

London in Midsummer.

From Grace Greenwood's Letter.

What our friends will miss in the park will be the meets of the coaching clubs by the professional beauties in the walk beside the Row. Some eight or nine summers ago people used to flock to see the beautiful Mrs. Langtry strolling up and down that promenade, looking very sweet and modest, apparently unconscious that she was running the gauntlet of curious and critical, though most admiring observation. During a certain hour daily she was thus out for inspection. More gracious than royalty, she seldom disappointed the people. Many whom I knew went frequently to see her, and seemed to find no impropriety in this generous public display of the lady's glowing, flower-like loveliness; an exhibition which, however, must have become very monotonous work, not at all good fun, to the benevolent beauty herself, before the season was over. Those good English people saw nothing to object to in the freely manifested admiration of a certain royal personage for the sweet Jersey Lily, for had not the fair and virtuous princess been seen to bow to her, quite graciously? But when, a few years later, the actress came home after her American triumphs, and was seen riding in the Row with Albert Edward on her right and young Albert Victor on her left, the same good loyal people shook their heads in sorrowful disapproval. Yet it was the same Lily, a little more expanded, its delicate petals a little scorched by the footlight. Mrs. Langtry is no longer the rage in "Vanity Fair," but to my mind she took a step upward from Rotten Row to the stage, from idle to laborious display. She is wise in her generation.