

Old and New London: Volume 3

By Walter Thornbury

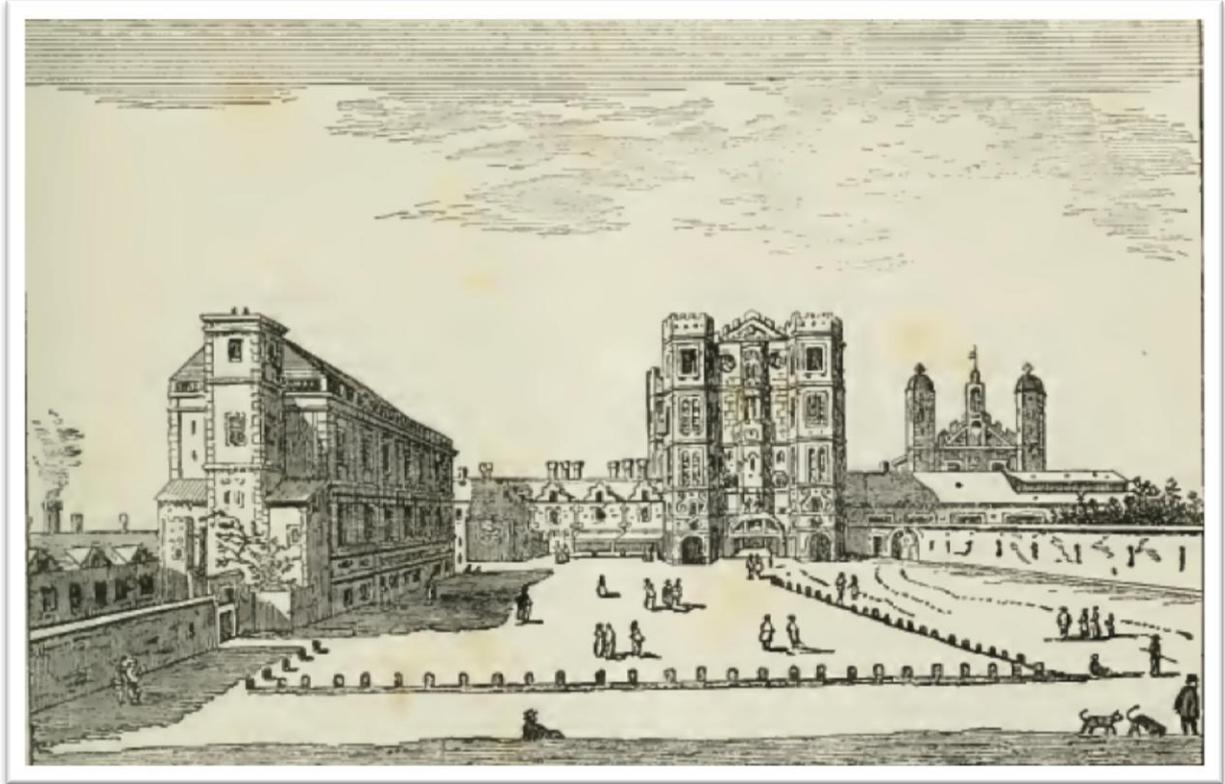
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WHITEHALL, LOOKING TOWARDS THE HOLBEIN GATEWAY. (From a View by Maurer, 1753.)

CHAPTER XLII.

WHITEHALL—HISTORICAL REMARKS.



WHITEHALL ABOUT 1650. (From a Copy by Smith of a Rare Print by Israd Silvestre.)

“You must no more call it York Place—that is past:
For since the Cardinal fell that title’s lost;
‘Tis now the King’s, and called Whitehall.”
Shakespeare’s Henry VIII, Act IV., sc. 1.

The most Polite Court in Europe—A School of Manners and Morals—Historical Account of Whitehall—Anciently called York Place—Name of York Place changed to Whitehall—Wolsey’s Style of Living here—Visit of Henry VIII—The Fall of Wolsey—Additions to the Palace by Henry VIII—Queen Mary at Whitehall—The Palace attacked by Rioters—Tilting-Matches and Pageants—Queen Elizabeth’s Library—The “Fortresse of Perfect Beautie”—Masques and Revels at Whitehall—The Office of “Master of the Revels”—The Tilt yard—Charles Killigrew—Serving up the Queen’s Dinner—Christian IV. of Denmark and James I—The Gunpowder Plot—Library of James I at Whitehall—George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

The moment that we pass out of the Strand, or make our way from the Victoria Embankment into Charing Cross, and wander either westwards through Spring Gardens into St. James’s Park, or in a south-west direction past Whitehall towards the venerable Abbey of Westminster, we must feel, if we know anything of the history of our country under the

Tudors and the Stuarts, that we are treading on ground which is most rich in historic memories. In fact, it may be said without fear of contradiction that the triangular space which lies between the new Palaces of Whitehall and St. James's, and the old Palace at Westminster, is holy ground, having been the scene of more important events in English history than all which have been witnessed by the rest of the two cities of London and Westminster together. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the following chapter will not be deficient in interest. And this is scarcely to be expected, seeing that for all this part of London, and for this period in the annals of Great Britain, we have the most abundant stores of material provided—not merely in the gossiping Diaries of Evelyn and Pepys, but in the memoirs and correspondence of scores of statesmen, courtiers, and writers, from the Augustan era of Queen Anne down to Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, the late Duke of Buckingham, and Lord William Lennox.

Nothing can be further from our purpose than to write a complete history—either topographical or biographical—of the Palace of Whitehall. To attempt to do so would be in effect to write the history of our Tudor and Stuart sovereigns; a task which has been so well done by Miss Lucy Aiken as to render it needless for us to attempt a rival account. Whitehall was, however, as Walpole tells us, “the most polite court in Europe;” and if it was not a school of morals, at all events it was a school of manners, such as would make a “fine gentleman” or “fine lady” of the age. And therefore a few brief sketches of the palace as Englishmen find it in the reigns of Henry VIII and Elizabeth, of James I and Charles I, may not be a task either impossible or unattractive to our readers. It is to be feared, however, that the standard of morality was not very high among the female part of the Court at Whitehall, at the close of the reign of Charles II Macaulay, at all events, writes:—”In that court a maid of honour who dressed in such a manner as to do full justice to a white bosom, who ogled significantly, who danced voluptuously, who excelled in pert repartee, who was not ashamed to romp with lords of the bedchamber and captains of the guards, to sing sly verses with a sly expression, or to put on a page's dress for a frolic, was more likely to be followed and admired, more likely to be honoured with royal attentions, more likely to win a rich husband, than Jane Grey or Lucy Hutchinson would have been. In such circumstances the standard of female attainments was necessarily low, and it was more dangerous to be above that standard than to be beneath it. Extreme ignorance and frivolity were thought less unbecoming in a lady than the slightest tincture of pedantry. Of the too celebrated women whose faces we still admire on the walls of Hampton Court few indeed were in the habit of reading anything more valuable than acrostics, lampoons, and translations of the Clelia and the Grand Cyrus.”

It is remarked in the “New View of London,” published in 1708, that “heretofore there have been many courts of our kings and queens in London and Westminster, as the Tower of London, where some believe Julius Cæsar lodged, and William the Conqueror; in the Old Jewry, where Henry VI; Baynard's Castle, where Henry VII; Bridewell, where John and Henry VIII; Tower Royal, where Richard II and Stephen; the Wardrobe, in Great Carter Lane, where Richard III [resided]; also at Somerset House, kept by Queen Elizabeth, and at Westminster, near the Hall, where Edward the Confessor, and several other kings, kept their courts. But of later times,” continues the writer, “the place for the Court, when in town, was mostly Whitehall, a very pleasant and commodious situation, looking into St. James's Park, the canal, &c., on the west, and the noble river of Thames on the east; Privy Garden, with fountain, statues, &c., and an open prospect to the statue at Charing Cross on the north.” With these few words of preface let us proceed.

Whitehall was known as York Place when in the possession of Cardinal Wolsey, with whose history the palace is so intimately connected. But long before that time it had been in lay hands. We read that it was erected on lands originally belonging to one Odo, a goldsmith, and that Hubert de Burgh, Lord Chief Justice of England under John and Henry III, and who gained himself a name in the Crusades, had a mansion on this very site; having purchased the latter from the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, to whom it had been previously given or bequeathed. He left his house, about the year 1240, to the monastery of Black Friars or Dominicans, whose principal abode at that time was in Holborn. They sold it to Walter de Grey, Archbishop of York, who settled it not on his family, but on his successors in that see, as their town residence, whence it was called York Place; and it was not until it passed out of their hands into those of King Henry—*how* is known to every reader of a child's first History of England—that it came to be known as Whitehall; a change of name which, if not duly "recorded at the Herald's College," is, at all events, notified by Shakespeare in the lines quoted at the head of this chapter.

To give a detailed account of all the scenes which the Palace of Whitehall witnessed in its heyday and prime, when it was the favourite abode of our Tudor and Stuart sovereigns, would really be—as we have said—to write a history of the courts and cabinets of each successive monarch from the Reformation down to the Revolution—a task which would be impossible within the limits of this book, and foreign to the purpose which we have in view. But we cannot here, in justice to our subject, forbear the due encomium to Cardinal Wolsey. We do not attempt to defend his political character, or the arrogant means by which he supported it. But he made his greatness subservient to the improvement and decoration of his country. Christ Church, Oxford, and Hampton Court are existing monuments of his liberality; and the recollection that he exhibited at his palace at Whitehall of all that was exquisite in art, refined in taste, elegant in manners, and respectable in literature, should urge us, at the same time that we pity and regret the failings of this great minister, to applaud his public spirit, and give deserved honour to the greatness of his munificence.

The sumptuous style of living adopted by Wolsey here is known to every child who has read the History of England—how he formed his domestic establishment on the model of the royal court, ranging those under his roof under three classes, to each of which a separate table was assigned, including a company of young noblemen who were placed in his household in order to receive a polite education; how he was waited on by a *chef de cuisine* with a gold chain round his neck, by yeomen of the barge, by a master of the horse and sixteen grooms of the stable, and a tribe of secretaries, grooms, and yeomen of the chamber, amounting in all to nearly a hundred and fifty persons. Such was the proud state which "my Lord Cardinal of York" kept at Whitehall, which in the end drew down upon him the envy and wrath of his sovereign.

Here Wolsey was visited by Henry not only privately, but also in state; and we find in Shakespeare graphic pictures of the ambitious cardinal, his sensual master, and the court manners of the period in which he lived. His gentleman usher, George Cavendish, also thus writes, in his "Life and Death of Thomas Woolsey," a work reprinted in the "Harleian Miscellany." The extract, though long, is worth preserving here as a picture complete in itself:—"He lived a long season ruling all appertaining to the King by his wisdom, and all other weighty matters of foreign regions with which the King of this realm had any occasion to intermeddle. All ambassadors of foreign potentates were always despatched by his discretion, to whom they had always access for their despatch. And when it pleased the King's Majesty, for his recreation, to repair unto the Cardinal's house, as he did at divers

times in the year, at which times there wanted no preparations or goodly furniture, with viands of the finest sort that might be provided for money or friendship, such pleasures were then devised for the King's comfort and consolation as might be invented or by man's wit imagined. The banquets were set forth with masks and mummeries in so gorgeous a sort and costly manner that it was a heaven to behold. There wanted no dames or damsels meet or apt to dance with the maskers, or to garnish the place for the time with other goodly disports. Then was there all kind of music and harmony set forth, with excellent voices both of men and children. I have seen the King suddenly come in thither in a mask, with a dozen of other maskers, all in garments like shepherds, made of fine cloth of gold and fine crimson satin paned, and caps of the same, with vizors of good proportion of visnomy; their hairs and beards either of fine gold wire or else of silver, and some being of black silk: having sixteen torchbearers, besides their drums, and other persons attending upon them, with vizors, and clothed all in satin of the same colours. And at his coming, and before he came into the hall—ye shall understand that he came by water to the water-gate without any noise—where, against his coming, were laid charged many chambers, and at his landing they were all shot off, which made such a rumble in the air that it was like thunder. It made all the noblemen, ladies, and gentlemen to muse what it should mean coming so suddenly, they sitting quietly at a solemn banquet; under this sort:—First, ye shall perceive that the tables were set in the chamber of presence, banquet-wise covered, my Lord Cardinal sitting under the cloth of estate, and there having his service all alone; and then was there set a lady and a nobleman, or a gentleman and gentlewoman, throughout all the tables in the chamber on the one side, which were made and joined as it were but one table. All which order and device was done and devised by the Lord Sands, Lord Chamberlain to the King; and also by Sir Henry Guildford, Comptroller to the King. Then immediately after this great shot of guns the Cardinal desired the Lord Chamberlain and Comptroller to look what this sudden shot should mean, as though he knew nothing of the matter. They, thereupon looking out of the windows into Thames, returned again, and showed him that it seemed to them there should be some noblemen and strangers arrived at his bridge, as ambassadors from some foreign prince. With that quoth the Cardinal, 'I shall desire you, because ye can speak French, to take the pains to go down into the hall to encounter and to receive them according to their estates, and to conduct them into this chamber, where they shall see us, and all these noble personages, sitting merrily at our banquet, desiring them to sit down with us, and to take part of our fare and pastime.' Then they went incontinent down into the hall, where they received them with twenty new torches, and conveyed them up into the chamber, with such a number of drums and fifes as I have seldom seen together at one time in any masque. At their arrival into the chamber, two and two together, they went directly before the Cardinal, where he sat, saluting him very reverently; to whom the Lord Chamberlain for them said, 'Sir, forasmuch as they be strangers and can speak no English, they have desired me to declare unto your grace thus: they, having understanding of this your triumphant banquet, where was assembled such a number of excellent fair dames, could do no less, under the supportation of your good grace, but to repair hither, to view as well their incomparable beauty as for to accompany them at mumchance, and then after to dance with them, and so to have of them acquaintance. And, sir, they furthermore require of your grace license to accomplish the cause of their repair.' To whom the Cardinal answered that he was very well contented they should do so. Then the maskers went first and saluted all the dames as they sat, and then returned to the most worthiest, and there opened a cup full of gold with crowns and other pieces of coin, to whom they set divers pieces to cast at—thus perusing all the ladies and gentlemen; and some they lost, and of some they won. And thus done they returned unto the Cardinal with great reverence, pouring down all the crowns in the cup, which was about 200 crowns. 'At all,' quoth the Cardinal, and so cast the dice, and won them all at a cast, whereat was great joy

made. Then quoth the Cardinal to my Lord Chamberlain, ‘I pray you show them that it seemeth me that there should be amongst them some noble man, whom I suppose to be much more worthy of honour to sit and occupy this room and place than I; to whom I would gladly, if I knew him, surrender my place, according to my duty.’ Then spake to them my Lord Chamberlain in French, declaring my Lord Cardinal’s mind; and they, rounding him again in the ear, my Lord Chamberlain said to my Lord Cardinal, ‘Sir, they confess that there is among them such a noble personage, whom, if your grace can appoint him from the other, he is content to disclose himself and to accept your place most worthily.’ With that the Cardinal, taking a good advisement among them, at the last quoth he, ‘Meseemeth the gentleman with the black beard should be even he.’ And with that he arose out of his chair, and offered the same to the gentleman in the black beard with his cap in his hand. The person to whom he offered then his chair was Sir Edward Neville, a comely knight of a goodly personage, that much more resembled the King’s person in that mask than any other. The King, hearing and perceiving the Cardinal so deceived in his estimation and choice, could not forbear laughing, but plucked down his vizor and Master Neville’s also, and dashed out with such a pleasant countenance and cheer that all noble estates there assembled, seeing the King to be there amongst them, rejoiced very much. The Cardinal eftsoons desired his Highness to take the place of estate; to whom the King answered that he would go first and shift his apparel; and so departed and went straight into my Lord’s bed-chamber, where was a great fire made and prepared for him, and there new apparelled him with rich and princely garments. And in the time of the King’s absence the dishes of the banquet were clean taken up, and the tables spread again with new and sweet perfumed cloths, every man sitting still until the King and his maskers came in among them again, every man being newly apparelled. Then the King took his seat under the cloth of estate, commanding no man to remove, but sit still as they did before. Then in came a new banquet before the King’s Majesty and to all the rest through the tables; wherein, I suppose, were served two hundred dishes or above, of wondrous costly meats and devices subtilly devised. Thus passed they forth the whole night with banqueting, dancing, and other triumphant devices, to the great comfort of the King and pleasant regard of the nobility there assembled.”

It is hoped that this long quotation will be pardoned by the reader, on account of the graphic picture which it presents to his eyes of “the inner life of Whitehall” in the days of the eighth Henry.

It was at the “masque” above described that the fickle-minded monarch first cast his admiring eyes on the ill-fated Anne Boleyn. Within a few short months Whitehall Palace was the scene where Wolsey took a final leave of “all his greatness.” The profusion of rich things—hangings of cloth of gold and of silver; thousands of pieces of fine holland; the quantities of plate, even of pure gold, which covered two great tables, all of which were seized by his cruel and rapacious master—are so many proofs of his amazing wealth, splendour, and pride. It was from Whitehall Stairs that the “great Lord Cardinal” entered his barge to be rowed to Esher, after his disgrace. As every reader of history knows, the Palace passed into the possession of the Crown upon the fall of Cardinal Wolsey. It was granted by Act of Parliament to Henry VIII “because the old Palace nigh to the Monastery of St. Peter is now, and has long before been in a state of ruin and decay.”

Henry VIII seems to have taken a delight in his buildings at Whitehall, to which he added many sumptuous apartments. He also formed a collection of pictures, to which considerable additions were made by the unfortunate Charles I Henry, as a sovereign, shows a strange admixture of barbarity and culture; “his cruelty could not suppress his love of the arts; and his

love of the arts could not soften his savage nature. The prince who, with the utmost *sang froid*, could burn Protestants and Catholics, take off the heads of the partners of his bed one day, and celebrate new nuptials on the next, had, notwithstanding, a strong taste for refined pleasures. He cultivated architecture and painting, and invited from abroad artists of the first merit." Accordingly he commissioned Holbein to build a new gate at Whitehall with bricks of two colours, light and dark alternately, and disposed in a tessellated fashion; but of this we shall have more to say in a future chapter.

In the reign of Edward VI, it appears, there was an outdoor pulpit or preaching-place in one of the court-yards of the palace; and here Bishop Latimer, after his release from the Tower, and also many others, were in the habit of preaching, "on Sundays and holidays, to the King and the Protector, while many of all ranks resorted thither." Owing to the delicate constitution of the young king, the Parliament was held at Whitehall on one occasion during his reign.

On the last day of September, 1553, soon after her accession, Queen Mary rode in great state from the Tower, through the City, to Westminster. "The citizens received her with such respect that on her alighting at the Palace at Whitehall she publicly thanked the Lord Mayor. On the following day she was crowned with the greatest magnificence. The Lord Mayor, attended by twelve of the chief citizens, officiated as chief butler; for which service the Mayor received a gold cup and cover, weighing seventeen ounces, as his fee."

Whitehall Palace was attacked by the rioters under Sir Thomas Wyatt, and from it Elizabeth was conveyed a prisoner to the Tower, by order of her sister Mary, who had kept her "in a kind of honourable custody."

Here Lord Brooke and Sir Philip Sidney took a chief part in the tilting-matches and other pageants by which the marriage of Queen Mary with Philip of Spain was enlivened. It was this Lord Brooke (see Vol. II, p. 549) who, though no mean scholar, and an able statesman, declared that he wished to be known to posterity only as Shakespeare's friend, Ben Jonson's master, and the patron of Lord Chancellor Egerton. In November, 1558, Elizabeth made the same royal progress in equal state, and amid even greater rejoicings than had ushered in the reign of her sister Mary.

In Elizabeth's time, it would appear, there were great doings at Whitehall on several occasions. Not only were tournaments instituted, but there were "revels and maskings, and various other mummeries." Queen Elizabeth, as every reader of history knows, was passionately fond of dancing; in this sport she would occupy herself on rainy days in her palace, dancing to the scraping of a tiny fiddle; and it is impossible not to admire her humour whenever a messenger came to her from her cousin, James VI of Scotland; for Sir Roger Ashton assures us that, as often as he had to deliver any letters to her from his master, on lifting up the hangings he was sure to find her dancing, in order that he might be able to tell James, from his own observation, how little chance there was of his early succession to the throne.

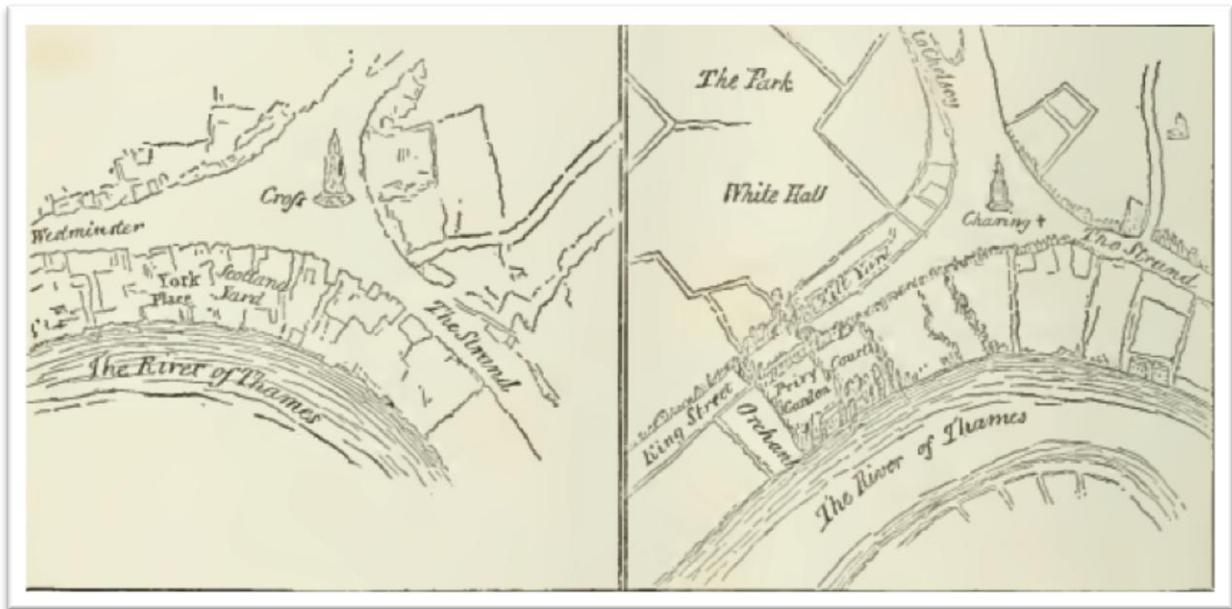
Her library at Whitehall was well stored with books—not only in English and French, but in Greek and Italian; and her autographs show that she was skilful in penmanship. Among the other distinguished foreigners who visited her here was her lover, the Duc of Anjou, whom she received with every species of coquetry. On the 1st of January, 1581, was held in this yard "the most sumptuous tournament ever celebrated," in honour of the French commissioners sent over from France to propose the alliance. A banquetinghouse, most

superbly ornamented, was erected within its precincts, at the expense of more than fifteen hundred pounds. "The gallerie adjoining to Her Majestie's house at Whitehall," says Holingshed, in his "Chronicles," "whereat her person should be placed, was called, and not without cause, the Castell or fortresse of perfect Beautie!" "Romantic fooleries!" is the quiet remark of the antiquary Pennant; and it were well if every comment as terse as this were equally just. Though eight-and-forty years of age, the queen received every outward sign of flattery that the charms of fifteen could claim. The "fortresse of perfect Beautie" was assailed by Desire and his four foster-children. The combatants on both sides were persons of the first rank, and a regular summons was first sent to the possessor of the "Castell" with a song, of which this is a part:—

"Yield, yield, O yield, ye that this fort do hold,
Which seated is in Honour's spotless field:
Desire's great force no forces can withhold,
Then to Desire's desire, O yield, O yield!"

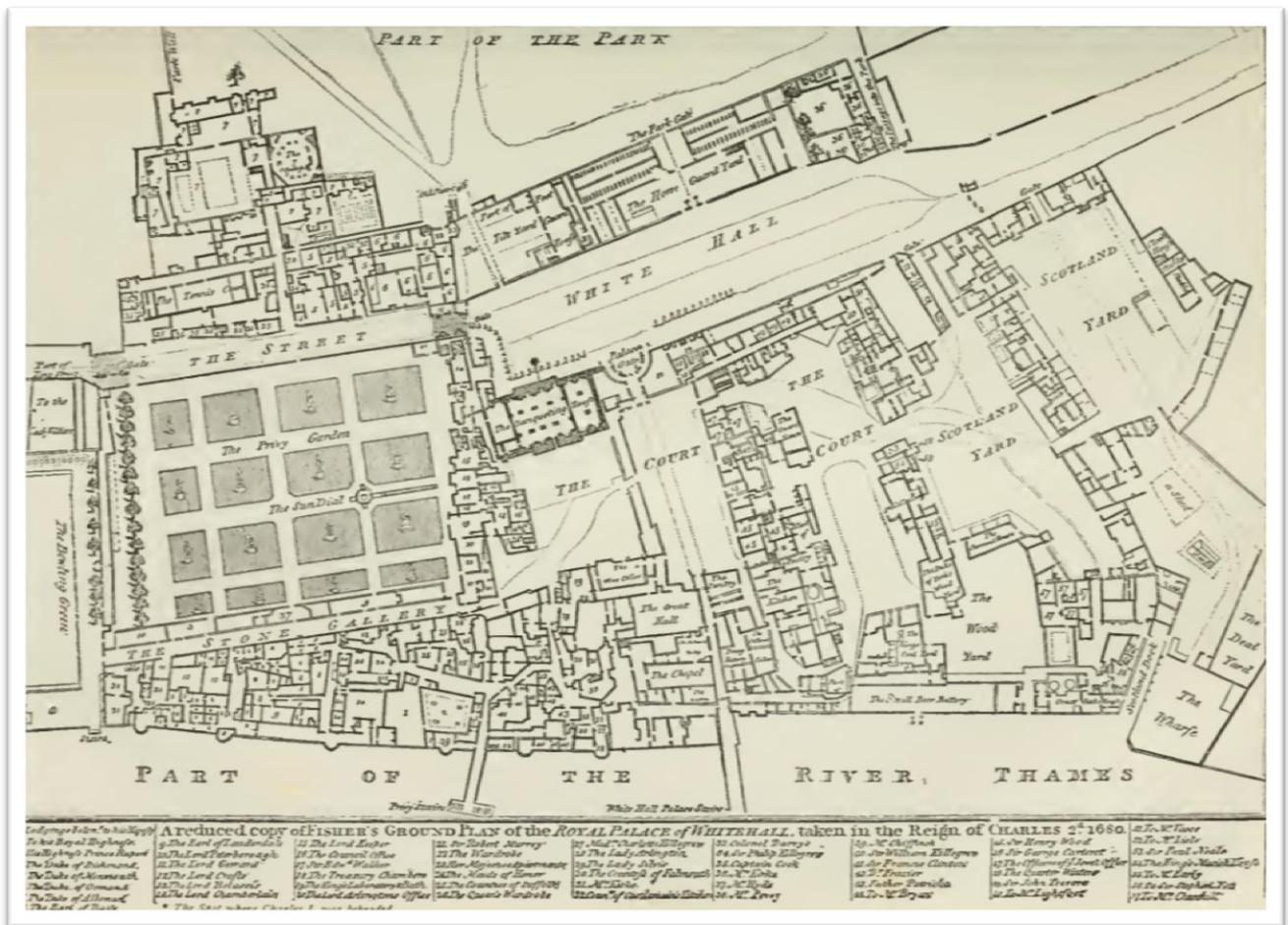
This ended, we are told that "two cannons were fired off, one with sweet powder, and the other with sweet water; and after these were stores of pretty scaling-ladders, and then the footmen threw floures and such fancies against the walls, with all such devices as might seem fit shot for Desire." In the end Desire was repulsed and forced to make submission; and thus ended an "amorous foolery" which the patient reader may find described at full length in Weldon's "Court of King James."

All Christmas plays were performed before the Court by the "children of the Chapel Royal;" and we read in Ben Jonson's Life that his *Cynthia's Revels* was put on this stage by those juvenile actors. We read also of a masque by Ben Jonson being performed at Whitehall by command of the Queen, who appeared in it herself, along with several of the ladies of her Court. Inigo Jones, it appears, contributed to the splendour of these masques, embellishing them with every grace and propriety of scenic decoration; at all events, Mr. Gerard writes to Lord Strafford: "Such a splendid scene built over the altar at Somerset House, 'The Glory of Heaven.' Inigo Jones never presented a more curious piece in any of the masques at Whitehall."



YORK PLACE.
 WHITEHALL IN THE REIGN OF HENRY VIII.
 (From two small Maps, printed with Fisher's Plan of Whitehall.)

Whitehall, indeed, was the scene of many gorgeous entertainments, but none, perhaps, of its shows was more attractive than the magnificent masque got up by the Inns of Court, as “a mark of love and duty to their majesties,” just at the time when Prynne, the sedition-monger, had published one of his scurrilous works. We read that in February, 1634, this masque was brought to Whitehall by the loyal barristers, who, as we know and have already explained, were of old addicted to such shows. Henry Lawes undertook the music; Inigo Jones was machinist; and Selden’s antiquarian lore was called into request, in order to ensure accuracy in the costumes. The masque itself, entitled *The Triumph of Peace*, was from the courtly pen of Shirley. “At length the great day arrived. From Ely House, on Holborn Hill, the procession set forth down Chancery Lane. A hundred gentlemen of the Inns of Court, all splendidly mounted, were followed by an anti-masque of grotesque figures; then came four chariots, carrying in as many companies the masquers from the four inns. On their arrival at Whitehall *The Triumph of Peace* was acted at the Banqueting House. It was a comic allegory of the social pleasures of peace, ending with a gorgeous tableau, in which the other deities appeared, all grouped round the peaceful goddess Irene.” The performance itself, which cost about £21,000, caused a perfect *furor*, and is often mentioned by writers of the time. A fortnight later Carew’s masque, *The British Heaven*, was acted on the same boards at Whitehall—Lawes and Inigo Jones helping as before—by Charles I himself, assisted by a dozen or so of his courtiers. In fact, the masque—as an intermediate step between the pastoral idyll, which is purely ideal, and the reality of the drama proper—at this time had become the favourite form which “private theatricals” assumed in the time of our last Tudor and our first Stuart sovereigns, and its home was the Palace of White hall. The masque, as such, is styled by pleasant and witty Leigh Hunt “the only glory of King James’ reign, and the greatest glory of Whitehall.”



A reduced copy of Fisher's Ground Plan of the *Royal Palace of Whitehall*, taken in the Reign of Charles 2^d 1680.

In the palace was a private theatre, with a little stage, the contrivance of Inigo Jones, whom Ephraim Hardcastle, in the *Somerset House Gazette*, does not hesitate to call “the father of scene-painting in England.” Elegant masques were performed here by “his Majesty’s servants,” in the reign of James I “These pieces,” says Horace Walpole, “were sometimes composed at the command of the king in compliment to the nuptials of certain lords and ladies of the Court;” and he grows positively eloquent in their praise, as a “custom productive of much good, by encouraging marriage among the young nobility.” Ben Jonson was the poet, Inigo Jones the inventor of the decorations, Lanieri and Ferrabosco composed the symphonies, and the king, queen, and young nobility danced in the interludes. To such an extent was the splendour of these “shows” celebrated at the rival court of the Tuilleries and Versailles that the same author asserts that they formed the model which was followed in the celebrated *fêtes* of Louis le Grand.

One of the officers of the Court was the “Master of the Revels,” whose office was created in 1546, by Henry VIII—a fitting compliment to the theory—we can hardly say the fiction—which made the stageplayers of the date “his Majesty’s servants.” Mr. Frost, in his “Old Showmen of London,” tells us that all the professors of the various arts of popular entertainment had to pay an annual licence duty to the Master of the Revels, whose jurisdiction extended over all wandering minstrels, and every one who blew a trumpet publicly, except (strangely enough) “the King’s Players.” The seal of his office, used under

five sovereigns in succession, engraved on wood, was formerly in the possession of the late Mr. Francis Douce, by whose permission it was engraved for Smith's "Ancient Topography of London," where it may be seen. The legend round it was "Sigill: Offic: *Jocor: Mascar: et: Revell: Dni: Regis.*"

From the same authority (Frost's "Old Showmen of London") we learn that the office of Master of the Revels, which had been held by Thomas Killigrew, the Court jester, was conferred, at his death, on his son Charles. Concerning this son the *London Gazette* of 1682 has the following advertisement:—"Whereas, Mr. John Clarke, of London, bookseller, did rent of Charles Killigrew, Esq., the licensing of all ballad-singers for five years, which time is expired at Lady-day next; these are therefore to give notice to all ballad-singers that take out licenses at the Office of the Revels, at Whitehall, for singing and selling of ballads and small books, according to ancient custom. And all persons concerned are hereby desired to take notice of and to suppress all mountebanks, rope-dancers, prize-players, ballad-singers, and such as make show of motions and strange sights, that have not a license in red and black letters, under the hand and seal of the said Charles Killigrew, Esq., Master of the Revels to His Majesty."

"The Tilt-yard adjoining the Palace," says Pennant, "was the delight of Queen Elizabeth, who was remarkable not only for the strength of her common sense and the violence of her disposition, but for her absurd and romantic vanity." Here, in her sixty-sixth year, "with wrinkled face, red periwig, little eyes, hooked nose, skinny lips, and black teeth," to use the phrase of Hentzner in his "Travels," she could drink in the flatteries of her favourite courtiers. Essex, by the lips of his "squire," here told her of her beauty and her worth; and a Dutch ambassador here assured her Majesty that he had undertaken the voyage to see her Majesty, who for beauty and wisdom excelled all the other beauties in the world!

In the collection of letters made by the late Mr. E. Lodge is one from Mr. Brackenbury to Lord Talbot, in which occurs the following passage, illustrative of Queen Elizabeth's love of her Tiltyard:—"These sports were great, and done in costly sort, to Her Majesty's great lykinge ... The nineteenth day, being St. Elizabeth's Day, the Erle of Cumberland, the Erle of Essex, and my Lord Burley dyd chaleng all comers, six courses apeace, which was very honourablye performed." The walls of the palace, however, if they had tongues, could tell some amusing stories of Elizabeth's passions and "tantarums;" for instance, in the same collection we read, in a letter from John Stanhope to Lord Talbot, "Thys night, God wylling, she [the queen] will go to Richmond, and on Saturday next to Somersett House; and yf she could overcome her passyon agst. my Lo. of Essex for his maryage no doubt she would be much the quyëter; yett she doth use ytt more temperately than was thought for, and (God be thanked) she *doth not strike all she thretes.*" Clearly she was a "hard hitter" when the Tudor blood within her was fairly roused.

The following account of the process of "serving up the queen's dinner" we take from Hentzner's "Travels in England," published in the reign of Elizabeth:—

"While the Queen was at prayers in the antechapel, a gentleman entered the room, having a rod, and along with him another who had a tablecloth, which, after they had both knelt three times with the utmost veneration, he spread upon the table, and after kneeling again, they both retired. Then came two others, one with the rod again, the other with a salt-seller, a plate, and bread: when they had knelt as the others had done, and placed what was brought upon the table, they also retired, with the same ceremonies performed by the first. At last

came an unmarried lady ('we,' says Hentzner, 'were told she was a countess'), and along with her a married one, bearing a tastingknife; the former was dressed in white silk, who, when she had prostrated herself three times in the most graceful manner, approached the table, and rubbed the plates with bread and salt, with as much awe as if the Queen had been present. When they had waited there a little while, the yeomen of the guard entered, bare-headed, clothed in scarlet, with a golden rose upon their backs, bringing in at each turn a course of twenty-four dishes, served in plate, most of it gilt; these dishes were received by a gentleman in the same order they were brought, and placed upon the table, while the lady taster gave to each of the guard a mouthful to eat of the particular dish he had brought, for fear of any poison. During the time that this guard (which consists of the tallest and stoutest men that can be found in all England, being carefully selected for this purpose) were bringing dinner, twelve trumpets and two kettledrums made the hall ring for half an hour together. At the end of all this ceremonial, a number of unmarried ladies appeared, who, with particular solemnity, lifted the meat off the table, and conveyed it into the Queen's inner and more private chamber, where, after she had chosen for herself, the rest went to the ladies of the Court. The Queen dined and supped alone, with very few attendants, and it was very seldom that anybody, native or foreigner, was admitted at that time, and then only at the intercession of somebody in power."

Bishop Goodman, in his MSS. "Memoirs of the Court of James I," in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, tells us that it was Queen Elizabeth's constant custom, even to a late period of her reign, "a little before her coronation day," to come from Richmond to London, and to dine with the Lord Admiral (the Earl of Effingham), at his house at Chelsea, and then to set out from Chelsea, when it was "dark night," for Whitehall, where the Lord Mayor and aldermen met her. "All the way long from Chelsea to Whitehall," he adds, "was full of people to see her." The vain and silly queen appears to have liked to make these entries into London by night, because the torchlight did not reveal her wrinkles so much as the day. "In her yearly journeys," writes the bishop, "at her coming to London, you must understand that she did desire to be seen and to be magnified; but in her old age she had not only great wrinkles, but she had a goggle throat, with a great gullet hanging out, as her grandfather, Henry VII, is painted withal."

From and after the reign of Elizabeth the Court no longer oscillated between Greenwich, the Tower, and Westminster, moving about the goods and chattels of the Crown as occasion served. Though the Tower was still theoretically the seat of all the great attributes of royalty, and was sometimes occupied by the sovereign upon occasions of extraordinary solemnity, yet, from this time forth, Whitehall became the settled and fixed centre of courtly splendour and magnificence, so as soon to form a history of its own.

Lord Orrery, in a letter addressed to Dr. Birch, in November, 1741, observes, "I look upon anecdotes as debts due to the public, and which every man, when he has that kind of cash by him, ought to pay." It is with a strong feeling of the truth of this remark that we here introduce one or two anecdotes concerning the former occupants of Whitehall.

It is on record that in 1608, when Christian IV of Denmark, brother of the queen of James I, came to London to visit his brother-in-law, both kings got drunk together, in order to celebrate their happy meeting. An account of their shameful debauch on this occasion, which may well make us blush for royalty, will be found in Mr. John Timbs's "Romance of London;" but, in mercy to the memory of James, we will not repeat its details here.

It was here that Lord Monteagle communicated to James I's ministers the singular letter which was the cause of the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot, and Guy Fawkes was examined in the king's bed-chamber.

John Evelyn describes the interior of the King's Library here with great minuteness:—"Sept. 2, 1680.—I had an opportunity, his Majesty being at Windsor, of seeing his private library at Whitehall at my full ease. I went with the expectation of finding some curiosities, but though there are about a thousand volumes, there were few of importance that I had not perused before. They consisted chiefly of such works as had been dedicated or presented to him, a few histories, some travels and French books, abundance of mapps and sea-chartes, entertainments, and pomps, buildings and pieces relating to the navy, and some mathematical instruments; but what was most rare were three or four Romish Breviaries, with a good deal of miniature and monkish painting and gilding, one of which is most excellently done, both as to the figures, grotesques, and compartments, to the utmost of that curious art. There is another, in which I find written by the hand of King Henry VII his giving it to his deare daughter Margaret (afterwards Queen of Scots), in which he desires her to pray for his soule, subscribing his name at length. There is also the processe of the philosopher's great Elixir, represented in divers pieces of excellent miniature; but the discourse is in High Dutch, a MS. There is also another MS., in 4to, of above 300 yeares old, in French, being an 'Institution of Physicke,' and in the botanical parts the plants are curiously painted in miniature; also a folio MS. of good thicknesse, being the severall exercises, as Theames (*sic*), Orations, Translations, &c., of King Edward VI, all written and subscribed with his own hand very legible, and divers of the Greeke interleaved and corrected after the manner of schoolboys' exercises, and that exceedingly well and proper, and with some Epistles to his preceptor, which show'd that young prince to have been extraordinarily advanc'd in learning, and as Cardan (who had been in England) affirmed, stupendiously knowing for his age. There is likewise his Journal, no lesse testifying his early ripeness and care about affaires of state." A great part of this library, there is reason to fear, perished in the fire which destroyed the palace, as will be related in a following chapter.

Here George Villiers, afterwards Duke of Buckingham, came, when quite a young man, in the reign of James I, "to make his fortune at Court;" to which, it would seem, he brought nothing, if we may judge by what Lord Clarendon tells us, but good looks and personal graces. "He came to Whitehall," says his biographer, "in a reign when the Scots were as numerous there as the English," and was fortunate in finding a friend in Sir John Graham, who presented him to the king, in the hopes of so cutting out the other royal favourite, Somerset. In this he was successful, and young Villiers was made cupbearer to the king, and received the honour of knighthood "in the Queen's bed-chamber at Whitehall, with the Prince's rapier, and sworn one of the Gentlemen of His Majesty's Bedchamber." He next was promoted to the Mastership of the Horse, and other honours soon followed. Henceforth Villiers becomes the silly and pedantic king's "dear child and gossip, Steenie," and his Court history is interwoven with that of the walls of old Whitehall. The duke, it may be added, lived in greater pomp than any nobleman of his time, having six horses to his carriage, which, from its singularity, made him the stare of the people, as did also his being carried about in a chair on men's shoulders; the noise and exclamations against it were so great that the people would openly upbraid him in the streets, as the means of bringing men to so servile a condition as horses; but in a short time chairs became common, and the carrying of them was looked upon as a profitable employment—so various and fickle are the fancies of the time! In dress he was extravagant beyond precedent, for in a MS. in the Harleian library, quoted in Mr. Oldy's "Life of Raleigh," it says:—"It was common with him at any ordinary dancing to have his

cloaths trimmed with great diamond buttons, and to have diamond hatbands, cockades, and earrings, to be yoked with great and manifold knots of pearl—in short, to be manacled, fettered, and imprisoned in jewels, insomuch that at his going over to Paris, in 1625, he had twenty-seven suits of cloaths made, the richest that embroidery, lace, silk, velvet, gold, and gems could contribute; one of which was a white uncut velvet, set all over, both suit and cloak, with diamonds, valued at fourscore thousand pounds, besides a great feather stuck all over with diamonds; as were also his sword, girdle, hatband, and spurs.” His entertainments to the king were also of the most sumptuous order; in them the good, easy James would take rather more than prudence dictated; for he was one of those who “never mixed water with his wine.” When we mention Villiers travelling with six horses, we may as well add here that the “proud” Earl of Northumberland, Henry Percy, on his release from the Tower, where he had been confined after the conspiracy of Guido Fawkes, on hearing that Buckingham drove his coach and six—then a great novelty—thought that if the king’s favourite used six horses, ordered eight to be put before his own, and drove these along the Strand to Westminster, passing, of course, along the front of Whitehall.

CHAPTER XLIII.

WHITEHALL AND ITS HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS (continued).

“Parte aliâ lautas ædes, magna atria regum
Cernere erit.”

Charles I and the Parliament—Cromwell and the Commonwealth—The King brought to Trial—Execution of Charles I—The Site of the Execution—Andrew Marvell’s Lines on the Occasion—Who was the Executioner of Charles I?—The Actual Scene of the Execution—Pennant’s Opinion—The King’s Bearing—A Singular Coincidence—Who struck the Fatal Blow?—Varying Statements upon this Point.

When the Banqueting House of Whitehall was first erected, it was little thought that James was constructing a passage from it for his son and successor, Charles I, to the scaffold. It would be unpardonable to pass over an event of this magnitude slightly, especially at a time like the present, when so much is said and written on the subject of monarchical government and republicanism. Rapin has impartially laid down what has been said for and against the proceedings of the Parliament in their quarrel with Charles I, which led to the establishment of the Commonwealth. Mr. Nightingale, in “The Beauties of England and Wales,” describes the matter as follows, from a more partial point of view:—“The unfortunate monarch was evidently the prey of two contending parties: the Independents, whose descendants still survive in the various sects now called Calvinistic Methodists; and the Presbyterians, who are now risen or degenerated into the sects of Unitarians, Arians, and General Baptists. The first of these parties was bent on the king’s destruction; the latter wished to save him, and eventually brought about the restoration of Charles II, though they could not succeed in saving the life of his father. The rebellious army had the support of the Independents; but it should not therefore be concluded that the king had the cordial support of the Presbyterians, whom nothing would satisfy but the abolition of the episcopacy, though they do not seem to have wished this at the expense of their monarch’s life.”

On the 28th of April, 1648, the House of Commons voted:—”

1. That the government of the kingdom should be still by the King, Lords, and Commons.
2. That the groundwork for this government should be the propositions last presented to the king at Hampton Court.
3. That any member of the House should have leave to speak freely to any votes, ordinances, or declarations concerning the king, &c.”

These votes did not at all accord with the designs of the Independents, who meant to abolish all kingly authority, and establish a Commonwealth; and who, although weak in the House, but strong in the field, contrived to prevent a reconciliation or treaty with the king till Cromwell should be sufficiently strong to allow them to act with the necessary vigour against their enemies—the Scots, the Royalists, and the Presbyterians. In the meanwhile Cromwell gained strength, and the Independents at length openly demanded “that the king be brought to justice, as the capital cause of all the evils in the kingdom, and of so much blood being shed.”

Every day gave new force to their designs, and new strength to their vengeance. They had possession of the king's person, and removed him, contrary to the instructions of the Parliament, to Hurst Castle, in Hampshire.

On the 19th of January, 1648–9, the king, who had in the meantime been removed from Hurst Castle to Windsor, was brought to St. James's. His trial was quickly hurried on, and on the 27th of January sentence of death was passed upon him. His Majesty was taken back to St. James's Palace, and the sentence was carried into effect three days afterwards upon a scaffold erected in front of the Banqueting House of Whitehall. Mr. J. H. Jesse thus minutely describes the last sad scene:—

“Colonel Hacker having knocked at his door and informed him that it was time to depart, Charles took Bishop Juxon by the hand, and bidding his faithful attendant Herbert to bring with him his silver clock, intimated to Hacker, with a cheerful countenance, that he was ready to accompany him. As he passed through the Palace Garden into the Park, he inquired of Herbert the hour of the day, bidding him at the same time keep the clock for *his* sake. The procession was a remarkable one. On each side of the king marched a line of soldiers, while before him and behind him were a guard of halberdiers, their drums beating and colours flying. On his right hand was Bishop Juxon, and on his left hand Colonel Tomlinson, both bareheaded. There is a tradition that during his walk he pointed out a tree, not far from the entrance to Spring Gardens, which he said had been planted by his brother Henry. He was subjected to more than one annoyance during his progress. On reaching the spot where the Horse Guards now stand, Charles ascended a staircase which then communicated with Whitehall Palace, and passing along the famous gallery which at that time ran across the street, was conducted to his usual bedchamber, where he remained till summoned by Hacker to the scaffold.”

“This day,” according to a contemporary MS., “his Majesty died upon a scaffold at Whitehall. His children were with him last night. To the Duke of Gloucester he gave his ‘George;’ to the Lady Elizabeth his ring off his finger. He told them his subjects had many things to give *their* children, but that was all he had to give them. This day, about one o’clock, he came from St. James’s in a long black cloak and grey stockings. The Palsgrave came through the Park with him. He was faint, and was forced to sit down and rest in the Park. He went into Whitehall the usual way out of the Park, and so came out of the Banqueting House upon planks, made purposely to the scaffold. He was not long there, and what he spoke was to the two bishops, Dr. Juxon and Dr. Morton. To Dr. Juxon he gave his hat and cloak. He prayed with them, walked twice or thrice about the scaffold, and held out his hands to the people. His last words, as I am informed, were, ‘To your power I must submit, but your authority I deny.’ He pulled his doublet off, and kneeled down to the block himself. When some officer offered to unbutton him, or some such like thing, he thrust him from him. Two men, in vizards and false hair, were appointed to be his executioners. Who they were is not known. Some say he that did it was the common hangman; others, that it was one Captain Foxley, and that the hangman refused. The Bishop of London had been constantly with him since sentence was given. Since he died they have made proclamation that no man, upon pain of I know not what, shall presume to proclaim his son Prince Charles as King; and this is all I have yet heard of this sad day’s work.”



QUEEN ELIZABETH. (*From the Portrait by Zuccherò, 1575.*)

It has often been denied that the *front* of Whitehall was the actual scene of the execution of King Charles I. But the fact that the sad scene was witnessed by Archbishop Usher from the roof of Wallingford House, which stood on the spot now occupied by the Admiralty, establishes the precise locality. "The Archbishop," says his biographer, "lived at my Lady Peterborough's house, near Charing Cross; and on the day that King Charles was put to death he got upon the leads, at the desire of some of his friends, to see his beloved sovereign for the last time. When he came upon the leads the King was in his speech; he stood motionless for some time, and sighed, and then, lifting up his tears to heaven, seemed to pray very earnestly. But when his Majesty had done speaking, and had pulled off his cloak and doublet, and stood stripped in his waistcoat, and that the villains in vizards began to put up his hair, the good Bishop, no longer able to endure so horrible a sight, grew pale and began to faint; so that if he had not been observed by his own servant and others that stood near him, he had fainted away. So they presently carried him down and laid him upon his bed." The warrant for the execution, too, expressly commanded that the bloody deed should take place "in the open street before Whitehall." Mr. J. W. Croker denied that this was the actual scene, on the

ground that “the street in front of the Banqueting House did not then exist.” The contemporary prints, however, show that Croker was in error in this assertion, for the high road from Charing Cross to Westminster ran then, as now, under the very windows of the Banqueting Hall. Mr. J. H. Jesse confirms, by the evidence of his own eyes, the assertion of George Herbert (who attended the king to the last), that “a passage was broken through the wall by which the king passed unto the scaffold.” He writes:—



WHITEHALL YARD.

“Having curiosity enough to visit the interior of the building, the walls of which were then [at the renovation of the Banqueting House] laid bare, a space was pointed out to the writer between the upper and lower centre windows, of about seven feet in height and four in breadth, the bricks of which presented a broken and jagged appearance, and the brickwork introduced was evidently of a different date from that of the rest of the building. There can be little doubt that it was through this passage that Charles walked to the fatal stage.”

Pennant confirms the circumstantial account given above, stating that the passage broken in the wall in order to make a passage for Charles to the scaffold still remained when he wrote, forming the door to a small additional building of later date.

It is on record, and attested on all hands, that the king walked to the scaffold with a cheerful countenance and a firm and undaunted step, as one whose conscience told him that he died in a good cause and with a good conscience. Thus it comes to pass that one who certainly was no partisan of Charles I, or an advocate of the “divine right of kings,” Andrew Marvell, penned such lines as these:

“While round the armèd bands
Did clasp their bloody hands,
He nothing common did, or mean,
Upon that memorable scene,
Nor called the gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his hopeless right;
But with his keener eye
The axe’s edge did try;
Then bowed his kingly head
Down, as upon a bed.”

In a rare book, called “Gleanings,” by R. Groves, published in 1651, we find noticed the following coincidence, which is certainly singular, if true:—”King Charles was beheaded in that very place where the first blood was shed in the beginning of our late troubles; for a company of the citizens returning from Westminster, where they had been petitioning quietly for justice, were set upon by some of the Court as they passed Whitehall: in the which tumult divers were hurt and one or more were slain just by the Banqueting House, in the place where stood the scaffold on which he suffered. ‘Tis further remarkable,” adds the writer, “that he should end his days in a tragedie at the Banqueting House, where he had seene and caused many a comedy to be acted on the Lord’s Day.”

“By a signal providence,” says Wheatley, “the bloody rebels chose that day for murdering their king on which the history of our Saviour’s sufferings (Matt. xxvii.) was appointed to be read as a lesson. The blessed martyr had forgot that it came in the ordinary course; and therefore, when Bishop Juxon (who read the morning office immediately before his martyrdom) named this chapter, the good prince asked him if he had singled it out as fit for the occasion: and when he was informed it was the lesson for the day, could not without a simple complacency and joy admire how suitably it concurred with his circumstances.”

Whilst holding that the execution of the king was a murder and a sin, we cannot go so far with the Royalists as to endorse the exaggerated sentiments of the following epitaph, which we find in the “Eikon Basilike,” published in 1648, when the irritation against the regicides was at its highest pitch:—

“So falls the stately cedar; while it stood,
That was the onely glory of the wood;
Great Charles, thou earthly god, celestial man,
Whose life, like others, though it were a span,
Yet in that span was comprehended more
Than earth hath waters, or the ocean shore;
Thy heavenly virtues angels should rehearse,
It is a theam too high for humane verse.
Hee that would know thee right, then let him look
Upon thy rare-incomparable book,
And read it or’e and or’e, which if he do,
Hee’ll find thee king, and priest, and prophet too,
And sadly see our losse, and though in vain,
With fruitlesse wishes, call thee back again.
Nor shall oblivion sit upon thy herse,
Though there were neither monument nor verse.

Thy suff'rings and thy death let no man name;
It was thy glorie, but the kingdom's shame."

A question has often been asked, who was the executioner of Charles I? We do not mean, who were the men at whose bidding the deed was done?—for their names have come down to posterity with lasting dishonour as “the regicides”—but, whose hand actually dealt the blow? There are undoubtedly very strong reasons for believing that it was Richard Brandon, a resident in Rosemary Lane, the entry of whose death occurs in the register of St. Mary's, Whitechapel, under date June 21st, 1649.¹ To the entry is appended a note, evidently of about the same date, to the effect that “this R. Brandon is supposed to have cut off the head of Charles the First.” This man is said to have been the son of Gregory Brandon, who beheaded Lord Strafford, and may therefore be said to have claimed the gallows as his inheritance. Besides, in the “Confessions of Richard Brandon, the Hangman” (1649), we meet with the following passage:—“He [Brandon] likewise confessed that he had thirty pounds for his pains, all paid him in half-crowns within an hour after the blow was given, and that he had an orange stuck full of cloves and a handkercher out of the king's pocket, so soon as he was carried from the scaffold, for which orange he was proffered twenty shillings by a gentleman in Whitehall, but refused the same, and afterwards sold it for ten shillings in Rosemary Lane.” If this indeed be true, it is satisfactory to know that the man who struck the cruel and fatal blow did not long survive the deed. He was buried in Whitechapel churchyard; and it was with great difficulty that his interment was effected, so strong was the popular loathing against him. Various authorities, however, at different times, have charged with the deed Dun (styled in one of Butler's poems “Squire Dun”), Gregory Brandon, William Walker, Richard Brandon, Hugh Peters, Colonel Joyce, William Hewlett, and lastly, Lord Stair. Against some of these the accusation is utterly groundless. According to Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, George Selwyn, “that insatiable amateur of executions,” told the story of King Charles's execution from information which he professed to have obtained from the Duchess of Portsmouth, who, he said, “always asserted, on the authority of Charles the Second, that the king, his father, was not beheaded by either Colonel Joyce or Colonel Pride, as was then commonly believed; but that the real name of the executioner was *Gregory* Brandon; that this man had worn a black crape stretched over his face, and had no sooner taken off the king's head than he was put into a boat at Whitehall Stairs, together with the block, the black cloth that covered it, the axe, and every other article that had been stained with the royal blood. Being conveyed to the Tower, all the implements used in the decapitation had been immediately reduced to ashes. A purse containing one hundred broad pieces of gold was then delivered to Brandon, and he was dismissed. He survived the transaction many years, but divulged it a short time before he died. This account,” Wraxall adds, “as coming from the Duchess of Portsmouth, challenges great respect.”

By Lilly's Life it would appear that the man who acted as the executioner of Charles I was Lieut.-Colonel Joyce; but whether it was Joyce's or Brandon's hand that shed the king's blood, it is a satisfaction to let their names go down together to posterity in these columns stamped with the infamy and disgrace of regicides—*Arcades ambo*.

CHAPTER XLIV.

¹ See Vol. II., p. 143.

WHITEHALL AND ITS HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS (continued).

“Lucent genialibus altis
Aurea fulcra toris, epulæque ante ora paratæ
Regifico luxo.”—*Virg. “Æn.”* vi.

A Singular Prophecy—The Ill-fated Bust of Charles I—Charles I as a Patron of the Fine Arts—Relics of the “Martyr King”—“Touching” for the King’s Evil—Anecdote of “Archy,” the King’s Jester, and Archbishop Laud—The Restoration of Charles II—Charles II and Lady Castlemaine—Loose Life of the Court—Catharine of Braganza—Dr. South and Lord Lauderdale—Visits of John Evelyn to Whitehall—Sir William Penn—The Duke of Monmouth—The Last Hours and Death of Charles II—The Last of the Stuarts—Whitehall as the Focus of Political Intrigue, and the Chief Staple of News—Serious Conflagrations at Whitehall.

Many are the tales and anecdotes to which the life and death of King Charles gave rise, but among them, perhaps, few are more singular than the subjoined “prophecy,” referred to by Howell in a letter to Sir Edward Spencer, dated February 20th, 1647–8:—“Surely the witch of Endor is no fable; the burning Joan of Arc at Rouen, and the Marchioness d’Ancre, of late years, in Paris, are no fables: the execution of Nostradamus for a kind of witch, some fourscore years since, who, among other things, foretold that the *‘Senate of London will kill their King.’*”

Mr. Timbs, in his “Romance of London,” relates a strange story of the ill-fated bust of Charles I carved by Bernini, on the authority of a pamphlet on the character of Charles I, by Zachary Grey, LL.D.:—“Vandyke having drawn the king in three different faces—a profile, three-quarters, and a full face—the picture was sent to Rome for Bernini to make a bust from it. He was unaccountably dilatory in the work; and upon this being complained of, he said that he had set about it several times, but there was something so unfortunate in the features of the face that he was shocked every time he examined it, and forced to leave off the work; and if there was any stress to be laid on physiognomy, he was sure the person whom the picture represented was destined to a violent end. The bust was at last finished, and sent to England. As soon as the ship that brought it arrived in the river, the king, who was very impatient to see the bust, ordered it to be carried immediately to Chelsea. It was conveyed thither, and placed upon a table in the garden, whither the king went with a train of nobility to inspect the bust. As they were viewing it, a hawk flew over their heads with a partridge in its claws which he had wounded to death. Some of the partridge’s blood fell upon the neck of the bust, where it remained without being wiped off. This bust was placed over the door of the king’s closet at Whitehall, and continued there until the palace was destroyed by fire.”

It is generally stated that Charles I showed himself a most liberal patron of the arts. That this may have been true to some extent, cannot be doubted; but it may be desirable here to record the fact that in the State Paper Office there is, or was some years ago, a long bill sent in by Vandyke, for work done, and docketed by the king’s own hand. The picture of his Majesty dressed for the chase, for which Vandyke charged £200, is assessed by the King at £100 instead, and in many other instances there is even a greater reduction made. Other pictures the King marked with a cross, which is explained by a note at the back by Endymion Porter,

to the effect that as they were to be paid for by the Queen, his Majesty had left them for his wife to reduce at her own pleasure.

It may be added that, in spite of having done so much work for royalty, Vandyke died poor, and that his daughter was allowed a small pension—which, by the way, was most irregularly paid—on account of sums owing to her father's estate by Charles I. We are accustomed to rank Charles II with bad paymasters, but it is to be feared that his father obtained his reputation as an art patron at much too cheap a rate.

It is also stated that King Charles I possessed numerous portraits, drawn by Holbein, of several personages of the Court of Henry VIII, from the highest down to Mrs. Jack or Jackson, the nurse of King Edward VI. These drawings, it is said, the King exchanged for a single picture; but how they came back into the possession of the Crown is not clear. Mr. J. T. Smith, in his "Book for a Rainy Day," says that they were discovered at Kensington Palace, and taken from their frames and bound in two volumes. It would be interesting to know whether they are still in existence.

A vignette of the Bible used by King Charles I upon the scaffold, and presented by him to Dr. Juxon, the Bishop of London, who attended him in his last moments, will be found in Smith's "Historical and Literary Curiosities."

The shirt, stained on the wrist with some drops of blood, in which Charles I was beheaded, also his watch, which he gave at the place of execution to Mr. John Ashburnham, his white silk drawers, and the sheet that was thrown over his body, were long preserved in the vestry of Ashburnham Church, in Sussex, having been, as the "Beauties of England and Wales" informs us, "bequeathed, in 1743, by Bertram Ashburnham, Esq., to the clerk of the parish and his successors for ever, to be exhibited as curiosities." These relics of the "martyr king," we may add, have somehow found their way back into the hands of the Ashburnham family, and are now very carefully preserved at Ashburnham Place, the seat of the earls of that name. This mansion was built by John Ashburnham, who was "page of the bed-chamber" to both Charles I and Charles II, and who died in 1671. He attended his sovereign to the last, till he fell on the scaffold, and thus obtained possession of the articles worn by the king on that mournful occasion. Horsfield tells us that "the superstitious of the last, and even of the present age, have occasionally resorted to these relics for the cure of the king's evil."

With reference to the supposed efficacy of the touch of royalty in curing diseases, we may state that, under the Stuarts, there might be seen in the gazettes occasional advertisements announcing when and where a gracious king would next cure his subjects of scrofula by a touch of his royal finger. As may readily be supposed, the Palace at Whitehall was the place most frequently chosen for the "touching" or the "healing." Here is one of the notices issued by command of Charles I:—"Whitehall, May 16, 1644.—His Sacred Majesty having declared it to be his Royal will and purpose to continue the healing of his people for the Evil during the month of May, and then to give over till Michaelmas next, I am commanded to give notice thereof, that the people may not come up to town in the interim, and lose their labour."

Charles II is said to have "touched" 92,000 people for the king's evil—about twenty a day for his whole reign. The practice was continued by James II, for Evelyn, in his "Diary," under date of 1687, writes, "I saw his Majesty touch for the evil." The word "touching" gives us a most inadequate idea of the deliberate solemnity of this ceremonial in the days of the Stuarts. Imagine the king seated in a chair of state upon his throne, under a rich canopy, in a spacious

hall of the palace. Each surgeon led his patients in turn to the foot of the throne, where they knelt, and while a chaplain in full canonicals intoned the words, "He put His hands upon them and healed them," the king stroked their faces with both hands at once. When all had been thus "touched," they came up to the throne again in the same order, and the king hung about the neck of each, by a blue ribbon, a golden coin, while the chaplain chanted, "This is the true Light who came into the world." And the whole concluded with the reading of the epistle for the day and prayers for the sick.

The following description of the process of "touching" for the king's evil we take from Oudert's MS. Diary:—"A young gentlewoman, Elizabeth Stephens, of the age of sixteen, came to the Presence Chamber in 1640, to be 'touched for the Evil,' with which she was so afflicted that, by her own and her mother's testimony, she had not seen with her left eye for above a month. After prayers read by Dr. Sanderson, she knelt down to be 'touched,' with the rest, by the King. His Majesty then touched her in the usual manner, and put a ribbon with a piece of money hanging to it about her neck. Which done, his Majesty turned to the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Southampton, and the Earl of Lindsey, to discourse with them. And the young gentlewoman said of her own accord, openly, 'Now, God be praised, I can see of this sore eye,' and afterwards declared that she did see more and more by it, and could by degrees endure the light of the candle." The Bourbon kings of France were supposed to possess a like power of healing, in virtue of their descent from St. Louis. On the day after their coronation at Rheims they went in procession to the Abbey of St. Rémy, in that city, in the garden of which convent they touched all those afflicted with the evil that were brought to them, making the sign of the cross with their fingers on the forehead of the sick person, saying, "Le Roi vous touche; Dieu vous guerison."

The form of prayer for the healing, we may add, is still to be seen in old Prayer-books, bound up with the rest of the occasional services. It was not dropped out till the reign of George I.

A capital story is told about "Archy," the king's fool, and Archbishop Laud, in connection with the Court of Whitehall. It is thus told in "The Book of Table Talk," published by Charles Knight:—"When news arrived from Scotland of the bad reception which the king's proclamation respecting the Book of Common Prayer had met with there, Archibald, the king's fool, happening to meet the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was going to the council-table, said to his grace, 'Wha's feule now? doth not your grace hear the news from Striveling about the Liturgy?'" But the poor jester soon learned that Laud was not a person whom even his jester's coat and privileged folly permitted him to tamper with. The primate immediately laid his complaint before the Council. How far it was attended to, the following order of Council, issued the very day on which the offence was committed, will show:—"At Whitehall, the 11th of March, 1637. It is this day ordered by his Majesty, with the advice of the Board, that Archibald Armstrong, the King's Fool, for certain scandalous words of a high nature spoken by him against the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury his Grace, and proved to be uttered by him by two witnesses, shall have his coat pulled over his head and be discharged of the King's service and banished the Court; for which the Lord Chamberlain of the King's household is prayed and required to give order to be executed." And immediately the same was put into execution." Thus was poor Archy degraded and dismissed from his Majesty's service. "What was this," asks Leigh Hunt, "but to say that the fool was fool no longer? 'Write me down an ass,' says 'Dogberry,' in the comedy. 'Write down that Archy is no fool,' says King Charles in Council. 'He has called the Archbishop one; and therefore we are all agreed, his Grace included, that the man has proved himself to be no longer entitled to the appellation.'" Archy, it appears, had on a previous occasion, when called upon to say grace

before meat, incurred the displeasure of Archbishop Laud, by saying, "Great laud to the king, and little Laud to the devil."

In a pamphlet printed in 1641, entitled "Archy's Dream: sometime Jester to His Majestie, but exiled the Court by Canterburie's malice, with a relation for whom an odde chair stood void in hell," the following reason is given for Archy's banishment from Court:—A certain nobleman asking him what he would do with his handsome daughters, he replied that he knew very well what to do with *them*, but he had sons whom he knew not what to do with; he would gladly make scholars of them, but that he feared the archbishop would cut off their ears.

In the "Strafford Letters" will be found, as Mr. Jesse reminds us in his work on "London," several interesting notices of Archbishop Laud passing between his palace at Lambeth and the royal palace at Whitehall. For example, in one of his letters to the earl, alluding to his health as not so good as it was formerly, he expresses a regret that "in consequence of his elevation to the see of Canterbury he has now simply to glide across the river in his barge, when on his way either to the Court or the Star Chamber; whereas, when Bishop of London, there were five miles of rough road between Fulham Palace and Whitehall, the jolting over which in his coach he describes as having been very beneficial to his health."

On his restoration, May 29th, 1660, King Charles II was brought back hither "in military fashion" through London, by way of the Strand, "all the streetes and windows even to Whitehall being replenished with innumerable people of all conditions." It must have been indeed a gay sight to have seen the king returning to the palace of his ancestors, and the demonstrations of joy on the occasion are described as having been extravagant in the extreme. Space will not permit us to enter into the details of the enthusiastic reception on the part of the Londoners, or of the seven hours' ride through the streets to Whitehall; all this will be found described with picturesque minuteness in the pages of Sir Edward Walker's "Manner of the Most Happy Return in England of our most gracious Sovereign Lord, King Charles the Second," and also at page 702 of Whitelock's "Memorials."

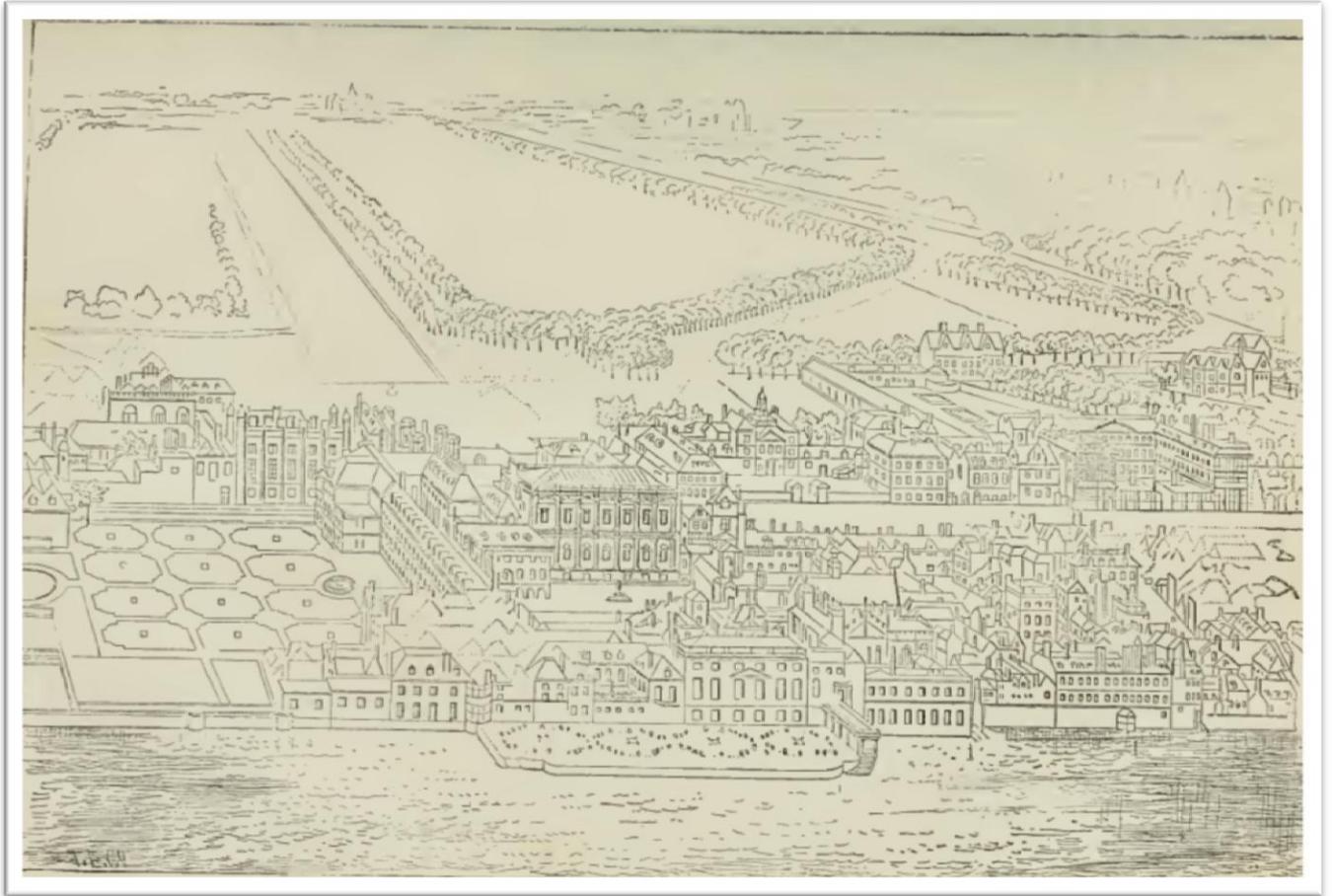
On the 23rd of August, 1662, the King and Queen came by water from Hampton Court, and landed at "Whitehall Bridge," as the Stairs were often called. On this occasion Pepys draws our attention to the presence of the celebrated Lady Castlemaine, and also of her husband. "But that which pleased me most was that my Lady Castlemaine stood over against us on a piece of Whitehall. But methought it was strange to see her lord and her upon the same place, walking up and down and taking no notice of each other; only at first entry he put off his hat, and she made him a very civil salute; but afterwards they took no notice one of another; but both of them now and then would take their child, which the nurse held in her arms, and dandle it."



THE HOLBEIN GATEWAY, WHITEHALL. (*From a Drawing by G. Vertue.*)

Pepys tells us distinctly that the removal of Lord Clarendon from place and power was “certainly designed in my Lady Castlemaine’s chamber,” and he adds that he saw “several of the gallants of Whitehall” staying to see the Lord Chancellor pass by, and talking to her in her “birdcage.”

The loose life led by the Court of Charles II at Whitehall—or, indeed, wherever it may have been quartered—is a matter of historic notoriety. A good insight into these royal escapades is given by quaint old Pepys, who, writing in his “Diary” under date April 25th, 1663, says: “I did hear that the Queene is much grieved of late at the King’s neglecting her, he not having supped with her once this quarter of a year, and almost every night with Lady Castlemaine, who hath been with him this St. George’s Feast at Windsor.” It is said by several retailers of Court gossip that the king spent in Lady Castlemaine’s apartments the whole of the week previous to the arrival of his wife, Catherine of Braganza.



WHITEHALL, FROM THE RIVER. (*From a Copy by Smith of a View taken shortly after the Fire.*)

Here, probably, and not, as usually supposed, at the house of Sir Samuel Morland, at Vauxhall, Charles II first spent his hours in dalliance with Barbara Palmer, afterwards Countess of Castlemaine and Duchess of Cleveland, of whom we shall have more to say anon, when we reach the neighbourhood of St. James's Palace. Her apartments, or lodgings, according to the privately printed "Memoir" of the lady by Mr. G. S. Steinman, were on that part of Whitehall which bordered on the Holbein Gateway, on the south side of a detached pile of buildings leading to the Cock-pit, not far from the top of King Street.

Pepys, in his "Diary," notes the fact that on more than one Sunday he "observed how the Duke and Mrs. Palmer" (the subsequent Duchess) "did talk to one another very wantonly" in the chapel, during service-time, "through the hangings that part the king's closet and the closet where the ladies sit." Her presence here was indeed a standing insult to Charles's poor queen, Catharine of Braganza, to whom her ladyship must have caused many a heartfelt pang as a wife.

But if such was the case with Lady Castlemaine, it would seem, however, that the maids of honour and the other ladies of the Court of Whitehall were left very much to their own devices under the Stuart *régime*, and were not subject to any very strict control. "What mad freaks the mayds of honour at the Court do have!" writes Pepys in his "Diary." "That Mrs. Jennings, one of the Duchess's maids, the other day dressed herself up like an orange-wench,

and went up and down and cried oranges, till, falling down by some accident, her fine shoes were discovered, and she put to a great deal of shame: so that such as these tricks and worse among them, thereby few will venture upon them for wives.”

To the lax and immoral Court the Queen seems to have shown herself a marked exception. “To Whitehall,” writes Pepys in his “Diary” in June, 1664, “where Mr. Pearce showed me the Queene’s bed-chamber and her closet, where she had nothing but some pretty pious pictures, and books of devotion; and her holy water at her head as she sleeps; with a clock at her bedside, wherein burns a lamp that tells her the hour of the night at any time.” Poor lonely Catherine of Braganza! it was probably at a very late hour of the night, or rather a very early hour of the morning, that the hands of her clock pointed to when Charles entered that room, after “supping with Lady Castlemaine” and other rivals of the Queen in his royal affections. No wonder that Charles did not find it compatible with his gallantries that his wife should be living at Whitehall, and, therefore, that he should have quietly disposed of her in lodgings at Somerset House, as we have seen in a previous chapter.

King Charles II, and his religious instructors, too, have been the theme of numerous *bon mots*. One of these has reference to Dr. South, who once, preaching before the king and his profligate Court at Whitehall, perceived in the middle of his sermon that sleep had taken possession of all his hearers. The doctor stopped, and changing his tone of voice, called three times to Lord Lauderdale, who, starting up, “My lord,” said South, with great composure, “I am sorry to interrupt your repose, but I must beg you will not snore so loud, lest you awaken his Majesty.”

In the year 1682 the Russian, Moroccan, and East Indian ambassadors all happened to be in London at the same time, and Evelyn, in his “Diary,” gives us an amusing account of an evening which he spent in the company of those from Africa at the rooms of the Duchess of Portsmouth, in Whitehall.

It was at Whitehall, as Pepys tells us in his “Diary,” that he found his friend Mr. Coventry chatting over a map of America with Sir William Penn.

In February, 1686, as he tells us in his “Diary,” John Evelyn “came to lodge at Whitehall, in the Lord Privy Seal’s lodgings.”

Here James Walters, Duke of Monmouth, the natural son of Charles II, was allowed to assume the airs, and indeed all but the name, of royalty, and would stand with his hat on his head, as Macaulay remarks, when the Howards and the Seymours stood uncovered.

It was at the Court at Whitehall that Sidney, Lord Godolphin, the veteran statesman and courtier, was brought up as a page.

Having been the residence of so many of our English sovereigns in succession, the walls of Whitehall have witnessed many curious and interesting scenes, some also over which perhaps it would be well if a veil could be drawn. Foremost among such scenes may be reckoned the death of Charles II, the details of which, gathered from Evelyn, and Burnet, and some other sources, have been worked up by Macaulay into a most effective picture, which has also employed the pencil of at least one modern painter of eminence.

“The palace,” writes Macaulay, “had seldom presented a gayer or more scandalous appearance than on the evening of Sunday, the 1st of February, 1685. Some grave persons, who had gone thither, after the fashion of that age, to pay their duty to their sovereign, and who had expected that on such a day his Court would wear a decent aspect, were struck with astonishment and horror. The great gallery of Whitehall, an admirable relic of the magnificence of the Tudors, was crowded with revellers and gamblers. The king sat there chatting and toying with three women, whose charms were the boast and whose vices were the disgrace of three nations. Barbara Palmer, Duchess of Cleveland, was there, no longer young, but still retaining some traces of that superb and voluptuous loveliness which twenty years before overcame the hearts of all men. There, too, was the Duchess of Portsmouth, whose soft and infantine features were lighted up with the vivacity of France. Hortensia Mancini, Duchess of Mazarin, and niece of the great Cardinal, completed the group. . . . While Charles flirted with his three sultanas, Hortensia’s French page, a handsome boy, whose vocal performances were the delight of Whitehall, and were rewarded by numerous presents of rich clothes, ponies, and guineas, warbled some amatory verses. A party of twenty courtiers were seated at cards round a large table, on which gold was heaped in mountains. In the midst of this scene the king complained that he felt unwell; he was carried off to his chamber in a swoon, but recovered a little on being bled, or ‘blooded,’ as the phrase then went. He was laid on his bed, where, during a short time, the Duchess of Portsmouth hung over him with the familiarity of a wife. But the alarm had been given. The Queen and the Duchess of York were hastening to the room. The favourite concubine was forced to retire to her own apartments. Those apartments had been thrice pulled down and thrice rebuilt by her lover, to gratify her caprice. The very furniture of the chimney was massy silver. Several fine paintings, which properly belonged to the Queen, had been transferred to the dwelling of the mistress. The sideboards were piled with richly-wrought plate. In the niches stood cabinets, the masterpieces of Japanese art. On the hangings, fresh from the looms of Paris, were depicted, in tints which no English tapestry could rival, birds of gorgeous plumage, landscapes, hunting-matches, the lordly terrace of Saint Germain, the statues and fountains of Versailles. In the midst of this splendour, purchased by guilt and shame, the unhappy woman gave herself up to an agony of grief which, to do her justice, was not wholly selfish.

“And now the gates of Whitehall, which ordinarily stood open to all comers, were closed; but persons whose faces were known were still permitted to enter. The ante-chambers and galleries were soon filled to overflowing, and even the sick room was crowded with peers, privy councillors, and foreign ministers; all the medical men of note in London were summoned. The Queen was for a time assiduous in her attendance. The Duke of York scarcely left his brother’s bedside. The primate and four other bishops were then in London; they remained in London all day, and took it by turns to sit up at night in the king’s room.”

The services of the bishops, however, were not required. Macaulay remarks of the Duchess of Portsmouth that “a life of frivolity and vice had not extinguished in her all sentiments of religion, or all that kindness which is the glory of her sex.” It was by her suggestion that a Roman Catholic priest, Father Huddleston, the same who had aided Charles in his escape after the battle of Worcester, was sent for, to offer the consolations of religion. The courtiers were all ordered to withdraw, except Duras, Lord Feversham, and Granville, Earl of Bath, both of whom were Protestants, and faithful friends. The rest shall be told in Macaulay’s words:—“Even the physicians withdrew. The back door was then opened, and Father Huddleston entered. A cloak had been thrown over his sacred vestments, and his shaven crown was concealed by a flowing wig. ‘Sir,’ said the Duke [of York], ‘this good man once saved your life. He now comes to save your soul.’ Charles faintly answered, ‘He is welcome.’

Huddleston went through his part better than had been expected. He knelt by the bed, listened to the confession, pronounced the absolution, and administered extreme unction. He asked if the king wished to receive the Lord's Supper. 'Surely,' said Charles, 'if I am not unworthy.' The host was brought in. Charles feebly strove to rise and kneel before it. The priest bade him lie still, and assured him that God would accept the humiliation of his soul, and would not require the humiliation of his body. The king found so much difficulty in swallowing that it was necessary to open the door and procure a glass of water. This rite ended, the monk held up a crucifix before the penitent, charged him to fix his last thoughts on the sufferings of the Redeemer, and withdrew. The whole ceremony had occupied about three quarters of an hour, and during that time the courtiers who filled the outer room had communicated their suspicions to each other by whispers and significant glances. The door was at length thrown open, and the crowd again filled the chamber of death.

"It was now late in the evening. The king seemed much relieved by what had passed. His natural children were brought to his bedside, the Dukes of Grafton, Southampton, and Northumberland, sons of the Duchess of Cleveland; the Duke of St. Albans, son of Eleanor Gwynn; and the Duke of Richmond, son of the Duchess of Portsmouth. Charles blessed them all, but spoke with peculiar tenderness to Richmond. One face which should have been there was wanting. The eldest and beloved child was an exile and a wanderer; his name was not once mentioned by his father.

"During the night Charles earnestly recommended the Duchess of Portsmouth and her boy to the care of James. 'And do not,' he goodnaturedly added, 'let poor Nelly starve.' The Queen sent excuses for her absence by Halifax. She said that she was too much disordered to resume her post by the couch, and implored pardon for any offence she might unwittingly have given. 'She ask my pardon, poor woman!' cried Charles; 'I ask hers, with all my heart.'

"The morning light began to peep through the windows of Whitehall, and Charles desired the attendants to pull aside the curtains, that he might have one more look at the day. He remarked that it was time to wind up a clock which stood near his bed. These little circumstances were long remembered, because they proved beyond dispute that while he declared himself a Roman Catholic he was in full possession of his faculties. He apologised to those who had stood round him all night for the trouble which he had caused. He had been, he said, a most unconscionable time dying, but he hoped they would excuse it. This was the last glimpse of that exquisite urbanity so often found potent to charm away the resentment of a justly incensed nation. Soon after dawn the speech of the dying man failed. Before ten his senses were gone. Great numbers had repaired to the churches at the hour of morning service. When the prayer for the king was read, loud groans and sobs showed how deeply his people felt for him. At noon on Friday, the 6th of February, he passed away without a struggle."

Since the time of Ædipus no royal line has equalled that of the Stuarts in its calamities. The first James of Scotland, adorned with the graces of poetry and chivalry, a wise legislator, a sagacious and resolute king, perished in his forty-fourth year. His son, the second James, was killed, in his thirtieth year, at the siege of Roxburgh Castle, by the bursting of a cannon. The third James, after the battle of Sauchieburn, in which his rebellious subjects were countenanced and aided by his own son, was stabbed, in his thirty-sixth year, beneath a humble roof, by a pretended priest. That son, the chivalrous madman of Flodden, compassed his own death and that of the flower of his kingdom, while only forty years of age, by a foolish knight-errantry. At an age ten years younger, his only son, James V., died of a broken heart. Over the suffering and follies—if we may not say crimes—and over the mournful and

unwarrantable doom of the beautiful Mary, the world will never cease to debate. Her grandson expiated at Whitehall, by a bloody death, the errors chiefly induced by his self-will and his pernicious education. The second Charles, the "Merry Monarch," had a fate as sad as any of his ancestors; for though he died in his bed, his life was that of a heartless voluptuary, who had found in his years of seeming prosperity neither truth in man nor fidelity in woman. His brother, the bigot James, lost three kingdoms, and disinherited the dynasty, for his blind adherence to a faith that failed to regulate his life. The Old Pretender was a cipher, and the Young Pretender, after a youthful flash of promise, passed a useless life, and ended it as a drunken dotard. The last of the race, Henry, Cardinal York, died in 1804, a spiritless old man, and a pensioner of that House of Hanover against which his father and brother had waged war with no advantage to themselves, and with the forfeiture of life and lands, of liberty and country, to many of the noblest and most chivalrous inhabitants of our island.

Happy had it been for Charles II if he had demeaned himself as well in his prosperous as in his adverse fortune. The recorded facts are highly honourable to him and the companions of his exile; while Cromwell, as the Queen of Bohemia said, was like the beast in the Revelations, that all kings and nations worshipped. Charles's horses, and some of them were favourites, were sold at Brussels, because he could not pay for their keep; and during the two years that he resided at Cologne he never kept a coach. So straitened were the exiles for money that even the postage of letters between Sir Richard Browne and Hyde was no easy burthen; and there was a mutiny in the ambassador's kitchen, because the maid "might not be trusted with the government, and the buying the meat, in which she was thought too lavish." Hyde writes that he had not been master of a crown for many months; that he was cold for want of clothes and fire; and for all the meat which he had eaten for three months he was in debt to a poor woman who was no longer able to trust. "Our necessities," he says, "would be more insupportable, if we did not see the king reduced to greater distress than you can believe or imagine." Of Charles, in prosperity, a few days before his death, Evelyn draws a fearful picture. Writing on the day when James was proclaimed, he says, "I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming, and all dissoluteness and, as it were, total forgetfulness of God (it being Sunday evening), which this day se'nnight I was witness of; the King sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleaveland, and Mazarine, &c.; a French boy singing lovesongs in that glorious gallery; whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least £2,000 in gold before them, upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflections with astonishment. Six days after, all was in the dust!"

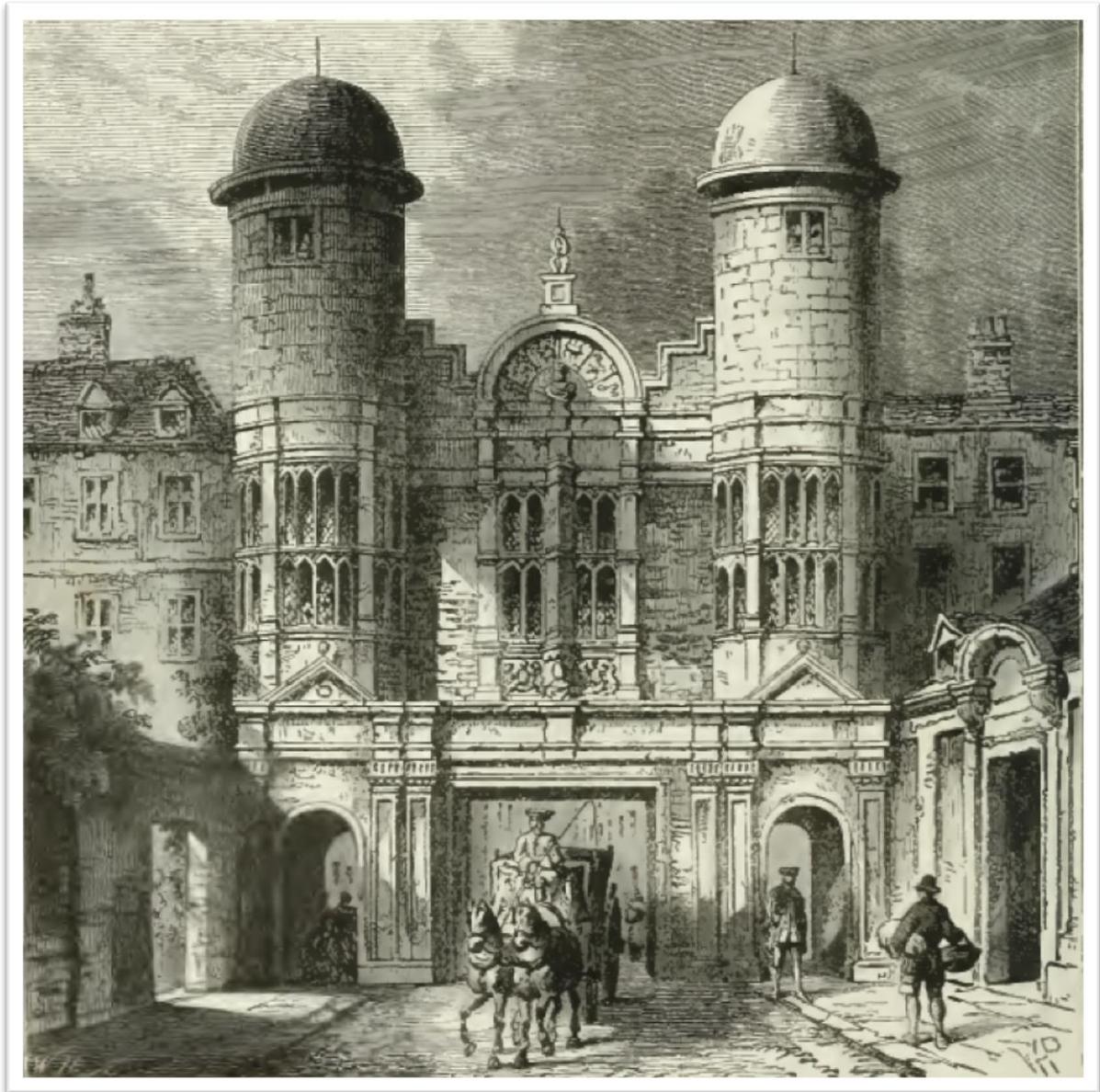
Whitehall, when Charles II dwelt there, was the focus of political intrigue as well as of gaiety. "Half the jobbing and half the flirting of the metropolis," writes Macaulay, "went on under his roof. Whoever could make himself agreeable to the prince, or could secure the good offices of the mistress, might hope to rise in the world without rendering any service to the Government, without being even known by sight to any minister of state. This courtier got a frigate, and that a company; a third, the pardon of a rich offender; a fourth, a lease of Crown land on easy terms. If the king notified his pleasure that a briefless lawyer should be made a judge, or that a libertine baronet should be made a peer, the gravest counsellors, after a little murmuring, submitted. Interest, therefore, drew a constant press of suitors to the gates of the palace, and those gates always stood wide. The king kept open house every day, and all day long, for the good society of London, the extreme Whigs only excepted. Hardly any gentleman had any difficulty in making his way to the royal presence. The "levee" was exactly what the word imports. Some men of quality came every morning to stand round their master, to chat with him while his wig was combed and his cravat tied, and to accompany

him in his early walk through the Park. All persons who had been properly introduced might, without any special invitation, go to see him dine, sup, dance, and play at hazard, and might have the pleasure of hearing him tell stories, which indeed he told remarkably well, about his flight from Worcester, and about the misery which he had endured when he was a State prisoner in the hands of the canting meddling preachers of Scotland. Bystanders whom his Majesty recognised often came in for a courteous word. This proved a far more successful kingcraft than any that his father or grandfather had practised. It was not easy for the most austere republican of the school of Marvell to resist the fascination of so much good humour and affability; and many a veteran Cavalier in whose heart the remembrance of unrequited sacrifices and services had been festering during twenty years, was compensated in one moment for wounds and sequestrations by his sovereign's kind nod, and 'God bless you, my old friend!'

"Whitehall naturally became the chief staple of news. Whenever there was a rumour that anything important had happened or was about to happen, people hastened thither to obtain intelligence from the fountain-head. The galleries presented the appearance of a modern club-room at an anxious time. They were full of people inquiring whether the Dutch mail was in; what tidings the express from France had brought; whether John Sobiesky had beaten the Turks; whether the Doge of Genoa was really at Paris. These were matters about which it was safe to talk aloud. But there were subjects concerning which information was asked and given in whispers. Had Halifax got the better of Rochester? Was there to be a Parliament? Was the Duke of York really going to Scotland? Had Monmouth really been summoned from the Hague? Men tried to read the countenance of every minister as he went through the throng to and from the royal closet. All sorts of auguries were drawn from the tone in which his Majesty spoke to the Lord President, or from the laugh with which his Majesty honoured a jest of the Lord Privy Seal; and in a few hours the hopes and fears inspired by such slight indications had spread to all the coffee-houses from St. James's to the Tower."

Notwithstanding the thirst for news and love of Court gossip, the Stuart kings appear to have lived here very much in public; so much so, indeed, that, if we may trust Macaulay, the "newswriters" of the reign of Charles II would occasionally obtain admission into the gallery at Whitehall Palace, in order to tell their country friends how the king and duke looked, and what games the courtiers played at.

The sources from which Macaulay drew his information about the state of the Court are too numerous to recapitulate. Among them are the Despatches of Barillon, Van Citters, Ronquillo, and Adda; the Travels of the Grand Duke Cosmo; the Works of Roger North, the Diaries of Pepys and Evelyn, and the Memoirs of Grammont.



THE KING STREET GATEWAY, WHITEHALL.

The royal family of Stuart would seem to have been as unfortunate in their domestic servants as in their fate; for Northouck tells us that twice within a few years, in the reign of William and Mary, the Palace of Whitehall suffered serious damage by fire; firstly in April, 1691, when a large part of it was destroyed “through the negligence of a maid-servant, who, about eight o’clock at night,” says the very circumstantial Northouck, “to save the labour of cutting a candle from a pound, burnt it off, and threw the rest carelessly by before the flame was out. It burnt violently till four next morning, and destroyed the Duchess of Portsmouth’s lodgings, with all the stone gallery and buildings behind and down to the Thames.” Six years later, we learn from the same authority, by “the carelessness of a laundress,” all the body of the Palace, with the new gallery, council-chamber, and several adjoining apartments, shared the same fate. It was with the greatest difficulty that the Banqueting Hall was saved. “The king,” adds Northouck, “sent message after message from Kensington, for its preservation;” though it is hard to see how even royal “messengers” could have been of as much use as a few rude fire-engines.

Another event connected with Whitehall, in the reigns of the Stuarts, should be mentioned here—namely, that within its walls the devotion of the “Sacred Heart,” devised by Sister Marguerite Mary Alacoqu at Paray-le-Monial, in France, was first publicly preached and taught in England, by Father Colombiere, the confessor of the Duchess of York—Mary of Modena, afterwards queen of James II.

CHAPTER XLV.

WHITEHALL.—THE BUILDINGS DESCRIBED.



SIR HENRY LEE OF DITCHLEY. (*From a Portrait by Basire.*)

“Donec templa refeceris.”—*Horace.*

Description of the Old Palace—Additions made by Henry VIII—The Holbein Gateway—Westminster Gate—Knights of the Tilt-yard—Inigo Jones’ Design for a New Palace—Residence of the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Court—An Ingenious Design for Rebuilding Whitehall—Description of the Banqueting House—The Chapel Royal—Rubens’ Painted Ceiling—“Maunday” Thursday—The Statue of James II.

Although the present remains of Whitehall are comparatively modern, not reaching farther back than the time of the Tudors, yet we know from history that there was a palace standing

on this spot as early as the reign of Henry III, when the Chief Justice of England, Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent, resided in it. At his death he left it to the "Black" Friars of Holborn, who sold it to the Archbishop of York; and his successors in that metropolitan see made it their town residence for nearly three centuries. The last of the archbishops who tenanted it was Cardinal Wolsey, under whom it became one of the most sumptuous palaces in England.

The ancient palace of Whitehall, if we include its precincts, was of great extent, stretching from close to where now stands Westminster Bridge nearly up to Scotland Yard. It comprised a hall, chapel, banqueting-house, and other apartments, as "Henry VIII's Gallery," the "Boarded Gallery," the "Matted Gallery," the "Shield Gallery," the "Stone Gallery," the "Adam and Eve Gallery" (so named from the picture by Mabuse), and the "Vane Room." Some idea of the extent of the palace early in the sixteenth century may be formed from the following description of it which occurs in the Act of Parliament by which it was given to the royal tyrant. Here it is styled "one great mansionplace and house, being a parcel of the possessions of the Archbishopric of York, situate in the town of Westminster, not much distant from the same ancient palace." And speaking of Cardinal Wolsey, it adds that "he had lately, upon the soil of the said mansion-place and house, and upon ground thereunto belonging, most sumptuously and curiously built and edified many and distinct beautiful, costly, and pleasant lodgings, buildings, and mansions for his grace's singular pleasure, comfort, and commodity, to the honour of his highness and the realm; and thereunto adjoining had made a park, walled and environed with brick and stone; and then devised and ordained many and singular commodious things, pleasures, and other necessaries, apt and convenient to appertain to so noble a prince for his pastime and pleasure." And it must be owned that if the prints of the period are to be trusted, this description is not overdrawn. By the same Act of Parliament it was directed to be called "The King's Palace at Westminster" for ever. Its limits were defined on the one side by the "street leading from Charing Cross unto the Sanctuary Gate at Westminster," and on the other by "the water of the Thames." At this time it consisted of "a mansion with two gardens and three acres of land." Henry VIII, as we have shown in a preceding chapter, added very considerably to the buildings; and he likewise ordered a tennis-court, a cock-pit, and bowling-greens to be formed, "with other conveniences for various kinds of diversion." Here Holbein painted the portraits of Henry VII and Henry VIII, with their queens, and also the "Dance of Death." Here, too—or, rather, across the roadway in front, leading from Charing Cross to Westminster—he built his famous gateway.

Holbein had been induced to come over to England through the reputation of the taste and generosity of Henry VIII. He was introduced to the king by the instrumentality of Sir Thomas More, at his house at Chelsea, where a number of the painter's works had been recently ranged round the walls. Taken immediately into the king's service, Holbein had apartments assigned to him in the old palace at Whitehall, for which he designed, at the king's request, in 1546, the gateway above alluded to. It stood in front of the palace, opposite the Tilt-yard, and was flanked on either side by a low brick building of a single storey in height. Its position was a little nearer to Westminster Abbey than the north-west corner of York House. The edifice was constructed of small square stones and flint boulders, of two distinct colours, "glazed and disposed in a tessellated manner." On each front there were four busts or medallions, "naturally coloured and gilt," which are stated to have resisted all influences of the weather. They were of terra-cotta, as large as life, or even a little larger, and represented some of the chief characters of the age. Among them were Henry VII, Henry VIII, and Bishop Fisher. These busts were believed by some persons to have been the work of an Italian artist named Torregiano; but Mr. Cunningham, in an article on the subject in the

Gentleman's Magazine for June, 1866, inclines to the opinion that they were executed by John de Maiano, the sculptor of the medallions on Hampton Court Gateway. On either side of the archway were lofty embattled octagonal turrets, the faces of which, between the windows, were likewise ornamented with busts, &c. The rooms above the archway were long used as the State Paper Office.

The Holbein Gateway, as it was generally called, was removed in 1749–50, in order to widen the street and approaches to Westminster. After its demolition most of the glazed bricks and stone dressings of this historical building, rich in two centuries of associations with our kings, from Henry VIII to William III, “were sold to repair the high roads.”

Mr. J. T. Smith, in his “Antiquities of Westminster,” in alluding to this gateway, says: “It is scarcely to be supposed that, in the time of Hubert de Burgh’s residence here, there was anything like that noble space which the width of the street opposite Whitehall now (1807) affords. On the contrary, the probability seems to be that there was not, and it is far more likely that it did not at that time exceed the breadth of the present King Street. Passing by Whitehall the street was continued along a street of this same width, which originally had on its eastern side the wall of part of the garden, or orchard, or other ground, if we may trust honest John Stow, belonging to Whitehall, as may be seen in the plan made in 1680, by John Fisher, a surveyor at that time, and which was afterwards engraved by Vertue. On the western side this street had the wall of that enclosure since converted into St. James’s Park; but when Henry VIII had acquired possession of Whitehall in 1531, by exchanging with the abbot and convent of Westminster, he procured to himself this enclosure, part of which he converted into the before-mentioned park, and on the rest he erected a tennis-court, a cock-pit, a bowling-alley, a long stone gallery—which was for some time occupied by the late Duke of Dorset, and subsequently by Lord Whitworth—and other buildings, many of which are wholly, or in part, still (1807) remaining.”

This building, it appears, the king connected with the palace on the opposite side by two gateways across the street; one of them at about the middle of King Street, which was demolished in 1723; the other, nearer to Charing Cross, adjoining the north-east corner of the gallery abovementioned, was the gateway designed by Hans Holbein. This latter gate, it is stated in the “New View of London” (1708), was termed “Cock-pit Gate,” and it is said to have been “an extraordinarily beautiful gate.” The writer thus describes it: “It is built of square stone, with small squares of flint boulder, very neatly set. It has also battlements, and four lofty towers; and the whole is enriched with busts, roses, portcullises, and queen’s arms, both on the north and south sides. There are no gates hung at present, but the hinges show there have been. This is an aperture from the Cock-pit into the broad part of Charing Cross, before Whitehall Gate.” We have given views of both these gates, copied from old prints published while they were standing. The Holbein Gateway is shown on page 354, and the King Street Gateway on page 360.

On the taking down of this latter gate it was begged and obtained by William, Duke of Cumberland, son of George II, and then Ranger of Windsor Park and Forest, with the view of reerecting it at the end of the Long Walk, in the Great Park at Windsor. The stones were accordingly removed, but the re-building of it at Windsor appears to have been abandoned. Some of the material, however, we are told, was, by the Duke’s direction, worked up in several different buildings erected by the Duke in the Great Park. “A medallion from it,” adds Mr. J. T. Smith, “is in one of the fronts of a keeper’s lodge, near Virginia Water. A similar medallion, part of it also, is in another cottage, built about the year 1790, in the Great Park,

and accessible from the road from Peascod Street, by the barracks. Other stones form the basement as high as the dado or moulding, and also the cornice, of the inside of a chapel at the Great Lodge, which chapel was begun in the Duke's lifetime, but was unfinished at his death." The busts were, in number, four on each side; they had ornamented mouldings round them, and were of baked clay, in proper colours, and glazed in the manner of Delft ware, which had preserved them entire. Mr. Smith, in the "Antiquities of Westminster," says that after the gate was taken down three of the busts fell into the hands of a man who kept an old iron shop in Belton Street, St. Giles's, to whom, it is supposed, they had been sold after having been stolen when the gate was taken down. This man had them in his possession some three or four years, when they were bought, about the year 1765, by a Mr. Wright, who employed Flaxman, the sculptor, then a boy, to repair them. They were in terra cotta, coloured and gilt. The dress of one of the busts was painted dark red, and the ornaments gilt, among which were alternately the Rose and H, and the Crown and R, in gold. Mr. Wright resided at Hatfield Priory, near Witham, in Essex, and the above-mentioned busts are in the possession of his great-grandson, Mr. John Wright, the owner of that estate, who, in a letter to "Sylvanus Urban," says, "I remember some years ago (after reading an account of the busts in the 'Antiquities of Westminster'), scraping off some of the paint, and I found them glazed and coloured. I suppose the reason they were painted over was, that a good deal of the enamel had worn off, or was damaged in some way, so Flaxman thought it better to paint them."

Maitland, in his "History of London" (1739), speaks of Holbein's gateway as still standing. He calls it "the present stately gate, opposite the Banqueting House." He adds, that soon after becoming possessed of Whitehall, "Henry, for other diversions, erected, contiguous to the aforesaid gate, a tennis-court, cock-pit, and places to bowl in; the former of which only," he adds, "are now remaining, the rest being converted into dwellinghouses, and offices for the Privy Council, Treasury, and Secretaries of State."

The other gateway is described in the work above referred to as "an ancient piece of building, opening out of the Cock-pit into King Street, in the north part of Westminster," and is often styled "Westminster Gate;" the writer adds that "the structure is old, with the remains of several figures, the queen's arms, roses, &c., whereby it was enriched. It hath four towers, and the south side is adorned with pilasters and entablature of the Ionic order." It was lower than the Holbein Gateway, and not anything like so handsome; its towers were semi-circular projections, pierced with semi-circular lights, and on the top of the towers were semi-circular domelets. Altogether, if we may judge from the prints of the gate published by Kip, and also in the "Vetusta Monumenta" by the Society of Antiquaries, it was one of the ugliest structures in the metropolis. This was removed in 1723, as it blocked up the road which was then the sole access to the Houses of Parliament and the Courts of Law.

In this gateway were the lodgings of the beautiful and intriguing Countess of Buckingham, the mother of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. She died here in 1632, and her body was conveyed hence along King Street to the Abbey to be laid beside that of her murdered son. King's Gate was converted by Henry into a passage connecting Whitehall with the park, the tennis-court, bowlinggreen, and tilting-yard.

The Tilt-yard stood a little to the south of "the Horse Guard Yard," adjoining the north gate of King Street; having a gate into the park, close to which was an old staircase, used, no doubt, by Elizabeth and her courtiers on State occasions, and leading to the Royal gallery. In Sydney's "State Papers" there is to be found an amusing account of the diversions of Queen Bess, which shows that even when not far short of her seventieth year, she could pursue the

pleasures of out-door sports among her courtiers with the energy of youth or of middle age. "Her Majesty says she is very well. This day she appoints a Frenchman to do feats upon a rope in the conduit court: to-morrow she hath commanded the bears, the bull, and the ape to be baited in the Tilt-yard. Upon Wednesday she will have 'solemne dauncing.'"

The chief heroes of the Tilt-yard were Sir Henry Lee, of Ditchley, Knight of the Garter, and "the faithful and devoted knight of this romantic Princess," and George, Earl of Cumberland. The former had made a vow to present himself at the Tilt-yard annually on the 27th of November, till disabled by age, and so gave rise to a school of knights of the Tilt-yard, embracing about twentyfive of the most celebrated members of the Court, including Sir Christopher Hatton, and Robert, Earl of Leicester. In due course of time Sir Henry resigned his post in favour of the Earl of Cumberland. In 1590, it is on record that "with much form and in the true spirit of chivalry and romance, in the presence of the Queen and of the whole Court, he armed the new champion with his own hands, and mounted him on his horse. He then offered his own armour at the foot of a crowned pillar near her Majesty's feet; after which he clothed himself in a coat of black velvet pointed under the arm, and instead of a helmet, covered his head with a buttoned cap of the country fashion," as Walpole tells us in his "Miscellaneous Antiquities." Sir Henry died at the age of eighty, and was buried at Quarendon, near Aylesbury, where the inscription on his tomb recorded the fact that—"In courtly jousts his sovereign's knight he was; Six princes did he serve."

In the reign of James I, the old Palace of Whitehall had become so ruinous, the greater part having been destroyed by fire in 1619, that it was determined to rebuild it. Dr. Mackay, in his "Thames and its Tributaries," says that the King "entrusted the design to Inigo Jones, who built the edifice now known as the Banqueting House, ... which was intended as a part, and a very small one, of a more magnificent conception. The palace was to have consisted of four fronts, each with an entrance between two towers. Within these were to have been one large central court and five smaller ones, and between two of the latter a handsome circus, with an arcade below, supported by pillars in the form of caryatides. The whole length of the palace was to have been 1,152 feet, and its depth 872 feet; but the times which succeeded those of James were not favourable for such designs and expenses as these, and so the palace was never completed." The original drawings, bold in their conception, are preserved at Worcester College, Oxford; and the building, as designed by Inigo Jones, has been frequently engraved. The building was actually commenced, but in consequence of the civil wars, the Banqueting House was the only portion of the design completed. This splendid fragment, which exists before our eyes, has often excited lamentations that the design of Inigo Jones was never completed; yet Horace Walpole, an incomparable critic on all writings, characters, and buildings but his own, throws strong doubts on its probable excellence. "Several plates of the intended new Palace of Whitehall," he writes, "have been given, but, I believe, from no finished design of Inigo Jones. ... The strange kind of cherubims on the towers at the end are preposterous ornaments; and, whether of Inigo's design or not, bear no relation to the rest. The great towers in the front are too near, and evidently borrowed from what he had seen in Gothic, than in Roman, buildings. The circular court is a picturesque thought, but without meaning or utility." It is true that he equally doubts the published design to be the final one; for he continues:—"The four great sheets are evidently made up from general hints; nor could such a source of invention and taste as the mind of Inigo Jones ever produce such sameness." On this passage Dr. Croly remarks in a note on Pope's "Windsor Forest:"—"Whether the design were regal or not, the situation showed a regal sense. The position on the Thames was fit for the seaking; its command of the rising country in front gave it the brightness and the beauty of the English landscape, before that fine space was overrun with graceless buildings.

The sovereign of England has now a new palace near the Thames, but without communication with it; and near the country, but without a prospect. Yet the architecture has been needlessly criticised; with some striking errors, it has many beauties. Blackened by smoke and buried in fog, what architecture can struggle against its location? A happier site would discover in it details of elegance, novelty, and grandeur.”

“At the time of the execution of King Charles,” says Pennant, “contiguous to the Banqueting House was a large building with a long roof and a small cupola rising out of the middle, which is shown in Hollar’s etching. Under this cupola there was an entrance and an unsightly gateway.”

Directly behind the Banqueting House, very near the river, was a chapel belonging to the Palace, but no engravings of it are known to exist; and all trace of its site has disappeared. It must have stood as nearly as possible on the site of Fife House. The screen of the Queen’s Chapel here, we are told, was removed by Sir William Chambers to his residence at Whitton, near Hounslow, where he set it up as a summer-house in his garden.

The Stone Gallery ran along the east, between the Privy Garden and the river, following as nearly as possible the line of the terrace which now forms “Privy Gardens.” The “lodgings belonging to his Majesty” faced the river, close to the “Privy Stairs.” Those of the Duke of York adjoined them on the south, commanding also a view of the river. Those of Prince Rupert, the Duke of Monmouth, the ladies of the Court, of the maids of honour, the “Countess of Castlemaine,” and the “Countess of Suffolk” were situated between the river-side and the Stone Gallery. Nell Gwynne, not having the honour of belonging to the establishment of Catherine of Braganza, was obliged to keep to her apartments in Pall Mall.

“The intended Palace at Whitehall,” says Horace Walpole, if it had been carried out, would have been the most truly magnificent and beautiful fabric of any of the kind in Europe. His Majesty did not send to Italy and Flanders for architects as he did for Albano and Vandyck; he had Inigo Jones. A higher compliment to both English royalty and English art could not well be paid.” As it is, we can only regret that the same chance of leaving behind him a memorial worthy of his genius was not given to Inigo Jones that was given to Sir Christopher Wren.

It is not generally known that in the early part of the last century an ingenious speculator proposed to improve Westminster by carrying out the design of Inigo Jones for rebuilding Whitehall. The expense he estimated at little over half a million, and he proposed, as a means of raising that sum, that the city of Westminster should be incorporated, to consist of a mayor, recorder, and twenty-four aldermen; that the profits arising to the said corporation, after defraying its own necessary expenses, should, for seven years, be appropriated to carry on the intended new palace; that duties should be laid upon new improved rents within the city of Westminster; that all officers who held two or more offices above the annual value of £300, should pay a certain poundage, as should likewise all such as had any right or title to any house, office, or lodging within the said new projected Palace; and, lastly, that all improvements of any part of the ground of Whitehall, and the benefit arising to Her Majesty from all new inventions or forfeitures should for a term of years be appropriated to the same purpose. This plan, which might ultimately have much benefited the locality, it is superfluous to add, was never carried into effect.

The Banqueting House, so called from having been placed on the side of the apartments so called erected by Elizabeth, was begun in 1619, and finished in two years. It is divided into three storeys, of which the lowest or basement storey consists of a rustic wall, with small square windows. Above this springs a range of columns and pilasters of the Ionic order; between the columns are seven windows, with alternate arched and triangular pediments; over these is placed the proper entablature, on which is raised a second series of the Corinthian order, consisting also of columns and pilasters, their capitals being connected with festoons of flowers, with masks and other ornaments in the centre. From the entablature of this series rises a balustrade, with attic pedestals in their places crowning the whole. The building consists chiefly of one room, of an oblong form, a double cube of 55 feet. The stone for building it was drawn from the quarries at Portland, under authority of the sign-manual of James I.



INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL ROYAL (BANQUETING HOUSE), WHITEHALL.

Charles I commissioned Rubens to paint the ceiling, and by the agency of this great artist the King was enabled to secure the noble cartoons of Raffaele, which are preserved at the South Kensington Museum. Charles also collected a considerable number of paintings by the best masters, but these were seized by order of Parliament, who sold many of the paintings and statues, and ordered the “superstitious pictures” to be burnt. After Sir P. Lely’s death, his noble collection of drawings and pictures was exhibited in the Royal Banqueting House, and in consequence realised, when subsequently put up for auction, the very large sum of £26,000. Rubens’s painted ceiling is divided by a rich framework of gilded mouldings into nine compartments, the subjects being what are called allegorical, the centre one representing the apotheosis of James I, or his supposed translation into the celestial regions. The king, supported by an eagle, is borne upwards, attended by figures as the representatives of Religion, Justice, &c. His Majesty appears seated on his throne, and turning with horror from War and other such-like deities, and resigning himself to Peace and her natural attendants, Commerce and the Fine Arts—a curious commentary on the Puritan age which followed so soon after the execution of the ceiling. On either side of this central compartment are oblong panels, on which the painter has endeavoured to express the peace and plenty, the harmony and happiness, which he presumed to have signalised the reign of James I. In other compartments Rubens’ patron and employer, Charles, is introduced, in scenes intended to represent his birth, and as being crowned King of Scotland; while the oval compartments at the corners are intended, by allegorical figures, to show the triumph of the Virtues, such as Temperance, &c., over the Vices. Vandyke was to have painted the sides of the apartment with the history of the Order of the Garter. The execution of particular parts is to be admired for its boldness and success. These paintings have been more than once re-touched, on one occasion by no less an artist than Cipriani; and though there is an immense distance between this artist and Rubens, there is no apparent injury done to the work. The Banqueting House cost £17,000. Rubens received for his paintings upon the ceiling—about four hundred yards of work—the sum of *four* thousand pounds, or nearly *ten* pounds a yard; while Sir James Thornhill, three quarters of a century later, was paid only three pounds a yard for his decorations on the ceiling of Greenwich Hospital. Cipriani had two thousand pounds for his re-touching. This noble building was turned into a chapel by George I, and in it divine service is performed every Sunday morning and afternoon. The clerical establishment of the Chapel Royal (for such is its correct designation) consists of a Dean and Sub-Dean, a morning reader and two permanent preachers and readers, or chaplains; there are also two Select Preachers, chosen by the Bishop of London from the two chief Universities alternately. In 1812 five eagles and four other standards, captured from the French in the Peninsula, were publicly deposited in this chapel; and in January, 1816, the same ceremony was repeated in respect of the standards taken at the battle of Waterloo, on the 18th of June preceding; but on the opening of the new military chapel in Birdcage Walk these trophies were removed thither. The front of the Banqueting House was largely repaired and beautified in 1829. The basement comprises a series of vaulted chambers, which are partly used for Government stores. The royal closet is described in the reports as being within a few feet of the spot on which Charles I was executed. This is hardly correct, for according to a memorandum of Vertue, on a print in the library of the Society of Antiquaries, “through a window belonging to a small building abutting from the north side of the present Banqueting House the king stepped upon the scaffold, which was equal to the landing-place of the hall within side.” The Banqueting House, although converted into a chapel in the reign of George I, has never been consecrated, which fact was mentioned in the House of Commons several years ago, when it was proposed to use the hall as a picture-gallery. Here Prince George of Denmark was married on the 28th of July, 1683, to the Princess Anne.



CHAPEL ROYAL, WHITEHALL, EXTERIOR.

Evelyn in his “Diary” frequently mentions the service here, and on one occasion (at Easter, 1684), when the King received the communion, he adds, “Note, there was parfume burnt before the office began.”

We must not omit to mention here an interesting ceremony which has been performed in the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, from a remote period, namely, the distribution of the “Maundy,” or royal alms, to the poor.

The custom of distributing the royal alms on “Maunday” Thursday—as the day before Good Friday is styled—has come down from the old Roman Catholic ages. Some such ceremony was performed by personages of the highest rank, both temporal and spiritual, from the Pope down to nobles and lords in their castles, in commemoration of our Redeemer, who “washed his disciples’ feet” when He gave them that “new commandment,” or “mandate,” whence the day has its name. Queen Elizabeth performed this ceremony at her palace at Greenwich; and the last of our sovereigns who went through it in person was James II. After him, under the

Hanoverian line, it was performed by the Royal Almoner. The following contemporary account of the ceremony in the reign of George II may possibly raise a smile:—"On the 5th of April, 1731, it being Maunday Thursday, the King being then in his forty-eighth year, there was distributed, at the Banqueting House, Whitehall, to forty-eight poor men, and forty-eight poor women, boiled beef and shoulders of mutton, and small bowls of ale, which is called dinner; after that, large wooden platters of fish and loaves, viz., undressed, one large ling and one large dried cod; twelve red herrings and twelve white herrings, and four half-quartern loaves. Each person had one platter of this provision; after which was distributed to them shoes, stockings, linen and woollen cloth, and leathern bags, with one penny, twopenny, threepenny, and fourpenny pieces of silver, and shillings, to each about four pounds in value. His Grace the Lord Archbishop of York, Lord High Almoner, also performed the annual ceremony of washing the feet of the poor in the Royal Chapel, Whitehall, as was formerly done by the kings themselves."

Gradual changes, however, have taken place in the manner of performing this ceremony. The ceremony is thus described towards the close of the reign of George III, namely, in 1814:—"In the morning the Sub-Almoner, the Secretary of the Lord High Almoner, and others belonging to the Lord Chamberlain's Office, attended by a party of the Yeomen of the Guard, distributed to seventyfive poor women and seventy-five poor men, being as many as the King was years old, a quantity of salt fish, consisting of salmon, cod, and herrings, pieces of very fine beef, five loaves of bread, and some ale to drink the King's health. ... A procession entered of those engaged in the ceremony, consisting of a party of the Yeomen of the Guard, one of them carrying on his head a large gold dish, containing one hundred and fifty bags, with seventyfive silver pennies in each, for the poor people, which was placed in the royal closet. They were followed by the Sub-Almoner, in his robes, with a sash of fine linen over his shoulder and crossing his waist. He was followed by two boys, two girls, the secretary, and other gentlemen, all carrying nosegays. The Church Evening Service was then performed, at the conclusion of which the silver pennies were distributed, and woollen cloth, linen, shoes and stockings, to the men and women, and a cup of wine to drink the King's health."

The royal alms now are dispensed in money and clothing, the payment in kind of fish and flesh having been practically commuted. A few years ago it was thought that the ceremony would have been allowed to die out; but such has not been the case, and the gifts are distributed by the Lord High Almoner to so many men, and the like number of women, as may correspond with the number of years in the age of Her Majesty.

Although the mandate, or Maunday, is now little more than an empty ceremony, yet it is one which enshrines a lesson of true Christian charity. So far from censuring or despising such acts of condescension on the part of the royal and noble towards their poorer brethren and sisters, we ought rather to regret that so few opportunities occur in a year for bringing into contact and contrast the squalid poverty of "St. Giles's" with the wealth and luxury of "St. James's," and so leading the inmates of the latter region, in the words of the poet—"To learn the luxury of doing good."

We may, perhaps, be pardoned for reminding our readers here that the "Beef-eaters"—as the Yeomen of the Royal Guard who do duty on these occasions are called—are really *buffetiers*, that is, personal attendants of the sovereign, who, on high festivals, and on other state occasions, were ranged near the royal sideboard, or *buffet*.

In the open space in the rear, between the chapel and the houses in Whitehall Gardens, stands the celebrated statue of James II, which was set up in 1686, just two years before his abdication. It is of bronze, and represents the king as dressed in a Roman toga, and its elegant proportions have often been admired. It is the work of Grinling Gibbons. Indeed, it has been said to be nearly the only statue in the metropolis that will bear a rigid inspection as a work of art. It suffers, however, from the want of an open space around it sufficiently large to set it off to advantage.

As to the author of this statue, it is only fair to add that great doubts have prevailed. They would appear, however, to be negated by the following passage in the "Autobiography of Sir John Bramston," published under the auspices of the Camden Society. "On New Year's Day, 1686," writes Sir John, "a statue in brass was to be seen, placed the day before in the yard at Whitehall, made by Gibbons at the charge of Toby Runstick, of the present king, James II." Horace Walpole, therefore, was correct in his surmise on the subject. "I am rather inclined to attribute the statue at Whitehall to Gibbons, because I know of no other artist of that time capable of it." It is strange that so little should have been known for certain as to its author, considering that when it was first set up it was made the subject of numerous sets of verses and *jeux d'esprit*. "The figure, looking as it does towards the river," writes John Timbs, "was said to prognosticate the king's flight. This, however, is not more probable than that he is pointing to the spot where his father was executed, which is a vulgar error. It may be taken as a sign of the moderation of the Revolution of 1688 that after the accession of William III the statue was still left standing." Possibly, however, this fact, so unlike what would have happened in Paris under like circumstances, may be ascribed to the new king being the son-in-law of James.

CHAPTER XLVI.

WHITEHALL, AND ITS HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES (continued).

“Non isto vivitur illic
Quo tu rere modo.”—*Horace.*

Whitehall forsaken as a Royal Residence—Partial Restoration of the Palace—The Cock-pit—Cromwell and Sir Roger L’Estrange—Death of Oliver Cromwell—The Ultimate Fate of Cromwell’s Body—The Exhumation discussed—Curious Record in an Old Parish Register—George Monk at the Cock-pit—Fashionable Life under the Stuarts—Cock-fighting—Defoe’s Account—Its Prevalence in England.

In the “New View of London,” published in 1708, we read, “This Palace being in the beginning of January, 1697, demolished by fire, except the Banqueting House and the Holbein Gateway, there has since been no reception of the Court in town but St. James’s Palace, ... and Whitehall will doubtless be rebuilt in a short time, being designed one of the most famous palaces in Christendom.” It was not rebuilt, however; and gradually the royal family removed from Whitehall to St. James’s Palace, which thenceforward became known as the head-quarters of the English Court.

On page 355 there will be found a copy of a curious outline print giving a bird’s-eye view of Whitehall Palace as it appeared after the fire of 1697. In this engraving a sort of lawn, divided into four parterres, projects into the river; while modern mansions of the classical style have taken the place of the old low semi-Gothic houses which previously figured in the foreground.

It is true that after the Restoration Charles II had made a partial “restoration” at Whitehall. Horace Walpole, in his “Anecdotes of Painting,” mentions, as a mark of Charles’s taste, that he erected at Whitehall five curious sun-dials. He also collected again a considerable part of the treasures which had been dissipated, and added suites of apartments for the use of his abandoned favourites. James II, too, was occupying Whitehall at the time of the unexpected invasion by the Dutch. He is reported to have caused the weather-vane, which still remains, to be erected on the roof of the palace, in order that he might judge whether or not the elements were favourable to his enemies.

Whitehall Palace, nevertheless, only now exists as a fragment. “The present Banqueting House is, indeed,” says Mr. Edward M. Barry, “not onefortieth part of the original design. Had the latter been carried out, the question of our public offices would probably have been settled for ever, and a modern prime minister would not have had the opportunity of forcing his taste on a reluctant architect.”

There were two “cock-pits” in the neighbourhood of this palace; the one on the site of the present Privy Council Office, and the other near the junction of Queen Street and Dartmouth Street with Birdcage Walk. The two are often confounded together, but the former is the one most frequently mentioned in history in connection with distinguished persons. Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, one of two brothers to whom Shakespeare’s Works were

dedicated, held the Cock-pit apartments at Whitehall under the Crown, and from a window of his apartment saw his sovereign, Charles I, walk from St. James's to the scaffold. At his death in January, 1649–50, Oliver Cromwell took possession of the rooms, and here, as Mr. Peter Cunningham tells us, he addressed his letter to his aged mother, Elizabeth Bourchier, giving an account of the battle of Dunbar. Here he was waited upon by a deputation from the Parliament, desiring him to “magnify himself with the title of king;” and here Milton and Andrew Marvell, his secretaries, and Waller and Dryden, were his frequent guests. Though averse, by principle, to dramatic entertainments, Oliver Cromwell liked the organ, and took John Hingston, the organist of Charles I, into his own employ. He used often to summon him to play before him at the Cock-pit in Whitehall, near which he resided. Hingston, it appears, used to have concerts at his own house, at which Cromwell would often be present. In one of these musical entertainments Sir Roger L'Estrange happened to be a performer. As he did not leave the room when the Protector entered, his cavalier friends gave him the name of “Oliver's Fiddler,” and the name was so serious an annoyance to him after the Restoration, that in 1662 he published a pamphlet, entitled “Truth and Loyalty Vindicated,” in which he clears himself from the charge of Republican tendencies, and relates the affair just as it happened:—“Concerning the story of the fiddle, this, I suppose, might be the rise of it. Being in St. James's Park I heard an organ touched in a little low room of one Mr. Hingston: I went in, and found a private company of five or six persons; they desired me to take a viole and bear a part. I did so, and that a part too not much to advance the reputation of my cunning. By-and-by, without the least colour of a design or expectation, in came Cromwell. He found us playing, and, as I remember, so he left us.”

The great “Lord Protector” died at Whitehall on the 3rd of September, 1658, after a protracted illness, and amidst the raging of a terrific storm. During his last illness Cromwell became so depressed and debilitated that he would allow no barber to come near him; and his beard, instead of being cut in a certain fashion, grew all over his face. After his death the body lay in state at Somerset House, having been carefully embalmed, and was afterwards buried with more than regal honours in Henry VII's Chapel in Westminster Abbey. John Evelyn, in his “Diary,” under date of October 2nd, tells us how that he “saw the superb funerall of the Lord Protector. He was carried from Somerset House in a velvet bed of State drawn by six horses, hous'd by the same; the pall held up by his new lords; Oliver lying in effigie in royal robes, and crown'd with a crown, sceptre, and globe, like a king. The pendants and guidions were carried by the officers of the army; and the imperial banner, achievement, &c., by the heraulds in their coates; a rich compareason'd horse, embroider'd all over with gold; a knight of honor arm'd cap-a-pie, and after all, his guards, soldiers, and innumerable mourners. In this equipage they proceeded to Westminster; but it was the joyfulest funeral I ever saw, for there were none that cried but dogs, which the soldiers hooted away with a barbarous noise, drinking and taking tobacco in the streets as they went.”

The ultimate fate of Cromwell's body has at different periods given rise to much controversy from the Restoration down to the present time. It is asserted that after the Restoration it was taken out of his grave, together with the bodies of Ireton (Cromwell's son-in-law) and Bradshaw; the latter, as President of the High Court of Justice, having pronounced sentence of death on Charles I. The three bodies are then said to have been taken in carts to the “Red Lion,” in Holborn, and on the 30th of January, the anniversary of King Charles's death, to have been removed on sledges to Tyburn, where they were hanged until sunset, and then taken down and beheaded, their bodies buried in a deep pit under the gallows, and their heads stuck upon the top of Westminster Hall, where at that time sentinels walked.

A strong corroboration of the main incidents of this story is to be found in the "Fifty Years' Recollections, Literary and Personal," of the late Mr. Cyrus Redding, and resting on the authority of Horace Smith, one of the authors of "Rejected Addresses," &c. Redding writes under date about 1821 or 1822:—"Horace Smith was acquainted with a medical gentleman who had in his possession the head of Oliver Cromwell, and in order to gratify my curiosity he gave me a note (of introduction) to him. There accompanied the head a memorandum relating to its history. It had been torn from the tomb with the heads of Ireton and Bradshaw after the accession of Charles II, under a feeling of impotent vengeance. All three were fixed over the entrance of Westminster Hall, the other bones of those three distinguished men being interred at Tyburn under the gibbet—an act well befitting the Stuart character. During a stormy night," he adds, "the head in the centre, that of Cromwell, fell to the ground. The sentry on guard beneath having a natural respect for an heroic soldier, no matter of what party, took up the head and placed it under his cloak until he went off duty. He then carried it to the Russells, who were the nearest relations of Cromwell's family, and disposed of it to them. It belonged to a lady, a descendant of the Cromwells, who did not like to keep it in her house. There was a written minute extant along with it. The disappearance of the head (off Westminster Hall) is mentioned in some of the publications of the time. It had been carefully embalmed, as Cromwell's body is known to have been two years before its disinterment. The nostrils were filled with a substance like cotton. The brain had been extracted by dividing the scalp. The membranes within were perfect, but dried up and looked like parchment. The decapitation had evidently been performed after death, as the state of the flesh over the vertebræ of the neck plainly showed. It was hacked, and the severance had evidently been done by a hand not used to the work, for there were several other cuts beside that which actually separated the bone. The beard, of a chestnut colour, seemed to have grown after death. An ashen pole, pointed with iron, had received the head clumsily impaled upon its point, which came out an inch or so above the crown, rusty and time-worn. The wood of the staff and the skin itself had been perforated by the common wood-worm. I wrote to Horace Smith that I had seen the head, and deemed it genuine. Smith replied, 'I am gratified that you were pleased with Cromwell's head, as I was when I saw it, being fully persuaded of its identity.'" It remains, then, on record that two persons, both men of the world and of large experience, and yet so different from each other in character as Horace Smith and Cyrus Redding, were satisfied with the evidence brought before them to prove its being genuine nearly fifty years ago.

In *Notes and Queries*, September, 1874, p. 205, we read that "Cromwell's body was dug up, his head put on a pike and exposed, and, after passing through several hands, was offered for sale to one of the Russells, who was a lineal descendant of Oliver Cromwell through his daughter, Lady Rich."

According to some authorities, the remains were privately conveyed from Whitehall and interred next to those of Mrs. Claypole, Oliver Cromwell's favourite daughter, in Northamptonshire, in accordance with his own wish, the funeral in Westminster Abbey being a mock ceremonial. According to others, the remains were conveyed to the field of Naseby, and interred at midnight in the very spot where he made his last victorious charge, the field being afterwards ploughed over that his enemies might not discover the spot. Another account, indorsed by Heath, the author of the "Flagellum"—who, by the way, contradicts himself, as he afterwards goes on to describe the exhumation in the abbey and the subsequent gibbeting—is that as the body was decomposed and corrupt to such an extent that it was impossible either to embalm or publicly bury it, it was encased in lead and flung into the Thames at midnight. Oldmixon adds that it was thrown into "the deepest part of the Thames."

To say nothing of the intrinsic improbability of these accounts, of the fact that neither Cromwell nor his friends were likely to anticipate any indignity being offered to his remains, of the difficulty of secretly conveying the corpse either to Northamptonshire or to Naseby, of the physical impossibility of decomposition necessitating a hurried burial in the Thames—though this is certainly the best authenticated theory—there is, as we shall see, every reason to believe that he was actually interred near his mother and his daughter in the Abbey. First, there is the fact that none of the leading men of the day had any suspicion that the funeral procession, of which we have many elaborate accounts, was a mock ceremonial. Secondly, Cromwell would naturally desire to lie with his mother and daughter in the national mausoleum among those whom he must have looked on as his royal predecessors. Thirdly, Noble, a trustworthy and sensible historian, distinctly says, in his memoirs of the “Protectorate House of Cromwell,” that the body was deposited in Westminster Abbey, under a magnificent hearse of wax, on the spot subsequently occupied by the tomb of the Duke of Buckingham, adding that at the Restoration “they found in a vault at the east end of the middle aisle a magnificent coffin which contained the body of the late Protector, upon whose breast was a copper plate double gilt, which upon one side had the arms of the Commonwealth impaling those of the deceased.” Of this Noble gives a fac-simile. He then goes on to say that he saw the receipt of the money paid to one John Lewis, a mason, for exhuming the bodies of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw. This account is corroborated by the following passage in a work entitled “Oliver Cromwell and his Times,” by Thomas Cromwell:—“When the coffin of Cromwell was broken into, a leaden canister was found lying on his breast, and within it a copper gilt plate with the arms of England impaling those of Cromwell,” &c. “This copper plate is or was,” says a writer in the *Gentleman’s Magazine* for 1867, “in the possession of the Marquis of Ripon. There can be little doubt, therefore,” he adds, “that the body of Cromwell was, after his death, veritably interred in the Abbey. It is perfectly certain, moreover, that after the exhumation it was conveyed to Red Lion Square. Noble tells us that the body lay at the Red Lion from Saturday, January 26, 1660, to the Monday following; and the question is, did it ever leave the Red Lion? It is quite conceivable that Cromwell’s partisans bribed the officers who were placed to watch the body, and, like the Ephesian matron in Petronius, substituted another body in its place.” On the opposite side, however, we have the testimony of those who actually inspected Cromwell’s head on the spikes. “Saw the heads of Cromwell, Bradshaw, and Ireton set up at the further end of the hall” (Westminster), writes Pepys; and in the diary of a M. Sainthill, a Spanish ambassador of the time, quoted in *Notes and Queries*, series 3, vol. iii., we find the following entry: “The odious carcasses of Oliver Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshawe were drawn on sledges to Tyburn, where they were hanged by the neck from the morning until four in the afternoon.”



WHITEHALL, LOOKING TOWARDS THE HOLBEIN GATEWAY. (*From a View by Maurer, 1753.*)



WHITEHALL GARDENS.

With reference to the above subject, it may be added that in the register-book of the parish of Deddington, in Oxfordshire, there is the following somewhat singular entry:—"His Majesty Charles II came into London 29 day of May, 1660, which was 12 year of his reign, which was brought in without bloodshed, and his father was put to death the 30th January, 1648, by the tyrannical power of Oliver Cromwell, who died September 3d, 1658, and was taken up after he had been buried two years and above, and was hanged at Tiborne, and his head was sett up at Westminster; his body was buried underneath the Tyborne, 1661: which Oliver did governe for some years in England."

It may be remembered that in 1653 Cromwell returned from Westminster to Whitehall, with the keys of the House of Commons in his pocket, after having dissolved the "Long" Parliament, as he subsequently explained to the "Barebones" Parliament assembled in the Council Chamber here.

George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, was the next tenant of the Cock-pit at Whitehall, shortly before the Restoration. These apartments were confirmed to the Duke by Charles II, and he died here in 1670. We have already given our readers a good deal of information respecting the private relations of the Duke in our account of the Strand. Then came to reside here George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who died in 1687. After the disastrous fire in Whitehall, in 1697, the Cock-pit was converted into offices for the Privy Council; and in 1710, in the Council Chamber, Guiscard assassinated that noble collector of books and patron of men of letters—Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford. The Cock-pit retained its original name

long after the change of its use, for the minutes of the Lords Commissioners of His Majesty's Treasury were dated from the "Cockpit at Whitehall," as late as the year 1780, if not later. The "Picture of London" (1810) refers to the Council Chamber as "commonly called the Cock-pit."

Here is a graphic description of Court life at Whitehall in the gay days of our Stuart kings:—"Hyde Park, in the reign of the second Charles," wrote Grace and Philip Wharton in their "Queens of Society," "was only a country drive, a field, in fact, belonging to a publican. Sometimes the Princess Anne might be seen driving there ... in her coach, panelled only, and without glass windows—a luxury introduced by Charles II. There they encountered Lady Castlemaine and Miss Stuart, whose quarrel as to which should first use the famous coach presented by Grammont to the King was the theme of Whitehall. Some times from the groves and alleys of Spring Gardens they emerged perhaps into the broad walks of St. James's Park, between the alleys of which the gay and tilted resorted to *cafés*, such as those permitted in the gardens of the Tuileries. Sometimes again the Princess Anne, accompanied by the haughty Freeman (Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough) in her hood and mantle, descended White Hall Stairs and took her pleasure in her barge on the then fresh and pure waters of the Thames, beyond which were green fields and shady trees. These were all inexpensive pleasures; and both 'Mrs. Freeman' and 'Mrs. Morley' (the Princess Anne) were economical. The Princess's allowance from the Privy Purse was small, and Lord Churchill's means were moderate. More frequently, however, the two friends sat in the Princess's boudoir, then termed her 'closet,' and in that sanctum discussed passing events with bitterness—the dramatic close of the days of Charles II, who begged pardon of his surrounding courtiers for 'being so long a dying;' the accession and unpopularity of his brother James, and afterwards the event which roused even Anne from her apathy and made her malicious—the birth of the Prince whom we southrons call the Pretender."

Some account of the "diversion" carried on at the Cock-pit in former times, and of cock-fighting in general, may not be out of place here. Fitzstephen, who wrote the life of Archbishop Becket, in the reign of Henry II, is the first of our writers that mentions cock-fighting, describing it as the sport of school-boys on Shrove Tuesday. The Cock-pit, it appears, was the school, and the master was the comptroller and director of the sport. From this time, at least, the diversion, however absurd and even impious, was continued among us. It was followed, though disapproved and prohibited, in the 39th year of Edward III; also in the reigns of Henry VIII and Queen Elizabeth. It has been by some called a royal diversion, and, as every one knows, the Cock-pit at Whitehall was erected by a crowned head, for the more magnificent celebration of the sport. It was prohibited, however, by one of the Acts of Oliver Cromwell, March 31, 1654.

British cocks are mentioned by Cæsar; but the first actual notice of cock-fighting, as an established sport of the Londoners, occurs in Fitzstephen, who traces it back to the reign of Henry II. From Edward III down to the days of the Regency—when the late Lord Lonsdale treated the allied sovereigns in 1814 to an exhibition of it—and, perhaps, we may say even to our own time, it has been a fashionable amusement with a certain set of individuals. Henry VIII, as everybody knows, added a cock-pit to his new palace at Whitehall; and even the learned pedant, James I, if we are correctly informed, used to go to witness the sport twice a week.

"A cock-fight," says Defoe, in his "Journey through England" (1724), "is the very model of an amphitheatre of the ancients. The cocks fight here in the area, as the beasts did formerly

among the Romans, and round the circle above sit the spectators in their several rows. It is wonderful to see the courage of these little creatures, who always hold fighting on till one of them drops, and dies on the spot. I was at several of these matches, and never saw a cock run away. However, I must own it to be a remnant of the barbarous customs of this island, and too cruel for my entertainment. There is always a continued noise among the spectators in laying wagers upon every blow each cock gives, who, by the way, I must tell you, wear steel spurs (called gaffles) for their surer execution. And this noise runs, fluctuating backwards and forwards, during each battle, which is a great amusement, and I believe abundance of people get money by taking and laying odds on each stroke, and find their account at the end of the battle, but these are people that must nicely understand it. If an Italian, a German, or a Frenchman should by chance come into these cock-pits, without knowing beforehand what is meant by this clamour, he would certainly conclude the assembly to be all mad, by their continued outcries of ‘six to four, ten pounds to a crown,’ which is always repeated here, and with great earnestness, every spectator taking part with his favourite cock, as if it were a party cause.”

That cock-fighting was the original appropriation of the pit of our theatres has been supposed by some who support their view by such quotations as the following:—

“Let but Beatrice
And Benedict be seen: Lo! in a trice,
The cockpit, galleries, boxes, all are full.”

In the *Gentleman’s Journal*, 1692, is given an English epigram, “On a Cock at Rochester,” by Sir Charles Sedley, wherein the following lines, which imply, as it would seem, as if the cock had suffered this annual barbarity by way of punishment for St. Peter’s crime:—

“May’st thou be punished for St. Peter’s crime,
And on Shrove Tuesday perish in thy prime.”

Cock-fighting, it would appear, was peculiarly an English amusement in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The characteristics of this brutal sport may be gathered from the remark of a contemporary writer, who, addressing a friend in Paris, tells him that it is worth while to come to England, if it be only to see an election and a cock-pit match. “There is a celestial spirit of anarchy and confusion in these two scenes that words cannot paint.”

“Cocks of the game are yet cherished,” says Stow, “by divers men for their pleasure, much money being laid on their heads, when they fight in pits, whereof some be costly made for that purpose.”

It remains only to add that there were in the seventeenth century, in London and its suburbs, a variety of places where the sport of cock-fighting was practised: the best known were the Royal Cock-pit, in the Birdcage Walk; one in Bainbridge Street, St. Giles’; one “near Gray’s Inn Lane;” one in “Pickled-egg Walk;” at the New Vauxhall Gardens, in St. George’s-in-the-East, and in Old Gravel Lane, over Blackfriars Bridge. Cock-pits, therefore, in the good old Stuart times, must have been pretty evenly distributed among all classes of the community. The Royal Cock-pit, it will be remembered, afforded to Hogarth characters for what has been epigrammatically and wittily termed “one of his worst subjects, though best plates.”

We have said that very little, indeed nothing, of old Whitehall remains. From the twenty-fifth volume of the "Archæologia" we learn that the last portion of it, an embattled doorway of the Tudor date and style, was removed in 1847. Fifteen years or so previously a stone apartment with a groined roof, no doubt a portion of the old palace, was discovered by Mr. Sidney Smirke, F.S.A., in the basement of Cromwell House, in Whitehall Yard; and it seems probable, on referring to Fisher's plan (of which we have given a copy on p. 343), that it formed part of the winecellar. Its identity was established by a doorway, bearing in its spandrils the arms of Wolsey and of the see of York.

CHAPTER XLVII.

WHITEHALL:—ITS PRECINCT, GARDENS, &c.

"Magnos Senecæ prædivitis hortos."—*Juvenal.*

The Privy Gardens and King Charles's curious Sun-dials—Name changed to Whitehall Gardens—Lady Hervey and Sir Thomas Robinson—Sir Robert Peel's House—Pembroke House and Gwydyr House—The Local Government Board—The Duchess of Portland's Museum of Sculpture—Montagu House—Richmond House—The Duke of Richmond's Gallery of Art—Richmond Terrace—Beating the Bounds—Cannon Row—The Civil Service Commission—Derby Court—Manchester Buildings—A Touching Incident in connection with the Last Days of Charles I—Parliament Street—Messrs. Nichols' Printing-office—Assassination of Mr. Drummond—The Residence of Charles James Fox—Whitehall Club—The *Whitehall Evening Post*—Curious House Signs.

The gardens adjoining Whitehall Palace on the south and south-west were laid out in terraces, square and formal in plan, and adorned, after the fashion of the times, with statues of marble and bronze, many of which were subsequently removed to Hampton Court. "In the Privy Garden," says John Timbs, "was a dial, which was set up by Edward Gunter, Professor of Astronomy at Gresham College, and of which he published a description by command of James I, in 1624. A large stone pedestal bore four dials at the four corners, and the great horizontal concave in the centre; and, besides, east, west, north, and south dials at the sides." In the reign of Charles II this dial was defaced by a nobleman of the court, when drunk; and Andrew Marvell wrote upon it the following epigram:—

"This place for a dial was too insecure,
Since a guard and a garden it could not defend;
For, so near to the court, they will never endure,
A witness to show how their time they mis-spend."

In the court-yard, facing the Banqueting House, was another curious dial, set up in 1669, by order of Charles II. It was invented by one Francis Hall, *alias* Lyne, a Jesuit and Professor of Mathematics at Liége. The dial consisted of five stages rising in a pyramidal form, and bearing several vertical and reclining dials, globes cut into planes, and glass bowls, showing besides "the houres of all kinds," and "many things also belonging to geography, astronomy, and astrology, by the sun's shadow made visible to the eye." Among the pictures were portraits of the King, the two Queens, the Duke of York, and Prince Rupert. Father Lyne published a description of this dial, which consisted of seventy-three parts, and was

illustrated with seventeen plates. It would appear, from what the author of the "Curiosities of London" says, that it was subsequently set up at Buckingham House.

We read incidentally that the gardens were intersected by a brook or rivulet, which here ran into the Thames; for in 1667 there was an order made by the Court of Sewers, as to the "sluice near Sir Robert Pye's, and the outfall thereof into the river, near the old orchard at Whitehall, now the Bowling Green." This orchard dated back as far as the reign of Henry VIII.

The site of the old palace of Whitehall, which was made extra-parochial at an early date, formerly formed part of the parish of St. Margaret's, Westminster. In order to assert the extent of the parish, the authorities, in "beating the bounds," took a boat at Parliament Stairs and rowed to the centre arch of Westminster Bridge, where there was a mark, and then landing at Privy Garden Stairs, "passed before Montagu House to the house of the Earl of Lowden" (Loudoun), afterwards the Duke of Richmond's, of which we shall have more to say presently.

Down to a comparatively recent date, the gardens above mentioned were called by the old name of the "Privy Gardens," but this has now become changed to "Whitehall Gardens"—a name given to a row of houses in the rear of the Banqueting House, which, until the formation of the Victoria Embankment, had its gardens and lawns sloping to the Thames. Whitehall Gardens were very fashionable residences in the reign of William IV. In 1835, No. 1, the present home of the National Club, was the town residence of the Marquis of Ailsa, and afterwards of the Dowager Marchioness of Exeter; and further on were the houses of Lord Farnborough (better known as Sir Charles Long) and the Earl of Malmesbury. Here, too, lived, in the time of Pitt and Fox, old Lady Townshend, who in her early days had been one of the "queens of society" in the court of George II. Here used to drop in of an evening George Selwyn and the other wits of the age; and it was said of her by Sir N. W. Wraxall, that, "in the empire of mind, she had succeeded to the place left vacant by Mrs. Hervey and Lady Mary Wortley Montague, in the previous generation." The Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli took the house, No. 2, in 1873, after the death of his wife, Lady Beaconsfield.

Lady Townshend's house was celebrated for the *bon mots* of its mistress. Lady Lepel Hervey tells a good story of her and two Sir Thomas Robinsons, who had both offended her. The one was very tall and thin, the other very plump and short. "I can't bear them; and I can't imagine," remarked her ladyship, "why the one should be preferred to the other, one bit. I see but little difference between them; the one Sir Thomas is as broad as the other is long." Lady Townshend's pleasantry, however, it should be remarked here, was scarcely just. The "broad" Sir Thomas was a man of merit and ability, and for some time Secretary of State, and afterwards was created Lord Grantham. The "long" Sir Thomas was a celebrated bore and butt of the day. Lord Chesterfield used to bear with his dulness for the sake of laughing at him. "One day," adds Lady Hervey, "when Sir Thomas requested his lordship to honour him with some poetic mention, Lord Chesterfield qualified his whim by the following couplet:—

Unlike my subject will I frame my song,
It *shall* be witty, and it *shan't* be long."

In No. 4, a house with a large bow window, the late Sir Robert Peel lived, before and during his premiership; and here he died, July 2nd, 1850, from the effects of a fall from his horse, a few days previously, on Constitution Hill. In this house, which is still occupied by the Peel

family, there is a fine gallery of paintings by the old masters, and the best collection of modern portraits by Sir Thomas Lawrence. Those of Canning, Wellington, &c., are there, and a variety of others too many to enumerate here.

Among the other mansions built on the site of the old Privy Gardens two deserve to be mentioned here—viz., Pembroke House and Gwydyr House.

“Lord Pembroke’s house at Whitehall,” writes Lady Hervey, in 1762, “is taken for the Duc de Nivernois, the French Ambassador.” His name will be remembered as one of the *Quarante* and an inveterate versifier; and it is said that not a sitting of that illustrious body took place at Paris which the duke did not enliven by reading out a fable. It is to be hoped that he was more merciful to West-end society here. The mansion known as Pembroke House was afterwards occupied by the late Earl of Harrington, and passed, in or about the year 1853, into the hands of the Government, who turned it into one of the departments of the State.

At Gwydyr House, for many years, were the offices of the Commissioners of Revenue Inquiry, the Commissioners for Promoting the Fine Arts, and the Commissioners of the Health of Towns. Within its walls is now carried on the business of the newly-constituted branch of the public service—the Local Government Board. Upon the establishment of this Board, in 1873, the Poor Law Board ceased to exist, and all the powers hitherto exercised by the Secretary of State and the Privy Council were transferred to this department. The powers exercised by the Local Government Board relate to the registration of births, deaths, and marriages, public health, drainage, public improvements, local government, &c., and also to the prevention of disease. Close by is the office of the Board of Trade and Plantations, and also that of the Statistical and Commercial Department of the Board of Trade.

One of the almost forgotten memories of the neighbourhood of Whitehall, is the celebrated Museum of Sculpture and Works of Art made by the Duchess of Portland. “Here,” writes John Timbs, “Pennant was shown a rich pearl surmounted with a crown, which was taken out of the ear of Charles I, after his head was cut off. Here, also, was the Barberini or Portland Vase, purchased by the Duchess from Sir William Hamilton for 1,800 guineas, and subsequently deposited by the Duke of Portland in the British Museum.”

Sir Christopher Wren was ordered by Queen Anne, in 1705, to erect a wall to enclose that part of the garden which contained the fountain, as a pleasure-ground to the house inhabited by the Scotch commissioners appointed to settle the terms of the union of the two kingdoms.

At the southern end of Whitehall Gardens is Montagu House, the town mansion of the Duke of Buccleuch, who inherited it from the noble family of Montagu. The old house was a low building, and, with the exception of the pictures it contained, had little or nothing to call for special remark. The building was demolished about the year 1860, when the present magnificent mansion, in the Italian style, was built upon its site, the architect being Mr. George Burn.

There is here a splendid gallery of pictures containing many examples of the first masters. One, having special reference to the locality, is Canaletti’s fine view of Whitehall, showing Holbein’s Gateway, Inigo Jones’s Banqueting House, and the steeple of St. Martin’s Church, with the scaffolding about it. Then there are a large number of portraits by Vandyck and others, formerly belonging to Sir Peter Lely, and purchased at the sale of his effects by Ralph,

Duke of Montagu. There are also other fine pictures by Vandyck, and a series of family portraits.

On the site of what is now Richmond Terrace was formerly Richmond House, the town residence of the Dukes of Richmond. This mansion stood at the southern end of the Privy Gardens, and faced Whitehall and Charing Cross, on ground previously occupied by the apartments of the Duchess of Portsmouth, Louise Renée de Perrencourt, whose son, by Charles II, was the first Duke of Richmond. The house was built for George, second Duke, by the famous architect Boyle, Earl of Burlington, concerning whom Pope asks, "Who builds like Boyle?"

Among those enlightened noblemen and gentle men who co-operated practically, and not merely by word of mouth, with George III in his zeal for the promotion of the fine arts, Charles, the third Duke of Richmond, who held the title from 1750 down to 1806, claims a prominent notice. After his return from "the grand tour," the Duke munificently opened a school for the study of painting and sculpture at his house, at the end of Privy Gardens. Here a spacious gallery was provided, with every convenience and accommodation for the students, and a fine collection of casts, moulded from the most select antique and modern statues at Rome and Florence, was procured. These were set out as models, and young artists were invited, by public advertisement, to make the gallery a school for the study of art. In consequence of this generous invitation several young artists, whose names were afterwards known to the world, entered themselves as students. Cipriani, the painter, and Wilton, the sculptor, presided as instructors, till the students were sufficiently advanced to follow their bent unaided, and silver medals were occasionally awarded. This benefit was given to the rising school without fee or emolument. The gallery was opened in 1758, ten years before the foundation of the Royal Academy. In 1770 it contained upwards of twenty-five statues, and among them may be noted the Apollo Belvidere, the Gladiator, the Venus de Medici, the Dancing Faun, Group of Hercules and Antæus, the Rape of the Sabines, and a variety of casts from the Trajan Column, &c. The value of such a school in London, at a time when there were no railways and other facilities for foreign travel, can hardly be exaggerated. Among the artists who owed some of their early art-training to this school, the *Somerset House Gazette* mentions John Parker, a painter of historical portraits, long resident in Rome; John Hamilton Mortimer, the pupil of Robert Edge Pine (known to his friends as "Friar Pine"), who outstripped all his compeers in the drawing of the antique figure, and obtained several prizes from the Society of Arts for drawings made here; Richard Cosway, the miniature painter, and William Parris, whose productions figured on the walls at the first exhibition of the Royal Academy. This artist was a great traveller, and much patronised by the Lord Palmerston of that day. Another was John A. Grosse, a native of Geneva, and a pupil of Cipriani; another was William Parry, son of a blind Welsh harpist, who obtained several prizes for drawings made in this gallery, and afterwards was a favourite pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Parry made a drawing of the Duke's gallery itself, into which he introduced several portraits: to the curious the discovery of this representation of a place so memorable would be a prize indeed. The Duke of Richmond, too, was a liberal patron of the meritorious artists of his time, as is proved by their numerous works in the Gallery at Goodwood. In other respects the Duke was often attacked for a want of hospitality and liberality; but, possibly, if he had squandered his wealth in giving costly banquets at Whitehall the artists of a century ago would have been so much the more poorly off. It would be well indeed for art, and indeed for literature also, if there were amongst us more noblemen endowed with the same generous feelings as Charles, Duke of Richmond. There is a deep truth in the old line which says:—*Sint Mæcenates, non deerunt, Flacce, Marones.*"



WESTMINSTER BRIDGE. (*From Canaletti's View.*)



PLAN OF WESTMINSTER. (*From Norden's Survey, taken in Queen Elizabeth's*

Reign, 1593.)

A. The Abbey. B. Westminster Hall. D. Long Ditch. E. Thieving Lane. F. The Amnerie. G. Way to Tothill Fields. H. The Lord Dacres. K. King Street. L. Round Woolstaple. M. The Park Lodgings. N. The Tilt Yard. O. St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. P. Clement's Lane. Q. New Inn. R. St. Clement Danes. S. Temple Bar.

But the house has also yet another claim to be remembered, for it was here that the first meeting of the friends of Parliamentary Reform was held, in May, 1782, a week or two before the subject was brought forward by Mr. Pitt in the House of Commons.

The mansion was burnt to the ground in December, 1791. There is an engraving of the house by Boydell; and Edwards, in his "Anecdotes," mentions the drawing of the gallery by Parry, alluded to above, which he considered curious, as being "the only representation of the place." On the site of this mansion, as already stated, has risen Richmond Terrace, a noble row of houses overlooking Montagu House and Whitehall Gardens, standing at right angles to the Thames Embankment, and having an entrance from Parliament Street through handsome iron gates.

We read in Macaulay that in the panic arising out of the perjuries of Titus Oates patrols were marched up and down the streets, and that cannon were planted round Whitehall. The same, too, was the case during the agitation respecting the bill for excluding the Duke of York from the throne.

The house No. 3 in Richmond Terrace is rich in some historical traditions of the last generation. On the formation of Lord Grey's ministry, in 1830, it was occupied by the Premier's brother-in-law, the late Mr. Edward Ellice, M.P., who had a very extensive acquaintance and influence among the Liberal party. As it was near to the Treasury and to the House of Commons, it soon became the head-quarters of the Whigs, and the chief centre of communication between the friends of the intended Reform Bill which was engrossing the attention of the public, including not only the old Whigs and modern Liberals, but also the Radicals of Birmingham. When Parliament was dissolved, in 1831, this house again became the chief centre of action, where candidates came to make inquiries for vacant constituencies, and deputations from near and distant boroughs came in search after eligible candidates, a committee for that purpose sitting there *en permanence*, under the auspices of Mr. Ellice, who here gave Parliamentary dinners and Liberal *reunions*. After the death of his wife, Lady Hannah Grey, the house passed into the hands of another leading Liberal, a son-in-law of Earl Grey, Sir Charles Wood, who, in the year 1866, was created Viscount Halifax in reward of his long official services.

It was conclusively shown, in the trial of Sir C. Burrell *v.* Nicholson, before Lord Denman, in December, 1833, that when the Palace of Whitehall was seized upon by Henry VIII, he added to its precincts the ground on the south, where Richmond Terrace now stands, the land originally being part of St. Margaret's parish, and belonging to the Abbot of Westminster. The two gardens and three acres of land which the king got from Wolsey were not enough for his Majesty.

At Richmond Terrace, on making the customary perambulation of the bounds of St. Margaret's parish every third year, a little parish apprentice usually was whipped soundly in

order that the tradition might be kept up of the limits which marked off the precinct of Whitehall from the mother parish out of which it had been carved.

Extending from the back of Richmond Terrace to Bridge Street, Westminster, and about midway between the Thames and Parliament Street, is a narrow thoroughfare called Cannon (or Canon) Row, which has a little history of its own. We learn from Stow and from John Selden that Cannon Row—or, as it was often called, Channel Row—derived its name from being the residence allotted to the canons of St. Stephen's Chapel. Stow informs us that among its inhabitants in his time were "divers noblemen and gentlemen," as Sir Edward Hobbes, John Thynne, Esq., Henry Clinton, Earl of Lincoln, and the Earl of Derby and the Duchess of Somerset, mother of the Earl of Hertford, who both occupied "stately" houses.

On the south side stands a dull and heavy building, erected in 1784 for the Ordnance Board, but appropriated to the then newly-formed Board of Control. The architect was a Mr. W. Atkinson. It is now occupied by the Civil Service Commissioners.

In Cannon Row was "the Rhenish Wine House of good resort," to use Strype's quaint expression, and mentioned by Prior and Montague in terms which imply that it was well known in their day:—

What wretch would nibble on a hanging shelf
When at Pontack's he may regale himself,
Or to the house of cleanly Rhenish go,
Or that at Charing Cross, or that in Channel Row?"

Here stood the stately house built by the termagant Anne Stanhope, wife of the Protector Somerset, whose dispute about some trifling point of female precedence is said to have contributed in some degree to her husband's fall. Here, too, was Manchester House, which appears to have been cut up into tenements in the reign of Queen Anne.

Leading out of this row on the east side was formerly Derby Court, so called from the town residence of the Earl of Derby, which it adjoined. Stow describes it, in 1598, as "a stately house," then in the course of erection. It was surrendered in the time of Charles I to the use of the Parliament, who occupied it for meetings of committees. Here died Pym, and here, as we learn from Ludlow's "Memoirs," his body was publicly exposed after his death. After the Restoration, the Stanleys removed elsewhere, and the mansion was occupied as the office of the Lord High Admiral.

A view of Westminster Bridge, whilst in the course of erection, painted by Canaletti (see page 378), shows the Middlesex bank of the river about Cannon Row and Whitehall covered with handsome mansions, most of which rise perpendicularly out of the river, with stairs and landing-places.

Between Cannon Row and the river, extending in a southerly direction, was a double row of private houses, principally occupied by bachelor members of Parliament, and known as Manchester Buildings. Their site is now covered by the Metropolitan District Railway Station and the St. Stephen's Club. They were so called because they adjoined the town residence of the Earls of Manchester, with "a very fine court which hath a handsome freestone pavement," as we learn from Strype; and adjoining the houses of the Earls of Derby and Lincoln. According to Mr. Peter Cunningham; a gaming-house in these buildings was once occupied by Thurtell, who murdered Mr. Weare.

Cannon Row is of historic interest on account of its connection with the very last days of the life of King Charles I. In Wood's "Athenæ Oxoniensis," we find the following touching narrative told by the King's faithful attendant, Herbert:—

"The same evening [January 28th, 1648–9], two days before his execution, the King took a ring from his finger, having an emerald set therein between two diamonds, and gave it to Mr. Herbert, and commanded him, as late as 'twas, to go with it from St. James's to a lady living then in Canon Row, on the back side of King Street, in Westminster, and to give it to her without saying anything. The night was exceeding dark, and guards were set in several places; nevertheless, getting the word from Colonel Matthew Tomlinson, Mr. Herbert passed currently through in all places where sentinels were, but was bid stand till the corporal had the word from him. Being come to the lady's house, he delivered her the ring. 'Sir,' said she, 'give me leave to show you the way into the parlour;' where, being seated, she desired him to stay till she returned. In a little time after she came in and put into his hands a little cabinet, closed with three seals, two of which were the King's arms, and the third was the figure of a Roman; which done, she desired him to deliver it to the same hand that sent the ring; which ring was left with her; and afterwards, Mr. Herbert taking his leave, he gave the cabinet into the hands of his Majesty (at St. James's), who told him that he should see it opened next morning. Morning being over, the Bishop (Juxon) was early with the King, and, after prayers, his Majesty broke the seals, and showed them what was contained in the cabinet. There were diamonds and jewels—most part broken Georges and Garters. 'You see,' said he, 'all the wealth now in my power to give to my children.'"

Parliament Street, the line of thoroughfare which forms a direct communication between Whitehall and Westminster, was driven through the heart of the "Privy Garden" and the "Bowling Green," displacing the terraces, sun-dials, and statues, about the year 1732, in order to supersede the narrow road which led to Westminster from Charing Cross. Previously the only access from the one spot to the other was by King Street, a narrow way, muddy and ill paved, which ran parallel to Parliament Street from the corner of Downing Street to the Abbey. At the northern end it was spanned by the lofty and imposing gateway, called, from its designer, Holbein's Gate, of which we have already spoken. So bad was King Street as a thoroughfare that we are told that, when the King went to open Parliament in the winter in the early part of the eighteenth century, it was often found necessary to throw down a supply of fagots in the ruts in order to allow the royal coach to pass along. But of King Street we shall have more to say hereafter.

For thirty-six years, from 1820 down to 1856, the Messrs. Nichols issued the *Gentleman's Magazine* at their printing-office in this street. The work of editing and printing the *Gentleman's Magazine* had for many years previously been conducted by the Messrs. Nichols at their office in Red Lion Passage, Fleet Street. As far back as 1792, the writers in the *Gentleman's Magazine* were thus satirised—much to their own credit—by "Peter Pindar:"—

"And see the hacks of Nichols's Magazine
Rush loyal to berhyme a King and Queen."

It was in Parliament Street, on the 26th of January, 1843, that Mr. E. Drummond, private secretary to Sir Robert Peel, was shot by a man named Macnaghten, who mistook him for the Premier. No. 52 in this street was for many years the residence of Charles James Fox.

At the corner of Derby Street, the short thoroughfare leading out of Parliament Street into Cannon Row, stands the Whitehall Club, which was built about the year 1866. The building, Italian in style, is constructed of stone, and consists of three storeys, besides offices in the basement. It was built from the designs of the late Mr. Parnell, at a cost of about £25,000. Over the doorway and upon the cornice is some admirable sculpture executed by Mr. Tolmie. The rooms are spacious and lofty, and well adapted to the purposes to which they are devoted.

Close by stood a small public-house, of which Charles Dickens tells us, that when a very young boy, he lounged in there and asked for a glass of ale, which the kind-hearted landlady gave him, after sundry inquiries as to his name, age, and belongings, and into the bargain a kiss, "half-admiring, half-compassionate, but all womanly and good, I am sure."

With respect to this highly historical neighbourhood, Pope, as usual, minutely accurate in details, thus writes in a spirit of prophecy, which, it is needless to say, has never yet been quite fulfilled to the letter:—

"Behold! Augusta's glittering spires increase,
And temples rise, the beauteous works of peace.
I see, I see, where two fair cities bend
Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend;
There mighty nations shall enquire their doom,
The world's great oracle in times to come:
There kings shall sue, and suppliant states be seen
Once more to bend before a British Queen."

And yet, after all, the seer may be regarded as not so very wide of the mark, if we interpret a "new Whitehall" to mean the new Houses of Parliament, and the new Foreign, Indian, and Colonial Offices, which have lately risen on the Park side of Whitehall, and have well nigh effaced the narrow and close *cul de sac* of Downing Street.

Before closing our remarks on Whitehall, we may state that in September, 1718, De Foe, then busy in the midst of politics, secular and religious, started the *Whitehall Evening Post*, a newspaper consisting of two leaves, in small quarto, and published on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. De Foe was connected with it till June, 1720, but the paper continued to exist for many years after this date. Whether it was actually published at Whitehall, or near to it, is not known, but it is probable that it was connected with the courtly locality through some of its contributors.

It must be remembered that before the middle of the eighteenth century, nearly every house in the leading streets of London and Westminster had its sign. Thus an observer in the reign of James I. remarks: "On the way from Somerset House to Charing Cross we pass the 'White Hart,' the 'Red Lion,' the 'Mairmade,' the 'iii Tuns,' 'Salutation,' the 'Graihound,' the 'Bell,' and the 'Golden Lyon;' in sight of Charing Cross, the 'Garter,' the 'Crown,' the 'Bear and Ragged Staffe,' the 'Angel,' the 'King Harry (*sic*) Head.'" It is almost needless to add that all trace and nearly every record of these house signs have long since disappeared before the onward march of the prosaic spirit of modern progress. "The houses in the West-end, in 1685, were not numbered," writes Macaulay; "there would, indeed, have been very little advantage in numbering them, for of the coachmen, chairmen, porters, and errand-boys of London only a small proportion could read, and it was necessary to use marks which the most ignorant could understand. The shops were therefore distinguished by painted or sculptured

signs, which gave a gay and grotesque aspect to the streets.” If the walk from Charing Cross to Whitechapel lay through an “endless succession of ‘Saracens’ Heads,’ ‘Royal Oaks,’ ‘Blue Bears,’ and ‘Golden Lambs,’ which disappeared when they were no longer required for the direction of the common people,” the same, in a certain degree, must have been true of the walk from Charing Cross to Westminster Abbey.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

WHITEHALL.—THE WESTERN SIDE.

“A royal house, with learned Muses grac’d,
But by his death imperfect and defac’d.”
Storer’s Metrical History of Wolsey.

Wallingford House—Pope’s Lines on the Death-bed Scene of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham—Wallingford House converted into the Admiralty Office—The Semaphore Telegraph—Authority and Jurisdiction of the Admiralty—Career of Lord Sandwich at the Admiralty—Funeral of Lord Nelson—Anecdote of Mr. Croker—The Horse Guards—The Commander-in-Chief’s Department—Pennant’s View of the Old Horse Guards—Dover House—The Treasury—Downing Street: its Political Associations, and Anecdotes of Former Occupants—The Old Foreign Office—The New Foreign, India, and Colonial Offices—Library of the India Office.

Nearly the whole of the western side of Whitehall, between Charing Cross and Parliament Street, is occupied either by Government buildings or by other edifices of public importance. First of all we have, nearly opposite to Scotland Yard, the building known to all officers of Her Majesty’s navy as the Admiralty. The present extensive building was erected in the reign of George II, from the designs of Ripley, on the site of Wallingford House, a fine mansion, built by William, Lord Knollys, Viscount Wallingford, and Earl of Banbury, in the second year of Charles I.

Wallingford House was subsequently used by the “Lord Protector” and his councillors for the purpose of holding consultations on public affairs. Here, too, was born the notorious and reprobate Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the second of his line who bore that fatal title—the son of the royal favourite assassinated by Felton, and the man who, having squandered a princely fortune, and thrown away a splendid position, became the butt for Dryden’s satire, while his death-bed served to “point a moral” for Pope:—

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

Though the first line, as it has often been observed, embodies a poetical fiction, the picture as a whole is true, in spite of an error in topography. It was not at a paltry “inn” in Yorkshire, as commonly supposed, but at Kirby Mallory, in Leicestershire, at the house of one of his tenants, that Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, was suddenly struck with illness and died. From his biography, by his retainer Fairfax, and from an account of his deathbed in the “Collection of Letters of Persons of Quality and Others,” it is clear that, although he did not die in actual want of the necessaries of life, yet he died in comparative poverty, having wasted his fortune to a mere nothing—he who had been literally “the lord of thousands.”

Wallingford House was purchased in the reign of William III, and appointed for the Admiralty Office, which had been removed thither from Duke Street, Westminster. The present edifice is very extensive. The front elevation, facing the street, has two deep wings, forming a court-yard, and in the centre is a portico formed of four lofty columns of the Ionic order; these support the pediment, within which are the Admiralty arms. The interior is very convenient, and comprises a large hall and numerous offices appropriated to the transacting of maritime concerns. The screen before the court, which was subsequently built by Robert Adam, has been much admired; it consists of a piazza of the Doric order supporting its entablature, and enriched with marine ornaments. It must be owned that the heavy structure, as a whole, is better adapted for use than for show; and it may be remarked that Pennant speaks of the Admiralty as “a clumsy pile, but properly veiled from the street by Mr. Adam’s handsome screen.”

During the great war against Napoleon, and for several years subsequently, it was surmounted by a “telegraph,” as the semaphore was then called. By this “telegraph” a message could be sent, on fine days and in clear weather, to Portsmouth, and to one or two other stations, in an hour, or even in less time; and the semaphore stood on the top of the Admiralty until its use was entirely superseded by the electric telegraph. Hence it is that Leigh Hunt quaintly remarks, in the year 1835; “Where the poor archbishop sank down in horror at the sight of King Charles’s execution, telegraphs now ply their dumb and far-seen discourses, like spirits in the guise of mechanism, and tell news of the spread of liberty and knowledge all over the world.” What would he have said if he could have looked forward only five short years and seen the machine on which he dwelt thus proudly laid quietly on the shelf, being superseded by a far more ingenious and subtle mechanism, the result of the scientific researches of Sir Charles Wheatstone and of Sir William Fothergill Cooke?

The interior of the Admiralty, although convenient and capacious, offers nothing remarkable; nor do any particular ceremonies take place within its walls; it is business, not ceremony, that is here the order of the day. It has been remarked with truth that, “without any very extravagant stretch of fancy, the Admiralty may be said to be the mighty steam-engine which sets in motion and gives energy to all the rest of the *matériel* and machinery of our naval power, and consequently contributes much to that of the whole empire.”



THE HORSE GUARDS, FROM ST. JAMES'S PARK. (*Temp. Charles II.*)

The authority and jurisdiction now vested in the Admiralty was originally exercised by an individual, a high officer of state, called the Admiral of the King. The first upon actual record was William de Leybourne, "Admiral de la Mer du Roy d'Angleterre," in 1297. The office of High Admiral continued to be held by an individual until the early part of the seventeenth century; in 1632 it was, for the first time, "put into commission," or its duty and authority confided to a Board of Commissioners, consisting of all the chief officers of state. At the Restoration the Duke of York was appointed Lord High Admiral, and he retained the office till 1684, when Charles II took it upon himself; but James resumed it in the following year, on becoming king. The Revolution caused it again to be put into commission, till 1707, when Prince George of Denmark became Lord High Admiral, with an assisting council of four members. On his death, in the following year, the Earl of Pembroke was appointed to succeed him, in similar form; but within about a twelvemonth he resigned, and from that time to the present the office has always been in commission, with the exception of a brief interval in 1827-8, during which the title of Lord High Admiral was again restored, in the person of the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV. The Admiralty Board consists of six members, styled the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, who are not, however, all of equal dignity and authority; for besides taking official precedence of the others, the First Lord of the Admiralty has higher privileges and emoluments than his colleagues, and he is, by virtue of his official position, a member of the Cabinet.

The Great Room used to be, during the last century, hung round with pictures of the South Sea Islands, and decorated with naval emblems and curiosities; and in the good old days, when Lord Sandwich held the office of First Lord of the Admiralty, it was the scene of many

hospitable and frolicsome dinners, presided over by the elegant Miss Ray, whose murder by the Rev. Mr. Hackman, on the 7th of April, 1779, we have recorded at some length in our chapter on Covent Garden.



YORK HOUSE IN 1795. (*From a View published by Colnaghi.*)

Lord Sandwich, whose name is most intimately connected with the control of the Admiralty during the early part of the reign of George III, was a man of high ability as a statesman, and one to whom history has scarcely done justice. He died in April, 1792. He was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge, and in early life had spent two years in a classical tour round the coasts of the Mediterranean, of which he published an illustrated account, at a time when “illustrated” works were less common than now. In Lord North’s ministry, in 1770, he was Secretary for Foreign Affairs, but exchanged his portfolio for that of First Lord of the Admiralty—a post for which his knowledge of maritime affairs especially fitted him. Sir N. W. Wraxall writes: “I saw, in 1782, the furniture of Lord Sandwich being carried off from the Admiralty, of which Keppel, who had been named as his successor, was just taking possession.” Lord Sandwich’s public career ended with the year 1784, after which date he divided his time between London and his seat at Hinchinbrooke, in Huntingdonshire. He knew most ancient and modern languages, was a collector of coins, and an excellent musician. “Others,” observes Mr. Cradock, who knew him well, “received great emoluments for what they performed; Lord Sandwich was always content to know that he had deserved them. He was also, in many ways, a great practical benefactor to Greenwich Hospital.”

It was within the walls of Wallingford House that, in 1667, the body of the Court poet, Abraham Cowley, lay in state for a day before its interment in the Abbey hard by.

In the large room on the ground-floor, to the right as we enter, lay Nelson's body in state, on the night of January 8th, 1806, previous to its being buried the next day in St. Paul's. It had been brought from Greenwich by water to Whitehall, and thence carried to the Admiralty. The procession is described at full length in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, from which we abridge the following account:—It consisted of ten gun-boats, two and two; boats containing the River Fencibles; nine state barges, draped in black, containing the mourners, officials connected with the Admiralty, and also the Heralds of Arms, bearing the insignia of the deceased. The third barge, which contained the body, was covered with black velvet (the other barges being covered with black cloth), the top adorned with plumes of black feathers, and also with armorial bearings, and a viscount's coronet. The body was covered with a large sheet, and a pall of velvet adorned with six escutcheons. This part of the procession was flanked by eighteen row-boats of River Fencibles. Then came the state barges of eight of the City companies, flanked by the like number of row-boats with Harbour Marines. The funeral barge was rowed by sixteen seamen belonging to the *Victory*; the other barges by picked men from the Greenwich pensioners. As the procession passed the Tower minute-guns were here fired. The procession arrived at Whitehall Stairs about three o'clock, having been about three hours rowing up from Greenwich, when the King's, Admiralty, Lord Mayor's, and City barges drew up in two lines, through which the barge with the body passed, the bands at the same time playing the "Dead March" in "Saul," "with other dirgeful strains, with the most impressive effect, the gunboats firing minute-guns all the time." During the time of disembarking there was a tremendous hailstorm. In the procession from Whitehall Stairs to the Admiralty the coffin was surmounted by a rich canopy, supported by six admirals. Every necessary preparation had been made at the Admiralty for receiving the body. The Captains' Room, in which it was placed, was hung with black cloth, and lighted with wax tapers placed in sconces on the sides. The body remained in the room, guarded by the officers of the house and the undertakers, till the ceremony of its removal to St. Paul's commenced. This took place on the following day, when the remains of Nelson were conveyed by the old sailors of the *Victory*, and a large military and naval procession, on a magnificent funeral car, or open hearse, decorated with a carved imitation of the head and stern of the *Victory*, surrounded with escutcheons of the arms of the deceased, and adorned with appropriate mottoes and emblematical devices; under an elevated canopy in the form of the upper part of an ancient sarcophagus, with six sable plumes and the coronet of a viscount in the centre, supported by four columns representing palm-trees, with wreaths of natural laurel and cypress entwining the shafts; the whole upon a four-wheeled carriage, drawn by six led horses, the caparisons adorned with armorial bearings.

A capital story in connection with the Admiralty is told by Mr. Cyrus Redding, in his "Fifty Years' Recollections:"—Mr. Croker, the Secretary of that department, happening to dine one day at the Pavilion at Brighton, under the Regency, entered, in the course of the evening, into conversation with the Duke of Clarence. The latter liked nothing better than a sly cut at that department, and especially at Croker himself, whom some of the naval officers were in the habit of calling in joke "the whole Admiralty Board." In reply to some chance remark of the Secretary, the Duke said, "Ah! if ever I am king, I will be my own First Lord of the Admiralty." "Does your royal highness recollect," asked Croker, "what English king was his own First Lord the last time?" The duke shook his head, and replied in the negative. "It was James II, sir." There was a general laugh among the party, as well there might be; but the duke was taken aback, and the regent was greatly annoyed at the remark when repeated to him afterwards.

Adjoining the Admiralty, on the south side, is the extensive range of buildings known as the Horse Guards. It is so conventionally named because a troop of Horse Guards is constantly on duty there. The building, which is heavy and tasteless, is from the designs of Kent, and was erected about the year 1753, at a cost of £30,000. It consists of a centre, in which are the principal rooms and offices, and two wings. The central archway forms a passage to St. James's Park, through which Her Majesty passes on her way to and from opening or proroguing Parliament. The clock in the turret which surmounts the centre of the building has always been regarded as an authority for its correctness; inasmuch as to render it the grand regulator of all the timepieces in London in its vicinity.

The open space at the back is the Parade Ground: here are two curious pieces of ordnance—one a large howitzer or mortar captured at the siege of Cadiz, in 1810, and the other a Turkish piece, taken at Alexandria, in 1801. Under two small pavilions in front, on either side of the entrance in Whitehall, sentinels, mounted, and in uniform, do duty from ten to four o'clock every day.

The Horse Guards is somewhat appropriately placed, occupying as it does the site of the Tiltyard (or place for military exercises), of which we have already spoken. The origin of the name is this:—Soon after the Restoration Charles II raised a body of troops, which he designated his "Horse Guards," to whom the special duty was assigned of protecting the king's person. For this troop stables and barracks were built in the Tilt-yard, but in 1751 these were pulled down to make way for the present edifice. Accommodation for the troops quartered here is provided by two lateral pavilions, which flank the east face of the main building. The apartments on the groundfloor, on either side of the central arches, are occupied by the clerks of the Royal Engineers' Department. Here were for many years the headquarters of the Commander-in-Chief, the Adjutant-General, and the Quartermaster-General, whose duties are now performed at the War Office, in Pall Mall.

The Commander-in-Chief's department is solely devoted to the government, discipline, and movements of the military; and to the Commander-in-Chief is unreservedly confided the rule and governance of the whole army. He is accessible not only to every commissioned officer of the British army, but to his immediate connections—his wife, sister, son, or daughter; and for this purpose he or his deputy (the Military Secretary) holds a *levée* every Tuesday during the "season." Every person desirous of attending it previously sends a letter expressing that intention, and stating the object of his visit; and as these interviews are considered strictly confidential, by endorsing it "for the *levée*," he ensures its being opened and read by the great military authority addressed, and by him only. His (or her) name is then transferred to a list, against a number which regulates the order of the applicants' reception; the ladies being always, of course, admitted first. That number is copied upon the back of each visitor's letter, which is also endorsed with a memorandum, from which the answer is orally delivered at the interview. Thus the Commander-in-Chief is at no loss, and time is not wasted in discussion. During this *levée* there is an entire absence of ceremony of every description, and the Commander-in-Chief is the only personage who appears in regimentals. The suite of rooms, also, used for the purpose consists only of three—namely, a waiting-room, a vestibule (in which the ladies abide their turn), and the audience-chamber. The first of these is a good-sized apartment, and faces Whitehall; the walls are almost covered with maps, and the chairs surrounding the room are placed, with military precision, exactly equi-distant. The vestibule is a small circular hall, possessing nothing more remarkable than the boundary-line of the parishes of St. Martin's and St. Margaret's, Westminster, which is cut through its centre, and accompanied with suitable inscriptions. The audience-chamber, which overlooks the parade-

ground in St. James's Park, partakes of the same degree of military formality that distinguishes the other rooms.

The ladies, as we have stated, are presented first. All being in readiness, the attendant in waiting, bearing a copy of the numbered list above mentioned, calls out the name of the visitor who is to be seen, and ushers her into the presence of the Commander-in-Chief. The confidential nature of the interview admits the presence of no other person—not even the private secretary. Thus there is every encouragement offered for the most minute and circumstantial detail of private interests and domestic matters, into which the head of the army fully enters, with a view to serving the applicant in proportion to the claims put forward. The ladies having all been received and dismissed, the gentlemen are then summoned, *seriatim*, in such a manner as to ensure that no moment of time shall be lost. Some of the visits are merely ceremonial; others—and by far the greater number—are made to follow up previously forwarded applications for some one or other of the few military appointments in the gift of the Commander-in-Chief.

Pennant gives an interesting view of the old Horse Guards from the Park, as the building must have appeared in 1660–70. In the background it shows the Banqueting House, the Holbein Gate, the Treasury in its ancient state, and the top of the Cock-pit adjoining. In the foreground is to be seen the “Merry Monarch,” with his favourite dogs and an attendant train of courtiers. To the right of the spectator is the eastern end of the straight and formal “canal,” which then almost bisected the Park. We have reproduced this print in a reduced form on page 384.

Between the Horse Guards and the Treasury stands Dover House, so called after its late owner, the Hon. George Agar-Ellis, afterwards the accomplished and lamented Lord Dover. It now belongs to his grandson, Viscount Clifden. It was built in 1774, by Payne, for Sir Matthew Fetherstonhaugh, who sold it to the first Lord Melbourne, father of the late Premier. In 1789 it was bought by the Duke of York, who added the domed entrance-hall and the grand staircase, and after whom it was called York House. A print of it was published by Colnaghi in 1795, dedicated to Lord Melbourne. Of this view we have given a copy on page 385. This mansion faces the Banqueting House of Whitehall at the point where Holbein's Gate once stood, and commands a front prospect of the broad and open thoroughfare from Charing Cross to Parliament Street.

The Treasury Buildings, which occupy some 300 feet of frontage to Whitehall extending from Dover House to Downing Street, were originally designed and built by Sir John Soane, on the site of the Cock-pit, a portion of Whitehall Palace occupied by the Princess Anne, whence she set off to join the Prince of Orange. A new façade, in the Corinthian style, was added by the late Sir Charles Barry, R.A., about the year 1850. By these alterations and additions, the whims and conceits of Sir John Soane have disappeared, and the order, which is a reduced and simplified model of that of the Temple of Jupiter Stator, has, by the enrichment of the frieze and the addition of considerable ornament above it, been brought more into harmony with the building (or rather the building with it), which would have been impossible with less enrichment. The building, which has a short return front towards Downing Street, contains the office of the Privy Council, the Home Office, and the office of the Board of Trade. *Apropos* of the first-mentioned of these offices, we may here insert the text of the oath taken by the Clerk of Her Majesty's Privy Council, on appointment, which is as follows:—”You shall swear to be a true and faithful servant unto the Queen's Majesty, in the exercise of the functions of the Clerk of the Privy Council in ordinary. You shall not

know or understand of any manner of thing to be attempted, done, or spoken against Her Majesty's person, honour, crown, or dignity royal; but you shall lett or withstand the same to the uttermost of your power, and either do or cause it to be revealed, either to Her Majesty herself, or to the Privy Council. You shall keep secret all matters committed and revealed unto you, or that shall be treated of secretly in council. And if any of the said treaties or councils shall touch any of the counsellors, you shall not reveal it unto him, but shall keep the same until such time as, by the consent of Her Majesty or by the Council, publication shall be made thereof. You shall to your uttermost bear faith and allegiance to the Queen's Majesty, and shall assist and defend all jurisdictions, pre-eminences, and authorities granted to Her Majesty, and annexed to the Crown by Act of Parliament or otherwise, against all foreign princes, persons, prelates, states, or potentates. And generally in all things you shall do as a faithful and true servant and subject ought to do to Her Majesty. So help you God, and by the holy contents of this book."

The offices and official residence of the First Lord of the Treasury, where the Cabinet Councils of Her Majesty's ministers are held, are, together with those of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, still located in Downing Street, in plainer buildings (partly erected for dwelling-houses), behind this handsome pile, and reaching to St. James's Park. The interior of the Treasury contains little or nothing very remarkable, excepting, perhaps, an old gilt state chair, or throne, which is placed at the head of the table in the Board-room.

Although all royal proclamations and diplomatic correspondence are dated "from our Palace at St. James's," yet for nearly the last two centuries the motive power, so to speak, of the administration of the country has had its head-quarters in Downing Street, a dull, narrow *cul de sac* running up westwards from the corner of the buildings of the Treasury. Almost the last of the houses which composed it disappeared in 1874, the work of demolition having been begun as far back as 1828; but its memory will long survive enshrined in the parliamentary history of the empire. Consequently, therefore, it must always be rich in its former associations; and probably no street in this metropolis, equally small in extent, can boast of having had such distinguished residents and tenants. Sir Robert Walpole, the Prime Minister of illustrious memory, made it his home during his long tenure of office; and he was the first Premier who did so. Lord North, as Premier, had his chambers here, occupying rooms on the first floor; and it is recorded of him that when he exchanged that post for the lesser responsibilities of a Secretary of State, he forgot that with the change of office came a change also of chambers, and walked mechanically into his old quarters instead of mounting another pair of stairs.

Different Prime Ministers have dealt differently with the official residence of the Premier in Downing Street. Some, like Pitt and Lord Grey, have made it really their home during their years of place and power; others, like Lord Melbourne and Sir Robert Peel, have used it only during the hours of business, preferring to live at their private houses. Lord Grey was the last Premier who took up his abode here in earnest; and it is here that R. B. Haydon has represented the earl pondering by his fireside after one of the great debates on the Reform Bill.

"Downing Street," says Mr. John Timbs, "has a host of political associations, and anecdotes of its former occupants abound. When Sir Robert Walpole removed from his official residence here, he found an old account-book in which his father had set down his personal expenses. In three months and ten days, which he had spent in London one winter as a member of Parliament, he had expended but sixty-four pounds seven shillings and fivepence.

There were in it many entries for ‘Nottingham ale,’ many eighteenpences for dinners, five shillings to ‘Bob’ Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford, and one memorandum of ‘six shillings given to Mr. Williams in exchange for a wig;’ and yet this old man—the grandfather of Horace Walpole—had a rental of £2,000 a year. He little thought, poor penurious old man that he was, that a sum which maintained him for a whole parliamentary session, would scarcely serve for one of his grandsons to buy a pair of fans for a princess at Florence!”

Here, in 1763, was the hospitable house of Sir John Cust, Speaker of the House of Commons, often mentioned by Cradock in his “Memoirs;” and in this street Belzoni, the African explorer, and his wife lodged in 1820, on their return from Egypt and Nubia.

If we may believe Mr. Peter Cunningham, it was in this street that the Duke of Wellington and Lord Nelson met for the only time in their lives. It was at the Colonial Office, at that time “No. 14, Downing Street,” in a small waiting-room on the right hand upon entering, that the two heroes—the former then plain Sir Arthur Wellesley—both wanting an interview with the Secretary of State—were accidentally brought into each other’s presence. “The duke knew Nelson from his pictures: Lord Nelson, however, did not know the duke; but he was so struck with his conversation that he stepped out of the room to inquire who he was!” This *rencontre* has been made the subject of a picture, which is engraved.

The “heaven-born minister,” William Pitt, lived in Downing Street; and here, as he tells us in Wraxall’s “Memoirs,” the first Marquis Cholmondeley waited on Pitt as head of the establishment of the Prince of Wales. “The affair,” he writes, “related to a matter of accounts. I find it impossible to do justice to the perspicuity and rapidity of his (Pitt’s) calculations. In the course of a few minutes he went through and settled every item, leaving me lost in admiration at his ability.”

Pitt, during his tenure of office, not only kept up a house here, but made it his constant residence to such an extent that he was never willingly absent from its precincts. While his rival, Fox, could unbend himself in the society of his friends at Brooks’s Club, or with his family at St. Anne’s Hill, near Chertsey, Pitt could do nothing of the kind, and away from Downing Street he was miserable. When forced, from 1801 to 1804, to live in solitary grandeur at Walmer Castle, in the company of his niece, Lady Hester Stanhope, while Addington, whom he had raised to the highest posts from comparative obscurity, filled his place, he supported life only by the anticipation of a speedy return to Downing Street. His wishes were gratified. He resumed office after three years’ exclusion, but in less than two more years he died, the victim of his own accomplished desires.

“Evertere domos totas optantibus ipsis
Dī faciles.”

Preliminaries of peace with France were signed at Lord Hawkesbury’s office in Downing Street, on the 2nd of October, 1801; and on the 10th of the same month General Lauriston, Buonaparte’s first aide-de-camp, arrived with the ratification. “On his arrival in town,” we read, “he was greeted with immense cheering by the populace. On the same and following evening the metropolis was brilliantly illuminated.”

Mr. Cyrus Redding tells an anecdote, the scene of which must have been laid in the house of the First Minister of the Crown, in the time of Earl Grey. A gentleman named Stuart, who had lately become proprietor of the *Courier* newspaper, and said to have made his money as a

coal merchant in the City, waited on his lordship, and, without any circumlocution or “beating about the bush,” offered for his acceptance the support of the paper—which up to then had been of Tory politics—in exchange for the Treasury patronage. Lord Grey looked at him with indignation, and quietly rang the bell, and when the footman entered, bade him “show that gentleman the door.” It is probable that he did not know the right way to approach a minister, and that he was not worse or more corrupt than scores of members of Parliament and high-born individuals who have preferred similar requests. He merely mistook the way.

Another good story is told about Downing Street by Mr. T. Raikes, in his “Diary.” In the early Reform riots, a mob ran violently into Downing Street and rushed up to the sentinel at the door of the Foreign Office, crying, “Liberty or death!” The soldier presented his musket, and said, “Hands off, you fellows! I know nothing about liberty; but if you come a step farther, I’ll show you what death is!” It is to be hoped that the brave fellow was rewarded for his pluck and his wit too.

The general appearance of Downing Street as it was in the reign of George IV. or William IV. is thus hit off by Theodore Hook: “There is a fascination in that little *cul de sac*; an hour’s inhalation of its atmosphere affects some men with giddiness, others with blindness, and very frequently with the most oblivious boastfulness.” And possibly those who know anything of public life and politics will confess that the wit was not far from the mark.



THE NEW FOREIGN OFFICE.

Between “The King’s Printing-office” at Westminster and the various offices of State which centre in Downing Street, for many years there used daily to trudge a messenger or errand-carrier named John Smith, who was a favourite with several Premiers in succession, from Sir Robert Walpole down to William Pitt. What others accounted humble work became in his hands most important; and “the King’s Messenger,” as he styled himself, yielded to none of his Majesty’s ministers in his idea of the dignity of his office, when entrusted with addresses, bills, royal speeches, and other State papers. At the offices of the Secretaries of State, when loaded with parcels of this description, he would throw open every chamber without ceremony; the Treasury and Exchequer doors could not oppose him, and even the study of archbishops has often been invaded by this important messenger of the press. His antiquated and greasy garb corresponded with his wizard-like shape, and his immense cocked hat was continually in motion, to assist him in the bows of the old school. The recognition and nods of great men were his especial delight; but he imagined that this courtesy was due to his character, as being identified with the State, and the Chancellor and the Speaker were considered by him in no other view than persons filling departments in common with himself, for the seals of the one and the mace of the other did not, in his estimation, distinguish them more than the bag used by himself in the transmission of the despatches entrusted to his care. The imperfect intellect given to him seemed only to fit him for the situation he filled. Take

him out of it, he was as helpless as a child, and easily became a dupe to any one who was disposed to impose upon him. With a high opinion of his own judgment, however, he diverted himself and others by mimicking the voice and manner of his superiors, when he thought he perceived any assumption of character. Poor old John Smith, who felt as if he carried the world on his shoulders, and was as important a part of the constitution, in his own conceit, as the Prime Minister himself, died in 1818, at the age of ninety.



WESTMINSTER, FROM THE ROOF OF WHITEHALL. (*From a View published by Smith, 1807.*)

Downing Street—though for a century and a half the name was almost synonymous with the existing administration—has become almost entirely a thing of the past; for though two or three of the houses which were so familiar to Spencer Perceval, George Canning, and Lord Liverpool are still standing at the farther end, yet most of these have been absorbed into the large block of new public buildings which have been erected on its southern side. The clearance of Downing Street, however, as we have already shown, has been long in progress, having been commenced as far back as the year 1828, when “The Cat and Bagpipes,” at its south-eastern corner, disappeared. Here, in early life, George Rose, a clerk in a Government office, afterwards Secretary of the Treasury, used to dine on a plain mutton chop.

The old Foreign Office, which stood on the south side of the street, was a brick building, with no architectural pretensions. It consisted of a centre, with two slightly projecting wings, and presented—at all events, in its latter days—anything but a fitting appearance for the use to

which it was applied. It was demolished about the year 1864, in order to clear a site for the new Government offices, of which we shall presently speak. The public business of the country had been for many years carried on in the double row of mean and unsightly houses which formed old Downing Street, when, at length, an elaborate report was presented to both Houses of Parliament, containing recommendations for the erection of a suitable block of buildings on a uniform plan, for the accommodation of ministers in the transaction of the business of the State. Nothing, however, came of these recommendations; and although the subject was from time to time brought forward in Parliament, and inquiries were made and plans suggested, nothing was done except the extension and decoration of the Whitehall front of the Treasury Buildings by Sir Charles Barry. In the meantime the question was in the way of one settlement by the fact that some of the old barns in Downing Street, and the Foreign Office especially, were on the eve of tumbling down. By the elegant and decorative aid of beams and girders the walls were secured for a time; but at length even this steadfast system was found insufficient to prevent the crumbling to pieces of the mortar and brickwork, in consequence of which the business of our diplomacy was temporarily transferred to Pembroke House, in Whitehall Gardens.

As soon as the old Foreign Office was levelled with the ground a new and stately edifice was commenced. The block of buildings extends from King Street (part of which has been merged in an enlargement of Parliament Street) on the east, to St. James's Park, near Storey's Gate, on the west; and from Downing Street on the north to Charles Street on the south. The buildings, which cover a large space of ground, surround two quadrangular courts, and are devoted to the accommodation of the Secretaries of State for Foreign Affairs, for India, and for the Colonies. The whole exterior group of buildings was designed by Sir G. Gilbert Scott, R.A., the architect of the Foreign Office throughout; while the interior of the India Office, with the external work of the inner court belonging to that range of buildings, is the work of Sir M. Digby Wyatt, R.A.

The buildings are faced with Portland stone; granite is used for the window-columns, and granite, marble, and glass—mostly green and red—is largely employed in the decoration, in the shape of bosses and otherwise, in the friezes.

The various fronts display a large amount of carving, the execution of which was entrusted to several sculptors of eminence. The design for the buildings gave rise, from time to time, in the House of Commons, to some warm and animated discussions, which came to be familiarly called the "battles of the styles," and in which Lord Palmerston, the then Premier, vigorously defended the classical Italian or Palladian against the advocates; of the Gothic. The result has been the erection of an edifice which may be said to belong to a style strictly "Palmerstonian," the architect—although chiefly celebrated for his Gothic designs—having, with a grim humour, adopted a plan which, it is stated, owed a good deal to the Premier, and which may be put down as broadly Italian, with an occasional infusion of Gothic. The Park front, as seen on approaching it from the Parade behind the Horse Guards, is at once bold and massive, the principal features being the lofty tower which separates the Foreign Office from that devoted to the Indian Department, and the grand semi-circular sweep which rounds off the angle of the building towards the Park. The niches at the angles on this side of the India Office are filled with statues of Indian statesmen. The tower on the Foreign Office side, though lower by a storey, is much more bulky than that belonging to the India Office.

In the stone-vaulted entrances through the India Office from Charles Street, and through the Foreign Office from Downing Street, are columns each of a single stone, eleven feet high; the

vaulting in each case is handsome, and the groins show an incised ornament, filled in with red Parian cement. Across Downing Street there will be an arcade, with a flight of steps down to St. James's Park; a flight of steps also already leads from Charles Street into the Park.

The portion of the building which fronts Parliament Street is devoted to the use of the Colonial Department. This part of the structure was only completed towards the commencement of the present year (1875). It is adorned with statues of several eminent statesmen, including the late Lords Granville, Liverpool, Melbourne, and Glenelg, Sir Robert Peel, Sir James Graham, Sir George Cornwall Lewis, Earl Russell, Sir George Grey, the late Earl of Derby, Earl Grey, and Sir William Molesworth.

The inner court of the Foreign Office, which is entered from Downing Street, is quite plain. Against the topmost storey, surrounding the quadrangle, stand, at certain intervals, a series of sculptured figures. Those on the Foreign Office front are emblematical of countries—Italy, France, and so on; whilst those on the other sides represent the Indian tribes—an Affghan, a Goorka, a Malay, a Mahratta, and so forth.

The principal apartments are on the first floor, and include the Cabinet-room, 70 feet long by 35 feet wide, and two spacious conference-rooms. All these rooms communicate, and afford accommodation for balls and other *réunions*. Over and below these rooms are libraries. The grand staircase occupies an area of 60 feet by 25 feet. On the India Office side there are four great staircases, but all much less in size than the Foreign Office staircase. One of these staircases has the walls ornamented with life-size statues of Indian statesmen, standing in arched niches; and upon the upper part of the wall is an oval-shaped allegorical painting brought from one of the ceilings of the old East India House in Leadenhall Street. The principal entrance to the India Office is in Charles Street. The court-yard occupies nearly a central position in the building, and affords means of light and air to a large number of the rooms on the north, east, and west sides, and to a portion of the main corridor on the south side. Above the windows of the upper storey, set within a large escalop-shell, are a series of busts—twenty-eight in number—of celebrated worthies, both civil and military, connected with our Indian empire, beginning with Admiral Watson and Lord Macartney, and including heroes of recent historical renown—as Havelock, Clyde, and Lawrence. At the four angles of the court are niches filled with statues; the four on the ground floor are of Lords Hastings, Minto, Amherst, and Wellesley, sculptured by Mr. Protat: those on the first floor, immediately above the others, are Cornwallis and Clive, by Mr. Nicholls; and Warren Hastings and Lord Teignmouth, by Mr. Phyffers, by whom also many of the panels have been elaborately carved.

This court is remarkable for the variety of materials employed for decorative purposes. The floor is composed of tiles, laid to a pattern. The main portion of the walling, plain and decorative, is of Portland stone. The bays of the ground floor and first storey are divided by piers faced with Doric columns of red Peterhead granite, with capitals of red Mansfield stone; whilst those on the second floor are of dark-grey Aberdeen granite, with stone capitals of the same colour; and the arches between the piers are filled with glass. In addition to these materials there are majolica and mosaic friezes and pateras, and tessellated floors and ceilings in the logias. The court is rectangular in plan, 115 feet long by 60 feet wide, and is covered by a roofing of iron and glass. Upon the floor of this court is the celebrated collection of antiquities known as the Elliott Marbles.

Some of the ceilings of the rooms in the India Office are handsomely worked in plaster, partly modelled from Indian fruits and flowers. In the committee-room there is a handsome fireplace of carved white marble, brought from the old East India House; and on the opposite wall hangs the life-size portrait of Warren Hastings which formerly occupied a conspicuous position in the old establishment. There is also a statue of Warren Hastings at the foot of the grand staircase.

In the basement floor of the building are a number of rooms and vaulted chambers. Some of these rooms are used for culinary purposes; others as engine-rooms in connection with the hot-water apparatus for heating the building, and also with the hydraulic lifts, tanks, and mains. A large part of the basement is made use of as workshops for carpenters and other branches of mechanical labour, a large number of hands being constantly employed. The space immediately beneath the pavement of the inner court of the India Office is entirely filled with racks in which are stowed away some thousands of volumes of the records from the old East India House.

At the top of this building, in a place by no means secure against fire, called the "Record Office," is a most valuable library of Oriental treasures, which contains Arabic manuscripts to the number of about 2,000; Persian to double that amount; while of Sanscrit there are not less than 4,500, and many of these are gorgeously illuminated. Besides these there are 50,000 printed volumes, the greater part of which are Oriental works. On the same floor, down to the beginning of the present year (1875), a series of rooms connected with each other had been set apart as the India Museum. This valuable collection, which had previously (since its removal from Leadenhall Street) enjoyed a temporary retreat at Fife House, in Whitehall Yard, has now been transferred to South Kensington, where it is to be permanently located in the building occupied by the late Industrial Exhibition.

The business of our Indian empire, as has been stated in a previous chapter (see Vol. II., p. 184), was formerly transacted to a very great extent at the old house of the East India Company, in Leadenhall Street. On the transfer, however, of the government of India to the Crown, in 1858, the old Board of Control in Cannon Row was abolished, and a Council of State for India was instituted. The official duties connected with the Indian Government were at the same time transferred to Westminster.