

would not have deigned to concern itself. It was such that the race may be said partly to have owed its vigour to a process of natural selection, carried on through a most desperate struggle for existence. The young Duke of Gloucester, the heir to the Crown, having water on the brain, and finding himself unable to get up stairs without help, his royal parents, to cure him of his sickness, shut themselves up with him and gave him a good whipping.

At the top of society was a grand urbanity of manner, of which the paragon was Marlborough, who found it of no small use to him in his diplomacy. There was also a set of fops, much like the fops of other times in their folly, their frippery, and their ridiculous adulation of the female sex, but distinguished from their counterparts in our day by brilliancy of costume, and, above all, by their wigs, the chief care of the dandy, for which immense prices seem to have been given, and which consequently became the mark of street marauders.

“Nor is thy flaxen wig with safety worn:  
High on the shoulder, in the basket borne,  
Lurks the sly boy; whose hand to rapine bred  
Plucks off the curling honors of the head.”

But social refinement had as yet extended little to the country, where Squire Western predominated, and not at all to the lower classes. Mr. Ashton has given us plenty of pictures of barbarism, such as riotous fairs, affrays in taverns, and bull and bear baiting, for which twin colosseums rose conspicuous above all the other buildings in Southwark. This is not the reproach of a particular reign or country; it is the state of European civilization two centuries ago. Bull and bear baiting were after all not so cruel an amusement as autos-da-fe. The people in Anne's time do not seem to have been gourmands or glut-

tons—they took only one substantial meal a day, and their cooking was plain; but they drank deeply. “How say you, Daniel Dammerree, are you guilty of the high treason for which you have been indicted, and are now arraigned, or not guilty?” “My Lord, I was so much in liquor that I did not know what I did.” “Night very drunk, as the two former,” is an entry, and not the only one of the kind, in the contemporary diary of Tom Brown. When Walpole was a boy, he was plied with wine by his father, because it was not becoming that the son should see his parent drunk. Manners at the watering-places were astoundingly free, and we have a squib upon somebody's matrimonial affairs posted in the chief resort of the company at Bath; not that this is worse than the society journal of England in the present day.

Gambling, also, was high, and so was its twin sister, speculation. A certain M. Bouchier, who had begun life as a footman, raised himself by success at the gaming-table, and by the grand style in which he operated, to the rank of a great social potentate. He went over to the camp in Flanders with a magnificent equipage, played with King William and won of him £2,500, an incident not mentioned by Macaulay. He played at the same time with the Duke of Bavaria; the Duke at last threw double or quits with him for £15,000, and “lost the money upon reputation, with which Bouchier was very well satisfied, as not doubting in the least; and so taking his leave of the King and those noblemen that were with him, he departed.” He died, Mr. Ashton tells us, very rich. The diversion of the “Mohocks,” as is well known, was filling the streets with outrage by night; and though panic seems to have exaggerated their atrocities, they appear undoubtedly to