

In the social line the Diary affords plenty of material for any literary Hogarth who wishes to paint the Restoration. It was certainly a curious time. His Sacred Majesty keeps a seraglio and introduces his concubines to his wife. The Queen cannot go to her own dressing-room for fear of finding him with one of the concubines there. The language and demeanor of the ladies of the seraglio are such as might be expected from one of the humblest members of their own profession. The Duke of York, afterwards (as James II.) the great champion of true religion, also keeps his mistress, though not on the same scale as his brother. His Grace, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sheldon, the great persecutor of Nonconformists, if the positive statement of Pepys's cousin Roger may be believed, keeps "a wench," and is "as very a wench as can be;" and Pepys himself is witness that the same prelate was amused with a burlesque imitation of a Presbyterian service and sermon, "shown him as a rarity." Everybody, from the King downwards, gets drunk; and Prince Rupert, when something is said about drunkenness in the navy, answers that if you are to exclude the drunkards, you would have no officers at all. When a bishop preaches at court against immorality, the court laughs in his face—and no wonder, since the bishop has no scruple to administer the sacrament to a king living in adultery.

Manners are on about a par with morals. The Queen tells people that they lie, and the Earl of Buckingham strikes the Earl of Rochester, and pulls off his periwig, at a conference between the Lords and Commons. Duelling is common, and, as it shows courage, is almost a redeeming feature of such a society. Two friends, sitting together at a tavern, talk loud. A bystander fancies they are quarrelling. Their fancied quarrel becomes a real one. They draw upon each other in the street; both are wounded, and one dies. Shrewsbury, the injured husband, and Buckingham, the adulterer, fight with two seconds on each side. The injured husband and one of the seconds are killed. Pepys does not mention it, but it was the current belief that Lady Shrewsbury, in the disguise of a page, held her seducer's horse during the fight. The same lady sits in her coach while her footmen set upon and wounded in nine places, Mr. Harry Killigrew, who had impeached her immaculate chastity by giving it out that he had intrigue with her. Traitors are dragged through the streets on their way to be hanged, drawn and quartered; fine gentlemen go to enjoy the sport and see the heads stuck upon poles. Cock-fighting, and brutal prize-fighting, of course, are in vogue, though, on the subject of prize-fighting, society at the present day can hardly throw stones at the Restoration. The Spanish and French Ambassadors having quarrelled about precedence, the Government leaves them and their trains to decide the question by an appeal to arms, which they do, with not a little bloodshed. If two guilds or trades quarrel, they fight it out in the streets, the police not interfering.

Great deference is paid to rank. When persons of quality are present at church, a clergyman commences with "Right worshipful, and dearly beloved brethren."

Two noblemen amuse themselves by running about the streets naked, and the constable who takes them up, is committed by the Lord Chief Justice. A knight, one of the King's physicians, having been arrested for a fuel bill of thirty pounds, the bailiffs are severely whipped and the magistrate has a narrow escape. Meantime, Pepys sees, with a half-pitying eye, people led away to prison for worshipping in conventicles. He sees with stronger emotion (for he has a good heart) poor labourers and house-keepers carried off by the press-gangs, to serve on board the fleet, and their wives weeping for their loss.

"To the Tower several times, about the business of the pressed men, and late at it till twelve at night, shipping of them. But, Lord! how some poor women did cry; and in my life I never did see such natural expression of passion as I did here in some women's bewailing themselves, and running to every parcel of men that were brought, one after another, to look for their husbands, and wept over every vessel that went off, thinking they might be there, and looking after the ship as far as ever they could by moonlight, that it grieved me to the heart to hear them. Besides, to see poor patient labouring men and housekeepers, leaving poor wives and families, taken up on a sudden by strangers, was very hard, and that without press-money, but forced against all law to be gone. It is a great tyranny."

The feeding is pretty gross. For a party of a dozen, the dinner is a dish of marrow-bones, a leg of mutton, a loin of veal, a dish of fowls—three pullets, and two dozen of larks, all in a dish—a great tart, a neat's tongue, a dish of anchovies, a dish of prawns, and cheese. There was much playing at cards; but we must add, that there was also a great deal of music. Be it said, also, that these people really enjoyed themselves after their fashion. Their dinner parties were small and social—not so large that the company, excepting those sitting together, might as well have been dining at the same restaurant. Nor did they, under the abused name of hospitality, crush all the people of their acquaintance at once into a hot room, and make them stand for hours talking against the buzz to those people to whom they did not want to talk on subjects which they did not want to talk about.

The literary tastes of the age were on a par with its general tastes. Pepys is a man of culture, and of sufficient literary judgment to refuse to see any extraordinary wit in "Hudibras." Yet, he thinks the "Midsummer Night's Dream," insipid and ridiculous, and "Othello," a mean thing, while he extols dramatic trash. On the other hand, there are several indications in the Diary, of the growing interest felt in physical science, which presently was to produce Newton, and which led Buckle to regard the reign of Charles II. with enthusiasm, as an epoch of progress. The Royal Society, as we know, dates from this time. It had its origin at Oxford in the time of the Commonwealth.

It must not be thought that English society was rotten to the core; if it had been, it could not have recovered itself as it presently did. Pepys testifies decidedly to the worth and good conduct

of the old Cromwellian soldiers, in a passage which Macaulay has followed with some exaggeration. He also testifies to the worth of the old Commonwealth sailors, compared with the Cavaliers in the navy. There is a passage in which he produces a literary effect, without meaning it, by telling us, after all the distractions of public life, of an old shepherd keeping his sheep on the hill, with his boy reading the Bible to him at his side. He is touched by the aspect of what he calls patriarchal life. Of the sounder and nobler element, some had been seen by Pepys on its way to the gallows and the quartering-block, "looking as cheerful as any man could do in that condition;" much was in the jails to which Episcopal tyranny consigned Nonconformists; but there was still a good deal at large.

Pepys's Diary extends over the years from 1659 to 1669, from the beginning of the second Protectorate, to the ninth year of Charles II. He was not, during the period that it covers, in the Court, though he was on the verge of it. Nor was he in Parliament. He had, therefore, no very special opportunities for political information, nor does his Diary reveal any secrets of state. So far as his information goes, he is a very fair-minded observer. He had been a strong Roundhead, and he felt rather nervous in the company of people who had heard what he had said about the execution of Charles I. He welcomed the Restoration, and became attached to the Government, as well as an office-holder, but by no means a violent partisan, and no one has more scathingly exposed, or more patriotically deplored, the administrative abuses of the time. He tells us, no doubt quite truly, that the restoration of the monarchy was hailed with general joy; only we must recollect that the reaction was not against the Commonwealth or Protectorate, but against the military anarchy which followed the death of Cromwell. Of Cromwell's memory, Pepys always speaks with respect. He is disgusted at the indignities offered to the great man's corpse, and he evidently listens with sympathy to the popular voice, which contrasts the national glory under Cromwell, with the humiliation which the nation suffered under Charles II. If he afterwards became rather dangerously identified with James II., this was because James II. paid special attention to the navy, at the head of which he had been Duke of York, when Pepys was its chief administrator; not from any sympathy with the King's designs against Protestantism or civil liberty. He evidently carried general respect with him to his grave.—The Nation.

Tobacco was noted by Columbus on his very first voyage. It was first cultivated by John Rolfe in 1612, and as early as 1619 a lot of 20,000 pounds was shipped to England. In 1732 a tobacco factory was started on the Rappahannock River, and about 1769 the first south of the James River was built in Mecklenburg County. In 1745 the exports from Virginia amounted to 42,841 hogsheads, of about 1,000 pounds each, and increased till 1753, after which there was a decline until after the Revolution. It is now grown in most of the Southern States, with Kentucky in the lead.