt of sparrow-shooting riff-raff; Wormwood Scrubbs; a retired place near Chalk Farm and Primrose Hill; and a field at Kilburn.

"Affairs of the heart" of a more peaceful character were also responsible for the almost daily appearance in the newspapers of the day of paragraphs headed "*Runaway Match,*" "*Another Elopement,*" and "*Gretna Green Marriage.*" The following narration, for instance, appeared in the columns of the *Times* in October, 1837:

"One bleak October morning, at day-break, a post-chaise and four, containing a dashing military-looking gentleman, about thirty years of age, was observed standing at the corner of Park Place Paddington, near to the canal. After remaining there nearly a quarter of an hour, the gentleman,

who

who was evidently on the look-out, appeared to become somewhat impatient, and hastily leaving the vehicle, he walked towards the church, entered the churchyard, and, seating himself on one of the tombstones, looked anxiously in the direction of the gate leading to the green. In a few minutes a young lady appeared crossing the green, carrying a small carpet-bag and a band-box. The gentleman sprang to meet her, and, hastily relieving her from her freight, begged she would make haste, as the chaise was waiting. They had scarcely cleared the churchyard when a voice, which the stillness of the morning rendered fearfully loud and startling as its echoes rang among the old tombstones, called out to them to stop. The pair turned but an instant to look back, and then commenced running as fast as they could, closely followed by an elderly gentleman, who, in his haste, had sadly neglected his toilet, having apparently but just left his warm bed for the chilling morning atmosphere, and looking more like one of the inhabitants of the churchyard flitting home after a midnight ramble, than a respectable living personage. However, on he came, calling out most lustily upon the fugitives to 'stop!' But they heeded him not. Quickly gaining the chaise, they sprang in, and were whirled off as fast as four good horses could take them, leaving the elderly gentleman in the cold actually *sans culotte*. The young lady is a Miss L., and is possessed of £10,000. The 'elderly gentle-

man'

man' is her father, who, of course, started off after the couple in a chaise and four; and the 'gallant gay Lothario' is a Captain G. who lately held a commission in the unfortunate British Legion."

Sometimes these exciting and romantic matches, once safely made, would be duly announced in the daily papers :—

"*Runaway Match.*—Married, at Gretna Green, Scotland, on the 8th of April (1838), Mr. Guildford Onslow, son of the Hon. Colonel Onslow, and nephew of the present Earl of Onslow, of Alresford, Hants, to Rosa Anna, daughter of General Onslow, of Stoughton House, Huntingdonshire."

The runaways posted through Carlisle at nine o'clock in the morning in a carriage and four, and returned in the same way about one o'clock, changing horses on each occasion at the Bush Hotel. It is said that the parson had £50 for his fee.

One evening about this period Piccadilly was much excited by the appearance of a table-cloth hanging out from an upper story of a hatter's at No. 228, by means of which

escape

escape from the pursuit of a couple of sheriff's officers, against whom he had shut and bolted the doors of his apartments, was effected by a lodger in the house.

The Wednesday evening balls at Almack's were more than usually brilliant during the seasons 1837–38. That rigorous system of exclusiveness which in former years had made Almack's the cause of so much heart-burning and jealousy had been somewhat relaxed a year or two before the Queen's accession. These Wednesday evening assemblies, when Weippert's band was always in attendance, were generally wound up by a fancy-dress ball at the close of the season. The fancy-dress ball of 1837 was an unusually brilliant one, with its three sets of quadrilles in the Grecian, Circassian, and Spanish national costumes. But the full glory of Almack's was revived only in 1838, when the grand saloon was profusely decorated; and the arrival in London and engagement of Johann Strauss and

his

his far-famed waltz orchestra gave in 1838 a fresh impetus to these fashionable assemblies, which were much attended by distinguished foreigners, whose waltzing was admittedly far more graceful than that generally witnessed at London balls. Strauss received one hundred guineas a night for his attendance; and the subscription was raised from one guinea to thirty shillings. There was, of course, much heart-burning caused by the refusal of many hundreds of applications. The following is a specimen, written on the applicant's card, of the more courteous form of denial; it is couched, by the bye, in the feminine grammar of that day:—"Lady L.'s compliments and is very sorry; but has already been obliged to refuse fifty." On one occasion during the summer of 1838, over two hundred such refusals were sent out. Two or three seasons earlier, a lady of the highest rank had, for some reason unknown, been refused a ticket. An indignant appeal was written to the ladies patronesses, whose answer was: "Fashion, not rank, is considered at Almack's."

It

It was at Almack's that, on the 21st of May, 1838, the grand Cambrian fancy-dress ball was given, for the benefit of the Welsh Charity School. Lady Charlotte Guest, as Jenny Jones, in a high crowned hat of black velvet, and a dress of striped silk, fantastically decorated, was unanimously voted the "belle of the ball." Many of the gentlemen wore silver leeks, and the ladies wreaths of acorns and ivy leaves, emblems of the ancient order of Druids. The Highland ball, annually repeated up to the present time, was also held at Almack's in old days.

In describing one of these balls, a guest writes, "I really think the men might leave thick square-toed, clumsy unvarnished boots at home. . . . What with the boots, the black neckcloth, and the old musty tarnished uniforms, our gents of the present day make a nice appearance." This criticism was not altogether without effect, for a little later we find, in one of the society magazines, that "the fashionable people of England have returned

to

to the use of those uncomfortable articles, sharp-pointed shoes. Square-toed shoes and the balloon sleeves of the ladies have now disappeared."

And here may be mentioned a sale of diamonds that was held in July, 1837, at Willis's lower room in King Street, St. James's, the announcements stating that, amongst other costly stones, the celebrated Nassuck diamond and the Arcot diamonds would be sold. The Nassuck diamond, weighing 357½ grains, and of the purest water, was captured by the Indian army under the Marquis of Hastings, and was put up to auction by order of the trustees of the Deccan booty. It was knocked down for £7200 to Emanuel Brothers, and shortly afterwards passed into the possession of the Marquis of Westminster. Amongst the Arcot diamonds, which were formerly the property of Queen Charlotte, was a magnificant pair of brilliant earrings, weighing 223½ grains, perhaps the finest pair of diamond earrings in the world.

These

These fetched £11,000, and subsequently passed to the same nobleman. A brilliant drop, 79¼ grains, was sold for £1180; an oblong brilliant, 151¼ grains, went for £2800; a drop-shaped brilliant, once in the St. Esprit of Louis XVI., brought £450; two brilliant drops, formerly belonging to Marie Antoinette, brought £1775; and a fine round brilliant, £3500.

There were in England at this time a great number of Polish refugees, many of them in a state of abject misery. For the benefit of these starving patriots, with whose unfortunate country England had so much sympathy, a number of entertainments were given under the direction of the "Association of the Friends of Poland." One of these was a grand masquerade and *fête champêtre* held on the 29th of August, 1837, in the beautiful grounds of Cremorne House, Chelsea, afterwards the scene of Cremorne Gardens. In a very long list of patrons were included the ever-popular Duke of Sussex, the Duke of Argyle, Count D'Orsay, Lord George

Lennox,

Lennox, Lord William Bentinck, Lord John Russell, Captain Byng, M.P., and Thomas Slingsby Duncombe, M.P. Marquees were erected for dancing, and the grounds were brilliantly illuminated and ornamented. Among the inducements offered were a "variety entertainment and a superb display of fireworks." For admission ladies were charged eight shillings, and gentlemen a guinea, including supper. This grand masquerade was not, however, a financial success. A better result was obtained from a ball held on the 22nd of November, 1837, at the Guildhall, at which over two thousand five hundred persons were present. Among the company was the young daughter of Sir Francis Burdett, Miss Burdett-Coutts, who had recently come into possession of her vast fortune.

Seldom a month passed without one of these *bals masqués* being held at one or other of the theatres or public rooms in the neighbourhood of the Strand. They began about midnight, and were kept up till five or six in

the

the morning. On these occasions the pit of the theatre used to be boarded over level with the stage, and the Jim Crows, Paul Prys, sailors, fox-hunters, Greeks, and Trojans by boisterous merriment and vigorous dancing more or less successfully sustained their characters. The boxes and gallery were usually filled with appreciative gazers, no doubt attracted by the advertisements in the newspapers :—

"A Grand Masquerade, Lowther Rooms, King William Street, West Strand, on Monday, November 27 ; and from the flattering offers of gentlemen, Mr. Blake anticipates a grand treat to the lovers of this species of popular amusement, which, though innocent, draws a faithful outline of life in reality, and reads a good lesson to the loyal and philosophical subjects of Her Majesty. The supper, with a handsome dessert, would do honour to the Guildhall ; the bands of music will excel ; the suite of rooms will be hung with garlands of variegated flowers. Admission, including supper and a bottle of port or sherry, one guinea. Character tickets, 10*s.* 6*d.* Doors open at 10. Tickets to be had at Mr. Sams's Library, St. James's, and at the rooms."

Yet

Yet another such announcement may be taken from the columns of the *Times*:—

"Grand Masquerade, before the Christmas recess, as a final adieu to the departing year, will take place at the Lowther Rooms, King William Street, Strand, this day (Wednesday), December 20, when it is proposed that the ancient custom of merry-making, hilarity, and mirth will be the order of the evening's amusement. The bands of music will perform, amongst the many admired airs, the music by Balfe from the grand opera of 'Joan of Arc.' The supper, with a dessert, will consist of delicacies and substantials of the season."

While the price of a ticket for the supper at public entertainments invariably included a bottle of port or sherry, the reader must not infer that total abstinence had not then its propagandists. In the spring of 1838 a teetotal lecturer thus addressed his auditors at an abstinence meeting:—

"Intoxicating drink is nothing else, my friends, but liquid hell fire, which was first compounded in the sulphurous laboratory of the infernal regions, and there invented by that most diabolical of all chymists, the Devil. Stick then, stick then, to water, my friends,

as

as the cobbler sticks to his last, for you have no more occasion to swallow liquid hell fire than a duck has for an umbrella on a rainy day."

Shortly after the young Queen's accession, society sustained a great loss by the death, on the 6th of August, 1837, of the Duchess of St. Albans. Harriet Mellon, actress, afterwards Mrs. Coutts and then Duchess of St. Albans, enjoyed in her lifetime a full share of the good things of this world. When her mother was left a widow with a scanty income, little Harriet played the *Duke of York* in "Richard III.," and other infant characters, in the provinces. Later on, she formed one of a company of strolling players under the management of a Mr. Goldfinch, with whom she remained for some years. In a playbill, dated 1794, of what is therein termed the "New Theatre, Chestergate, Macclesfield"—a wooden, barn-like, erection—Miss Mellon is announced to personate one of the maids in the tragedy of "Mary, Queen of Scots," the four principal female characters

racters being represented by Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Naylor, Mrs. Huggins, and Mrs. Miller. In the afterpiece of "Miss in her Teens" the part of *Miss Biddy* is assigned to Miss Mellon. She made her first appearance in London on the 31st of January, 1795, on the boards of Drury Lane Theatre, then under the management of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, as *Lydia Languish*, in her new manager's comedy of "The Rivals." Her name was not inserted in the playbills, the *débût* being simply announced thus: "*Lydia Languish*, by a young lady, her first appearance in London." She attracted little notice till the production of Tobin's "Honeymoon," on the 31st of January, 1805, when, on Mrs. Jordan's refusing to enact *Violante*, the part, at Elliston's recommendation, was assigned to Miss Mellon, who succeeded much better than the author had anticipated. From that time she became a popular actress.

The circumstances of Miss Mellon suddenly improved, her first great good fortune being the possession of a lottery-ticket which drew

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a prize of £10,000. Continuing her performances at the theatre, in various characters, amongst others as *Nell*, in the farce of "The Devil to Pay," she attracted the attention of the wealthiest of the metropolitan bankers, Mr. Coutts. In 1814 Miss Mellon bade adieu to the stage in the character of *Violante*,* and became Mrs. Coutts. In 1822 Mr. Coutts died, at the age of eighty-seven. By his will, dated the 9th of May, 1820, he appointed his wife universal legatee, and bequeathed to her his share in the banking-house and business in the Strand and all benefit and interests to arise therefrom. The personal property within the province of Canterbury alone was sworn under £600,000. On the 16th of June, 1827, Mrs. Coutts married William, Duke of St. Albans, then in the twenty-seventh year of his age.

An account of the charities of the Duchess of St. Albans would fill a volume. She had,

* Thousands of copies were sold of a well-known print representing Miss Mellon in this character.

 moreover,

moreover, the good sense not to forget her humble origin. On one occasion, passing through Macclesfield, she visited the site of the long since demolished wooden theatre already mentioned, and pointed out to one of her attendants the cottage in which she had once lodged. Before quitting the town she made a handsome present to an old performer who had often played with her before a Macclesfield audience.

The duchess bequeathed the great bulk of her immense fortune to Miss Angela Burdett, youngest daughter of Sir Francis Burdett and grand-daughter of Mr. Coutts. Miss Burdett, in compliance with the desire of the testatrix, took the name of Coutts. A large legacy was also left to Dr. Yates, of Brighton, uncle of Mr. Edmund Yates, a medical man in whom the duchess had great confidence.

Lord Eldon died on the 13th of January, 1838, in the eighty-seventh year of his age. He was Lord Chancellor for a quarter of a

century

century (1801–27, with the exception of 1806–7), an excellent sportsman, and one who, up to the very last, took the field annually on the 1st of September.

Hyde Park was then, as it is now, a great rendezvous of society; but there is one striking difference between what is now known as the Sunday church parade in the Park and the Sunday assemblages of fifty years ago. Whereas at the present time people walk on the grassy slopes near the Achilles Statue, and carriages are abandoned for the day, fifty years ago the drive in Hyde Park on Sunday was occupied by splendid equipages. The carriage of Lady Blessington was always conspicuous for its style and elegance; and among other leaders of society were the Dowager Duchess of Richmond, the Countess of Jersey (one of the stars at Almack's), the Marchioness of Downshire, whose exquisite taste in matters of costume was proverbial, and the Marchioness of Queens-

berry,

berry, conspicuous for the profusion of her diamonds. The Hon. Mrs. Norton, with looks somewhat melancholy—for those days were not the most happy in her life—seated in the saddle and accompanied by her mother, also attracted the notice of the Park lounger. The young Queen herself, on occasion, created a little excitement by a Sunday afternoon drive round the Park. Indeed, her partiality for Hyde Park led to the greater beautifying of the largest of our metropolitan gardens, and it may be worth noticing that in April, 1838, a quadruple row of elms, forming three distinct malls, was planted at the eastern end of the Park. Said one of the journals, "It is hoped that these young trees will in a few years add greatly to the beauty of that favourite resort." May the officials now in charge of Kensington Gardens be as mindful of future generations of Londoners!

The Zoological Gardens were a very favourite resort of fashion on a Sunday afternoon,

especially

especially during the season of 1838, when London was crowded with foreign notabilities for the coronation. On one particular Sunday afternoon in June of that year, when the gardens were more than usually full, a sudden and very heavy downpour of rain occasioned a scrimmage in the tunnel leading to the elephant houses. Anxious to obtain shelter, the people all rushed to this spot in two opposing streams. There was a perfect babel of tongues, which is thus described in a contemporary account:—

"'Good gracious, what a crush! Where are you, Sir Charles? Gott in Himmel, dies ist schwer! Oh! what a fat person! Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! For Heaven's sake, Eliza! I shall die, I shall die, I shall faint! What a dreadful elbow! Dearest of creatures, let me take this opportunity! My bonnet is totally ruined! Isn't this fun! Capital, dreadful, excellent! Never get out alive! How they do push! Where are you coming, sir? Call you out! I wish you could! Je suis tout-a-fait écrasé. I've lost my shawl! Dearest, this heart—— Pray take care of this lady's back! The wild beasts have all got loose!' (this from a wag, followed by shrieks and screams and roars of reverberating laughter). 'On Thursday, at the Opera—— Yes, Henry, I can no longer conceal it;

it; I confess I love you. What the ——, sir, do you mean by *that?* Too late for dinner! Pelts like fury! Mein Gott, wo ist mein hut! Take me out!' (lady fainting). 'Swell mob! Well, I *never!* Satisfaction to-morrow. Never *did*,' etc., etc. It was only when the rain was over that the effects of the confinement were apparent, and the cave of Trophonius never disgorged a more changed and melancholy looking set of individuals. Featherless bonnets, torn scarfs, crushed hats, shoeless feet, skirtless coats, red faces and pale faces—in short, discomfiture in all its shapes was apparent everywhere around."

A form of entertainment much in favour with society was the *déjeûner à la fourchette.* The "breakfast," always of the most *recherché* description, including the choicest wines and every delicacy procurable, usually began between 4.30 and six o'clock, and lasted for a couple of hours, after which dancing was generally kept up until one or two o'clock in the morning.

Sunday dinner-parties were also very frequent, as much so indeed as they have again become of late, after an interval of disuse.

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A grand banquet was given on the 28th of April, 1838, by the Goldsmiths' Company, to "the great captain of the age," the Iron Duke, in whose dinner circle at Strathfieldsaye were always to be found several of his old companions in arms. The banquet was held at Goldsmiths' Hall. The sideboard immediately behind the chairman was covered with massive gold plate, piled up in pyramidal form. In the recess behind the chair, in the midst of other pieces, stood an ancient dish and cover made two hundred years before by the celebrated Limarie, highly embossed and of exquisite workmanship. Vases and candelabra were thickly placed in the recess, and on a cross table immediately before the chairman stood an elaborate ornament — a plateau of gold, representing an ancient garden with terrace and balustrades. Steps lead up to the terrace, and in different parts of the garden are groups of children, in mimicry of the art and mystery of the silversmiths, hammering away at vases and other decorative work. The terrace is

surrounded

surrounded by a lake of water, represented by mirrors, while cascades of water are seen gushing from an archway, over which appear the arms of the Goldsmiths' Company. In the centre of the plateau is a group of figures supporting branches for lights. Cupids are climbing up the trees, while, as they ascend, the Graces are endeavouring to catch the mischievous little gods. Costly pieces of plate were disposed round the tables, one being a cup, the work, if not of Cellini himself, of an apt pupil of his. It had been presented by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Martin Bowen, Lord Mayor of London, when she first visited the City of London. Sir Martin was a member of the Goldsmiths' Company, to which, by his will, he left this cup.

While speaking of the Duke of Wellington, the name of another Waterloo hero, William Westwood of the 1st Life Guards, who had distinguished himself by his extraordinary bravery in the great charge of the Life Guards

at Waterloo, may be mentioned. He died on the 19th of October, 1837, and was buried with military honours in St. Margaret's Churchyard, Westminster.

# CHAPTER VII.

## COACHING.

Locomotion — The road — A combination — The coaches: "Wonder," Brighton "Age," "Taglioni," "Tantivy"—The whips—The Four-in-Hand Club—Parodies of the period.

TRAVELLING in England may be said to have been at this time in a state of transition. The iron-road was rapidly superseding the turnpike, and the year of Queen Victoria's accession is associated with the dawn of the railway and steam-locomotive era. The days of professional coaching were numbered. The coach, however, was on the road in all its glory in 1837–38, and strove for some time to maintain its own against steam. Coach-proprietors, whose capital was embarked in plant and horses, were stimulated to fresh

exertions,

exertions, and entered with spirit and skill into what ultimately proved a hopeless competition, but at first they not infrequently came off with flying colours.

There was considerable opposition to the new-fangled mode of travelling, upon which old stagers looked with extreme suspicion, and the newspapers, when not openly hostile, were but lukewarm in their commendation of the iron-horse. In one of the most important journals of the day coach-proprietors were cautioned to be careful "not to abandon their lines of roads upon the mere chance of success in these railway humbugs, the fallacy of which begins to be so apparent."

In fact, the remarkable activity of the railway movement in 1837–38 undoubtedly infused new life and spirit into the "turnpike mail," and this, coupled with the love of horseflesh so inherent in Englishmen, made our fathers loth to exchange the old order for the new. We cannot wonder at this when we remember what "the mail" meant in those days.

"Why

"Why [writes an enthusiast in 1837], how does old roadside Jim know the time to ease his linen bag of its parsimonious contents of bread and bacon? By the mail. In the west of England particularly, the mail acts as a regulator, just as the sun on the hills acts as a thermometer. Ask a young coachman how he got his nerve and quickness, and in nine cases out of ten his reply is, 'I scraped it together when I was at night-work on the mail.' There is something, in short, irresistible in the word 'mail,' and it is perfectly astonishing how she keeps her time, worked as she generally is through long foggy nights, with blind, bolting, thick-winded devils that will go nowhere else; still, notwithstanding the danger of this fast night-travelling, nothing seems to stop the pace, and all impediments yield to the mail. During the late snow-storm at Christmas, nothing was talked of at breakfast in the country but 'where is the mail?' In London everybody was anxiously expecting the arrival of the mail; and in country towns, waiters, chambermaids, ostlers, and postboys assembled in groups to inquire about the non-arrival of the mail; leaders out at every place to forward the mail; in fact, throughout the whole country she seems omnipotent with coach-masters, and waits for nothing or nobody. Turnpike gates fly open the moment she crowns the overhanging hill, as if by magic, and turnpike men are dumb at her approach; at lodge gates, servants are sent

out

out to wait for the mail ; horsekeepers dream of the mail long before they hear the guard's well-known twang ; and the horses themselves seem to understand, as if by instinct, that their best pace is required for the mail."

The facilities afforded by the new railways soon enabled the authorities to accelerate the postal service, and one of the first of these improvements was the establishment of a day mail between London and Holyhead. This service, which was looked upon as an enterprise of some magnitude, the postal officials were enabled to carry out by the exertions of the mail contractor, Mr. Sherman, of the "Bull and Mouth," in conjunction with the Birmingham and Liverpool Railway. The new mail, which went by the name of the Birmingham, Chester, and Holyhead day mail, left the "Bull and Mouth" at eight o'clock in the morning, and arrived at Birmingham at a quarter to seven the same evening. The passengers and mail-bags were then forwarded by the new railway to Hartford, about sixteen

miles

miles from Chester. A mail-coach awaited the arrival of the train, and proceeded direct to Chester, where it arrived at half-past eleven at night. Half an hour was here allowed to passengers, and the mail then continued its journey through Holywell, Conway, and Bangor to Holyhead, which place it reached at ten o'clock in the morning after its departure from London. The mail-packet arrived in Dublin about five o'clock the same afternoon. The journey from London to Holyhead was accomplished in twenty-six hours, which was looked upon as a wonderful performance, the *Times* expressing an opinion that "the duty thus required from one mail-coach is almost too much."

The same enterprising stage-coach proprietor, Mr. Sherman, announced that, "In defiance of the extraordinary power with which coach-proprietors have to contend, and notwithstanding the boasted speed of the Liverpool and Birmingham Railway, 'The Telegraph' Manchester day coach continues to perform the journey

journey to Manchester throughout, without changing coaches, within an hour of the time in which the journey is accomplished by the combined agency of the coaches and railway." The fares were three pounds inside, and thirty shillings outside.

Mr. Chaplin, of the "Swan with Two Necks," Lad Lane, was another mail-coach proprietor who begged "to assure his friends and public generally that such reciprocal arrangements will be made with the directors of the Liverpool and Birmingham Railway as may appear best calculated to secure every advantage, and economy in time and money, which a combination of the old and new modes of travelling can afford." Accordingly, passengers from Liverpool by the 6.30 a.m. train for Birmingham were forwarded on at once to the metropolis by a mail-coach leaving the midland city at 11.30 a.m., and reaching London at 10.30 at night, the journey from Liverpool to London being accomplished in sixteen hours. This performance somewhat took the wind out of

the

the sails of the old "Red Rover" stage-coach, which left the "Three Cups Inn," Aldersgate Street, every morning at a quarter before ten, and passing through Northampton, the Potteries, and Warrington, arrived in Liverpool at a quarter before eleven the next morning—twenty-five hours. Other well-known coaches which started from the same inn at this period were the "Warwickshire Hunt," which left at 8.30 a.m., and reached the "Warwick Arms," Warwick, at half-past six in the evening; and the "Royal Union," which left London every evening at six, and arrived at the "White Horse," Leeds, at four next afternoon, from whence coaches to Huddersfield, Bradford, and Halifax started on the arrival of the "Union." Coaches for Birmingham and Coventry left the "Three Cups" every morning and evening.

Another favourite starting-point for stage-coaches was the "Bolt-in-Tun," Fleet Street, from whence the "Regulator" took its departure every morning at ten o'clock for Hastings and St. Leonards, followed at 2.30 by the

"Star,"

"Star," which ran to Tunbridge Wells in four hours. There was, too, another "Red Rover," which left the "Bolt-in-Tun" daily at 8.15, and carried passengers to Southampton (White's "Royal Hotel"), where it arrived at five p.m.

Then there was the "Belle Sauvage Inn," Ludgate Hill, where every morning at 7.30 the Portsmouth "Day Rocket" took its departure, and where also might be seen leaving the metropolis for their several destinations, the Southampton "Times" at seven a.m.; the celebrated "York House" at a quarter past six for Bath and Bristol, and the "Monarch" (no fees to guards or coachmen by this coach) every evening at 5.30 for the same towns; the Cheltenham "Berkeley Hunt," 8.30 a.m.; and the Oxford "Defiance," 1.30 p.m. The "Wonder," Shrewsbury and London coach, achieved for itself an enviable reputation as a "flyer" of the first order, and seemed determined not to be outdone by its formidable adversary of the iron-road without a struggle.

 On

On more than one occasion in the year we are chronicling, this coach left London at the same time as the train left Euston Square, and reached Birmingham twenty minutes in advance of the steam-engine.

Of the several coaches that plied between London and Brighton, perhaps the best known was the Brighton "Age," pushed along at a rattling pace by that skilful driver, Charles Brackenbury; and we must not forget the two Brighton coaches, the "Rapid" and the blue "Victoria," both with a reputation for fast work. There was a great deal of rivalry on this road between the various whips, and it was not an uncommon occurrence for some of these gentry to be hauled up before the magistrates for racing and furious driving—an offence generally met by a not always enforced fine of five pounds.

A new coach was started this year on the London and Windsor road, under the title of the "Taglioni," after the famous dancer of that name. The proprietors were Lord

Chesterfield,

Chesterfield, Count Bathyani, and a Mr. H. Aston. It was a very elegantly appointed affair, and bore the form of Taglioni in one of her favourite dances embossed on the harness, while her portrait adorned the panels. The regular driver was Brackenbury, transferred from the Brighton road, but Lord Chesterfield himself would often take the ribbons. "Ches," as he was familiarly called, was a capital whip, and handled the reins with the skill of a professional. The "Taglioni" left Charing Cross at 11.45 a.m., and accomplished the journey to Windsor in two hours, including two changes, one at Brentford and the other at Longford. It left Windsor on its return journey at a quarter past four.

"The 'Taglioni'—not the stage-dancer, but the stage-coach which used to ply ''twixt Windsor and town, once up and once down'—has danced herself off her legs, after a career of about six months. The speculation turned out a bad one, and Mam'selle, though capitally horsed, did *not draw*. Her owners, the *great* coaching firm of 'Chesterfield, Bathyani, and Co.,' are said to have lost about fifty pounds a

week

week during the last two months of her performance; it was therefore time to 'cut it.' The horses were sold at Tattersall's on the 4th of December" (1837).

Amongst noted whips whose doings are recorded in the sporting literature of the day was John Willan, who daily drove the Brighton "Times" to London and back. He is described as "a man of nerve, possessing all the attributes of a workman." Holmes, who drove the Oxford "Blenheim," was "an artist whose merits have called forth many sterling and distinguished marks of popular favour." Tom Mountain, of the Birmingham "Tantivy," bore the enviable reputation of being able not only to hit his inner leader with absolute precision, but "his one, two, three, and the draw are performed most scientifically." Captain Warbuck, who drove the "Albert" from Cheltenham to Birmingham — "invariably steady and gentlemanly, his attention to ladies and families travelling with him being quite exemplary"—appears to have been a perfect coachman.

But

But perhaps the most noted of the professionals was Cracknell, on the "Tantivy" Bristol mail. He not only had very great tact and perseverance with his cattle, but he carried the mail along at mail speed, and under Post Office regulations, in the most finished style, and, what is more, was a wonderful timekeeper even when driving the "cripples" that were sometimes supplied him.

A song made by a St. John's man, Cambridge, on the London and Birmingham "Tantivy" coach, was described by "Nimrod" as "something that is quite English, and the best English that I have ever yet seen, touching the road."

*Air—"Here's to the Maiden of Bashful Fifteen."*

"Here's to the old ones of four-in-hand fame,
Harrison, Peyton, and Ward, sir;
Here's to the fast ones that after them came,
Ford, and the Lancashire lord,* sir.
*Chorus*—Let the steam-pot
Hiss till it's hot,
Give me the speed of the 'Tantivy' trot.

* Viscount Molyneux, eldest son of the Earl of Sefton, of great coaching celebrity.

"Here's

"Here's to the team all harnessed to start,
Brilliant in brass and in leather ;
Here's to the waggoners skilled in the art,
Coupling the cattle together.
Let the steam-pot, etc.

"Here's to the dear little damsels within,
Here's to the swells on the top, sir ;
Here's to the music in three feet of tin,*
And here's to the tapering crop,† sir.
Let the steam-pot, etc.

"Here's to the shape that is shown the near side,
Here's to the blood on the off, sir ;
Limbs with no check to their freedom of stride,
Wind without whistle, or cough, sir.
Let the steam-pot, etc.

"Here's to the arm that can hold 'em when gone,
Still to a gallop inclined, sir ;
Heads, in the front, with no bearing-reins on,
Tails, with no cruppers behind, sir.
Let the steam-pot, etc.

"Here's to the dragsmen I've dragged into song,
Salisbury, Mountain,‡ and Co., sir ;
Here's to the Cracknell, who cracks them along—
They are men who can ne'er be called slow, sir.
Let the steam-pot, etc.

"Here's to MacAdam, the Mac of all-Macs ;
Here's to the road we ne'er tire on ;

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* The guard's horn. † The whip.
‡ Coachman on the "Tantivy."

Let

> Let me but roll on the granite he cracks,
> Ride he who likes it on iron.
> Let the steam-pot
> Hiss till it's hot,
> Give me the speed of the 'Tantivy' trot."

Mention of the Bristol mail brings us to Hatchett's "White Horse" Cellar in Piccadilly, where every evening the West-country mails took up their stations preparatory to receiving the mail-bags. Porters are hard at work sorting luggage—

"Coachmen diving into their respective boots for the due classification of long and short parcels; in another minute mail-carts are seen rushing along from the Post Office and sidling up to the different mails with their reeking horses, while the huge rebellious bags are handed up to the guard, which he immediately stamps down into the smallest possible compass in the hind-boot, and slipping his brace or two of providers in their holds, and gathering up his great-coats, the mails are quickly on the move up Constitution Hill *en masse*, like a fleet in full sail. Now the Devonport 'Quicksilver' leads, Ward pulling at his good little thorough-bred chestnut leaders to keep them from springing as they hear the 'Bristol' bars rattling alongside. Now the 'Bristol' gets upon terms with her beyond the 'Packhorse' at Turnham

Green,

Green, each struggling for the change at Hounslow; *longo intervallo* roll steadily along the old 'Exeter,' 'Gloucester,' 'Poole,' and 'Bath,' 'Portsmouth' and 'Stroud' bringing up the rear. And now come and take your stand at the door of the 'Peacock' at Islington, and see the North-country mails arrange themselves, giving the passengers just time enough to settle for the night's campaign. Up comes the little thick-set porter of the inn, shouting, 'Now, Holyhead, Leeds, and Glasgow, Woburn, Dunstable, or St. Albans,' and off go the coaches, leaving behind them a host of Northamptonshire and Leicestershire graziers looking disappointed at the loaded mails, even to portmanteaus and hat-boxes tied to the seats in front." *

The following account of the starting of the mail-coaches on Her Majesty's birthday is by "One who was there":—

* A meeting of the commissioners of the metropolis turnpike roads north of the Thames was held in November, 1837, for the purpose of letting by auction the gates and bars of the several Northern roads for one year—1838. The Green Lanes gate, which in the previous year had been let for £1110, was knocked down at £1260. The Stamford-Hill gate, which in 1837 had fetched £7030, was knocked down at £7320. The Enfield gate went for £3520, as against £3310 the year before. The Lea Bridge Road gates, let the previous year at £1800, were now knocked down at £1889. The increase in value is curious when we consider the rapidity with which the railway from the North was being laid down.

"Happening

"Happening to stroll, about four o'clock in the afternoon, across one of the most ancient and most beautifully planted squares of the metropolis, Lincoln's Inn Fields, I found a number of sightseers assembled to witness the starting of the mail-coaches to the West End, it being the anniversary of Victoria's birthday (Heaven bless her)! As this sight is always well worth seeing, and being in no hurry, I determined to add a unit to the tens and hundreds of loungers. While I was waiting the arrival of the remainder of the coaches, several being already there, I could not help travelling back with my mind's eye to what Lincoln's Inn Fields once was. Anciently it was filled with nobility, judges, etc.; now, excepting Baron Gurney's, Harrison's, the Queen's Counsels', and a few more, it has become a mass of chambers, offices for charities and other public institutions, houses for surgeons and solicitors, and one hotel. The coaches kept arriving, as the old song says,

'By one, by two, by three,'

and much was I amused with the variety exhibited by the drivers and guards; by the brilliance of the vehicles themselves; the beauty of the horses and their trappings, and the gaiety of the ladies seated inside—of course, the wives, daughters, and sweethearts of coachmen and guards. But what business had the few men I saw there? On this especial occasion I hate *males* in *mail*-coaches; and would quite reverse the

the idea of the poor sailor, who being plundered in London, by certain ladies, of nearly all his pay and prize-money, spent the last he had to book his place for Portsmouth by the *male* coach, being determined, as he said, to have nothing more to do with *females*. I repeat, that on this day I would not allow a male inside of any of the coaches, till after the procession was over and they were about to start for the country; for though it may be presumed that the rank in life of the ladies is none of the highest, yet in this day of fine dressing (and who so fine as some of our coachmen?) *the colours of the riders*, as they say on the racecourse, add materially to the beauty of this scene on the royal birthday. When formed, the head of the column, to speak *à la militaire*, was on the north side of the square, and it extended down the eastern side, and partly down the south side and, while waiting here, the coachmen and guards were variously occupied, some in doing the amiable by their inside passengers, and some in the less dignified way of proposing to each other to go and get a drop of something *short*, seeing that the time they had to wait was rather *long;* for our coachmen and guards have not *all* joined the teetotallers yet. Indeed, during this pause, while the important gentlemen on horseback who have to arrange and conduct the procession were bustling about, either to create order or make confusion, it was not very clear to my mind which, you have an excellent opportunity of

of observing what a famous holiday this is to the coaching and horsing fraternity of *our village.* Here were collected together, in all sorts of toggeries and situations, a large proportion of such persons, from the lowest stable-boy and threadbare, worn-out, white-coated cad up to the shawlified, four-in-hand, tip-top sawyer. All they had to say and think appertained to the matter in hand, and the cattle and men engaged therein. There's Tom, and Bill, and Dick, and Jack, and Bob, and Harry, ringing the changes as each carriage arrives, and alluding of course to the drivers and guards. Then come the comments on the greys, and the piebalds, and the bays, and the browns, and so forth; and you could easily see in the beaming eye of some young *coacher* the silent aspiration to become one day as great a man as the driver of the 'York,' the 'Manchester,' or the 'Bristol.' Presently the fat bustling gentlemen, before spoken of, having so far *deranged* the thing as to put the 'Davenport' first, though *she* was down fourth in the list (*mail*-coaches, like ships, are all females), and having also contrived to leave a pretty considerable chasm in the procession, between the seventeenth and eighteenth coach, there being twenty-seven altogether, the whole moved on; and it was a pleasant speculation to me, and would have been much more so to a better judge of the matter, to observe the vast variety of character and appearance in the coachmen and guards, but chiefly the former.

You

You might trace the difference of almost half a century in the lot passing in view; from the coachman whose face Leigh Hunt once described as 'looking like a compound of gin and bad weather,' to the upright, gentlemanly, and even dandified modern coachman, whose tipple ranges from sherry to champagne, and who never accepts a less *douceur* than half a crown. The procession has passed away; the symmetrical steeds, in their gay ribbon-ornamented harness; the emblazoned coaches; their fair occupants; the scarlet-and-gold-bedizened coachmen and guards; the attendant guards, in scarlet and gold, on horseback; the puffy conductors; and the one four-in-hand gentleman's set-out that was there, are all gone,

> 'And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
> Leave not a wrack behind,'

except the loiterers wending homewards."

We must not forget that 1838 saw the establishment of the "Four-in Hand Club," which consisted of nineteen members, among the number being the Earl of Chesterfield (who was president), the Marquis of Waterford (the "Mad Marquis," as he was called), Count Bathyani, Lord Alfred Paget, and Mr. George Payne. The first meet took place in

May

May at Chesterfield House, and the coaches went through Hyde Park in procession, and on to "Topham's Hotel," Richmond, where the members dined. Lord William Pitt Lennox, who formed one of the party, tells us in his "Recollections" that, during the evening, Charley Sheridan sang two of his choicest songs, "The Bottle" and "John Collin," the latter to the air of "Sweet Jenny Jones," commencing—

"My name is John Collin, head waiter at Limmer's,
At the corner of Conduit Street, Hanover Square,
Where my chief occupation is filling up brimmers,
To solace young gentlemen laden with care."

THE MEETING OF THE COACHES.

*Air—"The Meeting of the Waters."*

"There is not in wide London a court-yard so neat,
As that court * in whose precincts the R.D.C.† meet.
How great is the throng when the coaches depart!
Whilst Macdonald is leading so good at a start.

"Yet it was not that Chesterfield gave to our view,
His fastest of steppers, and deepest of blue,‡
Not the workman-like 'turn out' of Alford so pat,
The leaders of Suffield! the wheelers of Bat! §

* The court of Chesterfield House, where the R.D.C. meet.

† R.D.C., the Richmond Driving Club.

‡ The peculiar colour of Lord Chesterfield's equipages.

§ Short (by poetical licence) for Bathyani.

"'Twas

"'Twas that cattle such goers as Peyton ne'er held,
Were driven by whips, scarce by Beaufort excell'd;
Frank Copeland is springing his four on the road,
And Payne's hospitality's told by his load!

"In this fam'd driving club it were endless to trace,
All the notable coachmen, the ribbons who grace,
Since Waterford, Paget, and Pitt swell the stream,
And the eye dwells delighted on every team.

"In Richmond's sweet hamlet how choice the whitebait!
Tho' Topham's* champagne sometimes makes our *fours, eight!*
Now let each thirsty soul as the goblet he drains,
Drink the President's † health, may he long hold the reins!"

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* The proprietor of the excellent hotel at Richmond.
† The Earl of Chesterfield.

CHAPTER

# CHAPTER VIII.

## THE DAWN OF THE RAILWAY ERA.

The railway—The telegraph—A first trip—The new locomotion—Complaints—Faint hearts—The first post by rail—New lines—A new line indeed—Steaming across the Atlantic—Steam on the Thames—The Thames Tunnel—Projected tunnel under the Straits of Dover.

*Air*—"*The Harp that once through Tara's Halls.*"

"The coach that once from Charing Cross,
To distant counties sped,
Unvarnished now bewails its loss,
Both guard and coachman fled;
So fails the pride of Chaplin's team;
No crowds his coaches cram,
Since all the world now goes by steam,
To visit Birmingham!

"No more *fat* dames with parcels *light*,
The drags of Nelson fill;
The horn which used to sound by night,
Is now for ever still;
Post-horses now are voted slow,
The only work they get
Is when some boiler bursts, to show—
The coaches are *upset!*"

A CONSPICUOUS event in the history of the new locomotion was the opening of

of the first part of the London and Birmingham line, from Euston Square to Box Moor, on Thursday, the 20th of July, 1837; and here it may be mentioned that the electric telegraph (Cooke and Wheatstone's patent) was first practically worked on the 25th of the same month. For the deflection of the needles to indicate a perfect alphabet, six wires were used, five for transmitting the signals, and the sixth for shunting off and returning the electric current to head-quarters. The wires ran between Euston Square and Camden Town on the North-Western Railway, the distance traversed being about a mile and a half. Previously to this, messages had been sent by electricity, but as a separate wire was required for each letter of the alphabet, commercial success could hardly have been looked for.

Messrs. Chaplin and Horne, the coach-proprietors, announced that they would start coaches from various parts of the town direct to and from the station at Euston Square.

The

The fare inside or out was sixpence, in whatever part of the town passengers were taken up. These coaches were pair-horse vehicles, capable of carrying four in- and twelve out-side passengers, and were the precursors of the more convenient and now familiar railway "'bus." On the panels of the carriages were the words "London and Birmingham Railway, to Harrow, Watford, and Box Moor." The following description is by a passenger in the very first public train that left London for the North:—

"At the station I discovered that I could not obtain admission to the starting-place of the train until I had paid my fare for one of the three divisions of the train, for there is but one train, although composed of three descriptions of carriages, namely, first, second, and third classes. The police of the company superintend these arrangements, and clerks for each train receive the money, and give tickets, varying in colour—for the first train, white; for the second, blue; and for the third, pink—the number of the trains being printed thereon. On showing these to a second policeman, I was conducted through a door at the back of the office, where a train is drawn up ready for

for starting, the flagged way on which the public stand being level with the bottom of the carriages, so that they have neither to step up nor step down—a decided advantage. The train is, of course, in proportion to the probable numbers of passengers, and, reversing the order of numbers, the first class is last, and the last first—that is to say, the cheap, or third-class carriages, go next to the locomotive engine by which the train is moved. These carriages consist of oblong boxes, with seats across, and doors to shut them up to prevent accidents, but they are without covering, a circumstance which exposes the passengers to the casualties of the weather, and they must get wet to the skin if it rain, as was the case on Thursday, without a chance of escape. This, I hope, may be remedied hereafter by throwing over them a waterproof cover, which may be done at a trifling expense. The fares by this class are: to Harrow (11½ miles), 1*s.*; to Watford (17½ miles), 2*s.*; to Box Moor (24½ miles), 2*s.* 6*d.*; from Harrow to Watford, 1*s.*; from Harrow to Box Moor, 1*s.* 6*d.*; and from Watford to Box Moor, 1*s.*, and the same back; from which it will be gathered that there are two places of stoppage, going and coming. The second class of carriages come next to the third, and are completely enclosed, with doors and windows, with cross benches capable of accommodating, in three sections, twenty-four persons. They are painted inside, without cushions, but are very comfortable. The fares for these are: 2*s.* from

London

London to Harrow; to Watford, *2s. 6d.*; to Box Moor, *4s.*; Harrow to Watford, *1s.*; Harrow to Box Moor, *2s.*; Watford to Box Moor, *1s.*, which is the same price as the third class. The first, or aristocratic, class come last, and these are very elegantly fitted up with drab linings, and capable of containing six each—each seat being divided by arms and numbered. They are in all respects equal to a gentleman's carriage, but for this additional advantage the fares are increased thus: to Harrow, *2s. 6d.*; to Watford, *3s. 6d.*; to Box Moor, *5s.*; from Harrow to Watford, *1s. 6d.*; from Harrow to Box Moor, *2s. 6d.*; and from Watford to Box Moor, *1s. 6d.* Such are the fares; whether they will be deemed sufficiently moderate to attract crowds of those who merely seek a ride on a railway (for such only can at present be the inducement, except to the passengers to and from Harrow to Watford), is yet to be discovered. Having thus described the carriages, and the prices at which the public may be accommodated, I ought to state that previous to starting, the carriages, if the train be not too long, stand under a splendid slated roof, ingeniously supported by iron ties, which keeps the passengers from the vicissitudes of weather, while connected with the offices are waiting-rooms for all classes, very commodiously set out, and highly desirable; but, as the time of starting for each train is fixed, much time need not be wasted. At present, on week days, they are appointed to start from London at ten,

two,

two, five, and seven o'clock; and from Box Moor at eight, twelve, four, and half-past six. On Sundays the hours are, from London, half-past seven, nine, five, and seven, and from Box Moor at nine, five, and seven. The luggage of the passengers may be stowed on the top of the carriages, as with stage-coaches, under tarpaulings. On the top of each carriage there are seats, back and front, for those who choose to ride outside; but, except in very fine weather, those seats are far from desirable, and, as in my case, may lead to repentance; for not only was I drenched with rain, but encountered great annoyance from the particles of sand and gravel flying in my face, independent of the nuisance of the smoke blowing back in passing through the tunnels. Time having been allowed to make these observations, notice was given of the start, previous to which I witnessed the arrival of the twelve o'clock train from Box Moor, which, according to the table of departures, must have been two hours on the passage. There were but few travellers, and those were immediately taken up by the coaches waiting to convey them to their destinations. This train came up on the opposite side to that from which the 'down train' was preparing to set out, and the passengers retired by another gate, thus keeping up the prudent classifications already referred to, and preventing confusion. All being in readiness, I mounted the roof-seat on the first carriage of the first train, conceiving I should thereby have a better view of the

scene,

scene, but, previous to the tune of 'Off she goes,' which one might fancy was played by the engine, from its escaping steam, a heavy shower drove all the passengers in the third train from their exposed berths, and many of them paid the extra fare and took refuge in the second-class carriages. I maintained my position, determined to glean all the information I could. The engine having been attached, and 'all right,' as the 'Jehus' say, with plenty of room 'inside,' away we went, at first but slowly. On looking right and left I could descry nothing but unfinished buildings, and from those my sight was soon shut on entering an opening channel or culvert bounded on each side by high brick walls, and passing under a succession of neat bridges, over which the old public thoroughfares were conducted, and ranged along which were crowds of persons collected to see us pass. Having passed through this channel, we came again to an open space, on the right of which is a large edifice, described to me as the engine dépôt, where all the engines undergo a daily inspection, and where all repairs are accomplished. Here a considerable stoppage took place while another engine was substituted for that which had brought us so far, and, on looking forward, my notice was attracted by two high chimneys, which, on further inquiry, I was told are intended for two powerful steam-engines, which are hereafter to be used for the purpose, by means of a chain or rope, of drawing the trains to Euston

Square

Square terminus, thereby preventing the necessity of the locomotive engines accompanying them further than the dépôt. With the assistance of the new engine we again made way, and on going through the open country, I was delighted with the rural prospect before me, Chalk Farm on the left, the Hampstead and Highgate Hills on the right, with all the well-known charms of the intervening fields and villages; we then came to the tunnel so admirably excavated, and composed of brickwork, running under Primrose Hill, and coming out just beyond the new north road leading to Finchley from the Regent's Park. This tunnel is stated to be half a mile in length, and on entering it we soon found ourselves involved in impenetrable darkness, much to the alarm of the more timid passengers, and of the outsiders, who experienced the inconvenience of the smoke as well as the cold atmosphere through which they were whisked. From thence we proceeded under the Kilburn road and round by Kensal Green, after which we came to another tunnel, not so long as the first, but not more agreeable. Throughout the line we had to pass through cuttings and embankments, all admirably effected, with the green fields or rural cottages on either side of us till we came to Harrow, the ancient and picturesque spire of which forms no insignificant object in the landscape. Here was our first stoppage, and the train was drawn up in front of the 'Harrow Station,' a compact little house with

offices

offices, and a waiting-room, where clerks were in readiness to receive money and issue tickets, where the passengers underwent the same ordeal as in town, not being permitted to approach the train unless provided with pass tickets, the police examining those tickets, and directing them to their respective carriages, in the same manner examining the tickets of the parties who here terminated their journey. At this station also is a cistern and coke dépôt, from which the boiler was supplied with water, and the furnace with fuel. An immense crowd, attracted by the novelty of the scene, witnessed the arrival and departure of the train. All being properly adjusted, we were again off, at a more rapid pace, which was occasionally slackened over the new embankments, till we came within sight of Watford, passing several picturesque villages and châteaus on the left and right. Crossing the high-road to Watford by one of the many bridges intersecting the road, we at length reached the Watford Station, where an establishment similar to that at Harrow presented itself, and where the like ceremonies were observed, but with this advantage, that the second and third classes of carriages were literally crammed with the humbler classes, desirous of a shilling trip to Box Moor, through the Watford tunnel, full a mile in length, and as dark as Erebus, except here and there where a shaft shot its light from the upper world. Two minutes and a quarter were occupied in the passage

through

through this awful excavation, interrupted only by the reverberating sound of the gliding train. At length the welcome light of day burst upon us, and the bright gleam of sunshine, contrasted with the pitchy darkness of the tunnel, produced the most cheerful sensations. The rest of the journey to Box Moor was rapid and easy, the distance from town, including stoppages, having been performed in an hour and three-quarters. At Watford and again here, a prodigious crowd was assembled to witness our arrival. Refreshment booths were offering their attractions in the fields and on the brow of a hill to the left, while a band of music in a temporary orchestra welcomed the new-comers. All was gaiety and bustle. The passengers were soon called upon to quit the carriages, and passing the station-house and offices on the right, were shown off the road by a precipitous descent, and gates being closed at each end of a space reserved for the trains, there was no return but on purchasing new tickets, and again being tenants of the vehicles just quitted. House accommodation there was but one within any moderate distance, and that a low public-house. The canvas booths were the only other shelter, and these were on the opposite side of the railroad, and only to be approached over a dirty and awkward embankment. This was, indeed, a source of mortification to those who looked for some temporary enjoyment, but the more especially so as a heavy shower of rain came on, from which there

was

was neither escape nor protection, and the consequence was that many were drenched to the skin, and those who escaped only did so by seeking an asylum in the stables or sheds which were erected for the horses that had brought visitors to 'the sight.' Of this it is fit the experimental travellers should be apprised, and there is nothing to be gained by going to Box Moor beyond the distant view of Two Waters and the surrounding country, which is certainly delightful, but not more so than that which they have already enjoyed. Having satisfied my curiosity, I returned in self-defence to the station-house, and again booked myself for London by the second train, notwithstanding the very pressing invitation of the *cicerone* of the first train, whose pen seemed sadly out of occupation, and at half-past four commenced our return with a tolerably full cargo, and at six o'clock I was again at Euston Square, having travelled forty-eight miles, with so many disagreeables to boot, in four hours."

Some idea of the difficulties attending the formation of the London and Birmingham Railway may be gathered from the fact that the cost of levelling, excavating, tunnelling, and filling up averaged £50,080 per mile; and one mile of road between Primrose Hill and Camden Town cost no less than £300,000.

£300,000. The amount of wages paid weekly was calculated at about £40,000.

There was a good deal of dissatisfaction with the regulations of the new company, and much disappointment at the slow rate of speed; indeed, the Englishman's privilege of grumbling was exercised to his heart's content, and the columns of the newspapers were filled with letters of complaint against the directors. The two letters that follow appeared in the *Times*—the first in 1837, and the second in 1838:—

"It might have been supposed that the accident which occurred to the friends of the directors, a week or two since, on the opening of this railway, would have insured the greatest care and efficiency in their work and arrangements, before this executive body advertised the passage to be open to the public generally. I was a passenger by the two o'clock train to Box Moor yesterday, and was informed at the London station that little more than one hour would be occupied in the passage. The fact proved very different, as we did not reach Box Moor until the expiration of two hours and a quarter from the time of starting from Euston Square. The train

scarcely

scarcely went a snail's pace to the Primrose Hill tunnel, and we were told that the engine was not right (it was the engine No. 2, I believe), and we did not reach Harrow under one hour and eleven minutes—eleven miles. We loitered about thirteen minutes at Harrow, some time at Watford, and met with a most confused and uncomfortable reception at Box Moor: where, on our return, we were all huddled together for a quarter of an hour in a small yard exposed to a burning sun, until the bell rang for starting, and then crushed through a small gate at the risk of our limbs, instead of being allowed quietly to take our seats in the carriages as we arrived, notwithstanding we had paid our money and were in possession of the tickets. The collection of these tickets, which took place on our approach to the extremity of the Regent's Park, for which purpose the train was stopped, occupied about half an hour. The tunnels are all most uncomfortably dark. All this requires remedy ; a much greater degree of method is requisite both for safety and comfort, and it is rather too bad for the directors to be thus making their experimental journeys at the expense of the public."

The second letter runs—

"Allured by the advertisements of the Birmingham and London Railroad Company, I presented myself at the Euston Square station at eight o'clock last

night

night, with a view of going through to the Crewe station, on the Grand Junction. After some vexatious requisites, the train started at half-past eight. It had not proceeded above two hundred yards before we were brought to a standstill, and it was a quarter past nine before we finally left. We arrived at Denbigh Hall at twenty minutes past eleven; here we found no carriages ready, and had to wait until a quarter past twelve before any made their appearance, in a sort of tent or shed, without lights, and only the embers of a departed fire. At that time some carriages were brought out, and I wedged myself into one, with great difficulty, accompanied by three other passengers, three well-stuffed carpet-bags, and a hat-box. At half-past twelve we started from Denbigh Hall, as I supposed, for Rugby, and thence by railway to Birmingham. Here I was again disappointed; we were kept jammed in the coach to this place, where we arrived at a quarter past seven a.m., half an hour too late for the train; the consequence of which is, that instead of reaching my own house at half-past twelve, I shall not do so until half-past eight this evening. A fellow-passenger is disappointed of catching the Carlisle mail at Warrington, which will occasion him twenty-four hours' delay. The mails, travelling in the ordinary way, passed us on the road, and arrived in time for the seven o'clock train. I had forgotten to say, that although the company make

make great fuss about having no coachmen or guards to pay, the guard applied to me on our arrival here for a gratuity, and, on my refusal to give him anything, assailed me with abuse. The fare paid to the company for all this execrable accommodation is thirty-five shillings, sixteen per cent. above the fares by day!"

Another writer in the *Times* ventured on the following prophecy:—

"If the railroads are looked to as a means of affording the required celerity, although there may be no doubt of the power which this will eventually possess, yet there are many doubts as to the period when this resource will be available to the Post-Office, except to a very limited extent; and if a judgment might be formed by calculation from the specimens afforded in the slow progress of those rails laying down, the completion to all the principal cities and towns, leaving out the cross-roads, over which so many mails have to pass—one would be inclined to say that the year 1937 will be nearer the time when this will be witnessed."

This rash vaticination is a notable instance of what George Eliot calls the most gratuitous of all forms of human error.

The mails to Holyhead, Manchester, Liver-

pool,

pool, and Carlisle were despatched for the first time by the London and Birmingham Railway in May, 1838, ten months after the opening of the line for passenger traffic. The mail-coaches were driven to Euston terminus, and there placed on trucks, and so run on the railway, retaining their coachmen, guards, passengers, and luggage. At the end of the railway, the coaches were again drawn by horses to their respective destinations. In this manner, too, private carriages, with occupants inside, were placed on trolleys and conveyed at first-class fares by rail to the several stations.

The first brick of a building to be erected as a tower of observation for securing the proper direction of the tunnel in connection with that most popular of all railways, the London, Brighton, and South Coast, then known as the projected "Brighton Railroad," was laid on Clayton summit on the Queen's nineteenth birthday, the 24th of May, 1838.

The Grand Junction Railway, uniting

Birmingham

Birmingham with Manchester and Liverpool, was opened for the conveyance of passengers on the 4th of July, 1838. The first-class carriages were similar in accommodation to the mail-coaches. There was room for four passengers in each compartment, and a bed was provided for those who chose to pay an extra charge of a sovereign.

But perhaps the most interesting railway event of the time was the opening of the Great Western, on which about six thousand three hundred persons had been constantly employed, under the superintendence of Brunel, excavating something like ninety thousand to a hundred thousand cubic yards of earth a week. The event was looked forward to with more than ordinary interest, because the engineer had decided for what is now known as the broad gauge, the rails being seven feet apart, and great was the curiosity to see how it would answer. The first completed part of the line was to Maidenhead *viâ* Ealing and Drayton. On the 1st of June, by the invitation of the

directors,

directors, nearly two hundred persons took their places in the first train, which left Paddington at eleven. The engine—named the "North Star"—was built by Stephenson and Co., of Newcastle. At Ealing the train was received with cheers from a large and enthusiastic crowd, and by the booming of cannon; Maidenhead was reached in forty-seven minutes, the rate of progress having been twenty-eight miles an hour. On the following Monday the line was opened to the public. There were four descriptions of carriages, twelve feet in height from the rails to the top. The extra first-class, or royal or posting carriages, with accommodation for about twenty persons, were well appointed, and furnished with tables and sofas; then came the first-class proper, the second-class, and the third-class, which were open. The fares to Maidenhead were 6*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.* 6*d.*, 4*s.* 6*d.*, and 3*s.* 6*d.*

Some inventor, enthusiastic for the iron-road, and eager to show that its capabilities were not confined to covering distance in a

shorter

shorter time than the mail-coaches, produced a model of a railway for taking an invalid up to bed! A movable rail was laid up the stairs with a curve at the top, and a carriage on which the invalid was placed was drawn up by a system of pulleys.

The *Sirius*, of London, and the *Great Western*, of Bristol, were the two steamers that first crossed the Atlantic, the pioneers of the *Servias* and the *Alaskas*, which now rush between England and America in six or seven days. The *Sirius* was a vessel of 700 tons, with engines of 320 horse-power. She left Cork on the 4th of April, 1838, and, after encountering some severe gales, reached New York on the 23rd, the voyage thus taking nineteen days. Her average rate of speed was eight and a half miles per hour, and of 453 tons of coals on board she consumed 431, and forty-three barrels of resin mixed with coal ashes.

The *Great Western* was a paddle-steamer

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of 1340 tons, with engines of 450 horse-power, and carried four masts. She was 236 feet long, and had a breadth across the beam of 58⅓ feet, with accommodation for 128 first-class passengers, 200 second-class, and, when not carrying cargo, about 100 third-class. She left Bristol four days after the *Sirius* left Cork, and arrived in New York on the 24th of April, having been fifteen days and five hours on her voyage. Her mean daily rate was 215 miles, and she averaged nine miles an hour. She consumed 450 tons of coal.

On the 1st of May, the *Sirius* again sailed from New York, arriving at Falmouth on the 18th. The *Great Western* departed from New York quay at half-past two on the 7th of the same month, and arrived at Bristol on the 22nd. Upwards of one hundred thousand persons assembled to witness her departure. There were bands of music, and a number of steam-boats attended her to Sandy Hook. She had sixty-eight cabin passengers at thirty-five guineas each (the greatest number of cabin passengers

that

that had ever crossed the Atlantic in one ship), upwards of twenty thousand Post-Office letters, and a cargo of cotton, indigo, silks, and miscellaneous articles. During her voyage home she encountered headwinds nine days out of the fourteen, and a severe gale, yet she accomplished seven and a half knots with the wind directly in her teeth. "All honour," says a contemporary periodical, "to those who so boldly ventured and so ably triumphed. It is not two years since men of science at the British Association were engaged in warm discussion as to the *possibility* of that which has now been accomplished."

Still *à propos* of steamers, it may be recorded that the first half-year of the Queen's reign saw the formation of a company now known as the River Thames Steamboat Company, which has undergone many vicissitudes during its career. Originally called the Protector, or Thames Waterman's Friend Steamboat Company, it was established to "carry passengers to and from London Bridge to the

Temple,

Temple, Hungerford Market, the Courts of Law and the Houses of Parliament at Westminster, Vauxhall, and Chelsea," the capital being £20,000 in four thousand shares of £5 each.

About this time a good deal of interest was manifested in that not too fortunate undertaking, once familiar to all Frenchmen and country cousins — Brunel's Thames Tunnel. After remaining several years in a state of suspended animation, owing to lack of funds, this damp and sombre grubbery had now approached to within one hundred and eighty feet of low-water mark on the Middlesex side of the river, and the public were admitted to view the tunnel on payment of a shilling. But Brunel's feat of boring under the Thames was in danger, even fifty years ago, of being eclipsed, for an English engineer of the name of Coppett professed his ability to make a tunnel under the sea from Dover to Calais, by introducing from one end to the other cast iron pipes, eighteen feet in diameter. In a

lecture

lecture at Havre, Mr. Coppett estimated the cost of his plan at one milliard of francs, which he thought should be paid by England and France in equal portions. Unfortunately the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Spring Rice, did not see his way to advance Treasury funds for this purpose, so Mr. Coppett had to content himself with lectures and explanations of his plan.

CHAPTER

# CHAPTER IX.

## SPORT.

Sale of the royal stud—Racing—St. Leger—The Derby—The Oaks—Royal Ascot—Racing at Bayswater — Hunting—Cricket—The coronation match—The prize ring—Various wagers—Rowing—Riverside taverns—Archery—Cocking.

THE sale of the royal stud, which came to the hammer on the 25th of October, 1837, in the Hampton Court paddocks, excited extraordinary interest both at home and abroad, and was the cause of a long and acrimonious newspaper controversy. The stud was not the property of the reigning Sovereign, but had been the private possession of the late King, William IV., who had derived it from his predecessor, in whose reign it was established. The large company present included the

the prominent turf men of the day, and a vast number of foreign breeders and agents.

The catalogue contained eighty-one lots—viz., forty-three brood mares, thirty-one foals, five stallions, and two half-bred two-year olds. Of the mares, the best-priced lots were Nanine, sold for 970 guineas; Fleur-de-lis, 550 guineas; Wings, 600 guineas; Gulnare (a former winner of the Oaks when the property of the Duke of Richmond), 670 guineas, etc. Most of them were bought for France, Spain, and Germany. The first of the stallions put up was a fine horse, The Colonel, the sire of many winners, who was bought from the Hon. E. Petre, after winning the St. Leger, for 4000 guineas; and he now fetched 1550 guineas, the highest figure in the sale. The Colonel broke down at Ascot in 1831, after running a dead-heat with Mouche; and in proof of George IV.'s judgment, we are told when he first saw The Colonel he pointed out the leg in which the horse would fail. So here Thackeray might have found the record of another achievement

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on the part of a man about whom the satirist could only discover that he had once invented a shoe-buckle! Actæon, bought from Lord Kelburne for 1000, was knocked down at 920 guineas, and Black Arabian, who went to Germany, brought 580 guineas. Brood mares realized 9568 guineas; colt foals, 1471 guineas; filly foals, 1112 guineas; the stallions and two half-bred colts, 3541 guineas; total, 15,692 guineas.

The principal horse-races of the year, taking them chronologically, were the St. Leger, won by Mr. Greville's Mango, ridden by Sam Day, who met his death next year in the hunting field. Then, in 1838, we have the Blue Ribbon of the English turf run for on the 30th of May. Among other notabilities at this Derby were the Duke of Montrose, the Earl of Eglinton (of tournament fame), Lord George Bentinck, whose horse was the favourite of the day, Count D'Orsay, Count Bathyani, and Mesdames Grisi and Taglioni. Among sports-

men

men the Derby of 1838 is generally spoken of as Amato's year. The property of Sir Gilbert Heathcote, a popular sportsman, Amato started at the long outside odds of forty to one, but, ridden by Chapple, he so well justified his owner's confidence as to gain for Sir Gilbert his first and only Derby, and won so much money for members of the Stock Exchange that, in the words of a recent writer, "its doors were closed on settling day, which saw Mr. Crockford pay away not less than thirty thousand pounds, all of which went straight into Capel Court." Colonel Peel's Ion, with odds of ten to one, came in second, and the favourite, Lord George Bentinck's Grey Momus, with a starting price of four to one, ridden by John Day, was third. Sir Gilbert Heathcote was then the owner of those beautiful grounds at Epsom so well known as "The Durdans," now belonging to Lord Rosebery, and here, in a secluded spot, within a stone's-throw of the famous Downs which saw his triumph, Amato, the Derby winner of 1838, was

buried

buried in a grave surrounded by neat iron railings.

This Derby is especially to be remembered as being the first occasion on which the railway was used by Londoners for reaching the race-course. Not that the rail was available for the whole journey, but the Southampton line had recently been completed from Nine Elms to Kingston, and on the Derby morning a ten times greater number of persons presented themselves at Nine Elms, eager for the railway trip to Kingston, than could possibly be conveyed by train. From Kingston the journey to the race-course was made by road. The scenes on the Downs seem to have borne a strong family resemblance to those described in the columns of the newspapers for the fifty succeeding Derbys. On the following Friday —the Ladies' Day—the Oaks was won by Lord Chesterfield's Industry, ridden by Scott, one of the best jockeys of the day, Lord Suffield's Colisto coming in for the second prize.

This brings us to Royal Ascot. On the

opening

opening day, Tuesday, the 12th of June, the Queen attended the races in state, the royal *cortége* consisting of seven carriages. With Her Majesty, whose carriage was drawn by six grey horses, were the Duchess of Kent and Prince George of Cambridge. The Queen was dressed in pink silk, over which was a lace dress, and wore a white drawn gauze bonnet, trimmed with pink ribbons and roses, inside and out. Her Majesty also attended in state on the Thursday, when Grey Momus, with a mere boy, William Day, on his back, retrieved his reputation by winning the Ascot Cup for Lord George Bentinck.

A favourite spot with the horse-racing community was an enclosed piece of ground at Bayswater, known as the Hippodrome, where there were racing and coursing for plates given by the proprietor. The charges for admission were—carriages, five shillings; horses, two shillings and sixpence; pedestrians, one shilling. Hackney coaches, carts, and waggons were not admitted. This Hippodrome came very

prominently

prominently before the public soon after the Queen's accession, by being the cause of a violent controversy between the two political parties of the State, one side demanding its suppression, whilst the other as hotly maintained its usefulness as a place of recreation. There was also a further issue as to some public path or right of way across the field, which the proprietor resisted. Eleven reasons were published by the advocates of abolition, who were solicitous for the manners and morals, and for the peace and privacy of the ladies' schools, of the neighbourhood. Of course, the other side joined issue on every point, and the year passed without any disestablishment of the Notting Hill race-course.

Turning from horse-racing to another branch of sport specially connected with the county of Leicestershire, April 7th, 1838, is a red letter day in the annals of that famous hunting shire. A farewell and largely attended dinner was given at the Bell Hotel,

Leicester,

Leicester, to Mr. Rowland Errington, upon his resignation of the Mastership of the Quorn Hunt. Sir Edmund Craddock Hartopp, High Sheriff of the county, was in the chair, and there were present the Duke of Beaufort, Marquis of Hastings,* Master of the Donnington Hunt, Lords Chesterfield, Clanwilliam, Castlereagh, Wilton, Rokeby, Forester, and many others.

These were the palmy days of Kent and Sussex cricket, and between the two counties there was keen rivalry for championship honours. In the Kent eleven were such celebrated cricketers as the redoubtable Fuller Pilch, Hillier, and Wenman; while Sussex boasted in her team several famous "All-England" men, including that unsurpassed wicket-keeper, Box; Haslett, as good a long-stop as ever was seen in the field, and

* It was this nobleman's wife who at the Derby Hunt Ball January, 1838, appeared in a magnificent dress of scarlet velvet, trimmed with the brushes of foxes which had fallen before the hounds of the gallant marquis.

the

the Lillywhites, pillars of strength to Sussex cricket. In 1837 the chief cricket event of the season was a jubilee match at Lord's to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the Marylebone Cricket Club, between the North (Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire), with Cobbett and Box, against the South of England. The match, which ended on the evening of the second day's play, resulted in a victory for the South by five wickets. The scores were surprisingly small: North, first innings, 64; South, first innings, 60, including 12 byes; North, second innings, 65; thus leaving the South 70 runs to win, which they obtained as before mentioned. The attendance at Lord's for the two days was computed at eight thousand persons.

A match played at Lord's between Gentlemen and Players under rather curious conditions was a feature of the season. The former had to defend wickets 27 inches by 8, whilst the latter were handicapped by having to keep intact wickets 36 inches by 12, but this

disadvantage

disadvantage did not prevent the professionals from winning the match in one innings with nine runs to spare. A more interesting cricketing note of the year was a grand North and South match played at Lord's in the latter part of June, to commemorate the coronation of the Queen, which attracted to St. John's Wood a very large and gay gathering. The North had the assistance of Lillywhite and Wenman. Victory, however, rested with the South, who won by nine wickets.

In 1837–38, the Ring was a flourishing institution, popular with the people, by whom it was looked upon as typical of Old England's method of settling differences, and patronized by a section of what the professors of the art styled the *élite* of society.* Announcements

* At a prize-fight fought out in October, 1837, the police interfered, but the referee drew attention to the number of "swells" that were present, and argued so successfully with the representatives of the law as to the good effects resulting from the old English sport, and the patronage it had received in years gone by from even royalty itself, that the fight was allowed to proceed.

and

and challenges couched in characteristic lingo were of frequent appearance in the sporting journals :—

"The Chelsea Doctor will fight the Bristol Baker for £25, in three weeks or a month. If the Baker will not fight, he will fight Thomas Berry for the same amount."

"Sambo Sutton is prepared to make the match with Nick Ward or the Game Chicken in London, and meet them on Tuesday evening next, from eight till ten, at Jem Burn's, Queen's Head Court, Windmill Street, Haymarket, for that purpose."

A fight for £50 a side took place at Bicester in Oxfordshire on the 23rd of January, 1838, which created more than the usual amount of interest, and drew together a very large and miscellaneous throng of patrons of the "art," including a number of "persons of distinction." Some of the latter were accommodated with sacks of hay, by way of couches, while others obtained trusses of straw at a "remunerating price." The champions were John Lane, otherwise known as "Hammer Lane" from the hammer-like qualities of his fist, and Byng

Stocks,

Stocks, a pugilist familiarly styled by his admirers the "Westminster Pet." The fight was of a very determined character, and resulted in the defeat of the "Pet," who, we are told, fought with the greatest bravery till he was completely blind, and the way in which he stood up to receive, with no chance of giving, "a finisher," called forth enthusiastic cheers from his many admirers.

A peculiarity in connection with the sport of the time was the extraordinary nature of the conditions attached to certain wagers. A bet of £100 a side was made in September, 1837, that a man named Townshend should, with the assistance of a boy, pick up three hundred stones a yard apart, and place them in a basket in quicker time than a pedestrian of the name of Drinkwater would perform the same feat, with half an hour's start. The match was won by Drinkwater at Lord's, and attracted many spectators.

On another occasion at Lord's, Townshend,

who was the winner this time, was backed for a very large amount to pick up from the ground with his mouth three hundred stones placed a yard apart, whilst his opponent, a pedestrian named Mountjoy, was to pick up three hundred with his hands, each stone to be separately conveyed to a basket.

Another extraordinary wager depended on a feat performed by an individual who undertook to travel from the Adelphi Theatre to the "Golden Cross Hotel" at Charing Cross on a large-sized ale-barrel. He had a good deal of difficulty in getting over the crossings of the several streets, but managed to keep his equilibrium till he arrived at his goal, and so won his wager.

Another bet of novel character was that made by a Yorkshire tailor, who undertook to run from Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, to Stangate, sooner than a waterman could row the distance. The runner pursued his course through Pimlico, St. James's Park, and over Westminster Bridge, and arrived at his journey's end one

minute

minute and twenty-seven seconds sooner than his competitor.

One instance of what was then looked upon as an extraordinary feat shows how completely all such athletic exercises have been surpassed in our own time. This was an undertaking by a pedestrian of Parson's Green, Fulham, to walk sixty miles in twelve successive hours on the King's Road, Chelsea, from the "Man in the Moon" tavern to Stanley Bridge, a distance of half a mile. The feat was easily accomplished in eleven hours and twenty-five minutes, and was spoken of as an "unrivalled performance."

On the river the only important match that need be noticed was a grand eight-oared cutter race on the 14th of June, between Cambridge University and the Leander Club, then the first rowing club on the Thames. The course was from Westminster to Putney, and the race resulted in the Leanders coming in first by about a length, but an appeal by Cambridge

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on the ground of continued fouling was met by the umpire's declaring the match to be drawn.

The picturesque wooden bridge at Putney, shown in the illustration, has only recently given place to a more imposing structure of stone, but the buildings on the banks of the river on either side, including "Gothic House" on the left, are now very much as they were fifty years ago.

Two taverns greatly resorted to in summer-time by river-side sportsmen and water-parties, were the "Old Swan Tavern," near Chelsea Church and old Battersea Bridge, and the "Red House," Battersea, which had well-laid-out gardens, abounding with very tastefully decorated arbours.

Near the "Red House" was Falconer's archery ground. Archery was much in fashion, and Calvert, a famous bowyer, made about four hundred bows a year, which he sold at prices ranging from five to as many as thirty guineas each.

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The record of sport may be concluded with a reference to cocking, a pastime long since prohibited by the Legislature, but a great favourite with our grandfathers, and one there have lately been attempts to revive. An exhibition of cocking was annually held on Easter Monday at Hanworth, between Twickenham and Teddington, and in 1838 the scene of the sport was near a public-house called the "Swan," where a cock-pit had been prepared. The charge for admission was one shilling per head, and the place was crowded. In the North cocking was pursued with the greatest ardour, especially so in Lancashire and Cheshire, between which counties a great rivalry existed. The most intense interest was manifested over a main of cocks which was fought at Liverpool in July, 1837, for £200 a side, and £10 a battle, between the gentlemen of Lancashire and the gentlemen of Cheshire, and even this was surpassed the year following by a meeting where the stakes were £400 a side the main, and £20 each battle.

CHAPTER

# CHAPTER X.

## MUSIC, DRAMA, AND AMUSEMENTS.

Mendelssohn in England—Thalberg in England—Strauss—Balfe—Composers and performers—The opera—Dancers—Drury Lane—Charles Kean—Covent Garden—Macready The Haymarket—The little Adelphi—The Lyceum—The Olympic—The St. James's—The Strand—The Queen's Theatre—The Surrey and the Victoria—Astley's—Sadler's Wells—The City of London Theatre—The East End—Penny gaffs—Sights and shows—Vauxhall—The Surrey Zoological—Count Borolowski—Actress and countess.

AS a musical year the year of the accession would be noteworthy, if only for the visit paid to this country in the autumn of 1837 by Mendelssohn, about whose exquisite rendering of Bach's fugue in A minor on the organ of St. Paul's Cathedral, one Sunday evening, a whimsical incident is recorded. Enchanted by the music, the audience remained seated so long that the verger and

bellows-blower,

bellows-blower, whose patience was exhausted, mutually agreed to steal away, and while Mendelssohn was in the middle of a fine passage the wind suddenly went out, and the performance came to an unceremonious end. Mendelssohn was present also at the Birmingham festival of 1837, when he conducted the performance of his new oratorio, "St. Paul."

Another eminent musician and great pianist, who had temporarily made his home in London, was Thalberg, then in his twenty-sixth year. His extraordinary playing and facility of execution excited unbounded enthusiasm, and overflowing audiences crowded the concert-rooms whenever he appeared. It was said of Thalberg that such was the elasticity and power of his touch, and the rapidity and certainty with which he passed from one distant interval to another, that his performance had the effect of four hands. Thalberg was frequently invited to perform before the Queen, who once gave him five several subjects whereon to work. The following day, upon being

congratulated

congratulated on his triumph, he said, "Bel trionfo!—a fine triumph, indeed, to be nearly killed!" He also taught music, his terms being two guineas a lesson—a charge then deemed, even for such a master as Thalberg, "excessive, if not monstrous."

In the spring of 1838, when that famed composer of waltzes, Johann Strauss, appeared in the metropolis with his Vienna orchestra, his dance music at once became the rage. Although Strauss's concerts at Hanover Square and Willis's Rooms were not very successful, a marvellous crop of his waltzes and galops suddenly appeared in the windows of the London music-sellers. Perchance it was the half-guineas he had fondly hoped to draw from the pockets of the English "milords" and "miladis" (in Paris the *entrée* had been one franc) which prevented many people appreciating the beauties of "Le Bouquet" and "The Nightingale."

Amongst English musicians Balfe was busy with melody and harmony, though none

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of the operas he then produced has since attained the popularity of his "Bohemian Girl." Although his compositions had not yet been received with much favour, Benedict, permanently settled in England, had already made his annual concert one of the season's musical attractions. Bishop deservedly ranked high amongst English musicians. Barnett had achieved a reputation by the refinement of his compositions, and his operas had met with a fair measure of success. Lord Burghersh, founder of the Royal Academy of Music, met with an unqualified success in his opera "Il Torneo," produced at the Hanover Square Rooms in the summer of 1838. Braham, the great English tenor, although a veteran, was singing his songs with all his old accustomed fire and melody, and Hullah and Macfarren were steadily working their way to fame. The year 1837 saw, on the 11th of October, the death, in his seventy-second year, of Samuel Wesley, who was unquestionably the most astonishing extemporaneous player in Europe.

In

In the seasons succeeding the accession of Queen Victoria, the Italian Opera was in all its glory. Hither, to listen to the melodies of Donizetti, Bellini, and Rossini, were attracted brilliant assemblages; the youthful Sovereign herself being one of the most constant visitors. It may indeed be described as an era of Opera stars of the first magnitude. Giulia Grisi's rich soprano of extraordinary compass and flexibility carried all before it. The fine and deep tones of Pasta's voice had not yet lost their brilliancy, and her acting was as unrivalled as ever. Between these two great singers a strong attachment existed, and there is but little doubt that Grisi owed something of her success as an operatic singer to the judicious advice and tuition afforded her by Pasta. Worthy to be named with these two gifted singers and sharing their popularity, was an Englishwoman, Madame Albertazzi, whose maiden name was Emma Howden; her voice, which she managed with skill and taste, was a rich contralto. "L'Anglaise," as she was called,

called, was always a favourite in Paris. Rubini was the prince of tenors; Tamburini, the principal baritone; while the immense size of Lablache, the unrivalled basso, astonished, as much as his immense voice delighted courts and cities. This mighty man was a favourite with the young Queen, who for some time after her accession continued to receive instruction from him.

The Ballet, then considered a most important feature in an opera, had many famous representatives. Taglioni had advanced far beyond what even the most successful of her predecessors had hitherto accomplished, and with her were associated the elegant Duvernay, the charming Fanny Ellsler, and the exact Montessu. *Il maestro* Costa presided over the orchestra, and M. Laporte was the enterprising director of the King's Theatre, renamed on the 20th of July, 1837, by the Queen's command "Her Majesty's Theatre." Such a company had never before been brought together.

M. Laporte came to London as one of a

French

French company of comedians, but, quickly mastering the English language, he appeared at Drury Lane Theatre in an English farce, and with so much success that the manager had "The Lottery Ticket" written expressly for him, in which Laporte performed the part of *Wormwood*, the hump-backed lawyer's clerk. After a most successful career as an actor, Laporte left the stage to become lessee, first of Covent Garden, and afterwards of the King's.

During the season of 1837 the favourite operas were Bellini's "I Puritani;" Rossini's "La Gazza Ladra," "Semiramide," and "Pietro l'Eremita," an opera abounding in exquisite melodies, now never given, but then considered the most beautiful Rossini had written; Donizetti's "Anna Bolena;" Zingarelli's "Romeo e Giulietta;" and a new opera by Costa, entitled "Malek Adel." In 1838 the operas most in favour were "La Sonnambula," in which Madame Persiani made her first appearance in England, "I Puritani," "Norma," "Don Giovanni," and Rossini's "Otello," with a cast

which

which included Grisi, Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache. Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor," produced for the first time in England on the 5th of April, 1838, with Persiani, Rubini, and Tamburini in the chief characters, at once became the favourite opera of the season.

The custom of bestowing flowers on popular favourites, now so prevalent, was then discountenanced as un-English. A leading journal of fashion observed, in the queerly pretentious tone which used to drive Thackeray frantic, "It is vexatious to find a parcel of foreigners bringing their nonsensical fashion into the King's Theatre; it should be remembered they are not the customs of this country, and that the Italian opera is frequented by the *élite* of English society, to whom these fanciful exhibitions are highly displeasing."

Drury Lane was under the management of Mr. Bunn, who in the early part of the summer of 1837 entered into competition with M. Laporte. Bunn engaged Pasta, Schroeder-Devrient—who appeared for the first time on

the

the English stage in the character of *Fidelio*—and Taglioni, whose dancing was never more delightful than in the ballet "La Sylphide." The operas given were "Fidelio," "Norma," "Fra Diavolo," and "La Sonnambula;" but the contest was soon relinquished, and Drury Lane remained closed until the 7th of October, when it re-opened for the winter season with a musical version of "The Merry Wives of Windsor." In rapid succession Bunn produced, in October alone, "Macbeth," "She Stoops to Conquer," "As You Like It," "The Belle's Stratagem," "King John," "The Road to Ruin," "The Merchant of Venice," and "King Henry the Fourth"—a fair enough programme for one month.

On Wednesday, the 15th of November, the Queen paid her first State visit to Drury Lane Theatre. Her Majesty was received by the lessee, who was dressed in the uniform of the Hon. Corps of Gentlemen Pensioners. On either side of the royal box, which was specially fitted up and decorated for the occasion,

a Beefeater was stationed in full costume, and was regularly relieved at the end of each act. The performances commanded were Balfe's opera of the "Siege of Rochelle," and Poole's farce of "Simpson and Co." The latter piece would seem to have been a favourite with kings and queens, for this was the third time it had been honoured by a royal command; and on the few occasions of the visits of George IV. and William IV. to Drury Lane Theatre, the afterpieces generally selected—"Simpson and Co.," "Who's Who?" and "Turning the Tables"—were by the same author.

During the month a new opera by Balfe, "Joan of Arc," was produced, with Balfe as *Theodore,* and Miss Romer in the character of the heroine; but it was condemned, as being extremely dull in many parts and too noisy in others. "Too much drumming and trumpeting, too much beating of gongs and rattling of cymbals," was the verdict. On Boxing night, there was a new Christmas pantomime,

"Harlequin

"Harlequin Jack-a-Lantern, or The Witch of the Dropping Well." It ran for a very short time, and on the 8th of January Charles Kean appeared as *Hamlet* after a four years' absence from the London stage. Kean was at once accepted as the favourite actor, and became the lion of the season. He received what was then the immense salary of £50 a week, but his engagement is said to have been the most profitable (except that of his father, Edmund Kean) ever made by a lessee. Besides *Hamlet*, he played during this season *Richard III.*, *Shylock* (the character which had introduced Edmund Kean to a London audience) for the first time in London on the 5th April, *Othello*, with Ternan as *Iago*, and *Sir Giles Overreach* in Massinger's "A New Way to Pay Old Debts." Popular favourite as Charles Kean undoubtedly proved, there was great divergence of opinion among the critics as to his power. It was asserted by some that fashion rather than merit had much to do with his popularity, and that the audience were predisposed

disposed

disposed in his favour by their recollection of the greatness of his father. One critic went so far as to write that—

> "Mr. Kean is a very well-conducted young man, no doubt, but his talent, though well enough for the provinces, is not of such calibre as to render him a *permanent* attraction on the London boards, except at the minors. Had his name been other than it is, he would have played to empty houses in Drury Lane Theatre. *Requiescat in pace.*"

On the 30th of March, 1838, a dinner was given in the saloon of Drury Lane Theatre to Kean, "in testimony of the high respect in which he was held, admiration of his talents, and for the services his exertions had rendered to the legitimate drama of the country." The Marquis of Clanricarde, who presided, was supported by Lords Alfred Paget, Loftus, and Suffield, and about one hundred and thirty other noblemen and gentlemen. The first toast given was "The Queen, the patroness of all the fine arts, and more particularly the drama." After dinner the guest of the evening

 was

was presented with a beautiful vase of polished silver, about two and a half feet in height; on the base was engraved the legend descriptive of the occasion of its presentation, together with various allegorical devices, and the whole was surmounted with a figure of Shakespeare in frosted silver.

A new opera by Julius Benedict was produced in the month of April at this theatre, under the title of "The Gypsy's Warning," but it met with a very moderate degree of success.

Mr. Bunn was severely taken to task in the public press for the careless and slovenly manner in which he allowed legitimate drama to be performed. It was stated with regard to the production of "Hamlet," that, with the exception of the leading part, one might have seen the tragedy better done in a barn.

Covent Garden Theatre was in a very bad way in the summer of 1837. "It is fortunate for the drama," wrote a merry contemporary, "that this metropolis is not a favourite haunt

of

of bats, otherwise they must long since have become the exclusive tenantry of Covent Garden, for if filth and dreariness act upon this unsocial and retiring animal as inducements in the selection of an abode, that place presented irresistible attractions to them." All this was changed, however, when Macready shortly afterwards took upon himself the management. Loving his art, he endeavoured to revive the taste for legitimate drama. There was plenty of room for improvement. Indeed, this form of entertainment had fallen to its lowest ebb at both the national theatres.

In an address to the public announcing his lesseeship, the great actor said—

"The decline of the drama as a branch of English literature was a matter of public notoriety. The distressed state and direct losses of those whose profession was the stage, if less generally known, were more severely felt. Under these circumstances he had become the lessee of Covent Garden Theatre, with the resolution to devote his utmost zeal, labour, and industry to improving the condition of that great national theatre, and with the hope of interesting the public in his favour by his humble but strenuous

endeavours

endeavours to advance the drama as a branch of national literature and art. It would be his study to accomplish this object by the fidelity, appropriateness, and superior execution of the several means of scenic illusion. He had received promises of the most friendly and zealous co-operation from able and distinguished authors, and he had spared no expense or pains in forming an efficient company. As English opera had become an essential part of the amusements of a metropolitan audience, he had been anxious to procure the aid of native musical talent, and trusted he had succeeded in his engagements with composers, singers, and instrumental performers."

The prices of admission as arranged by Macready were: Boxes, five shillings, second price half a crown; pit, half a crown, second price one shilling and sixpence; lower gallery, one shilling and sixpence, second price one shilling; upper gallery, one shilling, second price sixpence. Second price admitted at the end of the third act of plays and the second act of operas.* Season tickets were also issued.

* At most of the theatres "half-price" was charged after nine o'clock.

On

On the opening of Covent Garden Theatre (September 30, 1837) the following address from the pen of Mr. Serjeant Talfourd was spoken by Macready; after which Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale" was performed, Macready taking the part of *Leontes*, Miss Helen Faucit of *Hermione*, and Miss Huddart of *Paulina*.

"If, in the vacant scene, one busy fear
Hath whisper'd peril to my bold career,
And bade my thoughts awhile the colours wear
Of theirs who link our Drama to despair;
If I have trembled lest indulgence past
Deceptive hues on present aims should cast,
And, doubting, check'd my mind's ambitious scope,
Lest Gratitude should steal the rays of Hope,—
Here, once before you, all misgiving ends,
Lost in the light your genial circle lends;
While crowded life thus meets the actor's eye,
He feels the life-like art can never die;
While Hope, Joy, Pity, thrill your greater sphere,
Their fairest aspects must be mirror'd here.

What though in death the once-lov'd forms are hears'd
Of those who woke your joy and wonder first;
Though great remembrances, the actor's fame,
Shrink to the lingering glory of a name;
Though far in memory's depth, some face of woe,
Wan, as its tears through wintry Time would flow,
Gleam on the student who shall vainly crave
To rescue more of Siddons from the grave;

Though

Though grace of waving robe and laurel'd brow
Be all that youth retains of Kemble now ;
Though, from the mist of childish years, a mien
Flash but an instant with the fire of Kean,—
Let not stern justice humbler aims condemn,
Nor scorn the art in us you lov'd in them !

No ! while with duteous care, we seek the store
Our eldest poets left of deathless lore,
And bid the forms of noblest passion thence
In garb antique glide palpable to sense ;
While feebler bards, confessing Nature's rule,
Aspire and worship in her glorious school,
Trace the dark pageantries of ages flown,
Or catch the living glories of their own,
And seek our art's assistance to imbue
With life the scenes their painful study drew,
Within these hallow'd walls, whose memory brings
A thousand hours to gleam on golden wings,—
Conscious of actors' and of poets' fate,
Still shall the British drama hold her state,
By kindness nurtur'd, which her greatest son
For all his nature's hopes and frailties won,
Which to each trembling aim assurance gives
From stores, which cannot fail,—while Shakspeare lives ! "

During the year under notice, Macready produced several of Shakespeare's plays, and was fortunate in enjoying the co-operation of the talented Helen Faucit. "The Winter's Tale" was followed by "Hamlet," with Macready in the title *rôle*, then in succession by

by "Othello," "Macbeth," in which Phelps appeared as *Macduff*, "Henry the Fifth," and "King Lear." Macready received great praise for the correct and beautiful style in which he mounted this tragedy, and for the excellence of his own *Lear*. Miss Helen Faucit was the *Cordelia*. "Julius Cæsar," with Macready as *Brutus* and Phelps as *Cassius*, had a run of a few days during the month of February, 1838, and was followed by the brilliant production of "Coriolanus." The scene of the Roman camp with the view of Antium by moonlight, is said to have been magnificently put on. This was the greatest success of Macready's management.

"As You Like It" and "Romeo and Juliet" (Macready as *Friar Lawrence*, Helen Faucit as *Juliet*, and Anderson as *Romeo*) complete the tale of Shakespearian plays produced in a single year at Covent Garden. But the list by no means exhausts the formidable programme of pieces for a short nine months. To mention only the more important, we

we have "A Roland for an Oliver;" "The Hunchback;" "Virginius;" Lord Byron's tragedy of "Werner," given on the 17th of November, 1837, by command of the Queen, who, on this occasion, paid her first State visit to Covent Garden; "Fra Diavolo," and several other operas by English and foreign composers. Perhaps the most successful of the native works was Rooke's "Amelie; or, The Love Test," pronounced one of the purest and most charming of its kind. In December was produced a gorgeous spectacle entitled "Joan of Arc," in which a most terrific stage-fight took place—the *Maid* being played with great vigour by Miss Huddart.

The Christmas pantomime, "Peeping Tom of Coventry," proved a great attraction; chiefly by reason of the diorama, a series of beautiful views by Stanfield. The success attending this diorama induced Macready to present the painter with a silver salver of the value of £150, whereon was engraved an inscription

stating

stating that it was given as a testimony of friendship, and a token of obligation for the aid the great artist had afforded to the theatre. It appears that no price was agreed upon between Macready and Stanfield for the diorama, which occupied five weeks of most valuable time; and when Macready sent Stanfield a draft for £300, as a most inadequate compensation, the artist returned it with a note stating that he would accept only half the money. The remainder was therefore expended on the salver.

Byron's "The Two Foscari;" a "new five-act play" by Edward Lytton Bulwer, called the "Lady of Lyons; or, Love and Pride," produced in the spring of 1838 with the most triumphant success; a new comic opera, "Diadeste," by Balfe; Sheridan Knowles's "Woman's Wit," and a host of minor productions, conclude the epitome of Macready's work at Covent Garden from September 30th, 1837, to June, 1838. Surely never did a manager work harder.

Two

Two curious features about the theatres of that day were the constant changes of programme, and the extraordinary length of the evening's entertainment. It was not at all unusual for the play-bill to be nightly altered much in the same way as is done at the Opera nowadays, and a manager would have been thought stingy unless he produced, say, a grand opera after a five-act play, or a pantomime or some melodramatic spectacle after one of Shakespeare's tragedies.

The Haymarket, under Webster's enterprising management, was one of the pleasantest houses in London, and the performances, which as a rule commenced at seven, attracted good audiences. The prices were: Boxes, five shillings; pit, three shillings; gallery, two shillings; upper gallery, one shilling; after nine o'clock, the usual half-price was charged. The company was especially strong in comedy, and had included amongst its members, during the year, such well-known names as those of Mrs. Nisbett, Mrs. Glover, Miss Vincent, Miss Huddart,

Madame

Madame Celeste, and Madame Vestris; William Farren, Webster, Buckstone, that popular comedian Tyrone Power, Charles Mathews, Macready, and Samuel Phelps, who here made his first bow to a London audience on the 28th of August, 1837, as *Shylock* in the "Merchant of Venice." "The new tragic actor, Mr. Phelps," wrote a too-prophetic critic, "who appeared in *Shylock*, and afterwards as *Hamlet* and *Othello*, is a good second-rate actor, and will be useful on the London stage, but he is not competent to take the lead in tragedy." Phelps also appeared as *Sir Edward Mortimer* in Colman's play of "The Iron Chest." His success in the character was complete.

Space forbids us to mention even a tithe of the comedies, farces, tragedies, dramas, melodramas, burlettas, musical and unmusical, and innumerable one-act trifles produced at this theatre. "The School for Scandal" and "The Rivals" were, as a matter of course, served up and duly appreciated. A three-act comedy by Buckstone, called "Love and Murder," proved

too

too effusive even for an 1837 audience. "Naval Engagements," with Vestris and Charles Mathews, "for twelve nights only," was, for the manager, a very happy engagement; but the most successful piece of the year was undoubtedly Sheridan Knowles's "Love Chase," which, first produced on the 9th of October, had an extraordinary run of eighty-four nights, and was again presented on the re-opening in April for the season of 1838. Great praise was awarded Mrs. Glover as the *Widow Green*, and Mrs. Nisbett as *Constance*, for their "superlatively fine acting" in this comedy. Webster also produced with success Sheridan Knowles's "Hunchback," and the tragedy of "The Bridal" (Macready as *Melantius*), adapted by the same dramatist from Beaumont and Fletcher's "Maid's Tragedy."

Perhaps the most popular theatre was the "Little Adelphi," then under the skilful management of Frederick Henry Yates, one of the best all-round actors on the stage of that day. Melodrama was the great speciality of this house, but, as will be gathered, the energetic

lessee

lessee was always on the look-out for novelties. An extraordinary performance was that of a Mr. Harvey Leach, a dwarf who styled himself Signor Hervio Nano. He played in a piece called "The Gnome Fly," in which, made up partly as a baboon and partly as a fly, he ran up places perfectly perpendicular, caught hold of the projections of the ornaments of the ceiling, and descended along the vertical boarding of the proscenium. A troupe of real Bedouin Arabs made their appearance here in the early part of 1838, but they failed to excite the expected interest, and were presented for a "limited number of nights only." A melodramatic version of Lover's story of "Rory O'More," in which Power played the hero with all his wonted liveliness, had a run of over one hundred nights. Yates lost his principal low comedian, and the most popular member of the Adelphi company, by the death of John Reeve on the 24th of January, 1838.* His chief feats

* Yates and Reeve had been schoolfellows together at Winchmore Hill, and had there formed a life-long friendship.

were

were at the Adelphi, and he was perhaps the best representative of *Jerry* in "Life in London."

Besides those already mentioned, there were other London theatres which opened their doors at some period or other during the first year of Queen Victoria's reign.

The Lyceum was known also as "Theatre Royal English Opera House." There, in the winter of 1837–38, a season of opera bouffe was given under Mr. Mitchell's management. Young Lablache was the *primo buffo.* In reality it might more appropriately have been termed a winter season of Italian opera. There was no livelier theatre in London than the Olympic, then under the sway of the fascinating Vestris, who played all parts with an archness, and sang her saucy songs with a piquancy, declared by our fathers to have been irresistible. Many and many were the burlettas produced at this theatre, with Vestris, her husband (Charles Mathews), old William Farren,* and Keeley

* In May, 1837, Madame Vestris engaged William Farren to supply the place of that excellent comedian, Liston, so long associated with the Olympic. Liston, who was then in his

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and his gifted wife. Perhaps the best were "Puss in Boots," "The Black Domino," and a spirited little thing called "The Drama's Levee," in which Vestris, who was about to take her departure for America, nightly took leave of the English public.

The aristocratic St. James's was under the management of the veteran tenor, Braham, with whom was associated the charming Mrs. Stirling, transplanted here from the Strand Theatre, "Punch's Play-house." Her versatile talents never shone more briliiantly than when she was playing on the boards of the fashionable little theatre in King Street. Mention of the little fairy home of travesty in the Strand and Mrs. Stirling recalls the burlesques of "Bachelor's Buttons," in which she enacted a romp to the life—a sporting jockey, as if she had spent all her days at Epsom and Newmarket — and "Venus in Arms," in which she was irresistibly comic

sixtieth year, left the stage and went to reside in comparative retirement at his pretty villa near Penn, in Bucks.

as

as the "Petticoat Colonel of Hussars." * A dramatized version of "Pickwick," called "Sam Weller," was produced at this house and met with some success.

The Queen's Theatre, off Tottenham Court Road, made one or two spasmodic attempts to open its doors, but in February, 1838, was brought to the hammer and sold for £2650.

On the south side of the water the Surrey and the Victoria were in a flourishing condition, the latter house being occasionally used for masquerades. The Surrey was under the spirited management of Mr. Davidge, and hither in 1837 the Adelphi company migrated for a short summer season. "Abelard and Heloise," by Buckstone, was excellently played by Mrs. Yates (*Heloise*) and Mr. Yates (*Fulbert*), and with unique fun by John Reeve and Buckstone.

* Her singing of the ditty "I'm the man for the ladies" in this piece elicited the following impromptu:—

> "You act and sing with such an air,
> Through bearded lip, and whiskers curling,
> Author and manager declare
> To them your notes must all prove—*Sterling*."

Also

Also situated on this side of the river was Astley's Royal Amphitheatre. "Ever-popular Astley's!" wrote an enthusiast, "may it last for ever! for it is one of the pleasantest of play-houses. The horses are living wonders, and Ducrow—— What shall I say of Ducrow? None but himself can be his parallel!"

In the north of London, ancient Sadler's Wells strove to resume the position it formerly held under Dibdin's management, and there one was sure of finding robust historical or romantic drama.

The Royal City of London Theatre, in Norton Folgate, was a pretty little house presided over by Mrs. Honey, the fair rival of Vestris, and one of the most charming actresses of the day. "The Spirit of the Rhine," in which Mrs. Honey sang her seductive German song, "My beautiful Rhine," drew crowds of western visitors. She produced several good pieces, such as "Seventeen and Seventy," "The Page of Palermo," and Douglas Jerrold's drama of "The Housekeeper," all of

 which,

which, aided by the musical and dramatic talents of the pretty lessee, were most attractive. Also in the east end of the town were the Grecian Saloon, better known as the "Eagle Tavern," where melodrama, interspersed with recitation, dancing, singing, and the tight-rope, comprised the evening's entertainment; the Garrick, in Leman Street, Whitechapel, a rather small theatre very creditably managed by Conquest; the Standard in Bishopsgate; and more eastward still, the Royal Pavilion Theatre. A visitor to the latter house on Easter Monday, 1838, gives the following account, in the somewhat strained humour of the time and with attempts at the phonetic rendering of a London dialect which has apparently passed completely away, of his wanderings in the regions of the far east:—

"In slowly winning my way to the remote quarter of the metropolis in which this theatre is situated, I was continually encountered by groups of citizens in their holiday attire, making 'right merrye' according to their wont, from time immemorial, upon that day of days for spring recreation. Whitechapel, Mile End and

and the various gin-palaces adjoining, were crowded with the votaries of 'anti-tectotalism,' and the predominance of 'jolly tars' in the numerous assemblage gave ample token of the proximity of old Father Thames, his docks, and his shipping. I was much struck by the resemblance which the *coup d'œil* at Mile End turnpike bore to the barriers and avenues by which Paris is surrounded. The only thing wanting to complete the picture was the look of perfect gaiety and *propriété* of attire which distinguishes even the lowest order of Parisian society, when *endimanchés* and predetermined to have their full share of enjoyment. Of objects to attract the eyes of the holiday people there was no lack. Lollipops and gilt gingerbread, children's toys and frippery, spring-heeled Jacks, and 'the only rail lowcifers,' periwinkles, mussels, oysters as large as soup-plates, and every variety of fish, from hulking cod down to diminutive sprats, not excepting capacious plaice, and flats, and flounders, figured in the midst of fruit and mince-pies, 'pop' and 'gin-new-wine soda-votter,' household furniture, ballad- and treason-mongers, performers on the Jew's harp, 'the spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife' wielded by infantine hands, not forgetting the ever-memorable and most musical penny trumpet. ''Ampton Palace, with a view of Her Gracious Majesty, our most Royal Keen Wicktoria,' presented its attractions on one side, in opposition to the rival charms of 'Spring-heeled Jack, seen kvite as large as life, for

the

the small charge of von hapeny,' and ultra-Radical orators, declaiming against excessive taxation, disputed the field with hurdy-gurdies, musical bells, strolling wind instruments, and 'scratchers,' a well-known implement, which endangers in imagination a new coat's integrity."

The penny theatres, or "penny gaffs," chiefly found on the Surrey side of the river, were little better than hot-beds of vice, and were finally closed by the police in March, 1838. They bore such ambitious names as the Pavilion of Arts (in the Cornwall Road), the Grotto of Fancy and the Royal Sussex (in the New Cut), and the Royal Lambeth (in Lambeth Walk). Their owners sometimes amassed what to them were large sums of money, one retiring with a fortune of a thousand pounds he had saved up in pence during a period of five years.

In addition to the theatres there were many taverns with gardens attached, where both summer and winter the performances partook of the "variety" character, the precursors of

those

those now given at the music hall. The best known and the most popular of these places of evening resort were—White's Conduit House, or, as it was dubbed by its *habitués*, "White Condick 'Ouse;" The Apollo Saloon, Bagnigge Wells; and the Yorkshire Stingo in the New Road, a favourite spot for balloon ascents. The "Coal Hole" in one of the courts in the Strand, where there was very good glee-singing, was a favourite place for suppers.

Foremost among the places of shows and sights, and eminently respectable and popular, was the oft-described Colosseum, on the east side of Regent's Park, an enormous building designed by Decimus Burton. The Colosseum, with its Saloon of Arts, was a fashionable evening lounge, under the management of John Braham, the attraction in the autumn of 1837 being the great tenor himself, in the character of *Tom Tug*, in Dibdin's "Waterman." A Mr. Walker delivered here in March, 1838, a series of astronomical lectures, chiefly memorable on account of their being illustrated by

an

an elaborate machine called the "eidouranion," a large transparent orrery.

On the north side of Leicester Square was Burford's cleverly painted panorama of Mont Blanc, followed later by one of New Zealand, and, in the spring of 1838, by a view of Canton. The diorama, near Regent's Park, consisted of two pictures, by the Chevalier Burton, the "Basilica of St. Paul without the Walls, Rome," and a view of Tivoli. A "cosmorama" of the St. Gothard Pass, and the "typorama," a plaster of Paris model of the Undercliff, Isle of Wight, were two popular exhibitions in Regent Street.

The Gallery of Practical Science in Adelaide Street, Strand; a South African museum of stuffed animals in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly; an exhibition of armoury of all nations in Lower Grosvenor Street; Miss Linwood's tapestry exhibition in Leicester Square; and Mr. Purkis's musical performance on the apollonicon, an instrument described by Mr. Edmund Yates as "awful," afforded amuse-

ment

ment of the kind which is "combined with instruction."

And we must not forget our dear old friend Madame Tussaud and her wax-works in Baker Street, then in their fourth year. The advertisements told that among her latest additions were "Queen Victoria I.;" her august mother, the Duchess of Kent; the late King William IV.; the King of Hanover; Oliver Cromwell; and the "lamented Malibran." "In a separate room, the execrable Greenacre."

Among open-air places of entertainment were still the famous Vauxhall Gardens, the proprietary of which made the accession of Queen Victoria an occasion for some attempt at a revival of their faded glories. The Queen was graciously pleased to bestow her patronage on the "royal property." The amusements were numerous and diversified, and included open-air musical performances; a theatre; a display of groups of living sculpture by French artists; dioramic mechanical paintings of Swiss and

Italian

Italian scenery; and a fine fountain representing Neptune in his chariot, drawn by five horses. In the evening festoons of lamps of all colours were dispersed amongst the trees, and the illuminations were altogether more brilliant than had for many years been known. The charge for admission was four shillings. The frequent ascents of Mr. Green in his monster balloon, "The Royal Nassau," were, however, the greatest attraction, and proved the "biggest draws" of the season of 1837. A melancholy interest is attached to this balloon by reason of the fatal termination of a parachute descent by Mr. Cocking, who lost his life in an experimental flight. It was on the 24th of July, 1837, that Mr. Cocking ascended from Vauxhall Gardens in the basket of his parachute—which was shaped somewhat like an inverted umbrella—suspended to the "Nassau" balloon. The descent was made in a field close to Lee, in Kent, but the parachute and its occupant on approaching the ground turned over and over, and came down with a frightful crash.

The

The effort to bring back the palmy days of Vauxhall ceased with the season of 1837, and in the following year the charge of admission was reduced to one shilling. The sentiments conveyed in a song given by a comic singer from the stage of the open orchestra—

> "We'll have no shop-boy dandies
> With whisker and grimace,
> Cigar in mouth, and glass in hand ;
> Such things away we'll chase,"

were no longer appropriate.

One cause of the decline of Vauxhall was the rapidly growing popularity of the Surrey Zoological Gardens. The charmingly laid out and well-timbered grounds with their tropical forest ; the lake, with its marine temple ; Mount Vesuvius, with awful and terrific eruption at night, proved powerful attractions. Bill-stickers let the public know that "an eruption on a gigantic scale was about to take place," and it certainly was a formidable business. As a small joke of the time, it may be told that some aspiring youths one evening

were

were overheard by an Irish gentleman complaining loudly of the restrictions lately imposed upon smoking in the gardens; when he consoled them with this reflection, "Don't ye see, ye born natterals, that they want all the smoke at the top of the mountain? but to be sure, though ye mustn't smoke, ye may drink, for there's plenty o' drops of the crater to be had for nothing." Other attractions in this delightful place of resort were "the wonderful Russian air voyagers," who used to display some astonishing aërial feats on the sails of a windmill, forty feet across, one of them having his feet upwards and his head downwards during his circular flight, and the other sustaining himself in his transit through the air by his hands. There were then frequent balloon ascents by a Mrs. Graham, who described herself as the only lady aëronaut in the world. On one occasion in the month of August, 1837, Mrs. Graham made an ascent from the grounds of the "Mermaid Tavern," Hackney, accompanied by two other ladies.

So

So rare an event in the art of ballooning deserves to be chronicled in the words of the fair aëronaut herself:—

"About a quarter past seven o'clock we rose from the gardens. We left Dalston on our left, and after being up about a quarter of an hour entered rather a dense cloud, and entirely lost sight of the earth. We were nearly a quarter of an hour before we emerged from it towards the earth; soon after which I caught a fair view of the mansion of Sir Coutts Trotter (over the park of which we shortly travelled), Kensal Green, the Cemetery, and all the adjacent neighbourhood, including Kilburn, where the gentlemen of the Kilburn Cricket Club were amusing themselves at their favourite pastime. Finding that they had left their bats to follow the course of the ballon, and also observing a favourable landing-place at a short distance, I told the ladies that they would soon again reach *terra firma*. Consequently, we reached the earth, within fifty feet (the length of my safety line), and there remained until we were safely drawn to the ground by two lads, ten miles from the place of starting. After experiencing the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Fenton, of Kensal Green, we all returned to town, and arrived at the 'Mermaid Tavern,' Hackney, before eleven o'clock, the first and only gardens from which three ladies ever ascended."

Here

Here may be noted the death, on the 5th of September, 1837, of the celebrated dwarf Count Borolowski, at his residence near the Prebend's Bridge, Durham, in the ninety-ninth year of his age. He was a Pole, and in early life was patronized by the Countess Huniecka, a Polish lady, with whom he visited various countries in Europe. He resided some time in Paris, which he quitted previously to the Revolution, and came over to this country in the year 1782, where he had since remained. Besides exhibiting himself at fairs, he was at one time a favourite in society for the vivacity of his manners, his intelligence, and his frank disposition. The count's height was exactly thirty-five and a half inches, and his person was a model of symmetry. He was buried in the Nine Altars, in Durham Cathedral, near the remains of his friend, Mr. Stephen Kemble.

The charming actress and vocalist, Miss Katherine Stephens, then in her forty-fourth year, was married on the 19th of April, 1838,

to

to the Earl of Essex, who had reached the still more mature age of eighty-two. Miss Stephens made her first appearance at Covent Garden in 1813, as *Mandane* in "Artaxerxes," and continued a most brilliant professional career until 1834, when she made her last appearance in public at a festival in Westminster Abbey.

CHAPTER

## CHAPTER XI.

### ART AND CEREMONIAL.

The Queen's portraits and pictures—Rides—A loss—At the Academy—A good sitter—State ball—The birthday—State concert—Other festivities—A gorgeous Prince.

WE now return to the young Sovereign, who, after seeing the old year out at Windsor, came in the middle of January to the new palace in St. James's Park. About this time Her Majesty gave sittings to several artists;* and the principal painter commissioned was Sir David Wilkie.

His picture of "The Queen presiding at the First Council" was exhibited in 1838 at

* The 1886-87 Winter Exhibition of the Royal Academy celebrated the opening of the Jubilee Year by hanging in the place of honour the pictures which commemorated the first public ceremonies of the year of the Accession.

the

the Royal Academy,* which Her Majesty visited on the 4th of May, being received by the president, Sir Martin Archer Shee. In the previous year—that on which the Academy exchanged their old quarters at Somerset House for the new rooms in Trafalgar Square—Victoria, first as Princess and then as Queen, had been twice to see the pictures. The first time was to the private view in May. One who saw the Princess wrote of her—

"She has all the charms of health, youth, and high spirits. She could have seen little of the Exhibition, as she was herself, from the moment of her entering the room, the sole object of attraction, and there were so many people among the nobility present whom she knew, and every one of whom had something to say

* The Exhibition of the year contained nearly fourteen hundred subjects, among them being—(No. 60) "The Queen presiding at the First Council," by Sir D. Wilkie, R.A. (No. 200) Portrait of Daniel O'Connell, by the same artist, considered one of the best pictures of the Exhibition. (No. 277) "Olivia and Sophia fitting out Moses for the Fair," by D. Maclise, A.R.A. (No. 46) "The Prodigal Son," by W. Etty, R.A.—"a masterly little picture in the style of Rembrandt." (No. 31) "Phryne going to the Public Bath as Venus," by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. (No. 122) "All the World's a Stage," by W. Mulready, R.A.

to

to her. She heard that Charles Kemble was in the room, and she desired he might be presented to her, which gave him an opportunity of making one of his best genteel comedy bows. She shook hands and chatted with Mr. Rogers."

Three months later, she went again, as a Queen. The death of her uncle, the late King, had elicited from the Academy an address of condolence, into which Wilkie, finding it "correct and proper, but on the whole chilling and cold," had infused—as he himself tells us—a touch of more genial feeling. And doubtless the young Queen intended to acknowledge this homage of the arts when she went, in her fresh mourning, wearing, we are told, a black train which was not held up, to the Academy in August. Leslie, who was among the Academicians present to receive her, records that towards her mother she appeared "the same affectionate little girl, calling her 'Mamma.'"

As the year 1837 wore on, the Queen sat to Pistrucci for her medal, and to several painters—Alfred Chalon, R.A., being first in the field

with

with a small whole-length (very like Her Majesty, thought Leslie) in the robes worn at the first prorogation of Parliament. The copyright of this portrait was caught up by Moon at a large price, and the engraving had an immense sale. Hayter painted a portrait for King Leopold, and there was another by Thomas Sully, an American artist, whose picture of the Queen is now in the hall of the St. George's Society, Philadelphia. The Academy of the year following was described as "an Academy of Queens." But, of course, Wilkie with his "First Council," and, later on, Leslie with his Coronation picture, had the honours of the time.

The appointment of Painter in Ordinary was renewed to Sir David Wilkie by the Queen; and he writes to his sister in October, 1837: "Her Majesty gave me a sitting to-day, and has commanded a picture of her First Council, and has been telling me *who* (*sic*) to put in it." A few days later, he says: "Her Majesty has been most gracious. Her face I

 have

have painted nearly in profile—it is thought like her. She sat to-day in the dress—a white satin, covered with gauze embroidered—I think it looks well. All here think the subject good, and she likes it herself." Writing to Collins he gives more particulars :—

" In October (1837) I received a message from the Lord Chamberlain to attend the Queen at Brighton, with the view of beginning the Embassy picture, but was told the Queen had heard of a sketch I had made of her First Council. Accordingly, on seeing Her Majesty, and finding her strongly set upon this, I sent for a canvas from London, and began the figure of the Queen at once. She is placed nearly in profile at the end of a long table, covered with red cloth. She sits in a large chair, or throne, a little elevated, to make her the presiding person. Having been accustomed to see the Queen as a child, my reception had a little of the air of an early acquaintance. She is eminently beautiful, her features nicely formed, her skin smooth, her hair worn close to her face in a most simple way ; glossy and clean-looking. Her manner, though trained to act the Sovereign, is yet simple and natural. She has all the decision, thought, and self-possession of a queen of older years ; has all the buoyancy of youth, and from the smile to the unrestrained laugh is a perfect child."

Wilkie,

Wilkie, indeed, uniformly records his admiration of the Queen with courtly enthusiasm and more than a courtier's sincerity. "The regal power in so lovely a form is perfectly new to us," he says; "it seems sent to charm the disaffected by presenting a settled government under the most engaging aspect. Her Majesty is an elegant person; seems to lose nothing of her authority either by her youth or delicacy; is approached with the same awe, and obeyed with the same promptitude, as the most commanding of her predecessors." And he repeats that "she has all the buoyancy and singleness of heart of youth, with a wisdom and decision far beyond her years."

Her Majesty, too, showed the peculiar orderliness in which she had been trained, and which has always distinguished her, by the punctuality of her sittings. "She appoints a sitting once in two days," we find Wilkie saying, "and she never puts me off." This picture of the Council contains a large number of figures, including the Dukes of Sussex and

Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, Lords Melbourne, Lansdowne, and John Russell, and of course the faces of all were to be fully seen. Wilkie feared it would be "a plague" to compose. He succeeded well, however, and the figure of the girl of eighteen, in her white satin and gauze, appears quite naturally as a centre to which the faces of the Council are turned. Thus, by placing Her Majesty in the foreground of the composition, all the heads are more or less towards the spectator, and the whole young figure of the Queen in its slightness and simplicity is visible. The picture is nearly five feet high by nearly eight feet wide; and six hundred guineas was the sum paid for it by the Queen.

In the afternoons the Queen frequently rode in the Park, sometimes remaining in the saddle for two or three hours. The routine would occasionally be varied by a ride to one of the suburbs; and it is related that on one of these expeditions, Her Majesty, attended by

seventeen

seventeen persons, had passed over Battersea Bridge, when the gate-keeper demanded the toll from her groom, who brought up the rear. The man, taken by surprise, and unprovided with money, handed the turnpikeman a silk handkerchief as a pledge for payment.

Mrs. Louis, who was for many years the devoted servant of the Princess Charlotte, and to whom Queen Victoria had from her earliest infancy been attached, died on Easter Sunday. After the Queen's accession, Mrs. Louis went with her wherever she resided.

The two great Court events of the "merry month of May" were the State ball at Buckingham Palace, and the Birthday Drawing-room. The State ball, the first since the accession, and the first grand entertainment at the new palace, was on a scale of great magnificence. The ball was opened by the Queen, who took Prince George of Cambridge for her partner in a quadrille entitled "Versailles."

"Versailles." Her Majesty wore a white satin petticoat, over which was a silver llama tunic, trimmed with silver and white blonde lace and *agrafé* on either side with maiden blush roses, studded in the centre with brilliants. The head-dress was of roses, the centre formed of brilliants, and a small bandalette confined the whole. During the evening Her Majesty danced quadrilles with Prince Esterhazy, resplendent in the famous jewels, the Marquis of Douro, the Earl of Uxbridge, and other noblemen. Strauss's band was stationed in the grand saloon, and during the evening performed a new set of waltzes, entitled "Hommage à la Reine d'Angleterre."

Parisian and Venetian galops, quadrilles, and waltzes formed the principal part of the programme, which was not concluded until four o'clock, the Queen joining in the last dance with great animation.

Her Majesty's birthday was in the first year of her reign celebrated on the 17th of

May,

May, and the Drawing-room is described as being one of the most magnificent Court receptions ever held in the venerable palace of St. James's. The illuminations in the evening were brilliant. Every club-house in St. James's Street and Pall Mall was more or less illuminated with variegated oil lamps, blazing stars, crowns, rosettes, festoons, and the initials "V.R." in gas or oil. In Regent Street, Messrs. Dyson, the Court lacemen, displayed a transparency of Her Majesty robed and seated on the throne, with the British lion at her feet, repelling the hydra-headed demon of anarchy and confusion, the whole surmounted with the motto, "Hail, Star of Brunswick." The most original device in the way of decoration, however, was one displayed by Mr. Grove at his fish-shop in Bond Street, where the letters composing the name of Victoria were exhibited on the shop front in red mullets, and the Order of the Garter in smelts. A stupendous codfish and a giant salmon undertook, for the first time, the parts of the lion and the unicorn.

On

On the following day a grand State concert was given at Buckingham Palace, in which Grisi, Persiani, Rubini, Lablache, and Costa took part. On the real birthday of the Queen, the 24th of May, when Her Majesty completed her nineteenth year, a second State ball was held at the palace on the same scale as the one already noticed. A country dance at the conclusion, led off by Her Majesty with the Earl of Uxbridge as her partner, was kept up for an hour. During June, the Queen attended the "Eton Montem," held a Drawing-room and two levees, and, on the 18th, gave a third grand State ball at Buckingham Palace, in the course of which a set of quadrilles, composed for the occasion, called "Royal Waterloo," was danced, the Queen joining in the set. At this ball Prince Esterhazy fairly outdid himself in the way of personal adornment. His uniform was a pelisse of dark crimson velvet, the sword-belt thickly studded with diamonds; the hilt of the sword was covered, and the scabbard was crusted with brilliants. The Prince's hussar

cap

cap had several rows of pearls with a string of diamonds in the middle, finished with a tassel set in brilliants. The Order of the Golden Fleece (suspended round the neck) and the stars and jewels of the other orders of knighthood, worn by this princely exquisite, were also set in diamonds and precious stones.

# CHAPTER XII.

## THE CORONATION.

The interior of the Abbey—The entrance—Eleven thousand tickets—Peeresses and peers—The House of Commons—The royal procession—The Sultan's letter—The Esterhazy jewels again—The Westminster boys—The oath—The coronation—Medals—The coronation in verse—The illuminations—The theatres—Hyde Park fair—The Queen herself.

"*1st Gent.* God save you, sir! Where have you been broiling?
*2nd Gent.* Among the crowd i' the Abbey, where a finger
Could not be wedged in more. I am stifled . . . .
*1st Gent.* You saw
The ceremony?
*2nd Gent.* That I did.
*1st Gent.* How was it?
*2nd Gent.* Well worth the seeing."

*Henry VIII.*

AT break of dawn on Thursday, the 28th of June, 1838, a discharge of twenty-one guns in St. James's Park announced to the people of London that in the course of that day the

venerable

Queen Victoria's Arrival at Westminster Abbey

venerable Abbey of Westminster would witness one more splendid ceremonial, would once again look upon a scene of mediæval pomp and pageantry—a coronation, with a unique interest and romance of its own. Long before daylight numbers of persons had congregated about Buckingham Palace, and by four o'clock a line of carriages stretched from the Abbey to the top of Cockspur Street. At that chill hour, the streets presented a full-dress appearance, and numbers of ladies were already hurrying to take possession of the places they had secured along the line of route.

First let us see how the interior of the Abbey looked on this eventful morning. To one entering the choir, or theatre as it was called, from the nave, the full blaze of the decorations in this part of the church came as a kind of shock of splendour. At the eastern end was the grand altar, with its Gothic canopy and gorgeous tracery. The walls were hung with purple and gold, and the floor was covered with a carpet to match. The com-

munion

munion table and the cushions on which the offerings were to be laid were covered with lustrous lace-bordered velvet fringed with gold. Immediately above the altar two galleries were reserved for members of the House of Commons; and in front of a trumpeters' gallery above, the arms of England appeared in gold relief. Two galleries ran at each side of the eastern extremity of the cross. On the right was the box for the members of the Royal Family, and on the left were benches for the bishops and the foreign ambassadors. In the north and south transepts, galleries and benches branched forth in every direction, reaching up to the Catherine-wheel windows in both transepts. The whole was covered with crimson cloth, gold-fringed, the monotony of which was broken by the short gilded pillars. The floor of the transepts was occupied with benche rising one above the other. The northern side was devoted to the peeresses, and the southern to the peers and their personal friends. The pulpit from which the coronation sermon

was

was preached was decked with crimson and gold.

At the extremity of the western side, immediately in front of the Commons' gallery, over the entrance to the theatre from the nave, was the music gallery. Here the musicians, led by Sir George Smart, were stationed, the instrumental performers being in scarlet uniforms, the male singers in white surplices, and the ladies in white dresses. Two galleries ran at each side of the entrance to the choir, and in one of these, on the south side of the Abbey, were the Westminster boys. The galleries throughout were covered with crimson cloth with gold fringe and panels and wainscot of gold.

Immediately under the central tower of the Abbey, a square, formed by the intersection of the choir and transepts, extended nearly the whole breadth of the choir. On this square a platform with five steps was erected; the summit was covered with cloth of gold, and in the very centre was the throne, or "chair of homage." Between the platform and the

grand

grand altar stood the old oaken Coronation Chair, known in the history of the country as St. Edward's Chair (on this occasion covered with cloth of gold), in which the Queen was to be crowned.

At five o'clock the gates were thrown open, and the different parts of the Abbey rapidly filled. The first peeress to arrive took her seat in the north transept at a quarter to seven, and three bishops followed soon after. Some of the peers and peeresses seemed scarcely able to bear the weight of their ornaments and trains. Each peeress was attended by several pages who supported her train, and one who bore her coronet. The Marchioness of Londonderry's beauty and brilliancy caused a general buzz of admiration, and the Countess of Essex (late Miss Stephens), who had been introduced at the last Drawing-room, came up the nave with an unassuming air, half concealing her modest little coronet. Conspicuous among the foreign nobility was the lovely Princess Schwartzenberg.

The

The peers were robed, and had their coronets borne by pages. Miss Martineau, who had a place in the church, says in her autobiography: "I had never before seen the full effect of diamonds. As the light travelled, each peeress shone like a rainbow. The brightness, vastness, and dreamy magnificence of the scene produced a strange effect of exhaustion and sleepiness. . . . I had carried a book; and I read and ate a sandwich, leaning against my friendly pillar till I felt refreshed."

For those, however, who had not been so provident, and who had come out in the early morn breakfastless, thought was taken. The following advertisement appeared in the *Times*—

"William Mason, of 57 and 58, St. James's Street, formerly attached to the Household of his late Majesty William IV., begs to inform the Peeresses, Peers, Members of Parliament, and the public who intend being present at the Coronation of Her Majesty, that he has received permission from His Grace the Duke of Norfolk (the Earl Marshal of England) to furnish refreshments in Westminster

Abbey

Abbey on that day, which shall be of the very best quality, arranged on twenty-six tables conveniently placed throughout the Abbey, affording every accommodation so necessary on such an occasion. To prevent inconvenience and irregularity, tickets for the refreshments may be obtained on application to Mr. W. Mason, as above; but refreshments may likewise be obtained in the Abbey without this preliminary, if preferred."

At half-past nine o'clock the members of the House of Commons * took their seats, and

* "About seven o'clock the House of Commons assembled, and soon afterwards the members began to throng its benches, some in full Court dress, many in naval and military uniforms, with orders, and a large number wearing Windsor uniforms. . . . . Shortly before nine o'clock most of Her Majesty's Ministers, and the leaders of the Opposition, took their places. At this hour the whole space was thronged with members. Never has the House seemed more imposing than when, on the entrance of the Speaker, all the members rose to receive him. Prayers having been read, the Speaker informed the House that, in order to secure perfect fairness in the allotment of the seats in the Abbey reserved for the Commons, the counties would be balloted for, and requested that the members for each county, and for each borough situated within the county, should on the name of the county being called, leave the House and proceed to the Abbey. The balloting then commenced, and having been completed, the House at ten o'clock was nearly empty."

immediately

immediately afterwards the doors were closed against all persons save Her Majesty, her official attendants, and the foreign Ministers.

At ten o'clock twenty-one guns announced that the royal procession had started from Buckingham Palace. A curious circumstance, which created some interest at the time, may be worth mentioning. During the morning, a large bird had been observed to fly backwards and forwards, and then to hover over the palace, so frequently as to attract general attention. This was looked on, in Roman fashion, as a good omen for the young Sovereign.

The procession left the Palace in the following order:—

The High Constable of the City of Westminster.
The carriages of the foreign resident ambassadors and ministers,
Followed by the foreign ambassadors extraordinary, in the order in which they respectively reported their arrival in England.

 First

First came Achmet Pacha,* the Sultan's Ambassador. Then Marshal Soult (Duke of Dalmatia), whose carriage created far more interest than that of any other ambassador.†

* "The Sultan's 'letter of felicitation,' forwarded to the Queen on her coronation, is a remarkable document both in form and substance. It is thirty-six inches in length and between three and four inches broad. The penmanship is described as careful and elegant, and the document bears in the margin the signature of the Sultan, with all the titles of the very high and puissant Seignior, which from time immemorial have appertained to the principal representative of the Ottoman Court. This letter, written on paper of vellum-like appearance, was put in an envelope and sealed with the armorial bearings of the Sultan, and the whole enclosed in a crimson cloth sachet or bag, somewhat resembling a lady's small reticule, richly embroidered in gold. A tassel and string of peculiar beauty of manufacture completes this unique billet-doux."

† Marshal Soult brought to England the frame of the carriage used on occasions of state by the last great Prince of the House of Condé. It was ornamented anew with the utmost resources of art. The colour was cobalt, relieved with gold. The panels were superbly emblazoned with the arms of the ambassador, at the back of which was the baton of a field-marshal. The lining of the interior was of a rich nankin satin, relieved with scarlet. The liveries were of a drab colour, with a figured silk lace. The carriage was drawn by two horses.

Count Strogonoff bought for £1600 the carriage which the Duke of Devonshire had built, at an unsparing cost, for his extraordinary embassy to St. Petersburg. It cost originally upwards of £3000. Some of the other ambassadors, too late in the field, bought or hired sheriffs' carriages, and had them newly emblazoned for the occasion. One ambassador gave £250 for the use of a carriage for the day.

The

The Duke of Palmella (Portugal).
Count Gustave de Lowenhülm (Sweden).
The Marquis de Brignole (Sardinia).
Count Alten (Hanover).
Prince Putbus (Prussia).
The Marquis de Miraflores (Spain).
Baron de Capellen (Netherlands).
Prince Schwartzenberg (Austria).
Count Strogonoff (Russia).
Prince de Ligne (Belgium).
Count Ludolff (Two Sicilies).

To the foreign ambassadors succeeded the carriages of various members of the Royal Family, with their respective suites.

Band of Household Cavalry.

Forty-eight Queen's watermen.

Twelve of Her Majesty's carriages, each drawn by six horses, containing the suite.

Military staff and aides-de-camp, on horseback.

Royal huntsmen, foresters, marshalmen, Yeomen of the Guard.

The Clerk of the Check, Harbinger, Ensign, Lieutenant.

The State Coach, drawn by eight cream-coloured horses, attended by a Yeoman of the Guard at each wheel, conveying

THE QUEEN,

The Mistress of the Robes (Duchess of Sutherland) and the Master of the Horse (Earl of Albemarle);

The

The Gold Stick and the Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard riding on either side.

As the gay *cortége* wound its way through the crowded streets, the reception accorded the Queen was fervent in the extreme. After Her Majesty, the personage who came in for the heartiest greetings from the populace was undoubtedly the veteran Marshal Soult.

The route followed was up Constitution Hill, along Piccadilly, where great preparations had been made,* every house being adorned with loyal inscriptions and emblems, down St. James's Street and Pall Mall.

The clubs † were gaily decorated with

* "The seats were disposed of according to position at various prices from ten shillings to five guineas, and by some of the speculators large profits were realized. Many persons let the fronts of their houses for £50 to £300. In St. James's Street several houses were let to speculators for the day for £200, and after all expenses were paid, more than double that sum was acquired. The front of the house lately occupied by the Reform Club-house in Pall Mall was let for £200, and upwards of £500 realized."

† The members of the various clubs gave splendid entertainments in honour of the day. At the Carlton upwards of three hundred and fifty guests were entertained to breakfast at eight a.m. and lunch at one p.m. At the Oxford and Cambridge six

festoons

festoons and garlands; they were also fitted up with canopies, all of them crowded with brightly dressed women. Leaving Pall Mall, the procession wended its way along Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, Parliament Street, and on to the west entrance of the Abbey.

Meanwhile in the Abbey itself every one was in a fever of expectation. The great officers of State who were appointed to carry the regalia had assembled in the Jerusalem Chamber to receive their several charges, as follows:—

The sword of state was presented to Lord Melbourne; the sword of mercy, to the Duke of Devonshire; the sceptre with the dove, to the Duke of Richmond; St. Edward's staff, to the Duke of Roxburgh; the sword of temporal justice, to the Marquis of Westminster; the spurs, to Lord Byron; the sceptre, to the Duke of Cleveland; the sword of justice, to the Duke of Sutherland; the orb, to the

hundred and fifty found hospitality, and Weippert's band was stationed on the grand staircase. The Athenæum provided for twelve hundred strangers; and at the Reform the unrivalled skill of the celebrated cook Alexis Soyer furnished a *déjeûner à la fourchette* for six hundred ladies, who were also gratified by the dulcet strains of Strauss and his orchestra.

Duke

Duke of Somerset; St. Edward's crown, to the Duke of Hamilton; the patina, to the Bishop of Bangor; the chalice, to the Bishop of London; and the Bible to the Bishop of Winchester.

About eleven o'clock some sensation was caused by the arrival of the Duc de Nemours, a very tall, thin, fair-haired young man, and a few minutes before the half-hour another salute informed the throng that Her Majesty was within the minster. At that moment the spectacle was dazzling. Every part of the Abbey save the choir was filled, and every one was anxious to catch a glimpse of the Queen. The first to appear were the diplomatic personages who had taken so prominent a part in the procession, and who now advanced in the order in which their carriages had set down. Each of these was attended by a numerous suite, the magnificence of their dresses exciting considerable admiration. Whispers of "Which is Soult?" preceded the appearance of the veteran warrior,* who came

* "At the concert which Queen Victoria gave on the 25th at Buckingham Palace, Marshal Soult was invited to one of the

halting

halting in at last, looking grave, in the midst of a burst of cheering. Prince Esterhazy, whose Hungarian dress was literally covered with diamonds and pearls, or, as an American authoress puts it, looked for all the world as if he had been caught in a rain of diamonds and had come in dripping, was absolutely detained by several ladies, with whose admiration he appeared to be perfectly delighted.* But the most enthusiastic reception was reserved for the Duke of Wellington, who was greeted

seats occupied by Her Majesty and the members of the Royal Family. Between the first and second parts of the concert the Duke of Wellington rose, went up to the marshal, and taking him by the hand affectionately, begged that he would allow him to do the honours of London. It was at this concert that all the diplomatic personages met for the first time since their arrival in town. It is stated that Marshal Soult, on meeting the celebrated Lord Hill (whom the marshal long and hotly pursued in Portugal without being able to overtake him), observed : 'Je vous recontre enfin, moi qui ai couru si longtemps après vous.'" (London correspondence of the *Journal des Débats.*)

* The Hungarian costume worn by Prince Paul von Schwartzenberg, the Austrian ambassador extraordinary, vied with that of his colleague. It was composed of violet velvet, and the embroidery, instead of being in silver, was of fine pearls. The jewels with which it was covered were estimated in value at half a million of florins. The boots alone cost 16,000 florins.

with

with loud and long-continued cheering from all parts of the Abbey.

Then there was a pause. Much was to be done in the robing-room, but at length appeared the head of the procession which heralded Her Majesty's appearance within the choir. Immediately after the regalia, the Queen entered the choir, attired in her royal robe of crimson velvet, furred with ermine and bordered with gold lace, wearing the collars of her orders; on her head a circlet of gold. Her Majesty's train was borne by eight ladies. As the Queen slowly advanced along the choir, all present throughout the Abbey rose to their feet, while the anthem, "I was glad when they said unto me," rang throughout the hushed space. The Queen was no sooner seated in the chair below the throne, the utmost silence prevailing in anticipation of the approaching solemnity, than the Westminster boys, from their privileged place, awoke astonished echoes by shouting at the full power of their lungs, "Regina Victoria!

Regina

Regina Victoria!" The Archbishop of Canterbury advanced from his station at the south-east pillar to the east part of the theatre, accompanied by the Lord Chancellor, Lord Great Chamberlain, Lord High Constable, and Earl Marshal (Garter King-at-Arms preceding them), and made the recognition thus: "*Sirs, I here present unto you Queen Victoria, the undoubted Queen of this realm; wherefore all you who are come this day to do your homage, are you willing to do the same?*" This he repeated at the south, west, and north sides of the choir, the Queen meanwhile rising and turning towards the people on the side at which the Archbishop pronounced the words. At the conclusion of each proclamation the people shouted, "God save Queen Victoria!" The trumpets sounded, the drums beat, and the National Anthem swelled gloriously forth on the organ.

The "recognition" finished, there followed what is called "the first oblation," after which the Litany and ante-Communion Service were

read

read and sung, followed by the sermon, preached by the Bishop of London. The sermon concluded, the Archbishop, advancing before the Queen, asked the prescribed questions. Her Majesty then took the coronation oath, kissed the book, and set her royal sign-manual to a transcript of the oath. Returning to her place, she knelt at her faldstool while the *Veni, Creator Spiritus* was sung by the choir, and the Archbishop read a prayer preparatory to the anointing.

The choir then sang the anthem: "Zadok the priest, and Nathan the prophet, anointed Solomon King; and all the people rejoiced, and said: God save the King, long live the King, may the King live for ever. Amen. Hallelujah."

At the commencement of the anthem, the Queen, rising from her devotions, went before the altar, attended by her supporters, and assisted by the Lord Great Chamberlain, the sword of state being carried before her, where the Mistress of the Robes, assisted by the

Lord

Lord Great Chamberlain, divested Her Majesty of her crimson robe,

> "Of won'drous work and cost,
> Of crimson velvet, and with gold embost."

The Queen then proceeded to St. Edward's Chair, which was placed in the midst of the area over against the altar, covered with cloth of gold, with a faldstool before it, and sat down to be anointed; four Knights of the Garter, namely, the Duke of Rutland, the Marquis of Anglesey, the Marquis of Exeter, and the Duke of Buccleuch (summoned by Deputy Garter), holding over Her Majesty a rich pall of silk and cloth of gold, delivered to them by the Lord Chamberlain, who had received it from an officer of the wardrobe. The anthem being concluded, the Dean of Westminster, taking the ampulla and spoon from off the altar, held them ready, pouring some of the holy oil into the spoon, with which the Archbishop then anointed the Queen, in the form of a cross, on the crown of the head and on the palm of both

the

the hands, pronouncing the formula, "Be thou anointed with holy oil," etc.

The Dean of Westminster then laid the ampulla and spoon upon the altar, and the Queen kneeling at the fald-stool, the archbishop, standing on the north side of the altar, pronounced a prayer or blessing over her. At its ending the Queen arose and resumed her seat in St. Edward's Chair. The Knights of the Garter, having returned the pall to the Lord Chamberlain, who delivered it again to the officer of the wardrobe, went to their proper seats.

The spurs were brought from the altar by the Dean of Westminster, and delivered to the Lord Great Chamberlain; he, kneeling down, presented them to the Queen, who forthwith returned them to be laid upon the altar. Lord Melbourne delivered the sword of state to the Lord Chamberlain, who gave it to an officer of the Jewel-house (to be deposited in the traverse in King Edward's Chapel), and received instead another sword in a scabbard of purple

velvet,

velvet, which he delivered to the Archbishop, who laid it on the altar with a prayer. Then the archbishop took up the sword, and (the Archbishops of York and Armagh, the Bishops of London, Winchester, and others going with him) delivered it into the Queen's right hand, saying, "Receive this kingly sword." The Queen, going to the altar, offered the sword there in the scabbard, and delivered it to the Archbishop, who replaced it on the altar; after which the Queen returned to her place. The sword was then redeemed for one hundred shillings by Lord Melbourne, who, receiving it from the Dean of Westminster, and drawing it out of the scabbard (which he delivered to an officer of the wardrobe), bore it unsheathed before Her Majesty during the remainder of the solemnity.

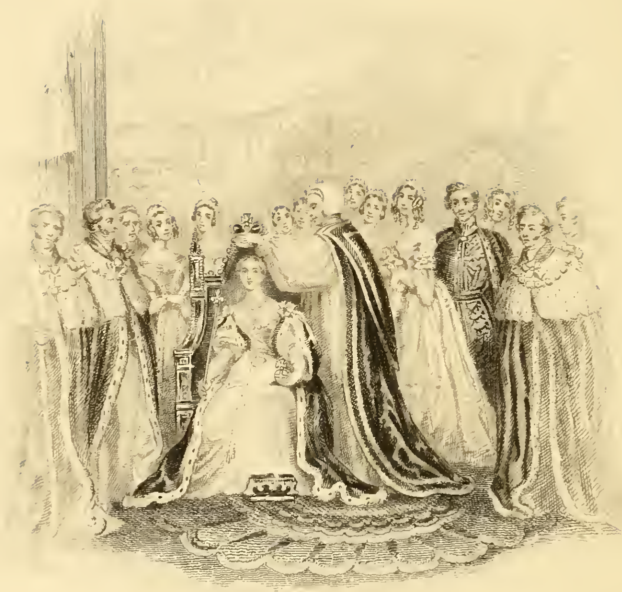
Then, the Queen rising, the imperial mantle or dalmatic robe, of cloth of gold lined with ermine, was delivered to the Dean of Westminster, and by him put upon the Queen, who, having received it, sat down.

The

The orb with the cross was then brought from the altar by the Dean of Westminster, and delivered into the Queen's right hand by the Archbishop, who pronounced a blessing and exhortation. The Queen returned it to the Dean of Westminster to be by him laid on the altar.

An officer of the Jewel-house now delivered to the Lord Chamberlain, who handed it to the Archbishop, the Queen's ring, in which a table jewel is enchased; the Archbishop put it on the fourth finger of Her Majesty's right hand, reciting a prayer.

Then the Dean of Westminster brought the sceptre and rod to the Archbishop; and the Lord of the Manor of Worksop (who holds an estate by the service of presenting to the sovereign a right-hand glove on the day of coronation, and supporting the royal right arm during the holding of the sceptre with the cross) delivered to the Queen a pair of rich gloves, and, as occasion happened afterwards, supported Her Majesty's right arm, or held the sceptre by her side. The gloves being put on, the



*The Coronation.*

the Archbishop delivered the sceptre with the cross into the Queen's right hand, saying, " Receive the royal sceptre, the ensign of kingly power and justice."

Then he delivered the rod with the dove into the Queen's left hand, saying an exhortation.

The Archbishop, standing before the altar, then took the crown into his hands, and, after laying it again before him upon the altar, engaged in prayer. The Queen still sitting in St. Edward's Chair, the Archbishop, assisted by the same Archbishops and Bishops as before, left the altar; the Dean of Westminster brought the crown, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, taking it from him, reverently placed it upon the Queen's head.

Immediately Her Majesty was crowned, the peers and peeresses put on their coronets, Bishops their caps, and Kings-at-Arms their crowns.

> " Soon as the royal brow received the crown,
> And Majesty put all her glories on,
> Straight on a thousand coronets we gaze,
> Straight all around was one imperial blaze."

Tumultuous

Tumultuous shouts of "God save the Queen!" followed this culmination of the ceremony, and rang to the vaulted roof with a blare from the trumpeters. A signal being given the instant the crown was placed on the Queen's head, the Park guns and the great guns at the Tower fired a royal salute.

Within the Abbey, the acclamations having ceased, the Archbishop pronounced an exhortation, and the *Te Deum* was sung by the choir, after which the Queen ascended the platform and was assisted into her throne by the Archbishops and Bishops to receive the homage of the spiritual and temporal lords. The Archbishops were the first to kneel down and kiss the Queen's hand; then followed the Bishops; the dukes first, by themselves, and so the marquises, the earls, the viscounts, and the barons, severally; the first of each order kneeling before Her Majesty, and the rest with and about him, all putting off their coronets, the first of each class beginning, and the rest saying after him: "I, N., Duke or

Earl,

*Victoria R*

Earl, etc., of M., do become your liege man of life and limb, and of earthly worship, and faith and truth I will bear unto you, to live and die against all manner of folks. So help me God."

This part of the ceremony is described as being peculiarly affecting, especially when the old Duke of Sussex embraced the Queen, and was helped away by the peers around him; but there was no indication of popular feeling until the Duke of Wellington presented himself before Her Majesty to do homage for the dukes, when the entire assembly broke into applause. After this, all the peers present, in the order of their rank and seniority, advanced up the steps of the throne, touched the crown, and kissed the Queen's hand. It was in the midst of this scene that Lord Rolle, an infirm old man, in attempting to ascend, stumbled and fell back from the second step to the floor.* The Queen rose up impulsively,

* A foreigner in London gravely reported to his countrymen, what he entirely believed on the word of a wag, that the Lords Rolle held their title on condition of performing this feat at every coronation.

but Lord Rolle had been immediately raised by two peers, and on his again presenting himself, Her Majesty leaned forward, and held out her hand, dispensing with his touching the crown. This ceremony of the homage took a long time, and during the performance the Lord Treasurer of the Household, the Earl of Surrey, flung about the coronation medals,* for which a lively scramble ensued. Peers, generals, Gold Sticks, and robed aldermen are described as having wrestled and fought, and worried the poor Treasurer and each other like a pack of street children ; but this is doubtless an exaggeration. The aldermen have the

* The coronation medal of Queen Victoria, size 1·45 inches, was made by Benedetto Pistrucci. *Obverse:* Bust of Victoria to left, wearing diadem, to which is attached a portion of a veil. *Legend:* VICTORIA D.G. BRITANNIARUM REGINA F.D. *Reverse:* The Queen is seated to left on a daïs, holding in her right hand the orb and in her left the sceptre ; before her are three figures, representing the three estates of the realm, holding out to her a crown, or rather, in this case, an imperial diadem ; behind her stands the British lion grasping a thunderbolt. *Legend:* ERIMUS TIBI NOBILE REGNUM. *In the exergue:* INAUGURATA DIE IUNII XXVIII MDCCCXXXVIII. The coronation medal in gold was presented to each member of the Upper and Lower Houses.

credit

credit of having been particularly active in this curious bit of horse-play. The judges were more dignified in their efforts, merely putting out tentative hands from their places, and not one single medal did they catch. All this, however, occurred behind the throne, and of course out of view of the Queen. After the homage came the Communion Service, at which Her Majesty communicated, kneeling alone at the altar, with her crown laid aside ; and the final prayers concluded the solemnity of the Coronation Office. The Queen now descended into the area and passed into King Edward's Chapel, where the imperial mantle of state was changed for the royal robe of purple velvet. A procession for the return was then formed.

Her Majesty proceeded through the choir to the west door of the Abbey, in the same manner as she came, bearing in her right hand the sceptre with the cross, and in her left the orb ; all peers wearing their coronets, and the Archbishops and Bishops their caps. The Queen, on leaving the Abbey, was most

most enthusiastically cheered, all present rising from their places; and the Abbey at once became the scene of splendid confusion. It is said that the new-crowned Sovereign did not seem exhausted after the most fatiguing services of the day; such, however, was not the case with many who were present, for the hardy Miss Martineau relates that she herself was never so fatigued in her life, and that she observed several ladies sitting down on the ground in dust half a foot deep. The scene that presented itself outside the Abbey beggars all description; the avenues and boarded galleries leading across the churchyard were rendered literally impassable by ladies, in a state of the most pitiable exhaustion, and with dresses torn and soiled, lying and sitting in groups on the steps and flooring.

The Queen left the Abbey at twenty-five minutes to five, amid the acclamations of the multitudes, and returned to the palace by the morning route, her appearance with the crown and sceptre exciting the greatest interest.

Leslie,

Leslie, in his Reminiscences, relates a very simple ending to all this glittering pageantry. The Queen had a favourite little spaniel, who was always on the look-out for her return when she was from home. On this eventful day Her Majesty had, of course, been separated from her pet longer than usual, and when the state coach drove up to the palace steps, she heard him barking joyously in the hall, and exclaimed, "There's Dash," and was in a hurry to doff her crown and royal robe and go and give Dash his bath.

"I don't know why," says this gentle-hearted painter in his record of the day, "but the first sight of her in her robes of state brought tears into my eyes, and it had this effect upon many people; she looked almost like a child."

Thomas Campbell, the poet, who was present, said, on his application for a ticket to the Earl Marshal, that "There was a place in the Abbey called Poets' Corner, and perhaps room might be found in it for a poor living poet."

It

It is told of Lord Glenelg that having, like the rest of the company, been obliged to get up very early on the coronation morning, he slept peacefully until the moment of the crowning had arrived. Rousing himself to witness that ceremony, he subsided again into a not long undisturbed slumber, which ended with his coronet tumbling off and falling upon the floor. The noise awakened the noble baron, who, clapping his hands to his head, cried out, "Dear me, I've lost my nightcap!" The "nightcap" rolled on, and was not recovered until after the homage.

"MR. BARNEY MAGUIRE'S HISTORY OF THE CORONATION.

"*Air—'The Groves of Blarney.'*

"Och! the Coronation! what celebration
For emulation can with it compare?
When to Westminster the Royal Spinster,
And the Duke of Leinster, all in order did repair!
'Twas there you'd see the New Polishemen
Making a scrimmage at half after four,
And the Lords and Ladies, and the Miss O'Gradys
All standing round, before the Abbey door.

"Their

"Their pillows scorning, that self-same morning,
Themselves adorning, all by the candle light,
With roses and lilies, and daffy-down-dillies,
And gould, and jewels, and rich di'monds bright.
And then approaches five hundred coaches,
With Giniral Dullbeak.—Och! 'twas mighty fine
To see how asy bould Corporal Casey,
With his sword drawn, prancing, made them kape the line.

"Then the Guns, alarums, and the King of Arrums,
All in his Garters and his Clarence shoes,
Opening the massy doors to the bould Ambassydors,
The Prince of Potboys, and great Haythen Jews;
'Twould have made you go crazy to see Esterhazy
All jew'ls from jasey to his di'mond boots,
With Alderman Harmer, and that swate charmer,
The famale heiress, Miss Anjà-ly Coutts.

"And Wellington walking with his sword drawn, talking
To Hill and Hardinge, heroes of great fame;
And Sir de Lacey, and the Duke Dalmasey,
(They call'd him Sowlt afore he changed his name).
Themselves presading Lord Melbourne lading
The Queen, the darling, to her Royal chair,
And that fine ould fellow, the Duke of Pell-Mello,
The Queen of Portingal's Charge-de-fair.

"Then the noble Proossians, likewise the Roossians,
In fine laced jackets with their goulden cuffs,
And the Bavarians, and the proud Hungarians,
And Everythingarians all in furs and muffs.
Then Misthur Spaker, with Misthur Pays, the Quaker,
All in the Gallery you might persave,
But Lord Brougham was missing, and gone a-fishing,
Ounly cross Lord Essex would not give him lave.

"There

"There was Baron Alten himself exaltin',
And Prince Von Swartzenburg, and many more,
Och! I'd be bother'd and entirely smother'd
To tell the half of 'em was to the fore;
With the swate Peeresses, in their crowns and dresses,
And Aldermanesses, and the Boord of Works;
But Mehemet Ali said, quite gintaly,
'I'd be proud to see the likes among the Turks!'

"Then the Queen, Heaven bless her! Och! they did dress her
In her purple garaments, and her goulden Crown;
Like Venus or Hebe, or the Queen of Sheby,
With six young Ladies houlding up her gown.
Sure 'twas grand to see her, also for to he-ar
The big drums bating, and the trumpets blow,
And Sir George Smart! Oh! he played a Consarto,
With his four-and-twenty fiddlers all in a row!

"Then the Lord Archbishop held a goulden dish up,
For to resave her bounty and great wealth,
Saying, 'Plase your glory, great Queen Vict-ory!
Ye'll give the Clargy lave to dhrink your health!'
Then his Riverence, retrating, discoorsed the mating,
'Boys! Here's your Queen! deny it if you can!
And if any bould traitour, or infarior craythur
Sneezes at that, I'd like to see the man!'

"Then the Nobles kneeling to the Pow'rs appaling,
'Heaven send your Majesty a glorious reign!'
And Sir Claudius Hunter he did confront her,
All in his scarlet gown and goulden chain.
The Great Lord May'r too sat in his chair too,
But mighty sarious, looking fit to cry,
For the Earl of Surrey, all in his hurry
Throwing the thirteens, hit him in the eye.

"Then

"Then there was preaching, and good store of speeching,
With Dukes and Marquises on bended knee;
And they did splash her with the raal Macasshur,
And the Queen said, 'Ah! then, thank ye all for me!'
Then the trumpets braying, and the organ playing,
And sweet trombones with their silver tones,
But Lord Rolle was rolling;—'twas mighty consoling,
To think his Lordship did not break his bones.

"Then the Crames and the Custard, and the Beef and Mustard,
All on the tombstones like a poultherer's shop,
With Lobsters and White-bait, and other Swate-mate,
And Wine, and Nagus, and Imparial Pop!
There was Cakes and Apples in all the Chapels,
With fine Polonies, and rich mellow Pears,
Och! the Count Von Strogonoff, sure he got prog enough,
The sly old Divil, underneath the stairs.

"Then the cannons thunder'd, and the people wonder'd,
Crying, 'God save Victoria, our Royal Queen!'
Och! if myself should live to be a hundred,
Sure it's the proudest day that I'll have seen!
And now I've ended, what I pretended,
This narration splendid in swate poe-thry.
So, ye dear bewitcher, just hand the pitcher,
Faith, it's myself that's getting mighty dhry!"

B. M.

In the evening the illuminations were on the grandest scale and of the most dazzling description. London is described as being one blaze of light. At the Ordnance Office in Pall

Mall

Mall upwards of sixty thousand lamps were used, the designs comprising pieces of artillery, firelocks, and piles of cannon-balls, surrounded with devices of various orders. Crockford's Club, at the corner of St. James's Street and Piccadilly, had one immense illumination, "Victoria Regina," outlined with small lamps. The show throughout town was doubtless as successful as an illumination can be that has brilliancy for its object. But how different from the soft gold of the lights outlining, say, the Palazzo Vecchio on a blue Florentine night! Decidedly the English have not the genius of illuminating.

By royal command many of the theatres were opened gratuitously, £400 being paid for this purpose to each of the larger houses, £200 to the Haymarket and Lyceum, £150 to the Adelphi and Astley's, £100 to the Surrey and Victoria, and proportionate sums to the minor houses. The theatres so opened were Drury Lane, Covent Garden, Haymarket, Lyceum, Adelphi, Strand, Astley's, Surrey, Victoria,

City

City of London, Sadler's Wells, Eagle Tavern (Grecian), White Conduit House, Bagnigge Wells, Garrick, Standard, and Pavilion.

The Duke of Wellington gave a ball at Apsley House to celebrate the event. Cards of invitation for two thousand persons were issued. Perhaps the most interesting and distinguished of the Duke's guests on this occasion was his old opponent in the Peninsular War, Marshal Soult. Throughout the provinces the rejoicings took the form of public dinners of roast beef and plum-pudding for the poor, fancy-dress balls, and the usual illuminations and fireworks.

Finally a grand fair was held, by permission of the Government, in Hyde Park. The last occasion on which a similar concession had been given was at the Peace of 1814.

The numerous and many-shaped flag-bedecked booths, arranged in quadrangular form, covered a space of about 1000 by 1400 feet. One of the largest and best patronised was that of Williams, the boiled-beef seller of the

Old

Old Bailey, which was pitched in the broadest part of the fair and immediately adjoining Richardson's show. In some, substantial luncheons were provided—in fact, feeding was going on all day; in others were announcements that a grand ball would be held in the evening, the favourite hour being six o'clock; while we are told that ices—"an innovation on the ancient style of refreshment which we had certainly never expected to see introduced into the canvas shops of the fair pastrycooks" —were hugely appreciated. Clowns and "play-actors" did their best to amuse large but not too critical audiences. Shows there were in plenty, with fat ladies, dwarfs, children with two heads, animals without heads at all, and other irresistible attractions.

The Queen honoured the fair with a visit on Friday afternoon, her arrival being announced by a "royal salute" fired from some of the booths, while the several brazen bands—not always perhaps in strict tune—vigorously struck up "God save the Queen."

The

*Corronation Fair Hyde Park.*

On the [illegible] June 28th [illegible]

The moment of all the various and gorgeous day of the coronation chosen by Leslie for his picture was the humble instant of recollection and quiet when the young Queen knelt to receive the Sacrament, with the mantle on her shoulders, her head uncovered, with its simply braided hair. The choice—if it was indeed Leslie's own—was characteristic of him. The Queen herself suggested certain changes in the composition. "She is," he wrote, "so far satisfied with the likeness that she does not wish me to touch it again. She sat not only for the face, but for as much as is seen of the figure, and for the hands with the coronation ring on her finger. Her hands, by-the-by, are very pretty, the backs dimpled, and the fingers delicately shaped. She was particular also in having her hair dressed exactly as she wore it at the ceremony every time she sat." The Queen put him "in high spirits by liking the picture very much."

Her Majesty is represented as habited in the coronation mantle, the symbols of earthly domination—

domination—the crown and sceptre—being laid aside. The peers and peeresses have also doffed their coronets. The Archbishop of Canterbury administers the Communion. The Duke of Wellington holds the sword, the Lord Chamberlain the crown; the Duchess of Kent, with other ladies of the Royal Family, and Lady Flora Hastings, face the spectator. And behind the kneeling Queen stand five of the eight young daughters of peers who bore the royal train. The artist has done his best to render beauty, as admired at that time, in the looped and ringleted heads of the bevy.

So the golden pageant of this century lives on in the work of Leslie's gentle pencil, and will live when the last of the throng gathered in the Abbey fifty years ago shall have passed into eternity.

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